

grown wild, unmodified by blanching, banking up, and other amenities of garden culture; but to appreciate the full deadly venom which the umbrella-bearing tribe *may* elaborate, one must consider the hemlock plant, the water hemlock, and fool's parsley—so called on account of its general resemblance to the innocent garden parsley.

So long as we slice up cucumbers, and mingle the slices in our salad bowl, we must not omit the natural family *Cucurbitaceæ* from the list of salad-making vegetables; but what will an Englishman, and, still more emphatically, what will an English lady say of me, when I deliberately include the natural family *Liliaceæ* amongst good salad-yielding vegetable families, because of its contributions in the form of onions, garlic, and shalot? Heedless of any sneers which may be launched against me, I deliberately avow my conviction that onions, garlic, and shalot, are all excellent when properly incorporated with the materials of a salad. But you must know how to use them. A salad may be ruined by putting in a little too much. As for garlic, it suffices to rub the salad bowl with a claw; the flavour thus given is what the French call the "echo" of a taste. Shalot being far less pungent, may be used in larger quantities. As for spring onions, surely they require neither advocacy nor apology.

I have recently had occasion to consult some very old cookery books. One printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth surprised me not a little in the delicacy of its salads—a delicacy not a little strange when taken in connection with a rough and, in some cases, repulsive system of cookery. It was the custom then, I discover, to mingle slices of lemon with the other ingredients of a salad, and to cover the surface with petals or flower leaves of primroses, violets, and such-like innocent flowers. In some parts of Germany, an extension is given to the list of salad-making vegetables, beyond the limits familiar to an Englishman. Many vegetables, too, are prepared by boiling for the salad bowl; whereas the English would either not use them for that purpose at all, or else would use them without boiling. We English do not boil our celery, for example; the Germans always boil it. We do not slice boiled potatoes and make a salad of the slices. This, however, is the custom in many parts of Germany, and the result is by no means despicable. The particular variety of salad, known by the name of *gaspacho*, and greatly prized by the Spaniards, is relished by Englishmen, indeed, sometimes, but the taste for it has to be acquired. The vinegar used in making *gaspacho* is diluted with water, thus making it so weak that the salad is eaten with a spoon, like soup. The only vegetable openly perceptible in *gaspacho* is cucumber, cut into thin slices; of bread slices there are still more than of cucumber. The great speciality, and to a Spanish palate the great merit, of *gaspacho* consists in a peculiar dressing, strongly *testifying to garlic*, though not a bit of garlic is perceptible to the eye; the bulb having been beaten into a white mucilage with olive oil, and smuggled into the *gaspacho* under that disguise.

A sort of prejudice lingers in the minds of some

persons against salads. Indigestibility is the great charge commonly brought against them. For the most part, this charge is unfounded. When composed of suitable vegetables, and properly dressed, salads are not only digestible enough in themselves, but they promote the digestion of other foods. To persons affected with scurvy, or having a predisposition to that disorder, salads are invaluable. Very marvellous is it to notice how people affected with scurvy recover when they can satisfy their craving for raw vegetables. It is a remarkable but well-attested fact, that cooked vegetables are anti-scorbutic to a very minor degree. Fresh vegetable juice is what scorbutic patients long for, and by which, if adequately supplied, scurvy is generally warded off. On shipboard, lime juice is commonly employed for this purpose. Before the anti-scorbutic qualities of lime juice were known, sea-scurvy was the dread of mariners; but since lime juice has been adequately supplied to crews of ships, sea-scurvy has almost disappeared from the navy. Occasionally the malady breaks out in the merchant service, where provision for a full supply of lime juice is not always made. On these sad occasions, it is with a melancholy sort of interest that the surgeon watches the attempts of his patients to satisfy their cravings for raw vegetable food. A scorbutic patient has been known to eat potato skins raw with the voracity of a swine, and, notwithstanding the somewhat poisonous quality of an unboiled potato, to be the better for the indulgence. Cress and other small varieties of salad are sometimes grown on shipboard; rather, however, as articles of luxury to the officers than with any anti-scorbutic intention. Vegetables on shipboard could not be grown in sufficient quantity for that purpose; and, moreover, vegetables grown under these circumstances rarely acquire their natural juices, or become endowed with their natural properties. For a long time to come, I fear, lime juice must continue to be the anti-scorbutic diet of the seaman. Fortunately, Jack entertains no great dislike to lime juice when administered to him, as is usual, mixed with rum-and-water.

## A SUMMER RAMBLE.

### POETS' HAUNTS.

STAYING lately with a friend at the pleasant town of Romsey in South Hants, I thought I would intermingle with my enjoyment of the scenery, that derived from a survey of the haunts and homes of the poets, Keble and Tennyson—the former living in the immediate neighbourhood, and the latter near Freshwater in the Isle of Wight.

But first let me say a word about Romsey. The town itself is less dull, because less regular, than the bulk of our little country towns. A narrow street expands into a rather spacious market-place, enlivened by the principal inns. Viewed from the green hills, about a mile distant, Romsey has a pleasant appearance, for it seems almost embowered among the woods. But there are two things which make it pleasant—the glorious abbey church, and the bright and clear River Test. As Romsey lies

on the line of the Salisbury and Southampton railway, it is easily visited, and the church alone is worth a two hours' detention. It is the finest Norman structure in the kingdom. When one stands under the transept, and gazes up to the gigantic and glorious arches, and then looks westward along the line of its excessively massive and clustered pillars to the extremely graceful window of three lights, the mind feels at once elevated and gladdened: the impression is very different from that conveyed by Gothic architecture. By the latter you are awed and almost saddened. There is, along with the sense of sublimity and mystery, a certain air of restraint and imprisonment. Possibly I may express the feeling too strongly; but there is a certain tone of thought conveyed by a Gothic masterpiece, which to some minds is repulsive. There is a certain air of penance and mystery, of austerity and gloom about it least of all suited to the tastes of your practical business man of the nineteenth century. I cannot stay to discuss architectural metaphysics, but only wish to draw attention to this noble Norman church of Romsey. There ought to be no galleries in the transepts, and the pewing across the entire breadth of the nave is barbarous, so far as archæological taste is concerned.

Let no one who visits the church fail to notice two exquisite sculptures near the west end—one by Westmacott, a full-length figure of Sir William Petty, the founder of the Lansdowne family, and lately erected by the marquis. The benignity of the noble features is very striking. The monument opposite to it is a pure piece of poetry. A girl of three years is asleep, with a rosebud in her hand, broken at the stem. Some exquisitely chosen words of scripture tell the resignation and the glowing christian hope of the parents: "Is it well with the child? It is well!" Who executed this? no professional sculptor; but a thriving and fully employed medical man of the town. Romsey has reason to be proud of Mr. Taylor. He has the hand of an artist, and the tender sensibilities of the poet. I envy the church-goers of Romsey the pleasing and gladdening influences of their renowned abbey church. Among them is Lord Palmerston, whose seat at Broadlands closely adjoins the town. I can conceive him confirmed in his well-known vehement dislike of the Gothic (in which, however, I cannot agree with him) by the cheerfulness and expansiveness of tone inspired by the architecture of his own parish church.

The park at Broadlands, finely timbered and pleasantly undulating, has, moreover, the great charm of one of the brightest, clearest, and swiftest little streams running through it, which we ever beheld. Its channel, indeed, through the park has been unduly widened, in order to make it more of a feature in the landscape when viewed from the windows of the mansion. Hence the Test is both shallower and slower in its course through Broadlands Park than higher up. It is seen to greatest advantage before it enters the park. It is a brilliantly clear stream, rushing over a pebbly bottom, and affords the most exquisite bathing, of which I

duly availed myself every morning during my stay in Romsey. It is a sweet rivulet.

Being at Romsey, I determined to reconnoitre the whereabouts of a celebrated writer—John Keble, vicar of Hursley, and author of the "Christian Year." Hursley, its church and parsonage, and the surrounding landscape, are full of interest to his admirers. The church is said to have been erected at his sole expense, and from the profits of his well-known little volume. But the church itself rather disappointed me. It is sadly too broad, and this extreme breadth gives a heavy look to it, besides being at direct variance with the spirit of the Gothic. The spire, too, wants elevation. All the windows are of painted glass; but there is a dreary monotony in the stiffness and sameness of the strictly ecclesiastical figures. The pinched and meagre cheeks and form of the Virgin Mother, in the east window, are sternly ascetic. The best figure in the whole is that of St. Stephen, in bright green robe and sparkling collar and belt! The parsonage is prettily embowered just behind the church, with a delicious sloping lawn and ample flower-beds. Just in the rear is Hursley Park, and the poetical vicar has access to it from his own garden, for there is nothing between but a laurel screen. In this noble park, finely adorned with wood and water, with cattle and with deer, and well diversified in views and surface, he can expatiate at will, with the additional gratification of knowing that the owner has a spirit strictly congenial to his own.

I next rambled through the New Forest, making Lyndhurst my head-quarters. And I will only say that any tired denizen of our overgrown cities, who may feel himself sick for a time of the fever, the stir, and the ceaseless industry and excitement of that kind of life, and who longs for a sojourn among the green leaves, where not even a hedge or an inclosure shall remind him of the fettered and conventional life which he has left behind, cannot do better than take up his abode for a time at Lyndhurst, for he will be there in the very heart of the Forest. At half a mile's distance he may plunge into it, and find the most ample variety—the most lovely and sequestered paths through deep woods, with occasionally open glades and spaces, with fairy dells and purple-heathered moorland. No two walks need be alike, and the sense of seclusion is perfect.

After he has had his fill of meditation in the Forest, he can then, as I did, cross the Solent to the Isle of Wight; and if he wants to avoid high prices and a crowd, let him select the western corner of the island for his enjoyment ground. If he lands at Yarmouth, he commands, within half a dozen miles, the most romantic and sublime scenery of the whole island, and will not find himself dogged by the aforesaid crowd. He commands Freshwater Bay, Scratchell's Bay, Alum Bay, and the Needles. He commands both woodland scenery and lofty downs. Alfred Tennyson has selected this spot for his place of rest, and has shown his fine taste in doing so. Yarmouth is a poor town, with a few good private residences, but with lodgings which are the opprobrium of the island. They seem to have feared high winds without, so they suffocate you

within. The George Hotel at Yarmouth is an interesting old house of Henry VIII's time, with a noble staircase. Two coaches in the service of the hotel run several times a day across the island, only four miles, to Freshwater Bay, or Gate, as it is called, from two rocks, rudely resembling pillars, which stand in front of the bay, between which, so runs the legend, a gate was once suspended. At Freshwater village, just half way between the two seas, and where there is an excellent inn, you come in view of Faningford, the Poet Laureate's residence, and, I believe, property. You see the top of the house, as if in the midst of a wood, and just at the back there runs a line of lofty downs for some three miles, when they gradually subside and terminate in the Needles. When you approach the house, it is found not to be seated in the midst of a close wood, as it appeared at a distance, but with a spacious meadow in front, dotted, park-like, with trees. Here is a delightful contrast. Here is an abundance of woodland delights all around the house; but when he emerges from it, the poet finds himself at once amid all the wildness and freedom of the downs. On the top of these downs, which we hear is a favourite nightly walk, he commands both seas, the broad ocean and the narrow Solent. A more inspiring walk could nowhere be met. I could not help thinking of Keats's mention of Wordsworth's haunts:—

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning;  
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,  
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,  
Catches his freshness from harchangels' wing."

And may not, I thought, his successor in the laureateship catch an equal freshness from the gales and airs that play over these downs, and from the glorious forms of earth and water around him? Freshwater Gate forms a chasm in the ridge of downs which, with this slight break of not more than a quarter of a mile, again arise, and with their graceful undulations extend to the southernmost point of the island, near St. Catherine's Lighthouse. The conformation of chalk downs is remarkably striking and harmonious. There is nothing harsh or abrupt about them, but soft yet spirited swellings, gracefully rounded forms, like the plumpness of a full-fed steed, with occasionally such sweet sinkings; but, whether swelling or sinking, the chalk downs are always preeminently graceful. For a glorious and inspiring walk, take that on the top of the downs, from Freshwater Gate to the Needles. However weary or languid you may have felt while walking in the lowlands, you no sooner mount on the downs than you feel an elastic vigour and freshness. The short green sward is the perfection of footing. Just half-way, or a mile and a half from either end, the downs swell up to their highest point, which is marked by a beacon.

The new lighthouse is built just at the end of the furthest rock: a much more comfortable berth, though cradled in the waters, than the apex of the hill above, which must have been a veritable temple of the winds. To be sure, the inmates were *not then imprisoned* as they are now, but had the ample range of the downs. Altogether, for sweep and variety of view, comprehending both seas; a

most romantic coast; Scratchell's Bay, with its snowy whiteness; Alum Bay, with its coloured cliffs, and a charming inland prospect both of downs and woodland; there is nothing at all equal to it in the Isle of Wight, albeit it is at present the most neglected corner; and, as such, I commend it to all tourists.

#### GOG AND MAGOG.

THE legendary history of these well-known London figures is carefully traced back by Mr. Fairholt, in a pleasant little book he has recently published,\* to a time when London, or the city that stood in its place, was known as New Troy, about the year 2885 B.C. The name of one of these giants has been split into two, and we now call one Gog and the other Magog. The names originally were Gogmagog and Corineus, the oldest figure being the former and the youngest the latter. The name is still preserved in its purity as a designation to the Gogmagog hills in Cambridgeshire.

The earliest description of these giants represents them as they now stand—Gogmagog (or Gog) attired in a half military, half druidical ancient Britanic dress, with a bow and arrows, and a warlike pole, from whose end dangles a chain and spiked globe, known as a "Morning Star;" and Corineus (or Magog) attired in a fancy Roman costume, with a battle-axe, spear, and shield. The supposition is, that the first figure represents the conquered hero or nation, and the second figure the conqueror.

It is curious, as showing the oriental origin of the names of these giants, to find that the books of the Arabians and Persians abound with extravagant fictions about Gog and Magog. These they call Jajiouge and Majiouge, and they call the land of Tartary by their names. The Caucasian wall, said to have been built by Alexander the Great, from the Caspian to the Black Sea, in order to cover the frontiers of his dominions, and to prevent the incursions of the Scythians, is called by the Orientals the wall of Gog and Magog.

When the old Lord Mayor's shows consisted of a series of pageants, the civic giants were part of the great public display. On occasions of royal progresses through the city, they kept watch and ward at its gates. In 1415, when the victorious Henry V made his triumphant entry into London from Southwark, a male and female giant stood at the entrance of London Bridge; the male bearing an axe in his right hand, and in his left the keys of the city hanging to a staff. In 1432, when Henry VI entered London the same way, a mighty giant awaited him, as his champion, at the same place, with a drawn sword; and in 1554, when Philip and Mary made their public entry into London, two images representing two giants, the one named Corineus and the other Gogmagog, holding between them certain Latin verses, were exhibited on London Bridge.

The early figures of Gog and Magog, as they are now popularly called, were marched through the

\* Gog and Magog: The Giants in Guildhall, etc. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: J. C. Hotten, 1860.