

reader, presents the most startling details—the minute figures and fractions, when read by the light of experience, being far more eloquent than the tropes of rhetoric, and fraught with the evidence, now of enormous gains, now of the most frightful loss and domestic ruin. Any man conversant with the history of the Money Market for the last dozen years, needs but to glance down the Share-list of to-day, to discover the source of many a rich man's wealth, and of many a poor man's poverty. When he sees shares which were once at a premium of ninety or a hundred per cent. now quoted at a discount, he knows what that means; he knows that the difference between the paltry values now registered and the excessive values of a past period—a difference representing vast sums—has all gone into the pockets of the knowing ones, and out of the pockets of the simple, leaving their "larders lean and cellars dry." Not that people consult the money article to moralise over it. Nothing of the sort. The shareholder looks into it to see whether his shares have risen or fallen, whether he is worth more to-day than he was yesterday, or is worth less. He likes to see his investments going up, even though he has no thought of selling, and it annoys him to see them going down. If he have a little cash to place out, he will run over the list to see how certain shares stand, and perhaps, if he likes the look of them, he will write to his broker and commission him to buy a certain number. Or perhaps he sees that certain shares he holds have gone up to a point which will pay him a good profit on their original cost; and, having reason to think they will go no higher, he sells them out at once and secures the profit. Stockbrokers may examine the list as a guide to their transactions. Perhaps they have commissions standing over to buy in or sell out such or such securities when they touch a certain point, and they do buy or sell accordingly, when that point is reached; or, having no such commissions, they do business on their own account, when, judging from experience, they infer from the state of prices that it may be done advantageously. In short, everybody at all interested peruses the list from an interested standpoint, and acts, or refrains from acting, according to the view each takes of the information it affords. In a country like ours, where commerce is all in all, the mutations of the Money Market are of paramount import, not to money-dealers only, but to every department of trade, and to the workers in all descriptions of industry. Some trades stop altogether when money is what is called "tight," that is, procurable only at a high rate of discount; and it happens again and again that thousands are thrown out of employ when money is at eight or nine per cent., who would be in constant work if the rate could be maintained at anything below five. Meanwhile, it must be evident that, even to the industrious classes, who can have no personal interest in the rise and fall of the values of securities, the publication of the money article is a boon, inasmuch as its tendency is to shed a light on all kinds of monetary transactions—to place hindrances in the path of underhand dealers—to give timely warnings by casting the shadows of coming events on the dial-plate of to-day—and to promote free trade in money.

ROBERT GROSTESTE.

ONE hundred and fifty years before Wickliffe protested against the authority of the popes and the temporalities of the Roman church, and upheld that the common people should be instructed out of the Holy Scriptures,

a prelate sitting in the see of Lincoln had done the same. His name deserves one of the loftiest niches among the noble band of worthies who have been called "Reformers before the Reformation." Not unlike Wickliffe in character, in steadfastness, and in some of the circumstances of his life, both had the same peaceful death, surrounded by faithful friends, despite the ravings of fierce enemies who would have longed to burn them; both were honoured by a papal rescript ordering the disinterment and destruction of their mortal remains. But the good they had done lived after them, immortal as their faithful and steadfast souls.

Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was of mean descent, born at Stradbroke in Suffolk, about the year 1175. When he was charged with his obscure parentage in after life—for even in the reign of the second Henry, plebeian birth could be taunted as a crime—Grosteste was wont frankly to acknowledge and in nowise to extenuate the charge. Yet what a dead level of the forgotten do all the Norman-blooded of the age, except a handful of names, appear to us of the nineteenth century! His name, it may be remarked, was merely a Christian name, Robert: the affix was given him at Paris, after the manner of the times, either from a personal peculiarity, (it signifies "greathead"), or from admiration of his uncommon mental capacity. His contemporaries, in writing of him, style him simply Robert, or Bishop Robert.

The earliest picture we have of his life is a touching one. A friendless boy, begging about the streets of Lincoln, he chanced to come to the door of the mayor. Here was the turning-point for Grosteste, as for a certain little Luther some three hundred years afterwards, standing before the house of the burgher Cotta. The good mayor speaks to the little mendicant, is charmed with the child's artless story, takes him up as a *protégé*, and puts him to school.

Thenceforth we find Robert always a student. In due time he went to Oxford, and made the fullest use of all the advantages of that seat of learning. He studied the Greek language, and became an excellent proficient therein, while it was almost unknown throughout Europe, and rarely heard of in the universities. His tutor was called Nicholas the Greek, being one by nation: a man of fortune, who attached himself warmly to his clever pupil, and went with him subsequently to Paris.

Grosteste learned Hebrew from Jews living in the Jewry at Oxford. Both these acquirements brought him face to face with Scripture, and helped him to the consummate knowledge of theology ascribed to him. If we are to believe his admiring contemporaries, the young Oxonian knew well-nigh everything—"logic, ethics, economics, the branches of natural philosophy then known, such as the doctrine of the sphere, of comets, the rainbow, the atmosphere, light, catoptrics, motion, together with arithmetic, geometry, music, the learned languages, medicine and ecclesiastical law, astronomy, metaphysics, and theology." A tolerable list of attainments, requiring a pretty "large head" to stow them all away! And we are to remember that at the period there was not a single book, in our acceptance of the word, throughout Europe—nothing but manuscripts; "and a good manuscript was worth a good horse." More than two hundred years were to pass ere Koster of Haarlem should cut his wooden types, and give the earliest idea of printing. How lessened would be the number of our own literati if their only means of learning was through the difficult and varying caligraphy and contractions of manuscripts! I suppose the only person in our day qualified to estimate the hardship of

such study is an editor; and I have looked with reverence and with pity at his piles of papers, wondering how one poor pair of eyes could get through them all.

The embryo bishop acquired manuscripts in Paris, and also learned to speak and write the language of the country to perfection. A *patois* of French was the current tongue

Grotesteste's humble prebendal stall for four successive archdeaconries; and so the former beggar-boy climbed onward to his bishopric.

For many years of this period, Robert Grotesteste had been more remarkable for science than spirituality. Severely meral he was always, even when a high-spirited



BISHOP ROBERT'S CONTEMPT FOR THE POPE'S BULL.

of the higher classes in England at that time; our marvellous composite English was spoken only by the churl and the serf, in terms unrecognisable by ears polite of the present. As yet the very earliest premonition of a national literature was not; Latin was the medium of monkish annalists, and Norman-French that of social intercourse.

While very young, Robert Grotesteste lectured in his university on the grave subjects of philosophy and divinity; and at the age of twenty-three had acquired a reputation for learning and steadiness, which caused William de Vere, Bishop of Hereford, to send him an invitation to become one of his household or ecclesiastical establishment. On this occasion Giraldus Cambrensis, whose name is known to most of our readers as an historian of eminence, wrote a letter of the highest encomium to the Bishop concerning the youthful Robert. But this patron died very soon, and Grotesteste continued lecturing in his college until he came under the notice of Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln, an eminently pious man, which was not always an episcopal qualification in those turbulent times; and finding in his diocese this ripe scholar (for Oxford was then a part of the Lincoln diocese), he was glad to advance him as he could. In the course of twelve years he had exchanged

youth among crowds of foolish young men; and, as an ecclesiastic, he was irreproachable where reproach was common. But it would appear to have been a dangerous illness, in 1232, which caused him fully to dedicate himself to the service of God. His sincerity was evinced by the immediate giving up of all his church preferences, and his return to the prebend's stall. We are told that his sister, a nun, wrote to him to inquire for his health; and in his reply he informs her of this resignation of his dignities, and hopes she will not fret about it, as his object was the better fulfilment of his duties.

Heretofore he had amused himself with experiments in natural science, which had gotten him the name of a magician, and with calculations in astronomy, which had caused him to be dubbed astrologer. The poet Gower, writing of "the great clerk Grotesteste," tells a story of a brazen head which he forged, and which could speak, and "give counsel in doubtful cases." One day, as it was being set up, it fell and was broken in pieces—the work of seven years destroyed in a moment, quoth the legend—and the fragments lie dormant in some vault of that very noble pile, Lincoln Cathedral, of course amid supernatural company. Another story, detailed by Richard of Bardney, a monk who composed a rhythmical life of

Grosteste in Latin, is to the effect that once when the Bishop of Salisbury had promised to officiate at Rome on a certain day, and was unable to go, he sent for his archdeacon Robert the very day before, and stated his difficulty. Grosteste bade him be comforted, for he himself would get to Rome that night and officiate in his stead. Away goes the archdeacon; summons to his aid a spirit-horse, by whose wings he forthwith mounts among the stars; finds—strange to say!—the sun revolving round the earth, and all things planetary in the erratic order assigned them by Ptolemy, and descends into the midst of Rome just in time to do the duty assigned to the missing bishop! A modern biographer guesses that the nucleus of truth here consists in the unusual energy of Grosteste's character having conquered the difficulties of transit, and brought him to and from Rome in some space of time so short as to be incredible to that credulous age without the aid of necromancy.

That was the minstrel period, when bard and troubadour were largely honoured throughout Europe. During Grosteste's lifetime, Richard the Lion-heart had been discovered in his Austrian dungeon by his musician Blondel, the lay sung and harped without the fortress being taken up by the captive prince within; and in the early ecclesiastical years of our Robert, the harp formed a chief delight of his leisure. He composed long religious "romances," or lyrical narratives, to be set to the harp; and De Brunne, a Gilbertine monk, who wrote concerning him in the reign of Edward III, says:—

"He lovèd much to hear the harp,
For man's wit it maketh sharp:
Next his chamber, beside his study,
His harper's chamber was fast thereby.
Many times, by night and days,
He had solace of notes and lays."

The poet goes on to state that one asked Grosteste "the reason why he had delight in minstrelsy?" To which the bishop gave answer, that the harp and its music reminded him to worship God to the best of his power, as did David—

"In cords, in organs, and bells ringing,
In all these worship the Heaven's King."

Grosteste was himself a poet of no mean note in his times. Seventeen hundred verses is the length of his "Roman des Romans," or Romance of Romances; also entitled "The Castle of Love," signifying thereby the love of God to men. It is an allegory of the fall and the redemption of the human race; written, as those testify who have read it, in the vivid manner of a mind which lived continually in the conscious presence of things unseen and eternal. The key to the theme of the poem is found in the lines—

"We oughten over alle thing
Worship Him with truë love."

These words are not Grosteste's original, which was composed in Anglo-French; but from an ancient translation into what philologists call "early English." Another poem of the bishop's is his "Manuel Peche," wherein he treats of the Commandments, and especially those seven offences which the church of Rome is pleased to style "deadly sins." The before-mentioned Robert de Brunne published a translation of this popular composition about 1320, more than a century after the poem was written; his manuscript is still preserved in the Bodleian library. He states that his object was that it might be sung to the harp in public entertainments; some of his introductory words are as follows:—

"For lewede (unlearned) men I undertoke
In Englysh tunge to make thys boke.
For many be of such mannere
That tales and rymes wyl blythely hear."

There is a passage in Grosteste's "Castle of Love," at the opening, which deserves transcription, and was eminently characteristic of the subsequent life of the man.

"The good one thinketh, good may do,
And God wyl helpe him thereto:
For was never good work wroughte,
Without beginning of good thoughte,
Ne never was wroughte none evil thinge,
But evil thought was the beginning."

We have much modernised the spelling of the specimen.

An era in Grosteste's spiritual life was the appearance of the new orders of mendicant monks. They came as reformers, these Dominicans and Franciscans, with their vows of deep poverty, of perpetual preaching, among the slothful and sensuous Benedictines who lived on the fat of English land. Grosteste had long regretted the intense worldliness of the clergy, seculars and regulars, and hailed the Franciscan zeal with gladness. He lectured for ten years in their chapel at Oxford, though he never took the habit of a friar; and his sermons were expositions of Scripture, with wondrous gleams of truth in them, considering the dark times and the dark audience. At this period he wrote a controversial work addressed to the Jews concerning their leading error, the perpetuity of their law: "a masterly argument, an admirable production," says a late biographer. He deserves a certain honour for having written "in a spirit of gentle candour" to a people detested and despised as the Jews were then; it was not so long since the regal dastard John had tortured and butchered numbers of the helpless Israelites. Everywhere spoken against, by every man considered fair prey on which to wreak his rapacity and cruelty, it is to the credit of Grosteste that he was sufficiently in advance of his age to use only the modern weapon of the pen against them, and that with a gentleness and consideration which might be a pattern to controversialists among ourselves.

Of the friends and fellow-labourers surrounding Grosteste in the university at this time, but few names have survived oblivion. We hear honourably of one Stow, his fellow-countryman, from Suffolk, as "a clear interpreter of Scripture;" of Adam de Morisco, on whom was bestowed the title of Illustrious Doctor for his learning and piety; above all, of Friar Roger Bacon, who calls Bishop Robert his "great master," and in 1234 was joined with him in a commission from Henry III for the better regulation of the University of Oxford.

Bishop Hugh de Welles died in 1235, and Grosteste was his successor. He was sixty years of age; but nearly twenty years of good work for the church (not understanding by that term the Romish apostacy) was before him. A humble-minded man—there is extant from him a letter of touching modesty, penned when he was Archdeacon of Leicester, in which he states that he felt his acquirements trifling, when compared with the vast abyss of unsounded truth. "In innumerable matters which are objects of knowledge, I perceive myself enveloped in the darkness of ignorance;" and it was no mean proof of his advanced knowledge, that he could see the vast extent of undiscovered country beyond. Now was this humble man signing himself "Robert, by divine permission, the poor minister of the church of Lincoln." He owed his preferment to personal merit, and the free election of his brother priests. Six furnished palaces were for the residence of the former pauper boy; and never did a man "risen from the ranks" conduct himself in a more unassuming manner.

We have a picture of his entertaining the king at one time, the weak and unprincipled Henry III, during one of his royal progresses, and the monarch observed that

he was surprised to find a person of the bishop's mean extraction and severe habits of study able to acquit himself so elegantly as host. Whereunto Grosteste replied by acknowledging his obscure descent, but stated that he had, from the time of his beginning to read the Scriptures, always endeavoured to imitate the models of behaviour that he found therein. The king and his subject were not always on such friendly terms of conversation. Henry was determined to evade Magna Charta as much as he could, and constantly supported the pope in his illegal oppressions of the English church. Bishop Robert would not yield one jot of the national freedom to either prince or pope. Hence came many sharp contests.

His rule about the promotions in his diocese cut right at the king's and the pope's habits of presentation to non-resident persons, whose qualifications to fulfil the offices they undertook was the very last consideration in the minds of those who gave the benefices. But Grosteste wrote thus: "I dare not, for the love of God, confer the care of souls upon any person who will not sedulously discharge the office in person. For the office is of the greatest importance, requiring one who applies himself to it with vigilance, prudence, diligence, and fervour; who preaches the word of the Lord in season and out of season; who exhibits himself as an example of good works; who, when he gives salutary admonition, and is not regarded, can grieve and lament; whom no prejudice, passion, entreaty, gift, nor partiality can divert from the path of rectitude; who delights in labour, and whose sole desire is to profit souls." Under which description, from the pen of a mediæval bishop, might be written, "Portrait of a true Christian Pastor."

Acting upon such principles, he utterly refused to consecrate a young man who came to him clothed in scarlet, and wearing a ring, as candidate for a large cure, though backed by a powerful courtier. This was almost the first act of his episcopate, as almost the last was his firm stand against a similar aggression of Pope Innocent's. The bishop had received a Bull of Provision commanding him to appoint one Frederick Savonia, an Italian youth, to the first canonry that fell vacant. Should the bishop presume to institute any one else, it would be null and void. Should he refuse to obey, or should he obstruct the appointment of Savonia, he must look for excommunication; and the bull ends with the celebrated clause of *non obstante*, or notwithstanding, setting aside all laws that could contravene.

Grosteste wrote a letter in reply, which has survived, and identifies his memory with the boldest of reformers. "It almost retorts excommunication for excommunication." "Your provisions are to destruction," he tells the pope. "Flesh and blood, and not the heavenly Father, hath revealed such doctrines. Your *non obstante* clause overflows with uncertainty, fraud, and deceit, and strikes at the root of all confidence between man and man. . . . No sin can be more adverse to the doctrine of the apostles, more abominable to Jesus Christ, than to defraud and rob these souls which ought to be the objects of pastoral care, of that instruction which, by the Scriptures, they have a right to. Such mandates ought not to be obeyed, though an angel from heaven should command it."

Never had the Holy Father heard such language in all his sacerdotal existence. No wonder that he burst into a storm of rage. "Who is this old dotard, deaf and absurd, who thus rashly presumes to judge of my actions? If I were not restrained by the goodness of my own heart," added Innocent, with an appropriate papal oath, "I would make such an example of him as would

astonish the world. Is not his king my vassal, my slave?" And the bishop was excommunicated; it was the year of his death, 1253.

But in the interval before this period he had worked well in his vast diocese. The city of Lincoln alone contained fifty-two churches; whence may be judged the magnitude of the concerns which Grosteste had to manage. He found reformation imperatively needed. Crowds of useless clergy and indolent monks met him on every side, who had taken orders to escape into a luxurious life from among the hard-working commonalty. He was continually making progresses throughout his province, and preaching himself in every place to which he went. Almost immediately on his accession he removed seven abbots and four priors for various offences. The clergy grumbled, waxed wroth, stirred up against him whatever powers they could. But he persevered. Once, having given notice of his intention to visit his cathedral, the prebendal churches and others, his dean headed the malcontents, and issued a mandate that the bishop should not be obeyed when he appeared. With his usual meekness of temper, Grosteste wrote a reply, averring his purity of intention, and praying his clergy, in all friendship, to show him any mistakes he had made or might make: he was willing to rectify any such, and make what reparation lay in his power. The dean and canons would not even answer his letter. When he arrived on the appointed day, no bells were ringing, no respect was shown to the diocesan. The dean and chief clergy had set out for Rome, the other clergy were not to be found. They had appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would do nothing; and then they forged a foundation charter of the church of Lincoln, which named the king as arbiter of all disputes between the clergy and their bishop. The decision was referred to the pope, finally, and a bull was given partly in Grosteste's favour. His canons again fling his mean extraction in his face, and declare their bitter repentance for having elected him bishop, and procure a secret assassin to give him poison, whence he recovered with difficulty, by the help of the Dominican Friar John de St. Giles, who had once been physician to the French king.

It came to his ears that Pope Gregory IX had promised to his Romans all the vacant benefices in England. After the news came a confirmatory bull, desiring the Bishop of Lincoln not to dispose of any preferment until 300 young Italians had been served. Grosteste cast the parchment from his hand with indignation. "If I should commit the care of souls to them, I should be the friend of Satan." Thereupon the pope deposed him, and sent a foreign prelate to take his diocese; but the people rose in arms, and protected their bishop.

The Legate Otho was called "fleece of the land, gulf of Roman avarice." Grosteste had frequent skirmishes with him, as may be imagined. When Otho revenged an affray of the Oxford students by an interdict and confiscation, the re-establishment of the University fell into Grosteste's hands. He wrote to the divinity teachers, requiring that they laid well the foundation of true theology. "The fundamental stones are the books of Moses and the prophets, the apostles and the evangelists; which you rightly lay, when you explain those books to your auditors by the gift of discerning spirits, according to the sense of the text." He adjures them in Christ Jesus to let their lectures be upon the New and Old Testaments only, and not on other matters compiled by worthy writers, and supposed to conduce to this end." He would have Scripture the sole textbook of theology: surely a Protestant principle.

A stormy episcopate had Grosteste. Twice excommunicated by popes, often obliged to contend with his monarch, and with his own priests, we find him once under the last ban of Canterbury, pronounced solemnly with bell, book, and candle. He had refused to put his seal to a circular letter for forcibly raising money to pay off the Archbishop's debts.

Three times he was cited to Lyons, then the papal residence. When seventy-seven years of age and very infirm, he appeared for the last time. We are told of his uttering, in the very presence of Innocent, the bold words—"O money! how great is thy power, especially at the court of Rome!" He composed a long sermon on the vices of the papacy, and gave copies of it to the pope and cardinals. We can only wonder that he ever came back to England.

He was dying on the sixth of October in that year. During the long wakeful night of restlessness which almost always precedes dissolution, he conversed with his chaplains on spiritual matters. Speaking of the state of the church, he said that nought but the edge of the sword could deliver it from the Egyptian bondage under which it laboured; he declared the pope a heretic, who for earthly and fleshly gain abused his trust of the care of souls. Some of the dying man's words seem distinct prophecies of the Reformation. And so, as Matthew Paris writes, "the holy bishop Robert departed this world, which he never loved."

Perhaps one of the best eulogiums on him was the triumph and delight of his papal foe Innocent. "I rejoice," he exclaimed, "I rejoice; my great enemy is removed." But all righteous men and faithful "clerks" throughout England went mourning for Robert Grosteste.

E. H. W.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

II. FOOD.

JAPANESE dinners are not very tempting to European tastes, consisting so much of what we are apt to term "messes." Beef, mutton, and pork, the substantial viands to which we are accustomed, are not eaten by the Japanese. The ocean, which surrounds and intersects their islands in every direction, is their store-house, and fish is their principal article of food. When presents are sent from one friend to another, a small piece of dried or salted fish, and some seaweed, accompanies them, tied with a red and white string, and wrapped in a paper, on which is written a sentence that, translated, means, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors." This is done to keep them in remembrance of their origin from a race of fishermen, and their dependence on the ocean for their daily food.

The dinner-service consists of lacquered or china bowls and plates, on which the dainties are placed. The dining-table is not more than nine inches high, and the guests sit round it on their heels, using chopsticks to convey the food to their mouths. Dried fish, prawns on a kind of sweetmeat resembling toffee, rock-leeches, pickled eggs, salted ginger, boiled rice, yams, pears, a kind of wild raspberry and radish, with capsicums, are amongst the principal dishes at a Japanese repast. Bread is represented by a sweet sponge-cake, and saki or rice wine, in great variety, is the invariable accompaniment. Tea is also largely drunk. A very delicate kind, used only on special occasions, is made from an infusion of dried peach-blossoms.

The coarse brown flesh of the whale is eaten by this nation of fishermen and women. Sharks' fins are par-

ticularly sought after. Bêche de mer, cray fish, dried shrimps, salmon fresh and dried, in fact, almost every kind of inhabitant of the waters, pay tribute to the dwellers on land. Even seaweed is compelled to furnish a nutritious food. Rice is the staple grain; the flour of millet makes nice little cakes; the lotus-seed (a kind of nut) is much appreciated. The Japanese raise a great variety of vegetables, but they are coarse, and without flavour. Beans, peas, lettuce, cabbage, etc., grow well on their fertile soil. Potatoes, also, are successfully cultivated on the hill sides. Large quantities are exported to the neighbouring Chinese coast, where they form a grateful addition to the tables of our countrymen and women in the Far East. Some other vegetables have also been introduced into Japan since it was opened to western intercourse. The cauliflower in particular has been most successfully acclimatised. Some seeds were obtained from England, and planted in the European gardens on the Bluff, near Yokohama, and the result was somewhat startling; for the stems attained the height of five or six feet, and one head was sufficient to supply a large dinner party.

The native vegetables are wanting in flavour, and the people seem to have no delicacy of palate. Many fruits flourish, but the fruit is not permitted to ripen, being gathered before it has attained maturity; thus all their peaches are rendered valueless to foreigners; pomegranates and persimmons are also wasted. Grapes are better appreciated; they are grown on some of the Damios' estates, and are said to belong to the ladies, who, if so, certainly bestow much care upon them. This fruit is occasionally sent great distances, carefully packed in boxes of arrowroot, which effectually secure it from the light and air, and when taken out it is perfectly fresh, with even the delicate bloom untouched, though it may have been transported some thousand miles.

The tender shoots of the bamboo are boiled as an esculent; it has a woody, but not disagreeable flavour; preserved as a sweetmeat it is very nice.

COOKING.

Stewing and boiling are the native methods of dressing food. In countries where coal is not in general use, strict economy in the matter of fuel must be practised, and therefore we see in Japan no vast kitchen ranges consuming large quantities of the black diamond, but instead, various stoves, in which a small amount of charcoal is burnt, just sufficient to produce the necessary degree of heat to cook the food. The kitchens attached to the temples and monasteries are spacious; and stewing, boiling, and soup-making are carried on, on a comparatively large scale, over charcoal fires embedded in brick-work.

In private houses, such as those which belong to the well-to-do shopkeepers and merchants, the cooking is accomplished without much display. A wooden fire-box, about the size of a cubic foot, lined with a substance which answers the purpose of a fire-brick, contains sufficient fuel to prepare a dinner; for, with proper attention from the cook, several pots containing rice, small pieces of fish, and vegetables can be kept at the due simmering degree of temperature.

Baking is done on a small scale, to prepare cakes and biscuits of different kinds from wheaten and rice flour.

Like their neighbours the Chinese, the Japanese convey food to their mouths by the aid of chopsticks, or thin pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, about nine or ten inches long. It requires considerable dexterity to manage these implements properly. The two sticks are held in a peculiar way between the fingers of the right