

That box was the one you saved for me; and besides the diamonds—which were of great value—it contained, moreover, some rare gold and silver coins, and various kinds of precious stones. This man-servant of mine I dismissed on arriving in England, because I found he had contracted dissolute habits. He was also of a very prying disposition, and, I have reason to believe, knew far more of my affairs than I ever imagined. The man White, it appears, is brother to a man at Allworthy, who has been deemed a gentleman, whereas he is, in fact, a rogue, and has passed many years in prison."

"Then it was from him the carrier-pigeons came?" said Betty, quickly. "He was one of the three men?"

"Yes," was the reply. "He and White concocted the plan for robbing me. He met White at the Docks, and then and there they determined to make me their victim. I was in London ten days before I came here, and it seems I was watched all the time. Then White came to a sister of his, at a place called Aldington, some ten miles up the line; and Bill Harlow says the carrier pigeons were sent to him there; though of course, as you know, they never reached their destination with the message."

"And what made them employ Bill Harlow?" asked Betty.

"Why, they got him to apply for work in the rectory garden, don't you see, and there he learnt a great deal about the house and the ways of the household. He used to find his way into the kitchen for bread and cheese and drink, and I daresay, when old Marjory was busy, made good use of his opportunities, and studied the pantry window and the back door. They had a violent quarrel about the box you rescued. Each thought the other had purposely hidden it, and meant to appropriate the contents to himself, whereas the agreement was the property was to be divided. They thought the portmanteau contained more than it did."

"So you aren't going to prosecute Bill Harlow?"

"Well, the fact is, while he has been away in hiding he has come to grief. He was run

over three days ago in London, and now he's in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is no chance of his recovery. Had there been, I doubt whether he would have confessed so completely all about the robbery. The detective I employed was the first to discover him, but the amount of cross-questioning we had to go through in order to elicit all I have told you, you would never guess. It was a task. Oh, by the bye, have you still the pigeon?"

"No, it drooped, and seemed so disconsolate that I let it out of the cage a few days ago. It flew off, and I have not seen it since. When one comes to think of it, it was strange I should have found the note on the bird. I sometimes wonder if anyone else had found it whether they would have thought it meant a robbery, and that you were to be the victim."

"I doubt it; and, Miss Betty, I am quite sure it was Providence that put it into your head to save my box. To the last day of my life I shall never forget all you went through for me."

Three years had passed away. Mr. Max Villiers had come to the conclusion he would return to Brazil. During those three years he had been "dodging"—so Dick phrased it—between London and Burleigh; sometimes in London for weeks together, sometimes at Burleigh for three months straight off. But now he was going back to Brazil.

It was a bright summer evening. He sailed in a week's time, and he was taking a last walk with Betty. Betty was greatly improved. She was tall, and even stately in her movements. She possessed a perfect complexion, and retained still the old winning smile. Her hair was coiled round her head at the back in divers plaits; 'it never was allowed its full liberty now. Betty objected to looking too girlish.

They had been talking, but a strange silence had fallen upon them. They came to a stile, and both stood leaning against it; Betty with her face averted.

"Betty," said Max, presently, "have you

never guessed why I am going back to Brazil? Don't you know why I could not live in England now?"

"No; I suppose you prefer Brazil," replied Betty, quietly.

"I don't," was the quick response. "Betty," he cried, suddenly, "I am only going because I cannot live in England and see you Dick's wife."

"I never shall be Dick's wife."

"But, Betty! You—you—care for him, surely."

"Yes, he is *almost* like a brother—but that is all."

Her voice quivered, and she trembled like a leaf.

"That is all," he answered slowly. "Betty, is it true?" and he caught hold of her hand.

"Shall you be sorry if I go away? Do you care for me, Betty? I have learnt to love you, dear, and I am going away because I know you could never care for me."

For some moments Betty could not sufficiently steady her voice to reply. Then raising her eyes to his, she said, fervently—

"Have you never guessed the truth? If you want to make me for ever miserable go back to Brazil, and never let me see you again; but—if you want to make me the happiest woman in the whole wide world—stay."

And within five minutes that very diamond ring, which Betty had once before refused, found its way on to her finger.

"I wonder what your mother will say to me as a prospective son-in-law?" said Max to Betty, as they neared her home.

"Why, that it's all for the best."

Betty was right. That was exactly what her mother did say, but nevertheless she cried a good deal when she went to bed that night. Not so Betty. She laid awake and thought only how bright the future had suddenly become, and wondered also what Dick would say.

And what Dick said was simply this—

"Well, I never! Some people are lucky! I say, Betty, you'll be my aunt. What fun!"

[THE END.]



## CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT - HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS'

By JAMES MASON.

### CHAPTER I.

THE subject of food and feeding meets us at every turn. Eat we must.

Suppose we put our average allowance at three meals a day. Multiplying that by three hundred and sixty-five gives a total of one thousand and ninety-five meals swallowed in the course of a year; and on the basis of these figures it is easy calculating how many times during our lives food has been prepared for us, the table spread, and something sent down the little red lane.

The total number cannot fail to excite

surprise and give point to the saying that the leading business of man's bodily life is to make the pot boil.

But we are not going, in these papers, to talk about cookery from the practical point of view. Able writers, with admirable recipes at their fingers' ends, have already done that, and instructed readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in the art of preparing these numerous meals.

Our office is to come after them and show how at table, with wholesome dishes before us, we may do more than merely satisfy

hunger. We have to point out how people may contrive to eat with intellect as well as with appetite, and make breakfasts, dinners, and teas contribute food not only to the body, but to the mind.

It is something to be thankful for that eating is itself enjoyable. To eat with brains, however, is to double the pleasure; and if, by means of the curious matter we are about to unfold, an additional relish is imparted even to bread and water, we might almost be warranted in setting up as benefactors of the species.

We are going to show what a halo of in-



terest surrounds the hospitable board and everything upon it—to speak of famous eaters and their exploits; of men who have tried to make gastronomy a refined and intellectual pursuit—enthusiasts whose eye brightened at the mere mention of good living; of cooks, cookery books, and kitchens; and of a thousand-and-one interesting incidents, odd meals, and curious dishes.

And first of all let us give dignity to the subject by mentioning some famous names.

Amongst lovers of good feeding in ancient times was a Roman citizen named Apicius, who lived in the reign of Tiberius. His devotion to gastronomy has made his name a synonym for an accomplished epicure.

He had a large fortune, and spent it industriously in the gratification of his palate, no less than £800,000 of our money being frittered away in providing dainties for the table. But he not only ate, he invented. Several sauces and cakes owed their origin to him, and rival schools of cookery in after times claimed him as their founder.

After going through this large sum Apicius balanced his books. One authority says that he made a mistake in adding up the figures, and came to the erroneous conclusion that he was insolvent. But the fact is he discovered he had not more left than £80,000.

"I shall starve on this," said he; so he adjusted a cord round his neck and hanged himself.

The Roman Emperor, Caligula, was noted for extravagant feasts. The immense sum left in the treasury by the parsimonious Augustus enabled him to introduce at dinner a novel feature which may be recommended to any who, in our degenerate days, wish to get a character for hospitality. The guests were helped to gold instead of to bread and meat, and the gold they used to put in their pockets and carry home.

Claudius, who succeeded Caligula, was not so generous. He preferred to gratify his love of good cheer at other people's expense. On one occasion, when he came self-invited, the host got a surprise, for the Emperor brought no fewer than six hundred persons in his train.

The distinction of reaching the utmost height of gluttony in ancient Rome belongs to the lazy and self-indulgent Vitellius, the ninth of the twelve Cæsars. Feasts were given by him at which two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds were sent to table. His outrageous prodigality laid every corner of the empire under contribution to furnish materials for a dish which contained "livers of mullet, brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes, roe of lampreys," etc. According to Tacitus, he spent in eating or giving to eat, during less than eight months, what would be equal to several millions sterling.

The boy Emperor Heliogabalus is the last Roman epicure we shall mention. He was as extravagant and ridiculous as any of them. "He fed the officers of his palace," we are told, "with the brains of pheasants and thrushes, the eggs of partridges, and the heads of parrots. Amongst the dishes served at his own table were peas mashed with grains of gold, beans fricassé with morsels of amber, and rice mixed with pearls."

"His meals were frequently composed of twenty-two services. Turning roofs threw flowers with such profusion on the guests that they were nearly smothered. At the sea-side he never ate fish, but when far inland he caused the roe of the rarest to be distributed amongst his suite."

None of our own sovereigns have in good feeding come up to these ancient worthies, but several of them have not done amiss. Henry VIII. was a valiant and discriminating trencherman. It is told of him that he was once so delighted with the flavour of a new

pudding that he made the present of a manor to the inventor.

The queen of gourmands was Queen Anne, who, indeed, had few ideas beyond her own epicurean comforts. She gave great encouragement to cookery, and in books of recipes a well-known pudding long flourished under her name.

A distinguished example of comparative indifference to cookery is found in the first Napoleon. He was irregular in his meals, and ate with a rapidity very undignified—not to speak of its being bad for digestion. It was all the worse for him, because he had a constitutional delicacy of stomach.

Had he known how to eat with discretion he might have done better on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the drawn battle of Borodino (preceding the Moscow disaster) and his great defeat at Leipsic. On each of these occasions his intellect was clouded and his energy reduced by an attack of indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, in 1813, he was not himself at all through eating too freely and hurriedly of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

His idea seemed to be that when he was hungry food should be at once forthcoming, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places and at all hours cutlets, roast chicken, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word.

Dinner with him was a peculiar institution. He had all the courses placed before him at once, and ate paying no attention to his food, helping himself to whatever was at hand, and sometimes taking preserves or creams before touching the more solid dishes—thereby transgressing the wise rule in eating, that the more substantial viands should precede the lighter.

A curious picture of Napoleon at breakfast on one occasion is given by Mr. Hayward. There had been a hitch in connection with something or other, and the Emperor returned from the *Conseil d'Etat* in the worst possible temper. "A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, comprising his favourite dishes, was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had hardly swallowed a mouthful when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness.

"Receding from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his foot. Dash went the table! Crash went the *déjeuner*! and the Emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid and perturbed strides, indicative of the most frenzied rage."

Dunand, his *maître d'hôtel*, who always contrived to fall in with the humours of his Imperial master, was equal to the emergency. He looked on without moving a muscle, gave a few orders to his staff, and, quick as thought, the wreck was cleared away; an exact duplicate of the *déjeuner* appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced by the customary—"Sa Majesté est servie."

But if Napoleon personally took little pleasure in *la science gastronomique*, he knew its value. He used to say that more fortunate treaties, more happy arrangements and reconciliations were due to the cook of his arch-chancellor Cambacères than to the crowds of diplomatists who thronged the ante-chambers of the Tuileries. When the results of a diplomatic conference put him in a good humour, he generally closed the sitting with the formula: "Now go and dine with Cambacères."

The arch-chancellor was certainly a lover of good feeding of the first rank. The subject was ever in his mind. Once when kept in consultation by the Emperor beyond the appointed dinner hour—it is said they were discussing the fate of the Duc d'Enghien—he was observed to show signs of impatience and restlessness. At last he wrote a note, and handed it to a gentleman usher for delivery.

Napoleon, who had a shrewd notion of

what it was about, nodded to an *aide-de-camp* to intercept the despatch. On its being given to him, Cambacères begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on a familiar matter. The Emperor, however, though it was hardly in good taste, took his own way, and found the note to be addressed to the cook—"Take care of the *entremets*—the roast meats are done for."

M. Thiers, the French statesman and historian, had as marked a partiality as Cambacères for the good things of life; a fact which amongst his countrymen considerably added to his popularity. His great weakness was a dish strictly Provençal and essentially vulgar, called *brandade*, consisting of salt cod and oil skillfully combined.

Unfortunately, doctors at last forbade M. Thiers to partake of cod in any shape, and, much as he craved for it, Madame Thiers was inflexible. No *brandade* could he have.

But he found an ally in M. Mignet, a brother historian, and from time to time this gentleman might be seen arriving at the Hôtel St. Georges with a parcel under his arm. He would bow rapidly to the ladies, and pass into the study of the great man. Then an urgent plea of important work was put forward, intruders were sent away, and the doors were locked.

No sooner were the two friends alone than they undid the parcel, which was simply a tin box wrapped in a newspaper, and containing an unctuous *brandade* made by the best Provençal cook in Paris.

They consumed this forbidden delicacy with lingering delight, and when the box was empty and the doors were unlocked, Thiers would be heard exclaiming—"My dear Mignet, it is the masterpiece of human genius!"

Everyone but Mignet gave him credit for referring to some great literary achievement.

As ill luck would have it, however, Madame Thiers one day caught the two culprits in the act, and reproached M. Mignet so severely that after that he never dared enter the house with a parcel under his arm.

Worthy to be named in such high company is Alexandre Dumas, the famous author of "Monte Christo." He not only gave encouragement to cooks, but studied the art practically; indeed, he prided himself rather more on his cookery than on his authorship.

The breakfasts he gave are memorable in the annals of Bohemia. He welcomed all who came, and the stories told of the cool way in which his friends taxed his hospitality are almost beyond belief.

Once, for example, Grisier, the fencing-master, invited himself to breakfast with the novelist, and sent a small, very small ham, to help to furnish forth the feast. Dumas had an engagement on the day appointed, but forgot to send word of it to Grisier. The latter arrived with five or six friends whom he had bidden, for all the world as if he were going to a restaurant, and was moved to violent anger at finding no cloth laid.

"Give me back my ham!" he shouted to the amazed servant.

A search was made for the ham, and Grisier carried it off, after leaving a message to inform Dumas of his grave displeasure.

But of all Frenchmen who cultivated the science of good living, no one can be named who eclipses Brillat-Savarin, the author of "Physiologie du Goût." This entertaining work, in which he lays down as a fundamental truth that "the man of sense and culture alone understands eating," has enjoyed great popularity, and converted many a sober reader into an enthusiastic gastronome.

From the many anecdotes in Savarin's book we select one which may, however, be prefaced with the proverb, "He who takes what isn't his'n, is pretty sure to go to prison."

One day Savarin was escorting two ladies



on a journey through the country, and after several hours' travelling they felt hungry enough to eat an ox. Unhappily the inn they stopped at, though looking decent enough, had an empty larder—only a few eggs to be had. Three stage coaches and two post-chaises had preceded them, and, like the Egyptian locusts, had devoured everything.

On looking into the kitchen, however, Savarin noticed a leg of mutton turning on the spit; it was the very thing wanted. But the longing glances of the ladies were in vain, for it belonged to three Englishmen who had brought it, and who were now patiently waiting, chatting over a bottle of champagne.

"Surely," said Savarin, in a tone half annoyance and half entreaty, "you might fry us those eggs in the gravy of this roast; what with that and a cup of coffee with country cream in it, we shall be resigned to our fate."

"Certainly," replied the cook. "The gravy I have a right to dispose of, and in two minutes your dish will be ready."

Whilst he was breaking the eggs, Savarin went to the fireplace, and with his travelling knife made a dozen deep wounds in the forbidden *gigot*, letting every drop of the gravy run out. Then watching the preparation of the eggs lest anything should spoil the plot, he took possession of the dish, and carried it to the room he had engaged.

They of course made a first-rate meal, laughing loudly every time they thought of themselves having the best part of the roast, and their friends the Englishmen chewing the remainder.

Genius and taste are often hereditary, and we find that Savarin had a son who took after him. In connection with this a funny story is told. One day, when on his way to Lyons, Savarin halted at Sens, and sent, as he always did, for the cook to see what he could have for dinner.

"Little enough," said the cook.

"But let us see," exclaimed Savarin, "let us go to the kitchen and talk the matter over."

On entering the kitchen he found four turkeys roasting.

"Why!" cried he, "you told me there was nothing in the house. Let me have one of these turkeys."

"That can't be," said the cook; "they are all bespoken by a gentleman upstairs."

"He must have a large party to dine with him then!"

"No, he dines by himself."

"I should very much like," said Savarin, feeling that here, indeed, was a man after his own heart, "to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys all for his own eating."

The cook was sure the gentleman would be glad to make his acquaintance, and Savarin immediately proceeded to pay his respects to the stranger.

It was his own son.

"Why, you rascal!" said he. "Four turkeys all to yourself!"

"Yes," answered Savarin, junior; "you know that when we have a turkey at home you eat up the whole of *les-sots-les-laissent*"—the tit-bit which we call the *oyster* of the turkey or fowl. "I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not look for the honour of your company."

An Englishman possessed of much of the same sort of enthusiasm as Savarin, and as

good-humoured, though with less vivacity, was Dr. William Kitchiner, who died in 1827. He was the author of the "Cook's Oracle," of all old cookery books the most amusing.

He was always an epicure, and fond of experiments in cookery, and very particular in the selection of his viands and in the mode of preparing them for the table. His general habits, however, were regular and even abstemious. Dinner, which was cooked according to his own method, was served punctually at five; supper was set on the table at half-past nine, and at eleven he retired.

Every Thursday evening he gave a *conversazione*, and to regulate the party there was a placard over his drawing-room chimney piece—"Come at seven, go at eleven." It is told that George Colman, the younger, being introduced to Kitchiner on one of these evenings, managed unobserved to insert in the placard after "go" the pronoun "it," which made a material difference in the reading.

At these meetings, when supper-time came, the signal was given, and those who cared to remain descended to the dining-room to enjoy his friendly fare. A cold joint, a lobster salad, and some little *entremets* usually formed the repast in summer; in winter there were some nicely-cooked hot dishes, with wine, liqueurs, and ales from a well-stocked cellar.

Precisely on the stroke of eleven, hats, umbrellas, and overcoats were brought in, the guests were dismissed, and Kitchiner retired to rest.

At his dinner parties, which were mere formal affairs, great punctuality was insisted on. The notes of invitation expressly stated that "the perfection of the several preparations was so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of *one minute* after the arrival at the meridian of concoction would render them no longer worthy of men of taste."

The favourite articles of diet of remarkable men would form a curious subject of investigation. There was Dr. Parr, for example, who confessed his regard for "hot boiled lobster, with a profusion of shrimp sauce."

Pope, who was a lover of dainty fare, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he got up instantly and came down to table.

Dr. Johnson's chief passion seems to have been for a leg of mutton. It began early in life. "At my aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." But Dr. Johnson had a ravenous appetite for many things besides mutton, as readers of "Boswell's Life" may remember. A friend once treated him to new honey and clouted cream, and he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed.

He was as savage in his mode of eating as he often was in his talk. When out dining he was known to call for the butter-boat containing the lobster sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum pudding.

Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Fuseli, the artist, who delighted in selecting his subjects from the regions of the supernatural, had a favourite food for assisting him in his work. When he wished to summon nightmare, and bid her sit for her picture, he used to prime himself for the feat by supping on about three pounds of half-dressed pork chops.

Charles XII. of Sweden, a sovereign of simple and temperate habits, gave the first place to bread and fresh butter; Henry III. of France had a fondness for melons; Charlemagne for venison roasted on a spit; Frederick the Great for coffee; Lessing for lentils; Klopstock for truffles and grapes; Schiller for ham; Kant for lentils and bacon; and Torquato Tasso for candied fruits.

According to Savarin—and believers in physiognomy will agree with him—you can tell lovers of good feeding merely by looking at them. They are broad-faced, he says, and have bright eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and rounded chin. The women who care for dainty fare are plump, chubby, pretty rather than beautiful, and with a slight tendency to fulness of figure.

"It is under such an exterior," remarks our author, "that we must look for agreeable guests. They accept all that is offered them, eat without hurry, and taste with discrimination. They never make any haste to get away from houses where they have been well treated, but stay for the evening, because they know all the games and other after-dinner amusements."

Those, on the other hand, to whom nature has denied relish for such enjoyments, are long-faced, long-nosed, and long-eyed; whatever their height, there is something lanky about them. They have dark, lanky hair, and never look in good condition. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, and feel themselves bored at table.

"This theory of mine," says Savarin, "can be verified by each reader from his own personal observation. I shall give an instance from my own experience."

"Sitting one day at a grand banquet, I had opposite me a very pretty neighbour, whose face showed the predisposition I have described. Leaning to the guest beside me, I said quietly, that, from her physiognomy, the young lady on the other side of the table must be fond of good eating."

"You must be mad!" he answered; "she is but fifteen at most, which is certainly not the age for such a thing. However, let us watch."

"At first things were by no means in my favour, and I was somewhat afraid of having compromised myself, for during the first two courses the young lady quite astonished me by her discretion, and I suspected we had stumbled upon an exception, remembering that there are some to every rule."

"But at last the dessert came—a dessert both magnificent and abundant—and my hopes were again revived. Nor did I hope in vain; not only did she eat of all that was offered her, but she even got dishes brought to her from the furthest parts of the table. In a word, she tasted everything, and my neighbour at last expressed his astonishment that the little stomach could hold so many things."

"Thus was my diagnosis verified, and once again science triumphed."

(To be continued.)





# CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING; OR, CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

## CHAPTER II.



to keep well and do good work it is important that we eat nourishing food and get enough of it. Ill-fed means low-spirited and wanting in energy. There was a farmer who gave his hired haymaker

buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and when he went to the field he heard the man singing in a drawling voice—

"B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,  
Faint all day, faint all day,"

his scythe keeping time to the tune.

Next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man, and when he went to see how he was getting on, he found him singing merrily—

"Bacon and eggs,  
Take care of your legs,"

whilst his scythe went as if he meant to mow down whole acres at one stroke.

How much can a man eat? When Sir W. E. Parry was in the Arctic regions he took note of how much an Esquimaux lad, scarcely full grown, could consume in twenty-four hours. It was this—4 lb. 4 oz. frozen seal-horse flesh, raw; 4 lb. 4 oz. seal-horse flesh, boiled; 1 lb. 12 oz. bread and bread dust; 1½ pint rich gravy soup; 1 tumbler of strong grog; 3 wine glasses of raw spirits, and 9 pints of water.

The greatest gluttons, however, on the face of the earth, Barrow states in his *Travels in Southern Africa*, are the Hottentots. Ten Hottentots ate a middling-sized ox in three days; and three Bosjesmans had a sheep given them about five in the evening, which was entirely consumed before noon of the next day. "They continued to eat all night, without sleep and without intermission, till they finished the whole animal." After this their lank forms were so distended that they looked less like human beings than before.

In our corner of the globe we can nowadays do nothing like that. At Sheffield fair a few years ago a boy died from gluttony, but he was far from coming up to the Esquimaux or Hottentot standard. All he had for dinner was a potato pie, a plum pudding, some gingerbread, a rice pudding, five squares of Yorkshire pudding, three basins of soup, and copious draughts of beer, lemonade, and water. This proved more than enough, and killed him.

One of the most remarkable gluttons of modern times lived down in Kent, early in the seventeenth century. His name was Nicholas Wood, and an amusing account of him is given by Taylor, the water poet. "Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal," Taylor says, "were but as three sprats to him." It is recorded that on one occasion he "ate as much as would have served and sufficed thirty men," at the end of which bountiful repast a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood caused him to be put for eight hours in the stocks as a warning to all other inordinate eaters.

A funny story is told about a great eater who made his appearance in the camp of Charles Gustavus of Sweden, when that monarch was besieging Prague. A boor of a most extraordinary countenance asked admittance to the king's tent, and on being allowed to enter, he offered by way of amusement to devour a whole hog in his presence. The old General Koenigsmark, who stood by the king's side, hinted that the peasant ought to be burned as a sorcerer.

"Why," said the man, in a tone of irritation, "if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

General Koenigsmark, who at the head of a body of Swedes performed wonders against the Austrians, could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth. Without uttering a word the veteran turned pale and suddenly ran out of the tent; nor did he think himself safe till he arrived at his quarters.

A nobleman with an extraordinary appetite is mentioned by Mr. Hayward in his "Art of Dining." One of his performances was made the subject of a caricature which enjoyed considerable popularity when this century was still young. He had been kept late in the City, and went into a celebrated beef shop in the Old Bailey on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens.

In the caricature he is shown at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on.

"Capital beef, landlord," says he between mouthfuls. "A man may cut and come again here."

"You may cut, sir," replies Boniface; "but catch me if you shall come again."

This nobleman, Mr. Hayward says, "would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a Solan goose, for a whet, and feel, like him, astonished if his appetite was not sharpened by the circumstance."

A well-known literary and political character astonished his contemporaries much in the same way. His exploits, when supping at Crockford's, were such that the founder of that institution "more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and was only prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in 'Roderick Random,' as received by the master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment."

It does not always follow that great eaters are fat men, though that, no doubt, is the rule. Amongst the aldermen of the City of London in the days of George IV. there were two valiant trenchermen, and one of them was fat enough, but the other was little better than a sackful of bones. For all his eating he grew thinner and thinner, like the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's "History of New York," who pined away so gradually that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury.

According to Brillat-Savarin, however, if a great eater does not grow fat, it is because he does not eat the right things. "Men," he

says, "fatten sheep, calves, oxen, poultry, carp, crayfish, oysters; and hence I derive the general maxim:—Whatever eats can be fattened, provided the food is well and suitably chosen."

The chief cause of corpulence is the flour and other farinaceous stuffs which form the basis of man's daily food. Farinaceous matter is quite as fattening when conveyed by means of drinks—beer, for example—as when taken in a solid form. In 1817 several Parisian families took to drinking beer from motives of economy, and in the end they grew so fat that they scarcely knew themselves.

A notable instance of a man who, by his proportions, did justice to his keep, was Caius Marius, one of the most remarkable figures in Roman history. Being of short stature, he became as broad as he was high, and it has been suggested that it was this disproportionate growth, quite as much as the fire of his eye, that frightened the Gallic trooper who was sent to strike off his head.

John Sobieski, King of Poland, was another fat man, and his corpulence on one occasion nearly cost him his life. Having fallen among a troop of Turkish cavalry, before whom he was obliged to fly, he got out of breath, and would to a certainty have been killed, if several of his staff had not kept him up, almost fainting, on the saddle, whilst others generously sacrificed themselves in order to hinder the enemy.

In this country, one of the most conspicuous examples of stoutness was Edward Bright, who belonged to Essex. He came of a family the members of which were remarkable for their great size and great appetite. When he died in 1750, at the age of thirty, his weight was no less than six hundred and sixteen pounds. A wager was once laid that five men, each twenty-one years of age, could be buttoned in his waistcoat. On its being decided, not only five, as proposed, but seven men were enclosed in it "without breaking a stitch or straining a button."

A still heavier man was Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, who, on being exhibited in London in 1806, was described as the "heaviest man that ever lived." When he died at Stamford, in 1809, his weight was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Round the waist he measured three yards four inches.

A Mr. Palmer, landlord of an inn at Brampton, in Kent, used to pride himself on his size—he weighed twenty-five stone. Hearing about Lambert, he came to London to see him, and found that beside the great Leicestershire man he was but a pigmy. The superior fatness of his rival so preyed on his mind that he died three weeks after his journey to London.

A healthy and natural stoutness is not unbecoming, but many girls think otherwise, and look on every additional ounce added to their weight as something to get rid of as quickly as possible. For their special benefit we quote the following passage from Savarin's "Gastronomy as a Fine Art."

"There is a fatal doctrine," he says, "prevailing amongst women that all acids, and especially vinegar, are useful for preventing stoutness. No doubt they cause leanness, but it is at the expense of the freshness of youth, health, and life, and to prove this statement of a truth which I think cannot be too widely known, I give an instance from my own personal observation. In 1776, when a student at Dijon, I



formed an intimate acquaintance with a young lady, one of the prettiest girls I have ever known, and all the better looking from her having a healthy fullness of figure.

"One evening I said to her, 'My dear Louise, you are surely ill, you look thinner.'

"Oh, no," she answered, with a sort of melancholy smile, 'I am quite well, and if I am a little thinner I can very well afford it.'

"Afford it!" said I, angrily; 'there is no need for your being either thinner or stouter; you are uncommonly nice as you are,' and other phrases of that sort suitable to a youth of twenty.

"Watching the young girl from that time I soon noticed a loss of colour, the cheeks growing hollow, and her charms gradually fading away. Alas, what a frail and fleeting thing beauty is!

"At last, meeting her at an evening party, she confessed to me that after feeling annoyed by some of her companions making fun of her and saying that in two years she would be too fat for anything, she had for a month past been drinking a glass of vinegar every morning.

"At this confession a shudder ran through me. I felt the extent of the danger, and the following morning told her mother, whose alarm was as great as mine, for she was dotingly fond of her daughter. No time was lost; the best doctors were called in, consultations were held, and remedies tried. But it was all too late; at the age of eighteen Louise fell asleep for evermore."

Without professional cooks, what Montaigne nicknamed "the gullet science" would be a rude and primitive affair. It is they who have been the enterprising geniuses to push the territory of cookery beyond the region of boiled rabbits and baked potatoes. Udes, Carêmes, Soyers, and Francatellis have by their inventive genius made large additions to the innocent pleasures of life, and done much to make the wheels go smoothly of our complex civilisation. The discovery of a new dish, according to a famous French judge, is a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes.

As a rule, cooks know their value, and are inclined not only to magnify their office, but to treat of the affairs of the kitchen as if they were dealing with the concerns of an empire. To bring out their best qualities they must find situations with masters who know how to enjoy the fine fare they provide. Unless they are appreciated they do not thrive.

The famous Duke of Wellington once asked one of his friends to recommend a chef to him. This friend said he could think of no one better than Felix, who was then with Lord Seaford, but with whom his lordship was reluctantly parting, solely on economical grounds.

The Duke engaged Felix, and a few months afterwards the gentleman who had recommended him happened to be dining with Lord Seaford. Before the first course was over he said—

"I see you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner."

"I have got Felix," replied his lordship, "but he is no longer the Duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me to take him back again at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the Duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh, no, my lord; I would stay if he had, as he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed, by the cook-maid, and he says

nothing. I cannot live with such a master if he were a hundred times a hero!'"

A master who by his appreciation of their efforts used to rouse the enthusiasm and bring out all the best points of those employed in his kitchen was a late Duke of Beaufort. He had a Neapolitan confectioner who was thoroughly impressed with the dignity and imbued with the spirit of his art. One night his grace was in bed soundly sleeping. A knock at his door awakened him. Then came another knock—very impatient this time.

"Who is there?"

"It is only me, Signor Duc," said the confectioner; "I was at the opera, and I have been dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti's, and I have got an idea. I have this instant invented a sorbet; I have named it after that divine composer, and I hastened to inform your grace."

Charles de Rohan, Prince of Soubise, whose name, by the way, has been given to a well-known sauce, had a cook, Bertrand, as much an enthusiast in his profession as the duke's confectioner. He cooked on scientific principles, but, unfortunately for the prince, laboured under the belief that his master had wealth inexhaustible.

One day the prince told him he intended to give a supper, and asked for a menu. The menu was presented with an estimate of the expense.

The first item the prince read was "Fifty hams."

"What!" cried he, "you must be out of your senses, Bertrand! Are you going to feast my whole regiment?"

"No, monseigneur! only one ham will appear at supper; but the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnoles*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my—"

"Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass."

"Oh, my lord," replied the chef with indignation, "you do not comprehend our resources. Only say the word, and these fifty hams which amaze you, I shall put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb."

What could the Prince reply to that? Nothing. He passed the article, and in the end paid for the fifty hams.

However good cooks may be, they seldom stay long in one place. "It is a curious fact," says one writer, "that almost all the great artists in this line are erratic, restless, and inconstant. They seldom stay long with the same employer, be he as liberal, indulgent, and discriminating as he may. Is it that they sigh, like the Macedonian, for new worlds to conquer, or that—extending the principle of the German *Wanderjahr* to the whole of human life—they fancy that knowledge and intellect are cramped and restricted by becoming stationary? The phenomenon well merits the serious attention of the metaphysician."

Amongst famous cooks, the head of what has been called the classical school is Beauvilliers, who began the practice of his profession about 1782, though it was not till the beginning of the present century that his name became a household word amongst lovers of good feeding. For many years he was the principal *restaurateur* in Paris.

He had a prodigious memory, and was known to recognise and welcome by name persons who had dined in his house only once or twice some twenty years previously. When paying attention to a party of distinction, Savarin tells us, he used to point out, with apparently the warmest interest in their gratification, any dish that might be passed over, or some one they would regret for even not ordering; or he would, perhaps, order a third, of which no one had thought, at the same time sending for wine from a cellar of which he alone kept the key. He assumed, in fact, so amiable and engaging a tone, that these

directions seemed to be so many benefactions from himself. On his withdrawal, however, the bloated bill of costs and the bitterness of the *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais* gave ample proof that the party had been dining in a Parisian restaurant.

The "romantic school" of cookery had the famous Carême for its head. At one period in his career this distinguished artist was induced, by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of £1,000, to become chef to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. He left the prince, however, at the end of a few months. Whilst he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices, it is told, were given by aldermen for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table.

A *maitre d'hôtel* who came to a tragic end was Vatel, who was in the service of the Prince of Condé, usually known as Condé the Great. Louis XIV. has come to visit the prince, and at the banquet held on the evening of his arrival the supply of roast meat had fallen short at two of the tables, more guests having arrived than were expected.

This deficiency deeply affected Vatel. "I am dishonoured," he was heard saying several times; "this is a disgrace that I cannot endure."

The prince was told how much he was troubled, and to cheer him up went to his room and said, "Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the King."

"Monseigneur," he answered, "your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables."

"Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself; all is going well."

Next morning he got up early and in low spirits. Another misfortune happened. The salt fish did not arrive as he wished; there was neither enough of it, nor did it come soon enough.

"Monsieur," said he to one of his assistants, "I shall never survive this disgrace."

He went upstairs to his room, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart.

"The fanaticism of honour," says a French writer, alluding to this incident, "can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and Vatel has proved that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciiuses."

Another *maitre d'hôtel* who died a victim to gastronomy, though he did not kill himself, was the Duc d'Escars. He was in the service of Louis XVIII., a gastronome of the first water. When he and his royal master were closeted together to talk over some new dish, the Ministers of State were kept humbly waiting in the ante-chamber, and the next day the following announcement used to appear in the official journal:—"M. le Duc a travaillé dans le Cabinet."

A fine invention in the line of cookery of his majesty was *truffes à la purée d'ortolans*. Wishing to keep the secret of preparation from the vulgar world, the King invariably prepared the dish with his own hands, assisted by the Duc. One fine day the two of them composed a dish of more than usual size, and with great relish they consumed the whole of it.

In the dead of night a fit of indigestion seized the Duc, and the doctors, who were hastily summoned, declared his case hopeless. Whenever he knew that he was a doomed man, the Duc, loyal to the last, sent an attendant to rouse and inform the King, who might be exposed to a similar attack.

They awakened his majesty, and told him that his faithful servant was dying of his invention.

"Dying!" cried Louis; "dying of my *truffes à la purée*? I was right then; I always said I had the better digestion of the two."



## CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

## CHAPTER III.



**T**HE pleasures of the table," says Dr. Kitchiner, "have been highly appreciated and carefully cultivated in all countries and in all ages; and in spite of the Stoics, everyone will allow they are the first and last we enjoy, and those we taste the oftenest—above a thousand times in a year, every year of our lives."

Of all meals, dinner is the true test of a good cook and a well-regulated establishment. When that is as it should be, we may keep our minds easy as to breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper. Its importance, therefore, induces us to make the anecdotes and curiosities of the dinner-table the chief theme of the present article.

The hours at which we take our meals nowadays are not those of our forefathers. In the fourteenth century the breakfast hour was five in the morning; they took dinner then at nine, and supper at four.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the breakfast hour was seven; the dinner hour eleven; and supper-time six.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the dinner hour advanced to noon. Next in good society it came to be two o'clock, but by the beginning of the last century very fashionable people had already adopted five.

In Ireland the gentry dined at between two and three in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Other fashions besides hours have changed in connection with our meals. The knights of the olden times ate with their fingers out of the dish. When carving was required it was done with the dagger.

There were, neither forks nor spoons in

those days. In 1328, Queen Clemence of Hungary had thirty spoons, but only one fork. Even long after its introduction the fork was only used for eating fruit and confectionery; for other things the fingers were thought handiest.

One dinner a day seems enough for anybody, but Mr. Hayward mentions a man who had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a day, and practised it for nearly ten years, without any perceptible injury to health. He was a chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table at the dinners given by the Sheriffs during the Old Bailey sittings. There were two dinners served each day (exact duplicates), the first at three o'clock and the second at five. "We had the pleasure," says Mr. Hayward, "of witnessing his performance at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigour of his attack on the beef-steaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before."

We may get used to anything, but dining alone is not as a rule agreeable, reminding one too much of a wild beast gnawing bones in a corner of the forest, and driving off all intruders with a growl. It has the character, too, of not being wholesome; the proverb, we know, has it that the chatted meal is half digested. Great talkers, however, are not always desirable companions at table; they put their tongues to a wrong use, and divert attention from the main business of the feast. Thackeray, the novelist, and the author we have just quoted were once dining together, when a dish of unusual excellence was served up.

"My dear fellow," said Thackeray, "don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish."

Domineering hosts are personages of ancient history, and in this respect we are all lucky to have been born so late. A guest is now left pretty much to please himself as to what and how much he will eat and drink, and a host is no longer held disgraced who does not press everyone present three several times to partake of every dish on the table.

This used to be specially objectionable in connection with the drinking customs that so long prevailed in society, but which are now fast dying out. It is told of a "good old Irish gentleman," Mr. Bagenal, of Dunleckny, in county Carlow, during the days of conviviality and duelling, that he would often have a brace of "saw handles," loaded, laid before him on the dinner-table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask. Bagenal's practice was to tap the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, while he kept the other *in terrorem* for any of his guests who should fail in doing simple justice to the wine.

A satisfactory dinner is the result of a happy combination of circumstances. The great secret, says Disraeli, is to have hot plates, but there are many other things equally important. "It is said," remarks Dr. Kitchiner, "that there are seven chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection. For instance, take a leg of mutton. First, the mutton must be good; second, it must have been kept

some time; third, it must be roasted at a good fire; fourth, by a good cook; fifth, who must be in good temper; sixth, with all this felicitous combination you must have good luck; and seventh, good appetite. The meat and the mouths which are to eat it must be ready for action at the same moment."

We meet with some useful maxims on the subject of dinner-giving and dinner-eating—fundamental truths of good feeding—in Brillat-Savarin's famous "Physiologie du Goût." Here are a few of them:—

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

"It is only at table that one never feels bored during the first hour."

"Those who receive friends without themselves bestowing some pains upon the repast prepared for them do not deserve to have friends."

"To receive anyone as a guest is to become responsible for his happiness during the whole of the time he is under our roof."

"In a cook the most essential quality is punctuality; it should be also that of a guest."

"Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but small in number."

"In eating, the right order is from the more substantial to the lighter."

"Let the eating proceed without hurry or bustle, since dinner is the last business of the day, and let the guests look upon themselves as travellers about to reach the same destination together."

"A last course at dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye."

"Those who come unbidden sit unserved" is a saying which does not always hold true. An audacious example to the contrary is met with in an anecdote of Theodore Hook, who invited himself one evening, though a total stranger, to a dinner party in a house in the neighbourhood of Soho Square. He and Terry, the actor, had been passing the house, and noticed, from the appetising steams issuing from the area, that a glorious feast was in preparation. Hook caught at the idea suggested by Terry that he should like to make one of the guests; and arranging with his friend that he should call for him there that evening, hurried up the steps, knocked, and was at once admitted to the drawing-room.

The room was full, so at first he escaped notice, and when the host discovered him at last he was the centre of an admiring group who were all laughing at his sallies of drollery. The master of the house approached and politely asked his name, as he felt rather at a loss. Hook answered with a torrent of words, and in the end managed to make it appear that he had mistaken both the house and the hour at which he ought to have dined with a friend.

He made as if he were going, but this the host's civility would not allow; his friend's dinner hour must be long past, and a guest with such a flow of spirits would prove an agreeable acquisition to his own table.

Hook expressed profound reluctance to take advantage in this way of the hospitality of a perfect stranger; but was induced, apparently with much difficulty, to remain and partake of dinner. So charming a companion and so droll a wit had never been met before, and so



much mirth and jollity had never till now enlivened the mansion.

At ten o'clock Terry was announced, and Hook, who had seated himself at the piano, in the performance of one of his famous extemporaneous effusions, brought his song to a close as follows:—

"I am very much pleased with your fare,  
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;  
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,  
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

This is amusing as an example of downright and not-to-be-copied impudence. We shall give next a much pleasanter and more wholesome story in which a prince figures as an invited guest at the board of people who never before had anything to do with princes.

When Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, visited Bristol on one occasion he went *incognito*, only accompanied by a single military officer. He walked into the Exchange, and though he was recognised, none of the merchants presumed to address him or to invite him to their houses.

A decent man, however—John Duddlestone by name, a bodice-maker—thinking it would be a lasting disgrace to Bristol if the prince were allowed to go away without any courteous recognition, stepped up to him when the merchants had all gone about their business, and asked—

"Are you the Queen's husband, as they say?"

The prince having told him that he was, the bodice-maker excused his townsmen's apparent want of loyalty, attributing it to their not liking to thrust themselves forward, and then invited him to take a simple dinner at his own house. He said he could promise him nothing but plain English fare—a piece of roast beef, a plum pudding, and home-brewed ale of his wife's own manufacture.

Prince George, delighted with the simple loyalty of the man, went along with him. When they reached the house John shouted upstairs to his wife—

"Polly, put on your best apron and come away down, for the Queen's husband and a gentleman officer have come to dine with us."

Dame Duddlestone soon made her appearance in a smart blue apron, and was introduced by her husband to the prince and his companion. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, the prince making himself at home, and honest John and his wife doing all in their power to please their guests. When the prince rose to go, he gave his host and hostess an invitation to visit him at Windsor Castle.

Next time John Duddlestone went to London to buy whalebone, he took his wife with him, and on the way they stopped at Windsor. Prince George received them very heartily, and introduced them to the Queen as "the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol."

They were asked to stay to dinner, and after dinner her Majesty knighted the worthy bodice-maker, saying, according to the good wife's version of it, when she often told the extraordinary tale, "Ston up, Sir Jan!" The Queen also presented Lady Duddlestone with her own gold watch and chain, and offered Sir John a place under Government or a handsome sum of money. The new-made knight, however, respectfully declined anything, saying that, from the number of people he saw about the Queen's house, her living must be very expensive; and as for him, he wanted for nothing, and had fifty pounds out at interest.

About the expense of maintaining the royal household, Sir John was not far wrong. We get a glimpse of an attempt at economy during the reign of Anne's uncle, Charles II., in the following order, issued by the Lord Steward of his Majesty's household:—

"Board of Green Cloth, 12th June, 1681.

Order was this day given that the Maids of Honour should have cherry tarts instead of gooseberry tarts, it being observed that cherries are at threepence per pound."

Mentioning Charles II., reminds us of a capital story told in the *Spectator* about that merry monarch dining in the City on Lord Mayor's Day, in 1675. Sir Robert Viner, who was Mayor that year, was a very loyal man, and "what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family," he grew rather familiar with the King. His Majesty stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall Yard. The Mayor, however, ran after him, and catching him by the hand cried, with a vehement oath and accent—

"Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle!"

The monarch immediately turned back and complied with his host's request, repeating a line in a favourite song—

"He that's drunk is as great as a king."

Many funny incidents have occurred with royal personages at the tables of civic dignitaries. When the Duke of Gloucester was in command in Lancashire, the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool invited him to a State dinner. In the course of the feast, the Mayor seeing that the Duke only took one plate of the turtle soup, cried out—

"Do pray, your Royal Highness, fill your royal stomach; we've plenty more in the kitchen!"

Princes, however, have sometimes dined in a very makeshift way. Late in the afternoon preceding the battle of Prestonpans, Prince Charlie, attended by the Duke of Perth and another officer, went into the little inn at Tranent to dine. They had some coarse kail, or broth, and then the meat from which it had been made. The landlord had previously concealed his little service of pewter for fear of the Highlanders, and they had only two wooden spoons among the three, and one butcher's knife to cut the meat, which they then ate with their fingers.

At table we should be careful not to confine our attentions to any unknown dish, lest we should thereby devour more than our share of some remarkable delicacy. A story that illustrates this is told by Mr. Hayward in his "Art of Dining." "At a grand dinner," he says, "at Bishophorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time), a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his Grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too."

A similar anecdote, Mr. Hayward adds, is told touching wheatears, in his opinion an even greater delicacy. When Lord George Lennox was commandant at Portsmouth, he asked a Scotch officer one day to dine with him. The officer was placed near a dish of wheatears, and to these he devoted himself with amazing relish. Lady Louisa Lennox did her best to divert his attention to something else.

"Na, na, my leddy," said he, "these wee birdies will do verra weel!"

The love of some people for good feeding

gives a chance of having a joke at their expense. Pope, the actor, well known as a gourmand, and for his attachment to venison, once received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the fare—a small turbot and a boiled *edgebone* of beef.

"The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope.

He went and ate till he could literally eat no longer, when the word was given and a splendid haunch of venison was brought in. Pope saw the trap which had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and after trifling with a delicious slice he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears.

"A friend," said he, "of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

A pleasant trick was once played by a party of Paris students on Proudhon, the celebrated revolutionary philosopher. They invited him to dine at Magny's restaurant in the Quartier Latin—a restaurant, by the way, which is a veritable storehouse of associations and souvenirs of the great men of a bygone time.

When Proudhon was shown into the dining-hall he saw a table covered with an unbleached linen cloth, upon which were disposed the roughest and coarsest of plates, the very humblest of knives and forks, and jugs of wine. Proudhon was asked to sit on a wooden bench, and when the soup was served, and this Spartan banquet had begun, his face fell, in spite of all his sage theories. He was looking positively unhappy when a door was thrown open, and the students invited him to continue his dinner at a table laid out with the utmost elegance and luxury and profusion, and on which bottles of champagne of the finest *crus* took the place of the jugs of wine on the more democratic table, his place at which Proudhon gave up with true philosophy.

The following anecdote has been told by way of a hint to those who dine with "the Worshipful" in the City. A stranger was dining with one of our very luxurious London City companies, and had helped himself to the first dish of meat that stood near him. Being hungry, and not thinking anything about the choicer viands that were to follow, he began to eat with great gusto his slices off the plain joint.

"My good sir, you amaze me!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton, "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

The dish which was thus made light of was run to death by the Hon. Henry Cavendish, the celebrated chemist. This distinguished but eccentric character received but little company, and his few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare—a leg of mutton. One day four scientific friends were to dine with him.

"What shall I get for dinner?" asked his housekeeper.

"A leg of mutton," replied Cavendish.

"Sir," said she, "that will not be enough for five."

"Well, then, get two."

A story is told of a scientific gentleman of renown quite as easy to please in the way of diet as Cavendish. He led a bachelor life and despised the pleasures of the table, so he went to the tavern at which he was in the custom of eating, and told them to have a rump-steak pudding ready for him every day at six until further notice. A famous cook on hearing this expresses a hope that good digestion waited on the appetite that was equal to a daily diet of rump-steak pudding.

Several curious superstitions are connected with the dinner-table. Of these the best known is that which draws melancholy conclusions from the appearance of thirteen guests round the hospitable board. The notion is



that one of the party is then sure to die within the next twelve months.

It first arose very likely from there having been thirteen present at the Last Supper of our Lord with his twelve apostles. A matter-of-fact correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, however, writing about a century ago, asserts that it is "founded on the calculations adhered to by the insurance offices, which presume that out of thirteen persons taken indiscriminately one will die within a year."

We have it mentioned by Addison in the *Spectator*. "I remember," says the essayist, "I was one in a mixed company that was full of wine and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed that there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic of terror into several who were present, inasmuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room."

People are still to be found ready to make the same sort of uncomfortable observation, and a hostess who does not wish to have the spirits of her guests brought down all at once to zero will take care to avoid this ill-starred number. When by the failure of any of those invited to come, only thirteen are ready to fall to, ingenious expedients are sometimes adopted in hopes to break the fatal spell. A case is mentioned of a lady, to bring her number up to fourteen, introducing her favourite cat, and seating it in a chair with a serviette round its neck and a plate before it of good honest roast beef.

Another superstition connected with the table is to the effect that there is bad luck in laying one's knife and fork crosswise; crosses and misfortunes being sure to follow there-

from. When things are being placed in readiness for the feast care should be taken not to put down the knives with the edge upmost, in case, says a German superstition, your guardian angel should cut his wings.

To spill the salt towards a person used to be considered a very unlucky omen. It was held to indicate that something either had already happened to one of the family or was shortly to befall the person spilling it, and was also said to denote the breaking of friendship. An old author mentions reading, "in an orthodox divine, that he knew a young gentleman who by chance spilling the salt of the table, some that sate with him said merrily to him that it was an ill-omen, and wished him take heed to himself that day, of which the young man was so superstitiously credulous that it would not go out of his mind; and going abroad that day got a wound of which he died not long after."

Gay alludes to this superstition in his fable of "The Farmer's Wife and the Raven":—

"The salt was spilt, to me it fell,  
Then to contribute to my loss,  
My knife and fork were laid across."

The ill-luck of salt spilling is said to be averted by taking a pinch of what has fallen and throwing it over the left shoulder. We remember observing a well-known literary man in the act of spilling a trifling quantity of salt when dining in a London restaurant. No sooner had he done so than he looked round in a sheepish way, as much as to say, "I hope no one has his eye on me," took a pinch and threw it over his shoulder, and then a smile of relief stole over his face.

"This piece of folklore," says the Rev. T. F. Threlton Dyer, "dates back to the time of the Romans, and at the present day is not limited to our own country. It has been suggested that it may have originated from the circumstance that salt was formerly used in sacrifices, and that to spill it when once placed on the head of the victim was regarded as a bad omen. Bailey, however, assigns a very different reason, telling us that salt was considered by the ancients incorruptible, and on this account was made the symbol of friendship. If it, therefore, was spilt, the persons between whom it happened thought their friendship would not be of long duration."

It is also unlucky to help another person to salt, as we learn from the old saying—

"Help me to salt,  
Help me to sorrow."

Some, however, say that misfortune may be ward off by being helped a second time.

"I offered," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "to help an old Highland lady at dinner one day to some salt from the 'cellar,' which stood much nearer to me than to her; she gravely put back my hand and drew away her plate, saying at the same time, with a kind of shudder, between her teeth, 'Help me to salt, Help me to sorrow.'"

In Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting of the Last Supper, the artist has indicated the enmity of Judas by representing him in the act of upsetting the salt dish. A Dutch superstition has it that an overturned salt cellar means a ship gone to the bottom.

(To be continued.)

## ELLA'S EXPERIENCES.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Forbidden Letters," etc.

### CHAPTER II.

POOR little Susie's present was not destined to be finished in time for a Christmas gift. She had never been a strong girl, and as the days grew shorter and the weather colder, she became pale and thin.

Miss Marlow, who was always desirous of doing what was right by her pupils, noticed the change, and declared that Susie sat too long over her books. In consequence of this opinion, the child's afternoon lessons were often excused, and she would be sent to play in the garden long after the other girls had settled down to their work.

One day, when the ground was white with frost and the evergreens looked black in the wind, Susie went out as usual, with strict injunctions that she was to play with her hoop and keep herself warm. I made her put on a thick jacket, and just as I turned away from the garden door I saw Alicia Vincent coming along the walk. She was about to pay some visits, and looked exceedingly well in her sealskin jacket and dark blue serge dress.

She called to her little cousin, and the child ran up to her directly.

"Susie is growing out of her foolish prejudice," I thought, and returned to my lesson, light at heart.

I was preparing the girls for their examination, and in the interest of the subject the time slipped away very fast; I was quite astonished when I heard the clock strike half-past three. It was nearly dusk, even at this early hour, and a yellow fog was creeping across the tall holly trees and the lawn. It was quite time for Susie to come in, and I sent one of the servants to fetch her. Then I sat down to correct a pile of exercises. At

the expiration of five minutes a message arrived from Susie to ask if she might stay out a little longer. This was against all rule and regulations, but as I did not wish to get Susie into trouble with Miss Marlow or one of the teachers, I snatched my hat and jacket from the peg in the dressing-room, and went to fetch her myself.

At first I did not see her. She generally played in a sheltered walk within sight of the schoolroom window; as she was not there, I walked towards the gate, crying, "Susie, it is time to come in!"

Presently a little figure crept out from behind a huge holly bush; it was Susie, looking very white and distressed.

"I can't find it," she said, in a mournful voice; "I have tried all the time, and I can't find it."

"What are you looking for, Susie?"

"Alicia's threepence; she had it in her hand to give to the crossing-sweeper, and she dropped it and it rolled away. She told me to be sure and find it by the time she came back."

"She has been back some time. I heard her speaking to one of the girls; don't wait about any longer in the cold. Take my hand, and let us run to the house."

"Alicia was very angry," gasped Susie; "she did not like losing threepence, and she said that it was my fault, because I startled her, and then she dropped it."

After tea Susie shivered and looked so ill that I left her in charge of one of the elder girls, and went to tell Miss Marlow that she had taken a violent cold. I found Miss Marlow in her own special room; Alicia was there too, toasting her feet before the fire and reading a novel. I told my story as briefly as

possible, and Miss Marlow said that she would go and see Susie at once; I was to wait until her return.

"There is always more fuss over that child," remarked Alicia, leisurely, "than with the rest of the girls together."

"She is very delicate," I replied shortly, for I did not want to talk to Alicia just then.

"What is the matter with you, Ella?"

I burst out with my accusation rudely enough. "You should not have told her to go amongst those damp trees to look for your money."

"Is that what she says? Susie never could take a joke. As for her being delicate, I can't see it myself. I shall tell Harold that Miss Marlow thoroughly spoils her, and somebody else does too."

She held out her hand, and I could not resist her; as usual, I allowed myself to be persuaded that she was in the right. How handsome she was too! I did not wonder that Harold Thurlwall admired her; but in spite of her many fascinations, I did wish that she was kinder to Susie. Miss Marlow returned with a grave face; she had given orders that Susie was to be taken into the infirmary as soon as it could be made ready for her.

There was a matron at Oak House, who had had much experience in illness; she was a kind, clever woman, and in less time than I could have believed possible, she had put the invalid into a warm bed in the infirmary. Miss Marlow had said that no one except the matron was to be with her, but when early the next morning I waited outside the door, and heard her calling for me, I could bear it no longer, and obtained permission to sit by her bedside, on condition that I did not speak.



returned from India, and settled in London, a few doors from his brother-in-law, whose home was soon after darkened by his wife's death, causing Dr. Russell to throw himself more and more into his work, leaving Eva to spend her many lonely hours at the Traffords. Mrs. Trafford, by this time a confirmed invalid, was utterly absorbed by her own ailments, and took no share in housekeeping, for which the luxurious style of Eastern life had quite unfitted her; all that fell on Winifred, who fortunately had been well trained by her aunt. The months that followed were very quiet ones; for, on account of Mrs. Trafford's health, they did not go much into society, limiting their circle to a few intimate friends; yet this was a very happy time, for between father and child had sprung up a deep, mutual love and understanding. She had become his constant companion. They walked, studied, and read together; he cultivated her tastes, and carried on her education to a point rarely attained by women. If Winifred was disappointed in the ideal mother she had dreamt of, she never admitted it even to herself, but gradually fell into her father's way of treating the invalid as one spoilt, never to be worried nor thwarted, always to be considered first and saved every shadow of trouble.

Thus five years slipped by when Mr. Trafford, suddenly struck down by paralysis, had died after a very short illness. To Winifred it was a terrible blow, for she had learned to love and revere her father beyond expression, never ceasing to grieve over all the years of separation from him. The shock of her husband's death nearly killed Mrs. Trafford, and her health suffered so severely that a few months later it became necessary to give up their town house and go abroad for two winters, spent in the South of France. This summer, having been recommended by her medical man to try a few months in Swiss air, we find them established in the chalet they had hired for the season, near Bex.

Their only neighbours were a Captain and

Mrs. Nugent, who rented the adjoining house. A slight acquaintance between the two households had soon ripened into intimacy. Captain Nugent was a typical, frank, kind-hearted British sailor; and his wife a quiet, gentle little woman, very much absorbed and rather over-burdened by her numerous young family and small means. She had taken a great liking to Winifred, felt sorry for her loneliness, and did all she could to enliven it, encouraging the girl, who loved children, to spend all her spare time in the nursery or school-room, where she was worshipped by the young folk, whose hearts she had taken by storm. Though uneventful, this mountain life was happy in a quiet way. Most of the day was taken up in attending upon her mother, reading to her and trying to amuse her, varied by long walks and rambles with the Nugents. She had made friends, too, with some of the peasants round, and used to collect their children twice a week for a sewing class. She was interested in botany, always in search of rare species, and there were her weekly journal-letters to Eva to fill up the evenings.

The usual relations of mother and daughter were curiously reversed in this case; it was the daughter who bore the burden and worry of housekeeping accounts, business transactions, and money matters, the mother being shielded, guarded, saved every annoyance, and tenderly cared for. In her heart of hearts Winifred was lonely, burying all her anxieties, as well as all her hopes and wishes, in her own bosom, and fighting sometimes against hours of deep depression. Yet Mrs. Trafford did not mean to be selfish; she loved her daughter truly, and was very proud of her; but, as sometimes is the case with invalids, she had grown to think her own health the first and most important consideration, and made it the centre round which everything revolved and upon which everything depended.

While we have been thus sketching the past, Winifred completed her pleasant task of refilling the quaint country jars with the con-

tents of her basket, keeping up a running commentary on the blooms and the places she gathered them in.

"By the bye, mother, I heard a piece of news to-day. Mrs. Nugent's brother has taken the chaplaincy here for three months, and is to arrive for the first Sunday in July. He has been overworked in a large London parish; his sister says the two Sunday services here will not interfere with the absolute rest he has been ordered. The children are all wild with excitement at the idea of having 'Uncle Rupert' occupying the spare room, and always at hand to go about with."

"I am glad, for Mrs. Nugent's sake," answered Mrs. Trafford, "and for ours too, if he prove a pleasant acquisition; this place is so very dull." The invalid sighed.

"Poor mother! the days must seem long, I know. Is that more comfortable?" as, going up to the couch, she smoothed and settled the pillows with the tender touch of a born nurse.

"Yes, thank you, my child; somehow you always have a way of filling up gaps and finding out weak places." It was not often that Mrs. Trafford admitted even so much, and Winifred's face flushed with joy as she murmured—

"Dearest, I only wish I could do more; it all seems so little."

"I had a letter from your Uncle Henry this afternoon; he talks of going to Norway with Robert for his summer holiday, and asks if Eva might come to us during his absence. Of course, I shall be only too glad to have her, poor child, and she could occupy the little spare room next yours."

"Oh, mother, how delightful! When would she arrive?"

"Not for another month or six weeks, and nothing is settled yet, so you had better not count too much upon it." And, taking up a book, Mrs. Trafford put an end to all further conversation on the subject, for that day at least.

(To be continued.)

## CURIOSITIES OF FOOD AND FEEDING;

OR,

CHIT-CHAT—HISTORICAL, ANECDOTAL, GRAVE AND GAY—ABOUT MEATS, DRINKS, COOKS, AND KITCHENS.

By JAMES MASON.

### CHAPTER IV.

FOLLOWING the example set by every dinner of the least pretensions, our article will start with the subject of soup. A good story is told of two soldiers, one of whom went without soup, whilst the other made it of excellent quality from a stone. They had entered a village, and at the first open door they came to the first begged for all the materials to make simple broth. He was told, however, that he had the impudence to ask too much, and was ordered to go elsewhere.

His comrade took a stone from his knapsack and asked if they would only have the goodness to lend him a pot in which to boil his stone. No one could object to that. The pot was supplied, and soon the soldier was boiling a large stone under the curious eyes of the idlers of the village.

"Could not one of you oblige me with a little salt?" the cook asked. The salt was given.

A minute later, "A few herbs," said he, "make a pleasant seasoning for stone-soup, but I must contrive for once to relish it without a perfect flavour." In a trice one of the spectators threw a bundle of herbs into the pot, with the remark, "So clever a fellow should have soup to his taste when he shows us how to make it of a stone."

After another interval the soldier observed, "Stone-soup is good soup, but there is no question that a scrap of beef or bacon brings out the flavour of the stone." Another kind spectator at once supplied him with a piece of bacon.

An hour had not elapsed since his arrival in the village when the soldier was enjoying an excellent meal, made of the materials supplied for the improvement of his soup.

After soup comes fish. It is a curious fact that there is no class of persons who eat so few fish as sailors. The reason is that they seldom obtain them. With few exceptions fish are not found on the high seas at a great distance from land. They abound most along coasts in straits and bays, and are seldom caught in water more than forty or fifty fathoms in depth.

An anecdote is told by Mr. Hayward of an Irish nobleman who had expended a large fortune in (as he said) the cause of his country. When about to breathe his last he summoned his heir to his bedside, and told him he had a secret to communicate which might prove some compensation for the dilapidated condition of the family fortunes. It was this—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce. "If this," dryly remarks Mr. Hayward, "was

a fair sample of his lordship's judgment, no wonder he was ruined."

There are some very enthusiastic fish-eaters on record. Quin, the actor, a great gourmand, was one of them. He was remarkably fond of dory and red mullet, and used to go down to Exeter for the express purpose of eating them.

One morning after his arrival in the West, his valet came to call him as usual.

"Well, John, any dory in the market?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, I will lie in bed to-day. You may call me this time to-morrow."

One of the Dukes of Portland was as fond of red mullet as Quin. He used to go to Weymouth during the summer months for the sake of the mullet that formerly were plentiful there. The largest used to be had for three-pence or fourpence apiece; but his Grace was known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half.

But whatever one may think of soup and fish, the roast is, at table, of the first importance. "A dinner," says a French author, "may be compared to the rooms of a house, and the roast is the *salon*, or principal apartment." The roast, by its excellence, juice, and tenderness should satisfy; if it be bad,



burned, or hard, however excellent all else the dinner must be confessed a failure.

To find the cook who understands how to roast is the great difficulty, for in plain roasting it is not easy to repair a mistake once made. "The art of roasting victuals to the precise degree," it has been well said, "is one of the most difficult in this world; and you may find half a thousand good at other branches of cookery sooner than one perfect roaster."

The noble sirloin is a roast regarding which there is a pleasant story. It is said to owe its name to King Charles II., who, dining one day on a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked what it was called. On being told it was the loin, he exclaimed that it should be knighted and henceforth called Sir Loin.

The ballad of the "New John Barleycorn" has it that—

"Our second Charles, of fame facete,  
On loin of beef did dine;  
He held his sword, pleased o'er the meat,  
Arise, thou famed Sir Loin."

A poetic recipe for roasting mutton has been written by Dean Swift; it is a recipe with a ring of enthusiasm:—

"Gently stir and blow the fire,  
Lay the mutton down to roast;  
Dress it quickly, I desire;  
In the dripping put a toast,  
That I hunger may remove—  
Mutton is the meat I love."

"On the dresser see it lie;  
Oh, the charming white and red  
Finer meat ne'er met the eye;  
On the finest grass it fed.  
Let the jack go swiftly round,  
Let me have it nicely browned."

"On the table spread the cloth,  
Let the knife be sharp and clean;  
Pickles get and salad both,  
Let them each be fresh and green.  
With small beer, good ale, and wine,  
Oh ye gods! how I shall dine!"

According to Charles Lamb, mankind for the first thousand ages ate their meat raw, and the art of roasting, or rather broiling, was first discovered by a Chinese boy, Bo-bo, who had accidentally set fire to his father's house, as he had often done before, and so burned to death a number of little pigs. Stooping down to feel one of them and ascertain if there were any signs of life in it, he burned his fingers, and to cool them applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it!) he tasted—crackling! This tasted so delicious, that he at once fell to devouring the pig, and the father, Ho-ti, coming home, he imparted to him the secret of this new-born pleasure.

Strange stories now got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. As often as there were any little pigs in the house so sure was it to be in a blaze.

"At length," says Lamb, "the terrible mystery was discovered, and father and son were summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given and verdict about to be pronounced upon them as two abominable wretches who had thought of improving upon the good meat that God had sent them, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig might be handed into the box."

"He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers as Bo-bo had done before them, and Nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the force of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge

had ever given, without leaving the box or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a unanimous verdict of 'Not Guilty.'

"The judge winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that were to be had. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. The custom of firing houses continued till, in the course of time, a sage arose who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it."

When the natives of Taunton eat bacon it ought to be with thoughts of gratitude to the West-Country porker that saved their town when it was besieged during the Civil War of the Commonwealth. The defenders of the castle found themselves, it is said, reduced at last to one single pig. They wished, however, to persuade the besiegers that there was ample provision within the castle walls for a lengthened siege, so they drove this solitary and unfortunate animal round the ramparts, pricking it to make it squeal. This it did with such effect that the enemy soon took themselves off, thinking there was no chance of starving out a garrison which had such an unlimited supply of bacon.

Roast poultry has long been a favourite dish in this country. Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Justice Shallow directions for a dinner which might be eaten with relish nowadays. "Some pigeons, Davy," he says to his servant; "a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws." We learn that the price of a capon in those days was 2s. 2d., from the paper found in Falstaff's pocket, which also disclosed that that "fat rogue" had only a halfpennyworth of bread to 5s. 8d. worth of liquor. "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

A good turkey story comes from Scotland. Not long ago there lived in the valley of Glenfruin, about three miles from Helensburgh, an old lady who was celebrated for having a famous breed of turkeys. On one occasion she sold one of these to a gentleman called Mr. Brown. When cooked and served up at table it was found to be so tough as to be quite uneatable.

Meeting the old woman a short time afterwards, Mr. Brown said to her, "What did ye mean, Jean, by selling yon turkey to me?"

"What was wrang wi' t?"

"It wasn't good at all."

"No guid?" quoth Jean. "It was bound to be guid. It won the first prize for eleven years at the Eleansburgh Cattle Show!"

In the preparation of sauces the skill and knowledge of the cook are seen at their best. Soyer used to say that sauces are to cookery what grammar is to language and the scale to music. By their means the most homely fare may be made relishing, and the most excellent and independent improved. "It is the duty of a good sauce," says the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, "to insinuate itself all round and about the maxillary glands, and imperceptibly awaken into activity each ramification of the organs of taste."

The late Dr. Lancaster used to be an enthusiast on the subject of sauces. "I wish," he says in one of his lectures, "I could persuade some of my lady hearers who spend so much time in thumping their pianos, in vain endeavouring to discourse sweet sounds, to try their hands in the manufacture of sauces. How many an uneaten dinner which goes away to be thrown to the dogs would be consumed! How often would the rich be thus lured on to take the food necessary for their restoration to health, which they now loathe, and die for the

want of! Fine ladies may think this subject beneath them; foolish women may think they know quite enough about it; but the time may come when both alike will repent their pride and folly."

By means of condiments and spices we make what we eat pleasant. The success of a dish, indeed, depends to a great extent upon the seasoning, the taste which food possesses always giving it most value in our estimation. That "it's the seasonin' as does it," may be seen from an account given by Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick of his observations when living with a pieman.

Mr. Weller is unpacking the luncheon basket to refresh the partridge-shooting party of the 1st of September.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquising, as he arranged the eatables on the grass; "very good thing is a weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it ain't kittens; and arter all, though, where's the odds, when they are so like weal that the very piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat; "I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, sir, and a very nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brook,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ay,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be very fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a winkin' at me; 'they ain't in season till the winter though,' says he. 'Not in season?' says I. 'No,' says he; 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean,' says he, 'that I'll never be a party to the combination of the butchers to keep up the price of meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, squeezing my hand very hard, and vispering in my ear, 'don't mention this here agin, but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a pointin' to a very nice little tabby kitten; 'and I seasons 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand; and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beef-steak, or a beef-steak a kidney, or any on 'em a mutton at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary!'"

"He must have been a very ingenious young man that, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder.

"Just was, sir," replied Mr. Weller, continuing his occupation of emptying the basket, "and the pies was beautiful."

Amongst the salads of our ancestors were a great many which are no longer in vogue. They ate leeks cooked in wood ashes and seasoned with salt and honey; borage, mint, and parsley, with salt and oil; lettuce, fennel, mint, chervil, parsley, and elder flowers mixed together. They also classed among their salads an agglomeration of feet, heads, cocks' combs, and fowls' livers, cooked and seasoned with parsley, mint, vinegar, pepper, and cinnamon. Nettles and the twigs of rosemary formed delicious salads for our forefathers, and to these were sometimes added pickled gherkins.

The making of a good salad, according to a Spanish proverb, needs four persons—a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a sage for salt, and a madman to stir it up.

A recipe for a winter salad, written in verse by Sydney Smith, seems to have caught the public fancy, for it has been many times reprinted. It runs thus:—

"Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,

Unwonted softness to the salad give.  
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;



But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
 To add a double quantity of salt.  
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca  
 crown,  
 And once with vinegar procured from  
 town.  
 True flavour needs it, and the poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled  
 eggs.  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;  
 And lastly, on the flavoured compound  
 toss  
 A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.  
 Then, though green turtle fail, though  
 venison's tough,  
 And ham and chicken are not boiled  
 enough,  
 Serenely full, the epicure may say—  
 Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-  
 day!"

Frenchmen have the credit of understanding how to make salads so excellent that salad-dressers of all other nationalities are thrown into the shade. A singular story is told by Brillat Savarin, of a Frenchman who made a fortune in London by his cleverness in this line. He was a Limousin, D'Albignac by name, and a political refugee. Though his means were small subsequent to his arrival in the metropolis, he happened to dine one day at one of the most famous taverns of London. Whilst he was in the act of finishing a slice of juicy roast beef, five or six young men of the first families were regaling themselves at an adjoining table. One amongst these came forward, and addressing the Frenchman in a polite tone, said—

"Sir, it is a general opinion that your nation excels in the art of making a salad; would you have the goodness to favour us by mixing one?"

D'Albignac, after some hesitation, consented, asked for the necessary materials, and having taken pains to mix a perfect salad, had the good fortune to succeed.

Whilst the salad was in progress, he candidly answered all questions addressed to him on his situation and prospects; stated that he was an emigrant, and confessed, not without a slight blush, that he received pecuniary aid from the British Government.

It was this avowal, no doubt, which induced one of the young men to slip into his hand a five-pound note, which, after a show of resistance, he accepted. He gave the young man his address, and some time afterwards was not a little surprised to receive a letter, in which he was asked in the politest manner to come and dress a salad in one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square.

D'Albignac, who began to have a distant glimmering of durable advantage, did not hesitate an instant, and arrived punctually, taking with him some ingredients destined to add new relish to his mixture. He had the happiness of succeeding a second time, and received on this occasion such a sum as he could not have declined without injuring himself in more ways than one.

This second success made more noise than the first, so that the reputation of the emigrant quickly spread. He soon came to be known as the fashionable salad-maker; and—fashion going for so much—all that was elegant in the capital of the three kingdoms insisted on having a salad made by him.

D'Albignac, like a man of sense, profited by his popularity. He soon sported a carriage, in order the more readily to transport him from house to house, together with a liveried servant carrying in a mahogany case everything necessary, such as differently perfumed vinegars, oils with or without the taste of fruit, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, ketchup, and the yolks of eggs. Subsequently he

caused similar cases to be manufactured, which he furnished and sold by the hundred.

By degrees the salad-dresser realised a fortune of eighty thousand francs, with which he ultimately returned to his native land.

Tea is a blessing for which we are indebted to the Chinese, who first used it, they say, as a means of correcting the injurious properties of bad water. Europeans traded for a long time with the Celestial Empire before this invigorating beverage sufficiently secured their attention and esteem to make them anxious to introduce it to the notice of their folks at home.

How tea first came into the world is thus told by the Indian mythologists. Darna, a Hindoo prince, once set out on a pilgrimage to China, vowing before he started that during all the journey he would never take rest. Nature, however, proved too strong for him, and he fell asleep one night. This made him so angry with himself that on waking he cut off his eyelids and flung them on the ground. They sprang up transformed into tea-shrubs, by means of whose leaves one may drive off slumber, and make exhaustion give place to cheerfulness. Darna recommended the plant to his disciples, and so it became popular.

The first Europeans who discovered the value of tea seem to have been the Dutch. When the English began to use it they got it, not direct from the East, but from Holland. It was dear in those days—the original cost, it is said, was sixty shillings a pound—so no wonder its use was long confined to the wealthier classes.

The earliest authentic announcement of the public sale of tea in England that readers of old advertisements have yet met with is the following:—

"That excellent, and by all Physicians approved, China drink called by the Chinese *Tcha*, by other nations *Tay alias Tee*, is sold at the Sultaness Head Cophee House, in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." *Mercurius Politicus*, September 30th, 1658.

The first introduction of tea into Europe raised a fierce storm of opposition in some quarters. It is true that in the seventh century half the physicians of Holland published treatises in its favour. They hailed it as a panacea, and the most moderate eulogisers affirmed that two hundred cups a day might be drunk without injury. But on the other hand, Patin, in France, spread alarm at its use, and described it as "the impertinent novelty of the age." In Germany, Hahnemann considered the dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and the Scotch Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, insinuated that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published on the subject from various motives. Whilst some praised the infusion as the fountain of health, if not of youth, others indignantly made a fool of it as filthy hay water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached, abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."

Amongst the famous men of our country, the one most enamoured of the Chinese beverage seems to have been Dr. Johnson, who draws his own portrait as a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool; who with tea amused the even-

ing, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

No doubt we may take too much tea. The term tea-drunkard is often used in Russia to point out one who devotes herself in excess to the cup which cheers, and, in spite of the poet, sometimes intoxicates. Strong tea is well known to be a powerful though fleeting excitant of the nervous system; and those who have tried drinking a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style—that is, without cream or sugar, but flavoured with a drop of lemon-juice—within the space of a couple of hours, say there is something very appropriate about the epithet tea-drunkard.

The best method of making tea has been discussed to weariness. On its first introduction people were often sorely perplexed as to how it was to be got ready. "Mrs. Hutchinson's great-grandmother," says Dr. Doran, "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 diet."

If we go to the original home of tea, we find the mode of preparation considerably different from our own. "The Easterns," says one writer, "don't use a teapot at all. In China the leaves are simply put into a cup, and the infusion drunk out of the cup. In Japan the leaves are first powdered, and then as much of this powder as would go on the top of a knife is flung into each cup, and neither cream nor sugar added. The Chinese, indeed, eat the leaf as a kind of second course, apparently on the same principle that Frenchmen will take a plat of beef, which they know has already contributed to their bowl of bouillon. But neither of these peoples adopt the teapot, and they have both a contempt for the English fashion of letting tea draw! The bouquet and most delicate flavour comes off with the first water, and what is called 'strong tea' is, according to Eastern notion, a fluid in which all the bitterness remains, and all the delicate quality disappears."

It is rather odd that coffee should have been introduced into Europe much about the same time as tea. It came, however, from quite a different part of the world. The coffee-plant is a native of Abyssinia, from whence it made its way into Persia and Arabia. The peculiar property possessed by coffee, of dissipating drowsiness and preventing sleep, was taken advantage of in connection with the long-drawn-out religious services of the Mohame-tans, although the strictly orthodox and conservative section of the priests spoke vehemently against its use as an intoxicating beverage, and therefore prohibited by the Koran.

Coffee made its way slowly westward, and reached London about the middle of the seventeenth century. A coffee-house was opened in the metropolis in 1652; it was in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. The beverage suited the popular taste, and additional coffee-houses were soon established, much frequented by the soberer classes of people. Government did not look on coffee-houses, however, with much favour, and attempted to suppress them, on the ground that though "the retailing of coffee might be an innocent trade, it was used to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, and so was a common nuisance."

With the studious and hard-working coffee is much in favour. "It is a slow poison," said someone to Fontenelle, the famous French author, when he saw him drinking strong coffee.

"It must be a very slow poison indeed," answered Fontenelle, "as I have been taking it now for more than seventy years."

(To be continued.)