TABLE TRAITS

WITH

SOMETHING ON THEM.

BY

DR. DORAN.

"Je suis aujourd'hui en train de conter; plaise à Dieu que cela ne soit pas une calamité publique."—BRILLAT SAVARIN.

Second Edition.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET;
OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH; HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN;
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS.
1854.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, EARL OF HAREWOOD,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF BY-GONE

HAPPY YEARS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

BILL OF FARE.

TABLE TRAITS

WITH SOMETHING ON THEM.

THE LEGEND OF AMPHITRYON.

A PROLOGUE.

"*Le véritable Amphitryon est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.*"—MOLIERE.

AMONG well-worn illustrations and similes, there are few that have been more hardly worked than the above line of Poquelin-Molière. It is a line which tells us pleasantly enough, that he who sits at the head of a table is among those "respectable" powers who find an alacrity of worship at the hands of man. I say, "at the hands;" for what is "adoration" but the act of putting the hand to the mouth (as expressed by its components *ad* and *os, oris*)? and what worship is so common as that which takes this form, especially when the Amphitryon is amiable, and his altar well supplied?

But such a solution of the question affords us, after all, no enlightenment as to the mystery of the reality of Amphitryon himself, whose name is now worn, and sometimes usurped, by those who preside at modern banquets.

Was he real? is he a myth? was he ever in the body? or is his name that of a shadow only, employed for purposes of significance? If real, whence came he? What does classic story say of the abused husband of Alcmena?

Amphitryon was a Theban gentleman, who had two nephews, fast young men, who were slain by the Teleboans. This is a myth. They were extravagant individuals, of the class of those who count the chimes at midnight. Their father could not help them; and so the uncle, a bachelor, was expected to do his avuncular office, spend his substance for the benefit of his brother's children, and get small thanks for his trouble. His brother, however, had an article of small value,—a daughter, named Alcmena; and this lady was given in marriage to her uncle, without any scruple about the laws of affinity. As soon as the ceremony of the betrothal was over, Amphitryon departed to punish the Teleboans; and he had not been long absent, when Jupiter presented himself in the likeness of the absent husband, set up a household with the readily-convinced Alcmena, and became the father of Hercules. When Amphitryon returned, his surprise was natural, and his ill-temper not to be wondered at. But Jupiter explained the imbroglio in a very cavalier way, as was his custom, and which they who are curious may see in the liveliest of the lively comedies of the miller's man, Plautus.

An incident connected with the story shows us that Amphitryon, fond of good living generally, and of beef in particular, made a razzia among the Teleboan herds, and brought back all the cows and oxen he found amongst them. He was exhibiting the cattle to his brother Electryon, when one of the animals strayed from the herd; and Amphitryon, in order to bring it back, flung a stick at it, but with such violence, that the weapon,

falling on the horns, rebounded as violently upon Electryon, who died upon the spot. But this, too, is a myth; and I have no doubt but that Electryon died of indigestion; for the Teleboan beef was famous for its toughness. Indeed, many of the Teleboës themselves were so disgusted with it, that they abandoned their Ætolian homes, and settled in the island of Capreæ.

The Egyptians claim Amphitryon for their own. They boast that his dinners at Memphis were divine, and that Hercules, his son, was among the last-born of the gods; for Hercules was more than a hero among the leek-worshippers of Egypt. But the truth is, that the story of Amphitryon, his strength, his good fare, and his hard fate, belongs to a more distant period and land. It is a Hindoo story, the actors are children of the sun, and Voltaire declares that the tale is to be found in Dow's "Hindostan;" but that is as much of a fable as the legend itself of Amphitryon, whose name, by the way, may be as easily "Indicized" as that of Pythagoras.

In Scotland, the crime of child-stealing is distinguished by the title of "plagiary;" and an instance of the latter is here before us. When Plautus sat in his master's mill, and thought over the subject of his lively comedy, founded on the story of Amphitryon, he took for granted all that he had been told of his hero's birth and parentage. But the classical Amphitryon is, as I have said, but a stolen child. His home is in the far East; and his history was calling up smiles upon the faces of listeners by the Indus long before the twin founders of Rome had been intrusted, by their nurse Lupa, to walk alone. The Hindoo Amphitryon was a fellow of some renown, and here is his story.

A Hindoo, whose name, indeed, has not descended to us,—but he was the individual whom the Greeks stole,

and called Amphitryon,—lived many years ago. He was remarkable for his gigantic strength and stature; and he not only found the former a good thing to possess, but he used it *like* a giant. He had for the wife of his bosom a fair, but fragile, girl, who lay in his embrace, as she sang to him at sunset, "like Hebe in Hercules' arms." It was not often, however, that such passages of peace embellished the course of their daily life. The Hindoo was jealous, and his little wife was coquettish. The lady had smiles for flatterers; and her monster of a husband had a stick, which showered blows upon her when he detected her neglecting her household work. Cudgelling took its turn with caressing, as it did in the more modern, and consequently more vulgar, case of Captain Wattle and Miss Roe; and finally there was much more of the first than there was of the last. One summer eve, the husband, in a fit of frantic jealousy, assaulted his wife so ferociously, that he left her insensible on the threshold of their house, and threatened never again to keep up a *ménage* with so incorrigible a partner.

A Hindoo deity, of an inferior order,—not the King of gods and men, as in the Grecian legend,—had witnessed the whole proceeding from his abiding place in a neighbouring cloud. He smiled as the husband disappeared; and, gradually descending in his little palace to the ground, he lightly leaped on to the firm set earth, gave a hurried glance at the unconscious and thickly-bruised beauty, and then, in testimony of his ecstatic delight, he clapped his hands, and commenced revolving on one leg, as D'Egville used to do, when Venua's violin led the orchestra, and gave him strength.

The spirit, having subsided into repose, thought for a while, and speedily arrived at a resolution. It infused itself into a human body, which was found without diffi-

culty, and it clothed the whole under the counterfeit presentment of the errant husband. These feats of transmutation were common among the eastern deities; and I take for granted that my readers are aware that Pythagoras himself—who is connected with Table Traits, on the subject of beans—was no other than Buddha Goroos, who slipped into a vacant body, and taught the metempsychosis to wondering Europe.

The wife of the Hindoo giant was something astonished, on recovering herself, to find that she was seated, without any sense of pain, on a bench in the little garden, with her apparent husband at her feet, pouring out protestations of love and assurances of fidelity. She accepted all, without questioning; for it was all too pleasant to be refused. A new life commenced. The married pair became the admiring theme of the village; and when a son was born to them, there ensued such showers of felicitations and flowers as had never fallen upon married lovers since the Hindoo world first started on its career, on the back of the self-supporting elephant. Their moon never ceased to shed honey; and this was flowing, sweetly and copiously as ever, when, one sultry noon, the vagrant husband returned home, and, confronting the counterfeit at an inner door, bitterly satirized the vanity of women who indulged in capricious tempers and Psyche glasses. In an instant, however, he was conscious that his other self was not a reflection, but only the cause of many that began crowding into the brain of the true man. The cool complacency of the counterfeit irritated the bewildered and legitimate husband, and an affray ensued, in which the mortal got all the blows, and his rival all the advantage. The wife was herself perplexed, but manifested a leaning towards the irresistible divinity. In vain did the gigantic original roar forth the tale of his wrongs, and claim his undoubted rights; and it was only

during a lull in the storm that he heeded a suggestion made, to the effect, that all the parties should submit their case to the judgment of an inspired Brahmin.

This eminent individual speedily perceived that, of the double-man that stood before him, one was a dupe, and the other a deity,—something, at all events, above humanity. The question was, how to discover the divinity. After much cogitation, this was the judgment pronounced by the dusky Solomon: "Madam," said he to the perplexed lady, "your husband was known as being the most robust man ever made out of the red earth, of which was composed the father of us all. Now, let these two litigants salute you on the lips; and we pronounce him to be the true man who comes off with the loudest report." The trial took place forthwith in presence of the assembled multitude. The Indian mortal first approached the up-raised lips of his wife; and he performed the required feat with an echo that was as half a hundred culverins to the "pistol-shot" kiss recorded of Petruchio. The Judge and the people looked curiously to the defendant, as wondering how, on the pretty instrument before him, he could strike a note higher than his rival. The Indian god addressed him to what seemed a rose-bud wet with dew; and therewith ensued a sound as though all the artillery of the skies were saluting, too, in honour of the achievement. The multitude and the Brahmin looked, for all the world, as if they had lost their hearing; and it was calculated that the astounding din might have been heard by the slumbering tortoise below the antipodes. At length, the assembly hailed the deity as the undoubted Simon Pure, and looked towards the Brahmin for confirmation of their award; but the Brahmin merely remarked to them, with urbanity, that they were the sons and fathers of asses, and were unable to distin-

guish between the almost invisible seed which diets the bird of Paradise, and the gigantic palm of the garden of the gods, each leaf of which is of such extent that an earthly courser, at his utmost speed, could not traverse it in fifty millions of mortal-measured years. "Here is the true husband," added the Judge, putting his hand upon the shoulder of the Indian, "who has done all that human being, in the particular vocation required, could do; and here," added he, turning reverentially to the other, "is some supreme being, who has been pleased to amuse himself at the expense of his servants."

The god smiled, and confessed to the excellence of the Judge's perspicuity by revealing himself in his true, and somewhat operatic, form. He ascended the cloud, which appeared in waiting for him like an aërial cab, and, looking from over its side, laughingly bade the edified multitude farewell, adding, that he was the deity appointed to preside at tables that were not ungraced by the fair;—and, "if these have a cause for complaint, it is my privilege to avenge them according to my good pleasure." The ladies thereupon flung flowers to him as he rose, and the husbands saluted his departure with rather faint cheers; but throughout India, while orthodoxy lasted, there never was a table spread, but the master thereat, prince or peasant, invoked the Hindoo deity to cast the beams of the sun of his gaiety upon the board. Heresy, however, in this matter, has crept in; and, if Hindoo feasts lack real brilliancy, it is because the sunlight of the god no longer beams from the eyes of the fair, who are no longer present sharers in the banquet. It is otherwise in Europe, whither, perhaps, the god came, and aped Jupiter, as well as Amphitryon, when he perplexed the household of Alcmena. He sits presiding at our feast, ensconced within a rose; from thence his smiles urge to enjoyment, and the finger on his lip to discretion; and every docile

guest whispers *sub rosâ*, and acknowledges the present god.

It is said, in India, that this divinity was the one who gave men diet, but forgot digestion. It was like giving them philosophical lectures, without power to understand them; and the case is still common enough upon earth. These subjects demand brief notice, were it only by way of appendix to this prolegomenical chapter.

DIET AND DIGESTION.

"No digest of law 's like the law of digestion."—MOORE.

OUR good neighbours the French, or rather, the philosophers among them, have asserted that the perfecting of man and his species depends upon attention to diet and digestion; and, in a material point of view, they are not far wrong; and, indeed, in a non-material point of view, it may be said that the spirit, without judgment, is very likely to be exposed to indigestion; and perhaps ignorance complete is to be preferred to an ill-digested erudition. With diet and patience, Walpole thought all the diseases of man might be easily cured. Montesquieu, on the other hand, held that health purchased by rigorously watching over diet, was but a tedious disease. But Walpole was nearly correct, while Montesquieu was not very distant from the truth. Dieting, like other things, must be undertaken on common-sense principles; for, though there be multitudes of mad people in the world, society generally is not to be put upon the *régime* of "Bedlam."

We live, not by what we eat, but by what we digest; and what one man may digest, another would die of attempting. Rules on this subject are almost useless. Each man may soon learn the powers of his stomach, in health or disease, in this respect; and this ascertained, he has no more business to bring on indigestion than he has to get intoxicated or fall into debt. He who offends on

these three points, deserves to forfeit stomach, head, and his electoral franchise!

Generally speaking, fat and spices resist the digestive power; and too much nutritious food is the next evil to too little. Good cookery, by developing flavour, increases the nutritiousness of food, which bad cookery would perhaps render indigestible. Hence a good cook rises to the dignity of "artist." He may rank with the chemists, if not with the physicians.

Animal food, of mild quality, is more digestible than vegetable, and fresh meats are preferable to salted. In the latter the salt is a different composition from that which is taken at meals, and which is indispensable to health. Fish fills rather than feeds; but there are exceptions to this. Vegetables are accounted as doing little to maintain stamina; but there have been races and classes of men who have been heroes upon bread, fruit, and vegetables. The poor cannot live upon "curry," it is true; but in England, with less drink and more vegetable food, they would be an improved race. Not that they could live like a Lazzaroni on maccaroni and the open air. Layard says the Bedouin owes his health and strength to his spare diet. But even a Bedouin swallows lumps of butter till he becomes bilious; and were he to live in England instead of the desert, he would not keep up his strength by living on the dishes which support him in Arabia Felix. The golden rule is "moderation and regularity." He who transgresses the rule, will pay for it by present suffering and a "check" after Christmas.

A false hunger ought not to be soothed, nor a false thirst to be satisfied; for satisfaction here is only adding fuel to a fire that would otherwise go out. On the other hand, the bilious and sedentary man need not be afraid of beer; it is a better stomachic than wine. For him, and for all lords of that heritage of woe, a weak stomach, the

common-sense system of cookery, as it is called, is most required. It is something between the hard crude system of the English, and the juice-extracting method of the French; with a leaning, however, towards the latter, (with whom it is common to reduce food to a condition of pulp,) but uniting with it so much of the English custom as allows the gelatinous matter to be retained, especially in the meats. "*Festina lente*," is "*Latin de cuisine*," for "Eat slowly," and it is of first-rate value. He who does so, gives best chance for healthy chyle; and that wanting, I should like to know where the *post-prandial* enjoyment would be. Without it, digestion is not; and when digestion is away, Death is always peering about to profit by his absence. "See to it!" as the Chinese "chop" says.

There are upwards of seventeen hundred works extant on the subject of diet and digestion. Sufferers may study the question till they are driven mad by doubt and dyspepsia, and difference of opinions among the doctors. Fordyce saw no use in the saliva, and Paris maintains that without it digestion is not. "*Quot homines, tot sententiæ*," is as applicable here as in every other vexed question. But Paris's book on Diet is the safest guide I know for a man who, being dyspeptic, wants to cure himself, or simply to discover the definement of his degree of suffering. On the other hand, every man may find comfort in the reflection, that with early hours, abundant exercise, generous diet, but not too much of it, and occupation,—without which a worse devil than the former enters on possession of the victim,—dyspepsia cannot assume a chronic form. It may be a casual visitor, but it will be the easiest thing possible to get rid of him. But philosophy has said as much from the beginning, and yet dyspepsia prevails and physicians ride in carriages. Exactly! and why? Because philosophers them-

selves, like the Stoic gentleman in Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, sink to sleep, on heavy suppers and beds of down, with the suicidal remark, that "*Le Luxe est une jolie chose.*"

We must neither act unreservedly on the *dictum* of books, nor copy slavishly the examples of others, if we would have the digestion in a healthy condition. There is a self-monitor that may safely be consulted. Of his existence there can be no doubt; for every man who wakes with a head-ache most ungratefully blames that same monitory "self."

If any class may fairly complain of others in this respect, rather than of themselves, it is the "babies." The Rajpoots do not slay half so many of their infants out of pride, as we do by indiscreet dieting; or, to speak plainly, over-feeding. The New Zealand mother is not more foolish, who thrusts stones down the throat of her babe, in order to make him a stern and fearless warrior, and only mars him for a healthy man. And Christian matrons have been quite as savage without intending it. Brantome's uncle, Chastargnerage, was no sooner weaned than, by the advice of a Neapolitan physician, he took gold, steel, and iron, (in powders,) mixed up with all he ate and drank. This regimen he followed until he was twelve years old, by which time (we are asked to believe) it had so strengthened him that he could stop a wild bull in full course. This diet, however, seems little likely to have produced such an effect. As soon might one expect that the Bolton ass, which chewed tobacco and took snuff, was made swift as a race-horse by so doing. I think that it is of Dean Nowell it is said, that he grew strong by drinking ale. He was the accidental inventor of bottled ale. He was out fishing with a bottle of the freshly-drawn beverage at his side, when intelligence reached him touching the peril his life was in, under Mary, which

made him fly, after flinging away his rod, and thrusting his bottle of ale under the grass. When he could again safely resort to the same spot, he looked for his bottle, which, on being disturbed, drove out the cork like a pellet from a gun, and contained so creamy a fluid, that the Dean, noting the fact, and rejoicing therein, took care to be well provided with the same thenceforward. As Henry II. was the first King who acted as sewer, and placed the boar's head on the table of his young son, just crowned, so Dean Nowell was the first church dignitary who laid the foundation of red noses, by bringing bottled ale to the notice of the clergy. There is an old tradition, that what this ale used to do for churchmen, cider used to effect for Africans.

As we have said, "moderation" is the first principle of digestion; and as, according to the Latin proverb, "water gives moderation," it behoves us to look for a few minutes into the much praised, and little appreciated, *aqua pura*.

WATER.

A KENTUCKY man, who was lately at one of the great tables in an hotel in the States, where the bill of fare was in French, after sorely puzzling himself with descriptions which he could not comprehend, "*cotelettes à la Maintenon*" and "*œufs à la braise;*" exclaimed, "I shall go back to first principles: give me some roast beef!" So, after speaking of the birth of him, whose putative father has lent a name to liberal hosts, let us also fall back upon first principles, and contemplate the uses of water.

There is nothing in nature *more* useful; but, commonly speaking, you can neither buy any thing with it, nor get any article for it in exchange. Adam Smith strikingly compares with it the uselessness and the value of a diamond: the latter has scarcely any value in use, but much that is valuable may be had in exchange for it. In the desert a cup full of water is worth one full of diamonds; that is, in certain emergencies. The diamond and the water illustrate the difference between value in use and value in exchange.

If water be not, according to Pindar and the legend over the Bath Pump-Room, the best of things, few things would attain to excellence without it. Greek philosophy was not wrong which made it the principle of life, and the popular belief scarcely erred in seeing in every stream, spring, and fountain a resident deity. Water was so reverenced by certain ancient nations, that they would

never desecrate it by purifying themselves therewith! The ancient Persians and Cappadocians exemplified their devotion by personal dirtiness. In presence of the visible power of the stream, altars were raised, and adoration paid to the god whose existence was evidenced by such power. The Egyptians gave their divine river more than prayers, because their dependence on it was more absolute than that of other nations on their respective streams. The Nile, swelling beneficently, bestowed food, health, and therewith content on the Egyptians; and they, in return, flung gratefully into the stream corn, sugar, and fruit. When human sacrifices were made to rivers, it was probably because the river was recognised as giving life, and was worthy of being paid in kind. We may smile superciliously at this old reverence for the "liquid good," but there was connected therewith much that we might profitably condescend to copy. Greece had her officers appointed to keep her streams pure. Had those officials exposed the people to drink such indescribable matter as we draw from the Thames, they would have been thrown into it by popular indignation. In Rome, Ancus Martius was long remembered, not for his victories, but for his care to supply the city with salubrious and sufficient water; and if people generally cursed Nero for his crimes, they acknowledged that he had at least not damaged the public aqueducts; and that in his reign ice-houses were first built, the contents of which enabled thousands to quaff the cool beverage which is so commendably spoken of by Aristotle.

The fountains were the ornaments of the public places, as the crystal *ampulla*, with its slender neck and its globular body, was of the side-boards of private houses in Rome. The common people drank to excess, both of hot water and cold: the former they drank in large measures; —this was in winter, and in taverns where they fed

largely upon pork, and drank the water as a stimulant! The Emperor Claudius looked upon this regimen as an immoral indulgence, and he closed the taverns where proprietors injured the public stomach by such a diet. Some Romans were so particular as to boil the water they intended to drink, in vessels at their own table. They were like the epicures who never intrust the boiling of an egg to their own cooks. We may notice that Augustus employed it lavishly, both as a bather and drinker. The "faculty" were unanimous in recommending a similar use of it, and some of these gentlemen made considerable fortunes by the various methods of applying it. For instance, patients resorting to Charmis, to take cold baths in winter under his direction, were required to pay him a consulting fee of £800! He was the first "water-cure" Doctor that ever practised, and he realized a fortune such as his successors may aim at in vain.

Horace Walpole, forgetting what he had once before said, namely, that diet and patience formed the universal panacea, declared that his "great nostrum was the use of cold water, inwardly and outwardly, on all occasions, and that with disregard of precaution against catching cold. I have often," he continues, "had the gout in my face and eyes, and instantly dip my head in a pail of cold water, which always cures it, and does not send it any where else." And again, alluding to another use of water, he says sneeringly, "Whether Christianity will be laid aside I cannot say. As nothing of the spirit is left, the forms, I think, signify very little. Surely, it is not an age of morality and principle; does it import whether profligacy is baptized or not?"

With regard to the sanitary application of water, as noticed by Walpole, there can be no doubt but that diet and digestion proceed the more perfectly, as the ablution of the body is general and daily, and made with cold

water. But discretion must be used; for there are conditions of the body which cannot endure cold bathing without palpitation of the heart following. In such case, tepid water should be used for a time, when the palpitations will soon cease, unless the heart be organically affected.

The same writer's remarks on the Christian uses of water, remind me of what is said of some such uses in Weever's "Funeral Monuments." He cites the inscriptions that used to be placed over the holy water in ancient churches. Some deposed that the sprinkling of it drove away devils:—

"*Hujus aquæ tactus depellit dæmonis actus.*"

Others promised a blessing, as, for example:—

"*Asperget vos Deus cum omnibus sanctis suis ad vitam æternam.*"

Another implied, that six benefits arose from its use; namely,—

———"*Sex operantur aquâ benedictâ:*
Cor mundat, accidiam (?) fugat, venalia tollit,
Auget opem, removetque hostem, phantasmata pellit."

Homer, too, it will be recollected, speaks of the sound of water inspiring consolatory thoughts, in the passage where he describes one "suffering cruel wounds from a diseased heart, but he found a remedy; for, sitting down beneath a lofty rock, looking down upon the sea, he began to sing."

The dormitories of many of the old convents were adorned with inscriptions recommendatory of personal cleanliness; but the inmates generally were more content with the theory than the practice: they were, in some degree, like the man at Bishop-Middleham, who died with the reputation of a water-drinker, but who really killed himself by secret drunkenness. He praised water

in public, but drank brandy in private, though it was not till after death that his delinquency was discovered.

The use of water against the spells of witchcraft lingered longer in Scotland than elsewhere. The Strathdown Highlander even now, it is said, is not ashamed to drink "the water of the dead and living ford," on New Year's Day, as a charm to secure him from sorcery until the ensuing New Year.

St. Bernard, the Abbot, made application of water for another purpose. Butler says of him, that he *once* happened to fix his eyes on the face of a woman; but immediately reflecting that this was a temptation, he ran to a pond, and leaped up to the neck into the water, which was then as cold as ice, to punish himself, and to vanquish the enemy!

There is a second incident connected with water, that will bear to be told as an illustration, at least, of old times. When Patricius was Bishop of Prusa, the Proconsul Julius resorted thither to the famous baths, and was restored to such vigorous health thereby, that he not only made sacrifice of thanksgiving to Esculapius and Health, but required the Bishop to follow his example. The Prelate declined, and the Proconsul ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling water, by which he was no more affected than if he had been enjoying a bath of tepid rose-water. Whereupon he was taken out and beheaded. The power that kept the water cool did not interfere to blunt the axe.

We have seen the reverence paid by certain "ancients of old" to the supposed divinities whose crystal thrones were veiled beneath the waves. Men under a better dispensation have shown, perhaps, a worse superstition. Bede makes mention of a Monk who thought he would purify his sin-stained spirit by actual ablution. He had, the church-historian tells us, a solitary place of residence

assigned him in the monastery, adjacent to a river: into the latter he was accustomed to plunge, by way of penance to his body. He went manfully to the bottom, and his mouth was no sooner again in upper air, than it was opened to give utterance to lusty prayer and praise. He would sometimes thus stand for hours, up to the neck, and uttering his orisons aloud. He was in full dress when this penance was performed, and, on coming from the stream, he let his wet, and sometimes frozen, garments dry upon his person. A Friar, once seeing him break the ice, in order that he might make his penitential plunge, expressed shiveringly his wonder at the feat: "It must be so *very* cold," said the Friar. "I have seen greater cold," was the sole remark of the devotional diver. "Such austerity *I* never beheld," exclaimed another spectator. "*I* have beheld far greater," replied the Monk. "And thus," adds the historian, as simply as any of them, "thus he forwarded the salvation of many by his words and example."

Connected with a pious man of our own time, I may mention an incident touching water, which is rather remarkable:—the person to whom I allude is Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem. He states, in his last Annual Letter, that he is building a school which will cost him about £600: the school is not yet finished; but the water used for mixing the mortar has already cost the enormous sum of £60. It is, in fact, a luxury which must be paid for. Where it is so dear, it were well if the people never were thirsty; and there were such people of old.

The late Vice-Chancellor of England, Sir Lancelot Shadwell, was as indefatigable a bather as the Monk noticed by Bede. Every morning throughout the year, during his residence at Barnes Elms, he might be seen wrestling joyously with the Thames. It is said that, on

one occasion, a party, in urgent need of an injunction, after looking for the Judge in a hundred places where he was not to be found, at length took boat, and encountered him as he was swimming in the river. There he is said to have heard the case, listening to the details as the astonished applicants made them, and now and then performing a frolicsome "summersault," when they paused for want of breath. The injunction was granted, it is said; after which the applicants left the Judge to continue his favourite aquatic sport by himself.

If the late amiable and able Vice-Chancellor was a water-lawyer, so was the late Archdeacon Singleton a water-divine. When tutor to the young Lords Percy, he, and the eldest of the sons of the then Duke of Northumberland,—Hugh, Earl Percy,—were expert swimmers, and often, by their achievements, excited the admiration of less daring venturers. The Archdeacon was accustomed to float away for miles from Sion, depending upon the tide to float him back again. At first, many a boatman looked inquiringly at the motionless body carrying on with the stream; but, when he was better known, his appearance thus excited no more surprise than if he had been in an outrigger, calmly taking a pull before the hour of dinner.

With respect to water-drinkers, they seem to have abounded among the good old Heathens, of whom so many stories are told that we are not called upon to believe.

Aristotle, who, like Dr. Macnish, wrote an "Anatomy of Drunkenness," (Περὶ Μέθης,) states therein, that he knew, or had heard, of many people who never experienced what it was to be thirsty. Archonides, of Argos, is cited by him as a man who could eat salt beef for a week without caring to drink, therewith or thereafter. Mago, the Carthaginian, is famous for having twice crossed the Desert without having once tasted water, or any other beverage. The Iberians, wealthy and showy people as

they were, were water-drinkers; and it was peculiar to some of the Sophists of Elis, that they lived upon nothing but water and dried figs. Their bodily strength, which was great, is said to have been the result of such diet; but, it is added, that the pores of their skin exuded any thing but a celestial ichor, and that, whenever they went to the baths, all the other bathers fled, holding their offended noses between their fingers! Matris, of Athens, lived all his life upon myrtle-berries and water; but, as nobody knows how long he *did* live, it would be rather rash to imitate him in hopes of obtaining extension of existence. Lamprus, the musician, was a water-drinker, as were Polemon, the Academician, and Diocles, of Peparethus; but, as they were never famous for any thing else, they are hardly worth citing. It is different when we contrast Demosthenes with Demades. Demosthenes states, in his second Philippic, that he was a water-drinker; and Pytheas was right, when he bade the Athenians remark, that the sober demagogue was, like Dr. Young, in fact, constantly engaged in solemn Night Thoughts. "Not so your other demagogue, Demades," said Pytheas; "*he* is an unclean fellow, who is daily drunk, and who never comes into your assemblies but to exhibit his enormous paunch." Such was the style of election speeches in Greece; and it has a smack of the hustings, and, indeed, of the market, too, in Covent Garden.

To turn from old to modern mythology, I may notice that water entered into the old sports of St. Distaff's Day, or the morrow after Twelfth Day. It is thus alluded to by one whose "mind was jocund, but his life was chaste,"—the lyric Parson of Dean Priors:—

> 'Partly work and partly play
> Ye must, on St. Distaff's Day.
> From the plough soon free your team,
> Then come home and fother them.

If the maids a-spinning go,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow,
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-hair.
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men.
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport 'Good-night;'
And next morrow ev'ry one
To his own vocation."

When Herrick wrote these lines, I do not know how it may have been at Dean Priors, but London was but indifferently supplied with water. But *now* London is supplied with water from eight different sources. Five of them are on the north, or Middlesex, side of London, three on the Southwark and Surrey side. The first comprise the New River, at Islington; the East London, at Old Ford, on the Lea; the West Middlesex, on the Thames, at Brentford and Hammersmith; and the Chelsea and Grand Junction, on the same river, at Chelsea. The south side is entirely supplied from the Thames, by the Southwark, Lambeth, and Vauxhall Waterworks, whose names are descriptive of their locality.

The daily supply amounts to about 35,000,000 of gallons, of which more than a third is supplied by the New River Company. The original projector of this Company was Sir Hugh Myddelton, who proposed to supply the London conduits from the wells about Amwell and Ware. The project was completed in 1613, to the benefit of posterity and the ruin of the projector. The old hundred-pound shares are now worth ten times their original cost.

In 1682 the private houses of the metropolis were only supplied with fresh water twice a-week. Mr. Cunningham, in his "Handbook of London," informs us that the old sources of supply were the Wells, or Fleet River,

Wallbrook and Langbourne Waters, Clement's, Clerk's, and Holy Well, Tyburn, and the River Lea. Tyburn first supplied the City in the year 1285, the Thames not being pressed into the service of the City conduits till 1568, when it supplied the conduit at Dowgate. There were people who stole water from the pipes then, as there are who steal gas now. "This yere," (1479,) writes an old chronicler of London, quoted by Mr. Cunningham, "a wax-charndler in Flete Strete had bi craft perced a pipe of the condite withynne the ground, and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride thurgh the Citee with a condite upon his hedde." The first engine which conveyed water into private houses, by leaden pipes, was erected at London Bridge, in 1582. The pipes were laid over the steeple of St. Magnus; and the engineer was Maurice, a Dutchman. Bulmer, an Englishman, erected a second engine, at Broken Wharf. Previous to 1656, the Strand and Covent Garden, though so near to the river, were only supplied by water-tankards, which were carried by those who sold the water, or by the apprentice, if there were one in the house, whose duty it was to fill the house-tankard at the conduit, or in the river. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Ford erected water-works on the Thames, in front of Somerset House; but the Queen of Charles II.—like the Princess Borghese, who pulled down a church next to her palace, because the incense turned her sick, and the organ made her head ache—ordered the works to be demolished, because they obstructed a clear view on the river. The inhabitants of the district depended upon their tankards and water-carriers, until the reign of William III., when the York-buildings Waterworks were erected. The frequently-occurring name of Conduit-street, or Conduit-court, indicates the whereabout of many of the old sources whence our forefathers drew their scanty supplies.

Water is not necessarily unhealthy, because of a little earthy matter in it; mineral, or animal, or vegetable matter held in it, by solution, or otherwise, renders it decidedly unwholesome. Rain water is the purest water, when it is to be had by its natural distillation in the open fields. When collected near towns, it should never be used without being previously boiled and strained.

The hardness of water is generally caused by the presence of sulphate of lime. Horses commonly refuse to drink hard water,—a water that can make neither good tea, nor good beer, and which frequently contains many salts. Soft water, which is a powerful solvent of all vegetable matters, is to be preferred for all domestic purposes. River water is seldom pure enough for drinking. Where purest, it has lost its carbonic acid from long exposure; and in the neighbourhood of cities it is often a slow poison, and nothing more, scarcely to be rescued from the name by the process of filtration. London is still supplied, at a very costly price, with water which is "offensive to the sight, disgusting to the imagination, and destructive to the health." Thames water, as at present flowing into our houses, is at once the jackal and aide-de-camp of cholera. People are apt to praise it, as being the water from which is made the purest porter in the world; but it is a well-known fact, that the great London brewers never employ it for that purpose.

The more a spring is drawn from, the softer the water will become; hence old wells furnish a purer water than those which are more recent; but a well of soft water is sensibly hardened by a coating of bricks. To obviate this, the bricks should be coated with cement. Snow water deserves a better reputation than it has acquired. Lake water is fitted only for the commonest household detergent purposes. But the salubrity of water is converted into poison by the conveyances which bring it almost to our lips;

and we have not yet adopted in full the recommendation of Vitruvius and Columella to use pipes of earthenware, as being not only cheaper, but more durable and more wholesome, than lead. We still convey away refuse water in earthenware, and bring fresh water into our houses in lead! The noted choleraic colic of Amsterdam, in the last century, was entirely caused by the action of vegetable matter in the water-pipes.

Filtration produces no good effect upon hard water. The sulphate of lime, and still more the super-carbonate of lime, are only to be destroyed by boiling. Boiled water, cooled, and agitated in contact with the atmosphere, before use, is a safe and not an unpleasant beverage. It is essential that the water be boiling when "toast and water" is the beverage to be taken.

Water, doubtless, is the natural drink of man—in a natural state. It is the only liquid which truly appeases thirst; and a small quantity is sufficient for that effect. The other liquids are, for the most part, palliatives merely. If man had kept to water, the saying would not be applicable to him, that "he is the only animal privileged to drink without being thirsty." But, then, where would the medical profession have been?

But he does well who, at all events, commences the day with water and prayer. With such an one we go hand in hand, not only in that service, but, as now, to Breakfast.

BREAKFAST.

SWIFT lent dignity to this repast, and to laundresses partaking of it, when he said, in illustration of modern Epicureanism, that "the world must be encompassed before a washerwoman can sit down to breakfast."

Franklin, who made a "morality" of every sentiment, and put opinions into dramatical action, has a passage in some one of his Essays, in which he says, that "Disorder breakfasts with Plenty, dines with Poverty, sups with Misery, and sleeps with Death." It is an unpleasant division of the day, but it is truly described, as far as it goes. On the other hand, it is not to be concluded that Disorder is the favourite guest of Abundance; and I do not know any one who has described a plentiful breakfast, with regularity presiding, better than another essayist, though one of a less matter-of-fact quality than Franklin, —I mean Leigh Hunt. In the "Indicator" he invites us to a "Breakfast in Cold Weather." "Here it is," he says, "ready laid. *Imprimis*, tea and coffee; secondly, dry toast; thirdly, butter; fourthly, eggs; fifthly, ham; sixthly, something potted; seventhly, bread, salt, mustard, knives, forks, &c. One of the first things that belong to a breakfast, is a good fire. There is a delightful mixture of the lively and the snug, in coming down to one's breakfast-room of a cold morning, and seeing every thing prepared for us,—a blazing grate, a clean table-cloth and tea-things; the newly-washed faces and combed heads of a

set of good-humoured urchins; and the sole empty chair, at its accustomed corner, ready for occupation. When we lived alone," he adds, "we could not help reading at meals; and it is certainly a delicious thing to resume an entertaining book, at a particularly interesting passage, with a hot cup of tea at one's elbow, and a piece of buttered toast in one's hand. The first look at the page, accompanied by a co-existent bite of the toast, comes under the head of 'intensities.'" Under the head of "&c." in the above list, I should be disposed to include "sunshine;" for sunshine in a breakfast-room in winter, is almost as glorious a thing as the fire itself. It is a positive tonic; it cheers the spirits, strengthens the body, and promotes digestion. As for breakfast in hot weather, all well-disposed persons who have gardens take that meal, of course, in "the arbour," and amid flowers. Breakfasts *al fresco* are all the more intensely enjoyed, because so few may be discussed in the open air in a country whose summer consists of "three hot days and a thunder-storm;" and in a climate wherein, according to Boerhaave, people should not leave off their winter clothing till Midsummer-Day, resuming the same the next morning when they are dressing for breakfast! Walpole and Boerhaave are right; our summers do sometimes set in with extraordinary severity.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, required a strong head to bear it. It consisted of bread soaked in wine. If Princes were in the habit of so breaking their fast, we hardly need wonder at the denunciation in Ecclesiastes against those who eat in the morning. The Greek patricians sat daily down to but one solid meal. Soldiers and plebeians had less controllable appetites, and these could not be appeased with less than two meals a-day. They were accounted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were, in this

respect, similar to the Greeks. Fashionable people ate little or nothing before the hour when they compensated for a long fast by a daily meal, where they fed hugely. A simple breakfast, as soon as they awoke, of "bread and cheese," has a very unclassical sound; but good authority assures us, that it was a custom duly honoured with much observance. Not of such light fare, however, was the breakfast of Galba. Suetonius says that the old Emperor used to cry for his morning repast long before day-break. This was in winter time. He took the meal in bed, and was probably induced to do so by indisposition; for he was a huge, ogre-like supper-eater,—eating much, leaving more, and ordering the remains to be divided among the attendants, who duly, rather than dignifiedly, scrambled for the same.

Modern epicures would hardly approve of some of the dishes half-consumed by the hungry Galba at breakfast; but potentates of our own days have made their first meal upon very questionable matter.

When Clapperton, the African traveller, breakfasted with the Sultan of Baussa, which is a collection of straggling villages on the banks of the Quorra, among the delicacies presented were a large grilled water-rat, and alligators' eggs, fried or stewed. The company were much amazed at the singularity of taste which prompted the stranger to choose fish and rice in preference to those savoury viands. The Prince, who gave this public breakfast in honour of a foreign commoner, was disgusted at the fastidious super-delicacy of his guest. In the last century, our commoners used to give similar entertainments in honour of Princes.

"Ælia Lælia" Chudleigh, as Walpole calls the famous lady who was still more famous as Duchess of Kingston, gave splendidly untidy entertainments of this sort in a splendidly untidy mansion. Her suppers will be found noticed

in another page. In 1763, she gave a concert and vast cold collation, or "breakfast," in honour of Prince Edward's birthday. The *scene* is admirably painted by Walpole. "The house is not fine, nor in good taste, but loaded with finery. Execrable varnished pictures, chests, cabinets, commodes, tables, stands, boxes, riding on one another's backs, and loaded with terrenes, figures, filligrees, and every thing upon earth! Every favour she has bestowed is registered by a bit of Dresden China. There is a large case full of enamels, eggs, ambers, lapis-lazuli, cameos, tooth-pick cases, and all kinds of trinkets, things that she told me were her playthings. Another cupboard full of the finest japan, and candlesticks, and vases of rock-crystal, ready to be thrown down in every corner. But of all curiosities are the conveniencies in every bed-chamber; great mahogany projections, with brass handles, cocks, &c. I could not help saying it was the loosest family I ever saw."

There was a philosopher of the same century, at whom even Walpole dared not have sneered. I allude to Dr. Black, whom Lavoisier called "the Nestor of the Chemical Revolution." Dr. Black was famous for the frugality of his breakfasts, and for the singularity of his death, when seated at that repast. His usual fare was a little bread, a few prunes, and a measured quantity of milk and water. One morning in November, 1799, he was seated at this modest meal. His cup was in his hand, when the Inevitable Angel beckoned to him, and the Christian philosopher calmly obeyed. He placed the cup on his knees, "which were joined together, and kept it steady with his hand, in the manner of a person perfectly at his ease; and in this attitude he expired, without a drop being spilt, or a feature in his countenance changed, as if an experiment had been required, to show to his friends the facility with which he departed." There was neither

convulsion, shock, nor stupor, we are told, to announce or retard the approach of death. This was a more becoming end than that of another chemist, the younger Berthollet, —although in the latter there was something heroical, too. He had taken his last breakfast, when he calmly proceeded to a sacrifice which he made to the interests of science. He destroyed his life by enclosing himself in an atmosphere of carbonic acid. There he began registering all the successive feelings he experienced, which were such as would have been occasioned by a narcotic;—"a pause, and then an almost illegible word occurred. It is presumed that the pen dropped from his hand, and he was no more."

I have spoken of winter and of summer breakfasts. I must have recourse to Mr. Forrester's "Norway in 1848 and 1849," to show what a breakfast for a traveller should be; namely, oatmeal porridge, or stir-about, with a slice of rye or wheaten bread. Such a breakfast, he says, will not only fortify the traveller for a lengthened period, but to the sedentary, the bilious, and the dyspeptic, its adoption will afford more relief than the best prescription of a physician. But this breakfast must be prepared with due care, and this is the fashion of it: "Take two or three handsfull of oatmeal; I prefer it of mixed coarse and fine meal, in the proportion of one third of the latter to two of the former. Mingle the meal in a basin of cold water, and pour it into a saucepan containing about a quart of boiling water; add a small portion of salt. Set the saucepan over the fire, and keep stirring it, sprinkling, from time to time, small quantities of the meal, till the composition boils, and has acquired the proper consistency. That may be known by its glutinous state as it drops from the spoon. Let it simmer for ten minutes, and then pour it, not into a deep dish, but into common dinner plates, and it will form a soft, thin, jellied cake; spoon

out portions of this, and float it in new milk, adding moist sugar, to your taste." For the benefit of others, I may add my testimony touching this recipe. I have strictly followed the instruction given, and I certainly never tasted any thing to equal the dish. It was execrable! But it has the double recommendation of being easy to digest, and of keeping off the sensation of hunger for a very long time. Use alone is needed to make it a popular breakfast, and he is a hero who uses it till he likes it. But it is time to consider the various

MATERIALS FOR BREAKFAST.

And first of milk. If Britons really have, what they so much boast of,—a birth-right,—the least disputable article of that class, is their undoubted right to that lacteal treasure which their mother holds from Nature, on trust, for their use and advantage.

It is a curious fact, that aristocratic infants are those who are most ordinarily deprived of this first right of their citizenship, and are sent to slake their thirst and fortify their thews and sinews at ochlocratic breasts. Jean Jacques Rousseau was not often right, but he was triumphantly so when he denounced the young and healthy mother, let her rank be what it might, who made surrender of what should be one of the purest of a young mother's pleasures, and flung her child to the bosom of a stranger. Who can say what bad principles may not have been drawn in with these "early breakfasts?" Certainly this vicarious exercise of the office of maternity is an abomination; and the abomination of having one's child suckled by a mercenary stranger can only be next in intensity to that of having him———but let us keep to "Table Traits."

Milk is too popularly known to need description; but it is not all that is sold under that name that comes from the cow. The cow with one arm, that produces what fresh medical students call the *aqua pumpaginis*, has very much to do with the dairies of London. Metropolitan milk-maids are not as unsophisticated as the milk-maids of the olden time; if, indeed, maids or milk were particularly pure even then; for milk was a propitiatory offering to Mercury, and if ever there was a deity who loved mischief, why, Dan Mercury was the one.

In Rome milk was used as a cosmetic, and for baths as well as beverage. Five hundred asses supplied the bath and toilette-vases of the Empress Poppæa; and some dozen or two were kept to maintain the decaying strength of Francis I. Of course, asses' milk became fashionable in Paris immediately, just as bolster cravats did with us, when the Regent took to them in order to conceal a temporary disease in the neck.

"Oil of milk" and "cow-cheese" were classical names for butter,—a substance which was not known in either Greece or Rome until comparatively late periods. Greece received it from Asia, and Rome knew it not as an article of food until the legionaries saw the use to which it was applied by the German matrons. The Scythians, like the modern Bedouins, were great butter-consumers. Their churners were slaves, captured in war, and blinded before they were chained to the sticks beside the tub, at which, with sightless orbs, they were set to work.

There have been seasons when, as now in Abyssinia, butter has been burned in the lamps in churches, instead of oil. The "butter-tower" of the cathedral at Rouen owes its distinctive appellation to its having been built from the proceeds of a tax levied in return for permissions to eat butter at uncanonical times; so that the tower is a monument of the violation of the ecclesiastical

canons. But there is great licence in these matters; and chapels in Ireland have been constructed with money raised by putting up Moore's erotic works to be raffled for, at half-a-crown a ticket!

Goats, cows, sheep, asses, and mares have all contributed their milk towards the making of cheese; and national prejudice has run so high on the question of superiority, that as many broken heads have been the result, as there have been rivulets of blood spilt at Dinant on the question of copper kettles. The Phrygian cheese is said to have owed its excellence to the fact, that it was made of asses' and mares' milk mixed together. I doubt, however, if the strong-smelling Phrygian cheese was equal to our Stilton,—which, by the way, is not made *at* Stilton,—and whose ripeness has been judiciously assisted by the addition of a pint of Madeira. Delicate persons at Rome breakfasted on bread and cheese,—principally goat cheese. It was administered, on the same principle that we prescribe rump-steak, as strengthening. People in rude health flourished in spite of it, and therefore ailing people *must*, it was thought, be invigorated because of it. However, our own system is less open to objection than that of the ancient faculty.

I do not know whether mothers will consider it complimentary or not; but it is a fact, that the milk of asses more nearly resembles human milk than any other. Like the human milk, it contains more saccharine matter than that of the cow, and deposits a large proportion of curd by mere repose.

Milk is easily assimilated, nourishes quickly, and but slightly excites to vascular action. It is stringent, however, and has a tendency to create acidity; but an addition of oatmeal gruel will correct both these matters. Suet, inserted in a muslin bag, and simmered with the milk, is of highly nourishing quality; but it is some-

times more than weak stomachs can bear. Lime-water with milk is recommended as sovereign against the acidity which milk alone is apt to create in feeble stomachs.

Eggs have been as violently eulogized as they have been condemned, and both in extremes. In some parts of Africa, where they are very scarce, and the Priests are very fond of them, it has been revealed to the people, that it is sacrilege for any but clerical gentlemen to eat eggs! The lay scruple, if I may so speak, is quieted by the assurance, that, though the sacred hens produce only for the servants at the altar, the latter never address themselves to the food in question, without the whole body of the laity profiting thereby! I suppose that Dissenters naturally abound in this part of Africa. There is nothing so unsatisfactory as vicarious feeding. Feeding is a duty which every man is disposed to perform for himself, whether it be expected of him or not. All the eggs in Africa, passing the œsophagus of a Priest, could hardly nourish a layman, even though the eggs were as gigantic as those which an old author says are presented by ladies in the moon to their profoundly delighted husbands, and from which spring young babies, six feet high, and men at all points.

If the matrons in the moon were thus remarkable in this respect, the Egyptian shepherds on earth were not less so in another: they had a singular method of cooking eggs, without the aid of fire. They laid them in a sling, and then applied so violent a rotatory motion thereto, that they were heated and cooked by the very friction of the air through which they passed!

Diviners and dreamers dealt largely in eggs. Livia was told, just before the birth of Tiberius, to hatch one in her bosom, and that the sex of the chick would foretell that of the expected little stranger. In Rome and

Greece eggs were among the introductory portions of every banquet. But Rome knew only of twenty different manners of cooking them. What an advance in civilization has been made in Paris, which, according to Mr. Robert Fudge, boasts of six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs!

Eggs, filled with salt, used to be eaten by curious maidens, after a whole day's fasting, on St. Agnes' Eve: the profit of such a meal was, that she who partook of it had information, in her after-dreams, of that very interesting personage, her future husband!

There is a story narrated of a Welsh weaver, that he could tell, by the look of the egg, whether the bird would be worth any thing or not. He reminds me of an old Monk I heard of, when in Prague, who, on a man passing him, could tell whether he were an honest man, or a knave, by the smell! But the Welsh weaver was even more clever than this. He could not only judge of eggs, but hatch them. A badger once carried off his sitting-hen, and no plumed nurse was near to supply her place. The weaver, thereupon, took the eggs (there were six of them) to bed with him, and in about two days hatched them all! Of this brood he only reared a cock and a hen. The cock was a gallant bird, that used to win flitches of bacon for his master at cock-fights; and the hen was as prolific as Mrs. Partlett could have desired. The result was, that they kept their step-mother, the weaver, in bacon and eggs for many a month; and the two days spent in bed were not so entirely thrown away as might, at first sight, appear.

Let it be understood that eggs may lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious. It is, moreover, the only food for those afflicted with jaundice. When an egg has been exposed to a long continuance of culinary heat, its nature

is entirely changed. A slightly-boiled egg, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one. The best accompaniment for a hard egg is vinegar. Raw eggs have a laxative effect; hard-boiled, the contrary. There is an idiosyncrasy in some persons, which shows itself in the utter disgust which they experience, not only against the egg itself, but also against any preparation of which it forms an ingredient, however slight. Eggs should always be liberally accompanied by bread;—of which I will now say a few words, and first of

CORN.

Our first parents received the mission to cultivate the garden which was given them for a home. Their Hebrew descendants looked upon tillage of all descriptions with a reverence worthy of the authority which they professed to obey. The sons of the tribes stood proudly by the plough, the daughters of the patriarchs were gleaners, warriors lent their strength in the threshing barn, Kings guided oxen, and Prophets were summoned from the furrows to put on their mantles, and go forth and tell of things that were to come. What Heaven had enjoined, the law enforced. The people were taught to love and hold by the land which was in their own possession. To alienate it was to commit a crime. And it is from this ancient rule, probably, that has descended to us the feeling which universally prevails,—that he alone is aristocratic, has the best of power, who is lord of the land upon which he has built his earthly tabernacle.

The fields of Palestine were fertile beyond what was known elsewhere; her cattle produced more abundantly, and the very appellations of many of her localities have reference to the beauty and the blessings showered down upon them by the Lord.

Next to it, perhaps, in richness and productiveness, was Egypt, the home of fugitives from other homes where temporary famine reigned. Egypt was long the granary of the Roman empire, and twenty million bushels of corn was the life-sustaining tribute which she annually poured into the store-houses of Imperial Rome. That territory could hardly be more productive, of which an old Latin author speaks, and touching which he says, that a rod thrust into the soil at night would be found budding before morning. And this ancient story, I may notice, has been the venerable father of a large family of similar jokes among our Transatlantic cousins.

The Egyptians recognised Osiris as their instructor how to subdue and use the earth. The Greeks took the teaching from Ceres. Romulus, too, acknowledged the divine influence; and his first public act, as King, was to raise the twelve sons of his nurse into a priesthood, charged with watching over the fields, and paying sacrifice and prayer to Jove for yearly increase of harvests.

It was a selfish wish; but not more so than that of the Italian peasants, who, when one who was a native of their district had been raised to the tiara, sent a delegation to request an especial favour at his hands. The new Pope looked on his old acquaintances benevolently, and bade them express their wish. "They wanted but a modest boon," they replied: "nothing more than a declaration from the Pontiff that their district should be henceforth distinguished by its having *two* harvests every year!" And the obliging "successor of the Fisherman" smiled, and not only granted their request, but promised more than he was petitioned for. "To do honour to my old friends," said he, "not alone shall they have two harvests every year, but henceforth the year in their district shall be twice as long as it is in any other!" And therewith the simple people departed joyously.

The older Romans honoured agriculture, as did the Jews. Their language bore reference to this, their coin was stamped with symbols in connexion therewith, and their public treasury "*pascua*" showed, by its name, that "pasturage" was wealth. So he who was rich in minted coin enjoyed the *pecunia*, or "money," for which "flocks" (*pecus*) were bought and sold. The owner of an "estate" (*locus*) was *locuples*, a term for a man well endowed with worldly goods; and he was in possession of a "salary," who had his *salarium*, his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savour the food by which he lived.

The Greeks refreshed the mouths of their ploughing oxen with wine. The labour was considerable; for, although the plough was light, it lacked the conveniencies of the more modern implement. Like the Anglo-Norman plough, it had no wheels: the wheeled plough is the work of the inventive Gauls.

The French Republicans made a show of paying honour to agriculture by public demonstrations, the chief actors in which were the foremost men in the Land of Equality. They, absurdly enough, took their idea from the example presented them by a Monarch, all of whom they pronounced execrable; and by one, too, who was the most despotic upon earth,—the Emperor of China.

And, in the case of the Emperor, there probably was more ostentation than any better motive for the act. Grimm, in his "Correspondence," says, truly enough, that the ceremony is a fine one, which places the Emperor of China, every year, at the tail of the plough; but, as he adds, it is possible that, like much of the etiquette of European Courts, such a custom may have sunk into a mere observance, exercising no influence on the public mind. "I defy you," he says, "to find a more impressive ceremony than that by which the Doge of Venice yearly declares himself the husband of the Adriatic Sea. How

exalting!—how stimulating!—how proudly inspiring for the Venetians, when their nation was, in reality, sovereign of the seas! But now it is little more than a ridiculous sport, and without any other effect than that of attracting a multitude of people to the Fair of the Ascension."

Charles IX., infamous as he was in most respects, was honourable in one; namely, in exempting from arrest for debt all persons engaged in the cultivation of land, "with intent to raise grain and fruit necessary for the sustenance of men and beasts." All the property of such husbandmen was alike exempted from seizure; and it strikes us, that this was a much more reasonably-founded exemption than that with which we endow *roué* Members of Parliament, who have no excuse for exceeding their income. They are free from arrest for six weeks from the prorogation of Parliament; and this is the cause of the farce which is so often played in the autumn and winter, when Parliament is "further prorogued." The Great Council would be all the better for the absence of men who so far forget their duty as to cheat her Majesty's lieges by exceeding their own income. The Senate could better spare the spendthrifts, than the land could spare the presence of him whose mission it is to render it productive.

Wheat is a native of Asia,—some say, of Siberia; others, of Tartary; but it is a matter of doubt, whether it can now be found there growing in a wild state. The Romans created a corn-god, and then asked its protection. The powerful deity was called Robigus, and he was solemnly invoked, on every 25th of April, to keep mildew from the grain. The Romans had a reverence for corn, but barley was excepted from this homage; and to threaten to put an offending soldier on rations of barley, was to menace him with disgrace. The Italian antipathy still exists, if we may believe the Italian Professor, who, being offered

a basin of gruel, (made from barley,) declared its proper appellation to be "*acqua crudele.*" He accounted of it, as Pliny did of rye, that it was detestable, and could only be swallowed by an extremely hungry man. Oats were only esteemed a degree higher by Virgil. The poet speaks of them almost as disparagingly as Johnson did, when he described them as "food for horses in England, and for men in Scotland." The grain, however, found a good advocate in him who asked, "—— where did you ever see such horses and such men?" The meal is, nevertheless, of a heating quality, and certain cutaneous diseases are traced to a too exclusive use of it. But oatmeal cakes are not bad eating,—where better is not to be procured,—though they are less attractive to the palate than those sweet buns made from sesame grain, and which the Romans not only swallowed with delight, but used the name proverbially. The lover who was treating his mistress to sugared phrases, was said to be regaling her with "sesame cakes." This sort of provision was very largely dealt in by Latin lovers. It was to be had cheaply; and nymphs consumed as fast as swains presented.

If lovers gave the light bread of persuasion to win a maiden's affection, the Government distributed solid loaves, or corn to make them with, to the people, in order to gain the popular esteem, and suppress sedition. In some cases, it was as a "poor's rate" paid by the Emperors, and costing them nothing. In too many cases, it was ill applied; and if Adrian daily fed all the children of the poor, other imperial rulers showered their tens of thousands of bushels daily on an idle populace and a half-dressed soldiery. It was easily procured. Sixty millions of bushels—twenty times that number of pounds' weight—were supplied by Africa; and those "sweet nurses of Rome," the islands of the Mediterranean, also poured into the imperial granaries an abundant tribute of the golden seed. It is a

fact, however, that neither Romans nor Gauls were, till a late period, acquainted with the method of making fermented bread.

Ambrosia, nine times sweeter than honey, was the food of the gods; the first men existed on more bitter fare, —bread made from acorns. Ceres has the honour of having introduced a better fare. Men worshipped her accordingly; and, abandoning acorns, took also to eating the pig, now allowed to fatten on them at his leisure. Ceres and King Miletus dispute the renown of having invented grinding-stones. The hand-mill was one of the trophies which the Roman eagles bore back with them from Asia. Mola, the goddess charged therewith, looked to the well-being of mills, millers, and bread. In Greece, Mercury had something to do with this. It was he, at least, who sent to the Athenian market-women, selling bread, their customers; and, as he was the God of Eloquence, it is, doubtless, from this ancient source that all market-women are endowed with shrewdness and loquacity.

The Athenian bread-sellers are said to have possessed both. Our ladies of the Gate, in Billing's Ward, are, probably, not behind them; and I am inclined to think that a true old-fashioned Bristol market-woman would surpass both. Let me cite an instance.

Some years ago, an old member of this ancient sisterhood was standing at her stall, in front of one of the Bristol banks. She had a £10 Bank-of-England note in her hand; and as, in her younger days, she had been nurse-maid in the family of one of the partners, she thought she might venture to enter, and ask for gold for her note. She did so; but it was at a time when guineas were worth five-and-twenty shillings a-piece, and gold was scarce, and——in short, she met with a refusal. The quick-witted market-woman, without exhibiting any disappointment, thereupon asked the cashier to let her have

ten of the bank's £1 notes in exchange for her "Bank-of-Englander." The cashier was delighted to accommodate her in this fashion. The exchange being completed, the old lady, taking up one of the provincial notes, read aloud the promise engraved upon it, to pay the bearer in cash. "Very good!" said she, with a gleesome chuckle, "now gi' me goold for *your* notes, or I'll run to the door, and call out, 'Bank 's broke!'" There was no resisting this, and the market-woman departed triumphantly with her gold. Light-heeled Mercury could not have helped her better than she helped herself, by means of her own sharp wit.

Despite what Virgil says of oats, the Roman soldiery, for many years, had no better food than gruel made from oatmeal, and sharpened for the appetite by a little vinegar. The vinegar was an addition suggested by Numa, who also not only improved the very rude ideas which previously prevailed with regard to the making of bread, but turned baker himself, and sent his loaves to the ovens which he had erected, and to the bakers whom he had raised into a "guild," placed under the protection of the goddess Fornax;—and a very indifferent, nay, disreputable, deity she was! The public ovens were to the people of Rome what a barber's shop is to a village in war time,—the temple of gossip. It had been well had they never been any thing worse! The vocation of baker was hereditary in a family; the son was compelled to follow his father's calling. Occasionally, a member of the fraternity was offered a senatorship; but then he was required to make over his property, realized by baking, to his successors; and, consequently, the honour was as deeply declined as the London mayoralty would be by the Governor of the Bank of England.

If Fornax was the goddess to whose patronage the bakers were consigned by the State, she suffered by the

religious liberty exercised by the bakers themselves, who chose to pay adoration to Vesta. Vesta was the very antipodes in character and attributes to Fornax; and the selection of the former would seem to show, that the generally reviled bakers could not only praise virtue, but practise it.

Endless were the varieties of bread sold in the markets at Rome. There was Cappadocian bread for the wealthy; pugilistic loaves for the athletæ; batter-bread for the strong, and Greek rolls for the weak, of stomach: and there were the prepared bread poultices, which people who, like Pompey's young soldiers, were afraid of injuring their complexion, were wont to keep applied to their cheeks during the hours of sleep. Anadyomene so slumbering, with Adonis at her side similarly poulticed, can hardly be said to be a subject for a painter; and yet many a blooming Caia slept on the bosom of her Caius, and more *panis madidus* than blushes on the cheeks of either.

Pliny ventures on a strange statement with regard to oats. He says that oats and barley are so nearly allied, that when a man sows the one, he is not sure that he may not reap the other! He also illustrates the prolificness of millet, by asserting that a single grain produced "innumerable ears of corn; and that a bushel (twenty pounds' weight) of millet would make more than sixty pounds of wholesome bread!" The Romans and the Greeks also appear to have been acquainted with Indian corn.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, much as he affected to love nature,—and he was himself one of the most artificial of characters,—knew very little about her, or her productions. Some of our great men are described as being in much the same condition of ignorance. Three poets of the last century were one day walking through a field, promising a glorious harvest of grain. One of them extolled

the beauty of the wheat. "Nay," said the second, "it is rye." "Not so," remarked the third, "it is a field of barley." A clown, standing by, heard and marvelled at the triple ignorance. "You are all wrong, gentlemen," said he; "those be oats." The poets were town-bred; or were of that class of people who go through a country with their eyes open, and are unable to distinguish between its productions. I have seen Londoners contemplating, with a very puzzled look, the "canary" crops growing in the vicinity of Herne Bay; and I was once gravely asked if it was "teazle!"

These crops are, as I was told by a grower, "capricious." They will grow abundantly upon certain land having certain aspects; but where the aspect is changed, although the land be chemically the same, the canary will scarcely grow at all. It is shipped in large quantities from Herne Bay for London, where it is used for many purposes. None of its uses are so singular as one to which corn was applied, some thirty years ago, in the western settlements of America, namely, for stretching boots and shoes. The boot or shoe was well filled with corn, and made secure by such tight tying that none could escape. It was then immersed for several hours in water; during which the leather was distended by the gradual swelling of the grain. After being taken from the water, a coating of neat's-foot oil, laid on and left to dry, rendered the boot or shoe fit for wear.

A more interesting anecdote in connexion with corn, and illustrative of character, is afforded us by Dr. Chalmers in his Diary. The Doctor, as is well known,—and he was ever ready to confess his weakness,—occasionally let his warm temper get the better of his excellent judgment. Here is an instance, which shows, moreover, how Christian judgment recovered itself from the influence of human nature: "Nov. 20th, 1812.—Was provoked with

Thomas taking it upon him to ask more corn for my horse. It has got feeble under his administration of corn, and I am not without suspicion that he appropriates it; and his eagerness to have it strengthens the suspicion. Erred in betraying anger to my servant and wife; and, though I afterwards got my feelings into a state of placidity and forbearance, upon Christian principles, was moved and agitated when I came to talk of it to himself. Let me take the corn into my own hand, but carry it to him with entire charity. O, my God, support me!" Was it not to Socrates that some one said?—"To judge from your looks, you are the best-tempered man in the world." "Then my looks belie me," replied the philosopher; "I have the worst possible temper, by nature; with the strongest possible control over it, by philosophy." Chalmers was, in one sense, like Socrates; but the control over his stubborn infirmity had something better "than your philosophy" for its support.

Reverting to the feeding of horses, I may notice, that, according to the Earl of Northumberland's "Household Book," the corn was not thrown loose into the manger, but made into loaves. It has been conjectured, that the English poor formerly ate the same bread. There can be no question about it; and even at the present time it is no uncommon sight, in some towns of the Continent, to see a driver feeding his horse from a loaf, and occasionally taking a slice therefrom for himself.

There is no greater consumer of corn in England than the pigeon. Vancouver, in laudable zeal for the hungry poor, calls pigeons "voracious and insatiate vermin." He calculates the pigeons of England and Wales at nearly a million and a quarter; "consuming 159,500,000 pints of corn annually, to the value of £1,476,562. 10*s*." It is impossible for calculation to be made closer. Darwin says of pigeons, that they have an organ in the stomach for

secreting milk. And it is not alone in the way of devouring corn that they are destructive. In the "Philosophical Transactions," it is mentioned that pigeons for many ages built under the roof of the great church of Pisa. Their dung spontaneously took fire, at last, and the church was consumed.

I have said that the Roman soldiers marched to victory under the influence of no more exciting stimulant than gruel and vinegar. A little oatmeal has often sustained the strength of our own legions in the hour of struggle. The Germans, brave as they are, sometimes require a more substantial support. Thus, after a defeat endured by the Great Frederick, hundreds of respectable burgesses of the province of Mark set out as volunteers for the royal army,—the Hellengers in white, the Sauerlanders in blue jackets,—each man with a stout staff in his hand, and a rye loaf and a ham on his back. "Fritz" glared with astonishment when they presented themselves at his head-quarters. "Where do you fellows come from?" said he. "From Mark, to help our King." "Who doesn't want you," interrupted Fritz. "So much the better; we are here of our own accord." "Where are your officers?" "We have none." "And how many of you deserted by the way?" "Deserted!" cried the Markers indignantly: "if any of us had been capable of *that*, we should not be what we are,—volunteers." "True!" said the King, "and I can depend upon you. You shall have fire enough soon to toast your bread and cook your hams by."

When Henri IV. was besieging Paris, held by the Leaguers, the want most severely felt by the famished inhabitants was that of bread. The Guise party, who held the city,—and the most active agent of that party was the Duchess of Montpensier, the sister of Duke Henri of Guise,—endeavoured to keep life in the people by means

that nature revolts at. When every other sort of food had disappeared, the Government within the walls distributed very diminutive rolls made of a paste, the chief ingredient in which was human bones ground to powder. The people devoured them under the name of "Madame de Montpensier's cakes;"—no wonder that they soon after exultingly welcomed the entry of a King, who declared that his first desire was to secure to every man in France his "*poule au pot!*" But enough of bread. Let us examine briefly the subject of

BUTTER.

THE illustrious Ude, or some one constituting him the authority for the nonce, has sneered at the English as being a nation having twenty religions, and only one sauce,—melted butter. A French commentator has added, that we have nothing polished about us but our steel, and that our only ripe fruit is baked apples. Guy Pantin traces the alleged dislike of the French of his day for the English, to the circumstance that the latter poured melted butter over their roast veal. The French execration is amusingly said to have been further directed against us, on account of the declared barbarism of eating oyster-sauce with rump-steak, and "poultice," as they cruelly characterize "bread sauce," with pheasant. But, to return to butter:—the spilling of it has more than once been elucidative of character. When, in the days of the old *régime*, an English servant accidentally let a drop or two of melted butter fall upon the silken suit of a French *petit-maître*, the latter indignantly declared that "blood and butter were an Englishman's food." The conclusion was illogical, but the arguer was excited. Lord John Townshend manifested better temper and wit, when a similar

accident befell him, as he was dining at a friend's table, where the coachman was the only servant in waiting. "John," said my Lord, "you should never grease anything but your coach-wheels."

It was an old popular error that a pound of butter might consist of any number of ounces. It is an equally popular error, that a breakfast cannot be, unless bread and butter be of it. Marcus Antoninus breakfasted on dry biscuits; and many a person of less rank, and higher worth, is equally incapable of digesting any thing stronger. Solid breakfasts are only fit for those who have much solid exercise to take after it; otherwise heartburn may be looked for. Avoid new bread and spongy rolls; look on muffins and crumpets as inventions of men of worse than sanguinary principles, and hot buttered toast as of equally wicked origin. Dry toast is the safest morning food, perhaps, for persons of indifferent powers of digestion; or they may substitute for it the imperial fashion set by Marcus Antoninus. Of liquids I may next speak; and in this our ancient friend, Tea, takes the precedence.

TEA.

THE origin of tea is very satisfactorily accounted for by the Indian mythologists. Darma, a Hindoo Prince, went on a pilgrimage to China, vowing he would never take rest by the way; but he once fell asleep, and he was so angry with himself, on awaking, that he cut off his eye-lids, and flung them on the ground. They sprang up in the form of tea shrubs; and he who drinks of the infusion thereof, imbibes the juice of the eye-lids of Darma. Tea, however, is said to have been first used in China as a corrective for bad water; and *that* not at a remote date.

In the seventeenth century, half the physicians of Holland published treatises in favour of tea. It was hailed as a panacea, and the most moderate eulogizers affirmed that two hundred cups a day might be drunk without injury to the stomach of the drinker. In the ninth century, tea was taken in China simply as a medicine; and it then had the repute of being a panacea. The early Dutch physicians who so earnestly recommended its use as a common beverage, met with strenuous opposition. France, Germany, and Scotland, in the persons of Patin, Hahnemann, and Duncan, decried tea as an impertinent novelty, and the vendors of it as immoral and mercenary. Nor was Holland itself unanimous in panegyrizing the refreshing herb. Some, indeed, eulogized the infusion as the fountain of health, if not of youth; but others again, and those of the Dutch faculty, indignantly derided it as filthy "hay-water." Olearius, the German, on the other hand, recognised its dietetic virtues as early as 1133; while a Russian Ambassador, at about the same period, refused a pound or two of it, offered him by the Mogul as a present to the Czar, on the ground that the gift was neither useful nor agreeable.

The Dutch appear to have been the first who discovered the value of the shrub, in a double sense. They not only procured it for the sake of its virtues, but contrived to do so by a very profitable species of barter. They exchanged with the Chinese a pound of sago for three or four pounds of tea; and it is very possible that each party, preferring its own acquisition, looked on the opposite party as duped.

Tea is supposed to have been first imported into England, from Holland, in 1666, by Lords Arundel and Ossory. We cannot be surprised that it was slow in acquiring the popular favour, if its original cost was, as it is said to have been, 60*s*. per pound. But great uncertainty

rests as well upon the period of introduction, as upon the original importers, and the value of the merchandise. One fact connected with it is well ascertained; namely, that European Companies had long traded with China before they discovered the value and uses of tea.

It is said to have been in favour at the Court of Charles II., owing to the example of Catherine, his Queen, who had been used to drink it in Portugal. Medical men thought, at that time, that health could not be more effectually promoted than by increasing the fluidity of the blood; and that the infusion of Indian tea was the best means of attaining that object. In 1678, Bontekoe, a Dutch physician, published a celebrated treatise in favour of tea, and to his authority its general use in so many parts of Europe is to be attributed.

The first tea-dealer was also a tobacconist, and sold the two weeds of novelty together, or separately. His name was Garway, ("Garraway's,") and his *locale*, Exchange-alley. It was looked upon chiefly as a medicinal herb; and Garway, in the seventeenth century, not only "made up prescriptions," in which tea was the sole ingredient, but parcels for presents, and cups of the infusion for those who resorted to his house to drink it over his counter. Its price then varied from 11*s.* to 50*s.* per pound. The taking tea with a visitor was soon a domestic circumstance; and, towards the end of the century, Lord Clarendon and Père Couplet supped together, and had a cup of tea after supper, an occurrence which is journalized by his Lordship without any remark to lead us to suppose that it was an extraordinary event.

Dr. Lettsom has written largely, and plagiarized unreservedly, on the subject of tea; adding, as Mr. Disraeli remarks, his own dry medical reflections to the sparkling facts of others; but he was the first, perhaps, who established the unwholesomeness of green tea. He "distilled

some green tea, injected three drachms of the very odorous and pellucid water which he obtained, into the cavity of the abdomen and cellular membrane of a frog, by which he paralysed the animal. He applied it to the cavity of the abdomen and ischiatic nerves of another, and the frog died; and this he thought proved green tea to be unwholesome"—to the frogs, and so applied, as it undoubtedly was. Such experiments, however, are unsatisfactory. *Nux vomica*, for instance, deadly poison to man, may be taken, almost with impunity, by many animals.

The first brewers of tea were often sorely perplexed with the preparation of the new mystery. "Mrs. Hutchinson's great grandmother was one of a party who sat down to the first pound of tea that ever came into Penrith. It was sent as a present, and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a bottle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, and they wondered how any person could like such a diet."

Steele, in "The Funeral," laughs at the "cups which cheer, but not inebriate." "Don't you see," says he, "how they swallow gallons of the juice of tea, while their own dock-leaves are trodden under foot?"

What Bishop Berkeley did with "Tar Water," when he made his Essay thereupon a ground for a Dissertation on the Trinity, Joseph Williams—"the Christian merchant" of the early and middle part of last century, whose biography is well known to serious readers—did, when he wrote to his friend Green upon the necessity of "setting the Lord always before us." When treating of this subject, the pious layman adverts to a present of that new thing called "tea," which Green had sent him, and which had lost some of its flavour in the transit. There is something amusing in the half sensual, half spiritual way in which worthy Joseph Williams mixes his Jeremiad upon tea

with one upon human morals. "The tea," he says, "came safe to hand, but it hath lost the elegant flavour it had when we drank of it at Sherborne, owing, I suppose, to its conveyance in paper, which, being very porous, easily admits effluvia from other goods packed up with it, and emits effluvia from the tea. Such are the moral tendencies of evil communications among men, which nothing will prevent, (like canisters for tea,) but taking to us the whole armour of God. Had the tea been packed up with cloves, mace, and cinnamon, it would have been tinctured with these sweet spices; so 'he that walks with wise men shall be wise.' He that converses with heaven-born souls, whose conversation is in heaven, whose treasure and whose hearts are there, will catch some sparks from their holy fire; but 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' I have put the tea into a canister, and am told it will recover its original flavour, as the pious soul which hath received some ill impressions from vicious or vain conversation will, by retiring from the world, by communing with his own heart, by heavenly meditation, and fervent prayer, recover his spiritual ardour." The simile, however, limps a little; for if every man canistered himself, and a good example, from the world, the wide-spreading aroma of that example would never seductively insinuate itself into the souls of men. It is by contact we brighten, and sometimes suffer. We must not canister our virtue as Mr. Williams did his tea: the latter was for selfish enjoyment. A guinea may be kept for ever unstained by the commerce of the world, in the very centre of the chest of avarice; but what good does it do there? Let it circulate merrily through the hundred hands of the giant Industry, and there will be more profit than evil effected by the process. But good Joseph Williams would not have agreed with us, and he *would* take his saintly similes from traits of the table. "O that I may walk humbly,"

he says, "and look on myself, when fullest of divine communications, but as a drinking-glass without a foot, and which, consequently, cannot stand of itself, nor retain what may be put into it." A very tipsy-like simile!

I may be permitted to add that, after all, religion happily proved stronger than tea, but not without still stronger opposition; and we are told by the disgusted *Connoisseur*, that "persons of fashion cannot but lament that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings in Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion." A remark which shows how very poor a *connoisseur* this writer was in matters of propriety. Not, indeed, that diet and divinity could not be seated at the same table. On Easter-day, for instance, the first dish that used to be placed before the jubilant guests was a red-herring on horseback, set in a corn salad. Some hundred and fifty years ago, too, there was a semi-religious, semi-roystering club held at the "Northern Ale-house in St. Paul's Alley," every member of which was of the name of Adam. It was formed in honour and remembrance of the first man. The honour was more than Adam deserved; for the first created man not only betrayed his trust, but he shabbily sought to lay the responsibility upon the first woman. And as for "remembrance," he has managed to survive even the memory of the club founded by his namesakes, and long since defunct. The members were hard drinkers, but not of saffron posset, which Arabella, in "The Committee," recommends as "a very good drink against the heaviness of the spirits." The Adamites mostly died, as the legend says Adam himself did, of hereditary gout,—an assertion which would seem to indicate that the author of it was of Hibernian origin!

There are various passages of our poets which tend to show that "tea" and "coffee" became, very early, fixed social observances. Pope, writing, in 1715, of a lady who

left town after the coronation of George I., says that she went to the country—

> "To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
> To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
> Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
> Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon."

At the same period, the more fortunate belles who remained in town made of tea a means for other ends than shortening time. Dr. Young, in his "Satires," says of Memmia, that—

> "Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
> To cool the Bohea and inflame the beau;
> While one white finger and a thumb conspire
> To lift the cup and make the world admire."

Dr. Parr's delicate compliment is well known; but I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing it here. He was not very partial to the *Thea Sinensis*, though lauded so warmly by a French writer, as "*nostris gratissima Musis;*" but once being invited to take tea by a lady, he, with a mixture of wit and gallantry, exclaimed, "*Nec tea-cum possum vivere, nec sine te!*" The Christchurch men at Oxford were remarkable, at an early period, for their love of tea; and, in reference to it, they were pleasantly recommended to adopt as their motto: "*Te veniente die, te decedente notamus.*" In 1718, Pope draws an illustration from tea, when writing to Mr. Digby: "My Lady Scudamore," he remarks jocosely, "from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us. She pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of

'The Nonjuror.'" This is a pleasant picture of the "good woman" of the last century. She drank tea at nine in the morning, not sleeping on till noon, to be aroused at last, like Belinda, by—

> "Shock, who thought she slept too long,
> Leap'd up and waked his mistress with his tongue."

Tea is little nutritious; it is often injurious from being drunk at too high a temperature, when the same quantity of the fluid at a lower temperature would be beneficial. It is astringent and narcotic; but its effects are various on various individuals, and the cup which refreshes and invigorates one, depresses or unnaturally excites and damages the digestive powers of others. Green tea can in no case be useful, except medicinally, in cases where there has been excessive fatigue of the mind or body; and even then the dose should be small. Tea, as a promoter of digestion, or rather, as a comforter of the stomach when the digestive process has been completed, should not be taken earlier than from three to four hours after the principal meal. Taken too early, it disturbs digestion by arresting chymification, and by causing distension. The astringency of tea is diminished by adding milk, and its true taste more than its virtue is spoiled by the addition of sugar.

These remarks are applicable to tea in its pure state, and not to the adulterated messes which come from China, or are made up in England. If sloe leaves here are made to pass for Souchong, so also is many an unbroken chest of "tea" landed, which is largely composed of leaves that are not the least akin to the genuine shrub. Black teas are converted into green, some say by means of a poisonous dye, others by roasting on copper; but I do not think this process is extensively adopted. At one time the chests were rendered heavy by an adulterated mixture of

a considerable quantity of tea, and a not inconsiderable quantity of earthy *detritus*, strongly impregnated with iron. But our searchers soon put a stop to this knavery. They just dipped a powerful magnet into the chest, stirred it about, and, when drawn out, the iron particles, if any, were sure to be found adhering to the irresistible "detective." I have heard that Lady Morgan's tea-parties, in Dublin, were remarkable for the excellent qualities both of the beverage and the company; and also for her Ladyship's stereotyped joke, of "Sugar yourselves, gentlemen, and I 'll milk you all."

Tea-parties, I may observe in conclusion, are not confined in China to festive occasions. Tea is solemnly drunk on serious celebrations, with squibs to follow. Thus, for instance, at the funeral of a Buddhist Priest, there is thought taken for the living as well as for the dead, for the appetites of mortals as well as for the gratification of the gods. The latter are presented with various sorts of food, save animal. It is placed on the altar, and it is eaten at night by the deities, of course. While the ceremonies preliminary to the interment are proceeding, a servant enters the temple, and hands tea round to the reverend gentlemen who are officiating! The interment usually takes place in the morning, and it is numerously attended; but if, as the long procession is advancing, the hour of breakfast should happen to arrive, the corpse is suddenly dropped in the highway, the entire assembly rush to their respective homes, and not till they have consumed their tea and toast, or whatever materials go to the constituting of a Chinese *déjeûner*, do they return to carry the corse to its final resting-place, and fire no end of squibs over it, in testimony of their affliction. Which done, more refreshment follows; and perhaps some of the mourners retire to Chinese taverns, where inviting placards promise them "A cup of tea and a bird's nest for 4*d*.!"

COFFEE.

The English and French dispute the honour of being the first introducers of coffee into Western Europe. The Dutch assert that they *assisted* in this introduction; and, although coffee was not drunk at Rome, until long after it had been known to, and tasted by, Italian travellers at Constantinople, the Church looked with pleasure on a beverage, one effect of which was to keep both Priests and people awake.

An Arab author of the fifteenth century—Sherbaddin—asserts, that the first man who drank coffee was a certain Muphti of Aden, who lived in the ninth century of the Hegira, about A.D. 1500. The popular tradition is, that the Superior of a Dervish community, observing the effects of coffee-berries when eaten by some goats, rendering them much more lively and skittish than before, prescribed it for the brotherhood, in order to cure them of drowsiness and indolence.

It was originally known by the name of *cahui* or *kauhi*,—an orthography which comes near to that of the ingenious Town-Councillor of Leeds, who, writing out a bill of fare for a public breakfast, contrived to spell "coffee" without employing a single letter that occurs in that word,—to wit, *kawphy!*

Sandys, a traveller of the seventeenth century, gives it no very attractive character. Good for digestion and mirth, he allows it to be; but he says that in taste as in colour it is nearly as black as soot.

The coffee-houses of England take precedence of those of France, though the latter have more enduringly flourished. In 1652, a Greek, in the service of an English Turkey merchant, opened a house in London. "I have discovered his hand-bill," says Mr. Disraeli, "in

which he sets forth the virtue of the coffee drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, of St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head." Mr. Peter Cunningham cites a MS. of Oldys in his possession, in which some fuller details of much interest are given. Oldys says, "The first use of coffee in England was known in 1657, when Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought from Smyrna to London one Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan youth, who prepared this drink for him every morning. But the novelty thereof drawing too much company to him, he allowed his said servant, with another of his son-in-law's, to sell it publicly; and they set up the first coffee-house in London, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. But they separating, Pasqua kept in the house; and he who had been his partner obtained leave to pitch a tent, and sell the liquor, in St. Michael's church-yard." Aubrey, in his Anecdotes, states that the first vendor of coffee in London was one Bowman, coachman to a Turkey merchant, named Hodges, who was the father-in-law of Edwards, and the partner of Pasqua, who got into difficulties, partly by his not being a freeman, and who left the country. Bowman was not only patronized, but a magnificent contribution of one thousand sixpences was presented to him, wherewith he made great improvements in his coffee-house. Bowman took an apprentice, (Paynter,) who soon learnt the mystery, and in four years set up for himself. The coffee-houses soon became numerous: the principal were Farres', the Rainbow, at the Inner-Temple Gate, and John's, in Fuller's Rents. "Sir Henry Blount," says Aubrey, "was a great upholder of coffee, and a constant frequenter of coffee-houses."

The frequenters of these places, however, were considered as belonging to the idle and dissipated classes; and the reputation was not altogether undeserved. Respect-

able people denounced the coffee-drinking evils, illustriously obscure and loyal people dreaded the politics that were discussed at the drinking, and tipsy satirists hurled strong contempt and weak verse at the new-fangled fashion of abandoning Canary wine for the Arabian infusion. The fashion, however, extended rapidly; the more so, that cups were soon to be had at so low a price, that the shops where they were sold went by the name of "Penny Universities." The ladies, who were excluded from public participation in the bitter enjoyment, made some characteristic complaints against the male drinkers, and intimated that the indulgence of coffee-drinking would in time deteriorate, if not destroy, the human race; but the imbibers heeded not the complaint, their answer to which was that of Béranger's gay marital philosopher:—

"Nous laisserions finir le monde,
Si nos femmes le voulaient bien."

While the ladies, through their poetical representatives, were complaining, male philanthropists quickly discerned the social uses of the cup; and Sir Henry Blount acknowledges, with grateful pleasure, that the custom, on the part of labouring men and apprentices, of drinking a cup of coffee in the morning, instead of their ordinary matinal draught of beer or wine, was chiefly owing to Sir James Muddiford, "who introduced the practice hereof first in London."

The Government of the Stuarts, hating free discussion and not particularly caring for wit, watched the coffee-houses with much jealousy, and placed as much restriction upon them as they possibly could strain the law to. The vexatious proceeding did not secure the desired result; and the coffee-house wits laughed at the Government. The wits, however, were not always successful either in their praise of, or satire against, coffee. Pepys, on the

15th of October, 1667, went to the Duke's House, to see the comedy of "Taruga's Wiles; or, the Coffee-House," of which he says, "The most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life; and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it." But Pepys was probably not in the true vein to decide critically that night; for his pretty maid Willett was sitting at his side; and his wife, who was on the other, spoiled the effect of the play by her remarks on the girl's "confidence." Perhaps one of the most curious apologies for coffee-houses was that of Aubrey, who declared that he should never have acquired so extensive an acquaintance but for "the modern advantages of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted but with their own relations *and societies*." And Aubrey, who has been called the small Boswell of his day, "was a man who had more acquaintances than friends."

Yemen is the accepted birth-place, if we may so speak, of the coffee-tree. Pietro de la Vallé introduced it into Italy, La Royne into Marseilles, and Thevenot brought it with him to Paris. In 1643, a Levantine opened a coffee-house in Paris, in the Place du Petit Chatelet; but it was Soleiman Aga, Turkish Ambassador in Paris, in 1689, who was the medium through which coffee found its way into the realm of fashion. Had it been really what some have supposed it to have been,—the black broth of the Lacedæmonians,—he could have made it modish by his method of service. This was marked by all the minute details of oriental fashion,—small cups and foot-boys, gold-fringed napkins and pages, coffee wreathing with smoke, and Ganymedes wreathed with garlands, the first all aroma, and the hand-bearers all otto of roses: the whole thing was too dazzling and dramatic to escape adoption. But the intolerable vulgar would imitate their betters, and coffee became as common at

taverns as wine, beer, and smoking. It would have inevitably been abandoned to coarse appetites only, but for François Procope, a Sicilian, who, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, exactly opposite to the old play-house in the Faubourg St. Germain, opened an establishment expressly for the sale of coffee, but with such innocent additional articles as ices, lemonade, and the like harmless appliances, to make pleasant the seasons in their change. The *Café Procope* became the immediate resort of all the wits, philosophers, and refined *roués* of Paris. There Rousseau wrote or repeated the lines which brought him into such frequent trouble. There Piron muttered the verses with which the incitement of devils inspired him. There Voltaire tried to rule supreme, but found himself in frequent bitter contest with Palissot and Freron. The *Café Procope* was the morning journal, the foreign news-mart, the exchange,—literary, witty, and emphatically charming. There Lamothe renewed the contest between the ancient and modern, the classical and the romantic, drama. There the brilliant Chevalier de St. Georges gave lessons in fencing to the men of letters; and thence Dorat addressed his amorous missives to Mademoiselle Saunier. There Marmontel praised Clairon, and the Marquis de Bièvre tried his calembourgs; and there Duclos and Mercier made their sketches of society, at once serious and sarcastic. The universal favour in which coffee is still held in Paris, and the crowds which still wait on "Andromaque," sufficiently belie the famous prophecy of Madame de Sévigné, that "coffee and Racine would have their day." The dark infusion reigns without a rival, the *demi-tasse* follows dinner oftener than "grace," Rachel helps to keep Racine alive, and *café*, in its turn, has the reputation of being *one* of the favourite stimulants of the great *tragédienne*.

With regard to the making of coffee, there is no doubt

that the Turkish method of pounding the coffee in a mortar is infinitely superior to grinding it in a mill, as with us. But after either method the process recommended by M. Soyer may be advantageously adopted; namely, "Put two ounces of ground coffee into a stew-pan, which set upon the fire, stirring the coffee round with a spoon until quite hot, then pour over a pint of boiling water; cover over closely for five minutes, pass it through a cloth, warm again, and serve."

The chemist Laplace explained to Napoleon the results of various methods of manipulation. "How is it, Sir," said the Emperor, "that a glass of water in which I melt a lump of sugar, always appears to me to be superior in taste to one in which I put the same quantity of powdered sugar?" "Sire," said the sage, "there exist three substances, whose elements are precisely the same; namely, sugar, gum, and starch. They only differ under certain conditions, the secret of which Nature has reserved to herself; and I believe that it is possible, that, by the collision caused by the pestle, some of the portions of the sugar pass into the condition of gum or starch, and thence arises the result which has been observed."

Medical men are widely at issue as to the merits of coffee. All, however, are agreed that it stimulates the brain, and banishes somnolency. Voltaire and Buffon were great coffee-drinkers; but I do not know that we are authorized to attribute the lucidity of the one or the harmony of the other to the habit in question. Ability would be cheaply purchased if that were the case; and the "royal road" would have been discovered where it had never been looked for.

The sleeplessness produced by coffee is not one of an unpleasant character. It is simply a painless vigilance; but, if often repeated, it may be exceedingly prejudicial. Brillat de Savarin illustrates the power of coffee by

remarking, that a man may live many years who takes two bottles of wine daily; but the same quantity of strong coffee would soon make him imbecile, or drive him into a consumption.

Taken immediately after dinner, coffee aids the dyspeptic, especially to digest fat and oily aliment, which, without such stimulant, would undoubtedly create much disturbance. The Turks drink it to modify the effects of opium. *Café au lait*, that is, three parts milk to one of coffee, is the proper thing for breakfast; but the addition of milk to that taken after dinner is a cruelty to the stomach. A Dutchman, named Nieudorff, is said to have been the first who ventured on the experiment of mixing milk with coffee. When he had the courage to do this, the two liquids together were considered something of such an abomination as we should now consider brown sugar with oysters.

I must not omit to mention, that the favourite beverage of Voltaire, at the *Café Procope*, was "*choca*,"—a mixture of coffee (with milk) and chocolate. The Emperor Napoleon was as fond of the same mixture as he was of Chambertin; and, in truth, I do not know a draught which so perfectly soothes and revives as that of hot, well-frothed "*choca*."

Substances mixed with coffee, or substitutes for the berry altogether, have been tried with various degrees of success. Roasted acorns have been made to pass for it when ground. There is more chicory than coffee consumed at the present time in France; and the infusion of the lupin does duty for it at poor hearths in Flanders; as that of roasted rye (the nearest resemblance to coffee) does in America. Experimentalists say, that an excellent substitute for coffee may be made from asparagus; and Frankfort, alarmed lest the complications of the "Eastern Question" should deprive it of the facilities for procuring

the berry as heretofore, is gravely consulting as to whether asparagus coffee may be a beverage likely to be acceptable as a substitute for the much prized "*demi-tasse.*"

CHOCOLATE.

FERDINAND CORTEZ went to Mexico in search of gold; but the first discovery he made was of chocolate. The discovery was not welcomed ecclesiastically, as coffee was. This new substance was considered a sort of wicked luxury, at least for Monks, who were among the earliest to adopt it, but who were solemnly warned against its supposed peculiar effects. The moralists quite as eagerly condemned it; and in England Roger North angrily asserted, that "the use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called 'chocolate-houses,' for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gambling is added to all the rest, and the summons of W—— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new university, and these were the colleges of its Professors, as well as his schools of discipline." The Stuart jealousy of these localities, where free discussion was amply enjoyed, seems to have influenced the Attorney-General of James II.; for, although they may not have been frequented, he says, by "the factious gentry he so much dreaded," he adds, "This way of passing time might have been stopped at first, before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short dispatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." Of what chiefly recommended these places, the stern official thus made a grievance.

Chocolate (or, as the Mexicans term it, *chocolalt)* is the popular name for the seeds of the cocoa, or, more correctly, the *cacao*, plant, in a prepared state, generally

with sugar and cinnamon. The Mexicans improve the flavour of the inferior sorts of cacao seeds by burying them in the earth for a month, and allowing them to ferment. The nutritious quality of either cacao or chocolate is entirely owing to the oil or butter of cacao which it contains. Cacao-nibs, the best form of taking this production, are the seeds roughly crushed. When the seed is crushed between rollers, the result is flake cacao. Common cacao is the seed reduced to a paste, and pressed into cakes. The cheap kinds of chocolate are said to be largely adulterated with lard, sago, and red-lead,—a pernicious mixture for healthy stomachs; but what must it be for weak stomachs craving for food at once nutritious and easy of digestion? The "patent" chocolates of the shops are nothing more than various modes of preparing the cacao seeds.

The ladies of Mexico are so excessively fond of chocolate, that they not only take it several times during the day, but they occasionally have it brought to them in church, and during the service. A cup of good chocolate may, indeed, afford the drinker strength and patience to undergo a bad sermon. The Bishops opposed it for a time, but they at length closed their eyes to the practice. I am afraid there is no chance of the fashion being introduced into England. The advantages would be acknowledged; but then there would be a savour of Popery detected about it, that would inevitably cause its rejection. The Church herself found a boon in this exquisite supporter of strength. The Monks took it of a morning before celebrating Mass, even in Lent. The orthodox and strong-stomached raised a dreadful cry at the scandal; but Escobar metaphysically proved, that chocolate made with water did not break a fast; thus establishing the ancient maxim, "*Liquidum non frangit jejunium.*"

Spain welcomed the gift of chocolate made herby.

Mexico with as much enthusiasm as she did that of gold by Peru; the metal she soon squandered, but chocolate is still to be found in abundance in the Peninsula: it is an especial favourite with ladies and Monks, and it always appears on occasions when courtesy requires that refreshments be offered. The Spanish Monks sent presents of it to their brethren in French monasteries; and Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, when she brought across the Pyrenees her hand, but not her heart, to the unenergetic Louis XIII., brought a supply of chocolate therewith; and henceforth it became an established fact. In the days of the Regency it was far more commonly consumed than coffee; for it was then taken as an agreeable aliment, while coffee was still looked upon as a somewhat strange beverage, but certainly akin to luxury. In the opinion of Linnæus it must have surpassed all other nutritious preparations, or that naturalist would hardly have conferred upon it, as he did, the proud name of *Theobroma*, "food for the gods!"

Invalids will do well to remember, that chocolate made with vanilla is indigestible, and injurious to the nerves. Indeed, there are few stomachs at all that can bear chocolate as a daily meal. It is a highly concentrated aliment; and all such cease to act nutritiously if taken into constant use.

We will now look into some of those famous resorts of by-gone days, where coffee and chocolate were prepared, and wit was bright and spontaneous.

THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSES.

THE "Grecian" appears to have been the oldest of the better-known coffee-houses, and to have lasted the longest. It was opened by Constantine, a Grecian, "living in Threadneedle-street, over against St. Christopher's Church," in the early part of the last half of the seventeenth century. Its career came to a close towards the middle of the nineteenth century; namely, in 1843, when the Grecian Coffee-house, then in Devereux-court, Strand, where it had existed for very many years, was converted into the "Grecian Chambers," or lodgings for bachelors.

Constantine not only sold "the right Turkey coffee berry, or chocolate," but gave instructions how to "prepare the said liquors gratis." The "Grecian" was the resort rather of the learned than the dissipated. The antiquarians sat at its tables; and, despising the news of the day, discussed the events of the Trojan war, and similar lively, but remote, matters. The laborious trifling was ridiculed by the satirists; and it is clear that there were some pedants as well as philosophers there. It was a time when both sages and sciolists wore swords; and it is on record that two friendly scholars, sipping their coffee at the "Grecian," became enemies in argument, the subject of which was the accent of a Greek word. Whatever the accent ought to have been, the quarrel was acute, and its conclusion grave. The scholars rushed into Devereux-court, drew their swords, and, as one was run through

the body and killed on the spot, it is to be supposed that he was necessarily wrong. But the duel was the strangest method of settling a question in grammar that I ever heard of. Still it was rather the scholars than the rakes who patronized the "Grecian;" and there were to be found the Committee of the Royal Society, and Oxford Professors, enjoying their leisure and hot cups, after philosophical discussion and scientific lecturing; and even the Privy Council Board sometimes assembled there to take coffee after Council.

The "coffee-houses," which were resorted to for mere conversation as well as coffee, began on a first floor; they were the seed, as it were, whence has arisen the political and exclusive "club" of the present day. The advantages of association were first experienced in coffee-houses; but at the same time was felt the annoyance caused by intrusive and unwelcome strangers. The club, with its ballot-box to settle elections of members, was the natural result.

William Urwin's Coffee-house, known as "Will's," from its owner's name, and recognised as the "Wits'," from its company, was on the first floor of the house at the west corner of Bow-street and Russell-street, Covent Garden. In the last half of the seventeenth century, it was at the height of its good fortune and rêputation. The shop beneath it was kept by a woollen-draper.

Tom Brown says that a wit was set up at a small cost; he was made by "peeping once a day in at Will's," and by relating "two or three second-hand sayings." It was at Will's that Dryden "pedagogued" without restraint, accepted flattery without a blush, and praised with happy complacency the perfection of his own works. He was the great attraction of the place, and his presence there of an evening filled the room with admiring listeners, or indiscreet adulators. Dryden had the good sense to retire

early, when the tables were full, and he knew he had made a favourable impression, which the company might improve in his absence. Addison, more given to jolly fellowship, sat late with those who tarried to drink. Pepys, recording his first visit, in February, 1663–4, says that he stepped in on his way to fetch his wife, "where Dryden the poet, (I knew at Cambridge,) and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And had I had time then, as I could at other times, it will be good coming thither; for there I perceive is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry; and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away."

The reign of Dryden at Will's was not, however, without its pains. Occasionally, a daring stranger, like young Lockier, raw from the country, would object to the *dicta* of the despot. Thus, when Dryden praised his "Mac Flecknoe," as the first satire "written in heroics," the future Dean timidly suggested that the "Lutrin" and the "*Secchia Rapita*" were so written; and Dryden acknowledged that his corrector was right. The London beaux would have been afraid, or incapable, of setting Dryden right; they were sufficiently happy if they were but permitted to dip their fingers into the poet's snuff-box, and, at a separate table, listen to the criticisms uttered by the graver authorities who were seated round another, at the upper end of the room. Of the disputes that there arose, "glorious John" was arbiter; for his particular use a chair was especially reserved; therein enthroned, he sat by the hearth or the balcony, according to the season, and delivered judgments which were not always final.

No man was better qualified to do so, for the "specialty" of Will's Coffee-house was poetry. Songs, epigrams, and satires, circulated from table to table; and

the wits judged plays, even Dryden's, until the playwrights began to satirize the wits. With Dryden, "Will's" lost some of its dignity. Late hours, card-playing, and politics; poets more didactic in their verse, and essayists more instructive in their prose, than in their daily practice; "dissipateurs" like Addison, and peers who shared in Addison's lower tastes, without either his talent or occasional refinement,—spoiled the character of "Will's," where, by the way, Pope had been introduced by Sir Charles Wogan, though, years before, in his youth, he had been proud to follow old Wycherley about from coffee-house to coffee-house; and then "Button's" attracted the better portion of the company, and left Will's to the vulgar and the witless.

"Button's" Coffee-house was so named from its original proprietor, who had been a servant of the Countess of Warwick, the wife of Addison. It was situated in Great Russell-street, on the south side, about two doors from Covent Garden. What Dryden had been at "Will's," Addison was at "Button's." There,—after writing during the morning at his house in St. James's Place, where his breakfast-table was attended by such men as Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett, with some of whom he generally dined at a tavern, —he was to be found of an evening, until the supper hour called him and his companions to some other tavern, where, if not at Button's, they made a night of it. Pope was of the company for almost a year, but left it because the late hours injured his health; and furthermore, perhaps, for the reason, that his irritable temper had rendered him unpopular, and that he had so provoked Ambrose Philips, that the latter suspended a birchen rod over Pope's usual seat, in intimation of what the ordinary occupant would get if he ventured into it. The Buttonians were famous for the fierceness of their criticism,

but it appears to have been altogether a better organized establishment than Will's; for while the parish registers show that the landlord of the latter was fined for misdemeanour, the vestry-books of St. Paul (Covent Garden), prove that Button paid "for two places in the pew No. 18, on the south side of the north aisle, £2. 2*s*.;" and charity leads us to conclude that Daniel and his wife occupied the places so paid for, and were orthodox as well as loyal. The "Lion's Head" of the "Guardian," which was put up at Button's, over the box destined to receive contributions for the editor, is now at Woburn, in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

Of coffee-houses that went by the name of "Tom's" there were three. At the one in Birchin-lane, Garrick occasionally appeared among the young merchants; and Chatterton, before despair slew even ambition, more than once dined. At the second house so called, in Devereux-court, many of the scholars, critics, and scientific men of the last century used to congregate. There Akenside essayed to rule over the tables as Dryden had done at "Will's," and Addison at "Button's;" but his imperious rule was often overthrown by "flat rebellion." *The* "Tom's" was opposite "Button's," and stood on the north side of Great Russell-street, No. 17. It received its name from the Christian appellation of its master, Thomas West, who committed suicide in 1722. If guests gained celebrity in the latter days at "Will's" for writing a "posie for a ring," so at "Tom's" Mr. Ince was held in due respect, for the reason that he had composed a solitary paper for the "Spectator." It was a place where the tables were generally crowded from the time of Queen Anne to that of George III. Seven hundred of the nobility, foreign Ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, subscribed a guinea each, in 1714, for the erection of a card-room; and this fact, with the additional one that,

only four years later, an enlarged room for cards and conversation was constructed, may serve to show by what sort of people, and for what particular purposes, "Tom's" was patronized.

At the time that White's Chocolate-house was opened at the bottom of St. James's-street,—the close of the last century,—it was probably thought vulgar; for there was a garden attached, and it had a suburban air. At the tables in the house or garden more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse and rode slowly down Piccadilly towards Bagshot. Before the establishment was burned down, in 1733, it was famous rather for intensity of gaming than excellence of chocolate. It arose from its ashes, and settled, at the top of the street, into a fixedness of fashion that has never swerved. Gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment were the characteristics of the place. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield there "gamed, and pronounced witticisms among the boys of quality." Steele dated all his love-news in the "Tatler" from White's. It was stigmatized as "the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies;" and bets were laid to the effect that Sir William Burdett, one of its members, would be the first Baronet who would be hanged. The gambling went on till dawn of day; and Pelham, when Prime Minister, was not ashamed to divide his time between his official table and the picquet-table at White's. Selwyn, like Chesterfield, enlivened the room with his wit. As a sample of the spirit of betting which prevailed, Walpole quotes "a good story made at White's." A man dropped down dead at the door, and was carried in; the Club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and, when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet!

Some of the old rules of the houses are rich in "table traits." Thus, in 1736, every member was required to pay an extra guinea a year "towards having a good cook." The supper was on table at ten o'clock; the bill at twelve. In 1758, it was agreed that he who transgressed the rules for balloting should pay the supper reckoning. In 1797 we find, "Dinner at 10*s.* 6*d.* per head, (malt liquor, biscuits, oranges, apples, and olives included,) to be on table at six o'clock; the bill to be brought at nine." "That no hot suppers be provided, unless particularly ordered; and then be paid for at the rate of 8*s.* per head. That in one of the rooms there be laid every night (from the Queen's to the King's birthday) a table, with cold meat, oysters, &c. Each person partaking thereof to pay 4*s.*, malt liquors only included."

Colley Cibber was a member, but, as it would seem, an honorary one only, who dined with the Manager of the Club, and was tolerated afterwards by the company for the sake of his wit. Mr. Cunningham states, that at the supper given by the Club in 1814, at Burlington House, to the Allied Sovereigns, there were covers laid for 2,400 people, and that the cost was "£9,849. 2*s.* 6*d.*" "Three weeks after this, (July 6, 1814,) the Club gave a dinner to the Duke of Wellington, which cost £2,840. 10*s.* 9*d.*" The dinner given, in the month of February of the present year, to Prince George of Cambridge, was one not to welcome a victorious warrior, but to cheer an untried, about to go forth to show himself worthy of his spurs. White's ceased to be an open Chocolate-house in 1736, from which period it has been as private an establishment as a Club can be said to be.

The politicians had their coffee-houses as well as the wits. The "Cocoa Tree," in St. James's-street, was the Tory house in the reign of Queen Anne. The "St. James's" was the Whig house. It was a well-frequented

house in the latter days of George II., when Gibbon recorded his surprise at seeing a score or two of the noblest and wealthiest in the land, seated in a noisy coffee-room, at little tables covered by small napkins, supping off cold meat or sandwiches, and finishing with strong punch and confused politics.

The St. James's Coffee-house ranked Addison, Swift, Steele, and, subsequently, Goldsmith and Garrick, among its *habitués*. It had a more solid practical reputation than any of the other coffee-houses; for within its walls Goldsmith's poem of "Retaliation" originated. But politics was its "staple;" and poor politicians seem to have been among its members, seeing that many of them were in arrears with their subscriptions: but these were probably the outer-room men; for the magnates, who were accustomed to sit and watch the line of Bourbon, within the steam of the great coffee-pot, were doubtless punctual in their payments ere they could have earned the privilege. And yet their poetical acumen was often more correct than their political discernment; for while the company at Button's ascribed the "Town Eclogues" to Gay, the coffee-drinkers at St. James's were unanimous in giving them to a lady of quality.

Of the coffee-houses of a second order, the "Bedford," in Covent Garden, was probably the first; but, for good fellowship, it equalled any of the more exclusive houses; for Garrick, and Quin, and Murphy, and Foote, were of the company. Wit was the serious occupation of all its members; and it never gave any of them serious trouble to produce in abundance. Quin, above all, was brilliant in the double achievements of Epicureanism and sparkling repartee. Garrick, in allusion to the sentiments often expressed here by his brother actor, wrote the epigrammatic lines, supposed to be uttered by Quin, in reference to a discussion on embalming the dead, and which will be

found in a subsequent chapter, under the head of "Table Traits of the last Century."

Æsopus, the actor, who was to Cicero what Quin was to George the Third,—he "taught the boy to speak,"—Æsopus was as great an epicure, in his way, as Quin himself. It is related of him, that one day he dined off a costly dish of birds, the whole of which, when living, had been taught either to sing or speak. Æsopus was as fond of such a dish as his fellow-comedian, Quin, was of mullet; for which, and for some other of his favourite *morceaux*, he used to say that a man ought to have a swallow as long as from London to Botany Bay, and palate all the way! When the fish in question was in season, his first inquiry of the servant who used to awaken him was, "Is there any mullet in the market this morning, John?" and if John replied in the negative, his master's reported rejoinder was, "Then call me at nine to-morrow, John."

The Bedford Coffee-house had its disadvantages, as when bullies, like Tiger Roach, endeavoured to hold sovereignty over the members. But usurpers like the Tiger were deposed as easily by the cane as by the sword; but such occurrences marred the peace of the coffee-house, nevertheless. It was, indeed, a strange company that sometimes was to be found within these houses. At Batem's, the City House, patronized by Blackmore, the brother of Lord Southwell was to be found enacting the parasite, and existing by the aid of men who thought his wit worth paying for. Child's Coffee-house, St. Paul's Church-yard, was patronized by the Clergy, who assembled there, especially the younger Clergy, in gowns, cassocks, and scarfs, smoked till they were invisible, and obtained the honorary appellation of "Doctor" from the waiters. Clerical visitants were also to be found at the "Smyrna," in Pall Mall. Swift was often there with Prior; and the politics of the day were so loudly discussed, that the chairmen

and porters in waiting outside used to derive that sort of edification therefrom which is now to be had in the cheap weekly periodicals. "Garraway's" takes us once more into the City. Garway, as the original proprietor was called, was one of the earliest sellers of tea in London; and his house was frequented by nobles who had business in the City, who attended the lotteries at his house, or who wished to partake of his tea and coffee. Foreign Bankers and Ministers patronized "Robin's;" the buyers and sellers of Stock collected at "Jonathan's;" and the shipping interest went, as now, to "Lloyd's." All these places were in full activity of business and coffee-drinking in the reign of Queen Anne. Finally, the lawyers crowded "Squire's," in Fulwood's Rents; and there, it will be remembered, Sir Roger de Coverley smoked a pipe, over a dish of coffee, with the Spectator. But enough of these places, whose names are more familiar to many of us than their whereabout, but whose connexion with what may be called the table-life of past times gives me warrant for the notice of them, with which, perhaps, I have only troubled the reader. I will only add, that the ceremony of serving chocolate was never such a solemnity in England as in France. In the latter country, as late as the days of Louis XVI., a "man of condition" required no less than four footmen, each with two watches in his fob, according to the fashion, to help him to take a single cup of chocolate. One bore the tray, and one the chocolate-pot, a third presented the cup, and a fourth stood in waiting with a napkin!—and all this coil to carry a morning draught to a poor wretch, whose red heels to his shoes were symbols of the rank which gave him the privilege of being helpless.

The old coffee-houses were not simply resorts for the critics, the politicians, and the fine gentlemen. Gay, writing to Congreve, in 1715, says, "Amidst clouds of

tobacco, at a coffee-house, I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's. Moira has quitted for a coffee-house in the City; and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the Fathers and church history. The knowledge I gain from him is entirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston." Pope learnt his astronomy by the assistance of what Moore calls, "the sun of the table;" for, adding a postscript to Gay's letter to Congreve, he says, "I sit up till two o'clock, over Burgundy and Champagne." Ten years before, the coffee-house and London life had less charms for him. Witness the paragraph in the letter to Wycherley, in 1705, to this effect: "I have now changed the scene from town to country,—from Will's Coffee-house to Windsor Forest. I found no other difference than this betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools,—that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last, neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium, betwixt both." But, ten years later than the period of Pope's postscript to Congreve, in which he boasted of sitting over wine during the "wee short hours ayont the twal'," as Burns calls them, we find the boaster stricken. Swift, writing to him, in 1726, remarks, "I always apprehend most for you after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch, for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried drunk to bed."

In England, the chocolate and coffee-houses were not confined to the metropolis and its rather rakish inhabitants. The Universities had their coffee-houses, as London had; and the company there, albeit *alumni* of the various Colleges, do not appear to have been remarkable for refine-

ment. Dr. Ewins, at Cambridge, in the last century, acquired the ill-will both of Town and Gown for exercising a sort of censorship over their conduct. According to Cole, the Antiquary, they needed it; for he says, with especial allusion to the Undergraduates, that "they never were more licentious, riotous, and debauched. They often broke the Doctor's windows," he adds, "as they said he had been caught listening on their staircases and (at their) doors." The Doctor, like his adversaries, was in the habit of visiting the Union Coffee-house, opposite St. Radigund's (or Jesus) lane,—a fashionable rendezvous. He was there one night about Christmas, 1771, or January, 1772, "when some Fellow-Commoners, who owed him a grudge, sitting in the box near him, in order to affront him, pretended to call their dog 'Squintum,' and frequently repeated the name very loudly in the coffee-house; and, in their joviality, swore many oaths, and caressed their dog. Dr. Ewin, as did his father, squinted very much, as did Whitefield, the Methodist teacher, who was vulgarly called Dr. Squintum, from the blemish in his eyes. Dr. Ewin was sufficiently mortified to be so affronted in public. However, he carefully marked down the number of oaths sworn by these gentlemen, whom he made to pay severely the penalty of five shillings for each oath, which amounted to a good round sum." The next week, ballad-singers sang, in the streets of Cambridge, a ballad, which they gave away to all who would accept a copy, and from which the following verses are extracted. They will show—if nothing else—that the University coffee-house poet was less elegant than Horace, and that the "well of English" into which he had dipped was not altogether "undefiled:"—

"Of all the blockheads in the Town,
That strut and bully up and down,
And bring complaints against the Gown,
There 's none like Dr. Squintum.

"With gimlet eyes and dapper wig,
This Justice thinks he looks so big:
A most infernal stupid gig
Is this same Dr. Squintum.

"What pedlar can forbear to grin,
Before his Worship that has been,
To think what folly lurks within
This Just Ass Dr. Squintum?"

Old René d'Anjou used to say, that, as soon as a man had breakfasted, it was his bounden duty to devote himself to the great business of the day,—think of dinner. We will in some wise follow the instructions given,—first, however, saying a word or two upon French coffee-houses, and then upon those who naturally take precedence of "dinners,"—the cooks by whom dinners are prepared.

THE FRENCH CAFÉS.

In the reign of Louis XV. there were not less than six hundred *cafés* in Paris. London, at the same period, could not count as many dozens. Under Louis Napoleon, the *cafés* have reached to the amazing number of between three and four thousand. All these establishments acknowledge the *Café Procope* as the founder of the dynasty, although, indeed, there were coffee-vendors in Paris before the time of the accomplished Sicilian. "*Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona.*"

The consumption of coffee in Paris, at the period of the breaking out of the Revolution, was something enormous. The French West-Indian Islands furnished eighty millions of pounds annually, and this was irrespective of what was derived from the East. The two sources together were not sufficient to supply the kingdom. Thence adulterations, fortunes to the adulterators, and that supremacy of chicory, which has destroyed the well-earned reputation of French coffee.

I have already spoken of the *Café Procope*, and here I will only add an anecdote illustrative of the scenes that sometimes occurred there, and of the national character generally in the reign of Louis XV. One afternoon that M. de Saint Foix was seated at his usual table, an officer of the King's Body-Guard entered, sat down, and ordered "a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll," adding, "It will serve me for a dinner!" At this Saint Foix remarked

aloud, that "a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, was a confoundedly poor dinner." The officer remonstrated; Saint Foix reiterated his remark, and again and again declared, that nothing the gallant officer could say to the contrary, would convince him that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, was *not* a confoundedly poor dinner. Thereupon a challenge was given and accepted, and the whole of the persons present adjourned as spectators of a fight, which ended by Saint Foix receiving a wound in the arm. "That is all very well," said the wounded combatant; "but I call you to witness, gentlemen, that I am still profoundly convinced, that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner!" At this moment, the principals were arrested, and carried before the Duke de Noailles, in whose presence Saint Foix, without waiting to be questioned, said, "Monseigneur, I had not the slightest intention of offending the gallant officer, who, I doubt not, is an honourable man; but Your Excellency can never prevent my asserting, that a cup of coffee, with milk, and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." "Why, so it is," said the Duke. "Then I am not in the wrong," remarked Saint Foix; "and a cup of coffee,"—— at these words Magistrates, delinquents, and auditory, burst into a roar of laughter, and the antagonists became friends. It was a more bloodless issue than that which occurred to Michel Lepelletier, in later years, at the *Café Février*. He was seated at dinner there, when an *ex-garde-du-corps*, named Paris, approached him, inquired if he were the Lepelletier who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and, receiving an affirmative reply, drew forth a dagger, and swiftly slew him on the spot.

Before Procope, the Armenian, Pascal, sold coffee at the Fair of St. Germain, at three-halfpence a cup; and the beverage was sung by the poet Thomas in terms not exactly

like those with which Delille subsequently sang the virtues of the tree. The French coffee-houses at once gained the popularity to which they aspired. To Pascal succeeded Maliban, and then Gregoire opened his establishment in the Rue Mazarin, in the vicinity of players and play-goers. At the same time, there was a man in Paris, called "the lame Candiot," who carried ready-made coffee about from door to door, and sold it for a penny per cup, sugar included. The *café* at the foot of the bridge of Notre-Dame was founded by Joseph; that at the foot of the bridge of St. Michel, by Etienne; and both of these are more ancient than that of Procope, who was the first, however, who made a fortune by his speculation. The *Quai de l'Ecole* had its establishment, (the *Café Manoury,*) which I believe still exists, as does the *Café de la Régence,* which dates from the time of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and where Rousseau used to play at chess, and appear in his Armenian costume. It was also frequented, *incog.*, by the Emperor Joseph. The oldest *café* in the Palais Royal is the celebrated *Café de Foy,* so called from the name of its founder. Carl Vernet was one of its most constant patrons. He was there on one occasion, when some repairs were going on, and, in his impatience, he flung a wet colouring brush from him, which struck the ceiling and left a spot. He immediately ascended the ladder, and with a touch of his finger converted the stain into a swallow; and his handy-work was still to be seen on the ceiling, when I was last in Paris. It was before the *Café de Foy* that Camille Desmoulins harangued the mob, in July, 1789, with such effect, that they took up arms, destroyed the Bastille, and inaugurated the Revolution.

The *Café de Valois* will long be remembered for its aristocratic character; that of Montansier, on the other hand, was remarkable for the coarseness of its frequenters, and the violence with which they discussed politics,

especially at the period of the Restoration. The *Café du Caveau* was more joyously noisy with its gay artists and broad songs. The Empire brought two establishments into popular favour, both of which appealed to the lovers of beauty as well as of coffee. The first was the *Café du Bosquet*, and the second the *Café des Mille Colonnes*. Each was celebrated for the magnificent attractions of the presiding lady,—the *belle limonadière*, as she was at first called, or the *dame du comptoir*, as refinement chose to name her. Madame Romain, at the *Mille Colonnes*, had a longer reign than her rival; and the lady was altogether a more remarkable person. In the reign of Louis XVIII., her seat was composed of the throne of Jerome, King of Westphalia,—which was sold by auction on the bankruptcy of his Majesty. Madame Romain descended from it, like a weary Queen, to take refuge in a nunnery; and, curiously enough, the ex-King has recovered his "throne," which now figures, in the reduced aspect of a simple arm-chair, in the *salon* of his residence at the Palais Royal. After the abdication of Madame Romain, the *Mille Colonnes* endeavoured to secure success by very meretricious means. Girls of a brasen quality of beauty bore through the apartments flaming bowls of punch, usually taken after the coffee; and the beverage and the bearers were equally bad.

As the *Café Chrétien* was once thoroughly Jacobin, so the *Café Lemblin* became entirely Imperial, and was the focus of the Opposition after the return of the Bourbons. It was famous for its chocolate, as well as for its coffee. When the Allies were at Paris, it was hardly safe for the officers to enter the *Café Lemblin*, and many scenes of violence are described as having occurred there, and many a duel was fought with fatal effect, after a *café* dispute between French and foreign officers,—and all for national honour. The Bourbon officers were far more insulting in the *cafés*

to the ex-imperial "braves," than the latter were to the invading Captains,—and they generally paid dearly for their temerity. Finally,—for to name all the *cafés* in Paris, would require an encyclopædia,—it is worthy of notice that Tortoni's, which is now a grave adjunct to the *Bourse*, first achieved success by the opposite process of billiard-playing. A broken-down provincial advocate, Spolar of Rennes, came to Paris with a bad character, and a capital cue; and the latter he handled so wonderfully at the *Café Tortoni*, that all Paris went to witness his feats. Talleyrand patronized him, backed his playing, and gained no inconsiderable sum by the cue-driving of Spolar, whose star culminated when he was appointed "Professor of Billiards to Queen Hortense,"—an appointment which sounds strange, but which was thought natural enough at the time; and, considering all things, so it was.

There is one feature in the French *cafés* which strikes an observer as he first contemplates it. I allude to the intensity, gravity, and extent of the domino-playing. A quartett party will spend half the evening at this mystery, with nothing to enliven it but the gentlest of conversation, and the lightest of beer, or a simple *petit verre*. The Government wisely thinks that a grave domino-player can be given to neither immorality nor conspiracies. But a British Government proudly scorns to tolerate such insipidities in Britons. British tradesmen, at the end of the day, may be perfectly idle, spout blasphemy, and get as drunk as they please, in any London tavern, provided they do not therewith break the peace; *but*, let the reprobates only remain obstinately sober, and play at dominoes, then they offend the immaculate justice of Justices, and landlords and players are liable to be fined. So, on Sabbath nights, the working-classes have thrown open to their edification the gin-palaces, which invite not in vain; but if one of these same classes should, on the

same Sunday evening, knock at the religiously-closed door of a so-called free library, the secretary's maid who answers the appeal would be pale with horror at the atrocity of the applicant. And what is the bewildered Briton to do? He looks in at church, where, if there be a few free seats, they have a look about them so as to make him understand that he is in his fustian, and that he and the miserable sinners in their fine cloth are not on an equality in the house of God; and so he turns sighingly away, and goes where the law allows him,—to the house of gin.

But, leaving the further consideration of these matters to my readers, let us now address ourselves to the sketching of a class whose most illustrious members have borne witness to their own excellency, not exactly according to the fashion spoken of by Shakspeare; namely, by putting a strange face on their own perfection.

THE ANCIENT COOK, AND HIS ART.

It is an incontestable fact, that he who lives soberly does not depend upon his cook for the pleasure which he derives from his repast. Nevertheless, the cook is one of the most important of personages; and even appetite, without him, would not be of the value that it is at present. A great *artiste* knows his vocation. When the cook of Louis XVIII. was reproached, by His Majesty's Physician, with ruining the royal health by savoury juices, the dignitary of the kitchen sententiously remarked, that it was the office of the cook to supply His Majesty with pleasant dishes, and that it was the duty of the doctor to enable the King to digest them. The division of labour, and the responsibilities of office, could not have been better defined.

From old times the cook has had a proper sense of the solemn importance of his wonderful art. The *Coquus Gloriosus*, in a fragment of Philemon, shows us what these artists were in the very olden time. He swears by Minerva that he is delighted at his success, and that he cooked a fish so exquisitely, that it returned him admiring and grateful looks from the frying-pan! He had not covered it with grated cheese, not disguised it with sauce; but he had treated it with such daintiness and delicacy, that, even when fully cooked, it lay on the dish as fresh-looking as if it had just been taken from the lake. This result seems to have been a rarity; for, when the fish was served up at table, the delighted guests tore

it from one another, and a running struggle was kept up around the board to get possession of this exquisitely prepared *morceau*. "And yet," says the cook, "I had nothing better to exhibit my talent upon than a wretched river fish, nourished in mud. But, O Jupiter Saviour! if I had only had at my disposal some of the fish of Attica or Argos, or a conger from pleasant Sicyon, like those which Neptune serves to the gods in Olympus, why, the guests would have thought they had become divinities themselves. Yes," adds the culinary boaster, "I think I may say that I have discovered the principle of immortality, and that the odour of my dishes would recall life into the nostrils of the very dead." The resonant vaunt is not unlike that of Bechamel, who said that, with the sauce that he had invented, a man would experience nothing but delight in eating his own grandfather!

Hegesippus further illustrates the vanity of the *genus coquorum* of *his* days. In a dialogue between Syrus and his *chef*, the master declares that the culinary art appears to have reached its limit, and that he would fain hear something novel upon the subject. The cook's reply admits us to an insight into ancient manners. "I am not one of those fellows," says the personage in question, "who are content to suppose that they learn their art by wearing an apron for a couple of years. My study of the art has not been superficial: it has been the work of my life; and I have learned the use and appliances of every herb that grows—for kitchen purposes. But I especially shine in getting up funeral dinners. When the mourners have returned from the doleful ceremony, it is I who introduce them to the mitigated affliction department. While they are yet in their mourning attire, I lift the lids of my kettles, and straightway the weepers begin to laugh. They sit down with their senses so enchanted, that every guest fancies himself at a wedding. If I can

only have all I require, Syrus," adds the artist, "if my kitchen be only properly furnished, you will see renewed the scenes which used to take place on the coasts frequented by the Syrens. It will be impossible for any one to pass the door; all who scent the process will be compelled, despite themselves, to stop. There they will stand, mute, open-mouthed, and nostrils extended; nor will it be possible to make them 'move on,' unless the police, coming to their aid, shut out the irresistible scent by plugging their noses."

Posidippus shows us a classical master-cook instructing his pupils. Leucon is the name of the teacher; and the first truth he impresses on his young friend is, that the most precious sauce for the purpose of a cook is impudence. "Boast away," he says, "and never be tired of it." For, as he logically remarks, "if there be many a Captain under whose dragon-embossed cuirass lies a poor hare, why should not we, who kill hares, pass for better than we are, like the Captains?" "A modest cook must be looked on," he says, "as a contradiction in nature. If he be hired out to cook a dinner in another man's house, he will only get considered in proportion to his impudence and overbearing conduct. If he be quiet and modest, he will be held as a pitiful cook."

Alexis, another artist, takes other and higher ground. He says, that in all the arts the resulting pleasure does not depend solely on those who exercise the art; there must be others who possess the science of enjoyment. This is true; and Alexis further adds, that the guest who keeps a dinner waiting, or a master who suddenly demands it before its time, are alike enemies to the art which Alexis professes.

The earthly paradise of the early cooks was, unquestionably, among the Sybarites,—the people to whom the crumpling of a rose under the side on which they lay,

gave exquisite pain. They were as self-luxurious as though the world was made for them alone, and they and the world were intended to last for ever. They would not admit into their city any persons whose professions entailed noise in the practice of them: the trunkmaker at the corner of St. Paul's would have been flogged to death with thistle-down, if he had carried on his trade in Sybaris for an hour, and if a Sybarite could have been found with energy enough to wield the instrument of execution! The crowing of one of the proscribed race of cocks once put all the gentlemen of the city into fits; and, on another occasion, a Sybarite telling a friend how his nerves had been shaken by hearing the tools of some labouring men in another country strike against each other, at their work, the friend was so overcome, that he merely exclaimed, "Good gracious!" and fainted away.

Athenæus, borrowing, if I remember rightly, from one of the authors whose works were in that Alexandrian library, the destruction of which by the Caliph Omar, Dr. Cumming tells us in his "Finger of God," is a circumstance at which he is rather glad than sorry,—Athenæus mentions the visit of a Sybarite to Sparta, where he was invited to one of the public dinners, at which the citizens ate very black broth, in common, out of wooden bowls. Having tasted the national diet, he feebly uttered the Sybaritic expression for "Stap my vitals!" and convulsively remarked, that "he no longer wondered why the Lacedæmonians sought death in battle, seeing that such a fate was preferable to life with such broth!"

Certainly the public repasts of the Sybarites were of another quality. The giver of such repasts was enrolled among the benefactors of their country, and the cook who had distinguished himself was invested with a golden crown, and an opera ticket; that is, free admission to those

public games where hired dancers voluptuously perverted time and the human form divine.

I am afraid that all cooks in remote ages enjoyed but an indifferent reputation, and thoroughly deserved what they enjoyed. The comic Dionysius introduces one of the succulent brotherhood, impressing upon a young apprentice the propriety of stealing in houses where they were hired to cook dinners. The instruction is worthy of Professor Fagan of the Saffron-Hill University. "Whatever you can prig," says the elder rogue, "belongs to yourself, as long as you are in the house. When you get past the porter into the street, it then becomes *my* property. So fake away! (Βάδιζε δεῦρ' ἅμα,) and look out for unconnected trifles."

And yet Athenæus asserts that nothing has so powerfully contributed to instil piety into the souls of men, as good cookery! His proof is, that when men devoured each other, they were beasts,—which is a self-evident proposition; but that when they took to cooked meats, and were particular with regard to these, why, then alone they began to live cleanly,—which is a proposition by no means so self-evident. In his opinion, a man to be supremely happy only needed the gift of Ceres to Pandora,—a good appetite, and an irreproachable indigestion. These are, doubtless, great portions of happiness; and if felicity can do without them,—which is questionable,—where they are not, comfort is absent, and a good conscience is hardly a sufficient compensation.

If Sybaris was the paradise of cooks, Lacedæmon was their purgatory. They were blamed if men grew fat on their diet, and plump children were legally condemned to get spare again upon their gruel. The Romans, again, restored the cook to his proper place in society. He might be still a slave, and so were greater men than he; but he was the confidant of his master, and there were not a

few who would have exchanged their liberty for such a post and chains. And who dare affirm that the *coquus* was not an officer of distinction? He who knows how to prepare food for digestion and delight, is a greater man, in one particular at least, than Achilles, who could go no farther in culinary science than turning the spit; than Ulysses, who could light fires and lay cloths with the dexterity of a Frankfort waiter; or than Patroclus, who could draw wine and drink it, but who knew no more how to make a stew, than he did how to solve the logarithms of Napier.

When it is asserted that it was Cadmus, the grandfather of Bacchus, who first taught men how to eat as civilized beings should, it is thereby further intimated that good eating should be followed by good drinking.

We have heard of cooks in monasteries who made dissertations on eternal flames by the heat of their own fires: so Timachidas, of Rhodes, made patties and poetry at the same stove, and both after a fashion to please their several admirers. Artemidorus was the Dr. Johnson of his own art, and wrote a Kitchen Lexicon for the benefit of students. Sicily especially was celebrated for its literary cooks, and Mithœcus wrote a treatise on the art; while Archestratus, the Syracusan, looking into causes and effects, meditated on stomachs as well as sauces, and first showed how digestion might be taught to wait on appetite. Then theoretical laymen came in to the aid of the practical cook, and gastronomists hit upon all sorts of strange ideas to help them to renewed enjoyments. Pithyllus, for instance, invented a sheath for the tongue, in order that he might swallow the hottest viands faster than other guests, who wisely preferred rather to slowly please the palate than suddenly satisfy the stomach. It is of Pithyllus the Dainty, that it is related how, after meals, he used to clean his tongue by rubbing it with a

piece of rough fish-skin; and his taking up hot viands with his hand, like that of Götz von Berlichingen, encased in a glove, is cited as proof that the Greeks used no forks. The spoons of the Romans had a pointed end, at the extremity of the handle, for the purpose of picking fish from the shell.

Then came the age when, if men had not appetites of nature's making, they were made for them by the cooks; and the latter, in return, were crowned with flowers by the guests who had eaten largely, and had no fears of indigestion. The inventor of a new dish had a patent for its exclusive preparation for a year. But ere that time it had probably been forgotten in something more novel discovered by a Sicilian rival; for the Greeks looked on Sicily as the Parisians of the last century used to look on Languedoc,—as the only place on earth where cooks were born and bred, and were worth the paying. The artists of both countries, and of the opposite ages mentioned, were especially skilled in the preparation of materials which were made to appear the things they were not; and a seemingly grand dinner of fish, flesh, and fowl, was really fashioned out of the supplies furnished by the kitchen garden. The Greeks, however, never descended to the bad taste of which the diarists of the last century show the French to have been guilty; namely, in having wooden joints, carved and painted, placed upon their tables for show. Artificial flowers may be tolerated, but an artificial sirloin, made of a block of deal, would be very intolerable board indeed, particularly to the hungry guests, who saw the seemingly liberal fare, but who could make very little of the deal before them.

In Sicily, the goddess of good cheer, Adephagia, had her especial altars, and thence, perhaps, the estimation in which the Sicilian cooks were held, who prayed to her for inspiration. Her ministers were paid salaries as rich as

the sauces they invented. Something like £800 *per annum* formed the *honorarium* of the learned and juicy gentleman. But he was not always to be had, even at that price; and the disgusted Languedocien who would not remain in the *cuisine* of the Duke of Richmond, when Governor of Ireland, for the sufficient reason that there was no Opera in Dublin, had his prototype among his Sicilian predecessors. The jealousy of the culinary bondsman in Greek households against the free cook from Sicily, must have been sometimes deadly in its results.

The best-feed cook on record is the happy mortal to whom his master Antony gave a city, because he had cooked a repast which had called forth encomium from that dreadful jade, Cleopatra.

But money was the last thing thought of by the wearied epicures of Rome, especially when what they gave belonged to somebody else. When Lucullus spent £1,000 sterling on a snug dinner for three,—himself, Cæsar, and Pompey,—he doubtless spent his creditors' money; at least, extravagant people generally do. Claudius dined often with six hundred guests, and the Roman people paid the cooks. The dinners of Vitellius cost that sacrilegious feeder upwards of £3,000 each, but the bills were discharged by a levy on the public pocket. When Tiberius ordered several thousands sterling to be bestowed on the author of a piece wherein every thing eatable was made to speak wittily, the author was really paid out of the popular pocket; and when Geta insisted on having as many courses at each repast as there were letters in the alphabet, and all the viands at each course so named that their initials should be the same as that of the course itself, he was the last person who troubled himself about the payment for such extravagance.

The cooks of such epicures must necessarily, however, have been as despotic in the kitchen as their lord was in

the saloon. The slaves there, who hurried to and fro, bearing their tributes of good things from the market-place, or distributing them according to his bidding, obeyed the cook's very nod, nay, anticipated his very wishes. They were, in fact, the ministers of an awful Sovereign. The cook was their Lord paramount. The stewards possessed no little power; but when the fires were lighted, and the dinner had to be thought of, the head cook was the kitchen Jupiter; and when he spoke, obedience, silence, and trembling followed upon his word.

From his raised platform, the *Archimagirus*, as he was called, could overlook all the preparations, and with his tremendous spoon of office he could break the heads of his least skilful disciples, and taste the sauces seething in the remotest saucepans. The effect must have been quite pantomimic; and to complete it, there was only wanted a crash of discordant music to accompany the rapid descent of the gigantic spoon upon the skull or ribs of an offender. The work was done in presence of the gods, and scullions blew the fires under the gaze of the *Lares*,—sooty divinities to whom, the legend says, inferior cooks were sometimes sacrificed in the month of December. "But," as Othello says, "that's a fable!"

Great Roman kitchens were as well worth seeing, and perhaps were as often inspected by the curious and privileged, as that of the Reform Club. "Order reigned" there quite as much as it did, according to Marshal Sebastiani, at Warsaw, amid the most abject slavery. Art and costliness were lavished upon the vessels, but the human beings there were exactly the things that were made the least account of.

No doubt that the triumph of the art of the cook consisted in serving up an entire pig at once roasted and boiled. The elder Disraeli has shown from Archestratus

how this was done. "The animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, whence, after copious effusion, the master-cook extracted the entrails, washed them with wine, and hanged the animal by the feet. He crammed down the throat the stuffings already prepared. Then, covering the half of the pig with a paste of barley thickened with wine and oil, he put it in a small oven, or on a heated table of brass, where it was gently roasted with all due care. When the skin was browned, he boiled the other side, and then, taking away the barley paste, the pig was served up, at once boiled and roasted." And such was the way by which the best of cooks spoiled the best of pigs.

According to Plautus, cooks alone were privileged in the old days to carry knives in their girdles. In the "*Aulularia*," old Euclio says to Congrio, the cook, "*Ad tres viros jam ego deferam tuum nomen*,"—"I 'll go and inform against you to the Magistrates." "Why so?" asks Congrio. "Because you carry a knife,"—"*Quia cultrum habes.*" "Well," says the artist, standing on his rights, "*cocum decet*," "it is the sign of my profession." From another of the many cooks of Plautus we learn, in the "*Menæchmei*," that, when a parasite was at table, his appetite was reckoned as equivalent to that of eight guests; and when Cylindrus is ordered to prepare a dinner for Menæchmus, his "lady," and the official parasite, "Then," says the cook, "that 's as good as ten; for your parasite does the work of eight:"—

"*Jam isti sunt decem,*
Nam parasitus octo hominum munus facile fungitur."

The musicians would appear to have lived as pleasantly as the parasites. Simo remarks to Tranio, in the "*Mostellaria*," that he lives on the best the cooks and vintners can procure for him,—a real fiddler's destiny:—

"*Musice hercle agitis ætatem : ita ut vos decet.*
Vino et victu, piscatu probe electili,
Vitam colitis."

Stalino complains in the "*Casina*," that, clever as cooks are, they cannot put a little essence of love into all their dishes,—a sauce, he says, that would please everybody. Their reputation in Rome for stealing was much the same as that enjoyed by their Grecian brethren. The scene of the "*Casina*," indeed, is in Athens; but Olympio utters a Roman sentiment when he says, that cooks use their hands as much for larceny as cookery, and that wherever they are they bring double ruin, through extravagance and robbery, upon their masters: "*Ubi sunt, duplici damno dominos multant.*" This is further proved by the speech of *Epidicus*, in the comedy so called, where that slave-cook speaks of his master's purse as if it were game, to disembowel which, he says, he will use his professional knife:—

"*Acutum cultrum habeo, senis qui exenterem*
Marsupium."

We learn something of the pay of a cook from a speech of one of the craft, in the "*Pseudolus*." Ballio, seeing a single practitioner remaining in the square to be hired, asks how it is that he has not been engaged. "*Eloquar*," says the cook, "here is the reason:—

"He who, now-a-days, comes here to hire cooks,
No longer seeks the best, that is, the dearest,
But some poor spoil-sauce who for nothing works.
Therefore you see me here alone to-day.
A poor drachma hath my brethren purchased;
But under a crown I cook a dish for no man.
For 'twixt the common herd and me, you see,
There is a diff'rence: they into a dish
Fling whole meadows, and the guests they treat, Sir,
As though they were but oxen out at grass.
Herbs season they with herbs, and grass with grass;
And in the mess, garlic, coriander, fennel,

Sorrel, rochet, beet-root, leeks, and greens,
All go together, with a pound of benzoin,
And mustard ditto, that compels the tears
From out the eyes of those that have to mix it.
* * * * *
If men are short-lived now, the reason 's plain:
They put death into their stomachs, and so
Of indigestion and bad cookery die.
Their sauces but to think of, makes me shudder;
Yet men will eat what asses would not bend to.
* * * * *
Who of *my* dishes eats, obtains at least
Two hundred happy years of life renew'd.
I season Neptune's fishes with a juice
Made up of Cicilindrum, Muscadel,
Sipolindrum, and Sancapatides.
The odour of my mutton, nicely stuffed
With Cicimandrum, Nappalopsides,
And of Cataractaria a pinch,
Feeds Jupiter himself, who, when I rest,
Sleeps on Olympus, sad and supperless.
As for my potions, he who deeply drinks,
Gulps with the draught the gift of endless youth."

Finally, after inventing the above names unpronounceable of sauces that do not exist, the boaster adds, that his fee is a crown, provided he is not overlooked; but that if there be supervision to check him in his perquisites, he is not to be hired under a mina:—

"*Si credis, nummos; si non, ne mina quidem!*"

I do not know if cooks more especially used different fingers in mingling their sauces, according as they were employed on wedding banquets, martial feasts, senatorial entertainments, *al-fresco déjeúners*, or commercial suppers; but certain it is, that the fingers were sacred to diverse deities. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the longest finger to Saturn, the next to the Sun, and the little finger to Mercury.

I conclude with a remark that I hope will be gratifying to all culinary artists who respect themselves and their calling, and who are anxious to prove that their vocation is of ancient and honourable descent. Cadmus, who introduced letters into Greece, had formerly been cook to the King of Sidon. Thus learning ascended to us from the kitchen; and to the ex-cook of the King of Sidon we perhaps owe all the epics that have ever been written. By this genealogy, even "Paradise Lost" may be traced to the patties of Cadmus. But cooks in England may boast of a *noblesse de cuisine*, which dates from the Norman Conquest. When William, who wooed his wife Matilda by knocking her down, had established himself in England, he gave a banquet, at which his cook, Tezelin, served a new white soup of such exquisite flavour, that William sent for the artist, and inquired its name. "I call it *Dillegrout*," said Tezelin. "A scurvy name for so good a soup," said the Conqueror; "but let that pass. We make you Lord of the Manor of Addington!" Thus modern cooks may boast of a descent from the landed aristocracy of the Conquest! Some of their masters cannot do as much; and this, perhaps, accounts for the pride of the one, and the simplicity of the other.

THE MODERN COOK, AND HIS SCIENCE.

If it were necessary that the cook of the ancient world should be a Sicilian, and that the *cuisinier* of the ancient *régime* should be of Languedoc, (the native place of "*blanc manger*,") so in these modern times he alone is considered a true graduate in the noble science *de la gueule* who is a Gaul by birth, or who has gone through his studies in the University of French Kitchens. In England, it must be confessed that great cooks have formed the exception rather than the rule; and that our native culinary literature, however interesting in certain national details, is chiefly based upon a French foundation. And yet we may boast of some native professors who were illustrious in their way. Master John Murrel, for instance, wrote a cookery book in 1630, and dedicated it to the daughter of the Lord Mayor. He starts by asserting that cookery books generally mar rather than make good meats; and then shows what good meats were in his estimation, by teaching how to dress "minced bullock's kidney, a rack of veal, a farced leg of mutton, an umble pie, and a chewit of stockfish." He is succulently eloquent on a compound production, consisting of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, fowls and pullets, and a dozen larks, all in one dish.

The Duke of Newcastle, in the last century, had a female cook of some renown, named "Chloe." General Guise, at the siege of Carthagena, saw some wild fowl on the wing, and, amid the din of war, he thought of "Chloe" and her sauces. She was famous for her stewed mush-

rooms, and there is an anecdote connected therewith that will bear repeating. "Poor Dr. Shaw," writes Horace Walpole, "being sent for in great haste to Claremont, (it seems the Duchess had caught a violent cold by a hair of her own whisker getting up her nose, and making her sneeze,) the poor Doctor, I say, having eaten a few mushrooms before he set out, was taken so ill that he was forced to stop at Kingston; and, being carried to the first apothecary's, prescribed a medicine for himself which immediately cured him. This catastrophe so alarmed the Duke of Newcastle, that he immediately ordered all the mushroom-beds to be destroyed; and even the toad-stools in the park did not escape scalping in this general measure. And a voice of lamentation was heard at Ramah in Claremont, '*Chloe*' weeping for *her* mush-rooms, and they are not!" But, let us turn to trace lightly the genealogy of the cooks of modern times.

The descent of the barbarians from the north was the ruin of cooks as well as of Kings, of kitchens as well as constitutions. Many of the cooks of the classic period were slain like the Druid Priests at the fire of their own altars. A patriotic few fled rather than feed the invader; and the servile souls who tremblingly offered to prepare a *fricassée* of ostrich brains for the Northmen, were dis-missed with contempt by warrior princes, who lived on under-done beef, and very much of it!

But as sure as the Saxon blood beats out the Norman, so does good cookery prevail over barbarous appetites. The old cooks were a sacred race, whose heirs took up the mission of their sires. This mission was so far trium-phant, that, at the period of Charlemagne, the imperial kitchen recognised in its *chèf* the representative of the Emperor. The oriental pheasant and the peacock, in all the glories of expanded tail, took the place, or appeared at the side, of coarser viands. The dignity and the

mirth of Charlemagne's table were heightened by the presence of ladies. Brillat de Savarin states, that since that period the presence of the fair sex has ever been a law of society. But in this he errs; for the Marquis de Bouillé, in his admirable work on the Dukes of Guise, affirms that the good civilizing custom had fallen into disuse, but that a permanent improvement was commenced in the reign of Francis I., when the Cardinal of Lorraine induced that Monarch to invite ladies to be present at all entertainments given at Court. Society followed the fashion of the Sovereign; and as it used to be said, "No feast, no Levite," so now it was felt that where there was no lady, there was no refined enjoyment.

At whatever period the emancipation of the ladies from their forced seclusion took place, from that period the tone of social life was elevated. They went about, like Eve, "on hospitable thoughts intent." The highest in rank did not disdain to supervise the kitchen; they displayed their talents in the invention of new dishes, as well as in the preparation of the old; and they occasionally well-nigh ruined their lords by the magnificence of their tastes, and their sublime disregard of expense. All the sumptuary laws of Kings to restrain this household extravagance were joyously evaded, and banquets became deadly destructive to men's estates.

The French Kings granted corporate rights to the different trades connected with the kitchen and the table; and perhaps the most valued privilege was that conceded by Charles IX. to the pastry-cooks, who alone were permitted to make bread for the service of the Mass.

Montaigne, in his pleasant way, recounts a conversation he had with an Italian *chèf* who had served in the kitchen of Cardinal Caraffa, up to the period of the death of his gastronomic Eminence. "I made him," says the great Essayist, "tell me something about his post. He

gave me a lecture on the science of eating, with a gravity and magisterial countenance as if he had been determining some vexed question in theology. He deciphered to me, as it were, the distinction that exists between appetites:—the appetite at fasting; that which people have at the end of the second or third service; the means of awaking and exciting it; the general 'police,' so to speak, of his sauces; and then particularized their ingredients and effects. The differences of salads, according to the seasons, he next discoursed upon. He explained what sorts ought to be prepared warm, and those which should always be served cold; the way of adorning and embellishing them, in order to render them seductive to the eye. After this he entered on the order of table-services,—a subject full of fine and important considerations; and all this was puffed up with rich and magnificent terms; phrases, indeed, such as are employed by statesmen and diplomatists, when they are discoursing on the government of an empire." We see by this what the "*art de la gueule*" was in the days of Charles IX., whose mother, Catherine de Medicis, had introduced it into France, as a science whereby men should enjoy life. The same lady introduced also poisoning, as a science whereby men might be deprived of life. Her own career was full of opposing facts like these,—facts which caused a poetic cook to write the epitaph upon her, which says:—

"Here lieth a Queen, who was angel and devil,
Admirer of good, and a doer of evil;
She supported the State, and the State she destroyed;
She reconciled friends, and she friendships alloyed;
She brought forth three Kings, thrice endanger'd the Crown,
Built palaces up, and threw whole cities down;
Made many good laws, many bad ones as well,
And merited richly both heaven and hell."

The mention of Cardinal de Caraffa, by Montaigne,

reminds me that, for a gastronome, the Cardinal was singularly sanguinary in spirit. I know no one to compare with him, except Dr. Cahill, who is not averse to good living, and who has earned so gloomy a notoriety by his terrible sentiment of the massacre of Protestants being "a glorious idea." Caraffa was enabled to enjoy both his propensities, of swallowing good things and slaughtering heretics. "Having obtained leave from the Pope to establish the Inquisition at Rome, at a time when the resources of the State ran low, he turned his private property to the use of his zeal, and set up a small Inquisition at his own expense." Thus he could dine within hearing of the groans of his victims; his cook could inform him that the hares and heretics had both been roasted; and he *may* have been occasionally puzzled to know whether that smell of burning came from the patties or the Protestants.

The Italian cooks were, for a season, fashionable in France; but they had a passion for poetry as well as for pies, and were given to let their sauces burn while they recited whole pages of "Orlando Furioso." They were critics as well as cooks, and the kitchens resounded with their denunciations of all who objected to the merits of the divine Ariosto. But even the Papal ennobling of a cook could not compensate for an indifferent dinner; and though Leo X., in a fit of modest delight at a sauce made by his cook during Lent, named him from that circumstance "Jack o' Lent," or "*Jean de Carême*," the French would not allow that such an event authorized the *artiste* to be dreaming over epics, when he should be wide awake to the working of his proper mystery. But the mystery itself was much obstructed by the political events of the times. There were the bloody wars of the Guises, the troubles of the League, the despotic reign of Richelieu, the cacochymical temperament (as the editor of

the "*Almanach des Gourmands*" would call it) of Louis XIII., and the ridiculous war of the Fronde. The glory of the French kitchen rose with that of the *Grand Monarque*, and Vatel and Louis XIV. were contemporaries. Vatel slew himself to save his honour! The King had come to dine with Condé; but the cod had not arrived in time to be dressed for the King, and thereupon the heroic artist fell upon his sword, like an ancient Roman, and is immortalized for ever by his glorious folly!

But there was nothing really heroic in the death of Vatel, whose sword was pointed at his breast by wounded vanity. Far more heroic was the death of the cook of the Austrian Consul, in the late cruel massacre, by the cowardly Russian fleet, at Sinope. The Consul's cook was a young woman of thirty years of age. The Muscovite murderers were at the very height of their bloody enjoyment, and sending shots into the town, when the cook attempted to cross a garden, to procure some herbs; for Consuls *must* dine, though half the world be dying. She had performed her mission, and was returning, when a thirty-six pounder shot cut her completely in two. Rather than give up the parsley for her master's soup, she thus encountered death. What was Vatel and his bodkin, to this more modern cook and the thirty-six pounder, loaded by the Czar for her destruction?

The cooks "looked up" in the nights and suppers of the Regency, and the days and dinners of Louis XV. It would be difficult to say whether under the Regent, or under the King, the culinary art and its professors most flourished. I am inclined, however, to think, that, during the tranquil and voluptuous period of the reign of Louis XV., the cooks of France rose to that importance from which they have never descended. They became a recognised and esteemed class in society, whose spoiled children they were; and, in return, it was very like spoiled children

that they behaved. But how could it be otherwise, when the noble, the brave, and the fair girded aprons to their loins, and stood over stew-pans, with the air of alchymists over alembics? It is to the nobility and other distinguished persons in high life, yet not noble, in France, that gastronomy owes many a dish, whose very name betrays to ecstasy. And here are a few of these droll benefactors of mankind.

The Marquis de Béchamel immortalized his name, in the reign of Louis XIV., by his invention of cream-sauce, for turbot and cod. Madame de Maintenon imagined the "cutlets in curl-papers" which go by her name, and which her ingenuity created in order to guard the sacred stomach of the Grand Monarque from the grease which he could not digest. The "*Chartreuse à la Mauconseil*" is the work, and the most innocent one, of the free and easy Marchioness of that name. A woman more free and easy still, the Duchess of Villeroy, (Maréchale de Luxembourg,) produced, in her hours of reflection, the dish known as the *poulets à la Villeroy*. They were eaten with bread *à la Régent*, of which the author was the *roué* Duke of Orleans. His too "well-beloved" daughter, the Duchess of Berry, had a gastronomic turn of mind, like her illustrious father. She was an epicurean lady, who tasted of all the pleasures of life without moderation, whose device was, "Short and sweet," and who was contented to die young, seeing that she had exhausted all enjoyment, and had achieved a renown, that should embalm her name for ever, as the inventor of the *filets de lapereau*. The *gigot à la Mailly* was the result of much study, on the part of the first mistress of Louis XV., to rid herself of a sister who was a rival. Madame de Pompadour, another of the same King's "ladies," testified her gratitude for the present which the Monarch made her of the Château de Bellevue, by the production of the *filets de volaille à la*

Bellevue. The Queen of Louis was more devout, but not less epicurean, than his mistresses; and the *petites bouchées à la Reine*, if they were not of her creating, were named in honour of Maria Leczinzka. Louis himself had a contempt for female cooks; but Madame Du Barry had one so well-trained, that with a charming dinner of *coulis de faisans, croustades de la foie de lottes, salmis de bécassine, pain de volaille à la suprême, poularde au cresson, écrevisses au vin de Sauterne, bisquets de pêches au Noyau*, and *crême de cerneaux*, the King was so overcome with ecstasy, that, after recovering from the temporary disgust he experienced at hearing that it was the handywork of a woman, he consented to ennoble her by conferring upon her the *cordon bleu*,—which phrase, from that time, has been accepted as signifying a skilled female cook.

With respect to other dishes and their authors, the *vol au vent à la Nèsle* owns a Marquis for its father; and the *poularde à la Montmorency* is the offspring of a Duke. The *Bayonnoise*, or the *Mabonnoise* rather, recalls one of the victories of the Duke de Richelieu; and *veau à la Montgolfier*, well inflated, was the tribute of a culinary artist to the hero who first rode the air at the tail of a balloon. The *sorbet à la Donizetti* was the masterpiece of the Italian confectioner of the late Duke of Beaufort. He had been to the Opera; and one of the composer's charming airs having given him an idea, he brooded over it, till, an hour or so before dawn, it was hatched into reality, when he rushed to the Duke's bedchamber, and, "drawing Priam's bed-curtains in the night," announced to his startled Grace the achievement of a new *sorbet*.

The *tendrons d'agneaux au soleil*, and the *filets de poulets à la Pompadour*, were two of the dishes invented by the famous lady of that name. The *carbonnade à la Soubise*, and the *carré de veau à la Guemenée*, date—

the first from the reign of Louis XV., the last from that of Louis XVI.,—periods when the people were famishing. The Pompadour was a great patron of the arts, and especially of the culinary art; and the *cuisine des petits appartements*, during *her* reign, was at the very height of its savoury reputation. The Prince of Soubise was a poor General, but a rich glutton; and his son-in-law, the Prince de Guemenée, was famous for his invention of various *ragoûts*, his inordinate extravagance, and his bankruptcy, with liabilities against him amounting to twenty-eight millions of francs. Madame la Maréchale de Mirepoix was the authoress of *cailles à la Mirepoix;* and her descendants live on the reputation acquired thereby by their epicurean ancestress. The Bourbons vied with the aristocracy in taxing their genius, and cudgelling their brains, in order to produce new dishes. Thus, the *potage à la Xavier* was the production of Louis XVIII., in the days of his early manhood; while the *soupe à la Conde* was a rival dish invented by his princely cousin,—a cousin, by the way, who, when a refugee in England, used to pass his evenings at Astley's, with his pockets full of apples, which he gallantly presented to ladies as highly, but not as naturally, coloured as the fruit. Perhaps the reputation of the Maréchal de Richelieu rests more on his *boudins à la carpe*, than on his battles and *billets-doux*. Finally, a mysterious obscurity conceals from us the name of the inventor of the *petites bouchées de foie gras*. He is the Junius of gastronomic literature; but if he be guessed at in vain, he is blessed abundantly, as one who has concentrated paradise, (an Epicurean's paradise,) and given an antepast thereof, in a single mouthful.

The Prince de Soubise was famous in the reign of Louis XV. for giving great dinners, and paying nobody but his cooks, and the young ladies of the opera. He once varied his extravagance by a splendid fête, which was to ter-

minate by a supper. His *chèf* waited on him with the bill of fare for the banquet, and the first article which attracted his attention was "fifty hams." "Half a hundred hams!" said the Prince, "that 's a coarse idea, Bertrand. You have not got to feed my regiment of cavalry." "Truly, Prince! and only one ham will appear on the table; I want the remaining forty-nine for adjuncts, seasonings, flavourings, and a dozen other purposes." "Bertrand," replied the Prince, "you are robbing me, and I cannot allow this article to pass." "Monseigneur!" exclaimed the offended *artiste*, "you doubt my morals, and libel my merit. You do not know what a treasure you possess in me; you have only to order it, and those fifty hams which so terribly offend you, why, I will put them all into a phial not bigger than my thumb!" The Prince smiled, and Bertrand triumphed.

The cooks of the young King Louis XVI. remarked, with mingled terror and disgust, that his appetite was rather voracious than delicate. He cared little what he ate, provided there was enough of it; and he looked to nutrition rather than niceness. A succulent joint with him had more merit than the most singular of dishes, the invention of which had perhaps caused three nights of wakefulness to its author. But the aristocracy, the law, and finance, maintained tables which ought to have been the pride of Versailles. Late dinners, or gorgeous suppers, were indulged in to such a degree by the moneyed classes, that it was familiarly said, that of an evening the chimneys of the Faubourg Saint Honoré made fragrant with their incense the entire capital. It was reckoned that, at this period, twenty thousand men had no other profession than that of "diner out," which they carried on, like the parasites of old, by retailing anecdotes and news in return for the repast. It was a time when "Monseigneur" thought nothing of dispatching his cook to

London to procure a turtle; which, after all, was less extravagant than the process of Cambacères, who had his Périgord pies sent to him through the post, "On His Majesty's Service." The Languedocien cooks in France were paid the quadruple of the salary of the family tutor, good eating being so much more essential to life than mere instruction; and, besides, could the family tutor have accomplished any thing that could equal the achievement of the family cook who could bring to table *entire* a "*sanglier à la crapaudine?*" The cooks of the age of Louis XVI. invented the "*bouillie*" and the "*consommé*," because mastication was considered by them a vulgar process; and the royal cooks, during Passion Week, manipulated the vegetables placed before the King into the forms of ocean-dwelling fish, and gave to the semblance the taste of the reality for which it passed to the eye.

The glory of gastronomy was again rising when it was suddenly quenched by the revolutionary torrent, and the nation was put on a three years' meagre dietary by the Jacobins and the Directory. But the Revolution, which affected to hate cooks as aristocratic appendages that ought to be suppressed, sometimes made, where it hoped to mar. The case of Ude is one in point.

Monsieur Ude, like Prince Eugene, was originally intended for the Church. At the breaking out of the French Revolution, he was residing, for instruction, with an Abbé, and master and pupil had to fly before the popular indignation, which, for a time, assailed the Church, and all therewith connected. Ude's life was in peril in the public streets, and he just saved it, by rushing into the shop of a pastry-cook, where he found a permanent asylum. The "house of Ude," like other great houses, nearly perished in the great political shipwreck of the day, and this particular scion thereof took to the study of practical gastronomy, and became chief supreme in various

great kitchens, from that of royalty down to that of Crockford.

When the sluices of the French Revolution were opened, how diverse were the fortunes of those who fled from before it! It was the same with the gentlemen who had followed the fortunes of Napoleon. They were scattered, like the Generals of Alexander, without being able, like them, to retire upon independent sovereignties, and rear dynasties of barbaric splendour. Some went to Greece to crush despotism, some went to Lahore to aid it. A few, like Latour d'Auvergne, took to the Church; but, saving that portly person himself, none had the good luck to reach the archiepiscopate. Those who failed to procure employment in foreign armies, and yet could not lay aside their propensity for killing, went to the East, and prescribed as Physicians. Such of the rest as were absolutely fit for nothing, and willing to do it, inundated England, and undertook the light and irresponsible office of Private Tutors!

But it was the earlier Revolution that afforded examples of the greatest contrasts. Many young men, intended for the Church, changed their profession, and became popular, useful, and rich, in the households of European royalty, as civilizers of the kitchen, who raised cookery from its barbarous condition to a matter of science and taste. Perhaps the most curious of the waifs and strays of the Revolution flung upon our shores, was the Chevalier D'Aubigné, who contrived to live, as so many French gentlemen of that time did, in bitter poverty, without a sacrifice of dignity. He had one day been invited by an English friend to dine with the latter at a tavern. In the course of the repast, he took upon himself to mix the salad; and the way in which he did this, attracted the notice of all the other guests in the room. Previous to the period of which I am speaking, lettuces were com-

monly eaten, by tavern frequenters at least, *au naturel*, with no more dressing than Nebuchadnezzar had to his grass when he dieted daily among the beasts. Consequently, when D'Aubigné handled the preparation for which he had asked, like a chymist concocting elixir in his laboratory, the guests were lost in admiration; for the refreshing aroma of a *Mayonnaise* was warrant to their senses, that the French Knight had discovered for them a new pleasure. One of them approached the foreign magician, and said, "Sir, it is universally known that your nation excels all others in the making a salad. Would it be too great a liberty to ask you to do us the favour to mix one for the party at my table?" The courteous Frenchman smiled, was flattered, performed the office asked of him, and put four gentlemen in a state of uncontrollable ecstasy. He had talked cheerfully, as he mixed gracefully and scientifically, and, in the few minutes required by him to complete his work of enchantment, he contrived to explain his position as emigrant, and his dependence on the pecuniary aid afforded by the English Government. The guests did not let the poor Chevalier depart without slipping into his hand a golden fee, which he received with as little embarrassment, and as much dignity, as though he had been the Physician De Portal taking an *honorarium* from the hands of the Cardinal de Rohan.

He had communicated his address, and he, perhaps, was not very much surprised when, a few days after, he received a letter in which he was politely requested to repair to a house in Grosvenor Square, for the purpose of mixing a salad for a dinner-party there to be given. D'Aubigné obeyed the summons; and, after performing his mission, returned home richer by a five-pound note than when he went out.

Henceforth he became the recognised "fashionable salad-maker;" and ladies "died" for his salads, as they

do now for Constantine's simulative bouquets. The preparer was soon enabled to proceed to his responsible duties in a carriage; and a servant attended him, carrying a mahogany case, containing the necessary ingredients for concocting various salads, according to the respective tastes of his employers. At a later period, he sold, by hundreds, similar mahogany cases, which he had caused to be made, and which were furnished with all matters necessary for the making an irreproachable salad, and with directions how to administer them. The Chevalier, too, was, like old Carré,—whose will was so cleverly made by the very disinterested friends who had never before spoken to him,—a prudent and a saving man; and by the period which re-opened France to the *émigrés*, he had realized some eighty thousand francs, upon which he enjoyed a dignified retirement in a provincial town. He invested sixty thousand francs in the Funds; with the other twenty thousand he purchased a little estate in the Limousin, and, if he lacked a "legend" to his device, I would have helped him to one in "*Sal adfert.*"

A Knight over a salad-bowl is not a chivalrous picture; but the stern necessity of the case gave it dignity, and the resulting profits quieted the scruples of the gentleman. When Booth pounced upon Captain Bath, sitting in a dirty flannel gown, and warming his sister's posset at the fire, the noble and gaunt Captain was taken something aback, and said, in a little confusion, "I did not expect, Sir, to be seen by you in this situation." Booth told him "he thought it impossible he could appear in a situation more becoming his character." The compliment was equivocal; but the Captain said, "You do not? By G— I am very much obliged to you for that opinion; but I believe, Sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his own dignity than myself." The apology of good

Captain Bath in Fielding's "Amelia," would have served the Chevalier who made salads, had he needed one.

If a salad made the fortune of a Chevalier, it on one occasion made that of a female cook, with whose dexterity in this respect a learned English Judge was so enchanted, that he raised the lucky maiden to the quality of wife. If we discuss the traits of life at table, we have nothing to do with the secrets of household; but an incident, illustrative of the consequences of this match, may be mentioned. The Judge ever after was famous for protracting the sittings in court beyond all precedent and patience; and when weary Barristers were aghast at hearing a new cause called on, when the night was half spent, and fairly remonstrated against the judicial cruelty, the learned husband of his cook would remark with a sigh, "Gentlemen, we *must* be somewhere; we cannot be better any where than where we now are,"—the half of which assertion was stoutly denied by his hearers.

Our aristocracy are not quite so famous for their invention of dishes as that of France; but their love for good dinners, and their knowledge of what they ought to be, are not inferior to the affection and science of our neighbours. When Lord Marcus Hill officiated as whipper-in to the Whig Government, it was part of his office to order the fish dinner at which Ministers regale themselves when sessional cares no longer molest them. The fish dinners of Lord Marcus are remembered with satisfaction and gratitude; for they were first-rate in their way. The reputation of the Carlton *cuisine* and cellar is said to be chiefly owing to Sir Alexander Grant, of whom a gastronomic critic says, "No living Amphitryon has given better dinners in his time; and few can boast of having entertained more distinguished guests." His name, as a patron, reminds me of that of Carême, as a practitioner.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF CARÈME.

It would be as easy to compile a Dictionary of Cooks, as of Musicians or Painters; but it would not be so amusing or so edifying, except perhaps to those who think more of their stomach than of their mind. But it *would* then be attractive and useful to the majority of readers; for the sages themselves are not unmindful of their stomachs, and, according to a sage, they would be unworthy of the name if they neglected that vital matter. Johnson, you know, lived in an age when things were called by their real names. "*J'appelle un chat un chat*," was the device of the plain-spoken, when not only men, but ladies, bold as the Thalestris of Young's pungent satire, loudly dared to name what nature dared to give. Dr. Johnson, then, says, "Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my *belly* very studiously; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his *belly*, will hardly mind any thing else!"

To the world, then, even a Biographical Dictionary of Cooks might be captivating; but as my present mission is not to write an Encyclopædia, but rather deferentially to offer my little sketches to gentle, and not too critical, readers, with leisure half-hours at their command, so do I offer them a sketch of Carème, as the knowledge of the individual may stand for that of the class.

He was illustrious by descent; for one of his ancestors

had served in the household of a Pope, who himself made more sauces than saints, Leo X. But Carème was one of so poor and so numerous a family, that when he came into the world, he was no more welcome than Oliver Goldsmith was: the respective parents of the little-cared-for babes did not know what future great men lay in naked helplessness before them. One wrote immortal poetry, and starved: the other made delicious pastry, and rode in a chariot! We know how much Oliver received for his "Vicar;" while Anthony Carème used to receive twice as much for merely writing out a recipe to make a "*pâté*." Nay, Carème's untouched patties, when they left royal tables, were bought up at a cost which would have supported Goldsmith for a month; and a cold sugared *entremet*, at the making of which Carème had presided, readily fetched a higher price than the public now pay for the "Complete Works" of the poet of Green-Arbour-court!

Carème studied under various great masters, but he perfected his studies under Boucher, *chèf des services* of the Prince Talleyrand. The glory of Carème was co-eval with that of Napoleon: those two individuals were great men at the same period; but the glory of one will, perhaps, be a little more enduring than that of the other. I will not say *whose* glory will thus last the longer; for as was remarked courteously by the Oxford candidate for honours, who was more courteous than "crammed," and who was asked which were the minor Prophets, "I am not willing to draw invidious distinctions!"

In the days of the Empire,—the era of the greatness, of the achievements, and of the reflections of Carème,—the possession of him was as eagerly contested by the rich as that of a nymph by the satyrs. He was alternately the glory of Talleyrand, the boast of Lavalette, and the pride of the Saxon Ambassador. In their houses, too, his hand

was as often on his pen as on the handle of his *casserole;* and inspiration never visited his brain without the call being duly registered in his note-book, with reflections thereon highly philosophical and gastronomic.

But Carême was capricious. It was not that he was unfaithful, but he was *volage;* and he passed from kitchen to kitchen, as the bee wings from flower to flower. The Emperor Alexander dined with Talleyrand, and forthwith he seduced Carême: the seduction-money was only £100 sterling per month, and the culinary expenses. Carême did not yield without much coyness. He urged his love for study, his desire to refine the race of which he made himself the model, his love for his country; and he even accompanied, for a brief moment, "Lord Stewart" to Vienna; but it was more in the way of policy than pastry: for Count Orloff was sent after him on a mission, and Carême, after flying, with the full intention of being followed, to London and Paris, yielded to the golden solicitation, and did the Emperor Alexander the honour of becoming the head of the imperial kitchen in whatever palace His Majesty presided. But the delicate susceptibility of Carême was wounded by discovering that his book of expenses was subjected to supervision. He flung up his appointment in disgust, and hastened across Europe to England. The jealous winds wished to detain him for France, and they blew him back on the coast between Calais and Boulogne, exactly as they did another gentleman, who may not be so widely known as Carême, but who has been heard of in England under the name of William Wordsworth. Carême accepted the omen, repaired to Paris, entered the service of the Princess Bagration, and served the table of that capricious lady, *en maître d'hotel.* As the guests uttered ecstatic praises of the fare, the Princess would smile upon him as he stood before her, and exclaim, "He is the pearl of cooks!" Is it a matter

of surprise that he was vain? Fancy being called a "pearl" by a Princess! On reading it we think of the days when Lady Mary Wortley Montague put nasty footmen into eclogues, and deified the dirty passions of Mrs. Mahony's lacquey.

The Princess, however, ate herself into a permanent indigestion, and Carème transferred his services to the English Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. There, every morning, seated in his magnificent kitchen, Carème received the visit of "Milor Stewart," who seldom left him without presents and encouragements. Indeed, these rained upon the immortal artist. The Emperor Alexander had consented to have Carème's projects in culinary architecture dedicated to him, and, with notice of consent, sent him a diamond ring. When Prince Walkouski placed it on his finger, the cook forgot his dignity, and burst into tears. So did all the other cooks in the Austrian capital,—out of sheer jealousy.

Carème, two years before George IV. was King, had been for a short period a member of the Regent's household. He left Vienna to be present at the Coronation; but he arrived too late; and he does not scruple to say, very ungenerously, that the banquet was spoiled for want of his presence, nor to insinuate that the colleagues with whom he would have been associated were unworthy of such association,—an insinuation at once base and baseless. After being the object of a species of semi-worship, and yielding to every new offer, yet affecting to despise them all, Carème ultimately tabernacled with Baron Rothschild in Paris; and the super-human excellency of his dinners, is it not written in the "Book without a Name" of Lady Morgan? And was not his residence there the object of envy, and cause of much melancholy, and opportunity for much eulogy, on the part of George IV.? Well, Anthony Carème would have us

believe as much with respect to himself and the King; but we do not believe a word of it; for the royal table was never better cared for by the royal officers, whose duty lay in such care, than at this very period. George IV. is said to have tempted him by offering triple salaries; but all in vain; for London was too *triste* an abiding place for a man whose whole soul, out of kitchen hours, was given to study. And so Carème remained with his Jewish patron until infirmity overtook his noble nature, and he retired to dictate his immortal works (like Milton, very!) to his accomplished daughter. *Les beaux restes* of Carème were eagerly sought after; but he would not heed what was no longer a temptation; for he was realizing twenty thousand francs a year from the booksellers, besides the interest of the money he had saved. Think of it, shade of Milton! Eight hundred pounds sterling *yearly*, for writing on kitchen-stuff! Who would compose epics after that? But Carème's books were epics after their sort, and they are highly creditable to the scribe who wrote them from his notes. Finally, even Antony Carème died, like cooks of less degree; but he had been the imperial despot of European kitchens, had been "beringed" by Monarchs, and been smiled on by Princesses; he had received Lords in his kitchen, and had encountered ladies who gave him a great deal for a very little knowledge in return; and finally, as Fulke Greville had inscribed on his tomb that he had been the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, so the crowning joy of Carème's life might have been chiselled on his monument, indicating that he had been the friend of one whom he would have accounted a greater man than the knightly hero in question,—namely, *il Maestro Rossini!* Carème's cup was thereat full; and he died, perfectly convinced that paradise itself would be glad at his coming.

The celebrated Damvers was *chèf* to the as celebrated

financier Grimaud de la Reynière, in the last century. Grimaud died a martyr to his epicurean tastes. He was dining on a *pâté de foies gras*, when he allowed his appetite to overpower his digestion, and he died of the excess. Barthe, the author of "*Les Fausses Infidélités*," also fell on the field of the dining-room. He was extremely short-sighted, and ate of every thing on the table. He did not consult his appetite, but his servant, asking him, "Have I eaten of that?" "Have I had any of this?" It was after partaking too freely, both of "this" *and* "that," that poor M. Barthe let his temper get the better of him in an argument, and a stroke of apoplexy sent him under the table. His cook deplored in him the loss of a man of taste.

The cook of the Count de Tessé, Master of the Horse to Marie Antoinette, was famous for dressing artichokes. The great Morillian surpassed him, however; but this feat did not save the artist from ending his days in poverty. The elder Robert was, perhaps, equal to either of them, in this or in any other respect connected with his art. The great Carème, ignorant of every thing else, was at least an accomplished cook. There is, as I have said, a tradition that his *petits pâtés*, when they left the Regent's table, were sold, like the second-hand pies from the royal table at Versailles, for fabulous prices. As I have before intimated, it was for Leo X. that Carème the First invented those succulent, but orthodox, dishes, which pleased the pontifical palate at a season when gratification by gravy would have been scandalous! It was in the Baron Rothschild's household that Carème the Second invented his famous *sauce piquante*, the result of his studies under Richaut, Asne, and the elder Robert. It was in and for France that Carème published the learned and curious work of which he is the reputed author, and which he may have dictated, but which he

could not have written. It is marked by philosophical inquiry, instruction, and pleasant trifling; and neither book nor reputed author has been excelled by any artist, or any sample of kitchen literature, that has appeared since that period.

Before the age of Carème, the popular kitchen in France was not very superior to our own; and the patrons of *tavernes* and *traiteurs* were as coarsely fed as our frequenters of ordinaries. But as royalty fell, the *restaurateurs* rose; and when, in 1786, the cooks of Louis XVI. began to augur badly of their prospects, three provincial brothers, Barthélemy, Mannielles, and Simon, opened their famous *restaurant*, "*Les Trois Frères Provençaux*," in the Palais Royal, and constituted themselves the cooks of another King,—the sovereign people. The new establishment created an era in the history of cookery, and men of all shades of politics, and Generals of all grades of reputation, resorted to the tables of the Brothers. General Bonaparte and Barras were to be seen there daily, before they took their cheap pleasure at the theatre of Mlle. Montansier. During the wars of the Empire it was the chosen stage for the farewell banquets of brethren in arms, and at this period the receipts amounted to not less than £500 sterling daily. The triumvirate of proprietors endured longer than any such union in the political world; and it was not till the reign of Louis Philippe that the establishment of "*Les Trois Frères*" descended, under a new proprietary, into a more unpretending position than that which it had proudly sustained during half a century. The *casseroles* of the savoury Brothers had remained unshaken, while Kings and constitutions had fallen around them.

The fortune of the Provincial Brothers tempted another country cook from his obscurity; and some four years after the former had set up their tables in the Palais

Royal, the immortal Véry thrust his feet into wooden clogs, and trudged from a village on the Meuse up to the capital, to give it a taste of his quality. He enchanted Marshal Duroc with some of his *plats*, and henceforth his fortune was secure. He married a beautiful woman, whose pen kept his books, whose face attracted customers, and whose heart was devoted to her husband. A quarter of a century sufficed to enable Véry to die immensely rich, after working excessively hard, and to be magnificently entombed in the *Cimetière Montmartre*, under a marble column, which bore the engraved assurance that "his whole life was devoted to the useful arts."

Beauvilliers appeared in Paris about the same time as "the Three Brothers;" he made and unmade his fortune three or four times, and died poor, three years after Véry died so rich. Beauvilliers was the author of "*L'Art du Cuisinier*," a book almost as interesting as "The Art of Dining;" and one cannot name either without standing mentally *chapeau bas!* before the author.

Beauvilliers was famous for his splendid wines and heavy bill. The *Veau qui tette* was renowned for its sheep-trotters. The reputation of others was built upon kidneys; that of Véry, on his *entrées truffées*. The "Three Provincial Brothers" enjoyed a wide esteem for the way in which they dressed cod with garlic. Baleine kept a house that was crowded by the admirers of fish; while that of Robert was distinguished for the graceful attention with which previously ordered dinners were served; and that of Henneveu for the splendid *boudoirs* in which shy couples, too modest to encounter the public gaze, could dine in private, and cease to find their modesty oppressive. Beauvilliers', as I have intimated, was a costly house; but it was not *therefore* the most excellent in Paris. The excellence of a dinner is not to be determined by its price. Four years ago an illustrious

party dined at Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, at a far lower cost, and after a far more exquisite fashion, than if they had joined the Epicureans of the Clarendon, at £5 per head. The party consisted of Lords Brougham and Dufferin, the Honourable W. Stuart, two other "Britishers," and Count D'Orsay and M. Alexandre Dumas. The dinner on this occasion was a *recherchée* affair. It had been as anxiously meditated upon as an epic poem; and it was a far pleasanter thing. "The most successful dishes," says the author of "The Art of Dining," "were the *bisques*, the *fritures à l'Italienne*, and the *gigot à la Bretanne*. Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which, (like his namesake in 'High Life Below Stairs,') he vowed, should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first-rate by acclamation."

The French repasts are not always good, even when they are rather costly. In 1807, a party of twenty-two sat down to a repast at the younger "Robert's," in Paris. The Amphitryon of the feast was M. Daolouis; and the bill, exclusive of wine, amounted to thirty louis. There were but three or four great dishes, and two or three sauces. The discontent of the guests was general, and the giver of the feast allowed that the dinner was not near so good as that of the "*Société des Mercredis*," at *Le Gacque's*, which cost only seven francs per head, ordinary wine, liqueurs, and coffee included. "*Mais, à dîner, Messieurs, à dîner!*"

DINNER TRAITS.

"For these and all His mercies"——once began Dr. Johnson, whose good custom it was always to thank Heaven for the good things set before him; but he almost as invariably found fault with the food given. And of this see-saw process Mrs. Johnson grew tired; and on the occasion alluded to, she stopped her husband by remarking that it was a farce to pretend to be grateful for dishes which, in two minutes, he would pronounce to be as worthless as the worst of Jeremiah's figs! And so there was no blessing. Mrs. Johnson might have supplied the one employed by merry old Lady Hobart at a dinner where she looked inquiringly, but vainly, for a grace-sayer. "Well," remarked the good ancient dame, "I think I must say as one did in the like case, 'God be thanked!—nobody will say grace!'" It is seldom that "grace" is properly said or sung. The last is a terribly melodious mockery at public dinners; but then every man should silently and fervently make thanksgiving in his own heart. He is an ungracious knave who sits down to a meal without at least a silent acknowledgment of gratitude to Him, without whom there could have been no spreading of the banquet. Such a defaulter deserves to be the bound slave of dyspepsia, until he learn better manners. "Come, gentlemen," Beau Nash used to say, "eat, and welcome!" It was all his grace;

and had he said, "Come, gentlemen, be thankful and eat," it would have been more like the Christian gentleman, and less like the "beau."

It was a good old rule that prescribed as a law of numbers at the dinner table, that the company should not be more than the Muses nor less than the Graces. There was not always unlimited freedom of action in the matter; for, by the *Lex Faunia*, a man was forbidden to invite more than three strangers (not of his family) to dinner, except on market days, (three times a month,) when he might invite five. The host was restricted to spending only two and a half *drachmas;* but he might consume annually one hundred and twenty Roman pounds of meat for each person in his house, and eat at discretion of all plants and herbs that grew wild; and, indeed, little restriction was put upon vegetables at all. One consequence was, that this law against luxury begot a great deal of it, and ruined men's stomachs in consequence. When the French Mayor ordered all good citizens in his dark district to carry lanterns at night, he forgot to say a word about candles, and the wits walked about with the lanterns unfurnished. The official rectified the mistake by ordering the candles; but as he omitted to say that these were to be lighted, the public did not profit by the decree. So the *Lex Faunia*, when it allowed unrestrained liberty in thistles, forgot to limit sauces; and vegetables generally were eaten with such luscious aids to which the name of "sauce" was given, that even the grave Cicero yielded to the temptation, spoiled his digestion, and got a liver complaint! After all, it is said that only three Romans could be found who rigorously observed the *Faunia* Law, according to their oaths. These were men more easily satisfied than Apicius, who cried like a child, when, of all his vast fortune, he had only about £250,000 sterling that he could devote to gluttony; or than Lucullus, who

never supped in the "Apollo" without its costing him at least ten thousand pounds.

Notwithstanding this, the *Faunia* Law was an absurd impertinence. It was like the folly of Antigonus, who one day, seeing the poet Antagoras in the camp, cooking a dish of congers for his dinner, asked, "O Antagoras, dost thou think that Homer sang the deeds of heroes while he boiled fish?" "And you, O King," returned the poet, "thinkest thou that Agamemnon gained renown for his exploits, by trying to find out who had boiled fish for dinner in his camp?" The moral is, that it is best to leave men at liberty to eat as they like. Society is strong enough to make laws on these matters for itself; and no one now could commit the crime of the greedy Demylos, who, to secure a superb dish of fish for himself, ἐνέπτυσεν εἰς αὐτήν, "spat in it;" and if my readers refer to the chapter illustrating "Their Majesties at Meat," they will find that so dirty a trick was not the reserved privilege of Heathenism.

The Pythagoreans were clean eaters, and dined daily on bread and honey. On the smell of the latter Democritus did not indeed dine, but died. He had determined to commit suicide, and had cut down his allowance to such small rations, that his death was expected daily. But the fun and the festival of Ceres was at hand; and the ladies of his house begged him to be good enough not to spoil the frolic by dying at such a mirthful moment. He consented, asked for a pot of honey, and kept himself alive by smelling at it, till the festival was over, when his family hoped that he would die whenever he found it convenient. He took one sniff more at the pot, and in the effort his breath passed away for ever. There was nothing reprehensible in the conduct of those ladies. They did not outrage the spirit of their times. I think worse of Madam du Deffand, who went out to dine on the

day her old lover died, remarking, as she entered the room, how lucky it was that he had expired before six o'clock, as otherwise she would have been too late for the gay party expecting her. The brilliant society who played cards by the side of the bed of the dying Mlle. de l'Espinasse, and counted their tricks while they commented upon her "rattles," may be pronounced as being twice as Pagan as the ladies of the household of Democritus.

A small portion of soup is a good preparative to excite the digestive powers generally for what is to follow. Oysters form a far less commonly safe introduction to the more solid repast, their chill, which even Chablis cannot always rectify, paralysing rather than arousing the stomach. The French *bouilli* after soup is a dangerous vulgarity; for it is simply, as a distinguished professor has styled it, "meat, all but its nourishing juice."

"Poultry," says M. Brillat, "is to the sick man who has been floating over an uncertain and uneasy sea, like the first odour or sight of land to the storm-beaten mariner." But a skilful cook can render almost any dish attractive to any and every quality of appetite. In this respect, the French and Chinese cooks are really professional brethren; much more so than a general practitioner and a veterinary surgeon!

The Chinese are exceedingly skilful cooks, and exhibit taste and judgment in the selection of their food. With a few beans, and the meal of rice and corn, they will make a palatable and nutritious dish. They eat horse-flesh, rats, mice, and young dogs. Why not? All these are far cleaner feeders than pigs and lobsters. A thorough-bred horse is so nice in his appetite, that he will refuse the corn which has been breathed upon by another horse. The Tonquin birds' nests eaten in China may be described as young Mr. Fudge describes the Paris

grisettes: "Rather eatable things, those *grisettes*, by the bye!" So are the birds' nests, composed as they are of small shell-fish and a glutinous matter, supplied by the plumed inhabitant of the edible houses. Bears' paws, rolled in pepper and nutmeg, dried in the sun, and subsequently soaked in rice-water, and boiled in the gravy of a kid, form a dish that would make ecstatic the grave Confucius himself.

There are some men for whom cooks toil in vain. The Duke of Wellington's cook had serious doubts as to his master being a great man,—he so loved simple fare. Suwarrow was another General who was the despair of cooks. His biographer says of him, that he was at dinner when Col. Hamilton appeared before him to announce an Austrian victory over the French. The General had one huge plate before him, a sort of Irish stew, with every thing for sauce, from which he ate greedily, spitting out the bones, "as was his custom." He was so delighted with the message and the messenger, that he received him as Galba did Icelus, the announcer of Nero's death: with his unwiped mouth, he began kissing the latter, (as the half-shaven Duke of Newcastle once did the bearer of some welcome intelligence,) and insisted on his sitting down and eating from the General's plate, "without ceremony." The great Coligny was, like Suwarrow, a rapid eater; but he was more nice in his diet. The characteristic of Coligny was, that he always used to eat his tooth-picks!

According to ancient rule, an invitation not replied to within four-and-twenty hours was deemed accepted; and from an invitation given and accepted, nothing releases the contracting parties but illness, imprisonment, or death! Nothing suffers so much by delay as dinner; and if punctuality be the politeness of Kings, it should also be the policy both of guests and cooks. Lack of punctuality on

the part of the former has been illustrated in the cases of men, of whom it is said that they never saw soup and fish but at their own tables. The late Lord Dudley Ward used to cite two brothers as startling examples of want of punctuality: "If you asked Robert for Wednesday, at seven, you got Charles on Thursday, at eight!" On the other hand, an unpunctual cook is scarcely to be accounted a cook; and an unpunctual master is not worthy of a cook whose dinner is ready to be served at the moment it has been ordered. The great "*artiste*" who dismissed his patron because he never sat down to dinner until after he had kept it waiting for an hour, was thoroughly acquainted with the dignity of his profession.

At the beginning of the present century, it was the custom in France to serve the soup immediately before the company entered the dining-room. The resulting advantage was a simultaneous operation on the part of the guests. The innovation was introduced by Mlle. Emilie Contat, the actress; but it was tolerated only for a season. It was, at the same period, of rigorous necessity, when eggs were eaten at dinner, to crush the empty shell. To allow the latter to leave the table whole was a breach in good manners; but the reason of this prandial law I have never been able to discover. Mlle. Contat was almost as famous for her love of good cheer as our own Foote, and both were, equally often, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

It would appear that in Foote's time Scotland was not famous for a lavish hospitality. The old actor gave some glorious dinners to the first people in the city, and his preliminary proceedings thereto were intended to be highly satirical upon what he considered Scottish parsimony. Every night, before retiring to bed, he used to paper the curls of his wig with Scotch bank-notes,—promissory paper, as he said, of no value. When his cook

waited on him at breakfast-time for orders, "Sam" gravely uncurled his locks, flung the papers to the attendant, as purchase-money for the necessary provisions, and sent her to market in a sedan-chair. But the old actor was as eccentric and ostentatious at his own table in London, as he was any where. When the wines were placed on the board, he solemnly, and as it were with a shade of disgust, inquired, "If any body drank port?" As no one dared to answer in the affirmative at his table, (though the owner took it "medicinally,") he would direct the servant to "take away the ink!"

If Foote disliked port, Bentley, on the other hand, had a contempt for claret, "which," said he, "would be port, if it could!" The latter individual was not like Flood, the Irishman, who used to raise his glass of claret aloft, with a cry, "If this be war, may we never have peace!"

Comparatively speaking, claret is a very modern wine. Indeed, none of the Bourdeaux wines were fashionable, that is, consumed in large quantities out of the province, before the reign of Louis XV. That Sovereign is said to have asked Richelieu if Bourdeaux wines were "drinkable." "From father to son the Bourbon race," says Bungener, in his incomparable work, "*Trois Sermons sous Louis XIV.*," ate and drank with relish; and it was no jest that among the three talents attributed by the old song to Henri IV., (their ancestor,) was numbered that of a "good drinker." "None of them, however, with the exception of the Regent, carried it to excess; but what was not excess for them, would have been so for many others. Louis XIV., at the summit of his glory, and Louis XVI., surrounded by his jailers, submitted equally to the laws of their imperious appetite."

When Louis XV. asked Richelieu if Bourdeaux wines were drinkable, the Duke answered him in terms which I

may cite, because of their correctness. "Sire," he replied, "they have, what they call, 'white Sauterne,' which, though far from being so good as that of Monrachet, or that of the little slopes in Burgundy, is still not to be despised. There is also a certain wine from Grave, which smacks of the flint, like an old carbine. It resembles Moselle wine, but keeps better. They have besides, in Medoc and Bazadois, two or three sorts of red wine, of which they boast a great deal. It is nectar fit for the gods, if one is to believe them. Yet it is certainly not comparable to the wine of Upper Burgundy. Its flavour is not bad, however, and it has an indescribable sort of dull, saturnine acid, which is not disagreeable. Besides, one can drink as much as one will. It puts people to sleep, and that is all!" "It puts people to sleep," said the King: "send for a pipe of it!" This is as just a description of good, healthy Bourdeaux, as was that given by Sheridan, I believe, of Champagne: "It does not enter," he said, "and steal your reason; it simply makes a run-away knock at a man's head, and there's an end of it!"

But we are indulging in too much wine at dinner. Let us return to the solids. Of the self-important personages who daily cross our path, perhaps the most important circumstance of their life is, that they have dined every day of it. But it is a necessity. All men must, or should; and sorrow of the saddest sort is subdued before the anguish of appetite. As Jules Janin says, in his "*Gaietés Champêtres*," "Nemorin takes leave of Estelle, and returns home, overcome by hunger. Don Kyrie Eleison de Montauban, after running, all day long, after Mademoiselle Blaisir de-ma-vie, goes and knocks at the door of the neighbouring *château*, and asks to be invited to supper. Niobe herself, in the 'Iliad,' as afflicted as woman can be, does not forget, when night comes, to take a little refreshment." If Seneca derided such doings, it was only after

dinner, when appetite failed him. Human nature is made up of sentiment and hunger; and Hood's sentimentalist was not unnatural with his epicurean reminiscences, when he said,—

"'T was at Christmas, I think, that I met with Miss Chase,—
Yes, for Morris had ask'd me to dine;
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey and chine."

This conglomeration of feeling and feeding is mixed up with all the acts of most importance in our lives; and though Bacchus, Cupid, Comus, and Diana be no longer the deities or the *beati* of the earth, the substantial worship remains; and, as M. Brillat Savarin asserts, under the most serious of all beliefs, we celebrate by repasts not only births, baptisms, and marriages, but even interments.

The last-named writer fixes the era of dinners from the time when men, ceasing to live upon fruits, took to flesh; for then the family necessarily assembled to devour what had been slain and cooked. They know the pleasures of eating, which is the satisfaction of the animal appetite; but the true, refined pleasures of the table date only from the time when Prometheus fired the soul with heavenly flame, from which sprang intellect, with a host of radiant followers in its train. A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart. A hungry man is as slow at a joke as he is at a favour.

Nelson never knew the sensation of "fear," but when he was asked to dine with a Mayor. He had a horror of great dinners generally: and he was right; for true intellectual enjoyment is seldom there. Horace, with his modest repasts and fair wine, was something of the same opinion as Horatio. Where the wine is indifferent, the guests too numerous and ill-assorted, the spirit heavy, the time short, and the repast too eagerly consumed, there is no

dinner, in the legitimate sense of the word. I never so much admired one of the most hospitable of Amphitryons, my friend M. Watier, as when he once prefaced one of his exquisite dinners by saying, with a solemn smile, "*Mes amis, ne nous pressons pas!*" I thought of Talleyrand and his advice to a too willing Secretary:—"*Surtout, pas de zèle!*" The most accomplished professor of his time has laid down, as rules for securing to their utmost degree the prandial pleasures of table, that the guests do not exceed twelve, so that the conversation be general; that they be of varied occupations, but analogous tastes; that the lighting, cheerful cleanliness, and temperature of the dining-room be carefully considered; that the viands be exquisite rather than numerous, and the wines of first quality, each in its degree; the progression of the former from the more substantial to the more light; of the latter, from the more brilliant to the more perfumed. It is further enjoined that there be no accelerated movement; all the guests are to consider themselves as fellow-travellers, bound to reach one point at the same time. The rules for the "after-dinner" in the drawing-room are those more commonly observed in this country, with the exception that "punch" expired when lemons ceased to be dear at the Peace; but the concluding rule is worth noticing:—"That no one withdraw before eleven, and that all be asleep by midnight."

I have spoken of the aids which the French nobility have given to table enjoyment. To them may be added the innovation introduced by Talleyrand, of offering Parmesan with soup, and presenting after it a glass of dry Madeira. Talleyrand had one thing in common with St. Peter,—he was hungry at the hour of mid-day, the dinner time of the Jews; and he would have also come under the anathema in Ecclesiastes which is levelled against the Princes who eat in the morning.

Plato was rather shocked at those people of Italy who made two substantial meals daily; and Seneca was satisfied with one meal,—a dinner of bread and figs. The Roman Priests of Mars dined jollily and sumptuously in a secret room of the temple, and they would not be disturbed. They were like Baillie de Suffren, who, being waited on in India by a deputation, just as he was sitting down to dine, sent out word that his religion would not allow of his interrupting his repast; and the delegates retired, profoundly struck by the strictness of his conscience. The original dinner hour of the mediæval ages was, as I have elsewhere stated, ten o'clock, the *dixième heure;* hence the name. It was not till the reign of Louis XIV. that so late an hour as noon was fixed for the repast. It is clear, however, that we have not so much changed the hours as changed the names of our meals. A French historian shows us how a Dauphin of France dined (at ten o'clock) in the fifteenth century:—

"As an every-day fare, the Dauphin took for his dinner rice pottage, with leeks or cabbage, a piece of beef, another of salt pork, a dish of six hens or twelve pullets, divided in two, a piece of roast pork, cheese, and fruit." The supper was nearly as plentiful; but, on particular days, the bill of fare was varied. It is added, that the Barons of the Court had always the half of the quantity of the Dauphin; the Knights, the quarter; and the Equerries and Chaplains, the eighth. "Take pride from Priests, and nothing remains," once remarked an Encyclopædist to Voltaire. "Umph!" said Voltaire; "do you, then, reckon gluttony for nothing?" Gluttony, at least, does not seem to have characterized the Dauphin's Chaplains, in the fifteenth century, seeing that they took an eighth where a Baron had half.

But there was a late Prince of Bourbon, who dined after a more singular fashion than that of the Dauphins,

his ancestors. I allude to the Prince mentioned by Maurepas, and whose imagination was so sick, that he fancied himself a hare, and would not allow a bell to be rung, lest it should terrify him into the woods, where he might be shot by his own game-keepers, and afterwards served up at his own table. At another time, he had a fancy that he would look well dished up; and, dreaming himself a cauliflower, he stuck his feet in the mould of his kitchen-garden, and called upon his people to come and water him! At length, he pronounced himself dead, and refused to dine at all, as an insult to his spiritual entity. He would have died, had he not been visited by two friends, who introduced themselves as his late father, and the deceased Maréchal de Luxembourg; and who solemnly invited him to descend with them to the shades, and dine with the ghost of Maréchal Turenne. The melancholy Prince accepted with alacrity, and went down with them to a cellar already prepared for the banquet of the departed; and he not only made a hearty meal, but, as long as his fancy made of himself a ghost, he insisted every day on dining with congenial shadows in the coal-cellar! In spite of this monomaniacal fantasy, he was excessively shrewd in all matters of business, especially where his own interests were concerned.

Thus much—briefly and imperfectly, I fear—for Dinner Traits. In the next chapter we will put something on them. And as we have been drawing examples from folly, let us end this section by adding a maxim full of wisdom. "Be not made a beggar," says *Ecclesiasticus*, "by banqueting upon borrowing, when thou hast nothing in thy purse." If this maxim were generally adopted, there might be fewer dinners given, but there would be more dinners paid for. But some people are like the ancient Belgians, who borrowed, and, indeed, lent, upon promises of repayment in the world to come! Many a dinner-

giver belongs to the class of the borrowing Belgians of antiquity. After all, there was, perhaps, more intended honesty in the compact than *we* can distinguish. A compact far less honest was made some years ago by an Irish Baronet, who had given so many dinners for which he had not paid, that he was compelled to pledge his plate in order to raise means to satisfy the most pressing of his creditors. Some time subsequently, he induced the pawnbroker to lend him the plate for one evening, on hire; the pawnbroker's men were to wait at the dinner in livery, and convey the silver back as soon as the repast was concluded. The dinner was given and enjoyed, and the company made the attendants drunk, helped the Baronet to pack up his forks, spoons, ladles, and épergnes, with which he set off for Paris, where some of them afterwards visited him at the little dinners he used to give in the Rue de Bourbon, and laughed over the matter as a very capital jest.

I will only add here the record of the fact, that sitting at table to drink, after dinner was over, was introduced by Margaret Atheling, the Saxon Queen of Scotland. She was shocked to see the Scottish gentlemen rise from table before *grace* could be said by her Chaplain, Turgot; and she offered a cup of choice wine to all who would remain. Thence the fashion of hard drinking following the "thanksgiving."

THE MATERIALS FOR DINING.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS;" and grass has been the foundation of all feasts, in a double sense. It was not only a part of the early repast, in some shape or another, by derivation rather than immediately, but it formed the most ancient seats occupied by primitive and pastoral guests in very remote times. Dr. Johnson approved of asparagus being called "grass." Romulus thought grass a sacred emblem, or he would not have suddenly converted his twelve lay foster-brothers into a priesthood to look after it. When Baber had defeated the Afghans of Kohat, they approached him in despair, and, according to their custom when in extremities, with grass between their teeth, to signify, as the imperial autobiographer says, "We are your oxen." Baber treated them worse than oxen; for the amiable savage says, "All that were taken alive were beheaded by my order, and at the next halting-place we erected a minaret of their skulls." And the conqueror dined pleasantly in front of the monument.

My friend, Captain Lionel da Costa, tells me, that on accompanying (*en amateur*) a French force on a razzia against an Arab tribe in Algeria, he witnessed the employment of grass as an emblem of defiance rather than of submission. The French officers had assembled the Arab Chiefs, and, telling them that the foreigners had filled up their wells, carried off their cattle, and burned their dwellings, exhorted them to submission, asking them

what they would do further against a country so powerful as France? The Arabs, as if impelled simultaneously, stooped to the earth, plucked some scant blades of grass there growing, and began chewing the same in angry silence: this was all their reply, and by it they intimated that they would eat what the earth gave, like the beasts that are upon it, rather than surrender. Their enemies could not refrain from admiring and feeding such adversaries; their mute eloquence was worth more than any thing uttered to tyrants by Power's statue of the Greek Slave, which, according to Mrs. Elizabeth Browning, "thunders white silence,"—a silence that must have been akin to that in the French Tragedy, "*silence qui se fit entendre!*"

Soup, as I have remarked, is not a bad preparation for the stomach. Some one calls it the "preface of a dinner," adding, however, that a good work needs no preface. Soup is of very ancient date. Rebecca and Jacob ate of a pottage, in which the meat was cut into small bits *before* the muscular fibres had cooled and become hardened, and stewed in milk, thickened with meal and herbs. The famous French gastronomist, the Marquis de Cussy, was orthodox in his gastronomy, fed well, but heeded the church. His favourite soup in Lent was an onion soup, composed of a score of small bulbs, well cleaned, sliced, and put into a stew-pan, with a lump of fresh butter and a little sugar. They were turned over the fire till they became of a fine golden colour, when they were moistened with broth, and the necessary quantity of bread added. Before the soup was served, its excellence was perfected by the addition of two small glasses of very old Cognac brandy. This Lent fare was, however, only the preface to salmon and asparagus, with which the orthodox epicure mortified his appetite.

The famous Carême did with the soups he discovered,

what the most famous navigators have done with the new territories on which they were the first to land; namely, give them the names of the most illustrious contemporaries then existing. Royalty was honoured in the "*Potage Condé;*" music in that of "Boieldieu;" and the medical faculty, which Carème generally despised, in the "*Soupes à la Broussais, Roques,* and *Segalas;*" poetry was illustrated in the "*Lamartine;*" history in the "*Dumesnil;*" and philosophy in the "*Potage Buffon.*" The last name he thus bestowed, was to his last culinary inspiration just before death, when he conferred on a vegetable soup the name of "Victor Hugo." It was after reading the "*Messéniennes,*" that he created the "*Matelotte à la Delavigne;*" and he paid the doctor who had cured him of an indigestion, by inventing the dish of fish which he called "*Perche à la Gaubert.*" And with this record we will put the fish on our own table.

"It is only the Arabs of the desert that affect to despise fish." This eastern proverb is tantamount to the more homely one of, "The grapes are sour;" for the Arabs only affect to despise that which they cannot readily obtain. The Jews were prohibited from eating fishes without scales or fins. The Egyptian Priests cared not for fish of any sort, but they generally allowed the people to eat with what appetite they chose, of what the priesthood declined to taste. It is said in the legend, that St. Kevin lived by the fish he caught in the Lake of Glendaloch; and that when the celebrated beauty tempted him, she did it by flattery and suggestion:—

"'You're a rare hand at fishing,' says Kate,
'It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook them;
But, when you have caught them, agrah!
Don't you want a young woman to cook them?'"

Gatis, Queen of Spain, was something like Mr. Lover's "Kate;" for, if her subjects caught fish well, she it was

who first taught them how to cook what they caught, and how to enjoy what they cooked.

When philosophers were occupied with inquiries touching the soul of an oyster, fish was probably not a popular diet. It certainly was not so in Greece, until a comparatively late period. Then fish became fashionable: the legislature secured their freshness by decreeing that no seller should sit down until he had sold his entire stock; sages discussed their qualities, and tragic writers introduced heroes holding dialogues on the qualities of fish-sauce. There was a Greek society at that day "against cruelty to fish," by devouring what also, allegedly, made the devourer ferocious and inhuman; but general society did not allow its appetite to be influenced thereby.

The Romans were enthusiastic for the mullet. It was for them *the* fish, *par excellence*. It was sometimes served up six pounds in weight, and such a fish was worth £60 sterling. It was cooked on the table, for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. In a glass vessel filled with brine made from water, the blood of the mackerel, and salt, the live mullet, stripped of its scales, was enclosed; and as its fine pink colour passed through its dying gradations, until paleness and death ensued, the *convives* looked on admiringly, and lauded the spectacle.

The turbot was next in estimation; but as, occasionally, offending slaves were flung into the turbot preserves for the fish to feed upon, some gastronomists have affected to be horror-stricken at the idea of eating a *turbot à la Romaine;* quite forgetting that so many of our sea-fish, in their own domain, feed largely on the human bodies which accident, or what men call by that name, casts into the deep. Our own early ancestors in Britain were said to have entirely abstained from fish. In later days, however, here as in France, the finny tribes were protected by royal decrees; and certain fish were named—the

sturgeon was one—as to be caught for the royal table alone. In the same days porpoises and seals were devoured by the commonalty, and the latter knew not the art of the cooks of Louis XIV., who could so dress fish as to give it the taste of any flesh they pleased to fix on as an object of imitation. By this means, the King in Lent, while he obeyed the church, enjoyed the gratification of feeling as though he were cheating Heaven,—and with impunity, too!

The most curious fish of which I have ever read, were those of a lake attached to a Burgundian convent, and which were always of the same number as the monks. If one of these sickened and died, the same circumstance occurred with the fish; and if a new brother appeared in the refectory, there was also sure to be found a new denizen in the pond. These fish were, of course, piously inclined; but they did not come up, in that respect, to the parrot of Cardinal Ascanius, which could not only repeat the Creed, but could maintain a thesis! I believe that the Burgundian fish were principally perch; and they *are* an eccentric fish. Arthur Young says, that "about the year 1760, perch first appeared in all the lakes of Ireland and in the Shannon at the same time."

As a singularity with respect to the cooking of fish, I may mention that observed by the Romans with the *sepia*, or "cuttle-fish." They invariably took out the eyes before boiling it. It is in allusion to this custom that Trachalion says, in the *Rudens*,—

> "*Age nunc jam,*
> *Jube oculos elidere, itidem ut sepiis faciunt coqui.*"

I think I have read somewhere, that the cuttle-fish was esteemed a fitting sacrifice to the gods; but I do not know if pious people had their pet *sepiæ*, as they had their pet lambs and pigs, ("*Sunt domi agni et porci*

sacres," says the orthodox husband in the *Rudens*,) reared for the purpose of being offered at the altars.

The sturgeon is at this day, in China, reserved for the imperial table. At those of Greece it was introduced by sound of trumpet, and it was almost as esteemed a subject at those of Rome, until Vespasian condescended not to care for it, and to bring other fish into fashion. "It is *caviare* to the general," is a proverb which Shakspeare has popularized. The *caviare* is the roe of the sturgeon dried; that of the larger sturgeon, which produces hundredweights of eggs, and tons of oil, is *caviare* for the general, and is not worth eating. The delicate white *caviare* is the produce of the smaller sturgeon, and it is highly esteemed by gastronomists. It forms a great portion of the food taken by the Greeks during their long Lent.

We have heard of an American who tried to tame an oyster. The Romans were more successful with their sea-eels, which would come when called, and feed from the hands of men, who occasionally fattened them upon live slaves. Vedius Pollio would have grown sick and disgusted, if he had been asked to eat one of these slaves; but he was particularly fond of the fish that had been fed upon such fare; and so he only ate his slaves at second-hand; for *their* flesh was declared by him to have greatly improved the taste of the eel. Epicures with less ferocious appetites preferred the fish that had been fattened upon veal steeped in blood. Vitellius put the fish altogether out of fashion by only eating the roes, which were procured for him at a great expense; and Heliogabalus caused even the roes to cease to be modish, by forcing them upon the Mediterranean peasants, who got as sick of their repasts as English servants in the Scottish Highlands grow weary of the everlasting sameness of their dinners consisting of venison and salmon. The Egyptians placed the sea-eel in their Pantheon; and even the

unorthodox cannot deny that he was as good a deity as any to be found there; and we are told that among the Sybarites, the fishers and vendors of the eel were exempt from taxation! The origin of these honours is, however, unknown. Nearly as great were offered, even in Rome, to the fish known as the sea-wolf, which abounded in the most filthy parts of the Tiber, and which some epicures distinguished by the appellation of "child of the gods." The Romans paid high prices for it, as they did for the regicide lamprey,—a fish which killed our first Henry, and which Italian cooks used to kill, as the murderers did maudlin Clarence, in his Malmsey butt, by plunging the victim, decked for the sacrifice with a nutmeg in his mouth, and a clove in either gill, into a pan of Candian wine; after which, covered with almonds, bread crumbs, and spices, he was exposed to a slow fire, and then to the jaws that impatiently awaited him. It was once as popular as the tunny,—a fish, by the way, which once so enriched the city of Sinope, that the coin minted there bore the figure of the fish. Where they are found at all, it is generally in shoals; but these are never to the extent which Pliny speaks of, when he says that they so obstructed the fleet of Alexander, that the pilots of the Macedonian madman were compelled to shape a different course; and though they are to be found in something like abundance in the Mediterranean, yet tourists who resort thither must not expect to see realized the gay picture of Vernet. It does not appear, however, that the tunny was ever in such favour at ancient tables as the eel, which was greedily eaten where it was not devoutly worshipped, or where medical ordinances had not been directed against it, as unfavourable to the weak of digestion, and perilous to those affected by pulmonary diseases. The pike, emblem of fecundity and example of lengthened years, was still less popular. The carp, which

even surpasses the pike in fecundity, and is a long liver to boot, was, on the other hand, an especial favourite, but it was served up with sauces that would certainly not tempt a modern gastronomist to eat a fish which is seldom worth eating, and which is almost defiant of digestion. Carp, reduced to a pulp, and served up with sows' paps, and yolk of egg, must have been as nasty as gold fish with carrots and myrtle leaves,—the delight of the Roman loungers at their "Blackwall," on the Tiber. So the Greeks spoiled good cod by eating it with grated cheese and vinegar; and the Romans made perch more indigestible than it was before, by swallowing Damascus plums with it. But the ancients had strangely accommodating stomachs: a sauce of honey could induce them to eat cuttle-fish. Garlic and cheese made the sword-fish delicacies; the rhombus floated into Greek stomachs on a sauce of wine and brine; the ladies of Rome ate onions with the muzil, and pine-nuts with the pilchard. The more refined Greeks, on the other hand, would not touch the pilchard; and the same difference of taste existed with regard to the loach; while, again, both Rome and Greece united in admiration of the gudgeon. To neither of these countries was the herring known. The Scots found the fish, and the Dutch bought, pickled, and sold, or ate them; and it is said that Charles V., in 1536, ate a herring upon the tomb of Beuckels, the first salter of that fish, and therewith friend of the poor, and enricher of the State. The profit realized by Holland exceeded two millions and a half sterling, annually. But neither Greece nor Rome felt the want of the herring while there was an abundant supply of the favourite oyster. This shell-fish was easily procured by the Greeks from Pelorus, Abydos, and Polarea; by the Romans, from Brindés, the Lake of Lucrinus, Armorica, and even from Britain. The Romans were hardly worthy of the delicacy, seeing that they

abused it by mincing oysters, muscles, and sea hedgehogs together, stewed the whole with pine-almonds and hot condiments, and devoured the mixture scalding! Others, however, ate them raw, when they were opened at table by a slave; and the larger the fish, the more the Roman epicures liked them. They were not only eaten before a feast to stimulate the appetite, but during a banquet, when the appetite began to be palled. They excited to fresh exertion, and it was a cleaner custom (perhaps) than that imperial one of exonerating the stomach by tickling the throat with a peacock's feather. The Bourdeaux oyster was the favourite fish of most of the Emperors. It is very inferior to the Whitstable oyster, however, and also to that which goes by the name of "Colchester," and which is not caught there. The passion for the savoury fish is well illustrated in the epitaph which says,—

"Tom ————————
Lies buried in these cloisters;
If, at the last trump,
He does not quickly jump,
Only cry '*Oysters!*'"

If the Emperors affected oysters, the gods themselves patronized mussels, a dish of which was contributed by Jupiter to the wedding banquet of Hebe. The mythological sanction has, however, failed to render the mussel popular, and for good reasons. It is often extremely poisonous, and in certain conditions of the stomach they who eat muscles may reckon upon being attacked by violent cutaneous disorders, painfully participated in by the oppressed intestines.

It was otherwise with the tortoise, the blood of which was reckoned good in cases of ophthalmia, and the flesh of which was eagerly devoured. The natural history of the products of those early times seems to have been written

by philosophers with very poetical imaginations. We read of shells of tortoises being converted into roofs of cottages, as we are told by Pliny of crawfish measuring four cubits in length. It was then that men ate lobsters *au naturel*, and crabs converted into sausages. But this latter dish was a more dainty one than that afforded by the frog,—the abhorrence of early gastronomists, but the delight of many French and German epicures, who first find delight in angling for these unclean beasts with a bait of yellow soap, and then swallowing, with delight more intense, the hind-quarters of the animal they have caught. But if the moderns swallow frogs, the ancients ate the polypus,—and which were the nastiest even I could not tell! The Romans were especially fond of fish; and some "fast" epicures among them not only had preserve ponds of fish on the roofs of their houses, but little rivulets stocked therewith around the dinner-table, whence the guests selected their fish, and delivered them to be cooked.

It was once thought that the prawn, or shrimp, was somehow necessary to the production of soles, acting, it was believed, as a sort of nurse, or foster-parent, to the spawn. But this I suppose to be about as true as that soles always swim in pairs, with three-pennyworth of shrimps behind them, ready for sauce.

I remember two anecdotes connected with fish at table, which a guest may retail when he is next at that period of the repast. Talleyrand was dining, in the year 1805, with the Minister of Finance, who did the honours of his house in the very best style. A very fine carp was on the table opposite to Talleyrand, but the fish was already cold. "That is a magnificent carp," said the financier: "how do you like it? It came from my estate of Vir-sur-Aisne." "Did it?" said Talleyrand, "but why did you not have it cooked *here?*" This reply was not as fatal to

the utterer of it, as a remark once made by Poodle Byng at Belvoir Castle. "Ah, ah!" he exclaimed, as he saw the fish uncovered at the Duke of Rutland's board, "my old friend Haddock! I have not seen a haddock, at a gentleman's table, since I was a boy." The implication shut the gates of Belvoir on the unlucky Poodle from that day forward. He was never again the Duke's guest.

Some French writers have asserted, after tracing the "vestiges of creation" according to a fashion of their own, that man originally sprang from the ocean; and that his present condition is one of development, the consequence of life ashore, and exposure to atmospheric air! According to this theory, I suppose, Venus Anadyomene was the Eve of our fishy generation, and mermaids show the transition state, when our ancestors were of both land and sea, and yet properly of neither!

As judges of fish, the moderns are inferior to the ancients. A Greek or Roman epicure could, at first sight, tell in what waters the fish before him had been caught. This sort of wisdom is, however, not uncommon to oyster-eaters, who swallow so greedily what contains little nourishment, but what may be easily digested. It was not unusual, some years ago, in France, for a gourmand to prepare for dinner by swallowing a gross, or a dozen dozen, of oysters! Twelve of them, including the liquor, will weigh four ounces; and the gross, four pounds (Troy)!—a pretty amount of ballast whereupon to take in freight. The skin of such a feeder had need be in a good condition; but so, indeed, ought that of every one who cares for his digestion. When we remember that a person in health, who takes eight pounds of aliment during twenty-four hours of his wakefulness, discharges five of the eight pounds solely through the pores by perspiration, it will at once be seen that to hold the skin clean, and

keep the pores unobstructed, is of first-rate necessity for the sake of digestion and comfort.

There are sea-board populations who live almost exclusively on fish. They feed their domestic animals upon it, and with it manure their ground; so that the pork they may occasionally indulge in, acquires a fish-like flavour, and their bread is but a consequence of the plentiful rottenness of sprats. Such populations are usually lean and sallow, but they are strong-muscled and active-limbed; and altogether they afford good testimony in favour of the efficacy of a fish diet, when no better is to be had. As a diet, fish is only so far stimulating that it augments the lymph rather than renews the blood. It is a puzzle to many gastronomic philosophers that fish was so constant a diet of the monkish orders. Its heating quality hardly suited men who were required to be ever coolly contemplative. But this matter I leave to the philosophers to determine. One of them,—that is, a gastronomic philosopher,—M. Fayot, says, that "if you would have a dinner composed altogether of fish, the meal should consist of "a turbot, a large salmon done in a *court-bouillon*, flanked with aromatic herbs, and coverd with a fresh winding-sheet of delicate seasoning. In such dinners, sea-fish have, undoubtedly, the first rank; and among them the Cherbourg lobster, the shrimp of Honfleur, the cray-fish of the Seine, and the smelts of that river's mouth, and numerous fresh-water fish mingle agreeably. Salmon and turbot should be done briskly; drink afterwards a glass of those old wines which give a digestive action to the stomach." With M. Fayot, the turbot is "the king of fish, especially in Lent, as it is then of most majestic size. You may serve up salmon with as much ornament as you will, but a turbot asks for nothing but aristocratic simplicity. On the day after he makes his first appearance, it is quite another affair. It

may be then disguised; and the best manner of effecting this is, to dress him *à la Béchamel*,—a preparation thus called from the Marquis de Béchamel, who, in the reign of Louis XIV., for ever immortalized himself by this one *ragoût*."

The *Almanach des Gourmands* speaks of a Lorraine carp which was fed on bread and wine, and which was twice sent to the Paris market, in the care of a courier who travelled by the mail. It returned to its native waters in default of a purchaser willing to give thirty *louis-d'ors* for the monstrous delicacy. This was when fish dinners were much in vogue in Paris. There was then a *table-d'hôte* for a fish repast only, held at a house profanely called, "The Name of Jesus." This house stood in the "Cloître St. Jacques de l'Hôpital," and every Wednesday and Friday it was crowded by the Clergy, who dined magnificently on *maigre* fare, for about 2*s*. a head. It is of one of these that Fayot recounts a pleasant story, the locality, however, of which was the *Rocher de Cancale*. A certain Abbé dined there so copiously off salmon, that a fit of indigestion was the consequence. Some days afterwards, when celebrating Mass, the savoury memories of the fish flocked into his mind; and he was heard to murmur, not the *meâ culpâ* of the "*Confiteor*," but, as he quietly beat his breast, "Ah! that capital salmon! that capital salmon!"

Of the more nutritive species of fish, turbot, cod, whiting, haddock, flounder, and sole, are the least heating. Of these, the cod is the least easy of digestion, though turbot is quite as difficult of digestion when much lobster sauce is taken with it. The crimping of cod facilitates the digesting of the fish. Sole and whiting are easily digested. Salmon is nutritive, but it is oily, heating, and not very digestible; far less so than salmon trout. The favourite parts of most of these fish

are the least fit for weak stomachs, and the most trying to strong ones. Salmon, caught after the spawning season has commenced, is almost poisonous; and eels are objectionable at all seasons, from their excessive oiliness. Shell-fish generally may be put down as "indigestible," particularly the under-boiled lobsters of the London market. The mussel is especially so; and these are not rendered innocuous by the removal of the beard, which is not more hurtful than any other part. Shell-fish, and, indeed, fish generally, affects the skin, by sympathy with the stomach. The effect is, sometimes, as if a poison had been generated: at others it very sensibly affects the odour of the cutaneous secretions. This effect was thoroughly understood when the Levitical Priests, like those of Egypt, were prohibited from eating fish. The prohibition was based upon a just principle.

The Egyptian and Levitical Priests were more obedient to such prohibitions than St. Patrick, who once, overcome by hunger, helped himself to pork chops on a fast-day. An angel met him with the forbidden cutlets in his hand; but the saint popped them into a pail of water, pattered an Ave-Mary over them, and our indulgent Lady heeded the appeal by turning them into a couple of respectable and orthodox-looking trout. The angel looked perplexed, and went away, with his index finger on the side of his nose. And see what came of it! In Ireland, meat dipped into water, and christened by the name of "St. Patrick's Fish," is commonly eaten there even on fast-days, and to the great regret of all those who eat greedily enough to acquire an indigestion.

St. Patrick's fish ought to have fetched as high a price as the four cod which formed the sole supply in Billingsgate-market on one of the great frost-days in January, 1809; they were sold to one dealer for fourteen guineas. During the same month, salmon was sold at a guinea a

pound! When fish is so high-priced, it is time to have done with it. So, *enlevez!* and let us to the succeeding courses of viands more substantial. While the fish is being removed, I will merely relate that it was the practice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who gave plentiful dinners to admirable men, in his house in Leicester-square, always to choose his own fish, of which he was a capital judge. He was, on those occasions, ever the first visitor to the fish-shop still existing, in its primitive simplicity, in Coventry-street. He selected the best; and later in the day, his niece, Miss Palmer, used to call, dispute the price, and pay for the fish. Sir Joshua's table is said to have been too crowded, both as to guests and dishes, while there was scant attendance, and a difficulty of getting served; but the hilarity compensated for all. The guests enjoyed themselves with a vulgar delight that would have very much ruffled the dignity of such a pompous president at repasts as the bewigged, bepatched, and bepowdered Sir Peter Lely.

With the introduction of animal food is dated the era of professional cooks; and that era itself is set down by M. Soyer, a competent authority, as having commenced in the year of the world 1656. Other authorities give 2412 as the proper date, when Prometheus, or Forethought, as his name implies, taught men the use of fire, and cooked an ox. But I think that both dates and mythology are somewhat loose here, and that the period is easier of conjecture than of determination. Ceres killed the pig that devoured her corn, Bacchus the goat that nibbled at the tendrils of the vine, and Jupiter the ox that swallowed his sacred cakes; and the animals slain by deities were roasted and eaten by men. Another tradition is, that roast meat originally smoked only on the altars of the gods, and that the Priests lived on the pretended sacrifices, until some lean and greedy heretic,

having wickedly pilfered the sacred viands, so improved under the diet, that his example was promptly followed, and men took to animal food, in spite of the thunder of gods and the anathemas of Priests. I need not say where there is better authority than all these pretty tales for man's subduing to his use and service the beasts of the earth, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea.

A rearer of cattle was, in the olden time, an aristocrat in his way. The gods looked after his herds, and the law gave its protection where Olympian divinity so often proved worthless. Bubona sat the watchful goddess of their fattening; and it was she who blessed the cabbages steeped in vinegar, the straw and wheat-bran, and the bruised barley, wherewith the oxen were prepared for the cattle-show or the market. In the latter, the office of the Roman Prefect fixed the selling price: the breeder could neither ask more nor take less than according to the official tariff. There was a singular custom at one time in Rome, which proves, however, that the seller had a voice in declaring the value of his stock. Purchaser and vendor simultaneously closed, and then suddenly opened, one of their hands, or some of the fingers. If the number of fingers on both sides was even, the vendor obtained the price which he had previously asked for his meat; but if the number was uneven, the buyer received the viands for the sum he had just before tendered. This was as singular a custom as, and a more honest one than, that adopted by the first Dutch settlers in America. In their trading with the Indians a Dutchman's fist was established as the standard of weight, with this understanding, that when a Dutchman was selling to an Indian his fist weighed a pound, but that it should only be half that weight when the Hollander was a purchaser!

The Roman markets were well supplied, and the pig seems to have been the national favourite. The Emperors used

to distribute thousands of pounds of pork to the poor, as on festive occasions we, less magnificently, divide among the needy our time-honoured English roast beef. There was even an edict against making sausages of any thing *but* pork,—an edict which is much needed in some of our suburbs, where "pork sausages" are made of any thing but pig;—and, after all, they could not be made of a dirtier animal. But the grave Romans strangely reverenced this unclean beast. Pliny places him only one degree below humanity; and certainly the porcine and human stomachs are very much alike! In the East, our ancient friend was a Pariah, and his position among the unclean was fixed by a Jewish doctor, who said, that if ten measures of leprosy were flung into the world, nine of them would naturally fall to the execrated pig. There is no doubt that the eating of the flesh of the pig in hot climates would bring on diseases in the human system akin to leprosy; and this fact may have tended to establish the unpopularity of the animal throughout the East, and to account also for the prohibition. Galen, however, prescribed it as good food for people who worked hard; and there are modern practitioners who maintain that it is the most easily digested of all meats. It is certainly more easy of digestion than that respectable impostor, the boiled chicken, which used so cruelly to test, and defy, the feeble powers of invalids.

Pigs were fatted, both in Greece and Rome, until they had attained nearly the bulk of the elephant. These fetched prices of the most "fancy" description; and they were served up whole, with an entire Noah's-ark collection of smaller animals inside, by way of stuffing. A clever cook could so dress this meat as to make it have the flavour of any other viand; and the first culinary *artistes* of the day prided themselves on the preparation of a *ragoût* composed of young pigs stifled before they

were littered. The mother would have had no difficulty in performing this feat herself for her own young, if sows generally had been as huge as the one mentioned by Varro, and which he says was so fat as to be incapable of movement, and to be unconscious that a mouse, with a young family, had settled in the folds of her fat, where they lived like mites in cheese.

In another page, I have spoken of what were called "the sacred pigs and lambs." Menæchmus, in Plautus, asks the price of the "*porci sacres, sinceri.*" "*Sacres*" was applied to all animals intended for immolation. The *sinceri porci* were the white and spotless pigs offered to the Lares on behalf of the insane. The merchant who gives instruction, in the *Pseudolus*, to his servant, as to the splendid repast that is to be served up on his birthday, is very particular on the subject of pork; and he shows us what parts formed a dish that might tempt princes,—the ham, and the head: "*Pernam, callum, glandium, sumen, facito in aquâ jaceant.*"

If men were not, anciently, fonder of beef than of pork, the reason, perhaps, was, that the ox was religiously reverenced, because of his use to man, whereas the pig was really of no value at all but for consumption. The excellence of the ox as food was, nevertheless, very early ascertained, and acted on by some primitive people. The Jews were permitted to eat of that of which Abraham had offered a portion to angels; and calf and ox were alike an enjoined food. The Greeks, too, devoured both with much complacency, as they also did tripe, which was deemed a dainty fit for heroes. Indeed, for tripe there was an ancient and long-standing propensity among the early nations. It formed the chief dish at the banquets of men who met to celebrate the victory of mortals and gods over the sacrilegious Titans.

The lamb and the kid have smoked upon divine altars

and humble tables. The Greeks were especially fond of both, and the Romans were like them in this respect; but the Egyptians religiously abstained from the kid; and more than one Eastern nation held, as of faith, that the lamb was more fitting as an offering to the gods than as a dish for men. On the other hand, there were people who preferred the flesh of the ass, which was not an uncommon dish at Roman tables, where dogs, too, were served as a dainty; for Hippocrates had recommended them as a refined food; and the Greeks swallowed the diet thus authoritatively described. The Romans, however, are said to have eaten the dog out of vengeance. The curs of the Capitol were sleeping, when the sacred and watchful geese saved it by their cackling; and thence arose, it is believed, the avenging appetite with which puppies, dressed like hares, were tossed into the stomachs of the unforgiving Romans. They were also sacrificed to the Dog-star.

It is worthy of remark, that Mexico was partly conquered by aid of the pig. Cortez was in need of supplies of fresh meat on his march, and he took with him a large herd of swine,—sows as well as pigs,—"these animals being very suitable for a long journey, on account of their endurance of fatigue, and because they multiply greatly." The Indians, on most occasions, however, appear to have been able to have supplied him plentifully: for we read, that at Campeche, for instance, in return for his presents, they placed before him partridges, turtle-doves, goslings, cocks, hares, stags, and other animals which were good to eat, and bread made from Indian corn, and fruits. It was, for all the world, like meeting a burglar at your dining-room door, and asking him to stay and take breakfast, before he went off with the plate!

When the uncle of Job entertained his heavenly

visitors, the dish he placed before them was "roasted veal," of a freshly killed calf. It was tender, because the muscular fibres had not had time to become stiff; and its pleasant accompaniments were melted butter, milk, and meal-cakes. Veal is the national dish of Germany, where mutton is scarce, and calves abundant. It is poor food at any time; but the German veal is the most tasteless of meats. There, indeed, is applicable the smart saying of that ardent young experimentalist, who declared that eating veal was as insipid an enjoyment as kissing one's sister! Cardinal Zinzendorf used to denounce pork quite as strongly. He deemed pigs to have been of no use but for their blood, of which he himself used to make a bath for his legs, whenever he had the gout. Quixote Bowles, on the other hand, held pig, in any form, to be the divinest of meats, and the animal the happiest of all created things. With true Apician fervour, he would travel any distance to feast on the sight of a fatted porker; and a view of that prize pig of Prince Albert's, which was so uniformly huge that, at first sight, it was difficult to distinguish the head from the tail, would have made him swoon with gentle ecstasy. Bowles was an epicure in bacon; and, whenever he went out to dinner, he took a piece of it, of his own curing, in his pocket, and requested the cook to dress it. The people of the Society Islands carry respect for pigs even beyond the compass of Bowles. They believe that there is a distinct heaven for the porcine souls; and this paradise of pigs is called by them "Ofatuna." The Polynesian pig is certainly a more highly favoured animal than his cousin in Ireland; for, in a Polynesian farm household, every pig has his proper name, as regularly as every member of the family. Perhaps, the strangest cross of pigs ever heard of, was that of Mr. Tinney's famous breed for porkers,—Chinese, crossed by a half-African boar: the

meat was said to be delicious. Finally, with respect to pigs, they are connected with a popular expletive, with which they have, in reality, nothing to do. "Please the pigs!" is shown, I think by Southey in his "Espriella," to be a corruption of "Please the pyx!" The pyx is the receptacle which contains the consecrated wafer on Romish altars; and the exclamation is equal to "Please God!" The corruption is as curious a one as that of "tawdry," from "'t Audrey," or St. Audrey's fair, famous for the sale of frippery,—showy, cheap, and worthless.

They who are half as particular about mutton as Quixote Bowles was about pork, would do well to remember, that sheep continue improving as long as their teeth remain sound, which is usually six years; and that, at all events up to this time, the older the mutton, the finer the flavour. A spayed ewe, kept five years before she is fattened, is superior to any wether mutton. Dr. Paris, however, states that wedder mutton is in perfection at five years old, and ewe mutton at two years old; but he acknowledges that the older is the more digestible. It is the glory of one locality, famous for its sheep, that the rot was never known to be caught upon the South Downs. It is further said, that a marsh, occasionally overflowed with salt water, was never known to rot sheep. A curious fact is stated by Young, in his "Survey of Sussex;" namely, that Lord Egremont had, in his park, three large flocks of the Hereford, South-Down, and Dishley breeds; and that these three flocks kept themselves perfectly distinct, although each had as much opportunity of mixing with the others as they had with themselves.

I have alluded, in another page, to a circumstance first noticed, I believe, by Madame Dacier,—that there is no mention of boiled meat, as food, throughout Homer's Iliad. The fair commentator is right; but "boiling" is,

nevertheless, used by the poet as a simile. When (in the twenty-first book) Neptune applies his flames to check the swelling fury of Scamander,—

> "The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound,
> As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
> To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice.
> Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
> The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
> So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
> And, choked with vapours, feels his bottom glow!"

This is not a very elegant version of the original, it must be confessed, albeit the translation is Pope's. It is, however, the only reference to boiling to be found in Homer, and here the fat of the sacrifice boiled down is that of a pig.

Κνίσῃ κελδόμενος απαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο.

I do not know that I can take leave of mutton and the meats by doing them greater honour than by mentioning that Napoleon ate hastily of mutton before he entered on the contest at Leipsic, and he lost the triumph of the bloody day through a fit of indigestion.

Before the era of kitchen gardens, scurvy was one of the processes by which the English population was kept down. Cabbages were not known here until the period of Henry VIII.; and turnips are so comparatively new to some parts of England, that their introduction into the northern counties is hardly a century old. A diet exclusively of animal food is too highly stimulant for such a climate as ours; and an exclusively vegetable diet is far less injurious in its effects. No meat is so digestible as tender mutton. It has just that degree of consistency which the stomach requires. Beef is not less nutritious, but it is rather less easy of digestion, than mutton: much, however, depends upon the cooking, which process may,

really not inaptly, be called the first stage of digestion. The comparative indigestibility of lamb and veal arises from the meat being of a more stringy and indivisible nature. Old laws ordained that butchers should expose no beef for sale, but of an animal that had been baited. The nature of the death rendered the flesh more tender. A coursed hare is thus more delicious eating than one that has been shot; and pigs whipped till they die, may be eaten with relish, even by young ladies who pronounce life intolerable. A little vinegar, administered to animals about to be killed, is said, also, to render the flesh less tough; and it is not unusual to give a spoonful of this acid to poultry, whose life is required for the immediate benefit of the consumer. Some carnivorous animals have been very expert at furnishing their own larder. Thus we read, that the eagles in Norway exhibit as much cunning in procuring their beef as can well be imagined; and more, perhaps, than can well be believed. They dive into the sea, we are told, then roll in the sand, and afterwards destroy an ox by shaking the sand in his eyes, while they attack him. I think the French eagle tried a similar plan with the English bull, during the wars of the Empire, and very ineffectually. It dived into the sea, and rolled itself in the sand at Boulogne, and shook abundance of it across the Channel; but the English bull more quietly shook it off again from his mane, and the eagle turned to an easier quarry in Austria. Animals not carnivorous have sometimes been as expert. There have been horses, for instance, who have had their peculiar appetite also for meat. Some twenty years ago, we heard of one at Brussels, which, fond of flesh generally, was particularly so of raw mutton, which it would greedily devour whenever it could get, as it sometimes did, to a butcher's shop.

The Jews, it is said, never ate poultry under their old dispensation; and French gastronomists assert that this

species of food was expressly reserved to enrich the banquets of a more deserving people. About the merits of the people the poultry, and winged animals generally, would perhaps have an opinion of their own, were they capable of entertaining one; for nowhere, as in France, have those unfortunate races been so tortured, and merely in order to extract out of their anguish a little more exquisite enjoyment for the palled appetites of epicures. The turkey has, perhaps, the least suffered at the hands of the Gallic experimentalists, though *he* has not altogether escaped. The goose has been the most cruelly treated, especially in the case of his being kept caged before a huge fire, and fed to repletion until he dies, the Daniel Lambert of his species, of a diseased liver, which is the most delicious thing possible in a pie. But it is ignoble treatment for the only bird which is said to be prescient of approaching earthquakes. The goose saved Rome, and was eaten in spite of his patriotism. He is skilled in natural philosophy, and his science does not save him from death and sage-and-onions. Nay, even a female Sovereign of England could not hear of the defeat of the Spanish Armada without decreeing "death to the geese," until the time comes when Mr. Macaulay's Huron friend shall be standing on a fragment of Blackfriars' Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's.

It must be allowed, however, that the scientific ladies of farm-yards have improved upon the knowledge of their ancestresses. Formerly, of turkeys alone, full one-half that pierced the shell perished; but now we rear more than fifteen out of twenty. I do not know, however, that that fact is at all consolatory to the turkey destined to be dined upon.

Themistocles ordered his victory over Xerxes to be yearly commemorated by a cock-fight; and the bird itself was eaten out of honour, as dogs in Rome were for rea-

sons of vengeance. At Rome, the hen was the favourite bird; but hens were consumed in such quantities, that Fannius, the Consul, issued a decree, prohibiting their being slain for food, during a certain period; and, in the mean time, the Romans "invented the capon." The duck was devoured medicinally, that is, on medical assurance that it was good diet for weak stomachs; and there were great sages who not only taught that duck, as a food, would maintain men in health, but that, if they were ill, the ample feeding thereon would soon restore them again. Mithridates, it is alleged, ate it as a counter-poison; other people, of other times and places, simply because they liked it. The goose was in as much favour as the duck with the digestion-gifted stomachs of the older races. It was *the* royal diet in Egypt, where the Monarch did not, like Queen Elizabeth, recommend it to the people, but selfishly decreed that it was only to be served at his own table. Gigantic geese, with ultra-gigantic livers, were as much the delight of epicures in Rome, as the livers, if not the geese, are now the *voluptas suprema* of the epicure of France, and of countries subject to the French code of diet. A liver weighing as much as the rest of the animal without it, was a *morceau*, in Rome, to make a philosopher's mouth water. This was not proof of a more depraved taste than that exhibited by a Christian Queen of France, who spent sixteen hundred francs in fattening three geese, the delicate livers of which alone Her Majesty intended to dine upon. The pigeon and guinea-hen never attained to such popularity as the goose and duck; while the turkey, and especially the truffled turkey-hen, has its value sufficiently pointed out by the saying of the gastronome, that there must be two at the eating of a truffled turkey,—the eater and the turkey! The turkey, originally from the East, was slowly propagated in Europe, and the breed appears to

have gradually passed away, like the bustard in England. It was brought hither again from America, and its first re-appearance is said to have been at the wedding-dinner of Charles IX. of France.

The turkey was not protected, as the peacock was by Alexander, by a decree denouncing death against whomsoever should kill this divine bird, with its devilish note. The decree did not affect Quintus Hortensius, who had one served up at the dinner which celebrated his accession to the office of Augur. Tiberius, however, preserved the peacock with great jealousy, and it was only rich breeders that could exhibit this bird at their banquets.

A man who passes through Essex may see whole "herds" of geese and ducks in the fields there, fattening without thought of the future, and supremely happy in their want of reflection. These birds are "foreigners;" at least, nearly all of them are so. They are Irish by birth, but they are brought over by steam, in order to be perfected by an English education; and when the due state of perfection has been attained, they are, like many other young people partaking of the "duck" or the "goose," transferred to London, and "done for."

Some gastronomic enthusiasts, unable to wait for their favourite birds, have gone in search of them. This was the case with the oily Jesuit, Fabi, who so loved beccaficoes. "As soon as the cry of the bird was heard in the fields around Belley," says the author of the "*Physiologie du Goût*," "the general cry was, 'The beccaficoes are come, we shall soon have Father Fabi among us.' And never did he fail to arrive, with a friend, on the 1st of September. They came for the express purpose of regaling themselves on beccaficoes, during the period of the passage of the bird across the district. To every house they were invited in town, and they took their departure again about the 23rd." This good Father died in our "glorious

memory" year of 1688; and one of his choice bits of delirium was, that he had discovered the circulation of the blood before Harvey!

And now do I not hear that gentleman-like person at the lower end of the table remark, that the circulation of the blood was a conceived idea long before Harvey? You are quite right, my dear Sir; and your remark is a very appropriate one, both as to time and theme, for the circulation of the blood is one of the results of cooking. As for preconception of the idea, it is sufficient for Harvey, that he demonstrated the fact. The Doctors of ancient Roman days supposed that the blood came from the liver; and that, in passing through the *vena cava* and its branches, a considerable quantity of it turned about, and entered into the right cavity of the heart. What Harvey demonstrated was, that the blood flows from the heart into all parts of the body, by the arteries, from whence it is brought back to the heart again, by the veins. Well, Sir, I know what you are about to remark, —that Paolo Sarpi, that pleasantest of table-companions, claimed to have made the demonstration before Harvey. True, Sarpi used to say, that he did not dare publish his discovery, for dread of the Inquisition; but that he confided it to brother Fabi da Aqua-pendente, who kept it close for the same reason, but told it in confidence to Harvey, who published it as his own. Well, Sir, Sir George Ent exploded all that, by proving that Sarpi himself had first learned the fact from Harvey's lips. The Italians have the same right in this case, as they have to their boast of having produced what old Ritson used to style, "that thing you choose to call a poem, 'Paradise Lost.'" It was an invention or discovery at second-hand.

What conceits Cowley has in his verses on Harvey! He makes the philosophical Doctor pursue coy Nature through sap, and catch her at last in the human blood.

He speaks, too, of the heart beating tuneful marches to its vital heat; a conceit which Longfellow twisted into prettiness, when he said, that our "muffled hearts were beating funeral marches to the grave." You will remember, Sir, that Shakspeare makes Brutus say, that Portia was to him "dear as the drops that visit this sad heart." Brutus himself would, perhaps, have said "liver;" and, by the way, how very much to the same tune is the line in Gray's "Bard," wherein we find,—

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes."

But there is in tuneful Edmund, in our ever-glorious friend Spenser, a stanza which contains something that may pass for the circulation theory. You remember, in the first canto of the Second Book, where the bleeding lady is found by the good Sir Guyon:—

"Out of her goréd wound the cruel steel
He lightly snatch'd, and did the flood-gates stop
With his faire garment; then 'gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hopéd faire
To call back life to her forsaken shop.
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last shee 'gan to breathe out living aire."

And now, Sir, I shall be happy to take a glass of wine with you, obsolete as that once honoured custom has become. And allow me to send you a slice of this venison. A little more of the fat? Certainly; but, if you *will* take currant jelly with it, the sin be upon your own head. It has always been the approved plan, you say. Ah, my dear Sir! think what the approved plan was, for years, in the treatment of small-pox. That was not a gastronomic matter, you say? I am not so sure of that; for the patient, swathed in scarlet cloth, had to drink mulled port wine. But, on a question of diet. time

and numbers, you think, may be taken for authority. Alas, my dear Sir! did you ever try the once popular receipt of Apicius for a thick sauce to roasted chicken? Never! of course you have not; for, in such case, your young widow would already have touched that pretty life-assurance we wot of. English tastes, you urge? Ah! in that case, if old rule be good rule, you must camp in Kensington Gardens, and eat acorns. In Germany, where venison is a national dish, the idea of currant jelly would ruin the digestion of a whole company. But I see you are incorrigible, and William is at your elbow with the doubtful sauce.

Galen could not appreciate venison as the early Patriarchs and the Jewish people did, and as the Roman ladies did, who ate of it as a preserver of youth, as well as a lengthener of life. A roebuck of Melos would have brought tears of delight into the eyes of Diogenes. The deer was preferred to the roebuck at Rome; but the wild boar was also a favourite; and the Sicilian slave, *chèf* to Servilius Rullus, cooked not less than three of different sizes in one. The largest had baskets of dates suspended to its tusks, and a litter of young ones in pastry lying in the same dish. Within the first was a second, within the second a third, and within the third some small birds. Cicero, who was *the* guest for whom the dinner was got up, was as delighted with the culinary slave, as Lucullus had been a few days before, when he had eaten a dish of sows' paps prepared by the same artist; and the enraptured gastronome thought that all Olympus was dissolving in his mouth!

A wild boar was at marriage feasts what our wedding cakes are at those dreadful destroyers of time and digestion,—wedding breakfasts,—an indispensable accompaniment. Caranus, the Macedonian, has the reputation of having exceeded all others in his nuptial magnificence;

for, instead of one boar at his banquet, he had twenty. But I have seen more than that at many a breakfast in Britain.

The ancient Britons abstained from the hare, like the Jews. Hippocrates held that, as a food, it thickened the blood, and kept people from sleep; but Galen—and such instances among the faculty are not uncommon—differed from his professional brother. People followed the advice of Galen; and though few, like Alexander Severus, could eat a whole hare at every repast, yet many ate as plentifully as they well could, accounting such diet profitable both to health and good looks.

Hares were nearly as injuriously abundant in Greece as rabbits were in Spain, where the latter animals are said to have once destroyed Tarragona, by undermining it in burrowing! Nay, more: the Balearic Isles were so overrun with them, that the inhabitants, afraid of being devoured, sent an embassy to Rome; and Augustus dispatched a military force, which not only slaughtered the enemy, but ate the half of them! The more refined gluttons of Rome did not dine on the rabbit after this fashion. They only picked a little of the young taken alive from the slaughtered mother, or killed soon after birth. They were preferable to the rabbits of the Parisian *gargottes*, where *fricassée de lapins* is invariably made of cats. And these, perhaps, are as dainty eating as the hunch of the camel, or the feet of the elephant,—pettitoes for Brobdignagian lovers to sup upon.

But we *almost* as villanously disguise our poultry. The latter, if not *now*, used—according to Darwin—to be fed for the London market, by mixing gin, and even opium, with their food, and keeping them in the dark; but "they must be killed as soon as they are fattened, or they become weak and emaciated, like human drunkards."

Game was almost as sacred to the Egyptian Priests, as eggs to the sacerdotal gentlemen of some of the modern tribes of Africa. Under the head of "game," we no longer admit the birds which, according to Belon, figured at the gastronomic tables of France in the sixteenth century. These were the crane, the crow, and the cormorant, the heron, the swan, the stork, and the bittern. The last-named bird was in high estimation, although the taste for it was confessedly an "acquired" one. The larger birds of prey were not then altogether despised by epicures, some of whom could sit down with an appetite to roast vulture, while they turned with loathing from the plump pheasant.

This eastern bird, however, has, with this exception, enjoyed a deserved reputation from the earliest ages. The Egyptian Kings kept large numbers of them to grace their aviaries and their triumphs. The Greeks reared them for the less sentimental gratification of the stomach; and a simple Athenian republican, when giving a banquet, prided himself on having on his board as many pheasants as there were guests invited.

Pheasants' brains were among the ingredients of the dish that Vitellius invented, and which he designated by the name of "Shield of Minerva." They were greedily eaten by many other of the Cæsars; and an offering of them to the statue of Caligula was deemed to be propitiatory of that very equivocal deity. The Emperors generally esteemed them above partridges, which were trained for fighting, as well as fattened for eating. Roman epicures fixed on the breast as the most "eatable" portion of the gallant bird. The Greeks thought of it as we do of the woodcock; and with them the leg of the partridge was the part the most highly esteemed. At a Greek table would not have occurred the smart dialogue which is said to have taken place at an English dinner. "Shall I send

you a leg or a wing?" said a carver to a guest he was about to help. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," was the reply; and it is *not* a courteous one. "It is a matter of equal indifference to me," said the first speaker, at the same time resuming his own knife and fork, and going on with his dinner.

Quails are variously said either to have recalled Hercules to life, or to have cured him of epilepsy. The Romans, however, rather feared them, as tending to cause epileptic fits. Galen thought so; Aristotle took a different view, and the Greeks devoured them as readily as though they had Aristotle's especial authorization; and the Romans were only slowly converted to the same way of thinking. Quails, like partridges and the game-cock, were long reared for the arena; and legislators thought that youth might learn courage from contemplating the contests of quails!

The thrush was perhaps the most popular bird at delicate tables in Greece. They were kept from the young, lest the taste should give birth to permanent greediness; but when a girl married, she was sure of a brace of thrushes, for her especial eating at the wedding-feast. They were still more popular in Rome, where patrician ladies reared thousands yearly for the market, and made a further profit by selling the manure for the land. The thrush aviary of Varro's aunt was one of the sights of Rome, where men ruined themselves in procuring dishes composed of these birds for their guests. Greatly, however, as they abounded, there was occasionally a scarcity of them; for when the physician of Pompey prescribed a thrush, by way of exciting the wayward stomach of the wayward soldier to enjoyment, there was not one to be found for sale in all Rome. Lucullus, indeed, had scores of them; but Pompey, like many other obstinate people, chose rather to suffer than put himself under an obligation; and he contrived to get well on other diet.

The diet was, nevertheless, held to be exceedingly strengthening; and blackbirds, also, were prescribed as fitting food for weak digestions. It was perhaps for this reason that the celebrated

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,"

were the dainty dish set before the legendary and, presumedly, dyspeptic King! In later times, we have had as foolish ideas connected with them. The oil in which they were cooked was said to be good for sciatica, or hip-gout; and Vieillot says that freckles might be instantaneously removed from the skin, if—— but ladies would never try what Vieillot recommends.

The blackbird was not imperially patronized. The stomachs of the gastronomic Cæsars gave more greedy welcome to the flamingo. Caligula, Vitellius, and Heliogabalus ruined their digestions by *ragoûts* of this bird, the tongues of which were converted into a stimulating sauce. Dampier ate the bird, when he could get nothing else; and thought the Cæsars fools for doing so when they could get any thing beside. The ancients, whether Greeks or Romans, showed more taste in eating beccaficoes,—that delicate little bird, all tender and succulent, the essence of the juice of the fruits (especially the fig) on which it feeds. The only thing to be compared with it is the ortolan. Had Heliogabalus confined himself to these more savoury birds, instead of acquiring indigestion on ostrich brains and flamingoes, his name would have held a more respectable place in the annals of gastronomy. But master and people were alike barbarous in many of their tastes. Who now would think of killing turtle-doves for the sake of eating their legs "devilled?" And yet *we* eat the lark, that herald of the skies, and earliest chorister of the morn. We eat this ethereal bird with as little compunction as we do the savoury, yet

unclean, of the earth, earthy, duck. And this thought reminds me of a story, for which I am indebted to a friend, himself the most amiable of Amphitryons, the good things at whose table have ever wit, wisdom, mirth, and good-fellowship attendant, as aids to digestion.*

A LIGHT DINNER FOR TWO.

Many years ago, when railways were things undreamt of, and when the journeys from Oxford to the metropolis were inevitably performed on that goodly and pleasant high road which is now dreary and forlorn, a gentleman and his son, the latter newly flushed with College fame and University honours, rode forth over Magdalen Bridge and the Cherwell, purposing to reach London in a leisurely ride. A groom, their only attendant, carrying their scanty baggage with him on a good stout cob, had been sent on in advance to order dinner at a well-known road-side hostelry, where Oxford nags baited, and where their more adventurous riders frequently caroused, out of reach of any supervision by Principals or Pro-Proctors.

Pleasant is the spot, well approved by past generations of Freshmen, picturesque and charming to an eye content with rich fields, luxuriant meadows, and pretty streams, tributaries of the now adolescent Thames, whose waters had not at that date been polluted by barge or lighter at that point of its course. The neighbourhood is famous for its plump larks; and whether in a savoury pudding, swimming with beef-steak gravy, or roasted, a round half-dozen together, on an iron skewer or a tiny spit, those little warblers furnished forth a pretty adjunct on a well-spread table, tempting to an appetite somewhat appeased by heavier and more substantial viands. Mine host at our road-side quarters had a cook who dressed them to a nicety; contriving to produce or develope a succulency

* Henry Holden Frankum, Esq.

and flavour which meaner practitioners would scarcely have deemed practicable. Now Martin, pursuant to his master's instructions for securing a repast of ducks and the dainty lark, finding the landlord brought out from his shady porch by the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the well-beaten road, announced the approaching arrival, and ordered dinner. "My master wishes to find a couple of larks, and a dozen of ducks, well roasted, on his arrival at four o'clock." "Did I understand you rightly, young man?" said Boniface. "O!" said the varlet, pettishly, "in Oxford no landlord needs twice telling;"—and betook himself to the stables, looking forward to the enjoyment of a tankard of good house-brewed ale,—no brewer's iniquitous mixture,—and the opportunity of shining with some lustre in the tap, or the kitchen, before country bumpkins, eager to listen to a man like himself, who had seen racing at Newmarket and Doncaster, and high life at Bath and Cheltenham. Meantime, his masters came leisurely along the road, nor thought of applying a spur, until the craving bowels of the younger horseman, whose digestive organs were unimpaired by College theses and examinations, suggested a lack of provender; and, their watches, when consulted, indicating the near approach of the dinner hour, they broke off their chat, and soon drew rein at their place of temporary sojourn.

Finding the cloth laid, and the busy waiter's preparations nearly complete, they glanced with satisfaction at a table of somewhat unnecessary dimensions, considering the limited extent of the party, which our young Hellenist would have described as a "duality." Just as our travellers were growing impatient, the landlord, having previously satisfied himself, by obsequious inquiry, that his guests were quite ready, re-entered, bearing a dish with bright cover, and heading as good a procession of domestics, each similarly laden, as the limited resources

of his modest establishment admitted. The large number of dishes rather surprised the elder of the twain, whose mind was less absorbed by the suggestions of appetite; and, having dispatched the sole attendant left for a bottle of the best Madeira the cellar could supply, and a jug of that malt liquor for which the house had obtained some notoriety, he proceeded to look under the formidable range of covers. Seeing under the first a couple of ducks, he said, "Come, this is all right!" but finding the next, and the next, and still the next, but a repetition of the same, either with or without the odour of seasoning, he fairly stood aghast, when six couple of goodly ducks stood revealed before him. The young collegian's mirth was great, his laugh hearty, at the climax of two pretty little chubby larks which closed the line of dishes. Apple sauce and gravy, broccoli and potatoes, stood sentries, flanking the array. Upon his ringing the bell with no gentle hand, the landlord himself stepped in from the passage, where he appeared to have awaited a summons; and, in answer to a question the reader may easily anticipate, replied that the servant's order was precise, and that it was impatiently repeated upon his own hesitation in accepting it. The respectability of the landlord, and the evident truthfulness of his manner, stayed all further questions. But the elder gentleman said firmly, that he should not pay for what had been so absurdly provided; alleging, that no two, or even three, persons could be found who would do justice to such provisions. The landlord, like Othello, "upon that hint spake;" for he saw a faint chance of righting a somewhat difficult matter. "O, Sir," said he, "I think I could find a man hard by, who would not consider the supplies too much for his own appetite." "Produce him," said the guest, "and settle the point; for, if you do, I will pay for the whole." The anxious landlord said no more; but, bowing, left in

search of a neighbouring cobbler, whose prowess with the knife and fork was pre-eminent in the vicinity. Meantime, our hungry travellers sat down to dinner with such good will, that each of them disposed of one of the regiment; and, in a joint attack, a third fell mutilated, leaving but fragmentary relics. A lark a-piece was a mere practical joke; and cheese, with celery, left nothing farther wanting to appease those cravings which had prompted them to action. While these little matters were in progress, the landlord had found the shoemaker, and told his story. "Well," said Lapstone, "this is plaguy unlucky, for I've just had a gallon of broth! Such a famous chance, too; for if there is any thing I am particularly fond of, certainly ducks is a weak point, Sir." Boniface, thinking it his only chance, urged him to try; and the man of bristles, nothing loth, consented. On being duly introduced, orders were given for setting-to on the spot, to insure fair play, and defeat any supplementary aid, or a deposit in any other pocket, save that with which the savage in a nude state finds himself provided,—the stomach. While the travellers sipped their wine, and trifled with their dessert, the voracious cobbler fell heartily to work on the row of eight ducks before him: one having been sent down for the undeserving groom, whose blunder had proved a godsend to the man of leather. Wisely eschewing vegetables, and eating scantily of bread, the *disjecta membra* of the doomed ducks rapidly yielded up their savoury integuments. But flesh is weak, and cobblers' appetites are not wholly unappeasable; so that while the fifth victim was under discussion, a stimulant, in the shape of "a little brandy," was requested; and when the sixth was but slowly and more slowly disappearing, poor Lapstone, who began to think farther progress impossible, was seen whispering to the landlord. The gentleman loudly demanded what the fellow was saying. "Sir,"

said the landlord, promptly and cunningly, "he says, he wishes there were half-a-dozen more; for he is just beginning to enjoy them." "Confound the rascal's gluttony," cried the travellers; "not a bit more shall he have. Put the remaining couple by for our supper; for we shall not leave your house till to-morrow:"—an arrangement affording much relief to the shoemaker, and entire satisfaction to the innkeeper.

To return to the lark. It is worthy of notice, that London is annually supplied, from the country about Dunstable alone, with not less than four thousand dozen of these succulent songsters. At Leipsic, the excise on larks, for that single city, amounts to nearly £1,000 sterling yearly. The larks of Dunstable and Leipsic are, I presume, "caught napping." They are not, then, like the nightingale, who is said to sing all night, to keep herself awake, lest the slow-worm should devour her.

And this reminds me of a remark which I once heard made by one who disputed the fact, that every thing had its use. Mr. Jerdan could not conjecture what use there could be in the *cimex*, that domestic "B flat," which may be found in old beds and old parchments. So my friend could not divine the utility of a slow-worm, or of that unclean parasite, the "louse," which, by the way, infects birds as well as dirty humanity, and even reaches these same aspiring larks. For the use of the slow-worm I referred him to natural history; for that of the *pediculus*, I could only state that it is swallowed by some country-people as a cure for jaundice! At Hardenberg, in Sweden, it held a position of some importance. When a Burgomaster had to be chosen, the eligible candidates sat with their beards upon the table, in the centre of which was placed a louse; and the one in whose beard he took cover was the Magistrate for the ensuing year.

After the ceremony, the company supped upon ducks, and sang like larks.

The household of Job was of a hospitable cast. "His sons went and feasted in their houses, every one on his day;" (which is explained as being the *birth*-day;) "and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and drink with them." We know what materials the joyous family had to make a superb feast; and doubtless he who presided thereat was as proud as the Knight who, by virtue of triumphing in the tournament, alone had the right to carve the peacock which was placed before him—plumage, tail, and all—by the fairest "she" to be found in the vicinity. After all, the peacock was inferior to the succulent and sweet-throated thrush. The proper time for eating thrushes, and, indeed, much other of the small game of the bird species, is towards the end of November. The reason assigned by a French epicure is, that, after they have been fattened in the fields and vineyards, they then give a biting, bitter aroma to their flesh by feeding on juniper-berries. The Romans fed them on a paste made up of figs, wheat, and aromatic grains. The Roman epicures were as fond of them as the Marquis de Cussy was of red partridges, one of which he ate on the day of his death, and after a six months' illness. It was his last act; and, in gastronomic annals, it is recorded, as Nelson's calling for sealing-wax amid the thunders of Copenhagen, or his writing to Horatia before he went to meet death at Trafalgar, is noticed by the biographers of our naval heroes. Statistics, which are as pleasantly void of truth as poetry, generally speaking, set down the enormous total of nearly fifty-two millions of francs as the sum expended yearly in France for fowls of all species. Taking the amount of population into consideration, this would prove that France is a more fowl-consuming nation than any other on the face of the globe.

In a dietetic point of view, it would be well for weak stomachs to remember, that wild birds are more nutritious than their domesticated cousins, and more digestible. But the white breast or wing of a chicken is less heating than the flesh of winged game. Other game—such as venison, which is dark-coloured, and contains a large proportion of fibrine—produces highly stimulating chyle; and, consequently, the digestion is an easy and rapid affair for the stomach. But, though the whiter meats be detained longer in the stomach, furnish less stimulating chyle, and be suffered to run into acetous fermentation, their lesser stimulating quality may recommend them when the general system is not in want of a spur. Meats are wholesome, or otherwise, less with reference to themselves than to the consumer. "To assert a thing to be wholesome," says Van Swieten, "without a knowledge of the condition of the person for whom it is intended, is like a sailor pronouncing the wind to be fair, without knowing to what port the vessel is bound."

Cardinal Fesch would have made an exception in the case of "blackbirds." His dinners at Lyons were reverenced for the excellence and variety of these dishes. The birds were sent to him weekly from Corsica; and they were said to incense half the archiepiscopal city. They were served with great form; and none who ate thereof ever forgot the flavour which melted along his palate. The Cardinal used to say that it was like swallowing paradise, and that the smell alone of his blackbirds was enough to revivify half the defunct in his diocese.

Quite as rich a dish may be found in the pheasant which has been suspended by the tail, and which detaches himself from his caudine appendage, by way of intimation that he is ready. It is thus, we are told, that a pheasant hung up on Shrove Tuesday is susceptible of being spitted

on Easter-day! It is popularly said in France of the pheasant, that it only lacks something to be equal to the turkey! A wise saying, indeed! but, the truth is, the two cannot be compared. Our own popular adage regarding the partridge and woodcock has far better grounds for what they assert:—

> If the partridge had but the woodcock's thigh,
> 'T would be the best bird that ever did fly.
> If the woodcock had but the partridge's breast,
> 'T would be the best bird that ever was dress'd."

The partridge is much on the ground, the woodcock ever on the wing; and these parts, and the immediate vicinity of them, acquire a muscular toughness, not admired by epicures.

The vegetarians may boast of a descent as ancient as that claimed by the Freemasons. In ancient days, if, indeed, flesh meat was not denounced, unmeasured honour was paid to vegetables. Monarchs exchanged them as gifts, wise men and warriors supped on them after study and battle, Chiefs of the noblest descent prepared them with their own hands for their own tables, agricultural chymists tended their planting, and pious populations raised some of them to the rank of gods.

The Licinian Law enacted their use, while it restricted the consumption of meat; and the greatest families in Rome derived their names from them. Fabius was but General *Bean*, Cicero was Vice-Chancellor *Pea*, and the house of Lentulus took its appellation from the slow-growing *Lentil*.

The kitchen-garden of Henry VIII. was worse supplied than that of Charlemagne, who not only raised vegetables, but, as Gustavus Vasa's Queen did with her eggs and milk, made money by them. He was a royal market-gardener, and found more profit in his salads than he did

in his sons. A salad, by the way, was so scarce an article during the early part of the last century, that George I. was obliged to send to Holland to procure a lettuce for his Queen; and now lettuces are flung by cart-loads to the pigs. Asparagus and artichokes were strangers to us until a still later period.

The bean has, from remote times, held a distinguished place. Isidorus asserts that it was the first food used by man. Pythagoras held that human life was in it. By others the black spot was accounted typical of death; and the *Flamen* of Jupiter would neither look upon it nor pronounce its name. The Priests of Apollo, on the other hand, banqueted on a dish of beans at one of the festivals of their god. Those of Æsculapius taught that the smell of beans in blossom was prejudicial to health; and farmers' wives, in the days of Baucis and Philemon, maintained that hens reared on beans would never lay eggs.

The "bean" was once the principal feature in the Twelfth-Night cake; and he to whose share fell the piece containing the vegetable was King for the night. The last Twelfth Night observed, with ancient strictness. at the Tuileries, was when Louis XVIII. was yet reigning. Among his guests was Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, who was lucky enough to draw the bean, and thereby became Monarch for the nonce. "My cousin," said Louis XVIII., "is King at last!" "I will never accept such title," answered the over-modest Duke; "I acknowledge no other King in France but your Majesty, and will not usurp the name even in jest!" Excellent man! he was at that very moment intriguing to tumble from his throne that very King, loyalty for whom he expressed with so much of unnecessary and enforced ceremony.

The *haricot blanc*, or white kidney bean, deserves to be introduced more generally into our kitchens. There are

various methods of dressing them; but the best is to have them softened in the gravy of a leg of mutton; they are then a good substitute for potatoes. They are nearly as good, dressed with oil or butter; and Napoleon was exceedingly fond of them, dressed as a salad. Of course, we allude here to the bean which, in full maturity, is taken from the pod, and eaten in winter. In England we eat the pod itself, (in summer,) split, and served with roast mutton and venison. The mature bean, however, makes an excellent dish.

And, *à-propos* to Monarchs, it is to Alexander that we are indebted for the Indian "haricot;" and the vegetable had a fashion in Greece and Rome worthy of its distinguished introducer. But this fashion was not a mere consequence; for grey peas were as universally eaten. The people were so fond of these, that political aspirants bought votes of electors in exchange for them. They formed the principal refreshment of the lower citizens at the circus and the theatre, where, instead of the modern cry of "Oranges, biscuits, porter, and bill of the play!" was to be heard that of "Peas! peas! ram peas! grey peas! and a programme of the beasts and actors!"

Green peas were not known in France until the middle of the sixteenth century. They were grown, but people no more thought of eating them than we do the sweet pea. The gardener Michaux was born, and he it was who first sent green peas to a Christian table.

When Alexander, son of Pyrrhus, wished to keep all the beans that grew in the Thesprotian Marsh for his own eating, the gods dried up the marsh, and beans could never be made to grow there again. So, when King Antigonus put a tax on the healing spring that flowed at Edessa, the waters disappeared; and the people were not, in either case, benefited. What lumbering avengers were those heathen deities!

The cabbage has had a singular destiny,—in one country an object of worship; in another, of contempt. The Egyptians made of it a god; and it was the first dish they touched at their repasts. The Greeks and Romans took it as a remedy for the languor following inebriation. Cato said that in the cabbage was a panacea for the ills of man. Erasistratus recommended it as a specific in paralysis; Hippocrates accounted it a sovereign remedy, boiled with salt, for the colic; and Athenian medical men prescribed it to young nursing-mothers, who wished to see lusty babies lying in their arms. Diphilus preferred the beet to the cabbage, both as food and as medicine,—in the latter case, as a vermifuge. The same physician extols mallows, not for fomentation, but as a good edible vegetable, appeasing hunger and curing the sore-throat at the same time. The asparagus, as we are accustomed to see it, has derogated from its ancient magnificence. The original "grass" was from twelve to twenty feet high; and a dish of them could only have been served to the Brobdignagians. Under the Romans, stems of asparagus were raised of three pounds' weight,—heavy enough to knock down a slave in waiting with. The Greeks ate them of more moderate dimensions, or would have eat them, but that the publishing doctors of their day denounced asparagus as injurious to the sight. But then it was also said, that a slice or two of boiled pumpkin would re-invigorate the sight which had been deteriorated by asparagus. "Do that as quickly as you should asparagus!" is a proverb descended to us from Augustus, and illustrative of the mode in which the vegetable was prepared for the table.

The gourd does not figure at our repasts as commonly as it did in the east of Europe in mythological times, when it was greedily eaten, boiled hot, or preserved in pickle. The readers of Athenæus will remember, how

a party of philosophers lost their temper, in a discussion as to whether the gourd was round, square, or oblong,—how a coarse-minded doctor interrupted the discussion by a very incongruous remark,—and how the venerable sage who was in the chair called the rude man to order, and then bade the disputants proceed with their argument.

A still more favourite dish, at Athens, was turnips, from Thebes. Carrots, too, formed a distinguished dish at Greek and Roman tables. Purslain was rather honoured as a cure against poisons, whether in the blood by wounds, or in the stomach from beverage. I have heard it asserted in France, that if you briskly rub a glass with fingers which have been previously rubbed with purslain, or parsley, the glass will certainly break. I have tried the experiment, but only to find that the glass resisted the pretended charm.

Broccoli was the favourite vegetable food of Drusus. He ate greedily thereof; and, as his father, Tiberius, was as fond of it as he, the master of the Roman world and his illustrious heir were constantly quarrelling, like two clowns, when a dish of broccoli stood between them. Artichokes grew less rapidly into aristocratic favour; the *dictum* of Galen was against them; and, for a long time, they were only used by drinkers, against head-ache, and by singers, to strengthen their voice. Pliny pronounced artichokes excellent food for poor people and donkeys! For nobler stomachs he preferred the cucumber,—the Nemesis of vegetables. But people were at issue touching the merits of the cucumber. Not so, regarding the lettuce, which has been universally honoured. It was the most highly esteemed dish of the beautiful Adonis. It was prescribed as provocative to sleep; and it cured Augustus of the malady which sits so heavily on the soul of Leopold of Belgium,—*hypochondriasis*. Science and rank eulogized the lettuce, and philosophy sanctioned the

eulogy in the person of Aristoxenus, who not only grew lettuces as the pride of his garden, but irrigated them with wine, in order to increase their flavour.

But we must not place too much trust in the stories either of sages or apothecaries. These Pagans recommended the seductive, but indigestible, endive, as good against the headache, and young onions and honey as admirable preservers of health, when taken fasting; but this was a prescription for rustic swains and nymphs,—the higher classes, in town or country, would hardly venture on it. And yet the mother of Apollo ate raw leeks, and loved them of gigantic dimensions. For this reason, perhaps, was the leek accounted, not only as salubrious, but as a beautifier. The love for melons was derived, in similar fashion, probably, from Tiberius, who cared for them even more than he did for broccoli. The German Cæsars inherited the taste of their Roman predecessor, carrying it, indeed, to excess; for more than one of them, as may be seen in another page, submitted to die after eating melons, rather than live by renouncing them.

I have spoken of gigantic asparagus: the Jews had radishes that could vie with them, if it be true that a fox and cubs could burrow in the hollow of one, and that it was not uncommon to grow them of a hundred pounds in weight. It must have been such radishes as these that were employed by seditious mobs of old, as weapons, in insurrections. In such case, a rebellious people were always well victualled, and had peculiar facilities, not only to beat their adversaries, but to eat their own arms. The horse-radish is, probably, a descendant of this gigantic ancestor. It had, at one period, a gigantic reputation. Dipped in poison, it rendered the draught innocuous, and, rubbed on the hands, it made an encounter with venomed serpents mere play. In short, it was celebrated as being a cure for every evil in life,—the only exception being, that it

destroyed the teeth. There was far more difference of opinion touching garlic, than there was touching the radish. The Egyptians deified it, as they did the leek and the cabbage; the Greeks devoted it to Gehenna,—and to soldiers, sailors, and cocks that were not "game." Medicinally, it was held to be useful in many diseases, if the root used were originally sown when the moon was below the horizon. No one who had eaten of it, however, could presume to enter the Temple of Cybele. Alphonso of Castile was as particular as this goddess; and a Knight of Castile, "detected as being guilty of garlic," suffered banishment from the royal presence during an entire month.

Parsley has fared better, both with gods and men. Hercules and Anacreon crowned themselves with it. It was worn both at joyous banquets and funeral feasts; and not only horses, but those who bestrode them, ate of the herb, in order to find the excitement to daring which otherwise lacked. In contrast with parsley stood the water-cress, a plant honoured and eaten only by the Persians. It was, indeed, medically esteemed as curative of consumption, and, by placing it in the ears, of tooth-ache. But the wits and Plutarch denounced its use in any case; and few cared to affect love for a plant which was popularly declared to have the power of twisting the noses of those who put it into their mouths!

Parsley was as popular in what may be called "classical" times, as the asparagus has invariably been with a particular class in France. This vegetable has ever been, I know not wherefore, a favourite vegetable with the officials of the Gallican Church. One day, Monseigneur Courtois de Quincy, Bishop of Belley, was informed that an asparagus head had just pierced the soil in His Eminence's kitchen-garden, and that it was worth looking at. Cardinal and *convives* rose from table,

visited the spot, and were lost in admiration at what they saw. Day by day the Bishop watched the growth of the delicious giant. His mouth watered as he looked at it, and happy was he when the day arrived in which he might with his own hands take it from the ground. When he did so, he found, to his disappointment, that he held a wooden counterfeit, admirably turned and painted by the Canon Rosset, who was famous for his artistic abilities, and also for his practical jokes. The joke on this occasion was taken in good part, and the counterfeit asparagus was admitted to the honour of lying on the Bishop's table.

I have noticed, that asparagus has been suggested as one of the substitutes for coffee. In this case, the seeds are taken from the berries, by drying the latter in an oven, and rubbing them on a sieve. When ground, the seeds make a full-flavoured coffee, not inferior, it is said, —but that is doubtful,—to the best Mocha.

It was the opinion of Pliny, that nature intended asparagus to grow wild, in order that all might eat thereof. That was esteemed the best which grew naturally on the mountain-sides. The famous Ravenna asparagus was cultivated with such perfection, that three of them weighed a pound. Lobster surrounded with asparagus was a favourite dish; and the rapidity with which the latter should be cooked, is illustrated, as I have said, by a proverb: "*Velocius quam asparagi coquuntur!*" There is a story told of an intrusive traveller forcing his company at supper on another wayfarer, before whom were placed an omelette and some asparagus. The intruder had not before seen any "grass," and inquired what it was. "O, it is very well in its way," said the other, "and we will divide both omelette and asparagus;" and therewith, after carving the first, he cut the bunch in two, and gave the white ends to the importunate visitor. The greatest

indignation ever experienced by Carême, was once at hearing that some guests had eaten asparagus with one of his new *entremêts*, and mixed it in their mouths with iced champagne.

There is an opinion current in some parts of England, that they who eat of old parsnips that have been long in the ground invariably go mad; and on this account the root is called "mad-nip." On some such "insane root," it is said, the Indians, named by Garcilasso, whetted their appetites before they ate their dead parents. Such form of entombment was accounted most dignified and dutiful. If the defunct was lean, the children boiled their parent; but obesity was always honoured by roasting. Fathers and mothers were religiously picked to the very bones, and the bones themselves were then consigned to the earth. This, however, is not an exclusively Indian custom. The Indians only devoured their deceased parents; but I have seen, in Christian England, many a son devouring father and mother, too, during their lives, swallowing their very substance, and *then*, like the Indians, committing their bones to the bosom of a tender mother,—earth.

Perhaps there is nothing, in the vegetable way, more insipid than parsnips; but these are sometimes as mischievous as insipid persons. This is the case, if the above-named tradition be worthy of credit, wherein we are told, that *old* parsnips are called "mad-nips," and that the maids who eat of them invariably become more like Salmacis than the youth she wooed, and are as much given to dancing as though they had been bitten by a tarantula. I fear the "mad-nip" is too much eaten in many of our rural districts, and perhaps by the *acerba virgo* of metropolitan towns and episcopal cities also. But let us look at our ancient friend, the potato.

It has been well said, that the first art in boiling a

potato, is to prevent the boiling of the potato. "Upon the heat and flame of the distemper sprinkle cool patience;" for without patience, care, and attention,—extreme vigilance being implied by the latter, a potato will never come out of the pot triumphantly well boiled.

The potato has been found in an indigenous state in Chili, on the mountains near Valparaiso and Mendoza; also near Monte Video, Lima, Quito, in Santa Fé da Bogota, and on the banks of the Orizaba, in Mexico. Cobbett cursed the root as being that of the ruin of Ireland, where it is said to have been first planted by Raleigh, on his estate at Youghal, near Cork. Its introduction into England is described as the effect of accident, in consequence of the wrecking of a vessel on the coast of Lancashire, which had a quantity of this "fruit" on board.

The common potato (*solanum tuberosum*) was probably first brought to Spain from Quito by the Spaniards, in the early part of the sixteenth century. In both of those countries the *tubers* are known by the designation of *papas*. In passing from Spain into Italy, it naturalized itself under the name of "the truffle." In 1598, we hear of its arrival at Vienna, and thence spreading over Europe. It certainly was not known in North America in 1586, the period at which Raleigh's colonists in Virginia are said to have sent it to England; and in the latter country it was not known until long after its introduction, as noticed above, into Ireland. In Gerard's Herbal (1597) the *Batata Virginiana*, as it is called, to distinguish it from the *Batata Edulis*, or "sweet potato," is described; and the author recommends the root, not for common food, but as "a delicate dish." The sweet potato was the "delicate dish" at English tables long before the introduction of its honest cousin. We imported it from Spain and the Canaries, and in very considerable quantities. It enjoyed the reputation of possess-

ing power to restore decayed vigour. This reputation has not escaped Shakspeare, who makes Falstaff exultingly remark, in a fit of pleasant excitement, that "it rains potatoes!" The Royal Society of England, in 1663, urgently recommended the extensive cultivation of the root as a resource against threatened famine; but as late as the end of that century, a good hundred years after its first introduction, the writers on gardening continued to treat its merits with a contemptuous indifference; though one of them does "damn with faint praise," by remarking, that "they are much used in Ireland and America as bread, and may be propagated with advantage to poor people." As late as 1719, the potato was not deemed worthy of being named in the "Complete Gardener" of Loudon and Wise, and it was not till the middle of the last century that it became generally used in Britain and North America. The "conservatives of gulosity" of that day continued long to disparagingly describe it as "a root found in the New World, consisting of little knobs, held together by strings: if you boil it well, it *can* be eaten; it *may* become an article of food; it will certainly do for hogs; and though it is rather flatulent and acid in the human stomach, perhaps, if you boil it with dates, it may serve to keep soul and body together, among those who can find nothing better."

Some sixty years since, the Dutch introduced the potato into Bengal. The produce was sold in Calcutta at 5*s*. a pound. The English tried to raise them, and all their plants grew like Jack's bean-stalk, but lacked its strength. The Hollanders continually cut the swiftly-growing plant, and so compelled it to produce its fruit beneath the ground. The secret was as well worth knowing as that other touching potatoes during frost. The only precaution necessary is, to retain the potato in a perfectly dark place, for some days after the thaw has commenced. In America, where they are sometimes

frozen as hard as stones, they rot if thawed in open day; but if thawed in darkness, they do not rot, and lose very little of their natural odour and properties. So, at least, they assert, who profess to have means of best knowing. The potato is said to have been first planted, in England, in the county of Lancashire, which was once as famous for the plant as Lithuania is for beet-root. It is not much more than a century since cabbages reached us from Holland. They were first planted in Dorsetshire, by the Ashleys; and I may add here what I have omitted in speaking of it in earlier times, namely, that the Athenians administered the juice of it in cases of slow parturition. Let me farther add, that such terms as "cow-cabbage," "horse-radish," "bull-rush," and the like, do not imply any connexion between the article and the animal. The animal prefix is simply to signify unusual size. The prefix was commonly so applied by the ancients: hence the name of Alexander's charger; and a not less familiar illustration is afforded us in the case of the "horse-leech." Cabbage used to have said of it what Lemery, physician of Louis XIV., more truly said of spinach; namely, that "it stops coughing, allays the sharp humours of the breast, and keeps the body open." Spinach, to be truly enjoyed, should never be eaten without liberal saturation of gravy; and French epicures say, "Do not forget the nutmeg." This vegetable goes excellently with swine's flesh in every shape, but especially ham, the stimulating flavour of which it strongly modifies.

Rice, as an article of food, has something remarkable in it. Its cultivation destroys life; and when the grain is eaten, its value as a supporter of strength is very uncertain. The cultivation of this production, where it does not destroy life, does destroy comfort, and slaves may be compelled, but freemen will not go voluntarily, to raise the "paddy crop." In India, where the people of many districts depend upon it entirely as a chief article of food,

famine is often the result, simply because the failure of one crop leaves the unenergetic people without any other present resource.

And now, by way of a concluding word to those who read medicinally, I would say, on the best authority, first, that of the haricot-bean I have nothing to add to what I have already stated. With regard to peas, they are, like many other things, most pleasant and wholesome when young. Old, they are the fathers of gaseous colic; and, when swallowed with the additional tenacity of texture derived from being made into pudding,—why, then the unhappy consumer is a man to be pitied. Potatoes are best baked, or roasted lightly. In the latter case, they are scarcely less nutritious than bread; but the potato must be in full health, and the cooking unexceptionable. There is many a cook who could execute, to a charm, the *fricandeau* invented by Leo X., who has not the remotest idea of cooking a potato. When the Flemings sent us the carrot, in the reign of Elizabeth, it is a pity they could not have deprived it of its fibrine texture, the drawback to be set against its saccharine nutritiveness. As the Romans waxed strong upon the turnip, we may allow that it has some virtues, and that Charles the First's Secretary, Lord Townshend, did good service by re-introducing it to his countrymen. Like the Jerusalem artichoke, it requires a strong accompaniment of salt and pepper, to counteract its watery and flatulent influences. As for radishes, he who eats them is tormenting his stomach with bad water, woody fibre, and acrid poison; and if his stomach resents such treatment, why, it most emphatically "serves him right." As for cucumber, in the days of Evelyn, it was looked upon as only one remove from poison, and it had better be eaten and enjoyed with that opinion in memory. It is a pity that what is pleasant is not always what is proper. Thus the cucumber is attractive, but not nutritive; while the onions

at whose very name every man stands with his hand to his mouth, like a Persian in the act of *ad-oration*, is exceedingly nourishing and wholesome. But I can never think of it, without remembering the story of the man who, having breakfasted early on bread and onions, entered an inn on a bitterly cold morning, with the remark, that for the last two hours he had had the wind in his teeth. "Had you?" said the unfortunate person who happened to be nearest to him: "then, by Jove, the wind had the worst of it!"

An onion is all very well as an ingredient in a sauce, but to make a meal of it! Well! it is on record that a dinner *has* been made, at which nothing was served but sauces. A dinner of sauces must have been quickly prepared; but, for quick preparation, I know nothing that can vie with a feat accomplished, on the 18th of March of the present year, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The "Round-Catch-and-Canon Club" were to dine there at half-past five P.M. An hour previously, the active Secretary, Mr. Francis, Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's, arrived, to see that "all was right." He found all wrong. Through some mistake, no company was expected; and, there being no other dinners ordered for that day, the weary proprietors, and their chief "aids," were enjoying a little relaxation. Not only were the high priestesses of the kitchen "out," but the sacred fires of the altars had followed their example. Great was the horror of the able counter-tenor Secretary; but the difficulty was triumphantly met by the accomplished officers of the establishment; and, at six o'clock precisely, forty-two of us sat down to so perfect a banquet, that the shade of Carême might have contemplated it with a smile of unalloyed satisfaction. This house may boast of this *tour de force* for ever!

SAUCES.

The donor of the sauce dinner, mentioned in the last page, was an eccentric old Major. He invited three persons to partake of this unique repast. The soup consisted of gravy sauce, and oyster and lobster sauce were handed round instead of *filet de sole*. Then came the sirloin in guise of egg sauce, on the ground, I suppose, that an egg is proverbially "full of meat." There was no pheasant, but there was bread sauce, to put his guests in mind of the flavour; and if they had not plum-pudding, they had as much towards it as could be implied by brandy sauce; just as Heyne says, that Munich is the modern Athens in this far,—that if it has not the philosophers, it has the hemlock, and has Alcibiades' dog, as a preparation towards getting Alcibiades. The sauce-boats were emptied by the guests. The wine was well-resorted to after each boat, and a little brandy settled the viand that was represented by the egg sauce. Half the guests, between excess of lobster sauce and Cognac, were all the worse for the banquet; but that proved rather the weakness of their stomachs, than the non-excellence of the feast. It is said that the Major, when alone in the evening, wound up with a rump-steak supper,—a process rather characteristic of the "old soldier;" but I have heard, in a provincial town, of large parties to "tea," followed by a snug family party, when the guests were all departed, to a hot supper, with the usual *et cæteras*. But let *us* get back from the supper to the matter of seasonings.

Seasonings may be said to form an important item in the practice and results of cookery. The first, and most useful and natural, is salt. The ancients did not allow, at one time, of its use in sacrifices; but Homer called it "divine," and Plutarch speaks of it as acceptable to the gods. Its value was not known to men until the Phœnicians, Selech and Misor,—so, at least, says an ancient legend,—taught mankind the real worth of this production as a condiment, and thereby gave to meat increased flavour, and to the eaters of it increased health and improved digestions.

The Roman soldiers received their pay in *salarium*, or "salt-money." The Mexican rulers punished rebellious provinces by interdicting the use of salt; and Holland, some years since, cruelly took vengeance on the breakers of the law, by serving them with food, without salt, during the term of their imprisonment. The poor wretches were almost devoured by worms, in consequence of this inhuman proceeding.

Of course, the salt-money of the soldiery was, like the pin-money of a married lady, employed in other ways than those warranted by its appellation. For above three centuries, soldiers served *gratis*, and supported themselves. Then came "salt-money," or *salarium*, in the shape of a couple of *oboli* daily to the foot, and a *drachma* to the cavalry. This was to the common men. The Tribunes were, however, exorbitantly paid, if Juvenal's allusion may be trusted, wherein he says that,—

——"*alter enim, quantum in legione Tribuni*
Accipiunt, donat Calvinæ vel Catienæ;"

or, as it may be translated,

"Such sums as a full Colonel's coffers swell,
He flings to Lola, or to Laura Bell!"

But this must have been in very late times, previous to

which frugality, modesty, and indifferent pay were ever the Tribune's share of the national virtues and their consequences, lauded by Livy. The first Cæsar doubled the *salarium* of the army, and decreed that it should never be reduced. His successors followed the example of increase. Augustus fixed the salt-money at ten *asses* a day, and by the time of Domitian it was considerably more than double that amount. From that period, the soldiery fed better, and fought worse, than ever. Up to the time of the Empire they had been frugal livers, and were not above preparing the rations of corn allowed them with their own hands: some ground it in hand-mills, others pounded it between stones, and the hastily-baked cakes were eaten contentedly upon the turf, with nothing better to wash them down than pure water, or, at best, *posca*, which was water mixed with vinegar,—and a very wholesome beverage, too, in hot weather.

The Jewish dispensation, unlike that of the early Olympian theology, enforced the use of salt in all sacrificial ceremonies. That of the Dead Sea was abundant; and Galen pronounced it as the most favourable for seasoning, and for promoting digestion. The Greeks learned to call it "divine," and at last consecrated it to their gods. Spilling salt was accounted as unlucky in the days when "young Time counted his birthdays by the sun," as in these modern times when the schoolmaster is abroad,—sometimes too much abroad.

Ancus Martius was the first of the Roman Kings who levied a duty on salt. He was not visited by the gods —as legends say other Kings were who created such imposts—by some dire calamity. The bad example of Ancus Martius has continued over nearly the whole of Europe; and a slave cannot eat salt to his bread without paying tribute to the King.

The word "salt" was often used for life itself. When

Dordalus says to Toxilus, in the "*Persa*," "*Eodem mihi pretio sal præhibetur quæ tibi*,"—"I get my salt at the same price as you do,"—he simply means that his manner of life is as good as that of Toxilus, and that a slave-merchant is as respectable as the very best-fed of slaves themselves. Catullus employs the word to denote beauty; other poets use it to signify virtues of various kinds; and in Terence we find a man without salt to mean a man without sense. Plutarch was not wrong when he styled salt "the condiment of condiments." I do not know that it has ever been used to point a proverb with a contemptuous meaning, except in Greece, where he who had nothing to dine upon was called a "salt-licker." Rome, where it was of such commercial importance, honoured it more by giving to the road along which it was conveyed the name of "the Salarian Way."

There were people who never knew its use, as in Epeiros; some who have steadily rejected it, as the Bathurst tribe in Australia. The Peruvians delighted in it, and ate it mixed with hot pepper and bitter herbs, as a sort of "sweetmeat." How sacred it is in Arabia, we all know; and, in illustration of it, I have heard of an Arab burglar accidentally letting his tongue come in contact, as he was plundering a house by night, with a piece of salt. He instantly deemed he had partaken of the owner's hospitality, and he departed without booty. Could Christian thieves be so influenced, we should salt our plate-baskets and cash-boxes nightly!

In Sicily a salt is spoken of that melts only in fire, and hardens in water. At Utica, one of the great salt suppliers of the ancient world, it lay about in such huge mounds, hardened by the sun and moon, that the pickaxe would scarcely penetrate it. In Arabia whole cities were once built of it, the blocks of salt being cemented by

water. It is still procured with most difficulty in Abyssinia, where the clouds are supposed to deposit the crystal in sandy plains, of heat so furious, that it is only during one or two hours of the night that the seekers of it dare dash into the locality, and carry off, as hastily as possible, what they seek. It is procured far more pleasantly in those parts of Chili where it is found deposited on the leaves of plants. Off the warmer coasts of South America, and the still hotter shores of Africa, blocks weighing from one to two hundred weight have been picked up. Some writers tell us that lakes are nothing more than salt plains in solution; and others, that salt plains are merely lakes congealed. However this may be, it is known that generally four gallons of water produce one of salt; but there is great difference of result in various localities, some water yielding a sixth, other only a sixteenth. The deep sea-water is the most highly productive. There are various strange ingredients, too, used in different places to make the salt "grain" properly. White of egg, butter, ale, and even blood, are employed to produce the desired result. In its fossil or mineral state it is nowhere seen to such great advantage as in the mines of Williska, in Poland. I have seen those near Salzburg, in southern Austria; but these are mere salt-cellars, compared with the Polish mine, which forms a large subterranean city, has its streets, citizens, and coteries, and is an underground republic, many of the natives of which die without seeing a blade of grass, or a gleam of sunlight, upon the bosom of the upper earth.

Finally, salt is the most natural stimulant for the digestive organs; but it should be remembered that too much of it is *almost* as bad as too little. The lowering of the price of salt, a consequence of the abolition of the duty, was beneficial to the poor, and ruinous to the

worm-doctors. It is a singular production. In small quantities it is a stimulating manure; in large quantities it begets sterility. A little of it accelerates putrefaction, while a large quantity prevents it. Farther, it is to be remembered,—and I have mentioned the fact in another page,—that the salt in salted meat is not (whatever it may once have been) the table salt, the use of which is so favourable to digestion. In the meat it undergoes a chymical change, by which it deteriorates itself as well as the object to which it is applied. "Sweet salt" was the name once given to sugar; and in reference to this latter production, it may be safely averred, that its introduction worked a considerable change in society. And it appears to have been early added to that "significant luxury," wheat. In Isaiah xliii. 24 there is an allusion made to it in these words: "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of sacrifices." And again, in Jeremiah vi. 20: "To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and sweet cane from a far country?" It would seem, however, that though the sweet cane may have been known, its uses were not very speedily appreciated, or, if they were, that they were for a long time forgotten. Thus, as late as the thirteenth century of our era, a writer speaks of a novel sort of salt that has been discovered, the flavour of which was sweet, and, as he suggests, might be found acceptable to sick persons, because of its soothing and cooling properties. "Honey out of the rock," which was the sweetener most early noticed in Scripture, fell into comparative disuse, after sugar had become a necessary of life, after being first a medicine, and then a luxury. The Spaniards received it from the Arabs, and familiarized it in Europe. Its first settlement beyond the Continent was in Madeira, and at length it found a congenial soil in the islands of the Western

Indies. God gave the gift, but man has discovered how to abuse it to his own destruction; and, from the sweet food offered by an angel, he has distilled the fire-water, which slays like the pestilence. But to return, for a moment, from the sweets to the salts, and especially to the latter in the form of brine.

The Romans were fond of brine,—water in which bay-salt had been dissolved,—as a seasoning; and after dinner, those who could not guess the riddles that were put to them, were punished, like the refractory gentlemen at the Nightingale Club, by being compelled to swallow a cup-full, without drawing breath. Apicius invented a composition made up of salt, pepper, ginger, thyme, celery, rocket, and anise-seed, with lamoni, wild marjoram, holy thistle, spikenard, parsley, and hyssop, as a specific to be taken, after heavy dinners, against indigestion. They who could digest the remedy need not have been afraid of the dinner.

That universal seasoning of the classical world, the *garum*, was originally a shrimp sauce; but it was subsequently made of the intestines of almost any fish, macerated in water, saturated with salt; and when symptoms of putrefaction began to appear, a little parsley and vinegar were added; and there was the famous *garum*, of which the inventors were so proud,—and particularly of a *garum* which was prepared in Spain. Flesh instead of fish was occasionally used, with no difference in the process of preparation; and it would be difficult to say which was the nastier. But, perhaps, if we could see the witchery of preparing any of our own flavouring sauces, we should be reluctant ever to allow a drop of the polluted mixture to pass our lips. There *is* a bliss in ignorance.

Pythagoras showed better taste in the science of seasonings, when he took to eating nothing but honey

wherewith to flavour his bread. Hybla sounds sweet, the very word smells sweet, from its association with honey. Aristæus, who is said to have discovered its use, merited the patent of nobility, whereby he was declared to have descended from the gods; and the placing the honeycomb and its makers under the protection of Mellona, expressly made by men for this purpose, was a proof of the value in which they were held. Theophrastus placed sugar among the honeys,—the honey of reeds,—or the "salt of India," as some strangely called it. The Greek physicians recommended its use, both as food and as flavourer. It was at one time as scarce as cinnamon,—that precious bark of which the phœnix made its nest, and which the Cæsars monopolized. Cinnamon and cloves were not employed in seasoning until a comparatively modern period. The good people of earlier days preferred verjuice, in certain cases prescribed by Galen. They seemed to have a taste for acids: hence the admiration, both in Greece and Rome, for vinegar and pickles. Vinegar figured in the army statistics of Rome especially; but it once, at least, figured in a still more remarkable way in the statistics of the French army, in the time of Louis XIII., when the Duc de la Meilleraye, Grand Master of the Artillery of France, put down £52,000 as the sum expended by him in cooling cannons. How hot the war must have been, and at what a price the fever must have been maintained, when the merely refrigerating process cost so much!

French epicures maintain that the pig was born to be "ringed," and that his mission was to rout at the foot of the yoke-elm trees, and turn up truffles! Pliny gravely looked upon the truffle as a prodigy sown by the thunderbolt in autumnal storms. However this may be, all lovers of good things eat the truffle with a sort of devout ecstasy, in spite of the wide differences of opinion

which exist among the faculty of guessers, as to whether the truffle be nutritious or poisonous, fit for food, or monster sire of indigestion. The fact is, that they should be delicately dealt with, like mushrooms; of which he who eats little is wise, and he who eats not of them at all is safe from blaming them for bringing on indigestion—as far as *he* is concerned.

The truffle is thus elaborately, yet not verbosely, described by Archimagirus Soyer: "The truffle is a very remarkable vegetable, which, without stems, roots, or fibres, grows of itself, isolated in the bosom of the earth, absorbing the nutritive juice. Its form is round, more or less regular; its surface is smooth, or tuberculous; the colour, dark brown outside, brown, grey, or white within. Its tissue is formed of articulated filaments, between which are spheric vesicles, and in the interior are placed reproductive bodies, small brown spheres, called '*truffinelles*.' Truffles vegetate to the depth of five or six inches in the high sandy soils of the south-west of France, Piedmont, &c. Their mode of vegetation and reproduction is not known. (?) Dogs are trained to find them, as well as pigs, and boars also, who are very fond of them. They are eaten cooked under the ashes, or in wine and water. They are preserved when prepared in oil, which is soon impregnated with their odour. Poultry is stuffed with them; also geese's livers, pies, and cooked pork, besides numerous *ragoûts*. They possess, as it is said, exciting virtues." The latter, we suppose, is a paraphrase for the sentiment of "Falstaff," before cited, "It rains potatoes!" Shell-fish had the same reputation in the olden time. "*Tene marsupium*," says Italius to Olympio, in the *Rudens*:—

> "*Abi atque obsonia propera; sed lepidè volo*
> *Molliculas escas, ut ipsa mollicula est.*"

As for the mushroom, if it be not in itself deadly,

it has been made the vehicle of death. Agrippina poisoned Claudius in one, and Nero, his successor, had a respect for this production ever after. Tiberius, in Pagan, and Clement VII., in Papal, Rome, as well as Charles VI. of France, are also said to have been "approximately" killed by mushrooms. Seneca calls them "voluptuous poison," and of this poison his countrymen ate heartily, and suffered dreadfully. The mushroom was not rendered harmless by the process of Nicander,—raising them under the shadow of a well-irrigated and richly-manured fig-tree.

One of the most perfect illustrations of "sauce," in its popular sense, with which I am acquainted, is conveyed in the reply once given by a French *Curé* to his Bishop. It is a regulation made by canonical law, that a Priest cannot keep a female servant to manage his household, unless she be of the assigned age of, at least, forty years. It once happened that a Bishop dined with a *Curé*, at whose house the Prelate had arrived in the course of a visitation tour. On that occasion he found that they were waited on at dinner by two quietly pretty female attendants, of some twenty years each. When diocesan and subordinate were once more alone, the former remarked on the uncanonical condition of the household, and asked the *Curé* if he were not aware that, by rule of church, he could maintain but one *menagère*, who must have attained, at least, forty years of age? "I am quite aware of it, *Monseigneur*," said the rubicund *Curé;* "but, as you see, I prefer having my housekeeper in two volumes!"

With respect to the use of spices, it may be safely said, that the less they are used, the better for the stomach. A *soupçon* of them in certain preparations is not to be objected to; but it must be recollected that in most cases, however pleasant they may be to the palate, the

apparent vigour which they give to the stomach is at the expense of the liver, and the reaction leaves the former in a worse condition than it was in before.

The world probably never saw a second time such a trade in spices as that which was carried on of old between Canaan and Egypt. The Dutch and Amboyna was a huckstering matter compared with it. Egypt sent Canaan her corn, wine, oil, and linen; and Canaan sent, in return, her spicery, balm, myrrh, precious woods, and minerals. The Ishmaelites were the carrying merchants; and, while each class of them had its especial article of commerce, they all dabbled a little in slave-dealing. Thus, the men of the tribe that purchased Joseph dealt in spicery only,—a term including balm and myrrh. The Egyptian demand for the article was enormous. At the period of the sale of Joseph, spicery was most extensively used, not only for the embalming of men, but of sacred animals. In after times, this practice ceased to a great extent, on account of a large failure in the supply.

There is something very characteristic of the "ancient nation" in the transaction of the brethren with respect to Joseph. The general proposal was to slay him; but it was Judah, first of his race, who, with a strong eye to business, exclaimed, "What *profit* to slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, let us *sell him* to the Ishmaelites." The opposition to fratricide, on the part of Judah, was not on the principle that it was a crime, but that it brought nothing. But, no sooner had he pointed out how they might get rid of the troublesome brother, and put money in their purses to boot, than the profligate kinsmen adopted the project with alacrity, preferring lucrative felony to downright profitless murder. —Do I hear you remark, Sir, that it has ever been thus with this rebellious Jewish people? Well, let us not be rash in assertions. Judah was a very mercenary fellow,

no doubt; but it was better to sell a live brother into a slavery which gave him the chance of sitting at the table of Pharaoh Phiops, than to murder one for the mere sake of making money by the sale of the body, as was done by a Christian gentleman of the name of Burke.

There are some plants used in seasoning which have been esteemed for other virtues besides lending a fillip to the appetite. Others of these seasoning plants have acquired an evil reputation. Thus orach was said to cause pallor and dropsy. Rocket had a double use: it not only was said to remove freckles, but an infusion of it in wine rendered the hide of a scourged convict insensible to the whip. Fennel was, unlike asparagus, held to be good for the sight. Dill, on the other hand, injured the eyes, while it strengthened the stomach. Anise-seed was in great favour with the medical philosophers, who prescribed it to be taken, fasting, in wine; and hyssop wine was a specific for cutaneous eruptions, brought on by drinking wine of a stronger quality. Wild thyme cured the bite of serpents,—if the sufferer could only collect it in time; and pennyroyal was sovereign for indigestion. Rue cured the ear-ache, and nullified poisons; for which latter purpose it was much used by Mithridates. Mint was gaily eaten, with many a joke, because it was said to have been originally a pretty girl, metamorphosed by Proserpine. The Romans, now and then, ate camomile at table, just as old country ladies, when tea was first introduced, and sent to them as a present, used to boil the leaves, and serve them, at dinner, like spinach. Capers, in the olden time, were vulgar berries, and left for democratic digestion. "I once saw growing in Italy," said an Irish traveller, fit to be "own correspondent" to one of the morning papers, "the finest anchovies I ever beheld!" A listener naturally doubted the alleged fact; and the offended Irishman not only called him out,

but shattered his knee-cap by a pistol-shot. As he was leaping about with intensity of pain, the Irishman's second remarked to his principal, that he had made his adversary cut capers, at any rate. "Capers!" exclaimed the Hibernian, "capers! 'faith, that 's it. Sure, Sir," he added, advancing to his antagonist, "you were right; it was not anchovies, but capers, that I saw growing. I beg pardon: don't think any more about it." Let us add, that, if the aristocratic ancients deeply declined capers, they were exceedingly fond of assafœtida, as a seasoning ingredient. Green ginger was also a popular condiment; and it is commonly eaten in Madagascar at this day. I suppose that, in former times, Hull imported this production in large quantities, and that therefore one of her streets is called "the Land of Green Ginger." The Romans gave wormwood wine to the charioteers, perhaps considering that the stomachic beverage would secure them from dizziness.

I have mentioned above that Mithridates patronized rue as a nullifier of poisons. He was in the habit of swallowing poisons, as people in the summer swallow ices; and he was famous for inventing antidotes, to enable him to take them with impunity. One consequence is, that he has gained a sort of immortality in our pharmacopœia; and "Mithridate," in pharmacy, is a compound medicine, in form of an electuary, serving as either a remedy or a preservative against poisons, being also accounted a cordial, opiate, sudorific, and alexipharmic. "Mithridate" is, or rather, I suppose, was, one of the capital medicines in the apothecaries' shops. The preparation of it, according to the direction of the College, is as follows; and I request my readers to peruse it attentively, and to get it by heart, in case of necessity supervening. Here is the facile recipe: "Take of cinnamon, fourteen drachms; of myrrh, eleven drachms; aga-

rick, spikenard, ginger, saffron, seeds of treacle-mustard, frankincense, Chio turpentine, of each ten drachms; camel's hay, costus, Indian leaf, French lavender, long pepper, seeds of hartwort, juice of the rape of cistus, strained storax, opopanax, strained galbanum, balsam of Gilead, or, in its stead, expressed oil of nutmegs, Russian castor, of each an ounce; poly-mountain, water germander, the fruit of the balsam tree, seeds of the carrot of Crete, bdellium strained, of each seven drachms; Celtic nard, gentian root, leaves of dittany of Crete, red roses, seed of Macedonian parsley, the lesser Cardanum seeds freed from their husks, sweet fennel seeds, gum Arabic, opium strained, of each five drachms; root of the sweet flag, root of wild valerian, anise-seed, sagapenum strained, of each three drachms; spignel, St. John's wort, juice of acacia, the bellies of scinks, of each two drachms and a half; of clarified honey, thrice the weight of all the rest: dissolve the opium first in a little wine, and then mix it with the honey made hot. In the mean time, melt together, in another vessel, the galbanum, storax, turpentine, and the balsam of Gilead, or the expressed oil of nutmeg," (I have no doubt that one will do quite as well as the other; and this must be highly satisfactory for sufferers to know,) "continually stirring them round, that they may not burn; and, as soon as these are melted, add to them the hot honey, first by spoonsful, and afterwards more freely. Lastly, when this mixture is nearly cold, add by degrees the rest of the spices reduced to powder,"——*and*, as the French quack used to say of his specific for the toothache, if it does you no harm, it will certainly do you no good. For my own part, I think the remedy worse than the disease; but a gentleman just poisoned may be of another opinion; and I can only say, that if, with prussic acid knocking at his pylorus, he has leisure to wait till the above prescription is made up for

him,—till the bellies of scinks and the camel's hay are procured, and till the ingredients are amalgamated "by degrees,"—he will, *if* he survive the poison, the waiting, and the remedy, have deserved to be called, κατ' ἐξοχὴν, the "patient." But here are the pastry and the fruits; and there ARE people who are given to believe that pastry and poison are not very wide asunder.

When Murat wished to instigate the Italians to labour, he cut down their olive-trees. The Jews were forbidden to destroy fruit-trees, even in an enemy's country; and it used to be a law in France, and may be so still, that when an individual had received permission to cut down one of his trees, it was on condition of his planting two. The planters of vineyards enjoyed many privileges under the Jewish dispensation, and heathen governments placed both vineyards and orchards under the protection of the most graceful of their deities, and these deities were supposed to have an especial affection for particular trees. The Romans were skilled in forcing their fruits, which were produced at the third course, and not, as with the Greeks, at the second.

Minerva is popularly said to have given birth to the olive, which was the emblem of Peace, the latter being naturally born of Wisdom. But the poisoned shafts of Hercules were made of the olive, perhaps to symbolize those armed neutralities which are generally so fatal to powers with whom the neutrals affect to be at peace. The Autocrat of Russia, for instance, has been dealing very largely in olive shafts, tipped with death. But the olive was known to the world before Wisdom, taking flesh, sprang in her bright panoply from the brain of her sire, and was called Minerva. From Judea the olive was taken into Greece; it was not planted within the territory of Rome until a later period; and, finally, in Spain it found a soil as favourable to cultivation as that of Decapolis, on holy

ground. The Ancona olives were the most highly esteemed by the Roman Patricians, at whose tables they opened and closed the banquet. While the olives were greedily swallowed, the expressed oil was distributed by way of largess to the people. It was declared to possess, if not a vital principle, something that stimulated and maintained vitality. Augustus, who was for ever whiningly hoping that he might die easily, and for ever chanting the prayer, "Euthanasia!" asked Pollio how he might best maintain his health and strength in old age. "You have nothing in the world to do," said Pollio, "but to drink abundance of wine, and lubricate your imperial carcase with plenty of oil!"—a prescription which does not say much for the medical instruction of Pollio. Olive oil was so scarce at one time, in Europe, that in 817 the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle authorized the priests to manufacture anointing oil from bacon. With regard to the fruit itself, it has not even yet undisputed possession of the public approval; and I am very much of the opinion of the farmer who, having taken some at his landlord's table, expressed his indignation on reaching home, that he had been served with gooseberries stewed in——brine.

The palm-tree wine of the Hebrews inspired song, and thence, perhaps, did the palm itself pass into the possession of the mythological Muses. The palm-tree deserved to be a popular tree: its wood furnished man with a house, its branches with fuel; its leaves afforded him garments, and a bed; and from them he could manufacture baskets, wherein to carry the fruit, bread, and cakes which he could make from its dates. I am only astonished that tradition has not made the palm, rather than the beech or the oak, the original tree which first fed, clothed, and sheltered man.

The cherry, compared with the palm, is but as a rustic

beauty, compared with Cleopatra. Mithridates and Lucullus share the glory of making men acquainted with its fruit. From Cerasus, in Asia, Lucullus, no doubt, transplanted a cultivated fruit-tree, of a peculiarly fine sort; but the fruit itself was not unknown to the Romans long anterior to the time of Lucullus. It was slow in acquiring an esteem in Italy. The most extraordinary species of cherry with which I am acquainted, is the Australian cherry, which grows with the stone on the outside. But Nature, in Australia, is distinguished for her freaks. There the pears are made of wood, and salt-water fish abound in the fresh-water rivers! The nastiest species I know of, grows in the vicinity of, and some of them within, the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, at Paris. They are magnificent to the eye, and are not ill-flavoured; but, at the heart of each there is a maggot, as fat as one of Rubens's Cupids, and, saving a slight bitterness, with as much of the taste of the cherry in him as a citizen of ripe Stilton has of the cheese of which he is so lively a part. There is not a bad story told of an old and poor Spanish Grandee, who used to put on spectacles when he sat down to his modest dinner of bread and cherries, in order that the fruit might gain, apparently, in magnitude. There was philosophy in this pleasant conceit! If the poor nobleman had had a dish of our cherries, from Kent, Berks, or Oxfordshire, he would not have stood in need of his merry delusion.

How grateful to the palate is the Armenian apricot, blushing, in its precocity, like a young nymph; or the Persian peach, for a couple of which the Romans would give a score of pounds! The peach has an evil tradition with it. It is said to have been originally poisonous, but to have lost its deadliness when it was transplanted. Perhaps the peculiarly peachy odour of prussic acid may have contributed to give currency to a very long-lived,

but entirely foundationless, tradition,—except, indeed, that poison may be extracted from the kernel; but so may arsenic from a Turkey carpet, and, indeed, from apple-pips also, as Sir Fitzroy Kelly told the jury, when endeavouring to save from the gallows a man who had murdered his mistress, in order that he might not put in peril his respectability! Perhaps the plum-tree, whether of Africa or Asia, from Egypt or Damascus, has been more fatal to health, if not to life, than any other of the stone-fruits. When Pliny complained of their superabundant propagation in Italy, he probably had in view the usual consequences of a very plentiful plum season.

The apricot was not known in France till the eleventh century, and then they were accounted dear at a farthing each. In the same century cherries used to appear at the royal table in May. To effect this, lime was laid at the roots of the tree, which was irrigated with warm water! Louis XIII. was fond of early fruit, and he had strawberries in March, and figs in June: this is more than the most expert fig-rearers in Sussex ever accomplished! The fig used to be esteemed as only inferior to that compound of luscious savours, the pine,—a fruit which, in the seventeenth century, was religiously patronized by the Jesuits. The same sort of sanction was given in the East to dates, though these were fashionable in Rome, after a basket of them had been sent from Jericho to Augustus. The Tunis dates are the best; but indulgence in them is said to loosen the teeth, and produce scurvy. The Tunisian ladies, however, were as fond of them as the French ladies were of sweet citrons, before oranges were patronized by Louis XIV. The ladies used to carry them about, and occasionally suck them, the operation being considered excellent to produce ruby lips. The citron was hardly less popular than the Reine Claude plum, which received its pretty name from the Queen of Francis I., and

daughter of Louis XII. I have noticed the Sussex fig: the white fig of the Channel Islands is also highly prized; and there is a tree at Hampton Court renowned for its fruit, but they who eat had better not too curiously inquire as to where the root of that productive tree penetrates, in order to accomplish its productiveness. In Sicily, they acupuncture the tree, and drop into it a little oil, and this is said to improve the flavour of the fruit. To what I have previously said of the peach, I may add here what the Chinese say of it; namely, that it produces eternity of life, and prevents corruption until the end of the world. This species would be a popular one in England.

Some writers assert that the apple was originally an African; but a Negro with a red nose would be an anomaly; and the apple-tree does not look as if it came from the country of the children of the sun. Nevertheless, historians assert that it crossed the Mediterranean, and reached Normandy through Spain and France. The apple has been as productive of similes as of cider; and perhaps the prettiest is that of Jeremy Taylor, who says, in his Sermon on the "Marriage Ring," that the "celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity:"—a figure of speech, by the way, not highly calculated to frighten a bachelor. But, after all, the sentiment of Jeremy Taylor is preferable to that of Gregory of Nazianzum, who calls a wife "an acquired evil; and, what is worse, one that cannot be put away." However this may be, apples were once productive of matrimony in Wales. When the fruit-dealers there could not find a market, they proclaimed a dance. The revellers paid entrance-money, and received apples in return. These meetings were called "apple lakings;" and the fruit was sauce for many a consequent wedding dinner.

The finest used to be kept for accompaniment to the roast goose eaten on St. Crispin's Day. Brides, in remote times, used to carry a love-apple in their bosoms; as fond thereof as the pitman's wife of Northumberland was of the two lambs which she suckled, after their dams had been killed in a storm. This was a more creditable affection than that of Marc Antony's daughter for a lamprey, which she adorned with ear-rings, and which she exhibited at dinner; as Lord Erskine did the leeches which had cured him of some complaint, and which, enclosed in a bottle, he sent round with the wine. He called one "Cline" and the other "Home," from the great surgeons of those names; and noble guests, before filling their glasses, gravely inspected the leeches, and then duly passed on the reptiles and the wine.

This is what a Frenchman would have called a "*triste plaisanterie, à l'Anglaise;*" and, by the way, I may remark, that Theophile de Garancières imputes the alleged melancholic nature of Englishmen to the great use which we make of sugar. Our sires used to make one curious use of sugar, undoubtedly; namely, when they put it into the mouth of the dying, in order that their souls might pass away with less bitterness!

There is a German proverb which says, that "it is unadvisable to eat cherries with potentates." In English this might mean, "Do not make too free with your betters." Few royal families, however, have given their inferiors more frequent opportunities to "eat cherries" with them, than that of Prussia. I am reminded of this while upon the subject of pine-apple, a slice of which was once given by Frederick William III. to a lad employed in the gardens at Sans Souci. "Here," said the King, pleasantly, "eat, enjoy, and reflect while thou art eating. Now, what does it taste like?" The boy looked puzzled, as he munched the pine; thought of all the most delight-

ful things that had ever passed over his palate and clung to his memory, and, at last, with a satisfied expression, exclaimed, "I think,—yes, it does,—it tastes like sausage!" The courtiers laughed aloud; and the King, philosophizing on the boy's answer, said, "Well, every one has his own standard of taste, guiding his feelings and judgment, and each one believes himself to be right. One fancies he discovers in the pine-apple the flavour of the melon; another, of the pear; a third, the plum. Yon lad, in his sphere of tastes, finds therein his favourite food—the sausage."

The lad's answer was as much food for mirth at Sans Souci, as was that of the Eton boy who was invited by Queen Adelaide to dine at Windsor Castle, and who was honoured with a seat at Her Majesty's side. The boy was bashful,—the Queen encouraging; and, when the sweets were on the table, she kindly asked him what he would like to take. The Etonian's eyes glanced hurriedly and nervously from dish to dish; pointing to one of which, he, in some agitation, exclaimed, "One of those twopenny tarts!" His young eye had recognised the favourite "*tuck*" he was in the habit of indulging in at *the* shop in Eton, and he asked for it according to the local phrase in fashion. Reverting to the lad who compared pine-apple to German sausage, I may remark, that pine-apple is most to be enjoyed when the weather is of that condition which made Sydney Smith once express a wish, that he could "slip out of his fat, and sit in his bones."

The quince is a native of Cydon, in Crete; and first Greece, and then Rome, Gaul, and Spain, learned to love the fruit, and drink a quince wine, which was said to be excellent either as a stomachic or as a counter-poison.

Galen recommended the pear as an astringent, which is more than a modern practitioner will do. St. Francis de

Paul introduced one sort into France when he paid a medical visit to Louis XI. The species was named from the saint, "*le bon Chrétien.*"

The apple may lay fair claim to antiquity of birth. The fruit has been diversely estimated by divers nations; but the general favour has usually awaited it. In ancient times, both in Greece and Persia, it was the custom for a bridegroom at his nuptial feast to partake of a single apple, and of nothing else. The origin of the custom is said to arise from a decree issued by Solon. It was the sight of an apple that always put Vladislas, King of Poland, into fits. It is the best fruit that can be taken as an accompaniment to wine; and the best sorts for such a purpose are the Ribstone Pippin and the Coster Pearmain. The golden apples stolen by Hercules were lemons; and they are suspected to have been the "Median apples" of Theophrastus. The Romans, at first, employed this Asiatic fruit only as a means for keeping moths out of garments; from this household use it passed into the ancient pharmacopœia, and it took rank among the counter-poisons. Its acknowledged reputation in scurvy and punch, if I may so express myself, was not made until a much later period of civilization. The orange disputes with the lemon the honour of being the "Hesperides apples,"—which is a dispute of a very Hibernian character. China was probably its native place; and the Portuguese oranges are merely descendants of the original "Chinaman." It was not known in France until introduced there by the Constable de Bourbon. In England, an orange, stuck full of cloves, was a fitting New Year's present from a lover,—being typical of warmth and sweetness.

The fig-tree appears to have been, like the vine, very early used as a symbol of peace and plenty. It was a tree of Eden; yet the Athenians claimed it as a native

tree, asserting, by way of proof, that it had been given them by Ceres,—not reflecting that Ceres *may* have brought it from a region farther east. If it be commonly employed in Scripture as a symbol, so an American poet has taken it, with its scriptural allusions, to illustrate worldly marriages, of which he says, that—

"———— they are like unto
Jeremiah's figs:
The good are very good indeed;
The bad, not fit for pigs.

The authorities of Attica were so fond of *their* figs, that they passed a law against the exportation of the fruit. The advocates of free trade in figs broke the law when they could do so with profit; and the men who affected to be on friendly terms with them, in order to betray their proceedings to the Magistrates, were called by a name which is now given to all fawning traitors,—they were styled, *sycophants*, or "fig-declarers." Even the philosophers in Greece became greedy in presence of figs; and with figs famished armies have been braced anew for the fight. The *athletæ* ate of them before appearing in the arena; and more than one invasion has been traced to the taste of the invader for figs. Medical men were divided in opinion as to the merits of this fruit. It was considered indigestible; but, to remedy that, almonds were recommended to be eaten with it! The Romans, perhaps, were wiser, who took pepper with them, as we do with melon; and Dr. Madden says that we should never eat figs at all, if we could only spend half an hour in Smyrna, and see them packed. So, as I have before said, a sight of the kitchen, just before dinner, would take away appetite; but as people do not commonly go to Smyrna, or sit with their cooks, why, figs and dinners will continue to be eaten. Modern professors have resembled ancient

philosophers in an uncontrollable appetite for figs. Who has not heard of the famous Oxford fig, which, in its progress to luscious maturity, was protected by an inscription appended to it, conveying information to the effect that "this is the Principal's fig!" which a daring Undergraduate one day devoured, and added insult to injury by changing the old placard for one on which was written, "A fig for the Principal?" The felonious fig-stealer must have been more rapid in his sacrilege, than the poet Thomson was in his method of enjoying his own peaches in his garden at Kew. Attired in the loosest and dirtiest of morning-gowns, the author of the "Castle of Indolence" used to watch his peaches ripening in the sun. When he saw one bursting with liquid promise, he was too lazy to take his unwashed hands from his well-worn pockets, and pluck the blushing treasure. No; "Jamie" simply sauntered up to it, contemplated it for a moment with a yawn, and finished his yawn by biting a piece out of the fruit,—leaving the ghastly remains on the branch for wasps and birds to divide between them.

As the Athenian rulers kept their figs, so did the Persian Kings their walnuts,—and more selfishly; for no one but their most sacred Majesties dared eat any; but one would think that even they would find it hard to digest all the walnuts that the country could produce. It is averred, that walnuts entered largely into the Mithridatic recipe against poison. The modern recipe, called "Mithridate," I have given elsewhere; but that which Pompey is said to have found in the palace of the King whom he had overthrown, was as follows: "Pound, with care, two walnuts, two dried figs, twenty pounds of rue, and *a grain of salt.*" Yes, we should say it must be taken *cum grano.* Howbeit, the royal physician goes on to say, "Swallow this mixture,—precipitate it with a little wine,

—and you have nothing to fear from the action of the most active poison, for the space of four-and-twenty hours." There would, probably, be less to fear after that time had elapsed than before.

Nuts have not had respectability conferred on them, even by Nero, who was wont to go *incog.* to the upper gallery of the theatre, and take delight in pelting them on the bald head of the Prætor, who sat below. That official knew the offender, and was rewarded for bearing the attack good-humouredly; and thence, perhaps, the proverb which characterizes something falling, at once sudden and pleasant, by the term, "That 's nuts!" Of course, nuts were in fashion; not so chestnuts,—these were as much disliked by the Patricians as the filbert and hazel were said, in France, to be hated by the sun. When they were ripening, the inhabitants used to issue forth at sunrise, and endeavour to frighten the luminary out of the firmament, by making a horrid uproar, with pots, pans, and kitchen utensils generally. And this was done under a Christian dispensation. The people were not heathen Chinese, trying to cure an eclipsed planet by attacking the dragon that was supposed to be swallowing it, with a *tintamarre* of caldron, kettle, tongs, and trivet.

The Athenians were great hands at dumplings, consisting of fruit, covered with a light and perfumed paste; and Rhodes, verifying the proverb, that "extremes meet," was as famous for its gingerbread as for its Colossus. The Roman wedding-cake was a simple mixture of sweet wine and flour; and the *savilum* pie, made of flour, cheese, honey, and eggs, was a dish to make all sorts of guests jubilant. It was, in short, the national pie; and if there were a dish that was more popular, it was the *artocreas*, a huge mince-pie, and the imperial pie of Verus, compounded of sow's flank, pheasant, peacock,

ham, and wild boar, all hashed together, and covered with crust. If Emperors invented pies, so did philosophers create cakes; and the *libuna* of Cato was a real cheese-cake, that gave as much delight as any of the same author's works in literature. Cheese was a favourite foundation for many of the Roman cakes; but he was a bold man who added chalk, and so invented the *placenta*. Yet the *placenta* was eaten as readily as Charles XII. swallowed raspberry-tarts, Frederick II. Savoy cakes, or Marshal Saxe—who loved pastry, pastrycooks, and pastry-cooks' daughters—macaroons.

The Church honoured pastry,—or would so pious a King as St. Louis have raised the pastrycooks to the dignity of a guild? The Abbey of St. Denis, long before this, stipulated with the tenant-farmers, that they should deliver a certain quantity of flour, to make pastry with; and, in some cases, in France, portions of the rent for lands was to be paid in puff pastry. This was at a time when fennel-root tooth-picks used to appear at table, thrust into the preserved fruits, and every one was expected to help himself. Certainly our refined neighbours had some questionable customs. See what L'Etoile says: (1596:) "*Les confitures sèches et les massepains y étaient si peu épargnés que les dames et demoiselles étaient contraintes de s'en décharger sur les pages et laquais, auxquels on les baillait tout entiers.*"

Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was never suspected of intermeddling with the foreign policy of the kingdom; but he was something renowned for his appetite, and for the bent of it towards pastry. I think it is Archdeacon Coxe, in his "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," who says of this illustrious Prince, that he would leave the battle-field, in the very heat of action, and come into camp, with the hungry inquiry, if it were not yet dinner-time. This was some-

thing worse than drawing off the hounds, or unloading the fowling-pieces, because the "Castle bell" was peremptorily ringing to luncheon. Prince George was just the sort of man—fond of good living, and able to entertain others with the same predilection—who was likely to be surrounded by parasites; and the remembrance of this fact suggests that, while the wine is passing round, I may venture to give a sketch of that ancient and remarkable gentleman, "the Parasite." It is better than getting upon controversial subjects, which are productive of any thing but unanimity. I remember one of the very pleasantest of "after-dinners" being marred by a guest, who, having slipped into the assertion that the Jews were the earliest of created people, was indiscreet enough to try to maintain what he had asserted, and weak enough to be angry at finding it summarily rejected. Why, Father Abraham himself was but a foreign Heathen, from Ur of the Chaldees; and to claim primeval antiquity for the Jews is only as absurd as if one were to say, that Yankees and mint julep were anterior to Alfred's cakes and the Anglo-Saxons.

But many a hasty assertion has been simply the effect of an antagonism between imperfect chymification and the oppressed intellect. Mind and matter have much influence on each other; and, for the guidance of those interested in such questions, I may, while on the subject of dinner, notice, that from Dr. Beaumont's "Table," drawn out to show the mean time of digestion in the stomach (or *chymification*) of various articles of food, we learn that boiled tripe ranks first in amiable facility, being disposed of in about one hour. Venison steak requires some half-hour more. Boiled turkey and roast pig are classed together, as requiring two hours and twenty-five minutes for the process of digestion; while roast turkey and hashed meat demand five minutes more. Fricasséed

chicken is not more facile of digestion than boiled salt beef, both requiring two hours and three-quarters. Boiled mutton, broiled beefsteak, and soft-boiled eggs, take three hours; while roast beef and old strong cheese trouble the stomach for some three hours and a half. Roast duck, and fowls, whether boiled or roasted, are alike slow of digestion: they require four hours as their mean time of chymification, and are only exceeded by boiled cabbage, which requires full half-an-hour more. I borrow these details from an article in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for January, 1851, a periodical edited by Dr. Forbes Winslow. I believe I do not err in attributing the article in question ("Mental Dietetics") to the able pen of the accomplished Editor himself, than whom no man has a better right to speak *ex cathedrâ* on the subject in question. It will be seen, by the following extract from this article, that diet influences the mind as well as the body. "The nutritive particles of the food," says Dr. Winslow, "being in the form of chyle, mixed with the blood, and supplying it with the elements which enable it to repair the waste of the animal system, it is obvious that the health, both of the body and of the mind, must depend on the quality and quantity of the vital stream. According to Lecanu, the proportion of the red globules of the blood may be regarded as a measure of vital energy; for the action of the serum and of the globules on the nervous system is very different. The former scarcely excites it, the latter do so powerfully. Now those causes which tend to increase the mass of blood, tend also to increase the proportion of red globules; whilst those which tend to diminish the mass of blood, tend to diminish the proportion of the globules. The result is obvious. A large quantity of stimulating animal food, without a proper amount of exercise, augments the number of the red globules, and diminishes

the aqueous part of the blood. Hence the nervous system becomes oppressed, the brain frequently congested, and the intellectual faculties no longer enjoy their wonted activity. In the mean time, the system endeavours to relieve itself by throwing a counter-stimulus upon certain other organs, the functions of which are morbidly increased. The blood, in such cases, becomes preternaturally thickened, and its coagulum unusually firm. On the other hand, if the system be not supplied with the requisite amount of nutrition, the blood becomes, by the loss of its red corpuscles, impoverished in quality, and, in cases of extreme abstinence, diminished in quantity. In these cases the powers of the mind soon become enfeebled."

But we will pass from these scientific matters, to seek the company of one who, if ignorant of science, was, generally, a great man in the profession of his peculiar art,—the ancient parasite.

THE PARASITE.

—— "Pity those whose flanks grow great,
Swell'd by the lard of others' meat."—Herrick.

Para, "near," and *sitos*, "corn," pretty well explain what the Greeks understood by the word "parasite." As the worthless weed among the wheat, so was this classical Skimpole in the field of society. As the weed hung for support to the substance that promised to yield it, so did the parasite cling to the side of those who kept good tables, and lacked wit to enliven them.

The parasite was too delicate a fellow to allow of invidious distinctions. He supped or dined wherever he was invited, and at marriage-feasts waited for no invitation at all. *There* he was in his glory. He was the cracker of jokes, and of the heads of those who did not agree with every word that fell from the lips of the Amphitryon of the hour. He usually, however, got his own skull bruised by the watch, when staggering home through the dark, "full of the god," and without a slave to direct his steps. But it was only with the morning that he became conscious at once of pain from the bruises, and the necessity of providing, at the cost of others, for his own breakfast.

These professional "livers out" were, however, not always unattended. The victims whom they flattered sometimes lent them a slave. Their wardrobe seldom extended beyond two suits, one for the public, and one for wear at home. They looked abroad for dupes, just as

our ring-droppers used to do, and for the same purpose. The parasite generally attached himself to the first simple-looking personage he encountered, provided he bore with him proofs of being a man who could afford to live well. *Simplex* usually swallowed with complacency all the three-piled flattery with which the parasite troubled him; and if he were expecting friends to dinner, the gastronome, who wanted one, was probably invited. But there was always an understanding, that, in return for the invitation, he was to maintain, for the diversion of the company, a continual fire of jokes. If he proved but a sorry jester, he was promptly scourged into the street, down which he ran, nothing abashed, to look for hearers whom indifferent jests could move to ready laughter.

The parasite looked upon the fortune and table of others as a property which was properly to be held in common. Monsieur Prudhon really started a parasitical precept, when he tried to establish, that what belonged to one man belonged to a great many others besides. But if, as regarded his own share in property that was *not* his own, the parasite was so far a Communist, he was the most charitable of fellows, his earnest prayer being, that none of his patrons might ever fall into such distress as to be unable to give good dinners. The dinner-table was his arena. If he got but one meal a day, he consumed enough thereat to satisfy half-a-dozen appetites; and, as he ate, it was matter of perfect indifference to him whether he was called upon to find wit for the guests, or to be the butt of their own. You might buffet him till he were senseless, provided the blows were afterwards paid for in brimming glasses.

He was always first at a feast; and as he was as common an object at a feast as the sauce itself, so "sauce" was the common name for a parasite. There he was not only wit, butt, and bully, but porter also; and his office

was not merely to knock down the drunken, but to carry them out when incapable of performing that office for themselves. The parasites had a dash, too, of the "bravo" in their character, and let themselves out for a dozen other purposes besides dining. The stronger-bodied and the braver-souled let out their strength. "Do you want a wrestler?" says the parasite, in Antiphæus, "here I am, an Antæus. If you want a door forced, I have a head like a ram to do it; and I can scale a wall like Capaneus. Telamon was not stronger than my wrist; and I can wreathe into the ear of beauty like smoke." Some of these Bobadils are even said to have ventured into battle, and to have especially distinguished themselves in the Commissariat department!

Others boasted of their powers of fasting,—always provided good pay assured them of compensating banquets at the end of their service. "I can live on as little as Tithymallus," says one; and the individual in question is said to have supported life on eight lupines a day,—a hint to Poor-Law Commissioners. Another makes a merit of being as thin as Philippides, who, like Hood's friend, was *so* thin, that, when he stood side-ways, you could not see him! The merits of a third are summed up by him in saying, that he can live on water, like a frog; on vegetables, like a caterpillar; can go without bathing, like Dirtiness herself, if there be such a deity; can live in winter with no roof but the sky, like a bird; can support heat, and sing beneath a noon-day sun, like a grasshopper; do without oil, like the dust; walk barefooted from break of day, like the crane; and keep wide awake all night, like the owl.

Of such a profession the parasite was proud, and even declared that its origin was divine; and that Jupiter Amicalis (Ζεὺς ὁ φίλιος) was its patron saint! As Jove entered where he chose, ate and drank of what most took

his fancy, and, after creating an atmosphere of enjoyment, retired without having any thing to pay; just so, it was argued, was it with the parasite. In Attica, parasites were admitted to the commemorative banquets that followed the sacrifices to Hercules; proof enough that they were accounted as being of the same kidney as heroes. In later times came degenerate men and manners; and then, instead of honourable men sitting with gods and heroes, the office of parasite was so degraded, that none but the hungry wits exercised it. Flattery to mortals then took the place of praise to gods. The parasite was ready to laud every act of the master of the feast,—

"———— *laudare paratus*
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,"

and to eulogize a great number of other acts besides, as may be found noted by those who are very curious, and not over-nice, in the fragments of Diodorus of Sinope.

The fellows were witty, too, however degraded. When Chœrephon had, uninvited, slipped into a vacant position at a wedding-dinner, the gynæconomes, as inspectors of the feast, counting the guests, came upon him last, and said, "You are the thirty-first: it is against the law; you must withdraw." "I do not dispute the law," said the parasite, "but I object to your manner of counting. Begin the numbering by me, and your conclusions will be indisputable."

The parasite, Philoxenus, happened to be supping with a host who gave his guests nothing but black bread. "This is not a loaf, but a spectre," whispered the professional wit: "if we eat any more of it, we shall soon be in the shades."

There was more wit in Bithys, the parasite of the avaricious King Lysimachus, who one day, at dinner, flung a wooden scorpion at the flatterer. The latter

affected great fright, but afterwards remarked, "I will, in my turn, terrify you, O King; be good enough to give me a talent."

Clisophus, another of this strange brotherhood, either fooled or flattered King Philip to the very top of his bent. The King having lost an eye, Clisophus always sat down to dinner in his presence with a bandage over one of his own; and when the Monarch limped, from a wound in the leg, Clisophus went "halting at his side;" and if, by chance, an ill odour affected the royal nostrils, Clisophus wore, all day long, a grimace upon his features, as if he were sick with disgust. However absurd this may appear, the parasites of Louis XIV. flattered him as grossly as the original practioners did the early and heathen Kings. People shaved their heads and wore periwigs, because the Monarch, having little hair of his own, wore long locks cropped from other heads. So, when once at dinner he complained of having lost his teeth, a young flatterer who sat next him swore, with a broad smile which displayed his own incisors, that nobody had teeth now-a-days. And again, when the King, on his seventieth birth-day, inquired the age of a person from whom he had received a petition, the reply was, that the person was of everybody's age,—about three-score and ten. Nay, the Court preachers flattered the Sovereign quite as coarsely as the mere courtiers, and would not have received invitations to dinner, if they had not done so. "My brethren," said one of these, "all men must die;" and at that very moment he perceived the eye of the King glaring uneasily upon him:—"that is to say, Sire, *almost all* men!" and the complaisant preacher was at the royal table that day. The same parasitical spirit prevailed at the English Court, especially when bolster neckcloths were worn, simply because the King was compelled to wear one, in consequence of a

disease in the glands of the neck. But, to translate the sentiment of the French poet,—

> "From royal example slaves have never shrunk:
> When Auguste tippled, Poland soon got drunk.
> When the great Monarch breathed the air of love,
> Hey, presto, pass! Paris was Venus' grove!
> But turn'd a Churchman and devout, alas!
> The courtiers ran and beat their breasts at mass."

It is said by ancient writers that the species of flattery which Clisophus paid Philip, was obligatory on all the guests and officials in the ancient royal Courts of Arabia. There, if the King suffered in any member, every courtier was bound to be in pain in the same limb. This species of flattery was, in fact, a conclusion logically arrived at; for the Arab lawgivers said that it would be absurd in the courtiers to vie with one another for the honour of being buried alive with the King defunct, if they did not suffer with him in all his bodily pains when living.

The Celtic King of the Sotians maintained a body of men who were called the "Eucholimes," or the "Death Volunteers." They amounted to six hundred men; they were lodged, clothed, and tended like the King, with whom they daily sat at meat; but they were also bound to die with their master; and it is alleged that the chance was eagerly incurred, and that no man ever failed, when called upon by the King's decease, to accompany His Majesty on a visit to his royal cousin, Orcus.

But your regular parasite preferred to live and flatter living Monarchs. "See," said Niceas, when he saw Alexander troubled by a fly that stung him, "there is one that will be King over all flies; for he has imbibed the blood of him who is King over all men." The flattery was not more delicate which Chirisophus once paid at dinner to Dionysius the Tyrant. Chirisophus, seeing the King smile at the other end of the table, burst into

a roar of laughter. The King asked, "Wherefore?" seeing that the parasite could not have heard the joke. "True," said Chirisophus; "but I saw that Your Majesty had heard something worth laughing at, and I laughed in sympathy." This species of parasite is not uncommon in English houses; but perhaps they do their office more refinedly than Chirisophus.

The flatterers of the younger Dionysius were far more disgusting in their adulation. They were simply absurd, when they pretended to be short-sighted, like him, and to be unable to see a dish, unless they thrust their noses into it. But they were filthy followers when they offered their faces for the King to "void his rheum" upon, and even went to extremes of nastiness at which human nature shudders, but at which Dionysius smiled. And yet Dionysius was hailed by some of them as a god. It was the custom, we are told, in Sicily, for every individual to make sacrifices, in his own house, before the figures of the nymphs, to get devoutly drunk before the altar, and to dance round it as long as the pious devotee could keep upon his legs. It was accounted as an exquisite piece of flattery in Damocles, the parasite, that he refused to perform such service before inanimate deities, while he went through the whole duty before Dionysius as his god. The Athenians, it will be remembered, were horror-stricken at such impious laudation as this. They fined Demades ten talents for having proposed to award divine honours to Alexander; and Timagoras, whom they had sent as Ambassador to the King of Persia, they put to death for compromising the Athenian dignity by prostrating himself before that King. And, indeed, let us do justice to Alexander himself. He had more than misgiving touching his own alleged divinity. He had once—"his custom in the afternoon"—eaten and drunk so enormously, that in the evening he was forced

to a necessity which compels very mortal people,—take physic. He made as many contortions, on swallowing it, as a refractory child; and Philarches, his parasite, remarked, with a rascally hypocritical smile, "Ah! what must be the sufferings of mortal man under such medicine, if you, who are a divinity, feel it so much!" The idea of a deity drawing health out of an apothecary's phial, was too much even for Alexander, who declined to accept the apotheosis, and called Philarches an ass.

But Philarches was only giving the King a taste of the parasite's professional craft. The noble Nicostratus of Argos quite as impiously flattered the Sovereign of Persia, when, for the sake of currying favour with that majestic barbarian, he every night, in his own house, prepared a solemn supper, richly provided, and offered to the genius of the King, (τῷ δαίμονι τοῦ Βασιλέως,) for no better reason than that he had learned that such was the custom in Persia. Whether he profited or not by this delicate attention, Theopompus does not inform us.

The Anactes or Princes of the royal family of Salamis maintained two distinct families, in whom, if I understand Athenæus rightly, the office of flatterer (and of spy, I may add) was hereditary. These were the Gerginoi and the Promalangai. The former did the dirty work of circulating among the people, worming themselves into their confidence, getting invited to their tables, and then reporting to the Promalangai all they had heard. The last-named took such portions of the report as were worth communicating to the Anactes, with whom they sat at table, where such a dish of scandal was daily served as would puzzle the social spies of Paris to set before their lord.

But the profession was not accounted vile; and the professors themselves gloried in their vocation. They extolled the easiness of their life, compared, for instance,

with that of the painter, or the labourer, or, in fact, with that of any other individual but those of their own guild. "Truly," says one, in a fragment of Antiphanes, "since the most important business in life is to play, laugh, trifle, and drink, I should like to know where you would find a condition more agreeable than ours."

Once, and once only, a faction of parasites contrived to get possession of a kingdom; and the dinners they gave, and the government they maintained, are matters to which description can hardly do justice. The faction in question was headed by, and almost solely consisted of, three men in Erythra, who stood, in regard to Cnopus, the King, as "adorers and flatterers" (*πρόσκυνες καὶ κόλακες*). They murdered their Sovereign, and, by a *coup-d'état*, possessed themselves of his authority. Their names were Ortyges, Irus, and Echarus; and they ruled with a triple rod of iron, held in very effeminate fingers. They silenced all opponents by slaying them; and, when no one dared utter a breath against them, they vaunted their universal popularity. They administered a ferociously absurd sort of justice at the gates of Erythra, where they sat decked out in purple and gold. They were sandaled like women, wore ornaments only suitable to females, and sat down to dinner in diadems that dazzled the company.

The guests were once free citizens, who were now compelled to bear the litters of their *parvenu* masters, to cleanse the streets, and then, by way of contrast, to attend the banquet of the Triumvirs, with their wives and daughters. If they objected to drag these latter to the scene of splendid infamy, the objection was only made at the price of death. The unhappy women were nothing the safer from insult by the decease of their natural protectors; and the scenes at the palace were such as only the uncleanest of demons could rejoice in. If the autho-

rities had reason to be grave, the whole city was compelled to affect sorrow; and duly-appointed officers went round, with hard-thonged whips, to scourge a sense of "decent horror" into the countenances of the bewildered inhabitants. Things at last reached such a pitch of extravagant atrocity, that the people took heart of grace, screwed up their courage by Chian wine, and swept their oppressors into Hades;—and, for years afterwards, commemorative banquets celebrated the restoration of the people from the oppression of the parasites.

I would recommend those who would see the parasite in action, to study the comedies of Plautus, wherein he figures as necessarily as the impertinent valet in a Spanish comedy. Plautus calls the parasites *poetæ*, as being given to lying; and it is singular that the Gauls called their poets "parasites," as being fond of good living, and not being always in a condition to procure it. They had their "dull season:" it was when the wealthy were at their villas; at which time the parasites dined upon nothing, in town, with good "Duke Humphrey." When the city was again resorted to by the rich, then the parasite might sometimes be seen purchasing, by order of his patron, the provisions for the evening feast. We find one of these gentry, in Plautus, boasting that he knows a story that will be worth thirty dinners to him. Before the era of printing, the parasite, with his jests and histories, was a sort of living Circulating Library. Saturion (another of Plautus's pictures of the parasite) is at peace with himself, because, as he says, he can provide for his daughter by bequeathing to her his rich collection of jokes and dinner-stories. "They are all sparkling Attic," he says; "and there is not a dull Sicilian anecdote among them."

If the race were, in some sense of the word, "literary," they were not at all in love with science, or the improve-

ments wrought by its application. Witness the bitterness with which Plautus makes one denounce the sun-dial, then of recent introduction. Before that tell-tale appeared, dinners used to be served when people were hungry; but *now* even hungry people wait for the appointed hour. In short, throughout life, they worked but for the sake of the banquet and wine-pot; and, even after death, they longed for libations, as appears in the epitaph on the parasite, Sergius of Pola, who is made to say, from the grave,—

"*Si urbani perhiberi vultis*
Arenti meo cineri,
Cantharo piaculum vinarium festinate."

"If you 've any regard for this corpse here of mine,
Be so good as to damp it with hogsheads of wine."

Finally, these diners-out by profession were essentially selfish; and the fire of their attachment blazed up, or died away, according to that in the kitchen of the Amphitryon by whom they were maintained.

A good specimen of the parasite of the last century may be found in the Captain Cormorant of Anstey's "Bath Guide;" but the race is by no means extinct, though the individual be more rarely met with; and, be it said as their due, they execute their office with something more of decency than did their ancient predecessors. Modern flattery, like modern oils, is "double refined." Let us see if we can trace the course of this refinement through the Table Traits of Utopia and the Golden Age.

THE TABLES OF UTOPIA AND THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE good Archbishop Fénélon, in his "*Voyage dans l'Ile des Plaisirs*," cites some charming examples of the pleasant way in which people lived in the Utopian Land of Cocagne, which he describes from imagination, and where the laws were characterized by more good sense than distinguishes the legislation of the Utopian authorities of More.

The "*Voyage*" of Fénélon was probably founded on a fragment of Teleclides, who has narrated, in rattling Greek metres, how the citizens of the world lived and banqueted in the golden age of its lusty youth. The poet puts the description into the mouth of Saturn, who says, "I will tell you what sort of life I vouchsafed to men in the early ages of creation. In the first place, peace reigned universally, and was as common as the water you wash your hands with. Fear and disease were entirely unknown; and the earth provided spontaneously for every human want. The rivers then poured cataracts of wine into the valleys; and cakes disputed with loaves to get into the mouth of man, as he walked abroad, supplicating to be eaten, and giving assurances of excellent flavour and quality. The tables were covered with fish which floated into the kitchens, and courteously put themselves to roast. By the sides of the couches rolled streams of sauces, bearing with them joints of ready-roasted meat; while rivulets full of *ragoûts* wer neear the

guests, who dipped in, and took therefrom, according to their fancy. Every one could eat of what he pleased; and all that he ate was sweet and succulent. There were countless pomegranate-seeds for seasoning; little *pâtés* and *grives*, done to a turn, insinuated themselves into the mouths of the banqueters; and tarts got smashed in trying to force their way into the throat. The children played with sow-paps and other delicacies as they would with toys; and the men were gigantic in height, and obese in figure."

The above is a specimen of the classical idea of that delicious—

——————"Land of Cocagne,
That Elysium of all that is friand and nice,
Where for hail they have bon-bons, and claret for rain,
And the skaters, in winter, show off on cream-ice."

It is a theme with which modern poets have been as fond of dealing as Teleclides and others of the tuneful children of song, in the early period when young Time counted his birth-days by the sun. It has been well treated by Béranger, who thus describes, through my imperfect translation, his own impressions of

A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF COCAGNE.

Ho, friends, every one!
Let us up, and be gone;—
To where care is not known,
Let us hasten away!
Yes; fired with champagne,
I reel o'er the plain,
And see dear Cocagne
In its sunny array.

O! land full of glee,—
Here long may I be,
And laugh merrilie
At Fate's changeable way.

For here—what a treat!—
I may love, drink, and eat,
And—this makes it more sweet—
There is nothing to pay!

My appetite 's great,
And I see the huge gate
Of a tower of state
At my elbow, handy:
The tower is a pie;—
And tall guards, standing by,
Carry spears ten feet high,
All in sugar-candy.

Ah! banquet of fun,
It will please ev'ry one:
Look, there is not a gun
But of sugar is made!
See the paintings, how grand
And the statues, they stand,
All wrought by the hand
Out of sweet marmalade.

Here the people repair
In gay crowds to the square,
Where the jests of a fair
With loud merriment shine;
Where the fountains so gay
Not with water do play,
But are sparkling away
With rich, rosy, old wine!

Here, the baking 's begun;
There, the baking is done;—
See the folks how they run,
With beef, mutton, and veal.
And the eaters think fit,
That the man who lacks wit,
Shall be made a "turnspit,"
And be bound to the wheel.

To the palace I haste,
With two Falstaffs I feast,
(Twenty stone weighs the least,)
And with them hob and nob.
And here, too, I 've found,
Where such good things abound,
Shy Venus quite round,
And young Cupid a squab.

No sadness of brow,
No pedantic vain show,
No pompous state-bow,
Can be ever allow'd :—
But with feasting and song
We carry night on,
Drink deep and drink long,
And toast beauty aloud.

Now, good-natured lasses,
To the music of glasses,
As the sweet dessert passes,
Let 's laugh the time by.
Let fools sigh and snuffle,
And merriment muffle,
But you, dears, shall ruffle
Our pro—priety.

* * * * *

So, in this joyous way,
With fresh loves ev'ry day,
And with no debts to pay,
We scamper time o'er ;
While between drinking deep,
And light visions in sleep,
Our young years will creep
To a hundred or more.

Yes, dear old Cocagne,
It 's with thee,—free from pain,—
But who checks my strain,
In an accent so shrill ?

For, while singing, I thought,—
But, my friends, we are caught,—
'T is the waiter who 's brought
His confounded long bill.

The fairy-land of Cocagne is said to derive its name from the Latin, *coquere*, "to cook." Duchat says, that its flocks and herds present themselves perfectly cooked, and that the larks descend from the skies ready roasted. For it is there alone—

> "Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
> *Maccaroni au parmesan* grows in the fields;
> Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
> And the geese are all born with a liver complaint."

The Utopian banquets, which are described by More, present an imaginary view of society in another extreme. The learned Chancellor, amid much invented nonsense, pictures the manners of the citizens of Amaurat after the fashion of those of Crete and Lacedæmonia, especially with regard to their common halls for their repasts,—a fashion, by the way, which was partially followed in the club-rooms of Attica. Others of the author's ideas have been realized since he wrote; and, in this respect, his Utopia may be said to have done good service; but there is a woful residue of nonsense, nevertheless, which is neither amusing nor useful.

Sir Thomas describes the citizens of Amaurat as possessing provision markets abundantly supplied with herbs, fruits, bread, fowl, and cattle. The latter were previously slain in extra-mural slaughter-houses, well furnished with running water, for washing away the filth after killing. The butchers were slaves, (for serfdom "was a peculiar institution" of this happy republic,) the free citizens not being permitted to kill animals, lest such pursuit should harden their singularly tender characters. "In every street,"

we are told by the author, "there are great halls that lie at an equal distance from one another, and are marked by peculiar names. The Syphogrants dwell in those, that are set over thirty families, fifteen lying on one side of it, and as many on the other. In these they do all meet and eat. The stewards of every one of them come to the market-place at an appointed hour, and, according to the number of those that belong to their hall, they carry home provisions. But they take more care of their sick than of any others.....After the steward of the hospitals has taken for them whatever the physician does prescribe for them, at the market-place, then the best things that remain are distributed equally among the halls, in proportion to their numbers; only, in the first place, they serve the Prince, the Chief Priest, the Tranibors, and Ambassadors, and strangers, if there are any, which, indeed, falls out but seldom, and for whom there are houses well-furnished, particularly appointed, when they come among them. At the hours of dinner and supper, the Syphogranty, being called together by sound of trumpet, meets and eats together, except only such as are in the hospitals, or lie sick at home. Yet, after the halls are served, no man is hindered to carry provisions home from the market-place, for they know none does that but for some good reason; for, though any that will may eat at home, yet none does it willingly, since it is both an indecent and foolish thing for any to give themselves the trouble to make ready an ill dinner at home, when there is a much more plentiful one made ready for him so near at hand. All the uneasy and sordid services about these halls are done by their slaves; but the dressing and cooking of their meat, and ordering of their tables, belong only to the women, which goes round all the women of every family by turns. They sit at three or more tables, according to their numbers; the men sit towards the wall, and the women sit on

the other side, that if any of them fall suddenly ill, which is ordinary to those expecting to be mothers, she may, without disturbing the rest, rise and go to the nurses' room, who are there with the suckling children, where there is always fire and clean water at hand, and some cradles in which they may lay the young children," &c. But, to return from this public nursery to the public dining-hall, "all the children under five years of age dined with the nurses: the rest of the younger sort of both sexes, till they are fit for marriage, do either serve those that sit at table; or, if they are not strong enough for that, they stand by them in great silence, and eat that which is given them by those that sit at table, nor have they any other formality of dining." The whole formality was bad enough, and that last-mentioned was a Doric custom prevailing in Crete. As to the personal arrangements at these Utopian tables, the infelicitous guests stood much upon their order of precedence: the Syphogrant and his wife, the *gnädige Frau Syphograntinn*, presided at the centre of the cross table, at the upper end of the hall. After the Magistrates and their mates, came the Priests and their ladies,—for More placed the Church below the State, and hinted that celibacy in the Clergy was not to be commended. Below these, groups of the young and gay were placed, between flanking companies of the aged and grave, to spoil their mirth, and improve their manners; and this Spartan custom was occasionally imitated at Athenian feasts, albeit the Athenians looked with something like contempt upon the institutions of old Laconia. The best dishes were placed before the oldest men, and the latter gave of the dainty bits to the young, if these merited such favour by their behaviour; if not, they took their chance of what the older gourmands might leave, or were obliged to be content with the plainer fare allotted to them.

During this delectable process, the young could not have offended by their gaiety, nor the old have improved them by conversation, seeing that a reader was appointed, to assist digestion by reading aloud an Essay on Morality. The Romans had the same office performed at some of their meals by learned slaves. More expressly says that the Utopian lecture was so short, that it was neither tedious nor uneasy to those that heard it; and that after it, the elders not only wagged their beards by "pleasant enlargements," but encouraged the young to follow them in the same track. This must have been after the supper, when it was the law of Utopia, not to "run a mile," but to "rest awhile." The dinners were dispatched quickly, because work awaited the diners, while the supper-eaters had nothing to do afterwards but sleep. This must have been all terribly dreary, if it had ever been realized. The only pleasant feature in More's Utopian banquets is, that wherein he says that there was always music at supper, and fruit served up after meat, (which, by the way, was a cruel trial for the digestive powers,) and that as the repast proceeded, "some burn perfumes, and sprinkle about sweet ointments, and sweet waters; and they are wanting in nothing that may cheer up their spirits; for they give themselves a large allowance in that way, and indulge themselves in all such pleasures as are attended with no inconvenience. Thus," he adds, "do they that are in towns eat together; but in the country, where they live at a greater distance, every one eats at home, and no family wants any necessary sort of provision; for it is from them that provisions are sent in to them that live in the towns."

I have noticed above the slave-readers at Roman dinners. These were seldom born slaves; indeed, of born slaves, among the Greeks or Romans, the numbers were fewer than might be reasonably imagined. Those who

became authors or teachers, were the distinguished and illustrious of their class; and it was they who relieved the tedium of a Roman repast by reading livelier sallies than Essays on Morality, like the Utopians. If their rank in humanity was low, their ability secured for them many privileges which even freedmen did not enjoy. Of this rank of reading slaves was Andronicus, the inventor of dramatic poetry. Plautus, the witty, but coarse, playwriter, miller, and Jack of all trades, was a slave. Terence was also a dramatist, and not only a slave, but a Negro slave. Æsop the fabulist, Phædrus, his imitator, and the moral philosopher Epictetus, were slaves. The latter, who was as low in condition among bondsmen as he was exalted in his character of teacher of mankind, was the slave of one who had been a slave,—a depth of degradation than which there can be none deeper. But his mission was a great one; for he appears to me to have been an instrument employed to prepare men's minds for a change from the vices of Paganism to the virtues of Christianity. His writings are as stepping-stones across the dark and rapid stream dividing error from truth. They are admirably calculated to enable men to go forward; not only to induce them to make the first step out of infidelity; but, having made it, rather to make a second in advance towards Christ, than go backward again in the direction of the dazzling unintelligibilities of the Capitoline Jove.

From slavery, if we turn our eyes towards mere poverty, the next condition to it, we shall see that the poor men characteristically paid their addresses to poetry;—and they were the "lions" at the dinners and assemblies of Rome. Such was Horace, who, if he were not in want, was of inferior descent, his father having been a slave, and subsequently, on being enfranchised, a tax-gatherer. Virgil was of equally mean descent on the paternal side;

but he derived some portion of nobility from his mother. Juvenal, too, was not only poor and a poet,—a condition that could draw upon it only a serf's contempt,—but he was, moreover, an exceedingly angry poet. In equal proportion as he was poor, angry, and satirical in poetry, was Lucian poor, angry, and satirical in prose.

If the dining-out poets were poor, it was much the same with the philosophers. The proudest walks of philosophy were trodden by Demosthenes, the blacksmith. Socrates was the ill-featured, but original-minded, son of a mason and midwife. Epicurus was only rich in a valueless boast of being descended from Ajax; and Isocrates, whose father manufactured the musical ancestry from which are descended the modern families of piano-forte and fiddle, was also one of the immortal race of intellectual giants.....Of other writers we may remark, that Quintus Curtius, whose "Alexander the Great" is the first historical romance that ever was written, and contains the best description of a Babylonian banquet that ever was painted in words, was of an ignoble family. Celsus was, at least, not a Roman citizen, though resident at Rome; and Plutarch was just "respectable," and nothing more;—though to be worthy of respect, as the term implies, is as high rank as a man need sigh for.

But though art and science, though the Nine Sisters who made Parnassus vocal, were thus worshipped by the slave and his cousin the beggar; wealth was by no means a synonymous term for either sloth or incapacity. The opulent Lucretius, who believed nothing; the two Plinies, the soul of one of whom, "with a difference," entered into Horace Walpole, and who wrote about his slave Zozimus, as Walpole does of his favourite servants; the tender and chivalrous Tibullus,—a Latin Sir Philip Sidney; the profligate Sophocles; Æschylus, the bottle-drainer; and the lofty Euripides: all these mounted

Pegasus with golden spurs, and gave glorious dinners to guests with whom they could contend in the battle of brains. Some, like Martial, got their mouths filled with the sugar-candy of imperial recompence. Cæsar, the Commentator, was the descendant of the Sabine Kings, and the founder of an empire. In Plato we see the double condition of aristocrat and slave. From the latter condition he was rescued by his noble friends at the cost of three thousand *drachmas;* more fortunate in this than Diogenes, who, being friendless, was left to hug his irons, and teach his master's sons to love virtue and liberty.

And the mention of the name of Plato reminds me of a more modern philosopher, who did not lack reverence for him,—I mean Bacon,—and Bacon naturally brings me from my digression to the subject of "Table Traits" in imaginary Utopias. This philosopher, in his "New Atlantis," is even more infelicitous than More, both in the framing of his fiction, and the extracting from it of a moral. The table laws spoken of in Solomon's house, have more of a jolly aspect than those drawn by Sir Thomas More. For instance, "I will not hold you long with recounting of our brewhouses, bakehouses, and kitchens, where are made divers drinks, breads, and meats, rare and of special effects. Wines we have of grapes, and drinks of other juice, of fruits, of grains, and of roots; and of mixtures with honey, sugar, manna, and fruits dried and decocted; also of the tears and woundings of trees, and of the pulp of canes: and these drinks are of several ages, some to the age at least of forty years. We have drinks also brewed of several herbs or roots, and spices, yea, with several fleshes and wine-meats, whereof some of the drinks are such as they are in effect meat and drink both. So that divers, especially in age, do desire to live with them, with little or no meat or bread; and, above all, we strive to have drinks of extreme

thin parts, to insinuate into the body, and yet without all biting sharpness, or fretting; insomuch as some of them put upon the back of your hand will, with a little stay, pass through to the palm, and yet taste mild to the mouth. We have also waters which we ripen in that fashion as they become nourishing, so that they are, indeed, excellent drink, and many will use no other. Breads we have of several grains, roots, and kernels, yea, and some of flesh and fish dried, with divers kinds of leavenings and seasonings, so that some do extremely move appetites; some do nourish so as divers do live of them without any other meat, who live very long. So, for meats, we have some of them so beaten and made tender and mortified, yet without all corrupting, as a weak heat of the stomach will turn them into good chylus, as well as a strong heat would meat otherwise prepared. We have some meats, also, and breads and drinks which, taken by some, enable them to fast long after; and some other that will make the very flesh of men's bodies sensibly more hard and tough, and their strength far greater than otherwise it would be."

In this way could philosophy disport itself, and not with much attendant profit, beyond amusement. Before I conclude this section, I may notice a more graceful fiction touching banquets, than any thing to be met with among the philosophers. The inhabitants of the coast of Malabar believe that the double cocoas of the Moluccas, annually thrown on their shore by the waves, and joyfully welcomed by the expecting inhabitants, are the produce of a palm-tree growing in the fathomless recesses of the ocean; and that they arise from among coral-groves endowed with supernatural qualities and attributes. For a detailed account of this supposed phænomenon, and a very pretty illustration of the theory of seeds transported by winds and currents, I refer all curious inquirers to the

"Annals of *My* Village," by a Lady. In the mean time, I venture to put into verse, the supposed scene which occurs at the annual cocoa-banquet in Malabar:—

'Neath the waves of Mincoy grows a magical tree,
In the sunless retreat of a dark coral-grove,
Where slumber young sprites,—the gay elves of a sea
Flinging back the bright blue of its heaven above.
There they sip the sweet fruit of that palm-tree, and leav
Of its best and its ripest for maidens who stray,
And laugh away time with their lovers at eve,
And sing to those elves of the deep by the way.

O! to see them at sunset, when down by the shore
Of their own Malabar in gay clusters they stand,
Like spirits of light shedding softness all o'er
The broad sea, and its tribute of fruit, from the land!
There troops of young girls, in their light-hearted mirth,
Are laughing at youths who, reclined on the earth,
Drink the white wine of Kishna;—while some are at play,
Flinging glances and handsfull of roses, in showers,
That their lovers can't tell, as they bend 'neath the fray,
Which are falling the fastest,—the glances, or flowers.

And then on the sands where these young people meet,
What hushing of songs and suppressing of glee,
As the waves bring in gently, and waft to their feet,
The ripe fruit of the palm that lives under the sea!
There, while, half in earnest, fair Malabar's daughters,
Half play, dip their white, sandal'd feet in the waters,
To catch the ripe cocoas, and run back again,
As the wave washes over their small anklet bells,
There are some, youths and maidens, who, link'd in a chain,
Like pearls strung, and mix'd, here and there, with sea-shells,
Dash into the flood for the fruit of the palm,
Which they strive for, and, winning, bring joyously out;
Then lean on their lovers, all panting and warm
With laughter and splashing the waters about.

O, who would not like to pass summer away
Amid scenes such as this? O, who would not love
With Malabar's daughters, at twilight, to play,
And taste the ripe fruit of that dark coral-grove?"

The Malabar palm was not the only tree of its kind that used to afford holidays and banquetings to the people of the East, that is, according to the poets. The Talipot palm of Ceylon, or, as the natives somewhat unmusically call it, "*lanka dwipa*," *was*, in the olden time of pleasant fiction, one of this gifted species. But the banquet it afforded was not of annual occurrence; for the tree never flowers till it is fifty years old, and dies immediately after producing its fruit. The Kings of Candy used to bestow the rich gift of some of its blossoms on the favoured fair one whose head rested on the bosom of the Sovereign at the feast, and who lifted the bowl to his painted lips. It was, however highly esteemed, not such a present as Demetrius Poliorcetes made to Lamia, after that accomplished courtezan had erected at Sicyon a portico so superb, that Polemo wrote a book to describe it; and poem and portico became the table-talk of all Greece. The gift of Demetrius was a magnificent purse, containing two hundred and fifty talents, which, by the way, he had compelled the reluctant Athenians to contribute; and this he sent to Lamia, saying, that it was merely "for soap." The extravagant lady spent it all in one single, but consuming, feast! How pleasantly, by contrast, shines that other courtezan, Leæna, whose wit made guests forget that the feast was frugal; and to whom the Athenians erected a bronze lioness, without a tongue, in honour of the lady who heroically had bitten out her own, that torture might not make her betray the accomplices of her protector Harmodius, in the murder of her tyrant Hipparchus!——

We have not found much of the refinement we looked for in these remote periods and banquets. Let us see what may be discovered in the Table Traits of England in Early Times.

TABLE TRAITS OF ENGLAND IN EARLY TIMES.

When Diodorus Siculus wrote an account of the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain, some fifty years before the Christian era, he described the island as being thickly inhabited, ruled by many Kings and Princes, and all living peaceably together,—though with war-chariots and strong arms, to settle quarrels when they occurred. But if our ancestors lived peaceably among themselves, they can hardly be said to have lived comfortably. Their habitations were of reed, or of wood; and they gathered in the harvest by cutting off the ears of corn. These ears they garnered in subterranean repositories, wherefrom they daily culled the ripest grain; and, rudely dressing the same, had thence their sustenance. Diodorus says that our primitive sires were far removed from the cunning and wickedness of the rest of the world; and other writers contrast them favourably with the Irish, who are said to have fed on human flesh, to have had enormous appetites for such food, and to have been given to the nasty habit of devouring their deceased fathers; but it is not uncommon for others, as well as for Irish sons, to devour, at least, their parents' substance, even at the present day. The food of an Irish child was certainly illustrative of character,—we should rather say that the solemnity of offering the first food to a child was characteristic. Caius Julius Solinus, a writer of the first

century, says, that "when a Hibernian mother gives birth to a male child, she puts its first food on the point of her husband's sword, and lightly inserts this foretaste of meat into the mouth of the infant, on its very tip; and, by family vows, desires that it may never die but under arms." In other words, the relations wished that the little stranger might never be in want of a row, when disposed to distinguish the family name!

In the days of Julius Cæsar, our stalwart sires supported their thews and sinews on milk and flesh,—the diet of a pugilist. We see how much progress was made by the time of Constantine,—the Constantine that was crowned in Britain,—"when," says a contemporary writer, "the harvests sufficed alike for the gifts of Ceres and Bacchus, and the pastures were covered with innumerable multitudes of tame flocks, distended with milk, or laden with fleeces."

I very much fear, however, notwithstanding the rather poetical accounts of certain early writers, that our aboriginal ancestry were very little superior to the New Zealanders. They were, perhaps, more uncivilized, and quite as ignorant; and their abstinence from the flesh of hares and poultry, and, in the northern parts of the island, from fish, bespeaks a race who lacked, at once, industry and knowledge. Indeed, it is by no means certain, that we do not wrong the New Zealanders by suggesting their possible inferiority to the Britons, seeing that the latter are very strongly suspected of being guilty of the most revolting cannibalism.

They were clever enough to brew mead and ale; but wine and civilization were brought to them by their enemies, the Romans,—invaders whom, for some reasons, they might have welcomed with a sentiment akin to the line in Béranger:—

"Vivent nos amis! nos amis, les ennemis!"

They ate but twice a day. The last meal was the more important one. Their seats were skins, or bundles of hay, flung on the ground. The table was a low stool, around which British Chiefs sat, and, even in the locality occupied by modern Belgravia, tore their food with teeth and nails, or hacked at it with a wretched knife, as bad as any thing of the sort now in common use in Gaul. In short, they committed a thousand solecisms, the very idea of which is sufficient to make the Sybarites of Belgravia very much ashamed of their descent from the savages of Britain.

It was characteristic of the sort of civilization which the Anglo-Saxons brought with them to England, that they introduced the rather vulgar custom of taking four meals a-day. The custom was, however, one solemnly observed by the high-feeding nobility of the Saxons. They ate good solid joints of flesh-meat, boiled, baked, or broiled. It would seem, that, in those days, cooks were not of such an illustrious guild as that which they subsequently formed. A cook among the Anglo-Saxons was little more accounted of than the calf he cut up into collops. The cook, in fact, was a slave; and was as unceremoniously bequeathed by his owner, in the latter's last will and testament, as though the culinary artist had been a mere kitchen utensil. At Saxon tables, both sexes sat together,—a custom refined in itself, refining in its effects, and of such importance, that half-a-dozen nations claim the honour of being the inventors of that excellent custom. In Europe, Turkey alone has obstinately refused to follow this civilizing example; and Turkey is falling to pieces. It may, therefore, be logically proved, that where table rights are not conceded to the ladies, nations slowly perish; and—"serve them right."

It is a mark of Anglo-Saxon delicacy, that table-cloths were features at Anglo-Saxon feasts; but, as the long

ends were used in place of napkins, the delicacy would be of a somewhat dirty hue, if the cloth were made to serve at a second feast. There was a rude sort of display upon the board; but the order of service was of a quality that would strike the "Jeameses" of the age of Victoria with inexpressible disgust. The meat was never "dished," and "covers" were as yet unknown. The attendants brought the viands into the dining hall on the spits, knelt to each guest, presented the spit to his consideration; and, the guest having helped himself, the attendant went through the same ceremony with the next guest. Hard drinking followed upon these same ceremonies; and even the monasteries were not exempt from the sins of gluttony and drunkenness. Notwithstanding these bad habits, the Anglo-Saxons were a cleanly people. The warm bath was in general use. Water, for hands and feet, was brought to every stranger on entering a house wherein he was about to tarry and feed; and, it is said that one of the severest penances of the Church was the temporary denial of the bath, and of cutting the hair and nails.

With the Normans came greater grandeur and increased discomfort. They neither knew nor tolerated the use of table-cloths or plain steel forks; but their bill of fare showed more variety and costliness than the Saxons cared for. Their cookery was such an improvement on that of their predecessors in the island, that Norman French, and Norman dishes, flung the Saxon tongue and table into the annihilating position of "vulgarity." The art was so much esteemed, that Monarchs even granted estates, on condition that the holder thereof should, through his cook, prepare a certain dish at stated periods, and set it before the King. It was under the Normans that the boar's head had regal honours paid it; and its progress from the kitchen to the banquet was under escort of a

guard, and behind the deafening salutes of puffy-cheeked trumpeters. The crane was then what the goose is now, —highly esteemed; yet labouring under the shadow of a suspicion of being "common." The peacock, on the other hand, was only seen, tail and all, at the tables of the wealthy. Their beverage was of a very bilious character,—spicy and cordialed; namely, hippocras, piment, morat, and mead. The drink of the humbler classes partook of a more choleraic quality. It consisted of cider, perry, and ale. The Norman maxim for good living and plenty of it, was to "rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, and bed at nine, if you 'd live to a hundred all but one." *Dinner* at nine is, however, a contradiction of terms; for *dinner*, as I have said, is the abbreviation of *dixième heure*, or "ten o'clock," the time at which all people sat down to a solid repast in the days of the first Williams.

In the two following centuries, cooks and Kings launched into far greater magnificence than had ever, hitherto, been seen in England. Richard II. entertained ten thousand guests daily at his numerous tables; and the exceedingly fast Earl of Leicester, grandson of the equally slow Henry III., is said to have spent twenty-two thousand pounds of silver in one year, in eating, alone His thirsty household retainers drank no less than three hundred and seventy-one pipes of wine, in the same space of time. At great banquets, the dishes were reckoned by thousands, and Kings in vain dictated decrees denouncing such dinners; for cooks and *convives* considered them with contempt. As a show of moderation, the old four meals a-day were now reduced to two; but these two were connected by such a savoury chain of intermeats and refections, that the board was spread all day long, and guests were never weary:—

"Their life like the life of the Germans would be,
Du lit à la table; de la table au lit."

To have things "brennying like wild-fire," was the characteristic of the cookery of the period. Confectionery of the richest sorts were the lighter materials of meals, which were abundantly irrigated by hippocras, piment, or *claret*, or the simpler and purer wines of France, Spain, Syria, and Greece. Thus might a host say :—

> "Ye shall have rumney and malespine,
> Both ypocrasse and vernage wine;
> Mountrasse and wyne of Greke,
> Both algrade and despice eke,
> Antioche and bastarde,
> Pyment also and garnarde,
> Wyne of Greke and muscadell,
> Both clary, pyment, and Rochelle."

Ricobaldi of Ferrara, writing, about the year 1300, of the Italian social condition in the age of Frederick II., illustrates the former rudeness of the Italian manners, by showing that in those days "a man and his wife ate off the same plate. There were no wooden-handled knives, nor more than one or two drinking-cups in a house. Candles of wax or tallow were unknown; a servant held a torch during supper. The clothes of men were of leather unlined; scarcely any gold or silver was seen on their dress. The common people ate flesh but three times a week, and kept their cold meat for supper. Many did not drink wine in summer. A small stock of corn seemed riches. The portions of women were small; their dress, even after marriage, was simple. The pride of men was to be well provided with arms and horses; that of the nobility to have lofty towers, of which all the cities in Italy were full. But now, frugality has been changed for sumptuousness; every thing exquisite is sought after in dress,—gold, silver, pearls, silks, and rich furs."

The Household-Book of the Earl of Northumberland admirably illustrates the interior and table life of the

greater nobles of the period of Henry VII. In this well-known and well-kept record, the family is described as consisting of one hundred and sixty-six persons, masters and servants; and hospitable reckoning is allowed for more than half a hundred strangers who are expected daily to partake of the Earl's good cheer. The cost for each individual, for board and fuel, is settled at twopence halfpenny daily, about one and sixpence of our present money, if we take into account the relative value of money, and the relative prices of provisions. The Earl allots for his annual expenditure £1178. 17*s.* 8*d.* More than two-thirds of this is consumed in meat, drink, and firing; namely, £797. 11*s.* 2*d.* The book carefully states the number of pieces which the carver is to cut out of each quarter of beef, mutton, veal, pork, nay, even stock-fish and salmon; and supervising clerks were appointed to see that this was carried into effect, and to make due entry of the same in their registers. An absent servant's share is to be accounted for, and not to be divided among the rest. The absentee, if he be on "my Lord's" business, received 8*d.* per day, board wages, in winter, and 5*d.* in summer; with 2*d.* additional daily for the keep of a horse. A little more than a quarter of wheat, estimated at 5*s.* 8*d.* per quarter, is allowed for every month throughout the year; with this, 250 quarters of malt, at 4*s.*, (two hogsheads to the quarter,) and producing about a bottle and a third of intermediate beer to each person, does not say much for the liberality of the Lord, though it may for the temperance of his retainers. One hundred and nine fat beeves are to be bought at All-Hallow's Tide, at 13*s.* 4*d.* each; a couple of dozen of lean kine, at 8*s.*, are to be bought at St. Helen's, to be fattened for service between Midsummer and Michaelmas. All the rest of the year, nine weary months, the family was on salted provisions, to aid the digestion of which, the Earl, so chary of his

liquor, allows the profuse aid of one hundred and sixty-six gallons of mustard. 647 sheep at 1*s.* 8*d.*, to be eaten salted between Lammas and Michaelmas; 25 hogs at 2*s.*, 28 calves at 1*s.* 8*d.*, 40 lambs at 10*d.* or 1*s.*,—are other articles which seem to have been reserved rather for the upper table than for the servants, whose chief fare was salted beef, without vegetables, but with mustard *à discretion!* There was great scarcity of linen, and the little there was, except that for the chapel, not often washed. No mention is made of sheets; and though "my Lord's" table had eight "table-cloths" for the year, that of the Knights had but one, and probably went uncovered while the cloth was "at the wash." If the ale was limited, the wine appears to have been more liberally dispensed; and ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascony wine, at £4. 13*s.* 4*d.* per tun, show the bent of the Earl's taste. Ninety-one dozens of candles for the year, and no fires after Lady-Day, except half-fires in the great room and the nursery; twenty-four fires, with a peck of coals daily for each, (for the offices,) and eighty chaldrons of coals, at 4*s.* 10*d.*, with sixty-four loads of wood, at 1*s.* a load,—are the provisions made for lighting and firing. It must have been cold work to live in the noble Earl's house in Yorkshire, from Lady-Day till the warm summer came; which advent is sometimes put off till next year. The family rose at six, or before; for Mass was especially ordered at that hour, in order to force the household to rise early. The dinner-hour was ten A.M.; four P.M. was the hour for supper; and at nine the bell rang for bed. I have omitted the breakfast, which took place at seven, after Mass; when my Lord and Lady sat down to a repast of two pieces of salt-fish, and half-a-dozen red herrings, with four fresh ones, or a dish of sprats, and a quart of beer, and the same measure of wine. This was on meagre days. At other seasons, half

a chine of mutton, or of boiled beef, graced the board of the delicate Earl and Countess, who sometimes forgot that they had to dine at ten. Capons, at 2*d.* each, were only on the Lord's table, and plovers, at a penny, (at Christmas,) were deemed too good for any digestion that was not carried on in a "noble" stomach. Game generally is specified, but without intimation as to limit of the board. No doubt the fragments were not rejected at the servants' table; but much certainly went in doles at the gate. My Lord maintained between twenty and thirty horses for his own use. His mounted servants found their own; but their keep was at the noble master's cost. Of mounted servants, not less than three dozen attended their Lord on a journey; and when this journey was for change of residence from one mansion to another, the illustrious Percy carried with him bed and bedding, household furniture, pots, pans, and kitchen utensils generally. The baggage waggon bore these *impedimenta;* and before and behind them went chiefs and serving men, including in the array eleven Priests,—two hundred and twenty-three persons in all,—and only two cooks to look after their material happiness! No notice is taken of plate; but the "hiring of pewter vessels" is mentioned; and with these rough elements did the Earl construct his imperfect social system, so far taking care for his soul as well as his body, inasmuch as that he contributed a groat a year to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, and the same magnificent sum to the holy blood at Hales, on the express condition of the interest of the Virgin for the promotion of the future welfare of the Earl in heaven. Such is an outline of a nobleman's household in the good old days of Henry VII.

In the reign of the same King, fish was a scarce article, and for a singular reason; namely, people destroyed them at an unlawful season, for the purpose of feeding their

pigs or manuring the ground. The favourite wine at table was Malmsey: it came from Candy; and there was a legal restriction against its costing more than four pounds per butt. In this reign our cooks wrought at fires made with wood imported from Gascony and Languedoc, whence also much wine was brought, but, by law, only in English bottoms. The richest man of this reign was Sir William Stanley, into whose hands fell nearly all the spoil of Bosworth Field; and therewith he maintained a far more princely house and table than his master.

In Pegge's "*Cury*" there is an account of the rolls of provisions, with their prices, in the time of Henry VIII.; and we find that, at the dinner given at the marriage of Gervase Clifton and Mary Nevile, the price of three hogsheads of wine (one white, one red, one claret) was set down at £5. 5*s*.

The dining-rooms—and, indeed, these were the common living rooms in the greatest houses—were still uncomfortable places. The walls were of stone, partially concealed by tapestry hung upon timber hooks, and taken down whenever the family removed, (leaving bare the stone walls,) lest the damp should rot it. It was a fashion that had lasted for centuries; but it began to disappear when mansions ceased to be fortresses. The tapestry, it may be observed, was suspended on a wooden frame projecting from the wall, between which and the hangings there was a passage wide enough to kill a man, as Hamlet did Polonius, "behind the arras." It was not till the reign of Charles I. that houses were built with under-ground rooms; the pantry, cellars, kitchens, and store-rooms were, previous to this reign, all on the ground floor; and the officials presiding in each took there, respectively, their solemn post on great days of state-dinners. There were certain days when the contents of these several offices, meat and drink, were bountifully

supplied to every applicant. To revert to tapestry: we see the time of its change, in the speech of Falstaff, who wishes his hostess to sell her tapestry, and adopt the cheaper painted canvas which came from Holland.

At this time, and, indeed, long after, our English yeomanry and tradesmen were more anxious to invigorate their bodies by a generous diet, than to dwell in well-furnished houses, or to find comfort in cleanliness and elegance. "These English," said the Spaniards who came over with Philip II., "have their houses made of sticks and dirt; but they fare commonly as well as the King."

Previous to the age of Elizabeth, even the Monarch, well as he might fare, and gloriously as he shone in pageants, was but simply lodged. The furniture of the bed-room of Henry VIII. was of the very simplest; and the magnificent Wolsey was content with deal for the material of most of the furniture of his palace. But the community generally was, from this period, both boarded and bedded more comfortably and refinedly than before. The hours for meals were eight, noon, and six; but "after-meats," and "after-suppers," filled up the intervals. It was chiefly at the "after-supper" that wine was used. The dinner, however, had become the principal meal of the day. It was abundant; but the jester and harper were no longer tolerated at it, with their lively sauce of mirth and music. It was the fashion to be sad, and ceremonious dinners were celebrated in stately silence, or a dignified *sotto voce*. Each guest took his place according to a properly marshalled order of precedence; and, before sitting down to dinner, they washed with rose-water and perfumes, like the parochial boards of half a century ago, who used also to deduct the expenses of both dinners and rose-water from the rates levied for the relief of the poor; this, too, at a time when

men who were *not* parish authorities were being hanged for stealing to the amount of a few shillings.

By the reign of Elizabeth, napkins had been added to table-cloths. The wealthy ate the manchet, or fine wheaten bread; the middle classes were content with a bread of coarser quality called "*chete;*" and the ravelled, brown, or *maslin* bread was consumed by those who could afford to procure no better. There was a passion for strong wines at this time. Of this, France sent more than half a hundred different sorts, and thirty-six various kinds were imported from other parts of Europe. About 30,000 tuns were imported yearly, exclusive of what the nobility imported *free of duty*. The compound wines were in great request; and ladies did not disdain to put their lips to distilled liquors, such as *rosa-solis* and *aqua-vitæ*. Ale was brewed stronger than these distillations; and our ancestors drank thereof to an extent that is terrific only to think of. Camden ascribes the prevailing drunkenness to the long wars in the Netherlands, previous to which, we had been held, "of all the northern nations, the most commended for sobriety." The barbarous terms formerly used in drinking matches, are all of Dutch, German, or Danish origin, and this serves to confirm Camden's assertion. The statutes passed to correct the evil were disregarded. James I. was particularly desirous to enforce these statutes; but his chief difficulty lay in the fact, that he was the first to infringe them.

In Elizabeth's reign the "watching candles" of Alfred (to mark the time) were in use in many houses. This is a curious trait of in-door life. We have an "exterior" one, in the fact that the Vicar of Hurly, who served Maidenhead, had an addition of stipend on account of the danger he ran, in crossing the thicket, when he passed to or from the church—and his inn. It was not a delicate period, and if caraways always appeared at dessert, every

one knew that they were there for the kind purpose of curing expected flatulence in the guests.

In James the First's reign, the fashion of Malmsey had passed away, and the Hungarian red wine (*Ofener*) had taken its place. It came by Breslau to Hamburg, where it was shipped to England. It is a strong wine, and bears some resemblance to port.

In country-houses in the seventeenth century, the Knight or Squire was head of a host of retainers, three-fourths of whom consumed the substance of the master on whose estate they were born, without rendering him much other service than drinking his ale, eating his beef, and wearing his livery. Brief family prayers, and heavy family breakfasts, a run with the hounds, and an early dinner, followed by long and heavy drinking, till supper-time, when more feeding and imbibing went on until each man finished his posset, or carried it with him to bed,—such was the ordinary course: but it admitted of exceptions where the master was a man of intellect, and then the country-house was a temple of hospitality rather than of riot; and good sense and ripe wit took the place of the sensuality, obscurity, and ignorance that distinguished the boards where the Squire was simply a "brute."

Of the table traits of this century, the best examples are to be found in Pepys and Evelyn. In the Diary of the former, may be seen what a jolly tavern life could be led by a grave official, and no scandal given. Evelyn takes us into better company. We find him at the Spanish Ambassador's, when his Excellency, by way of dessert, endeavoured to convert him to the Roman Catholic Church. We go with him to the feast where the Envoy from the Emperor of Morocco figured as so civilized a gentleman, while the representative of the Czar of Muscovy comported himself like a rude clown; and we dine with him at Lady Sunderland's, where the noble hostess

had engaged, for the amusement of the guests, a man who swallowed stones, and who not only performed the feat in presence of the company, but convinced them there was no cheat, by making the stones rattle in his stomach. But, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and not only changed in taste, but improved in manners.

Pepys gives a curious account of a Lord Mayor's dinner in 1663. It was served in the Guildhall, at one o'clock in the day. A bill of fare was placed with every salt-cellar, and at the end of each table was a list of "the persons proper" there to be seated. Here is a mixture of abundance and barbarism. "Many were the tables, but none in the hall, but the Mayor's and the Lords' of the Privy Council, *that had napkins or knives*, which was very strange. I sat at the merchant-strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins, nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, and the whole is reckoned to come to £700 or £800 at most." Pepys took his spoon and fork with him, as was the custom of those days with guests invited to great entertainments. "Forks" came in with Tom Coryat, in the reign of James I.; but they were not "familiar" till after the Restoration. The "laying of napkins," as it was called, was a profession of itself. Pepys mentions, the *day before* one of his dinner-parties, that he went home, and "there found one laying of my napkins against to-morrow, in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty, and, it seems, is his trade, and he gets much money by it." The age of Pepys, we may further notice, was the great "supping age." Pepys himself supped heartily on venison pasty; but his occasional "next-morning" remark was like that of Scrub: "My

head aches consumedly!" The dashing Duchess of Cleveland supped off such substantials as roast chine of beef; much more solid fare than that of the Squires in a succeeding reign, who were content, with Sir Roger de Coverley, to wind up the day with "good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, and a pipe of John Sly's best."

A few years earlier, Laud had leisure to write anxiously to Strafford on the subject of Ulster eels. "Your Ulster eels are the fattest and fairest that ever I saw, and it 's a thousand pities there should be any error in their salting, or any thing else about them; for how the carriage should hurt them I do not see, considering that other salted eels are brought as far, and retain their goodness; but the dried fish was exceeding good." There was a good deal of error in the preserving of other things besides eels, if Laud had only known as much.

It may be mentioned as something of a "Table Trait," illustrating the popular appetite in the reign of Charles II., that he sent sea stores to the people encamped in Moorfields; but they were so well provisioned by the liberality of the nation, that they turned up their noses at the King's biscuits, and sent them back, "not having been used to the same." There was some ungrateful impertinence in this; but there was less meanness in it than was shown by the great ladies of Queen Anne's reign, who were curious in old china, and who indulged their passion by "swopping" their old clothes for fragile cups and saucers, instead of giving the former to the poor.

Dryden speaks, in the Preface to his "Love Triumphant," of a remarkable trait of the time of William III. "It is the usual practice," he says, "of our decayed gentry, to look about them for some illustrious family, and then endeavour to fix their young darling, where he may be both well educated and supported."

Shaftesbury reveals to us an illustration of George the First's reign. "In latter days," he says, "it has become the fashion to eat with less ceremony and method. Every one chooses to carve for himself. The learned manner of dissection is out of request; and a certain method of cookery has been introduced, by which the anatomical science of the table is entirely set aside. *Ragoûts* and *fricassées* are the reigning dishes, in which every thing is so dismembered, and thrown out of all order and form, that no part of the mess can properly be divided or distinguished from another." But we have come to a period that demands a chapter to itself; and even with that implied space, we can hardly do justice to the Table Traits of the Last Century.

TABLE TRAITS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

When Mr. Chute intimated to Horace Walpole that his "temperance diet and milk" had rendered him stupid, Walpole protested pleasantly against such an idea. "I have such lamentable proofs," he says, "every day, of the stupifying qualities of beef, ale, and wine, that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here, (Houghton,) every day, see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives, in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder Alderman, at the end of the table, was to stick his fork into his jolly neighbour's cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I 'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin: whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions. I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours."

Certainly, I think it may be considered that, in diet and in principles, we have improved upon the fashion of one hundred and ten years ago;—and, perhaps, the improvement in principles is a consequence of that in

diet. There was a profound meaning in the point of faith of some old religionists, that the stomach was the seat of the soul. However this may be, the "beefy" men of Walpole's time had, occasionally, strange ideas touching honour. Old Nourse, for instance, challenged Lord Windsor, who refused to fight him, either with sword or pistols, on the plea that Nourse was too aged a man. Thereupon Nourse, in a fit of vexation and indigestion, went home from the coffee-house and cut his throat! "It was strange, yet very English," says Walpole. Old Nourse must have had Japanese blood in him. At Jeddo, when a nobleman feels himself slighted, he walks home, takes the sharpest knife he can find, and rips himself open, from the *umbilicus* to the *trachea!*

Quite as certainly, strong diet and weak principles prevailed among our great-grandsires and their dames. Lady Townshend fell in love with the rebel Lord Kilmarnock, from merely seeing him at his trial. She forthwith cast off her old lover, Sir Harry Nisbett, and became "as yellow as a jonquil" for the new object of her versatile affection. She even took a French master, in order that she might forget the language of "the bloody English!" She was not so afflicted, but that she could bear the company of gay George Selwyn to dine with her; and he, believing that her passion was feigned, joked with her, on what was always a favourite topic with himself,—the approaching execution. Lady Townshend forthwith rushed from the table in rage and tears, and Mr. Selwyn finished the bottle with "Mrs. Dorcas, her woman," who begged of him to help her to a sight of the execution! Mrs. Dorcas had a friend who had promised to protect her, and, added she, "I can lie in the Tower the night before!" This is a pretty dining-room interior of the last century. As for George Selwyn, that most celebrated of the diners-out of a hundred years ago, he

said the pleasantest thing possible at dessert, after the execution of Lord Lovat. Some ladies asked him how he could be such a barbarian as to see the head cut off. "Nay," said he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends; for I went to see it sewed on again!" "George," says Walpole, "never thinks but *à la tête tranchée;* he came to town t' other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."

Selwyn kept his powers bright by keeping good company; while Gray the poet was but indifferent society, from living reclusely, added to a natural turn for melancholy, and "a little too much dignity." Young, a greater poet than Gray, was as brilliant in conversation as Selwyn himself, as long as, like Selwyn, he polished his wit by contact with the world. When he dined with Garrick, Quin, and George Anne Bellamy, he was the sprightliest of the four; but when he took to realizing the solitude he had epically praised, Young, too, became a proser. Quin loved good living as much as he did sparkling conversation; and Garrick, the other guest noticed above, has perfectly delineated Quin the epicure in the following epigram, as he subsequently did Quin, the man and brother of men, in his epitaph in Bath Abbey:—

"A plague on Egypt's art! I say;
Embalm the dead, on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste!
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I shall never taste?

"Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade.
Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I;
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall die,
A mummy, ready made."

A good many female mummies were prepared during the last century after a similar receipt. Witness Walpole's neighbour at Strawberry Hill, "an attorney's wife, and much given to the bottle. By the time she has finished that and daylight, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes her servants fire minute-guns out of the garret windows. The divine Asheton," he proceeds, "will give you an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns. I began to think that the Duke (of Cumberland) had brought some of his defeats from Flanders."

Young denounces, in his "Satires," both tea and wine, as abused by the fair sex of the last century. In Memmia he paints Lady Betty Germain, in the lines I have quoted under the head of "Tea;" and then, hurling his shafts of satire at that which another poet has described as "cups which cheer, but not inebriate," he adds,—

"Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the love of fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been!
A hecatomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
Hervey, Pearce, Blount, aspersed by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal 's the sweetener of a female feast."

And then, adverting to the ladies who, like Walpole's "attorney's wife," were much given to the bottle, the poet exclaims,—

"But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded Tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blamed.
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British Queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound."

Manners and morals generally go hand in hand; but those of the ladies satirized by Young were not so bad as those of the French Princesses of a few years before, when they and Duchesses were so addicted to drinking, that no one thought it a vice, since royalty and aristocracy practised it. The Dauphine of Burgundy is indeed praised by her biographers as not drinking to any great excess during the three last years of her life. But this was exceptional. The Duchess of Bourbon and her daughters drank like dragoons; but the latter were unruly in their cups, whereas the old lady carried her liquor discreetly. Henrietta, Madame de Montespan, and the Princess di Monaco, were all addicted, more or less, to tippling. The Duchess de Bourbon and Her Grace of Chartres added smoking to their other boon qualities; and the Dauphin once surprised them with pipes which had been *cullotés* for them by common soldiers of the Swiss Guard! In France, devotion even was made a means towards drunkenness. Bungener tells us, in his "*Trois Sermons sous Louis XV.*," that Monsieur Basquiat de la House owned a small estate in Gascony, which produced a wine which no one would buy. Being at Rome, as Secretary of an Embassy, he procured a body from the catacombs, which he christened by the name of a saint venerated in his part of the country. The people received it with great pomp. A *fête* was appointed by the Pope, a fair by the Government, and the wine was sold by hogsheads! It was a wine as thin as the beverage which Mr. Chute lived on when he had the gout,

at which time, says Walpole, "he keeps himself very low, and lives upon very thin ink."

There was a good deal of latitude of observation and conversation at the dinner-tables of the last century; and the letter-writer I have just cited affords us ample evidence of the fact. John Stanhope, of the Admiralty, he informs us, "was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon, a nasty wretch, and very covetous; his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it; at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good breeding, said, 'Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop.'"

A hundred years ago, Walpole remarked that Methodism, drinking, and gambling were all on the increase. Of the first he sneeringly says, "It increases as fast as any religious nonsense did." Of the second he remarks, "Drinking is at the highest wine-mark;" and he speaks of the third as being so violent, that "at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both gaming and drinking, a bank bill was thrown down, and, nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man who was standing by!"

There was a love of good eating, as well as of deep drinking, even among the upper classes of the last century. What a picture of a Duchess is that of her Grace of Queensberry, posting down to Parson's Green, to tell Lady Sophia Thomas "something of importance;" namely, "Take a couple of beefsteaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt: it is the best thing you ever tasted! I could not help coming to tell you this;"—and then she drove back to town. And what a picture of a Magistrate is that of Fielding, seated at supper with a blind man, a Drury-Lane Chloris, and three Irishmen, all eating cold mutton and ham from one dish, on a very dirty cloth, and "his worship" refusing to rise to attend

to the administration of Justices' justice! It is but fair, however, to Fielding to add, that he might have had better fare had he been more oppressive touching fees. And, besides, great dignitaries set him but an indifferent example. Gray, speaking of the Duke of Newcastle's installation at Oxford, remarks, that "every one was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night. I make no exceptions, from the Chancellor to Blewcoat." Lord Pembroke, truly, was temperate enough to live upon vegetables; but the diet did not improve either his temper or his morals. Ladies —and they were not over delicate a century ago—as much dreaded sitting near him at dinner, as their daughters and grand-daughters dreaded to be near the late Duke of Cumberland, who was pretty sure to say something in the course of dinner expressly to embarrass them. The vegetarian Lord Pomfret was so blasphemous at tennis, that the Primate of Ireland, Dr. George Stone, was compelled to leave off playing with him. For Primates handled the rackets then, as Pope and Cardinals do now the cue. Pio Nono and the expertest of the Sacred College play *la poule* at billiards, after dinner, with the view of keeping down the good Pontiff's obesity. This is almost as curious a trait as that of Taafe, the Irishman, who, conceiving himself to have been insulted at a dinner, and not being then able, as a Roman Catholic, to wear a sword, changed his religion, and ran his adversary through the body. The confusion of ideas which prompted a man to follow a particular faith, in order that he might commit murder, was something like that which influenced the poor woman who, suddenly becoming pious, after hearing a sermon from Rowland Hill, went to a book-stall, and stole a Bible.

I have noticed the love of good eating, and the coarseness connected with it. There was also a coarse economy

attendant on it. The Duchess of Devonshire would call out to the Duke, when both were presiding at supper after one of their assemblies, "Good God, Duke! don't cut the ham; nobody will eat any;" and then she would relate the circumstances of her private *ménage* to her neighbour: "When there 's only my Lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast,"—no very dainty fare for a ducal pair. Indeed, there was much want of daintiness, and of dignity, too, in many of those with whom both might have been looked for as a possession. Lord Coventry chased his Lady round the dinner-table, and scrubbed the paint off her cheeks with a napkin. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton were more contemptible in their pomposity than their Graces of Devonshire were in their plainness. At their own house they walked in to dinner before their company, sat together at the upper end of their own table, ate together off one plate, and drank to nobody beneath the rank of Earl. It was, indeed, a wonder that they could get any one of any rank to dine with them at all. But, in point of dinners, people are not "nice" even now. Dukes very recently dined with a railway potentate, in hopes of profiting by the condescension; and Duchesses heard, without a smile, that potentate's lady superbly dismiss them with an "*au reservoir!*"—an expression, by the way, which is refined, when compared with that taught by our nobility, a hundred years ago, to the rich Bohemian Countess Chamfelt; namely, "D—n you!" and, "Kiss me!" but it was apologetically said of her, that she never used the former but upon the miscarriage of the latter. This was at a time when vast assemblies were followed by vast suppers, vast suppers by vast drinking, and when nymphs and swains reached home at dawn with wigs, like Ranger's in the comedy, vastly battered, and not very fit to be seen.

Pope, in the last century, moralized, with effect, on the

deaths of the dissolute Buckingham and the avaricious Cutler; and the avarice of Sir John was perhaps more detestable than any extravagance that is satirized by Pope, or witticized by Walpole. But Sir John Cutler was ingenious in his thrift. This rich miser ordinarily travelled on horseback and alone, in order to avoid expense. On reaching his inn at night, he feigned indisposition, as an excuse for not taking supper. He would simply order the hostler to bring a little straw to his room, to put in his boots. He then had his bed warmed, and got into it, but only to get out of it again as soon as the servant had left the room. Then, with the straw in his boots and the candle at his bed-side, he kindled a little fire, at which he toasted a herring which he drew from his pocket. This, with a bit of bread which he carried with him, and a little water from the jug, enabled the lord of countless thousands to sup at a very moderate cost.

Well, this sordidness was less culpable perhaps than slightly overstepping income by giving assemblies and suppers. At the latter there was, at least, wit, and as much of it as was ever to be found at Madame du Deffand's, where, by the way, the people did *not* sup. "Last night, at my Lady Hervey's," says Walpole, "Mrs. Dives was expressing great panic about the French," who were said to be preparing to invade England. "My Lady Rochford, looking down on her fan, said, with great softness, 'I don't know; I don't think the French are a sort of people that women need be afraid of.'" This was more commendable wit than that of Madame du Deffand herself, who, as I have previously remarked, made a whole assembly laugh, at Madame de Marchais', when her old lover was known to be dying, by saying as she entered, "He is gone; and wasn't it lucky? He died at six, or I could not possibly have shown myself here to-night."

Our vain lady-wits, however, too often lacked refinement. "If I drink any more," said Lady Coventry at Lord Hertford's table, "if I drink any more, I shall be 'muckibus.'" "Lord!" said Lady Mary Coke, "what is that?" "O," was the reply, "it is Irish for *sentimental!*" In those days there were no wedding breakfasts: the nuptial banquet was a dinner, and bride and bridegroom saw it out. Walpole congratulates himself that, at the marriage of his niece Maria, "there was neither form nor indecency, both which generally meet on such occasions. They were married," he adds, "at my brother's in Pall Mall, just before dinner, by Mr. Keppel; the company, my brother, his son, Mrs. Keppel and Charlotte, Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lady Betty Waldegrave, and I. We dined there; the Earl and new Countess got into their post-chaise at eight o'clock, and went to Navestock alone, where they stay till Saturday night." Walpole gives instances enough—and more than enough—where matters did not go off so becomingly. Lords and Ladies were terribly coarse in sentiment and expression; and the women were often worse than the men. "Miss Pett," says the writer whom I have so often quoted, "has dismissed Lord Buckingham: *tant mieux pour lui!* She damns her eyes that she will marry some Captain: *tant mieux pour elle.*" This is a sample of Table Traits in 1760; and it was long before manners and morals improved. The example was not of the best sort even in high places. The mistress of Alfieri dined at Court, as widow of the Pretender; and Madame du Barry was publicly feasted by our potential Lord Mayor.

Some of the women were not only coarse in speech, but furies in act, and often sharpers to boot. Thus, when "Jemmy Lumley," in 1761, had a party of ladies at his house, with whom, after dinner, he played whist, from six

at night till noon the next day, he lost two thousand pounds, which, suspecting knavery, he refused to pay. His antagonist, Mrs. Mackenzie, subsequently pounced upon him in the garden of an inn at Hampstead, where he was about to give a dinner to some other ladies. The sturdy "Scotchwoman," as Gray calls her, demanded her money, and, on meeting with a refusal, she "horsewhipped, trampled, bruised," and served him with worse indignities still, as may be seen by the curious, in Gray's Letter to Warton. Lumley's servants only with difficulty rescued their master from the fury, who carried a horsewhip beneath her hoop. The gentlemen do not appear to have been so generous, in their character of lovers, as their French brethren, who ruined themselves for "*les beaux yeux*" of some temporary idol. Miss Ford laughed consumedly at Lord Jersey, for sending her ("an odd first and only present to a beloved mistress") a boar's head, which, she says, "I had often the honour to meet at your Lordship's table before.....and would have eat it, had it been eatable."

The public are pretty familiar with the Household-Book of the Earl of Northumberland; and have learned much therefrom touching the Table Traits of the early period in which it was written. A later Earl did not inherit the spirit of organization which influenced his ancestor. "I was to dine at Northumberland House," says Walpole, in 1765, "and went there a little after hour. There I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mackinsy, Lady Stratford, my Lady Finlater,—who was never out of Scotland before,—a tall lad of fifteen, her son, Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five" (which is conjectured to have been the hour of extreme fashion a century ago) "arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the Lords had commenced to read the Poor Bill, which would take, at least, two hours, and, perhaps, would debate it afterwards. We concluded din-

ner would be called for; it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen. No such thing! Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came! Well, we sent them away; and excuses were, we were engaged. Still, the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight. My Lady, at last, said she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table of fourteen covers; but, instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates, striped red, green, and yellow, —gilt plate, blacks, and uniforms. My Lady Finlater, who never saw those embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords; so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on, when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived! Would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again! Stay—I have not done! Just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mackinsy came in; and the whole began a third time. Then the second course, and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes. When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and take tea and coffee; but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed!" This dinner may be contrasted with another given, at a later period, by a member of the same house. The Nobleman in question was an Earl Percy, who was in Ireland with his regiment,—the Fifth Infantry; and who, after much consideration, consented to give a