

the helpless things has become markedly less. The explanation is simple, the mothers are now unemployed, and have time to attend to the feeding of their children, and they are far more skilful at this task than the incompetent persons to whom it is ordinarily confided. People in general eat too much, and the use of alcoholic stimulants with abundance of food is productive of disease. The value of different kinds of food is generally misunderstood. Onions are now regarded as equal in nutritious qualities to four times their weight of any vegetable except leeks. Cheese is also as nutritive a diet as one can name, but it ought to be well masticated. White bread is far less nutritious than brown, and yet it is commonly preferred by the poorer classes in England.—Ignorance of knowing what to eat and how to cook is the cause of much misery in the aggregate.

*"Was Nero a Monster."*—This paper throws the gravest doubts on the generally received impressions respecting Nero's character. The testimony of the classic witnesses against this man is discussed, dissected and overthrown. Science is appealed to as establishing almost beyond doubt the absurdity of some of the charges which have blackened Nero's reputation. Common sense is next called into the witness-box and throws her sheltering wing over the emperor. All that is thoroughly reliable is the fact that a tradition of Nero's infancy existed, and was unhesitatingly accepted; a tradition all the more noticeable since it was coupled with one which made his early years of brilliant promise, so that Trajan in after days expressed the wish that his whole reign might rival the splendor of Nero's commencement.

The writer does not wish the object of his essay to be less the vindication of Nero's character, than an appeal to the common sense of mankind to be vigilant in its demands of evidence, when called upon, either in history or in gossip circulated about living men, to accept statements affecting character and motives.

*"The Small House at Allington"* is becoming very interesting, and will probably prove a far more acceptable tale for the majority of the readers of Cornhill than the more highly wrought and polished historical romance which bears the title of

*"Romola."*

*"Professional Etiquette."*

"Some years ago a gentleman, who lived in a somewhat lonely part of the country, was asked to go and see a poor neighbour who was very ill. On his arrival he found the man at the point of death, and extremely anxious to see a clergyman. The visitor went to the house of a clergyman who lived near, and told him of the dying man's wish. The clergyman replied that as the house of the dying man was out of his parish he could not interfere, nor could any remonstrances induce him to do so. An eminent lawyer was so fortunate as to be made the heir of a rich and childless old man, who, falling ill, showed him his will, by which it appeared that the testator had given a life-interest only to his intended heir. When this was pointed out to the sick man he said, "Yes, but I understood you to say you meant never to marry?"