Gastronomy as a fine art : or, The Science of good living, a translation of the "Physiologie du goût" of Brillat-Savarin / by R.E. Anderson.

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AS A FINE ART

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GASTRONOMY
AS A FINE ART

A TRANSLATION OF THE

"PHYSIOLOGIE DU GOÛT" OF BRILLAT-SAVARIN

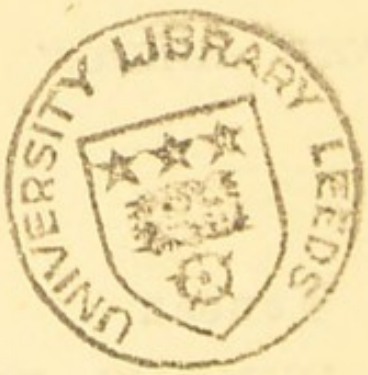
BY

R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.

A NEW EDITION

London
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

"I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles."—Dr. Johnson.



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BRILLAT-SAVARIN

AND THE ÆSTHETICS OF THE DINING-TABLE.

Cookery is not only an art, but a master-art.

Saturday Review.

Αρχη και ῥιζα παντος ἀγαθοῦ, ἡ της γαστρος ἡδονη.

ATHEN. *Deip.* vii. 5.

THAT charming student of humanity, Montaigne, who was the favourite author of Shakespeare, and who more than any other Frenchman has 'coloured the universal thought of the world,' might well at first sight appear as the strongest possible contrast to our modern Savarin. The one retiring to his quaint old Gascon castle, in a wild country, still remote from towns and highways, to shut himself up for the latter half of his life with his books, and ponder on his great theme, *Humani nihil a me alienum puto;* the other, always a man of the world,

nothing if not genuinely French, and testing everything by the Parisian standards: the one, a stoic (in theory, at least), solitary, all his thoughts tinged with melancholy; the other, an enthusiastic Epicurean, sociable, with an intense enjoyment of life.

Yet in one principal quality and most distinctive feature they are alike. They are both full of the "I"—both conscious of it; both their works are steeped in subjectivity, and both owe to its presence much of their charm. Montaigne, indeed, is himself the subject of his book; and as to his opinion on any matter, he gives it, he says, not as being a good one, but as being *his*. Savarin, again, makes no other excuse for the use of the "me" than the garrulity of age—a plea which is unnecessary to secure plenary indulgence from most of his readers. They, like Balzac, find that, while there is nothing more intolerable than the "I" of ordinary writers, "that of Brillat-Savarin is adorable."

Indeed, it is by the association of dissimilar ideas that Montaigne comes to be mentioned here. The thought of Savarin, "the high-priest of gastronomy," with his sometimes comic affectation of grandiloquence, at once suggested a caustic passage, in the first book of the Essays, which is aimed at the 'science de gueule,' and especially at the pompous

terms and fine language used by an Italian cook in discoursing thereupon, "with a magisterial solemnity and countenance, as if he had been discussing a weighty point in theology." On the other hand, this incidental notice in Montaigne has much value and significance here, as showing that three hundred years ago the French were not only inferior to the Italians in cookery, but could afford, they imagined, to smile at the technical terms and scientific pretensions of an art upon which they were afterwards to specially plume themselves.

Cookery certainly held a very different position in the French mind when, during the peace that followed Waterloo, Brillat-Savarin turned his thoughts to the æsthetics of the dining-table. Culinary art and the love of good living, which Montaigne nicknamed "the gullet-science," had in the mean time passed through several phases; the chief developments and refinements being under Louis XIV., Louis XV., and the Regent. During the first of those reigns, indeed, cookery was in honour, not only with princes, but with such statesmen as Colbert, such soldiers as the great Condé and such persons of wit and culture as Madame de Sévigné. Many readers of that writer's inimitable letters will recall a graphic picture she gives of the importance attached to the office and character of a

maître d'hôtel like Vatel, not only by himself or Condé his master, but in the eyes of courtiers, princes, and even the king. She surrounds the death of Vatel with almost as much of the heroic as that of Turenne.

Becoming more refined and also more popular under Louis XV., as our author himself tells under the heading "Philosophical History," it was during the Regency, and by the systematic application of the chemistry of the period, that gastronomy first had any claim to rank as a science.

Surviving the violence and social distractions of the Revolution and the First Empire, gastronomic art acquired new vigour in France after Waterloo, under the active patronage of Louis XVIII., and to the admiration of our appreciative author. No doubt this powerful reaction in favour of his favourite study, occurring during those last years of his life, first suggested to Savarin the propriety of setting down in order his thoughts and conclusions upon an art which had become so important that Lady Morgan, describing the France of that period, calls it "the standard and gauge of modern civilization."

Savarin's qualifications for this task are abundantly proved by his performance of it. His whole life was a preparation; and throughout his work we

find himself and his subject indissolubly welded together. All his varied experience, whether professional, political, or as a man of the world, is ransacked for illustrations, and every country he has visited is laid under contribution. Yet such is his artistic instinct, that there is no personal allusion but fits in naturally with the subject. The various threads of individuality are so interwoven with the general tissue, that the result is a complete and harmonious whole.

His native place was the small town Belley, in the Rhone valley at the foot of the Alps; and there are many illustrations drawn from that country or its people. Other recollections suitable to his subject are derived from his escape to Switzerland during the Reign of Terror, as well as from an adventurous journey previously made to secure a "safe-conduct." The latter occasion brought his Epicurean nature into strong relief; for although his head was at stake, he not only "snatched a fearful joy" by making a hearty dinner with some chance companions at a country-inn, and singing them a song made for the occasion, but spent the evening with enthusiastic delight in the company of the dread representative who had just refused the all-important document. Other allusions are to Holland, to London (including, of course, Leicester

Square) and the English, and more frequently and fully to the United States. Paris, however, naturally outweighs all the rest; like a true Frenchman, the brilliant capital is for him everything—the world in little.

Again, his professional and social position amply provided Savarin with opportunities of studying French gastronomy. His family had for generations been barristers and magistrates, and he himself commenced life as an advocate with such distinction that, at the age of thirty-four, in 1789, he was elected one of the members of the Constituent Assembly. After sharing in the legislative labours of that historical body, he became successively President of the Civil Tribunal of the Department de l'Ain, and one of the judges of the important Cour de Cassation, then newly instituted. This last high office he filled so worthily that, after the Reign of Terror and an exile of three years, spent principally in the United States of America, he was again made judge in that court, and continued so, under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, until his death in 1826.

Thus we find Savarin sitting at banquets given by the highest functionaries—witness his picture of the awful effects of unpunctuality at the house of Cambacérès, where he was invited to dinner—a

table of such importance that Napoleon utilized it for State purposes. Savarin also refers to Talleyrand as a worthy gastronome; and *en revanche* one of the few personal traits of Savarin not told by himself is due to that distinguished friend. The story is, moreover, valuable as a proof of the hereditary quality of taste and genius. Savarin, halting one day at Sens, when on his way to Lyons, sent, according to his invariable custom, for the cook, and asked what he could have for dinner. "Little enough," was the reply. "But let us see," retorted Savarin; "let us go into the kitchen and talk the matter over." There he found four turkeys roasting. "Why!" exclaimed he, "you told me you had nothing in the house! let me have one of these turkeys." "Impossible!" 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." "Indeed!" said the gastronome; "I should like much to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating." The cook was sure the gentleman would be glad of his acquaintance; and Savarin, on going to pay his respects to the stranger, found him to be no other than his own son. "What! you rascal! four turkeys all to yourself!" "Yes, sir," said Savarin junior; "you know that when we have a

turkey at home you always reserve for yourself the *parson's nose:* I was resolved to regale myself for once in my life; and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not expect the honour of your company." *

The "Physiologie du Goût" was published within a year of Savarin's death, yet he was gratified by seeing his work crowned with extraordinary success, speedily becoming (to use a phrase of Balzac's) the veritable decalogue of gastronomers—irrefragable as the laws of Kepler. Its success is certainly largely due to the beauty of the style, and to the original yet charming manner of the author. There are not only the clearness and elegance and felicity which are impressed on all good French writing, but his style is also so cheerful and picturesque that it positively smiles; one comic charm being the grand importance which he affects to attach to his subject. Had Savarin lived and written in the country of Walton's "Angler," or White's "Selbourne," "the Physiologie du Goût" would certainly have again and again pleasantly occupied the learned leisure of admiring commentators, and given occasion for many ingenious notes and exhaustive illustrations, biographical and antiquarian

* A similar story is told of La Reynière, a celebrated gastronome of the last century.—(See Littré, under Sot.)

as well as gastrological. The French, however, do not distinguish their favourite authors in the same way; nor does there appear to be any French edition of the "Physiologie du Goût" with notes.

The present attempt to present Brillat-Savarin in English dress is due to a statement made last year in "Notes and Queries," to the effect that a translation was and had long been a decided want in English libraries. The notes inserted here and there by the translator will be easily distinguished from those of the French text—either intrinsically or by the latter being always marked by single inverted commas.

R. E. A.

August 16th, 1876.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.*

Friend. This morning, at breakfast, my wife and I have in our wisdom decided that your "Thoughts on Gastronomy" must be printed as soon as possible.

Author. What woman wills, God wills. In that single sentence is summed up all the ethics of the Parisians. But I am under a different jurisdiction; and a bachelor——

F. Good heavens! The bachelors are as much under the rule as other men, as we know sometimes

* This conversation is by no means merely imaginary. So real, indeed, is the character of the friend, that his "biography," occupying several pages, was originally appended to this dialogue. It is now omitted, as being decidedly a *hors d'œuvre* too many.

only too well! But in this case you can't get off on the score of bachelorship; for my wife declares that she can insist upon it, because it was while visiting her in the country that you wrote the first pages of your book.

A. My dear fellow, you know very well how I respect the ladies; more than once you have praised my submission to their commands, and, like some others, you used to say I should make an excellent husband. Yet, for all that, I shall not get it printed.

F. And why?

A. Because, after a professional life of earnest work, I am afraid of being thought a mere trifler by people reading only the title of my book.

F. How absurd! As if thirty-six years of public and uninterrupted duties had not established for you a character quite the opposite! Besides, we believe, my wife and I, that everybody will wish to read you.

A. Really?

F. The learned will read you in order to discover what you have always been hinting at.

A. That is quite possible.

F. The women will read you because they will easily see that——

A. Spare my feelings, my dear friend; I am now old and full of wisdom.

F. Men fond of good living will read you, because you do them justice, and so their proper rank in society is at last assigned to them.

A. In that instance you are certainly right. Who would believe that those honest gentlemen could have been so long misunderstood! I look upon them with all the feelings of a father—such handsome, bright-eyed fellows!

F. Besides, have you not often told us that such a work as yours was needed in our libraries?

A. I have said so, and it is the fact. I will not swerve a jot from that opinion, but stick to it like a mastiff.

F. Why, you talk like a man whose mind is quite made up; so let us go together and see——

A. No, no! If authorship has its pleasures, it has also its thorns; and I leave the whole business, as a legacy, to my heirs.

F. But, in the mean time, you wrong your friends, acquaintances, and contemporaries. Do you mean to say you can do such a thing?

A. My heirs! you forget them! I have heard say that the shades of the departed generally derive pleasure from the praises of the living. It is a sort

of beatitude that I wish to keep in store for the other world.

F. But what certainty have you that those praises will be bestowed in the proper quarter? Are you certain of the care and diligence of your heirs?

A. Well, I have no grounds for thinking that they would neglect this one duty, since on account of it they will be excused many others.

F. Would they, could they, have for your book that father's affection, those author's attentions, without which a work always makes its first public appearance awkwardly?

A. I shall leave the manuscript corrected, fairly copied out, and fully equipped, with nothing to do but print it.

F. What about the chapter of accidents? 'Tis arrangements of that sort, alas! that have ruined many valuable works; such as that of the distinguished Le Cat, on the "State of the Soul during Sleep"—the labour of a lifetime.

A. That certainly was a great loss, and I by no means hope to occasion similar regrets.

F. Be sure of this—that, in settling matters with the Church, the lawyers, the faculty, and with each other, heirs have quite enough on their hands; and

that there would not be time, even if there were the inclination, to give full attention to all the manifold details connected with the publication of even a small book.

A. But the title! The subject! And what about ill-natured wags of critics?

F. At the single word "gastronomy" every one pricks up his ears: it is quite the rage. And as for the waggish critics, they are as fond of good living as other men. So set your mind perfectly at ease. Besides, you surely know that personages of the greatest weight have sometimes produced light and amusing works. Montesquieu is an instance.

A. (*eagerly*). Upon my word, you are right! He wrote the "Temple of Gnidus"; and there would surely be more real advantage in the study of that which is every day the want, the pleasure, and the occupation of man, than in telling us what was done or said, more than two thousand years ago, by two youngsters chasing each other through Grecian groves.

F. You give in, then, at last?

A. I give in! Not at all. What you have heard is but a touch of nature betraying the author;*

* Perhaps the original phrase here, "to show the tips of his ears," is worth noting. It is curiously borrowed from the fable of the ass in the lion's skin, thus meaning, to betray unintentionally one's mind or disposition by some word or action.

which recalls to my mind a scene in an English comedy that once greatly amused me. It occurs in a piece called "The Natural Daughter," I think, and I should like to have your opinion upon it.

Some Quakers are introduced; a class of men who, as you know, of course, "thee" and "thou" everybody, wear clothes of the simplest kind, never serve as soldiers, never swear—even in a court of law,—do everything with a dull gravity, and in particular must never put themselves in a passion. Well, the hero of the piece is a handsome young Quaker, who, in spite of the brown coat, large, broad-brimmed hat, and straight hair with which he appears on the stage, falls deeply in love. Accordingly, a puppy of a rival takes courage from that appearance and demeanour, and so makes fun of him and insults him, that the young man, getting gradually heated with anger, at last becomes furious, and gives the coxcomb a thorough thrashing.

That punishment bestowed, he instantly recovers his former demeanour, and collects himself, exclaiming in a penitential tone, "Alas! thou seest that the flesh has prevailed over the spirit."

I now do as he did; and, after a display of pardonable feeling, come back to my former opinion.

F. It is too late now. As you yourself admit, you have betrayed your real mind on the matter. I

have now a hold upon you, and you must come off to the publishers'. I may even tell you that the secret of your book has not been kept by all who knew it.

A. Don't be too rash, my dear boy, for I shall have something to say about yourself; and who knows what that may be?

F. What could you say on that topic? You needn't think you can frighten me.

A. I shall not tell how our common * native-place boasts of having given you birth; nor how, at twenty-four, you published a work which has since held a place in the foremost rank; nor how, by a well-deserved reputation, you now command the confidence of all; how your patients take courage from your manner, admire your skill, and are consoled by your sympathy. I shall not tell what everybody knows, but I shall discover to all Paris (*rising up*), to all France (*throwing his head back*), to the whole world, the only fault in you which I know of!

F. (*seriously*). Which fault, if you please?

* 'Belley, the chief town of Bugey, a lovely country, with mountains and hillocks, rivers and limpid brooks, waterfalls and deep pools; a regular *jardin anglais* of a hundred square leagues in size. In this country, before the Revolution, the constitution of society was such that the third estate was really the governing class.'

A. An habitual fault, which all my exhortations have failed to correct.

F. (*alarmed*). Name it at once. It is too bad to torture one so.

A. You eat too fast!

[On this, the friend takes his hat and leaves the room smiling, with a strong suspicion that he has made a convert and gained his purpose.]

PREFACE.

For the publication of the work now entrusted to the reader's good will, there was needed on my part no great labour. All I have done was to arrange a collection of materials made long ago. It was a pastime which I had been keeping in store for my old age.

Whilst considering the pleasures of the table from every point of view, I soon saw that there was something better to be made of the subject than a mere cookery-book, and that there was much to be said upon functions which are not only vital and constant, but exercise a very direct influence upon our health, our happiness, and even our success in life.

As soon as this leading idea was clearly fixed in my mind, all the rest flowed easily from it. I looked about me—I took notes; and often in the midst of

the most sumptuous banquets I should have felt bored but for my amusement as an observer.

To complete the task which I had taken on myself, one must have been physician, chemist, physiologist, and even somewhat of a scholar. Those different subjects, however, I had studied without the slightest intention of becoming an author, being urged on by a praiseworthy curiosity, by the fear of being left behind the age, and by the wish to be able to converse on equal terms with men of science and learning, in whose company I have always taken a special pleasure.*

More particularly, I am an amateur doctor. It is quite a passion with me; and amongst the finest days of my life I reckon that on which I entered with the professors, and by their door, into the lecture-room where the prize essay was to be read, and had the pleasure of hearing a murmur of curiosity run through the audience, each student asking his neighbour what mighty professor the stranger might be who was honouring the assembly by his presence.

* '"Come and dine with me next Thursday," said M. Greffuble to me one day, "and I'll have a party of men of science or men of letters; which do you choose?"

'"My choice is made," said I, "we shall dine together twice instead of once."

'We did so, sure enough; and the literary dinner was unmistakably more refined and well-ordered.'

There is, however, one other day the memory of which is equally dear; that, namely, on which I presented to the Council of the "Society for the Encouragement of National Industry" my "irrorator," an instrument of my invention, which is simply a compression-fountain, adapted for the purpose of perfuming rooms.

I had brought, in my pocket, my machine fully charged. I turned the cock, and there escaped, with a hissing sound, a perfumed vapour, which, rising to the ceiling, fell in tiny drops upon the persons and papers beneath. It was then that, with inexpressible delight, I saw the most learned heads of the capital bend under my "irroration," and I was in ecstacies on observing that the wettest were the happiest.

Occasionally, in thinking of the weighty lucubrations to which the extent of my subject has drawn me, I have had an honest fear lest I might bore the reader; for I myself have sometimes yawned over other people's books.

I have done everything in my power to avoid blame on this score. I have touched but lightly on the subjects likely to be dull; I have scattered anecdotes over the book—some drawn from my personal experience; I have thrown aside a great many singular facts, from a regard to sound criticism. I

have aroused attention by giving a clear and simple account of certain scientific truths which the learned seemed to have reserved for themselves. If, in spite of so many efforts, my readers should still find the science difficult of digestion, my peace of mind will not be in the slightest degree disturbed, because I am sure that the majority will acquit me as to intention.

I might also be charged with letting my pen run on too fast, and becoming somewhat garrulous in my stories. Is it my fault that I am an old man? Is it my fault that I am like Ulysses, who had seen the manners and cities of many peoples? Am I to blame for giving a little of my biography? In a word, the reader ought to give me credit for making him a present of my "Memoirs as a Public Man," which deserve to be read quite as much as so many others, since for thirty-six years I have had the best opportunity of watching society and the course of events.

Above all things, let no one rank me amongst the compilers. Before being reduced to such straits, my pen would have been thrown aside, and I should have lived quite as happily.

Like Juvenal, I have said:

Semper ego auditor tantum! nunquam ne reponam!

and those able to judge will easily see that, after

being familiar both with the turmoil of city life and the silence of the study, the best thing I could do was to make the most of both positions.

After all, there is much of the book which has been written for my own gratification. I have mentioned some of my friends who scarcely expected such a thing; I have recalled several pleasant recollections, and noted down much that would otherwise have been forgotten. In a word, I have given full vent to my humour.

Amongst those readers who are fond of lengthening out a story, there will probably be one to exclaim, "I should like much to know if——," or "What does he mean by saying that——," and so forth. But the rest, I am confident, will tell him to hold his tongue; and every such expression of natural feeling will be kindly received by an immense majority of my readers.

I have still something to say about my style, for, to quote Buffon, "As the style is, so is the man." And let no one think I am about to ask a favour, never granted to those who need it: I only mean to make a simple explanation.

I ought to write admirably, for my favourite authors have been Voltaire, Jean-Jacques, Fénélon, Buffon, and, more recently, Cochin and Aguesseau, and I know them by heart. The gods, however,

may have ordained otherwise; and if so, the following reasons explain that will of the gods.

Knowing five living languages well, or tolerably, I possess a huge repertory of words of all complexions; and whenever an expression is needed, if I don't find it in the French pigeon-hole, I take it out of one of the others. Hence the necessity for my reader of either translating or guessing; the Fates leave him no alternative.

I am firmly persuaded that the French vocabulary is comparatively poor. What, then, was left for me to do? To borrow or steal. I have done both; because such loans need not be paid back, and stealing words is not punishable by law.*

I fully expect that the stern critics will loudly appeal to Bossuet, Fénélon, Racine, Boileau, Pascal and others of our masters in style. I fancy I already hear their frightful din, and therefore give them my reply, calmly, that I am far from denying the merit of those authors, whether named or referred to; but, what then? The only inference is, that having done good work with indifferent tools,

* Some of the words borrowed or stolen by Savarin are *siroter* (to match our word "to sip," he says), *truffivore*, *dindinophile*, *obesigène*, *s'indigerer*, *voyage polymatique*, and others—all due to his love of the graphic and picturesque. Similarly, he sometimes Gallicizes a foreign phrase; as, *mauvais coté de cinquante ans*, from the English "wrong side fifty."

they would have done incomparably better with good tools. In the same way everybody believes that Tartini would have played the violin still better had his bow been as long as that of Baillot.

I must be classed, then, with the writers who employ new words, if not even with those who throw off all allegiance to classical style and models.* The latter discover hidden treasures, while the others are like sailors, who bring from afar the provisions which we need.

The Northern races, especially the English, have in this respect an immense advantage over us. The genius of their language is never hampered by rules of style; it creates or borrows. Accordingly,

* The term, *un romantique*, according to the French philologists, was introduced by Madame de Staël, all modern writers being by her divided into two classes:—*les classiques*, who follow the models already established, and *les romantiques*, who act independently of classical style and standards. Thus, in recent times, Victor Hugo is pre-eminently *un romantique*—not only ignoring the dramatic unities and other canons sacred to Corneille and Voltaire, but actually and enthusiastically admiring such a barbarian as Shakespeare.

The same terms have also been used in classifying the great masters in French gastronomy; Beauvilliers, for example (afterwards referred to fully in the chapter on restaurants), being ranked at the head of the classical school. This implied analogy between cookery and literature may remind the philosophical reader of a passage in one of Dugald Stewart's "Essays," where the effects of "sweet" and "bitter" in gastronomic art are said to "correspond to that composite beauty which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create."

in all subjects treated with depth and energy, our translations are mere copies, without colour and expression.

I remember once hearing, at the Institute, a well-written discourse to show the danger of using new words, and the necessity of holding fast by the language fixed for us by the writers of the classical age. As a chemist, I tested this philosopher's stone by my retort, with the following result: "We have done so well, that it is impossible to do better, or to do otherwise."

Now, I have lived long enough to know that each generation says the same thing, and is laughed at for its pains by the generation following. Besides, why should words not change, when manners and opinions are constantly undergoing modifications? Even if we do the same things as the ancients did, we do them in a different manner; and in some modern books there are whole pages which could be translated into neither Latin nor Greek.

All the languages have their birth, their culmination, and their decline; and of those that have shone since the time of Sesostris to that of Philip Augustus, not one exists as a living tongue. The French language will have the same fate; and in the year 2825, I shall be read only with the assistance of a dictionary, if indeed I be read at all.

I conclude the preface by a remark which, on account of its importance, I have been reserving. When I say "I" or "me" it shows I am talking familiarly, and the reader is at liberty to examine, dispute, doubt, or even laugh; but when I arm myself with the terrible "we," it is to speak authoritatively, *ex cathedrâ*, and the reader has no choice but submission.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

SHAKESPEARE.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF THE SCIENCE.

I.

But for life the universe were nothing, and all that has life requires nourishment.

II.

Animals feed, man eats; the man of sense and culture alone understands eating.

III.

The fate of nations depends upon how they are fed.

IV.

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

V.

In compelling man to eat that he may live, Nature gives appetite to invite him, and pleasure to reward him.

VI.

Good living is due to that action of the judgment by which the things which please our taste are preferred to all others.

VII.

The pleasures of the table are common to all ages and ranks, to all countries and times; they not only harmonize with all the other pleasures, but remain to console us for their loss.

VIII.

It is only at table that a man never feels bored during the first hour.

IX.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a planet.

X.

A drunkard knows not how to drink, and he who eats too much, or too quickly, knows not how to eat.

XI.

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

XII.

In drinking, the order is from the milder to that which is stronger and of finer flavour.

XIII.

To maintain that a man must not change his wine is a heresy: the palate becomes cloyed, and, after three or four glasses, it is but a deadened sensation that even the best wine provokes.

XIV.

A last course at dinner, wanting cheese, is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

XV.

Cookery is an art, but to roast requires genius.

XVI.

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

XVII.

It is a breach of politeness towards those guests who are punctual when they are kept long waiting for one who is late.

XVIII.

He who receives friends without himself bestowing some pains upon the repast prepared for them, does not deserve to have friends.

XIX.

As the coffee after dinner is the special care of the lady of the house, so the host must see that the liqueurs are the choicest possible.

XX.

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

GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART.

I.

ON THE SENSES.

THE senses are the organs by which man and the outer world are brought into communication.

The number of the senses is at least five.* Sight embraces space, and through the medium of light informs us of the existence and colours of surrounding bodies. Number and definition. The sense of hearing receives, through the medium of the air, the vibrations of noisy or sonorous bodies. By the sense of smell we perceive that property of substances which is called their odour. By the

* The number of the senses has been frequently discussed by psychologists. Thus, Littré, one of Comte's principal followers, and no mean authority, says that "sixth sense" is a term applied, "*aux sensations de l'amour physique.*" Kant, also, speaks of a *sensus vagus*, as something not localized, or without special organs; which would increase the number to seven.

sense of taste we appreciate whatever is sapid or eatable. The sense of touch informs us about the surfaces of bodies and their consistence. The genetic, or generative, sense has for its object the reproduction of the species.

It is astonishing that the last of these should not have been recognized before the time of Buffon; being either confounded with the sense of touch, or regarded as a mere adjunct or modification of it. But, as for the preservation of the individual there is one sense—taste, so the other is as certainly a sense appropriated to the preservation of the species.

The senses in operation.

If in imagination we travel back to the earliest period of human existence, we shall infer that at first man's sensations were simply direct, being uncorrected by reflection; that is to say, that he saw without precision, heard confusedly, smelt without discernment, ate without appreciation, and, in his enjoyments generally, lived as a mere animal.

But, all our perceptions having as their common centre the soul—the special attribute of the human race, and ever tending to greater perfection—they are there subjected to reflection, comparison, judgment; and soon the various sensations are all summoned to each other's aid for the use and well-

being of the "percipient Ego," or person whose senses are acted upon.

Thus, touch corrected the errors of sight; the hearing, by means of the spoken word, became the interpreter of what man thought; taste was assisted by sight and smell; and hearing compared sounds and measured distances.

The stream of time, rolling over successive generations of men, has incessantly brought new improvements; and this tendency to perfection, so real though unobserved, is due to the action of the senses, and their constant demand for healthy exercise.

Thus, sight has given birth to painting, sculpture, and every kind of show or pageant; hearing, to melody, harmony, dancing, and all that is connected with music; smell, to the search and observation of perfumes, their use and culture; the sense of taste, to the production, selection, and preparation of every kind of food; the sense of touch, to all the arts, all the skilful trades, and all the industries; the genetic sense, to romantic love, flirtation, and fashion, to all that adorns the relations between man and woman or æsthetically improves their union.

Such, then, are the origin and growth of the arts and sciences, even the most abstract; they are

produced directly by the natural demand of the senses to be kept in constant play and exercise.

The senses become more perfect.

Those senses, so dear to us, are, nevertheless, far from being perfect, and I need not stay to prove it. I shall only note how sight, that sense so ethereal, and touch, which is at the other end of the scale, have with time both gained additional powers in a wonderful degree. Thus, the weakness of old age, which affects most of the senses, is, in the case of sight, almost entirely remedied by the use of glasses. The telescope has discovered stars formerly unknown, because inaccessible to unaided vision; and the microscope has led man to see, for the first time, the composition and constitution of substances, showing us plants and a mode of growth whose very existence were previously unsuspected. Some animalcules are shown which are the one-hundred-thousandth part of the smallest creature visible to the naked eye; yet they move about, feed, and reproduce, proving that there are organs so minute that the imagination can form no conception of them.

Again, the mechanical powers and appliances have multiplied. Man has realized even the boldest conceptions, and performed tasks of engineering which to his merely natural powers were utterly

unapproachable. By skill and mechanism, man has subdued all nature, making it subservient to all his wants, his pleasures, and his caprices, and changing the whole surface of the globe. Thus a feeble biped is become king of all creation.

Senses of sight and touch of such enlarged powers might rank among the attributes of a race much superior to man; or rather, were all our senses improved in like proportion, mankind would be quite a different species.

It should be noted, however, that although the sense of touch has developed enormously as a muscular power, yet, as a sensitive organ, scarcely anything has been done for it by advancing civilization. But we must not despair, remembering that the human race is still young, and that it is only after a long series of ages that the senses can enlarge their sphere of action. Thus, it is only about four centuries since men discovered harmony, a science all divine, bearing to sounds the same relation as painting does to colours.* No doubt the ancients sung airs and melodies with musical accompaniments, but their knowledge went no

* 'If the ancients understood harmony, their writings would have preserved some more certain proof than a few vague phrases. It is to the Arabs we are indebted for it, since they first gave us the organ, which, by sounding several notes at once, suggested the idea of concords and harmonies.'

further; they could neither analyse the notes nor find their relations to each other.

It was not till the fifteenth century that the laws of tone, and rules for the movement of concords were ascertained. Then, accordingly, musicians first made use of theory to sustain the parts and improve the expression. That discovery, so late and yet so natural, showed the duality of the sense of hearing; that in one organ there are two faculties, to some extent independent of each other—the one perceiving the sound of the notes, the other estimating their resonance or length. Some German doctors say that the perception of harmony constitutes an additional sense.

As to those for whom music is only a confused mass of sounds, it should be observed that they nearly all sing out of tune; and they must have either the ears so formed as to receive only short, abrupt vibrations, or one ear attuned to a different key from the other, and therefore jointly transmitting to the brain only a vague and ill-defined sensation—just as two instruments which agree neither in time nor tune are incapable of together sounding harmoniously.

During these last ages, the sense of taste has also largely extended its sphere of influence; and by the discovery of sugar and its various preparations, of

alcoholic liquors, of ices, vanilla, tea, and coffee, we have a knowledge of tastes and flavours which were previously unknown.

Who can say that the sense of touch will not have its turn, and that some happy chance may not in this quarter also disclose to us a source of new modes of enjoyment? What makes it the more probable is, that the tactile sensibility is confined to no special part, and can therefore be acted upon throughout the whole body.

Sense of taste; its power.

In one respect, taste resembles the genetic sense. As two main factors in man's nature, their influence is seen throughout all the fine arts, and almost everywhere where delicacy and refinement come into play. The faculty of taste is, however, more under restraint, although quite as active, and has advanced so gradually, yet steadily, as to make certain that its success is lasting.

Elsewhere, we shall consider that advancement; but, meantime, we may observe that if any man has sat at a sumptuous dinner in a hall adorned with mirrors, paintings, sculptures, flowers, scented with perfumes, enriched with beautiful women, and filled with notes of gentle music, he will feel convinced, without any great mental effort, that, to enhance the pleasures of the sense of taste and give them

their proper surroundings, all the arts have been laid under contribution.

Let us now cast a general glance over the senses, considered as one system, and we shall see that they are intended by the Creator for two ends, one the consequence of the other; to wit, the preservation of the individual and the continuation of the species.

Results attained by the senses.

Such is the destiny of man, considered as a being endowed with senses: everything he does has some reference to that twofold object of nature. The eye perceives outward objects, discovers the wonders with which man is surrounded, and teaches him that he is a part of a mighty whole. By hearing, we perceive not only those sounds which are agreeable to the sense, but others which warn us of danger. Touch is on the watch to inform us at once, by means of pain, of every hurt. The hand, like a faithful servant, never uncertain in his movements, instinctively chooses what is necessary to repair the losses caused by the maintenance of the vital functions. Smell is used as a test of wholesomeness, since poisonous bodies have almost invariably an unpleasant odour. Then the sense of taste is called into exercise, and the teeth, tongue, and palate being put to use, the stomach presently begins the great work of assimilation. During that

process, a vague languor is felt, objects are seen less vividly, the body takes an easy position, the eyes close, every sensation vanishes, and the senses are in a state of absolute repose.

Such are the general and philosophical views which I have thought right to lay before my readers, to prepare them for the more special examination of the organ of the sense of taste.

II.

ON THE SENSE OF TASTE.

Definition of this sense.

TASTE is that sense which, by means of a special organ, brings man into contact with sapid substances. After being stimulated by the appetite, hunger and thirst, this sensation, when combined with several subordinate operations, results in the growth, development, and preservation of the individual, at the same time making good the losses due to the vital functions.

All organized bodies are not nourished in the same manner; for Nature, being as varied in methods as she is certain of results, has assigned to them different modes of prolonging existence. Thus, vegetables, at the bottom of the scale of

living beings, are fed by means of roots, which, sinking into the native soil, select, by a special apparatus, the different substances suited for the purposes of growth and preservation.

Rising higher, we discover bodies endowed with animal life, but without the power of locomotion. Born with favourable surroundings, they are provided with the special organs necessary to maintain that mode of existence. Instead of seeking for their food, the food comes to find them.

For animals who move from place to place, Nature has appointed quite a different means of preservation, and especially for man, who is incontestably the most perfect. A special instinct tells him when he requires to be fed; he looks for and seizes whatever seems likely to appease his wants; he eats, and becoming restored, thus runs through the destined career of life.

Taste can be considered under three aspects: in man, physically, as the mechanism by which he appreciates the sapid quality or flavour of substances; in man, morally, as the mental perception due to the sensation or impression made on the organ; and lastly, in the external body, or objectively, as the material property to which we ascribe the sensation or impression made on the organ.

This sense seems to have two principal uses. First,

it invites us, by the pleasure, to repair the losses which we constantly suffer from the action of life. Secondly, amongst the different substances presented to us by nature, taste assists us to choose those which are fit to serve for food.

In making this choice, we are greatly assisted by the sense of smell, as we shall see further on; for, as a general rule, nutritive substances are repulsive neither to the sense of taste, nor that of smell.

Mechanism of the organ.

It is not easy to determine precisely what parts constitute the organ of taste. It is more complicated than at first sight appears.

The tongue, of course, plays an important part in the action of tasting, since it is by it that the food is moistened, turned about, and swallowed. Moreover, by means of the papillæ scattered over its surface, it drinks in the sapid and soluble particles of those bodies with which it comes in contact.

That, however, being insufficient, several adjacent parts assist in completing this sensation: to wit, the palate, the sides of the mouth, and especially the nasal passage—a part to which physiologists have not directed sufficient attention. From the sides of the mouth is supplied the saliva, necessary for mastication and deglutition; and they, as well as the palate, assist in the appreciative faculty of

taste. It is probable that, in certain cases, the gums have a slight share in the tasting sensation; and without a certain appreciation of flavour at the root of the tongue, the sensation of taste would be deadened and imperfect.

Those who are born without a tongue, or have had it cut out, still retain the sense of taste. Of the former case, there are instances in the books written on such matters; and the latter was explained to me by a poor fellow whose tongue had been cut out by the Algerians, because, with some of his companions in captivity, he had formed a plan for escaping and running away. This man, whom I had met in Amsterdam, where he gained a living by running errands, had had some education, and it was easy to converse with him by means of writing. After noticing that all the fore part of his tongue was removed down to the ligament, I asked if, after undergoing so cruel an operation, there still remained a flavour in what he ate, or any sensation of taste. He replied that what he found most difficult was to swallow; that his sense of taste remained pretty well the same, and that he could tell, like other men, what had little taste and what was pleasant, but that strong acids, or anything very bitter, caused him intolerable pain.

I also learned from him, that in some African

kingdoms it was a common thing to cut out the tongue, especially as a punishment for the ring-leaders of conspiracies. He said, also, that there were special instruments for the purpose, which I wished him to describe; but the repugnance he showed was so painful that I did not press him.

Reflecting on what he told me, and going back to those dark ages when the tongues of blasphemers were pierced or cut out, I became convinced that such a custom of law must have been of African origin, imported to Europe by the Crusaders.

We have seen above that the sensation of taste resides principally in the papillæ of the tongue. But by anatomy we learn that these are so unequally supplied, that one tongue may have thrice as many as another. Hence one explanation why, of two guests seated at the same banquet, one has delicious sensations, whilst the other seems to eat only because compelled; the reason being that the latter has a tongue only poorly furnished for enjoyment. Thus the empire of taste also has its blind men and its deaf.

There have been broached five or six opinions as to the operation of the sensation of taste. I have also mine, and it is as follows: the sensation of taste is a chemical result obtained, as we have already said, through moisture; that is

Sensation of taste.

to say, the sapid molecules must be dissolved in some fluid, that they may be absorbed by the minute tufts of nerves, papillæ or suckers, which cover the surfaces of the organ.

Whether new or not, this theory rests upon physical facts which are almost self-evident. Pure water causes no sensation of taste, because it contains no sapid particles: dissolve in it a grain of salt or a few drops of vinegar, the sensation immediately takes place. Other drinks, again, affect the sense because they are nothing but solutions more or less charged with molecules that can be tasted. Then, by an insoluble body, even if the mouth were filled with its particles minutely divided, the sense of touch alone would be affected, and that of taste not at all.

As to solid bodies which have taste, they must be comminuted by the teeth, impregnated with the saliva and other gustatory juices, and pressed against the palate by the tongue till the juice so yielded makes a favourable impression upon the gustatory papillæ, and the triturated body receives from them the passport necessary to enter the stomach.

My theory, which is to be still further developed, gives an easy explanation of the principal difficulties. Thus, if you ask what is meant by a sapid body, I reply: It is one which is soluble and fit to

be absorbed by the organ of taste. If it is asked how a sapid body acts, the answer is: It acts whenever it is so dissolved that it can enter those cavities whose function is to receive and transmit the sensation of taste. In a word, nothing is sapid unless already dissolved or easily soluble.

Flavours or tastes.

The number of tastes perceived in objects is infinite, since every soluble body has a special flavour, in some respect differing from all others.

Flavours receive additional modifications of infinite variety, ranging from the most attractive to the most intolerable, from the strawberry to the colocynth; and all attempts to classify them may be termed failures. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, granted that there are undetermined series of simple flavours which can be modified by combining them in any number and quantity, we should require a new language to express all these results, mountains of folio volumes to define them, and newly devised numerical characters to classify and number them.

Since, up to the present time, no taste or flavour has, as a sensation, been rigorously defined, men are compelled to keep to a small number of general terms, such as "sweet," "sugary," "sour," "bitter," and so on; and, on further analysis, these can be classified under the two heads of "agreeable to the

taste," or "disagreeable." They suffice, however, to make one's self understood, and indicate with tolerable exactness the gustatory properties of any sapid substances about which one is talking. Those who come after us will know more about such qualities, and it seems already certain that chemistry will discover to them the causes of flavours or their ultimate elements.

Taste affected by smell.

Following my prescribed plan, I must now render to the sense of smell its proper rights, and acknowledge the important services it yields in the perception of tastes or flavours; for, of all the writers that have come under my notice, none appear to have done it full and entire justice.

For my own part, I am not only convinced that there is no complete perception of taste unless the sense of smell have a share in the sensation, but I am further tempted to believe that smell and taste form only one sense, having the mouth as laboratory with the nose for fire-place or chimney. More exactly, the one serves to taste solids, and the other gases.

This theory can be supported by strict reasoning; but as I have no intention of founding a sect, I merely launch it forth to make my readers reflect, and to show that I have looked closely into the

subject of my work. At present, I proceed to prove the importance of the sense of smell, if not as an integral part of that of taste, at least as a necessary assistant.

Every sapid body is necessarily odorous, which gives it a place under the sway of one sense exactly as under that of the other. Nothing is eaten without being smelt more or less attentively; and when any unknown food is presented, the nose always acts as sentinel of the advance guard, and calls out, "Who goes there?"

To intercept the smell is to paralyse the taste. This I prove by three experiments, which everybody can verify: *first*, when the mucous membrane of the nostrils is irritated by a severe cold in the head all sense of taste is obliterated, and no flavour is perceived in anything that is swallowed, though the tongue retains its normal condition; *second*, if you hold your nose when eating, you will be surprised to find that the sensation of taste is extremely dull and imperfect: hence a means of getting down the most nauseous medicines almost without perceiving it; *third*, the same result is observed if the tongue is kept close to the palate at the moment of swallowing, instead of letting it resume its natural position; for the circulation of air being thus stopped, the sense of smell is not

brought into play, and that of taste is therefore paralysed.

These different results are due to the same cause —the absence of smell as a fellow-worker; for thus the sapid body is sensible only by its juices, and not by the odorous gas which it exhales.

Analysis of the sensation.

These principles being thus established, I consider it is demonstrable that taste gives rise to sensations of three different orders: the direct, the complete, and the reflective.

The direct sensation is the first perception, arising from the immediate operation of the organs of taste whilst the food is still on the point of the tongue. The complete, is when the first perception is combined with the sensation caused by the food reaching the back of the mouth, and by taste and smell acting upon the whole organ. The reflective sensation is the judgment passed by the mind upon the impressions conveyed to it by the organ.

For an application of this theory, let us consider what takes place during eating and drinking. He who eats a peach, for example, is first agreeably struck by the odour which it yields; he puts it in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment of swallowing, and when the flavour also reaches the olfactories, that the per-

fume is revealed which completes the full taste due to a peach. Finally, it is only when the fruit is swallowed that he forms an opinion of the sensations, and says to himself, "That is a delicious morsel!"

In the same way, in drinking wine there is a pleasant but still imperfect sensation so long as it is in the mouth: it is only when swallowed that we can really taste and appreciate the special flavour and bouquet of each variety, and a little time must elapse before the connoisseur can say, "It is good," "middling," or "bad;" "By Jove! 'tis genuine Chambertin!" or "Confound it! it is only Surêne!"

In conformity with these principles, and resulting from a well-understood experience, is that habit which all true connoisseurs have of sipping their wine; for each time they swallow they have the sum total of the sensation enjoyed had they taken the whole glass at one draught.

The same thing takes place, but more energetically, when the taste is unpleasant. Look at that patient, who is ordered by the faculty to take a black draught, such as our grandfathers drank. That trusty adviser, the sense of smell, warns him against the repulsive flavour of the treacherous fluid; his eyes stare as at the approach of danger;

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illustration, take the following: positive, hard-boiled beef; comparative, a piece of veal; superlative, a roast pheasant, done to a turn.

Nevertheless, of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments:—

1. Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue. 2. Because it is common to every time, age, and condition. 3. Because it must return once, at least, every day, and may, during that space of time, be easily repeated two or three times. 4. Because it can combine with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence. 5. Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others, and more subject to our will; and 6. Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses, and prolonging our existence.

This will be found more fully developed in a future chapter, where the "pleasures of the table" are treated from a modern point of view, especially as affected by the civilization of the nineteenth century.

We have been brought up in the fond belief that,

of all the animals that walk, swim, climb, or fly, man has the sense of taste the most perfect. Now, however, there are threats that this faith will be shaken, for Doctor Gall maintains, as the result of some investigations, I know not what, that there are animals which have the organs of taste more highly developed and more perfect than those of man.

Supremacy of man.

This doctrine of his sounds badly, and smacks of heresy. Man, by divine right king of all creation, and for whose benefit the earth was covered and peopled, must necessarily be provided with organs of taste which can adequately appreciate all that is sapid amongst his subjects.

The tongue of animals is analogous to the reach of their intelligence. In fishes, it is only a movable bone; in birds, it is generally a membranous cartilage; in quadrupeds, besides being frequently covered with scales or asperities, it has no power of circumflex movement.

The tongue of man, on the contrary, by the delicacy of its structure, and of the different membranes which surround or lie near it, gives sufficient indication of the high functions for which it is destined. Moreover, I have discovered three movements in it unknown to animals; and I distinguish them by the terms "spication," "rotation," and "verrition."

The first occurs when the tongue is pressed in a conical shape between the lips; the second, when it moves circularly in the space bounded by the cheeks and palate; and the third, from the Latin *verro*, I sweep, when it bends back, either above or below, to gather anything which remains in the semi-circular space outside the gums.

Animals are limited in their tastes: one living only on vegetables; a second eating nothing but flesh; a third feeding exclusively on grain; and none of them know compound flavours. Man, on the contrary, is omnivorous; everything that is eatable is subject to his all-embracing appetite. Hence, as a necessary inference, his tasting powers must in extent and variety be proportionately great; and, in fact, in man the mechanism of that particular organ is of a rare perfection. To be convinced of this, let us look at it in operation.

As soon as anything esculent enters the mouth, it is irretrievably confiscated, with all its juices and gases. The lips prevent it from returning, the teeth take hold of it and crush it, the saliva absorbs it, the tongue mixes it and turns it round, an aspiratory compression forces it towards the gullet, the tongue rises to make it glide down—the sense of smell then taking note of it, and finally it falls into the stomach, to be there subjected to further changes

of form. Yet, during all that operation, there is not a single portion, drop, or atom, that has escaped the testing and appreciating power of the organ.

Another result of that organic perfection is that epicurism, or the art of Good Living, belongs to man exclusively. By a sort of contagion, however, it is transferred to those animals which are appropriated to man's use and, in a certain sense, become his companions; such as the dog, the cat, the elephant and even the parrot.

If some animals have the tongue larger, the palate more developed, and the gullet wider, it cannot be therefore inferred by any rules of sound logic that their sense of taste is more perfect; the tongue is larger because it has to act as a muscle to move large weights, the palate to press, and the gullet to swallow, larger portions. Besides, since taste should be judged by the perceptions it gives rise to, as already explained, any impression received by animals cannot be compared with that experienced by man; the latter is of greater clearness and precision, and must therefore be of greater excellence.

In a word, is it possible to desire any improvement in a faculty so refined that among the ancient Romans the epicures were wont, by taste alone, to tell if a fish had been caught above or below bridge?

Do we not see some of our own time who, in eating a partridge, can tell by its flavour which leg it has slept upon? And have we not amongst us connoisseurs who can tell under what latitude a wine has ripened, with as great a certainty as a disciple of Biot or Arago can predict an eclipse?

What, then, is the inference? That we must render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, by proclaiming man the epicure of nature; and that we must not wonder that, like Homer, the worthy Doctor Gall sometimes nods:

—— aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

Method of the author.

Up to the present point we have been investigating the sense of taste only with reference to its physical constitution, and, unless in giving some anatomical details which few readers will object to, have kept to the level of strict science. But the task imposed on us does not end here, since it is from its history in a moral point of view that this restoring sense derives its importance and its glory. We have therefore arranged in logical order the body of theories and facts of which that history is composed, with the view of being instructive without being tiresome.

Thus, in the chapters about to follow, we shall show how, by dint of repetition and reflection the

sensations of taste have perfected their organ, and extended the sphere of its powers; how the desire for food, at first a mere instinct, has become a prevailing passion which has a marked influence on all that relates to our social life. We shall trace the operations of chemistry up to the moment when, entering our laboratories underground, she throws light upon our food-preparation, lays down principles, devises methods, and unveils the causes of what formerly lay hid in mystery.

In short, we shall see how, by the combined influence of time and experience, there has appeared all at once a new science, which nourishes, restores, and preserves man, advises and consoles him, and, not satisfied with strewing flowers along his path with an ample hand, also increases powerfully the might and prosperity of empires.

If, in the midst of such weighty disquisitions, a pointed or humorous story, a pleasant recollection, or some adventure from a life of many ups and downs should be on the tip of the pen, we shall let it drop, in order to relieve for a moment the attention of our readers. For their number does not alarm us: we are fond, on the contrary, of having a chat with them; being certain that, if they are men, they are as indulgent as they are well-informed, and if ladies, that they cannot help being charming.

III.

ON GASTRONOMY.

Origin of the sciences.

UNLIKE Minerva, who issued from the brain of Jupiter in full armour, the sciences are the daughters of Time, being matured imperceptibly; at first, by an accumulation of methods which experience has pointed out, and afterwards by the discovery of the laws derived from the combination of those methods.

Thus, the first old men who, on account of their discretion, were sent for to visit invalids, or whom pity urged to bind up wounds, were also the first physicians.

The Egyptian shepherds, who observed that after a period of time certain stars were to be found in a certain part of the heavens, were the first astronomers. He who first expressed by symbols the simple proposition, "two and two make four," created mathematics, that science of such power that it has actually raised men to the throne of the universe.

During the course of the last sixty years, several new sciences have taken rank amongst the various

branches of knowledge; for example, stereotomy,* descriptive geometry, and the chemistry of gaseous bodies. All the sciences, being developed through countless generations, will improve more and more with the greater certainty that, by the art of printing, they are for ever freed from the danger of retrograding. Thus, to mention only one instance, who can tell if, by a chemical knowledge of gaseous bodies, man may not obtain the mastery over those elements, now so refractory, and, by mixing and combining them in ways and proportions hitherto unattempted, obtain substances and results which will greatly extend the limits of his powers?

Origin of gastronomy.

Amongst the sciences, Gastronomy presented herself in her turn, and all her sisters came near to show respect. What, indeed, could be refused to the science which sustains us from the cradle to the grave, which enhances the pleasure of love and the intimacy of friendship, which disarms hatred, makes business easier, and affords us, during the short voyage of our lives, the only enjoyments that both relieve us from all fatigue and themselves entail none?

There is no doubt that, so long as cookery was

* In the older French mathematical books, the term "stereometry" corresponds to our solid geometry; and thus "stereotomy" relates to the sections of solids, including, of course, the conic sections.

trusted exclusively to hired servants, the mysteries of the craft confined to the lower regions, and nothing but books of directions written on the subject, the results were those of a mere art. At last, however, though perhaps too late, men of science no longer kept aloof. They examined, analysed, and classified the alimentary substances, and reduced them to their simpler constituents. They fathomed the mysteries of assimilation, and tracing inert matter through its changes of form, saw how it became endowed with life. They have studied food in its effects, whether momentary or permanent, for days, for months, or even for a whole lifetime. They have estimated even its influence upon the faculty of thought, whether the soul receives impressions from the senses, or can perceive without the concurrence of those organs. Finally, as the result of all these labours, they have formed a grand generalization, embracing all mankind, and all matter that is capable of assimilation.

Whilst the men of science were thus employed in the study, the man of fashion began to exclaim that the science by which we are kept in life must surely be worth more than that which teaches men to kill each other. Poets began to sing the pleasures of the table; and books on good cheer displayed greater insight and more comprehensive truths.

Such were the circumstances preceding the advent of gastronomy.

Gastronomy is the scientific knowledge of all that relates to man as an eater. Its aim is, by means of the best possible food, to watch over the preservation of mankind, and it attains that end by laying down certain principles to direct in the search, supply, or preparation of alimentary substances. Its definition.

Thus to it, as the efficient cause, we must ascribe the labours of farmers, vine-growers, fishermen, huntsmen, and especially of cooks of every degree, whatever be the title or qualification under which they may disguise their occupation of preparing food.

Gastronomy is related to natural history, by its classification of alimentary substances; to physics, by its investigation into their composition and properties; to chemistry, by the different forms of analysis and decomposition which it makes them undergo; to cookery, by the art of dressing dishes, and rendering them agreeable to the taste; to commerce and political economy, by seeking to buy and sell most advantageously, as well as by the returns which it brings into the public treasury, and the barter which it establishes between different nations.

Gastronomy rules every moment of our lives: for the first cry of the new-born child is a call for

the nurse's breast, and the dying man swallows still with some pleasure the last potion, which, alas! he will never digest.

It has to do, also, with every class of society. It presides at the banquets of assembled kings, and also counts the minutes necessary for properly boiling an egg.

The material subject which gastronomy treats of is everything that can be eaten; its immediate object is the preservation of the individual; and the means by which it effects its purpose are cultivation to produce, commerce to exchange, industry to prepare, and experience to discover how everything can be best turned to account.

Various objects of the science.

Gastronomy considers the sense of taste in its pleasures as well as in its pains; it has discovered the various degrees of its susceptibility as a sensation, regulating their action, and fixing limits which a man of self-respect must never overstep.

It also considers how food may influence the moral nature of man, his imagination, his mind, his reason, his courage and his perceptions, whether awake or asleep, whether in action or repose.

It is gastronomy which determines precisely when each article of food is fit for use, for all are not presentable in the same circumstances. Some

should be taken before being fully developed—as capers, asparagus, sucking-pigs, pigeons, and other animals eaten young; others, at the moment of perfect development—as melons, fruit in general, the sheep, the ox, and all animals eaten when full grown; others again, even when decomposition has set in—as medlars, woodcocks, and, above all, the pheasant; others again, after some hurtful quality has, by the cook's art, been removed—as the potato, tapioca, and so forth.

It is gastronomy, moreover, that by classifying those substances according to their various qualities, shows which should go together; and from a comparison of their properties as esculents, distinguishes those which should form the basis of a repast from mere accessories, as well as from others which, though by no means indispensable, yet fill up the time agreeably, and assist the after-dinner chat.

With regard to what we drink at table, gastronomy is equally interested, classifying according to age, country, and climate. It teaches how the wines are prepared and kept, but especially how to put them on the table in such an order as to produce for the guests an enjoyment constantly increasing up to the point where pleasure ends and abuse begins.

Another duty of gastronomy is to pass men and things under review, with the view of conveying from country to country all that deserves being known. Thus a skilfully arranged banquet shows you the world in miniature, every part having some representative.

Advantages of the knowledge of gastronomy.

Some knowledge of gastronomy is needed by all men, since it tends to increase the allotted sum of human happiness; and the more easy a man's circumstances, the more advantages does he gain from such knowledge; so much so, that it is indispensable to all who have a large income and receive much company—whether they do so to play a part, to please themselves, or to be in the fashion. There is this special advantage, that they must personally have some share in the arrangements of the table, and in superintending or giving directions to those entrusted with the management and preparation.

The Prince of Soubise, wishing one day to celebrate a fête, which was to finish off with a supper, gave orders that the bill of fare should be shown him beforehand. Next morning, at his *levée*, the steward made his appearance with the document handsomely ornamented, and the first item which caught the eye of the Prince was, "fifty hams." "Hullo, Bertrand!" said he; "you must be

out of your senses! Fifty hams! do you intend feasting all my soldiers?" "No, your highness; one only will appear on the table, but the others are equally necessary for my *espagnole*,* my *blonds*, my 'trimmings,' my——" "Bertrand, you are robbing me, and I can't let this item pass!" "Ah, monseigneur," said the artiste, scarcely able to restrain his anger, "you don't know our resources. Give the order, and those fifty hams which annoy you, I shall put them into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb."

What reply could be made to an assertion so positive? The Prince smiled, nodded assent, and so the item passed.

Influence of this art upon business.

It is well known that among nations of primitive habits, any business of importance is accompanied by a feast, and that it is during banquets that savages decide upon war or make peace. But, not to leave our own country, we see country people making their bargains at the public-house.

* An *espagnole*, according to Littré, is an extremely concentrated juice or gravy used to make sauces.

This same Prince de Soubise (like Béchameil, the *maître d'hôtel* of Louis the Magnificent, and Robert, one of the Parisian gastronomic masters) is as "surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as the name of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay." Our author has a reference to it in the Varieties at the end of this work.

That fact has been taken notice of by some who frequently deal with matters of the highest interest. They saw that a man with a good bellyful was very different from a fasting man; that the table formed a sort of common ground between hosts and guests, rendering the latter more susceptible to certain impressions and influences. Hence arose political gastronomy, by which banquets become a means of government, and frequently decide the fate of nations.

The previous observation is by no means a novelty, much less a paradox. Open any historian, from Herodotus to the most recent, and you will see how it was always at banquets that great events of every kind, including even conspiracies, have been first thought of, planned and determined upon.

Academy of Gastronomy.

Such, roughly sketched, is the domain of gastronomy—a domain rich in results of every kind, and which cannot but extend with the labours and discoveries of science. Nay, in a few years, gastronomy must have its academicians, its courses of study, its professors and its prizes.

First of all, some enthusiastic and wealthy gastronome will hold periodical meetings at his house, where men learned in the theory will join others skilled in the art, in order to discuss and investi-

gate all the details of alimentary science. Thereupon, as in the history of all the academies, government will take the matter up, and by organizing, protecting, and establishing the institution, make some compensation to the nation for so many children orphaned by the cannon, and for the tears of so many wives and mothers. Happy the man of influence whose name is to be associated with that important foundation!—a name to be repeated from age to age, with those of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and the other benefactors of our race; he will be amongst the ministers of France what good king Henry the Béarnais is amongst its kings; and, without any 'statute to that end made and provided,' his praise will be in every *mouth*.

IV.

ON THE APPETITE.

In the living body, life and motion give rise to a constant loss of substance, and the human frame, that complicated machine, would speedily become useless, had not Providence placed within it a moving force to give warning when its powers and its wants are unequally balanced. The definition.

This monitor is the appetite, by which we mean the first feeling of a desire to eat. Appetite announces itself by a slight sensation of languor in the stomach, and general fatigue. The mind, at the same time, is occupied with ideas analogous to its wants; the memory recalls things which pleased the taste; the imagination seems actually to see them—the whole state being a sort of dream, yet not devoid of a certain charm. We have a thousand times heard skilled gastronomes exclaim, in the joy of their hearts, "What a pleasure it is to have a good appetite, when one is certain of soon having an excellent dinner!"

Soon, however, the whole alimentary system shares in the commotion; the stomach feels strongly; the gastric juices and gases become active; the mouth fills with juices, and all the digestive powers are in arms, like soldiers ready for action, waiting only for the word of command.

These various states, in all stages, can be seen in any drawing-room where the guests are kept waiting for dinner. So inherent, indeed, are they in man's nature, that their symptoms cannot be disguised by the most refined politeness. Hence, I have gathered the maxim that, *Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.*

To support this grave apophthegm, I shall relate what I have myself seen at a dinner party,

Quorum pars magna fui,

where my amusement as an observer saved me from much of the anguish which others underwent.

Anecdote to illustrate.

One day I received an invitation to dine with a high public functionary, and at the appointed moment, half-past five, everybody had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded those who were late. I was struck, on my arrival, by the air of consternation that seemed to reign amongst the company: they whispered to each other; they looked out into the courtyard; some faces indicated stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly happened.

Going up to one of the guests, whom I thought most likely to satisfy my curiosity, I asked him what the matter was.

"Alas!" replied he, in a tone of the deepest sorrow, "monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he is only starting, and who knows when he will be back?"

"Is that all?" said I, with an air of carelessness very different from my real feelings; "it is only a matter of a quarter of an hour—some information which they require: it is well known that an official

dinner is given here to-day, and they can't intend to make us fast." I spoke thus, though my real sentiments were those of anxiety, and I would fain have been somewhere else.

We got over the first hour pretty well. Men who had interests in common sat together; every commonplace topic was exhausted; and some amused themselves with conjectures as to the reason of our favourite Amphitryon being summoned to the Tuileries.

At the second hour, you could perceive symptoms of impatience; each looked anxiously at his neighbour, and the first to utter complaint were three or four guests who had not found seats, and were therefore in a rather uncomfortable position for waiting.

At the third hour, the dissatisfaction became general, and everybody grumbled. "When will he come back?" said one. "What does he mean?" said another. "It will be the death of some of us," said a third.

At the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated: some stretched their arms at the risk of knocking out their neighbours' eyes; there was yawning not only seen but heard all over the room; every face showed marks of intensified feeling. Nobody listened to me when I ventured to say that

he whose absence made us wretched was no doubt the most wretched of all.

Our attention was for a moment diverted by an apparition. One of the guests, better acquainted with the house than the rest of us, had found his way to the kitchens, and now returned breathless. His face announced that the end of the world was at hand, as, in an inarticulate voice, and with that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of speaking loud and the desire to be heard, he exclaimed, "Monseigneur left the house without giving any orders, and however long his absence be, dinner will not be served till his return."

He spoke, and the alarm which his speech occasioned will not be exceeded by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all those martyrs, the most miserable was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* well known in Paris; he suffered in

* Aigrefeuille was an intimate friend and companion of Cambacérès, the leading statesman under Napoleon, at whose house, therefore, this incident must be assumed to have occurred. So important were the dinners at the Arch-Chancellor's, that the Emperor is said to have generally expressed his satisfaction with a conference of diplomatists and plenipotentiaries by the formula, "Go and dine with Cambacérès."

A bond of connection between Cambacérès and our author may have been their legal training and knowledge. It was for his talent as a lawyer that Napoleon made him Second Consul, and afterwards head of the commission who drew up the famous *Code Napoleon*—perhaps the most valuable monument of his administration.

every part of his body, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, wild-looking, seeing nothing, he had assumed a crouching position in an easy-chair, with his little hands crossed upon his large belly, and his eyes closed, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death.

It came not, however. About ten o'clock, a carriage was heard in the court-yard. Everybody rose up by a spontaneous movement. Gaiety took the place of dejection, and in five minutes we were at table.

But the time of appetite was past. The guests had an air of wonder at so unseasonable a dinner: their jaws had none of that isochronous action which indicates regular work; and in the case of several of the guests, I know that the dinner did much more harm than good.

In cases of that sort, the proper course to pursue is to eat nothing at all immediately after the forced abstinence, but to swallow a glass of some light drink, or a small basin of soup, in order to soothe the stomach; and then wait about ten or twelve minutes. Unless you do so, the irritated organ will be oppressed by the weight of food with which you are certain to overload it.

On great appetites.

When, in books referring to more primitive ages, we see the preparations made

for two or three guests, and the huge portions served to each, we are compelled to believe that during the infancy of the world men were endowed with greater appetites. According to the dignity of the personage, his appetite was considered to increase in a fixed proportion; and he who was served with a whole baron of five-year-old beef, had no choice but to drink from a goblet such as he could scarcely lift.

More recently, also, there have appeared some as a testimony of what was possible long ago; and there are many examples on record of a voracity almost incredible, and sometimes, indeed, including the most unlikely objects. Sparing my readers any such details, I prefer to relate two actual instances from my own experience, which do not require on their part any great effort of faith.

Some forty years ago, I went to pay a flying visit to the vicar of Bregnier, a man of great stature, and known throughout the district for his power of eating. Though scarcely midday, I found him already at table; the soup had been removed, as well as the meat boiled in it, and these two regular dishes had been followed by a leg of mutton *à la Royale*, a fine capon, and a large bowl of salad.

On seeing me, he ordered another knife and fork, which I declined; and it was well I did so, for alone,

and without any assistance, he quite easily got rid of everything, leaving of the mutton nothing but the bone, of the capon nothing but the skeleton, and of the salad nothing but the bowl. Next they brought a cheese of considerable size, and in it he made an angular breach of ninety degrees; the whole being washed down with a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, he then went to have his forty winks.

One thing which delighted me was, that during the whole of this performance, lasting nearly three quarters of an hour, the venerable pastor did not at all seem too much engrossed in his work. The huge pieces which he threw into his capacious mouth prevented him neither from talking nor laughing, and he despatched all that was put before him with as little effort as if he had only eaten a couple of larks.

In the same way General Bisson, who drank eight bottles of wine every day at breakfast, never seemed to be doing anything of the sort. His glass was larger than the others, and he emptied it oftener; but you would have said that he did it without any effort, and, whilst thus imbibing his sixteen pints, he could as freely join in pleasant chat or give his orders as if he had only drunk a single bottle.

That second instance reminds me of my fellow-townsman, the gallant General Sibuet, who was long chief *aide-de-camp* of Massena, and died on the field of honour at the passage of the Bober in 1813. At the age of eighteen, Prosper had that happy appetite by which Nature announces her intention of completing a well-developed man, when one evening he entered Genin's dining-rooms, where the worthies of the place usually met to eat chestnuts over a bottle of the white wine there called "cross-grain."

A superb turkey had just been taken off the spit, a fine bird, handsome, golden, done to a turn, and scenting the room enough to tempt a saint. The village worthies, not being hungry, took very little notice of it; but the digestive powers of young Prosper were stirred within him, and with his mouth watering, he cried, "I have only just had dinner, yet I'll lay a bet to eat that big turkey all by myself."

"Done!" replied Bouvier du Bouchet, a stout farmer who happened to be in the room; "if you'll eat it, I'll pay for you; but if you come to a halt, then you'll pay and I'll eat the rest."

Instantly setting to work, the young athlete detached a wing skilfully and swallowed it in two mouthfuls: then kept his teeth in play, whilst

taking a glass of wine as an interlude, by crunching the neck of the fowl. Next he attacked the thigh, and after eating it with the same self-possession, took a second glass of wine to clear the way for the remainder. Very soon the second wing went the same road, and on its disappearance, the performer, as keen as ever, was taking hold of the only remaining limb, when the unfortunate farmer shouted, in a doleful tone, "Ah! I see very well you'll win; but as I have to pay, leave me at least a small bit to myself."*

Prosper was as good-natured as he afterwards showed himself courageous, and not only consented to his opponent's request, who thus had for his share the carcase of the fowl, still in excellent condition, but paid cheerfully both for the turkey and the necessary accompaniments.

General Sibuet was very fond of quoting this youthful exploit, and used to say that it was merely out of courtesy that he took the farmer into partnership, declaring that without his assistance

* As the farmer speaks in a frightful patois, somewhat resembling our Somerset, dashed with a few words of, say, Welsh, Savarin takes occasion to boast good-naturedly that the specimen proves not only that *th* is pronounced in France as well as by the English and the Greeks (he might have added the Spanish), but that in such words as *praou* there is heard a diphthong which exists in no language, and can be represented by no known characters.

he felt himself perfectly able to gain the wager. His appetite at forty moreover, amply proved the truth of his assertion.

V.

ON FOOD.

WHAT is meant by food? The popular meaning is, whatever yields us nourishment; the scientific, any substance which, on being submitted to the action of the stomach, becomes assimilated by digestion, and repairs the losses which, from vital use and action, the human body suffers. Thus, the distinctive quality of food is that it can be assimilated by an animal. Its definition.

It is from the animal and vegetable kingdoms only that man has hitherto derived his food. Minerals have as yet yielded only medicines and poisons.

Since analytical chemistry was classed among the real sciences, great advances have been made in gaining insight into the constituent elements of the human body, as compared with those of the substances evidently intended by nature to repair its losses. Between these two branches of study there must be a close analogy, Chemical analysis.

since man's body is in a great measure made up of the same elements as the animals he feeds upon, and in vegetables we must look for the affinities which render them capable of assimilation by animals.

I had some intention of here inserting a short treatise on the chemistry of foods, and showing my readers into how many thousandths of carbon, hydrogen, etc., we could reduce them and the dishes on which they feed; but I have refrained, on reflecting that such a task would merely be equivalent to making a copy of the excellent chemical treatises which are already in everybody's hand. Moreover, I was afraid of becoming involved in dry details, and have accordingly limited myself to the use of systematic terms—except, here and there, where some chemical results are stated in words less bristling and more intelligible.

Osmazome.

The greatest service which chemistry has rendered to alimentary science is the discovery, or exact definition, rather, of osmazome.

Osmazome is that specially sapid part of meat which is soluble in cold water, and therefore to be distinguished from the "essence," which is soluble only in boiling water. It is osmazome which constitutes the real merit of good soups; which, passing into a state resembling caramel, gives meat its reddish tinge; which forms the crisp brown on roasts;

and which yields a flavour to venison and game. Osmazome is derived principally from full grown animals, with reddish or dark flesh, such as some call fully formed; and it is scarcely ever found in veal, sucking-pigs, pullets, or even the best fed capons. This explains, by the way, why your real connoisseur has always, in poultry, preferred the inner thigh; his taste had instinctively anticipated science.

By a similar unconscious anticipation of this discovery, we can explain the dismissal of so many cooks for having abstracted the first soups; the reputation of the "soupes de primes"; the use of a bason of broth as a restorative after bathing; and Canon Chevrier's invention of having a padlock on the stock-pot. It was this canon, by the by, who never had spinach served up on a Friday unless it had been cooked on the Sunday, and daily replaced on the fire with a new addition of fresh butter.

It was also in order to prevent any waste of this substance, though yet unknown, that the maxim arose: To make good soup, the pot must only simmer —"smile," as the phrase is; and a remarkable phrase it is, too, considering its origin.

Thus osmazome, discovered after having so long been a source of delight to our forefathers, resembles

alcohol, with which many generations had become tipsy before distillation brought it to light. After osmazome comes the product obtained by treating meat with boiling water, and generally termed the extract or essence; when combined with osmazome, it forms the juice, or gravy.

Of what food is composed.

Fibre is what composes the flesh tissue, and is seen in cooked meat. It can resist boiling water, preserving its form, although deprived of some enveloping substances. To carve well, the blade of the knife should be at right angles to the fibre, because thus the meat not only looks better, but tastes better, and is more easily chewed.

Bones consist principally of gelatine and phosphate of lime. The gelatine diminishes as one's age increases, so that at sixty the bones are merely a kind of imperfect marble. Hence their brittleness in old men, and the rule of prudence which warns them to avoid every chance of a fall. Gelatine occurs in the soft parts as well as in bone and cartilage. Its special property is coagulation at the ordinary temperature of the air; as when infused in water, in so small a proportion as two and a half per cent. It forms the basis of every kind of jelly, blanc-mange, and similar preparations.

Albumen is found both in the flesh and the blood.

It coagulates at a lower temperature than 104° Fahrenheit, and forms the scum on soups.

Blood is composed of albuminous serum, fibrine, and a small quantity of gelatine and of osmazome; it coagulates in hot water, so forming that most nourishing article of food, the black-pudding.

All the elementary constituents now passed under review are common to man and the animals on which he feeds. We need not wonder, then, that animal food has eminently restorative and strengthening qualities; for its particles, having already been assimilated, can easily become assimilated anew under the action of our digestive organs.

The vegetable kingdom, nevertheless, is for nutritive purposes quite as productive of varieties and resources.

The vegetable kingdom.

Thus, starch is highly nutritious, being the basis of bread, pastry, and every kind of pea-soup; so forming a large proportion of the food of most nations. By starch is meant the flour got from cereal grains, the different kinds of corn, from leguminous plants and many roots, especially the potato.

It has been remarked that food of this sort weakens the fibre, and even the courage, the Indians being given as an instance, who live almost exclusively upon rice, and have become subject to all who ever tried to conquer them. On the other

hand, upon nearly all the domestic animals starchy food seems to have a strengthening influence, because it is more substantial than their ordinary vegetable food.

Sugar is equally important, both as food and as medicine. Formerly attributed only to the Indies and distant colonies, it has recently been found to be a native of our own country, being traced and discovered in the grape, the turnip, the chestnut, and, more particularly, the beet-root; so that Europe might actually, in this respect, dispense with the services of America and Hindostan. We shall have to speak more fully of this important product in the following chapter.

Whether as a solid, or in its natural state as found in different plants, sugar is extremely nutritious. Animals are fond of it; and the English, who frequently give it to their favourite horses, have observed that thus they can stand better their different trials of exertion. Formerly only sold by apothecaries, it has in modern times given rise to various lucrative occupations, such as confectioners, liqueur-sellers, and other dealers in sweetmeats.

The oils derived from the vegetable kingdom, and used for food, are so used in virtue of the substances with which they are in combination, and should be regarded principally as a seasoning.

Gluten, which is derived more especially from corn, assists powerfully in the fermentation of bread, and some chemists have even assigned to it some property akin to life. In Paris there is a kind of cakes made to contain much gluten, part of the starch being removed by means of water. They are used for children and birds.

Other nutritious products of this kingdom are mucilage, gum, and a sort of gelatine extracted from various fruits, especially apples, gooseberries, quinces, and some others. Jellies of that sort require less sugar than those derived from bones, horns, calves-feet, and fish; and forming a light, pleasant, and wholesome nourishment, are much used both in kitchen and pantry.

How fish and flesh differ.

Excepting the juice, which, as already pointed out, is comprised of osmazome and the essential basis, we find in fish most of the substances noticed in the flesh of land animals, such as fibrine, gelatine, albumen: hence, one can say with reason that the gravy makes all the difference between Lenten fare and an ordinary dinner.

Another characteristic of the fare prescribed in Lent is that it contains a considerable proportion of phosphorus and hydrogen, two very combustible elements. Hence, a fish diet is of a heating quality,

which perhaps explains the reputation formerly enjoyed by certain religious orders who used a regimen quite opposed to the weakest of their vows.

Special illustration.

I shall say no more on this physiological question, except to mention a fact the truth of which can easily be verified.

Some years ago, I went to call at a house in the suburbs of Paris, situated on the banks of the Seine, opposite the island of St. Denis. There was a small hamlet of about eight or ten fishermen's huts, and being amazed at the numbers of children that I saw swarming on the road, I expressed my surprise to the boatman who was rowing me across.

"There are only eight families of us here, sir," said he, "and we have fifty-three children—forty-nine girls and only four boys; and my son there is one of the four." As he spoke, he held up his head proudly, and pointed to a little monkey, five or six years old, who sat at the bows of the boat crunching some raw cray-fish.

This observation, made more than ten years ago, and others that I could easily give, induced me to believe that the genetic properties of a fish diet are due to it as an excitant merely—a doctrine that I maintain all the more stoutly since Doctor Bailly has proved, as the result of observations made for nearly a century, that when in the annual list of

births the number of girls is notably greater than that of the boys, the excess is invariably due to debilitating circumstances. This may also explain some of those staple jokes with which people rally a man when his wife is brought to bed of a daughter.*

Much might still be said on alimentary substances, both generally and in detail; but the preceding will, I trust, suffice for the majority of my readers. The others I refer to the professional treatises, and, meantime, close with a remark of some importance.

In a living organism, we have results quite different from those obtained in abstract chemistry, because the organs intended to produce life and movement exercise a strong influence upon the elementary substances submitted to them. But nature, who takes pleasure in veiling herself, and stopping us at the second or third step, has completely concealed her chemical transformations; and it is really impossible to explain how, given a human body containing lime, sulphur, phosphorus, iron, and a dozen other substances besides, the whole can nevertheless be, for several years, kept up and renewed with nothing but bread and water.

* Some diligent enquiry and discreet consultation of wise matrons have been rewarded by finding a survival of Savarin's saying in our English folk-lore. On the occurrence of the domestic event referred to in the text, some smiling dame Quickly, or a merry nurse like Juliet's, will shrewdly remark that "this time he was not man enough."

VI.

SPECIAL KINDS OF FOOD.

When I began writing, I had the whole plan of the book in my head and the table of contents made out; yet I have advanced but slowly, because my time was partly devoted to graver occupations. In the meantime, accordingly, some parts of the subject have been touched upon by others; elementary works on chemistry and physiology are in everybody's hands, and many things are already popularized which I had hoped to be the first to teach. Hence, on revising what I had written on gastronomic chemistry, I so curtailed it that there only remains a few elementary principles, some theories which cannot be too widely known, and a few observations — the fruit of a lengthened experience, and still, I trust, new to most of my readers.

Soup and broth.

Soup is obtained by extracting the soluble parts from a piece of beef. The water dissolves first a part of the osmazome; then the albumen, which coagulates at about 104° Fahrenheit, and is skimmed off the surface; then the remainder of the osmazome with essential juice, and finally some parts of the fibre.

To have good soup, the water must be heated gently, in order to draw out the albumen before it is coagulated, and the boiling must be almost imperceptible, in order to mix thoroughly and gradually the soluble parts which the meat successively yields. Sometimes vegetables or roots are added to the plain soup to improve the flavour, and macaroni or bread to make it more nourishing: it is then a *potage*, or vegetable soup or broth—a wholesome, light, and nutritious food, suitable for all; not only satisfying, but giving tone to the digestive organs.

It is generally admitted that nowhere is better soup to be had than in France, and in my travels I have seen the truth of the statement confirmed. Nor need the result be wondered at; for, being always a national French dish, it must necessarily have more and more improved by ages of experience.

The beef used in making the soup is healthy, satisfying, and easily enough digested, but does not give much strength, because during the boiling much of the assimilative juices has been lost. In fact, it is a rule of housekeeping that beef loses a half of its weight when boiled in soup. Boiled beef, &c.

All eaters of such a dish we class under four

categories: first, the men of routine, who eat it because their forefathers ate it, and hope, from their implicit submission to the practice, to be also imitated by their children; secondly, impatient guests, who must be doing something at table, and have therefore contracted the habit of throwing themselves without hesitation upon whatever is first laid before them; thirdly, men without discrimination, who, not having received from heaven the sacred fire, look upon dining as a mere task, put all kinds of food on the same level, and at table are like so many oysters on a shelf; fourthly, the gluttons, who, wishing to conceal their capacity for swallowing, throw hurriedly into their stomachs whatever comes first, to serve as a victim to appease the devouring fire within, and form a basis for all that is to be sent the same way.

From regard to his principles, the accomplished gastronome never eats beef cooked in that way—one of his most incontestable maxims being that such a dish is meat without the gravy or principal part.

Poultry in general.

I adhere strongly to the doctrine of second causes, and firmly believe that all the gallinaceous order have been created for the sole purpose of furnishing our larders and enriching our banquets. In fact, from the quail to the turkey, wherever we meet an individual of that numerous

family, we are certain of light, savoury food, suitable to the invalid as well as to the man who enjoys robust health. For is there any man, condemned for a time to hermit's fare by the faculty, who has not smiled with delight to see a neatly carved wing of chicken, announcing his restoration to social life?

We are not satisfied with the qualities which nature has bestowed upon the gallinaceous race; and on the pretext of improving them by art, we have made martyrs of them. They are not only prevented from reproduction, but kept in solitude or darkness, and so stuffed with food as to reach a size which nature never intended.

There is no doubt, however, that the preternatural fat is delicious, and that it is to those blameworthy practices that we owe the delicacy and juiciness of some of our most favourite dishes. Thus improved by art, poultry is for the cook what his canvas is to the painter, or his wonderful hat to the conjuror; we have it served up, boiled, roasted, or fried, hot or cold, whole or in parts, with or without sauce, boned, grilled, or stuffed, and always with the same success.

There are three places in France rivals for the honour of furnishing the best poultry: Caux, Mans, and Bresse. As to capons, there is some doubt in deciding; and that which a man has his fork in must be the best. But as to chickens, the finest are

those from Bresse, which are as round as an apple It is a great pity they are so rare in Paris, where they only arrive when sent with a present of game.

The turkey.

One of the finest presents made by the New World to the Old is the turkey, decidedly. Some of those who wish always to be better informed than their neighbours, tell us that the turkey was known to the Romans, that it was served up at the marriage-feast of Charlemagne, and that therefore it is out of the question to give the Jesuits the credit of this savoury importation.

To meet those paradoxes, there were two objections: first, the name "Coq-d'Inde," or "dindon," which is a proof of its origin, since formerly, America was called the "West Indies;" second, its shape, which is evidently quite foreign. No man able to judge could be mistaken as to the fact; yet, though thoroughly convinced, I have made considerable researches on the matter, and now present the reader with the results, as follows:—

The turkey first appeared in Europe towards the end of the seventeenth century. Second, it was imported by the Jesuits, who reared them in great numbers, and especially at a farm belonging to them in the suburbs of Bourges. Third, they spread thence by degrees over the whole of France, and in many places the popular term for a turkey was, and to some

extent is, a "jesuit." Fourth, America is the only place where the wild turkey has been found. Fifth, on the North American farms, where it is very common, it is got, either by taking the eggs and getting them hatched, or by catching the young birds in the woods and taming them; one result of which is, that they more nearly resemble the wild turkey.

Convinced by these proofs, I retain a double feeling of gratitude to those holy fathers; for they also imported cinchona—the "Jesuit's bark" of the English.

By the same researches, I find that the turkey is gradually becoming acclimatized in France. Intelligent observers tell us that, in the middle of the last century, out of twenty that were hatched, scarcely ten came to maturity, whereas now the result gives fifteen. Storms of rain are especially fatal to them; the large drops frequently causing death by striking on their tender and undefended heads.

Who like turkey.

The turkey is the largest of our domestic fowls, and if not the finest, is the most savoury. Moreover, people of all classes unite to honour the turkey. When, in the long winter evenings, our wine-growers and farmers wish to regale themselves, what is seen roasting at the hot fire in the kitchen, where the cloth is laid? A tur-

key. When the artisan or workman invites several friends, that they may together enjoy one of the holidays, so much prized, because so rare—what is the dish which, as a matter of course, he gives them at dinner? A turkey, stuffed with sausages and chestnuts. And in circles of the highest reputation in gastronomy, in select companies, where even politics must give place to discussions on the art of good living, what is expected and looked for? what do you always see at the second course? Why, a turkey done with truffles. And in my "Memoirs as a Public Man," it is noted how more than once its restoring juices have lighted up the faces of distinguished diplomatists.

Its influence on the money market.

The importation of turkeys has given rise to a considerable trade, and occasioned some increase to the public revenue. With reference to truffled turkeys only, I have reason to believe that in Paris alone, from the beginning of November to the end of February, there is a daily consumption of three hundred; which altogether amounts to about £28,300, a very handsome sum to put in circulation. To that should be added a similar sum for the fowls, pheasants, chickens and partridges, which we see every day displayed in the shops, torturing every beholder who is too short of cash to reach them.

During my stay at Hartford in Connecticut, I had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey. That exploit deserves to be handed down to posterity, and I shall tell it all the more complacently that I am myself the hero. A personal exploit.

An old American farmer, who lived in the backwoods, invited me to a day's shooting, promising me partridges, grey squirrels, and wild turkeys. He told me, also, if I liked, to bring a friend or two with me.

Accordingly, on a fine October day in 1794, we set out, my friend King and I, mounted on hacks, in the hope of reaching, about dusk, Mr. Bulow's farm, situated about fifteen mortal miles from Hartford. King was a sportsman of rather a peculiar sort; for, although passionately fond of the exercise, he had no sooner killed a bird or beast, than he looked upon himself as a murderer, and made moral and elegiac reflections on the fate of the defunct. This, however, did not prevent him from beginning again.

Though the road was a mere track, we arrived safely, and were received with that hearty unobtrusive hospitality which is shown by acts: every one of us, men, horses, and dogs, being in a couple of minutes examined, kindly treated, and comfortably lodged.

It took us about two hours to inspect the farm and

its dependencies; and I should willingly describe it all, did I not prefer to show the reader Mr. Bulow's daughters, four buxom lasses, for whom our arrival was a great event. Their age was from sixteen to twenty; they were radiant with freshness and health, and, in all their manners and movements, so simple, lithe, and easy, that even the most ordinary action lent them a thousand charms.

Soon after our walk over the farm, we sat down to a table, which was abundantly supplied. There was a superb joint of corned beef, a stewed goose, and a magnificent haunch of mutton, with vegetables of all kinds, and at each end of the table two huge jugs of excellent cider, of which I never tired drinking. After showing our host that, in appetite at least, we were genuine sportsmen, he turned his attention to the object of our journey, indicating the best places to find game, the land-marks by which we should find our way back, and especially the farms where we could obtain refreshments. The ladies having in the mean time made ready some excellent tea, we drank two or three cups of it, and were then shown to a double-bedded room, where we slept luxuriously after our exercise and good cheer.

Next morning we started for the chase, though not very early, and after reaching the limits of the clearings made by Mr. Bulow, I found myself

for the first time in a virgin forest, where the axe had never yet resounded. It was delicious to walk through it, noting the good and the evil wrought by Time, the creator and destroyer; and I amused myself in tracing all the various phases of an oak's existence, from the moment it springs out of the earth with two leaves, to that when all that remains of it is a long dark line—the dust of its heart.

After being scolded by King for letting my brains go a wool-gathering, we began our sport. First we killed several of those pretty little gray partridges which are so plump and tender; next we brought down six or seven gray squirrels, much thought of in that country; and finally, our lucky star led us into the midst of a flock of turkeys. They rose up each a short time after another, flying with a quick, noisy flap of the wings, and screaming loudly.

King fired at the first turkey and then gave chase. The others were out of shot, when the only remaining straggler rose at ten yards' distance; I took aim as he crossed a clearing, and the bird fell dead.

To understand my extreme delight at this fine shot, you must be a sportsman. I laid hold upon the noble bird, and was turning it on every side, when I heard King shouting for assistance. I ran

to the place, and found that all he wanted was to assist him in finding a turkey which he declared he had killed, although nowhere to be found. I set my dog on the search; but he led us into thickets so close and thorny that a snake could not have gone through, and we had to give it up as a bad job—a result which by no means improved my companion's temper during the rest of our sport.

Nothing of importance followed, unless that, on our way back, we lost ourselves in those illimitable woods, and ran a great risk of having to spend the night there, had it not been for the bass voice of Mr. Bulow, mixed with the silvery voices of his daughters. They had come to meet us, and thus got us out of our difficulty.

The four sisters were fully equipped with fresh dresses, new sashes, pretty hats and dainty boots, all of which showed they had taken some pains on our account; and for my part, I wished to be as amiable as possible to the one who took my arm, which she did with the air of having quite a wife's right to do so.

On arriving at the farm, we found supper on the table. Before sitting down, however, we enjoyed for a minute or two the cheerful blaze of a fire which had been lighted to refresh us—a custom

derived, I believe, from the Indians, who have always a fire in their cabins. Or it may be a tradition from St. Francis de Sales, who used to say that a fire is a good thing for twelve months of the year; an opinion, however, to which I do not subscribe.

After eating as if we had been famished, an ample bowl of punch was brought to assist in finishing off the evening, and the conversation of our host, who talked much more unreservedly and at his ease than on the previous evening, led us far into the night. We spoke of the War of Independence, in which Mr. Bulow had served as a superior officer; of Lafayette, whom the Americans always call "the Marquis," and whose memory they regard with an ever-increasing respect; of agriculture, then greatly enriching the United States; and, finally, of my own dear France, which I then loved all the more from being compelled to leave it.

From time to time, Mr. Bulow would, as an interlude, ask his eldest daughter, Maria, to give us a song. Without being pressed, though not without a charming hesitation, she sang us the national "Yankee Doodle," the "Lament of Queen Mary," and one on Major André—all popular in that part of the country. Maria had been taught music, and was considered quite accomplished; but the great

charm in her singing was the tone of her voice, at once sweet, unaffected, and clear.

Next morning we started, though pressed kindly to stay; but, as they were getting the horses ready, Mr. Bulow took me aside and made the following remarkable observations:—

"In me you see a happy man, if there is one on earth. All that surrounds you, or that you have seen in my house, is produced on the farm; these stockings were knitted by my daughters; my shoes and clothes come from my flocks, which, with my garden and farmyard, also supply plain and substantial food. Moreover, it is to the honour of our government that in Connecticut there are thousands of farmers quite as well off as myself, and not one of them, any more than myself, ever locks his doors. We have scarcely any taxes, or anything else to disturb our peace of mind. Congress assists the growth of our industries in every possible way; we have agents from every quarter to rid us of whatever we have to sell; and at the present moment, for example, I have sufficient money in hand for a long time, having just sold at twenty four dollars the wheat which I usually give for eight. All these advantages are due to the liberty which we have gained by arms and founded on good laws. I am master here; and you will not be astonished to

know that we never hear the sound of the drum, and unless on the fourth of July, the glorious anniversary of our independence, never see either soldiers, uniforms, or bayonets."

Throughout the whole time of our return from the farm I was absorbed in deep thought, not, however, about Mr. Bulow's concluding speech, but something very different. I was thinking how I should get my turkey cooked, being afraid, for one thing, that I could not find everything at Hartford that was necessary to display my *spolia opima* to advantage, and so raise a trophy of my skill.

It costs me a painful effort to suppress the details of my exertions, as *artiste*, to give to my American guests a dinner in good style. Suffice it to say that the wings of the partridges were served up *en papillote*, and the gray squirrels stewed in Madeira. As for the turkey, which was the only roast we had, it was tempting to look upon, delightful to smell, and delicious to taste; and so, up to the disappearance of the very last morsel, you could hear, all round the table, "Very good!"—"Excellent!"—"My dear sir, what a glorious bit!" *

* 'The flesh of the wild turkey has more colour and flavour than that of the domestic turkey. M. Bosc tells me that he has shot some in Carolina much finer than those we have in Europe, and he advises all rearers of turkeys to give them as much liberty as possible, take them out into the fields and even the woods, in order to heighten their flavour and bring them nearer the primitive species.'

On game.

The term game is applied to those animals, good for food, which live in the woods and fields in a state of nature. We say "good for food," in order to exclude such animals as the fox, the badger, the raven, the wild goose, the owl, and so forth.

We classify game in three divisions. First, all the small birds, from the thrush downwards. The second includes the corn-crake, the snipe, partridge, pheasant, hares and rabbits—game properly so-called, on lands or marshes, with down or feathers. The third is generally known as venison; to wit, the wild boar, deer, roebuck, and others analogous.

Game is a principal luxury at the dinner-table; it is wholesome, heating, well-tasted and flavoured, and easy of digestion to young stomachs. Many of those qualities, however, are due in a great measure to the skill of the cook. Throw into a pot of water some salt and a piece of beef, and you have presently soup and a dish of boiled meat. Instead of beef put venison—you will have but poor fare; from this point of view, butcher's meat has the advantage. Under the directions of a skilful cook, however, game is scientifically modified and transformed in very many ways, furnishing most of the highly flavoured dishes which are the chief boast of gastronomic art.

Game also owes much of its quality to the nature of the ground it is fed on. The red partridge of Perigord tastes differently from that of Sologne; and whilst a hare killed in the neighbourhood of Paris seems but a poor dish, a leveret from the sun-burnt slopes of Valromey or the highlands of Dauphiné might be pronounced the finest flavoured of all quadrupeds.

Amongst small birds, the first in order of excellence is, without contradiction, the fig-pecker. He fattens quite as much as the redbreast or the ortolan, and nature has endowed him with so exquisite a combination of a slightly bitter tang and a very choice flavour, that all parts of the gustatory organs are brought into play, fully occupied, and beatified. If the fig-peckers were as big as pheasants, they would certainly cost as much apiece as an acre of land.*

* 'When I was a boy, the people of Belley used to speak of a Jesuit brother Fabi, and his special predilection for the fig-peckers. As soon as they were cried in the street, some one would say, "There are the fig-peckers; Father Fabi will be here presently." And, sure enough, he never failed to arrive with a friend on the first of September.

'So long as he was in France, he never omitted this ornithophilic visit, which was only interrupted when he was sent to Rome, where he died a penitentiary in 1788. He was a man of learning, and wrote several works on theology and physics, trying to prove, in one of them, that he had discovered the circulation of the blood before, or at least as soon as, Harvey.'

Among small birds, the English *wheatear* might, as a delicacy,

Few people know how to eat small birds. The following is the proper mode, as confided to me by Canon Charcot, a professional gastronome of the first order thirty years before the word was known. Taking the plump little bird by the beak, sprinkle a little salt over him, pull out the gullet, pop him cleverly into your mouth, and biting him off close to the fingers, chew with all your might; you will immediately have juice enough to flood the palate, and you will taste a pleasure unknown to the uninitiated—

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.—Hor.

Of all kinds of game, properly so-called, the quail is perhaps the chief favourite, giving pleasure not only by taste, but by its form and colour. Only ignorance can excuse those who serve it up otherwise than roasted or *en papillotes*, because its flavour is so easily lost, that if the animal is plunged in any liquid it evaporates and disappears.

The woodcock is also a bird well deserving notice, but few know all its good points. It should be roasted under the eye of a sportsman, especially the sportsman who has killed it.

vie with the French *becfigue*. A Scotch officer was dining with the late Lord George Lennox, when commandant at Portsmouth, and, being placed near a dish of wheatears, they began to disappear with great rapidity. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his attention to another dish. "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply; "these wee birdies will do very well."

Above the preceding, and indeed, above all, must be placed the pheasant; but only few mortals can have it served up to perfection. Eaten within a week after being killed, pheasants are inferior to both partridges and chickens, for their merit consists in the aroma, in virtue of which a pheasant, taken at the proper stage, becomes a morsel worthy of any gastronome of the foremost reputation in the art.

Later on I shall show how to roast a pheasant *a la sainte alliance;* for the time is now come when that method should, for the happiness of mankind, be known far and wide.

On fish.

It has been maintained, by some men of great learning but little orthodoxy, that the ocean has been the common cradle of every living thing, and that even the human race is derived from it, their present state being due to the new element, air, and the new habits which it gave occasion for. However this may be, it is certain that the watery empire contains an immense number of beings of every form and size, with vital qualities in very different proportions.

Fish, being less nourishing than meat, and more succulent than vegetables, forms a "middle term," suitable to nearly every temperament, and may be allowed even to convalescents.

The Greeks and Romans, though not so advanced in the art of preparing fish, held it nevertheless in great repute, and pushed their refinement to such a point as to be able, by merely tasting, to tell in what water it had been caught. They had ponds to keep them in, and the classical reader will remember the cruelty of Vedius Pollio, who fed his lampreys with the bodies of slaves killed for the purpose—an act of cruelty which the Emperor Domitian highly blamed, and which he ought to have punished.*

A great discussion has been raised as to whether sea fish or fresh-water fish should bear the palm; and most probably the question will always remain open, since, as the Spaniards say, "sobre gustos no hay disputas."

Every man is affected differently: those fleeting sensations cannot be expressed in any language, and we have no standard by which to compare a cod-fish, a sole, or a turbot, with a salmon-trout, a pike of the primest, or even a tench of six to seven pounds.

It is agreed on all hands that fish is much less nourishing than meat, whether on account of the want of osmazome, or of its being less dense and substantial. Shell-fish, especially oysters, afford

* Our author has curiously (considering Domitian's character) put one emperor for another, Augustus. For the story of the eel-pond, and the punishment which *was* inflicted, see Dr. Smith's "Class. Dict."

little nourishing matter, which explains why a man can eat so many just before dinner without spoiling his appetite. Formerly, as many of us can remember, every dinner of importance began with oysters, and there was always a good number of the guests who would swallow a gross without stopping. Wishing once to know the weight of this advance guard, I ascertained that a dozen oysters weigh four ounces, and a gross, therefore, three pounds; and there is no doubt the appetites of the guests would have been completely appeased if they had eaten the same quantity of meat, even if only chicken.

Oyster anecdote.

In 1798 I was at Versailles, as Commissary of the Directory, and had frequently to meet the registrar of the tribunal, M. Laperte. He was so fond of oysters that he used to grumble about never having had what he called "a good bellyful." Being determined to procure him that satisfaction, I asked him to dinner. He came; I kept up with him to the third dozen, letting him then go on by himself; he went on steadily to the thirty-second, that is to say, for more than an hour —as they were opened but slowly; and as in the meantime I had nothing else to do—a state quite unbearable at table—I stopped him just as he was beginning to show more go than ever. "My dear boy," said I, "it must be some other day that you

are to have 'a good bellyful' of them; let us now have some dinner."

We took dinner, and he showed all the vigour and action of a man who had been fasting.

Muria, garum.

Among the ancients, there were two famous kinds of fish-sauce, *muria* and *garum*. The former was nothing but the brine of the tunny, or more exactly, the liquid which the mixture of salt caused to flow from that fish. Garum, which was more valued, is not so well known; some think it was extracted from the salted entrails of the scomber, or mackerel, though that leaves its high price unexplained. It seems likely it was a foreign sauce; perhaps even the "soy" which we get from India, and which is known to be got by the fermentation of a mixture of fish and mushrooms.

Fish-diet.

Certain races have, from their position, been compelled to live almost solely on fish; they also use it not only to feed their beasts of burden, till even they take it habitually, but also as manure; yet the surrounding sea never ceases yielding always the same quantity.

It has been remarked that those races are less courageous than people who live on meat. They are pale, which is not astonishing, since, from the chemical composition, fish-food must increase the lymph more than repair the blood. Numerous

examples of longevity have also been noticed among fish-eating races, perhaps because a light, unsubstantial diet prevents too great fulness of blood.

However that may be, fish, under skilful hands, offers inexhaustible resources of gustatory enjoyment; it is served up entire, in pieces, or sliced; done in water, in oil, or in wine; hot or cold; and in all cases it receives a hearty welcome. It never, however, deserves a more favourable reception than when done *à la matelote*—a provocative which no lovers of fish ever see appear without expressions of the highest delight, whether because it combines several good qualities, or because one can eat of it to an undefined extent without fear of satiety or indigestion.

Philosophical reflection.

Fish, using the term to indicate all the species considered as one whole, is for the philosopher a source of endless meditation and astonishment. As for myself, I have for those creatures a sentiment akin to respect, springing from a deep conviction that they are antediluvian; for the great cataclysm which drowned our grand-uncles about the eighteenth century of the world's history, was for the fishes nothing but a time of joy, conquest, and festivity.

Whoever says "truffle," utters a word associated with many enjoyments. The origin of the truffle is

unknown; it is found, but how it is produced, or its mode of growth, nobody knows. Men of the greatest skill have studied the question; and some felt certain they had discovered the seeds, and thus could multiply the truffle at will. Vain efforts and deceitful promises! Their planting produced no crop; and it is, perhaps, no great misfortune: for since truffles are often sold at fancy prices, they would probably be less thought of if people could get plenty of them and at a cheap rate.

On truffles.

"What delightful news for you, my dear lady," said I one day to Madame V.; "an invention for making lace has just been brought before the Society for the Encouragement of Science, and superb Brussels will be sold for almost nothing!" "Really!" replied my fair friend, with a look of supreme indifference; "but if lace were cheap, do you think one would wear such ragged-looking stuff?"

The glory of the truffle may now, in 1825, be said to have reached its culmination. Who can dare mention being at a dinner unless it had its *pièce truffée*. However good an *entrée* may be, it requires truffles to set it off to advantage. Who has not felt his mouth water at the mere mention of *truffes à la provençale?* Then a *sauté de truffes*, again, is a dish reserved for

Special qualities of truffles.

the lady of the house to do the honours. In a word, the truffle is the very gem of gastronomic materials.

The best truffles in France come from Perigord and High Provence, and it is about January they are in full flavour. Those of Burgundy and Dauphiné are inferior, being hard and wanting in flavour. Thus, there are truffles and truffles, as there are "faggots and faggots."

The term "sugar" was formerly applied only to the thickened crystallized juice of the cane; but, more generally, it is a sweet, crystallizable substance, which by fermentation yields carbonic acid and alcohol. On sugar.

From some passages in the ancient writers we can readily believe that the Romans had observed that a sweet juice is yielded by certain reeds. Thus Lucan says:

> Quique bibunt tenerâ dulces ab arundine succos.

But from such sweetish juice to the sugar of modern times is an immense leap. It is in the New World that sugar had its real origin.

For a long time men believed that it required the heat of the tropics to grow sugar, till, about 1740, Margraff discovered it in some plants of the temperate zone, such as the beet-root. Then, at the commencement of the present century, the French

Government encouraged scientific investigation into the matter, and with abundant success, for it became certain that sugar was widely dispersed throughout the vegetable kingdom. It was found in the grape, the chestnut, the potato, and more especially the beet-root. Hence the extensive cultivation in France of that last-mentioned plant, with such success as to prove abundantly that, so far as sugar is concerned, the Old World could manage without the New. In connection with this, I may mention, as a striking instance of the force of prejudice and of the difficulty of establishing a fact, that out of a hundred British subjects taken indiscriminately, there are not ten who believe that sugar can be made from the beet-root.

The use of sugar becomes daily more frequent and general, and no article of food has undergone more transformations or combinations. Mixed with water it gives a refreshing, wholesome, and pleasant drink; or, when in larger proportion and concentrated, syrups. Ices are another preparation due to sugar, said to have been introduced from Italy by Catherine de Medici; then there are liqueurs and cordials in great variety, by combining it with wines or spirits. Mixed with flour and eggs, it gives biscuits of a hundred kinds—as macaroons, etc.; with milk it gives creams, *blancs-mangers*, and so

forth, which form so agreeable a termination to a second course, and substitute for the taste of the solids a flavour more refined and ethereal. Mixed with coffee, it develops its aroma, and when milk is added, gives a light and pleasant food, very suitable for men of studious habits, and an especial favourite of the ladies. Mixed with fruit and the essence of flowers, it gives preserves, marmalades, candies, and other confections, ingeniously retaining for us the enjoyment of their flavours and perfumes long after the time fixed as the natural limit.

M. Delacroix, an author whose writings are as popular as they are numerous, used to grumble at Versailles about the price of sugar—then more than four shillings a pound. "Ah!" he would say in his gentle way, "if ever it should come to be sold at a shilling, I shall never drink water without sugar in it." His prayers have been heard, and, as he still lives, I suppose he keeps his word.

Origin of coffee.

According to ancient tradition, coffee was discovered by a shepherd who observed that as often as his flock browsed on the coffee-tree or ate the berries they showed more excitement and gaiety. However that may be, at least half the honour belongs unquestionably to whoever first thought of roasting the coffee-beans, for it is when

carbonized that they yield the aroma and characteristic oil.

The Turks, our masters in this particular, never use any mill for grinding coffee, but crush it in mortars with wooden crushers. Accordingly, to test which is the preferable method, I carefully roasted a pound of good Mocha, and dividing it into two equal parts, got one of them ground, and the other crushed in the Turkish manner. Then, having made coffee of each powder in exactly the same way, I tasted it, and also got the opinion of several big-wigs. The unanimous verdict was that the crushed was undoubtedly better than the ground.*

Illustration.

"Sir," said Napoleon one day to the Senator Laplace, "how does it happen that a glass of water in which I melt a piece of loaf-sugar seems much better than that in which I put

* In the 'Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers,' we read of a select company of connoisseurs being assembled to decide upon the comparative merits of coffee (then—1810—'a new beverage' in Fifeshire) and an invention of his own, an infusion of burnt rye. It was agreed that each should be furnished first with a cup of the best Mocha, and then with a cup of the rye-coffee, or 'genuine Kilmany,' as it was nicknamed. In due time the company assembled, and the coffee being handed round, met with general approbation. The second cup was then presented; by one after another an adverse verdict was pronounced, culminating in the intense disgust of Professor Duncan, who shouted, "Much inferior, *very much* inferior!" Chalmers's reply was a roar of laughter, with the words, "It's your own Mocha coffee; the second cup is just the same article as the first!"

the same quantity of crushed sugar?" "Sire," answered the man of science, "there are three substances whose elementary constituents are exactly the same; viz.: sugar, gum, and starch; they only differ in certain conditions of which nature reserves to herself the secret, and it is possible, in my opinion, that some of the particles may, in the process of crushing, pass from the sugary state to that of starch or gum, and so cause the difference referred to."

Effects of coffee.

It is beyond doubt that coffee acts upon the functions of the brain as an excitant. Every one who drinks it for the first time is certain to be deprived of part of his sleep; and many never drink it without that excitation, though in general it is modified by use.

Voltaire and Buffon drank a deal of coffee, to which habit some would ascribe the wonderful clearness in everything the former wrote, as well as the harmony and warmth which pervade the style of the latter; several of whose pages on man, on the dog, the tiger, the lion, and the horse, were evidently written in a state of unusual cerebral excitement.

Sleeplessness caused by coffee is not painful. One has the mental perception very clear, and there is no desire for sleep; that is all. There is not the agitated, unhappy feeling which proceeds from other

forms of sleeplessness, yet the artificial excitement may in the long run become very hurtful. A man of good constitution can drink two bottles of wine a-day throughout a long lifetime; but he would not stand the same quantity of coffee so long. He would become an idiot, or die of consumption.

In Leicester Square, London, I have seen a man whom the immoderate use of coffee had reduced to the state of a helpless cripple. He no longer suffered any pain, but had become accustomed to the state, and limited himself to five or six glasses a-day.

I am one of those who have been obliged to give up using coffee, and shall finish this section by giving an incident from my personal experience.

One day the Duke of Massa, then a Minister of State, assigned me a duty for next morning; and, as I wished to bestow pains upon it, I made up my mind to do without sleep, and therefore drank after dinner two large cups of the strongest coffee. On returning home at seven o'clock, instead of the papers necessary for preparation, I found a letter to say that, owing to some official formality, I could not receive them before next day. After a game at cards, I went to bed at my ordinary hour, not without inquietude, but thinking I should at least have four or five hours' sleep to help me through the

night. I was quite wrong, however; and after being two hours in bed, I only felt more wide-awake. I was in a state of lively mental agitation, picturing to myself my brain as a mill, with all the wheels going and nothing to grind. To utilize this disposition, I set myself to make a poetical version of a story I had recently read in an English book, but sleep came no nearer; then I undertook a second, and after composing a dozen lines, gave up the attempt. In short, I spent the night without sleeping or even feeling sleepy; and getting up next morning spent the whole day without any change of feeling. On going to bed the second day I calculated that I had been for forty hours without shutting my eyes.

The cacao, or chocolate tree, is indigenous to South America, being found both in the islands and on the continent; and it is to its bean, when ground and mixed with sugar, and flavoured with cinnamon or vanilla, etc., that the name chocolate is given. On chocolate.

With some of the Spanish ladies in the New World, the liking for chocolate has become quite a passion, and they even have it brought to church. Introduced into Spain during the seventeenth century, it crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip II. and wife of Louis XIII.;

and at the commencement of the Regency was more in vogue than coffee.

Linnæus, as is well known, named the tree "Theobroma," or divine food—an emphatic qualification which some attribute to his excessive fondness for chocolate, others to his desire to please his father-confessor, who, like many of the clergy then, used it habitually, and others, again, to his gallantry, because a queen was the first to introduce it.

Qualities of chocolate.

Time and experience, those two great masters, have proved that, when properly prepared, chocolate is wholesome, nourishing, and easily digested; and also that it is most suitable for those who have much brain work—for clergymen, lawyers, and, above all, for travellers.

After eating a good and hearty breakfast, if you swallow a large cup of good chocolate, all will be perfectly digested in three hours, and still leave a good appetite for dinner. In my zeal for science, and by dint of eloquence, I have had this tested by a good many ladies, who, after declaring it would be the death of them, found themselves all the better for it, and gave me the full praise due to gastronomic skill.

I should here speak of chocolate *à l'ambre* and its properties, which I take pride in bringing before my readers, because they are fruit of many experiments.

Let, then, every man who has drunk too deeply from the cup of pleasure, every man who has devoted to work a considerable part of the time due to sleep, every man of wit who feels that he has temporarily become stupid, every man who finds the air damp, the weather unendurable, or time hanging heavy on his hands, every man tormented with some fixed idea which deprives him of the liberty of thinking—let all such people, we say, prescribe to themselves a good pint of chocolate mixed with amber in the proportion of from sixty to seventy grains to the pound, and they will see wonders.

"Sir," said the Abbess Madame d'Arestrel to me more than fifty years ago, "when you would have good chocolate, get it made overnight in an earthenware coffee-pot, and leave it in it. By resting through the night it becomes concentrated, and acquires a softness which greatly improves it. *Le bon Dieu* cannot be offended at this nicety, for he himself is all perfection."

VII.

THEORY OF FRYING.

It was a fine day in the month of May. The smoky roofs of the Capital of Pleasure were bathed in pleasant sunshine, and the streets, for a wonder, showed neither mud nor dust. The heavy stage-coaches had for some time ceased to shake the streets, and the huge waggons were at rest. Only open carriages were to be seen, full of fair ladies, native or foreign, shaded under pretty hats, and casting haughty or coquettish looks upon the men who passed, according as they were pitiful or handsome fellows.

In other words, it was about three in the afternoon, when the professor sat down in his reflecting-chair, with one leg resting vertically on the floor, and the other stretched diagonally across it, his back comfortably supported, and his hands resting on the lions' heads which terminate the arms of that venerable piece of furniture. His high forehead showed a love of serious study, and his mouth a taste for agreeable recreation; while his thoughtful air and attitude at once suggested experience and wisdom.

When thus established, the professor sent for his head cook, and immediately that servitor appeared, ready to receive advice, lesson, or command.

"Well, Master La Planche!" said the professor, with that serious tone which thrills his hearers; "all who dine at my table declare that none beat you for soups, but I am sorry to see that in frying your results are not so trustworthy. Yesterday, for instance, I heard you groan when that superb sole was served up pale, flabby, and discoloured. My friend R. cast at you a glance of disapproval, Mr. H. turned his gnomonic nose to the west, and President S. deplored the failure as a public calamity.

"This misfortune has befallen you through your neglect of principles of which you do not feel the full importance. Being somewhat self-willed, it has been difficult to make you understand that every phenomenon of your laboratory is in accordance with the eternal laws of nature, and that certain things which you do without reflection, merely because you have seen them done by others, can be traced nevertheless to the highest abstractions of science.

"Listen, then, attentively, and learn, so that you may not have again to blush at your workmanship.

Capacity of heat.

"The liquids which you expose to the action of fire become charged with different amounts of heat, in virtue of some property impressed upon them by nature, the secret of which is yet reserved from us. Thus, you might with impunity dip your finger in spirits of wine when boiling, but you would draw it out quick enough from brandy, and quicker still if it were water, while even a hasty immersion in boiling oil would hurt you cruelly—the capacity of oil for heat being at least three times that of water.

"Hence it is that an alimentary substance in boiling water softens, becomes dissolved, and forms a soup; and in oil, it contracts, assumes a darker colour, and at last has its surface carbonized. In the former case, the water dissolves and draws out the juices contained by the sapid substance; in the latter, the juices are preserved, because the oil cannot dissolve them. It is to the second process, boiling in oil or fat, that the term 'to fry' is properly applied.

"The beauty of a good fry is in carbonizing or browning the surface by sudden immersion—the process known as the 'surprise.' It forms a sort of vault to enclose all that is valuable, prevents the fat from reaching it, and concentrates the juices, so as best to develop the alimentary qualities.

"I say nothing about choosing oils, or fat, because the cooking-books give sufficient information on that head. Don't forget, however, when you have any of those trout, weighing scarcely more than a quarter of a pound, and fetched from streams that murmur far from the capital—don't forget, I say, to fry them in the very finest olive-oil you have. This simple dish, properly served up with slices of lemon, is worthy of a cardinal.*

"In exactly the same way you should treat smelts, of which adepts think so much. The smelt is amongst the fish what the fig-pecker is amongst the birds: the same in size, the same in flavour, the same in excellence.

"You have taken charge of my lower regions, and you had the glory of first presenting to an astonished universe a huge turbot fried. That day there was amongst the elect a great jubilation.

"Go then, and bestow pains upon your duties, never forgetting that from the moment the guests step over my threshold, it is *we* who are responsible for their happiness."

* 'One day M. Aulissin, a Neapolitan lawyer, dining with me, exclaimed, as he ate of something that was quite to his taste, "*Questo è un vero boccone di cardinale!*" "For a cardinal!" I replied; "why don't you say for a king, as we do?" "My dear sir," answered the gastronome, "we Italians think that kings cannot appreciate good living, because their repasts are too hurried and formal; but the cardinals—eh!" with a peculiar chuckle, "ho! ho!"'

VIII.

ON THIRST.

We believe that the seat of the feeling of thirst is the digestive system generally. When one is thirsty —as we have often been when hunting—there is a well-defined feeling throughout all the absorbing parts of the mouth, throat, and stomach.

So keen is the sensation of thirst, that, in nearly every language, the word is used to express an excessive longing or eager desire; thus, we have a thirst for power, wealth, vengeance, etc.

Thirst kills much more quickly than hunger. We have examples of men who have survived for eight days without eating, because they had water, whilst those who are absolutely deprived of anything to drink never pass the fifth day. The difference is explained by the fact, that the latter die simply of exhaustion and weakness, whilst the former are seized by a fever, which burns them up, and keeps increasing in malignancy.

Sometimes thirst causes death in even a shorter time. In 1787, there was an instance of this in the death of one of the Swiss bodyguard of Louis XVI., caused by remaining only twenty-four hours without

drinking. He had been drinking with some companions, and because one of them blamed him for filling his glass oftener than the others, saying he could not do without drinking for even the shortest time, he laid a wager of ten bottles of wine that he would remain twenty-four hours without drinking. He kept his word; the night he passed without difficulty, but at daybreak he found it rather hard to do without his customary dram, and throughout the forenoon he was restless and uneasy, going and coming, rising up and sitting down, in a purposeless fashion, with the air of not knowing what to do. About one o'clock he went to bed, thinking he would be more at his ease; he felt in pain, and was really ill, but it was in vain for those about him to ask him to drink something—he declared he should manage all right till the evening. Besides a desire to win the wager, there was no doubt some soldierly pride which prevented him from giving way to pain. He kept up in this way till seven o'clock, but at half-past he became worse, turned himself to die, and breathed his last without being able to taste a glass of wine which was offered him.

All these details were told me the same evening by their bandmaster, Herr Schneider, at whose house I lived when in Versailles.

Bodily exertion increases thirst; hence, when a

proprietor employs workmen, he provides a supply of something stronger than water — the proverb being, "The wine that fetches the best price, is that which is given to the labourers." Dancing increases thirst; hence the number of strengthening or refreshing drinks which always accompany balls and hops. Public speaking increases thirst; hence the glass of water which lecturers study to drink with grace, and which we shall soon see on the edge of the pulpit. Singing increases thirst; hence the universal reputation which musicians have of being indefatigable drinkers. A musician myself, I rise to oppose this prejudiced statement, as being devoid both of wit and truth.

Causes of thirst.

Another active cause of thirst is the exposure to a rapid current of air; a fact which I shall illustrate by the following incident.

One day, when about to commence quail-shooting with some friends on a hill near Nantua, a north wind sprang up, and before we had been a quarter of an hour afield, every one of us was thirsty, and after a consultation it was decided that we should have something to drink every quarter of an hour. Our thirst, however, was invincible; neither wine, nor brandy, nor wine mixed with water, nor water mixed with brandy, was of the slightest use. We were thirsty even when drinking, and felt uncom-

fortable throughout the whole day; whereas, on the following day, the wind having fallen during the night, we hunted a great part of the day without being inconvenienced by the thirst, though the sun's heat was quite as strong, or even stronger.

But that was not the worst of it; our flasks, though well and prudently filled on leaving home, had been so often laid under requisition the first day, that now they were as useless as bodies without souls, and we had to fall back upon what the country inns afforded. There was no help for it, yet we groaned; and it was with no gentle anathema that I apostrophized the parching wind when I saw that regal dish, *épinards à la graisse de cailles*, about to be washed down with a wine almost as poor as Surêne.*

* 'Surêne, a pleasant village on the Seine, to the west of Paris, famous for its poor wine. The saying is that it needs three men to drink a glass of Surêne wine, one to swallow, and two assistants, to keep him up and prevent him from losing heart.'

Our author has himself already spoken of it proverbially, in the second chapter, as being the greatest possible contrast to Chambertin.

It was a joke of Henry IV. to talk of his good wine of Surêne.

IX.

ON DRINKS.

UNDER the term "drink" must be comprehended all liquids which are used with the various kinds of food. Water is the only drink which really quenches thirst, and therefore can only be drunk in small quantities. Most of the other beverages are nothing but palliatives, and if man had kept to water, it would never have been said of him that one of his privileges was to drink without being thirsty.

Whatever is drunk is absorbed with extreme facility by the animal economy; it is prompt in its effects, and almost instantaneous in the relief it affords. Let an exhausted man have the most substantial food put before him, he cannot eat without difficulty, and will at first feel no great benefit. But give him a glass of wine or brandy, and the same instant he feels better and seems quite a new man.

I can support this theory by a rather remarkable instance told me by my nephew, Colonel Guigard, who was not much of a story-teller, and whose veracity I can vouch for. When returning from

the siege of Jaffa at the head of his detachment, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the watering-place where they were to halt, they began to find, by the roadside, the bodies of several soldiers who had preceded them by a day's march, and were killed by the heat. Amongst these victims of that burning climate was a carabineer well known to nearly all the detachment. He must have been dead more than twenty-four hours, and from the sun beating on his face for a whole day, it was as black as a crow. Some of the soldiers gathering about him, either to take a last look or to act as his heirs (if there was anything), were astonished that his limbs were not stiffened, and there was still some warmth over his heart.

"Give him a drop of the real stuff!" cried a rough fellow amongst the bystanders. "If he's not far gone into the other world, I'll guarantee he'll come back to taste that—the taste of it will bring him back!"

In fact, at the first thimbleful of spirit, the dead man opened his eyes. With exclamations of surprise they rubbed his temples and poured another dram down his throat, and in a quarter of an hour he was able, with some assistance, to sit on the back of an ass. After being in this way brought to the watering-place, they watched him during the night

and fed him with precaution, at first giving him some dates to eat; and next day, having remounted his ass, he reached Cairo along with the other soldiers.

Strong drinks.

It is very remarkable how men are led to the discovery of strong drinks by a kind of instinct, which is as general as it is imperious. Wine, the chief favourite, whether we owe it to Noah, who planted the vine, or to Bacchus, who squeezed out the juice of the grape, takes its date from the infancy of the world; and beer, attributed to Osiris, goes back to the very dawn of history.

All men, even those whom we agree to call savages, have been so tormented with that desire for strong drinks, that, however limited their knowledge, they have succeeded in finding some. They have soured the milk of their domestic animals; they have extracted the juice of different fruits, roots—whatever they may have imagined to contain a fermentative principle. Wherever we find men together, we also find they are provided with strong liquors, which they make use of at their banquets, their religious ceremonies, their marriages, their funerals—in short, on every festive or solemn occasion.

For many centuries was wine drunk and sung without any thought of extracting from it the

spirituous part in which the strength lies; but having learned the art of distillation from the Arabians, who had invented it to extract the perfume of flowers—especially of the rose, so celebrated in their writings—some began to think it possible that the cause of the high quality, peculiar flavour, or specially stimulating property of wine might be discovered, and, by tentatively groping and feeling their way, they discovered alcohol, spirits-of-wine, brandy.

The knowledge of how to extract alcohol has, moreover, led to other important results; for similar methods have discovered some substances previously unknown, such as quinine, morphine, strychnine, and others of the same sort.

In any case, this thirst for a liquid which Nature had wrapped up in mystery—an extraordinary desire, influencing all races of men, under all climates and in all latitudes—well deserves to fix the attention of the philosophic observer.

I, too, have given thought to the subject, and feel tempted to put the desire for fermented liquors in the same category with the anxiety about a future state—both being unknown to the lower animals,—and to regard them as the two distinctive attributes of man—the masterpiece of the last cosmical revolution.

X.

ON THE END OF THE WORLD.

I SAID, "the last cosmical revolution"—an idea which has awakened in my mind a train of thought leading far away from my subject.

There are unassailable proofs that our globe has already undergone several absolute changes, and these have been so many "ends of the world." Some instinct warns us that there are others to follow.

Already, men have often believed that such a revolution was on the eve of taking place; and I know a good many people who were sent to their knees by Jerome Lalande's prediction of a watery comet.

Most writers seem disposed to surround such a catastrophe with judgments of vengeance, destroying angels, trumpets, and similar dread accessories. But, alas! there is no need of such a hubbub for our destruction; we are not worth so much pomp, and the whole face of the globe can be changed without any such solemnity or preparation. Thus, should a comet, by approaching the sun, become charged with a superabundance of heat, and then

come near enough to the earth to produce 167° Fahrenheit for six months; then, by the end of that deadly summer, every living or growing thing would have perished—all sounds would have ceased. The earth would roll in silence till new circumstances should have developed new germs of life; whilst, in the mean time, the cause of the disaster would remain lost in the vast wastes of space, and be separated from our world by many millions of miles.

It is interesting to let the imagination follow such heat as it increases in intensity, and anticipate its development, action, and effects. Then such questions naturally occur:—*Quid* during the first day, the second, and so on to the last?—*Quid* about air, earth and water, the formation, combination, and explosion of gases?—*Quid* about mankind, considered with regard to age or sex, strong or weak?—*Quid* about the observance of laws, submission to authority, respect of persons and property?—*Quid* about the means sought, or attempts made, to escape the danger?—*Quid* as to the ties of love, friendship or kindred, and as to selfishness or self-sacrifice?—*Quid* as to religious sentiment, faith, resignation, hope, and so on?

History can supply us with data as to moral influences in such a case; for the end of the world

has already been several times predicted, a particular day even being sometimes specified.

Great danger severs all ties. In the great yellow fever which took place in Philadelphia, about the year 1792, husbands were seen shutting on their wives the doors of their marriage homes; children were seen abandoning their fathers, and many other things equally strange—

Quod a nobis Deus avertat.

XI.

ON THE LOVE OF GOOD LIVING.

I HAVE consulted the dictionaries under the word "gourmandise," and am by no means satisfied with what I find. The love of good living seems to be constantly confounded with gluttony and voracity: whence I infer that our lexicographers, however otherwise estimable, are not to be classed with those good fellows amongst learned men who can put away gracefully a wing of partridge and then, by raising the little finger, wash it down with a glass of Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot.

They have utterly forgot that social love of good eating which combines in one Athenian elegance,

Roman luxury, and Parisian refinement. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare: it appreciates energetically, and judges profoundly. It is a precious quality, almost deserving to rank as a virtue, and is very certainly the source of much unqualified enjoyment.

"Gourmandise," or the love of good living, is an impassioned, rational, and habitual preference for whatever flatters the sense of taste. It is opposed to excess; therefore every man who eats to indigestion, or makes himself drunk, runs the risk of being erased from the list of its votaries. Definitions.

Gourmandise also comprises a love for dainties or tit-bits, which is merely an analogous preference, limited to light, delicate or small dishes, to pastry, and so forth. It is a modification allowed in favour of the women, or men of feminine tastes.

Regarded from any point of view, the love of good living deserves nothing but praise and encouragement. Physically, it is the result and proof of the digestive organs being healthy and perfect. Morally, it shows implicit resignation to the commands of Nature, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, gives him appetite to invite, flavour to encourage, and pleasure to reward.

From the political economist's point of view, the

love of good living is a tie between nations, uniting them by the interchange of various articles of food which are in constant use. Hence the voyage from Pole to Pole of wines, sugars, fruits, and so forth. What else sustains the hope and emulation of that crowd of fishermen, huntsmen, gardeners and others, who daily stock the most sumptuous larders with the results of their skill and labour? What else supports the industrious army of cooks, pastry cooks, confectioners, and many other food-preparers, with all their various assistants? These various branches of industry derive their support, in a great measure, from the largest incomes, but they also rely upon the daily wants of all classes.

Its good effects.

As society is at present constituted, it is almost impossible to conceive of a race living solely on bread and vegetables. Such a nation would infallibly be conquered by the armies of some flesh-eating race (like the Hindoos, who have been the prey of all those, one after another, who cared to attack them); or else it would be converted by the cooking of the neighbouring nations, as ancient history records of the Bœotians, who acquired a love for good living after the battle of Leuctra.

Good living opens out great resources for replenishing the public purse; it brings contributions

to town-dues, to the custom-house, and other indirect contributions. Everything we eat is taxed, and there is no exchequer that is not substantially supported by lovers of good living.

Shall we speak of that swarm of cooks who have for ages been annually leaving France, to improve foreign nations in the art of good living? Most of them succeed; and, in obedience to an instinct which never dies in a Frenchman's heart, bring back to their country the fruits of their economy. The sum thus imported is greater than might be supposed, and therefore they, like the others, will be honoured by posterity.

But if nations were grateful, then Frenchmen, above all races, ought to raise a temple and altars to "Gourmandise."

By the treaty of November, 1815, the allies imposed upon France the condition of paying thirty millions sterling in three years, besides claims for compensation and various requisitions, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension, or rather, certainty, became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue, more especially as the money was to be paid in specie. Its great influence.

"Alas!" said all who had anything to lose, as they saw the fatal tumbril pass to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, "there is our money emigrating in a

lump; next year we shall fall on our knees before a crown-piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of every kind will fail: it will be impossible to borrow; there will be nothing but weakness, exhaustion, civil death."

These terrors were proved false by the result; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in financial matters, the payments were made without difficulty, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during all the time this "superpurgation" lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France. In other words, more money came into the country than went out of it.

What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that worked this miracle? The love of good living.

When the Britons, Germans, Teutons, Cimmerians, and Scythians made their irruption into France, they brought a rare voracity, and stomachs of no ordinary capacity. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality had to supply them with. They aspired to enjoyments of greater refinement; and soon the Queen City was nothing but a huge refectory. Everywhere they were seen eating, those intruders—in the restaurants, the eating-houses, the inns, the taverns, the stalls, and even in the streets. They gorged

themselves with flesh, fish, game, truffles, pastry, and especially with fruit. They drank with an avidity equal to their appetite, and always ordered the most expensive wines, in the hope of finding some enjoyment in them hitherto unknown, and seemed quite astonished when they were disappointed.

Superficial observers did not know what to think of this menagerie without bounds or limits; but your genuine Parisian laughed and rubbed his hands. "We have them now!" said he; "and to-night they'll have paid us back more than was counted out to them this morning from the public treasury!"

That was a lucky time for those who provide for the enjoyments of the sense of taste. Véry made his fortune; Achard laid the foundation of his; Beauvilliers made a third; and Madame Sullot, whose shop in the Palais Royal was a mere box of a place, sold as many as twelve thousand tarts a day.

The effect still lasts. Foreigners flow in from all quarters of Europe to renew during peace the delightful habits which they contracted during the war. They must come to Paris, and when they are there, they must be regaled at any price. If our funds are in favour, it is due not so much to the

higher interest they pay, as to the instinctive confidence which foreigners cannot help placing in a people amongst whom every lover of good living finds so much happiness.

Love of good living is by no means unbecoming in women. It agrees with the delicacy of their organization, and serves as a compensation for some pleasures which they are obliged to abstain from, and for some hardships to which nature seems to have condemned them.

A pretty gourmande.

There is no more pleasant sight than a pretty *gourmande* under arms. Her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands rests on the table, the other carries to her mouth little morsels artistically carved, or the wing of a partridge which must be picked. Her eyes sparkle, her lips are glossy, her talk cheerful, all her movements graceful; nor is there lacking some spice of the coquetry which accompanies all that women do. With so many advantages, she is irresistible, and Cato the censor himself could not help yielding to the influence.

Women like good living.

The love of good living is in some sort instinctive in women, because it is favourable to beauty. It has been proved, by a series of rigorously exact observations, that by a succulent, delicate, and choice regimen, the ex-

ternal appearances of age are kept away for a long time. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as it is certain in physiology that wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, are caused by the depression of muscle, it is equally true that, other things being equal, those who understand eating are comparatively four years younger than those ignorant of that science.

Painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for in representing those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, such as misers or anchorites, they always give them the pallor of disease, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Effects upon sociability.

Good living is one of the main links of society, by gradually extending that spirit of conviviality by which different classes are daily brought closer together and welded into one whole, by animating the conversation, and rounding off the angles of conventional inequality.

To the same cause we can also ascribe all the efforts a host makes to receive his guests properly, as well as their gratitude for his pains so well bestowed. What disgrace should ever be heaped upon those senseless feeders who, with unpardonable indifference, swallow down morsels of the rarest

quality, or gulp with unrighteous carelessness some fine-flavoured and sparkling wine.

As a general maxim: Whoever shows a desire to please will be certain of having a delicate compliment paid him by every well-bred man.

Effects on conjugal happiness.

Again, when shared, the love of good living has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair, with this taste in common, have once a day, at least, a pleasant opportunity of meeting. For, even when they sleep apart (and a great many do so), they eat at least at the same table, they have a subject of conversation which is ever new, they speak not only of what they are eating, but also of what they have eaten or will eat, of dishes which are in vogue, of novelties, etc. Everybody knows that a familiar chat is delightful.

Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who are fond of it, but one must set about it —it is an exertion. Besides, one sometimes has a cold, the music is mislaid, the instruments are out of tune, one has a fit of the blues, or it is a forbidden day. Whereas, in the other case, a common want summons the spouses to table, the same inclination keeps them there; they naturally show each other these little attentions as a proof of their wish to oblige, and the mode of conducting their

meals has a great share in the happiness of their lives.

This observation, though new in France, has not escaped the notice of Richardson,* the English moralist. He has worked out the idea in his novel, *Pamela*, by painting the different manner in which two married couples finish their day. The first husband is a lord, an eldest son, and therefore heir to all the family property: the second is his younger brother, the husband of Pamela, who has been disinherited on account of his marriage, and lives on half-pay in a state but little removed from abject poverty.

The lord and lady enter their dining-room by different doors, and salute each other coldly, though they have not met the whole day before. Sitting down at a table which is magnificently covered, surrounded by lackeys in brilliant liveries, they help themselves in silence, and eat without pleasure. As soon, however, as the servants have withdrawn, a sort of conversation is begun between the pair, which quickly shows a bitter tone, passing into a regular fight, and they rise from the table in a fury

* Savarin wrote Fielding's name here, and it is still retained in all the editions I have seen. This is the more remarkable because Richardson has always been especially esteemed in France, and is still sometimes placed above Goldsmith as an English classic. What horror if the worthy but self-conscious shopkeeper knew that his godless rival had so long usurped the credit of having written *Pamela!*

of anger, and go off to their separate apartments to reflect upon the pleasures of a single life.

The younger brother, on the contrary, is, on reaching his unpretentious home, received with a gentle, loving heartiness and the fondest caresses. He sits down to a frugal meal, but everything he eats is excellent; and how could it be otherwise? It is Pamela herself who has prepared it all. They eat with enjoyment, talking of their affairs, their plans, their love for each other. A half bottle of Madeira serves to prolong their repast and conversation, and soon after they retire together, to forget in sleep their present hardships, and to dream of a better future.

All honour to the love of good living, such as it is the purpose of this book to describe, so long as it does not come between men and their occupations or duties! For, as all the debaucheries of a Sardanapalus cannot bring disrespect upon womankind in general, so the excesses of a Vitellius need not make us turn our backs upon a well-appointed banquet.

Should the love of good living pass into gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it then loses its name and advantages, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist to ply it with good counsel, or of the physician, who will cure it by his remedies.

XII.

ON PEOPLE FOND OF GOOD LIVING.

THERE are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognized the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unhappy ones, badly furnished with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard to objects of taste, what the blind are with regard to light. The second class are the absent-minded, chatterboxes, persons engrossed in business or ambition, and others who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled.

Such, for example, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and badly. But there, again, was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything he did. The moment appetite was felt it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that, in any place and at any hour

Example.

chicken, cutlets, and coffee might be forthcoming at a word.*

Predestination to the love of good living.

There is a privileged class of persons who are summoned to the enjoyments of taste by a physical and organic predisposition.

I have always believed in physiognomy and phrenology. Men have inborn tendencies; and since there are some who come into the world seeing, hearing, and walking badly, because they are short-sighted, deaf, or cripple, why should there not be others who are specially predisposed to experience a certain series of sensations? Moreover, even an ordinary observer will constantly discover faces which bear the unmistakeable imprint of a ruling passion—such as superciliousness, self-satisfaction, misanthropy, sensuality, and many others. Sometimes, no doubt, we meet with a face that expresses nothing; but when the physiognomy has a marked stamp it is almost always a true index.

The passions act upon the muscles, and frequently, although a man says nothing, the various feelings

* French writers frequently refer to the eating habits of Napoleon. Thus, the drawn battle of Borodino (preceding the Moscow disaster), and his great defeat at Leipsic, are both explained to have been partly due to attacks of indigestion, the special cause in the latter instance being, it is said, a hurried feed upon shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

by which he is moved can be read in his face. By this tension, if in the slightest degree habitual, perceptible traces are at last left, and the physiognomy thus assumes its permanent and recognizable characteristics.

Who are naturally predisposed.

Those predisposed to epicurism are for the most part of middling height. They are broad-faced, and have bright eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and rounded chin. The women are plump, chubby, pretty rather than beautiful, with a slight tendency to fulness of figure.

It is under such an exterior 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 contrary, to whom nature has denied an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, are long-faced, long-nosed, and long-eyed: whatever their stature, they have something lanky about them. They have dark, lanky hair, and are never in good condition. It was one of them who invented trousers.

The women whom nature has afflicted with the

same misfortune are angular, feel themselves bored at table, and live on cards and scandal.

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

Actual instance.

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 for 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.

Whilst I was writing the above, on a fine winter's evening, M. Cartier, formerly the first violinist at the Opera, paid me a visit, and sat down at the fireside. Being full of my subject, I said, after looking at him attentively for some time, "How does it happen, my dear professor, that you are no epicure, when you have all the features of one?" "I was one," he replied, "and among the foremost; but now I refrain." "On principle, I suppose?" said I; but all the answer I had was a sigh, like one of Sir Walter Scott's—that is to say, almost a groan.

Who are gourmands from their condition or profession.

As some are gourmands by predestination, so others become so by their state in society or their calling. There are four classes which I should signalize by way of eminence: the moneyed class, the doctors, men of letters, and the devout.

Inequality of condition implies inequality of wealth, but inequality of wealth does not imply inequality of wants; and he who can afford every day a dinner sufficient for a hundred persons, is often satisfied by eating the thigh of a chicken. Hence the necessity for the many devices of art to reani-

mate that ghost of an appetite by dishes which maintain it without injury, and caress without stifling it.

The causes which act upon doctors are very different, though not less powerful. They become epicures in spite of themselves, and must be made of bronze to resist the seductive power of circumstances.

The "dear doctor" is all the more kindly welcomed that health is the most precious of boons; and thus they are always waited for with impatience and received with eagerness.

Some are kind to them from hope, others from gratitude. They are fed like pet pigeons. They let things take their course, and in six months the habit is confirmed, and they are gourmands past redemption.

I ventured one day to express this opinion at a banquet in which, with eight others, I took a part, with Dr. Corvisart at the head of the table. It was about the year 1806.

"You!" cried I, with the inspired tone of a Puritan preacher; "you are the last remnant of a body which formerly covered the whole of France. Alas! its members are annihilated or widely scattered. No more fermiers-generaux, no abbés, or knights, or white-coated friars. The members of your profession constitute the whole gastronomic body. Sustain

with firmness that great responsibility, even if you must share the fate of the three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylæ."

At the same dinner I observed the following noteworthy fact. The doctor, who, when in the mood, was a most agreeable companion, drank nothing but iced champagne, and therefore, in the earlier part of the dinner, whilst others were engaged in eating, he kept talking loudly and telling stories. But at dessert, on the contrary, and when the general conversation began to be lively, he became serious, silent, and sometimes low-spirited.

From this observation, confirmed by many others, I have deduced the following theorem: "Champagne, though at first exhilarating, ultimately produces stupefying effects;" a result, moreover, which is a well-known characteristic of the carbonic acid which it contains.

Advice to the faculty.

Whilst I have the university doctors under my grasp, I must, before I die, reproach them with the extreme severity which they use towards their patients. As soon as one has the misfortune to fall into their hands, he must undergo a whole litany of prohibitions, and give up everything that he is accustomed to think agreeable.

I rise up to oppose such interdictions, as being for the most part useless. I say useless, because the patient never longs for what is hurtful.

A doctor of judgment will never lose sight of the instinctive tendency of our inclinations, or forget that if painful sensations are naturally fraught with danger, those which are pleasant have a healthy tendency. We have seen a drop of wine, a cup of coffee, or a thimbleful of liqueur, call up a smile to the most Hippocratic face.*

Those severe prescribers must, moreover, know very well that their prescriptions remain almost always without result. The patient tries to evade the duty of taking them; those about him easily find a good excuse for humouring him, and thus his death is neither hastened nor retarded.

In 1815, the medical allowance of a sick Russian would have made a drayman drunk, and that of an Englishman was enough for a "Limousin." Nor was any diminution possible, for there were military inspectors constantly going round our hospitals to examine the supply and consumption.

I am the more confident in announcing my opinion because it is based upon numerous facts, and the most successful practitioners have used a system closely resembling it.

Canon Rollet, who died some fifty years ago, was

* This phrase shows a trace of Savarin's medical studies. The Latin form of it, *facies Hippocratica*, is more recognizable—a term applied to the peculiar look which betokens the near approach of death, first accurately described by Hippocrates.

a hard drinker, according to the custom of those days. He fell ill, and the doctor's first words were a prohibition of wine in any form. On his very next visit, however, our physician found beside the bed of his patient the *corpus delicti* itself: to wit, a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a crystal cup, a handsome-looking bottle, and a napkin to wipe the lips. At this sight he flew into a violent passion, and spoke of leaving the house, when the wretched canon cried to him, in tones of lamentation, "Ah, doctor, remember that, in forbidding me to drink, you have not forbidden me the pleasure of looking at the bottle!"

The physician who treated Montlusin of Pont de Veyle was still more severe, for not only did he forbid the use of wine to his patient, but also prescribed large doses of water. Shortly after the doctor's departure, Madame Montlusin, anxious to give full effect to the medical orders and assist in the recovery of her husband's health, offered him a large glass of the finest and clearest water. The patient took it with docility, and began to drink it with resignation; but stopping short at the first mouthful, he handed back the glass to his wife. "Take it, my dear," said he, "and keep it for another time; I have always heard it said that we should not trifle with remedies."

In the domain of gastronomy, the men of letters are near neighbours to the doctors. A hundred years ago, literary men were all hard drinkers. They followed the fashion, and the memoirs of the period are quite edifying on that subject. At the present day they are gastronomes, and it is a step in the right direction.

Men of letters.

I by no means agree with the cynical Geoffroy, who used to say that if our modern writings are weak, it is because literary men now drink nothing stronger than lemonade. The present age is rich in talents, and the very number of books probably interferes with their proper appreciation; but posterity, being more calm and judicial, will see amongst them much to admire, just as we ourselves have done justice to the master-pieces of Racine and Molière, which were received by their contemporaries with coldness.

Never has the social position of men of letters been more pleasant than at present. They no longer live in wretched garrets; the fields of literature are become more fertile, and even the study of the Muses has become productive. Received on an equality in any rank of life, they no longer wait for patronage; and to fill up their cup of happiness, good living bestows upon them its dearest favours.

Men of letters are invited because of the good opinion men have of their talents; because their conversation has, generally speaking, something piquant in it, and also because, now, every dinner party must, as a matter of course, have its literary man.

Those gentlemen always arrive a little late, but are welcomed, because expected. They are treated as favourites, so that they may come again, and regaled that they may shine; and as they find all this very natural, by being accustomed to it they become, are, and remain, gastronomes.

The devout.

Finally, amongst the most faithful in the ranks of gastronomy, we must reckon many of the devout—*i.e.*, those spoken of by Louis XIV. and Molière, whose religion consists in outward show—nothing to do with those who are really pious and charitable.

Let us consider how this comes about. Of those who wish to secure their salvation, the greater number try to find the most pleasant road. Men who flee from society, sleep on the ground, and wear hair-cloth next the skin, have always been, and must ever be, only exceptions. Now, there are certain things unquestionably to be condemned, and on no account to be indulged in—as balls, theatres, gambling, and other similar amusements; and

whilst they, and all that practise them, are to be hated, good living presents itself insinuatingly in a thoroughly orthodox guise.

By right divine, man is king of nature, and all that the earth produces was created for him. It is for him that the quail is fattened, for him that Mocha possesses so agreeable an aroma, for him that sugar has such wholesome properties. How, then, neglect to use, within reasonable limits, the good things which Providence presents to us, especially if we continue to regard them as things that perish with the using, especially if they raise our thankfulness towards the author of all.

Other equally strong reasons come to strengthen these. Can we be too hospitable in receiving those who have charge of our souls, and keep us in the way of safety? Should those meetings, with so excellent an object, not be made pleasant, and therefore frequent?

Sometimes, also, the gifts of Comus arrive unsought—perhaps a souvenir of college days, a present from an old friend, a peace-offering from a penitent, or a college-chum recalling himself to one's memory. How refuse to accept such offerings, or to make systematic use of them? It is simply a necessity.

The monasteries were real magazines of charming

dainties,* which is one reason why certain connoisseurs so bitterly regret them.

Several of the monastic orders, especially that of St. Bernard, made a profession of good cheer. The limits of gastronomic art have been extended by the cooks of the clergy, and when M. de Pressigni (afterwards Archbishop of Besançon) returned from the Conclave at the election of Pius VI., he said that the best dinner he had had in Rome was at the table of the head of the Capucins.

Chevaliers and abbés.

We cannot conclude this article better than by honourably mentioning two classes of men whom we have seen in all their glory, and whom the Revolution has eclipsed—the chevaliers and the abbés. How they enjoyed good living, those dear old fellows! That could be told at a glance by their nervous nostrils, their clear eyes, their moist lips and mobile tongues. Each class had, at the same time, its own special manner of eating—the chevalier having something military

* 'The best French liqueurs were made at La Côte by the Visitandine nuns; those of Niort invented Angelica preserves; those of Château-Thierry are famous for their orange-flower cakes; and at the Ursuline nunnery in my native town they had a receipt for pickled walnuts which was a treasure of enjoyment and toothsomeness.' 'I fear, alas!' adds Savarin, pathetically, with reference to the Revolution and its results, 'that it is now lost.'

and dignified in his air and attitude, while the abbé gathered himself together, as it were, to be nearer his plate, with his right hand curved inwards like the paw of a cat drawing chestnuts from the fire, whilst in every feature was shown enjoyment, and a certain indefinable look of close attention.

Long life to the gourmands.

So far from good living being hurtful to health, it has been arithmetically proved by Dr. Villermé, in an able paper read before the Académie des Sciences, that, other things being equal, the gourmands live longer than ordinary men. Not that those who live well are never ill; alas! they, also, sometimes fall under the dominion of the faculty; but as they have a large dose of vitality, and all parts of the organism in better condition, nature has more resources, and the body has beyond comparison a better chance of resisting destruction.

This fact of physiology is also supported by history, which informs us that whenever the means of living are diminished by such imperious circumstances as war, a siege, or a bad season, that state of distress has always been accompanied by contagious diseases and a large increase of the death-rate.

M. du Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, who lived nearly a century, had a remarkable appetite. He loved good living, and I have several times seen his

patriarchal countenance lighten up at the arrival of some famous dish. He was invariably treated by Napoleon with marked deference and respect.

XIII.

GASTRONOMIC TESTS.

In the preceding chapter we have seen that the distinctive characteristic of those who have more pretention than right to the honours of good living consists in this: that, with the best cheer in the world before them, their eyes remain dull and their faces expressionless. Such men do not deserve to have treasures lavished upon them of which they feel not the value, and we have therefore sought for a means of designating them, and so classifying the guests at any table.

By gastronomic tests or gauges we mean dishes of acknowledged flavour, and of such indisputable excellence that the mere sight of them, to a man of healthy organization, moves every faculty of taste; so that men whose faces, under such circumstances, neither lighten up with desire nor beam with ecstasy, may justly be noted as unworthy the honours of the sitting and its concomitant pleasures.

The testing-power of such criteria being relative, they must be suited to the capacities and habits of the different classes of society. Calculated to provoke admiration and wonder, a test is a dynamometer, whose power increases in proportion as we rise higher in the strata of society. Thus, a test intended for the small householder would have little reference to a head clerk, and not the slightest application to a select dinner party at a capitalist's or diplomatist's.

In the enumeration we are about to make of the dishes which have been raised to the dignity of tests, we shall begin with those that are of lowest force, and enumerate the others in order as they rise gradually in the scale.

A friend has suggested the consideration of negative tests; as, for example, the accident of the miscarriage of some rare dish,* or the non-arrival of

* A good illustration of the negative test is an anecdote occurring in an article on gastronomy in the *Quarterly Review* Cardinal Fesch had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two fine turbots had arrived as presents on the very morning of the feast, and the cardinal was anxious to have the credit of both. "Be of good faith, your eminence," said the *chef*, on being consulted, "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." Dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup, and delight was on every face. It was the moment of the positive test. The *maitre d'hôtel* advances, two attendants raise the turbot, when one slips, and both men, with their precious burden, roll upon the floor. At

an important country hamper, whether the accident be real or feigned; might one not note the different degrees of regret or annoyance stamped upon the faces of the guests at such tiresome news, and so devise a good criterion of their gastronomic sensibility?

This proposal, however, though very attractive at the first glance, could not stand a thorough examination. We have seen that such an occurrence, though only superficially affecting the undeveloped organs of the ordinary outsiders, might, in the case of the initiated and true believers, be dangerous, if not positively even fatal.

We proceed now to give the list of dishes which, in our opinion, are suitable to serve as gastronomic tests, classifying them into three series, arranged in an ascending scale.

For an income of £200 a year.

A large fillet of veal well larded with bacon, and done in its own gravy; a country-fed turkey stuffed with chestnuts; fattened pigeons larded, and cooked to correspond; eggs dressed *à la neige*; a dish of *sauerkraut* bristling with sausages, and crowned with a piece of good bacon.

this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and solemn silence reigned in the conclave. It was the moment of the negative test. "Bring another turbot," said the *maître d'hôtel*, with perfect coolness. The second appeared, and the positive test was gloriously renewed.

(Remarks: "By Jove! that looks well. Come on! we must do it honour.")

For an income of £600 a year.

A choice fillet of beef larded, done in its own gravy; a quarter of venison; sauce, *hachée aux cornichons;* a turbot boiled whole; a prime leg of mutton, *à la provençale;* a turkey done with truffles; early green peas.

(Remarks: "My dear fellow, what a delightful sight! That dish is worthy of a wedding feast or a banquet!")

For an income of £1200 a year.

An enormous fowl stuffed to repletion with Périgord truffles; a huge Strasbourg *paté-de-foie-gras,* in the shape of a bastion; a large carp, richly prepared; truffled quails with marrow, served on buttered toast, *au basilic;* a river pike larded, stuffed, and smothered in a cream of prawns, *secundum artem;* a pheasant in proper season, larded *en toupet, à la sainte alliance;* one hundred early asparagus, each half-an-inch thick, with sauce *à l'osmazome;* two dozen ortolans *à la provençale;* a pyramid of vanilla and rose, *meringue*-cake—a test sometimes useless, unless in the case of ladies and abbés, etc.

(Remarks: "Ah, my dear sir (or my lord, etc.), what a genius that cook ofyours is! It is only at your table that one meets such dishes.")

In order to be sure of any test producing its full

effect, it must be served on an ample scale. Experience, founded on the knowledge of the human race, has taught us that the rarest of savoury dishes loses its influence when not in exuberant proportion. The first impression which it excites on a guest is naturally checked by the dread of being stingily served, or being obliged even, out of politeness, to decline.

Instance of their effects.

I have several times verified the effect of gastronomic tests. Thus, once I was present at a dinner of gastronomes of the fourth category—all being divines but my friend R. and myself. After a magnificent first course, there was brought to table, amongst other things, an enormous fowl, stuffed with truffles almost to bursting, and a Gibraltar of a Strasbourg *paté-de-foie-gras.*

This apparition produced upon the company a marked effect, though indescribable, somewhat resembling the "silent laugh" of Cooper. In fact, all conversation was stopped, so great was the sensation, and every guest's attention was riveted upon the skilful operations of the carvers; and as soon as the serving was over, the faces of all, one after another, were seen to beam with an ecstasy of enjoyment, the perfect repose of bliss.

XIV.

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

Of all the creatures that have senses, man is incontestably that which undergoes the most suffering. This decree of destiny has been, in its fulfilment, aggravated by a host of maladies produced by the habits of social life; so much so, that the most keen and enjoyable pleasure we can imagine cannot, either in intensity or duration, make up for the atrocious pain which accompanies certain disorders, such as gout, toothache, acute rheumatism, strangury, or that caused by the severity of punishment practised in some countries.

Owing to this practical dread of pain, man, even without being aware of it, throws himself by a strong reaction in the opposite direction, and gives himself up to the few pleasures allotted him by Nature. Hence, also, he increases them, lengthens them, modifies them—in a word, worships them; for in the idolatrous ages, and for a long series of generations, all the pleasures were secondary divinities, presided over by the superior gods. It is true that the severity of more modern religions has destroyed all those patrons, and Bacchus,

Cupid, Comus, and Diana no longer exist, except in poetical tradition or memory; but the thing still exists, and, under the most serious of all forms of belief, men carouse at a marriage, a baptism, and even a funeral.

Meals or repasts, in the sense which we give to the word, took their rise in the second era of the human race, or as soon as fruits ceased to be man's principal food. The preparation and distribution of the meat rendered a meeting of the family necessary, the heads distributing to the children the product of the chase, and the adult children in their turn rendering the same service to their aged parents.

Such meetings, at first limited to near relations, gradually came to include neighbours and friends. At a later period, when men became more widely spread, the weary traveller found a seat at those primitive repasts, and repaid them with tales of distant countries. Hence the origin of hospitality and its rights, held sacred amongst all races; for there is none, however savage, that does not hold it a duty to respect the life of him with whom bread and salt have been shared.

Such, from the nature of things, must have been the rudiments of the pleasures of the table, which must be carefully distinguished from its necessary antecedent, the pleasure of eating.

Important distinction.

The pleasure of eating is the present and direct sensation of a want being satisfied; the pleasure of the table implies reflection, being due to the various surroundings, such as the place, the guests, whatever is said or seen during the repast.

The pleasure of eating is common to us with the animals: it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species: it implies that care is bestowed beforehand upon preparing the repast, choosing the place, and assembling the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is often independent of both.

The distinction between those two modes of enjoyment is seen at our banquets. At the first course, every one eats eagerly, without speaking, without attending to anything said; and, whatever the guest's social rank may be, he only thinks of doing yeoman's service in the general work. But, when the natural wants are satisfied, reflection arises, talk is interchanged, a new order of things takes place; and he who has hitherto been a mere eater, becomes a guest more or less agreeable, according to the means bestowed upon him by the Master of all things.

The pleasure of the table does not consist in

transports of ecstasies; but it gains in duration what is lost in intensity, and is especially distinguished by a peculiar privilege of disposing us to all the other pleasures, or consoling us for their loss. Some effects.

In fact, both body and soul are specially conscious of well-being after a good dinner. Physically, whilst the brain is enlivened, the face brightens, the colour rises, the eyes sparkle, a pleasant warmth is diffused in every part. Morally, the wits are sharpened, the imagination warms, and the conversation becomes cheerful and humorous.

Moreover, we frequently find brought together round the same table all the modifications introduced amongst us by a highly developed sociability: as love, friendship, business, theories, influence, solicitations, patronage, ambition, intrigue. Hence conviviality concerns everything; hence it produces fruits of all flavours.

One immediate result of those antecedents is, that all the ingenuity of man has been concentrated upon the object of increasing and intensifying the pleasure of the table. Artificial accessories.

Poets have complained that the neck is, from its shortness, a hindrance to the duration of the pleasure of tasting. Others have lamented the

small capacity of the stomach, and some have even spared it the duty of digesting the first meal, in order to have the pleasure of swallowing a second.

That was the boldest attempt made to increase the enjoyments of the palate. But, being unable to cross in that direction the limits fixed by Nature, men directed their ingenuity upon the accessories, which at least presented more scope. They used flowers to adorn the vases and glasses, to crown the guests: they ate under the vault of heaven, in gardens, in groves, in presence of all the marvels of nature. To the pleasure of the table were joined the charms of music and the sound of instruments. Thus, whilst the court of the King of the Phæacians were feasting, Phemius, the minstrel, celebrated the deeds and warriors of bygone times.

Often, too, dancers, jugglers, and comic actors, of both sexes and every costume, came to engage the eye without lessening the enjoyment of the table; the most exquisite perfumes were shed around; and sometimes, even, the guests were waited upon by beauty unveiled.

I could easily fill pages to prove these statements. There are the Greek and Latin authors, there are our ancient histories at hand to copy from; but as the researches have already been

made, I simply give as facts what others have already proved.

In addition to the former modes of gastronomic gratification, we have adopted recent discoveries. There is no doubt the delicacy of our manners could not suffer the Roman practice of using vomitories, but we have done better, and reach the same end by a method allowed by good taste. We have invented dishes so attractive that they unceasingly renew the appetite; yet they are at the same time so light that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *nubes esculentas.* 18th and 19th centuries.

In gastronomic progress, indeed, we have arrived at such a point, that if the calls of business did not force us to rise from the table, or the want of sleep interpose, the duration of our repasts would be almost unlimited; and there would be no fixed data for finding what time might elapse between the first glass of Madeira and the last tumbler of punch.*

It must not be thought, however, that all these accessories are necessary to constitute the pleasure of the table. That pleasure is realized almost completely as often as we combine the four conditions

* Talleyrand is said to have introduced into France the custom of taking Parmesan with soup and Madeira after it.

of — cheer at least passable, good wine, pleasant companions, and plenty of time.

Thus, I have often wished to have shared the frugal meal to which Horace speaks of inviting a neighbour, or a casual guest whom bad weather has driven to his house to seek shelter; to wit, a fine fowl and a young kid (in good condition, of course), with a dessert of raisins, figs, and nuts. What with these, and some wine of the Manlius vintage ("nata mecum Consule Manlio"), and the conversation of the Epicurean poet, I should have been sure of a most enjoyable supper.

> But then,
> If a long-absent friend came to see me again,
> Or a neighbour stepped in of a day, when the wet
> Stopped all work out of doors, they were handsomely met,
> Not with fish from the town, but with pullet and kid,
> With a good bunch of grapes for dessert, laid amid
> A handful of nuts, and some figs of the best.
> Then we drank, each as much as he felt had a zest.
>
> THEOD. MARTIN'S "Horace."

In the same way, half-a-dozen friends may regale on a leg of mutton and a kidney, washed down with some Orléans and excellent Médoc, and spend the evening in talk, full of the most delightful freedom, and in complete forgetfulness of finer dishes or more skilful cookery.

If, on the other hand, the wine is bad, the guests brought together without care or discrimination,

the faces gloomy, and the dinner eaten hurriedly, then there can be no pleasure at the table, however choice may be the good cheer, and however sumptuous the accessories.

But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how, then, in this present year of grace, is a dinner to be regulated so as to bring together all the requisites necessary to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question. Prepare your minds, my readers, and give attention; it is from Gasterea,* fairest of the Muses, that I receive inspiration. I shall be more easily understood than an oracle, and my precepts will live through future ages.

"Let the number of the guests not exceed twelve, so that the conversation may be constantly general.

"Let them be chosen so that their occupations are various, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there will be no need for the odious formality of introductions.

"Let the dining-room be brilliantly lighted, the cloth spotless, and the atmosphere at a temperature of from sixty to sixty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit.

* The poetical notion of a tenth Muse is more fully developed in the last chapter of the book. The importance of Gastronomy, artistically or æsthetically, no doubt gave it in our author's eyes a better claim for such a patroness than, say, History.

"Let the men have wit without pretention, and the women be pleasant without being coquettes.

"Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but small in number: and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

"Let the order of serving be from the more substantial dishes to those that are lighter; and from the simpler wines to those of finer flavour.

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

"Let the coffee be hot and the liqueurs chosen with particular care.

"Let the drawing-room to which the guests retire be large enough to admit of a game of cards for those who cannot do without it, while leaving ample scope for after-dinner chat.

"Let the guests be detained by the social enjoyment, and animated with the hope that, before the evening is over, there is still some pleasure in store.

"Let the tea be not too strong, the toast artistically buttered, and the punch skilfully made.

"Let nobody leave before eleven o'clock. and everybody be in bed by twelve."

Whoever has been guest at a repast combining all these conditions, can boast of having taken a part

at his own apotheosis; and his enjoyment will have been in proportion to the number of conditions that have been duly fulfilled.

I have already said that the pleasure of the table, such as I have described it, is susceptible of being prolonged. That I now proceed to prove by giving a true and exact account of the longest repast I ever made in my life, which I present to the reader as a little treat for his courteous attention.

Illustrative anecdote.

On the outskirts of the Rue du Bac there was a house I used to visit often, and was always most kindly received by the family, who were composed as follows: the doctor, aged seventy-eight; the captain, seventy-six; and their sister, seventy-four.

"By Jove!" cried the doctor one day, rising on tip-toe to slap me on the shoulder; "you have for a long time been bragging about your *fondues* (eggs beaten up with cheese), and making our mouths water, it is time to put a stop to that sort of thing. We will come and lunch with you some day, the captain and I, and see what the dish is like." (It is now about twenty-four years since he thus teased me.) "With all my heart!" said I; "and you will have one in all its glory, for I shall make it myself. I am delighted with your proposal. So to-morrow at ten—military punctuality."

Punctual to the minute, I saw my guests arrive, clean shaven, their hair fresh from the barber; two little old men, still hale and hearty. They smiled with delight on seeing the table laid for three, and at each plate two dozen oysters with a bright golden lemon. At each end of the table stood a bottle of Sauterne, carefully wiped, all except the cork, which showed unmistakeably that it was long since the wine had been bottled.

Alas! I have lived to see nearly the last of those cheerful luncheons, once so common, where oysters were swallowed by thousands. They disappeared with the abbés, who always ate at least a gross, and the chevaliers, who never stopped. I regret them, but it is as a philosopher; if time modifies governments, how great must have been its influence upon the simple social usages!

After the oysters, which were found quite fresh, the servant brought to table some roasted kidneys, a jar of truffled *foie-gras*, and, last of all, the *fondue*.

The constituents were all together in a saucepan, which was placed on the table over a chafing-dish, heated with spirits of wine. I commenced operations, and not a single one of my evolutions on the field of battle was lost sight of by my guests. They were loud in their praises of my success, and asked to have the recipe, which I promised, at the

same time telling them two tales that hang thereby, also told to the reader in another chapter.

After the *fondue* came the fruits of the season, and sweets, with a cup of genuine Mocha, done *à la Dubelloy* * (a mode then coming into fashion); finishing off with two liqueurs, one a spirit, to clear, and the other an oil, to soothe.

The luncheon well over, I proposed to my guests, by way of a slight exercise, to show them over my house, which, without being sumptuous, is roomy and comfortable. One thing particularly pleased them —that the ceilings and gildings date from the reign of Louis XV. I showed them the original cast of the bust of my pretty cousin, Madame Récamier,† by Chinard, and her portrait in miniature by Augustin. With these they were so charmed that the doctor with his big lips kissed the portrait, and the captain was proceeding to take the same liberty with the bust, for which I boxed his ears; for if every

* To treat Mocha *à la Dubelloy*, according to Savarin, pour boiling water on the coffee, placed in a vase pierced with very small holes, and then, after heating the decoction thus run through almost to the boiling point, pour it again into the vase, and the result is clear, strong, and beautiful.

† This name may recal a Madame Récamier of whom Sainte-Beuve gives a beautiful picture in his 'Causeries' for 1851. Had there been a French edition of our Author, with notes by some man of letters, we should probably have known in what degree, if any, Savarin's cousin was related to her namesake, the accomplished friend of Chateaubriand.

admirer of the original were to do the same, that lovely bosom would soon share the fate of the big-toe of St. Peter's statue at Rome, which the pilgrims have shortened by dint of kissing. I afterwards showed them some casts of the best ancient sculptures, some paintings, by no means despicable; my guns, my musical instruments, and some fine editions of French and foreign books.

In this voyage of discovery they did not forget the kitchen, where I showed my economical stock-pot, my roasting-oven, my clockwork turnspit, and my steam vapourizer. They examined everything most minutely, being the more astonished, because in their own house the arrangements were all as they had been during the Regency.

The very instant we returned to the drawing-room it struck two o'clock. "Confound it!" cried the doctor; "there's our dinner-time, and sister Jeannette must be waiting for us. It is not that I feel hungry, but I don't like to miss my soup. It is so old a habit, that if I let a day pass without it, I say, like Titus, '*diem perdidi.*'"

"My dear doctor," said I, "why go so far to find what you have close at hand? I shall send some one to tell your sister that you are staying a little longer at my house, to do me the pleasure of dining here. You must, however, make allowances, as the dinner will not compare with a got-up impromptu."

This produced between the two brothers an ocular consultation, followed by formal consent. I despatched the message to the Faubourg St. Germain, at the same time giving the hint to my major-domo of the kitchen; and after a very reasonable interval, what with his own resources, and what with those of the neighbouring restaurants, he served us up a little dinner well dressed and thoroughly to our taste.

It gave me special satisfaction to see the calm self-possession with which my two friends took their places at the table, unfolded their napkins, and made ready to begin. They had two surprises of which I myself had not thought—Parmesan served with the soup, and a glass of dry Madeira after. These were two novelties lately imported by Prince Talleyrand, the first of our diplomatists, to whom we owe so many wise and witty sayings, and who, as a public man, has always attracted special attention, whether in power or retirement.

The dinner was a decided success, as well in substantials as in accessories, and my friends were excellent company.

Dinner over, I proposed a game of cards, which my guests declined—preferring, as the captain said, the *far niente* of the Italians—and we accordingly seated ourselves around the fireplace. Thinking,

however, that, in spite of the pleasures of the *dolce far niente*, there is nothing that more enhances the enjoyment of conversation than something to occupy without engrossing the attention, I proposed a cup of tea. My guests accepted the offer, though tea was then quite a novelty for Frenchmen of the old stock. I made it before them, and they drank two or three cups, with all the more pleasure that they had always understood it was merely a kind of medicine.

A long experience has taught me that kindness begets kindness, and that as soon as one concession, is made to friendship, others are inevitable. Therefore, in a tone almost imperative, I said we should finish off with a bowl of punch. "Why, you'll be the death of me!" cried the doctor. "Are you going to make us drunk?" said the captain. My only answer was shouting, as loudly as I could, for lemons, sugar, and rum.

While mixing the punch, I ordered some thin toast and salt butter to be got ready, in spite of the declaration of my guests. They said they could not touch it; but knowing the attractions of that simple dish, I said the only thing I was afraid of was that there might not be enough. And true enough, seeing the captain glance in a short time at the empty dish, I had another supply brought.

Meanwhile, time had passed away, and the clock showed it was late. "We really must be off; our poor sister has not seen us all day, and we should be in time to have a bit of salad with her at supper-time." I made no objection, and faithful to my duty as host of two pleasant old friends, I accompanied them to their carriage and saw them leave.

Should you ask if, during so long a sitting, we at any time felt at all bored, I answer with a decided "No." The attention of my guests was kept awake by the preparation of the *fondue*, by our voyage over my house, by some novelties in the dinner, by the tea, and, above all, by the punch, which they had never before tasted. Besides, the doctor knew the whole of Paris by genealogies and anecdotes; the captain had spent part of his life in Italy, either in the army or as an envoy at the Court of Parma; and I myself have travelled a great deal. We talked in an easy, natural flow, and took pleasure in hearing each other. What more is needed to make time pass agreeably and quickly?

Next morning I had a note from the doctor to say that the little debauch of the previous evening had done them no harm, but that, on the contrary, after a night of pleasant sleep they got up fresh, quite disposed and ready to begin anew.

XV.

HALTS OF A HUNTING PARTY.

Of all a man's experiences in which eating reckons as important, one of the most agreeable undoubtedly is the resting-time of a hunting party. Of all known interludes, it alone does not become tiresome, however much prolonged.

After several hours of exercise, the most vigorous hunter feels a want of rest. His face has been caressed by the morning breeze, he has exerted his skill as opportunity offered, the sun is near the highest point of its course; therefore the hunter proceeds to make a halt of several hours, not from excess of fatigue, but from that impulse of instinct by which we are warned that all energy is limited.

Some shade attracts him, the turf receives him, and the murmur of a neighbouring fountain invites him to dip in it the flask intended to quench his thirst. Thus placed, he brings forth with a calm satisfaction the small, golden-crusted rolls, unfolds the cold chicken stowed in his bag by a loving hand, arranging all beside the nugget of fine old cheese which is destined to figure as his dessert.

During these preparations, the hunter is not

alone; he is accompanied by the faithful animal which heaven has created for his use. Crouched before him, the dog looks affectionately at his master; having been fellow-workers, they understand each other. They are two friends, and the servant is both happy and proud of being his master's guest. Their appetite is of a quality unknown both to the worldly and the devout; to the former because they never give hunger time to come, and to the latter because they never give themselves up to the exercises that produce it.

The repast has been taken with delight. Each has had his share, and all is completed comfortably and peacefully. Why should one not take a few minutes sleep? Noon is the hour of rest.

Those simple pleasures are increased tenfold if shared by several friends. For then a more abundant repast is forthcoming, and they talk gaily of the feats of one, the blunders of another, and their hopes for the rest of the day.

What would it be, then, if attentive servants came, loaded with those vases consecrated to Bacchus in which an artificial cold freezes together Madeira, the juice of the strawberry and pineapple—delicious drinks, divine mixtures which send through the veins a charming coolness, causing in every part a well-being unknown to the profane.

But even then we have not reached the limit in this ascending series of delights.

There are days when our wives, our sisters, our cousins, and other lady friends, have been invited to share in the pleasures of the chase. At the appointed hour there come the handsome carriages loaded with the fair, all feathers and flowers, many of them dressed in a style somewhat military and coquettish. Soon the interior of each carriage discloses its treasures of pies, its marvels of *paté-de-foie-gras*, its dainties of all possible kinds. Nor is the foaming champagne forgot, its quality enhanced under the hand of beauty. Seating themselves on the green sward, they eat while the corks fly, and there is talk, laughter, and merriment, and perfect freedom, for the universe is their drawing-room and the sun their lamp. Besides, they have appetite, Nature's special gift, which lends to such a meal a vivacity unknown indoors, however beautiful the surroundings.

As, however, everything must have an end, at the signal given by the master of the ceremonies all rise, and the men resume their guns, the ladies their hats. Good-bye is said, the carriages are brought up, and the fair visitors fly away, not to be again seen till the evening.

I have hunted in the centre of France and the

most remote provinces, and seen at the halt of a hunting party charming women, girls beaming with freshness—some arriving in cabriolets, and others in simple country gigs, or even on the humble ass to which some of the suburbs owe both fame and fortune. I have seen them foremost in enjoying the slight mischances of transport. I have seen them display on the turf the turkey in clear jelly, the household pie, the salad all ready for mixing. I have seen them dancing with light foot round the bivouac fire. Having seen these and shared in the games and merriment belonging to such a gipsy feast, I feel convinced that, though there be less luxury than in the former case, there is quite as much that is charming, gay, and delightful.

And, at the parting, why should some kisses not be bestowed upon the best huntsman, because full of honour, upon the worst, because of his ill-luck, and then upon the rest, to prevent jealousy? All are about to separate, custom authorizes it, and to take advantage of such an occasion is not only allowed, but an actual duty.

Fellow-sportsmen, ye who are prudent and never aim heedlessly, fire straight and bag as much game as you can before the ladies arrive; for experience teaches that, after their departure, the hunting is very rarely successful.

XVI.

ON DIGESTION.

"IT is not what a man eats that nourishes him," says an old proverb, "but what he digests." Digestion, then, is a condition of existence, a law governing as imperatively the poor as the rich, the shepherd as the king.

But how few know what digestion means! In this most men are like M. Jourdain, who had been speaking prose without being aware of it; and it is on their account that I give a short sketch of this subject, feeling certain that M. Jourdain was greatly pleased when assured by the philosopher that what he spoke was prose.

Digestion is a purely mechanical operation, and the digestive apparatus may be considered as a mill furnished with its sieves, in order to extract from the food all that can be of use in repairing the bodily wants, and reject the husky *residuum*. After being impregnated by the various fluids supplied by the mouth and esophagus, the food, on reaching the stomach, is for several hours submitted to the action of the gastric juice, at a temperature of more than 100° of Fahrenheit.

The chyle elaborated by this operation is a white liquor, almost without taste or smell, but of such importance that, as soon as it is received into the circulation, the individual becomes aware of it by the conscious increase of vital force, and an intimate conviction that the bodily losses are made good.

Digestion is of longer or shorter duration, according to the particular disposition of the individual. The average time may be given at about seven hours—rather less than half of which is assigned to the stomach, or digestion proper.

Influence of digestion.

Of all the bodily functions, digestion is that which has most influence on the *morale* of the individual—his feelings and mental conditions. Let this assertion astonish no one, for it is necessarily true. The most elementary principles of psychology teach us that the mind receives impressions only through the organs which are subject to it, and place it in communication with exterior objects; hence it follows that, when these organs are out of order, enfeebled, or irritated, that state of degradation must affect the sensations, which are the intermediary and occasional means of the intellectual operations. Thus, by our habitual mode of digestion, especially in its later stages, we are rendered habitually sad or gay, silent or talkative, morose or melancholy, without even sus-

pecting it, and, what is more, without being able to prevent it.

In young people digestion is often accompanied by a slight shiver; in the old by a strong desire to sleep. In the former case, it is Nature withdrawing the caloric from the surfaces to use it in her laboratory, and in the latter, the natural power, already enfeebled by age, cannot suffice at the same time for the work of digestion and the excitation of the senses.

Some persons always show temper during the time of digestion, and nobody should then propose plans to them, or beg favours. Marshal Augereau was a special instance of this, for during the first hour after dinner he would kill whoever came in his way, friend or enemy. One day I heard him say that there were in the army two persons whom the chief commander could at any time order to be shot, namely, the paymaster and the captain of the staff. They were both present. General Chérin made some reply in a cajoling tone, but with spirit; the paymaster said nothing, though he probably thought none the less.

I was then on the marshal's staff, and a knife and fork were always laid for me at his table, but I seldom went, from dread of those periodical squalls, being afraid, in fact, lest on a single word he should

send me to finish my digestion under arrest. I have often since met him in Paris, and as he used to express regret at not having met me more frequently, I made no concealment of the cause: though laughing over it, he almost admitted that I was not entirely wrong.

It was at Offenburg we were then on service, and a special grievance of the staff was that we had no game or fish at dinner. The complaint was not unreasonable, for it is a universal maxim that the conquerors should make good cheer at the expense of the conquered. Accordingly, I wrote the same day a polite note to the head-forester, pointing out the complaint and prescribing the cure. He was an old German knight, tall, meagre, and dark, who could not suffer us, and no doubt treated us as badly as he dared, to prevent our taking root in his territory. His reply, therefore, was full of evasions, and amounted almost to a refusal: the gamekeepers had disappeared, from fear of our soldiers, the fishermen were no longer under orders, and the rivers were swollen, etc., etc. To such excellent reasons I made no reply; but I sent him ten grenadiers to be billeted upon him until further orders.

The medicine took effect. Next morning, very early, there arrived a cart abundantly loaded; and

no doubt, the gamekeepers had returned and the fishermen again become amenable to authority, for there was game and fish enough to regale us for more than a week: venison, woodcocks, carp, pike—an abundant godsend.

On receiving this expiatory offering, I delivered the unlucky head-forester of his guests. He came to see us, and I soon brought him to take a proper view of the subject; so that, during the rest of our stay in that country, we could only congratulate ourselves on his treatment of us.

XVII.

ON REST.

MAN'S organization does not admit of continuous activity: Nature has only destined him to an interrupted existence. At the close of certain periods his perceptions cease.

When in a state of sleep and having his mind acted upon solely by dreams, if at all, man is no longer a member of society. The law still protects him but no longer commands him.

A curious instance of this was told me by Don

Duhaget, formerly prior of the Chartreuse Pierre-Châtel, a man belonging to an honourable Gascon family, and who had served for twenty years with distinction as captain in the infantry.

"Amongst the friars," said he, referring to the place he had been prior of before coming to Pierre-Châtel, "there was one of melancholy, if not sullen, disposition, who was known to be a somnambulist. Sometimes, when the fit was upon him, he left his cell and returned to it by himself; at other times he lost his way and they were obliged to lead him back. Several remedies had been tried, and at last, his relapses becoming less frequent, no further notice was taken of his case.

Illustrative anecdote.

"One night, being later up than usual, I was at my writing-desk, busy with some papers, when I heard the door of my room open, and soon saw this monk enter, in a state of absolute somnambulism. His eyes were open and staring, he had no clothes on him except the tunic used for a night-dress, and he held a big knife in his hand. He went straight to my bed, evidently knowing where it was placed, and seemed to satisfy himself, by feeling with his hands, that I was really in it; after which, he struck three blows with such good-will that, after piercing the bed-clothes, the blade went

deeply into the mattrass, or rather, the matting which served for that purpose.

"On first passing me, his features were contracted and his eyebrows knitted together; but when he turned round, after striking the blows, I observed that his features were relaxed and wore an expression of content. The light of the two lamps on my bureau made no impression on his eyes, and he went back as he came, carefully opening and shutting the two doors which led to my room, and then at once retiring quietly to his own.

"You can easily form a conception," said the prior, "of my feelings during that frightful apparition. I shuddered with horror to see the danger from which I had just escaped, and gave thanks to Providence; but my emotion was such that it was impossible to close my eyes for the rest of the night.

"Next morning I sent for the somnambulist, and, coming at once to the point, asked him what he had been dreaming about during the night. He was evidently confused by that question. 'I have had so strange a dream, father,' he replied, 'that, indeed, I can scarcely disclose it to you; it may be the work of the devil, and——'

"'I command you,' said I; 'a dream is always involuntary, and is nothing but an illusion. Speak your mind without reserve.'

"'I had scarcely gone to bed, father,' said he, 'than I dreamt that you had killed my mother; that her ghost appeared to me, demanding vengeance, and that the sight transported me with such wild fury, that I ran like a madman to your room, and, finding you in bed, stabbed you there. Soon after I awoke, bathed in perspiration, full of detestation for the attempted crime, and immediately blessed God that it had not been committed.'

"'There has been more committed than you think for,' said I calmly, with an air of great seriousness. Then I told him what had taken place, pointing out the marks of the blows which he had aimed at my person.

"At the very sight he threw himself at my feet, all in tears, bewailing the involuntary misfortune which had so nearly taken place, and imploring me to impose some penitential duty upon him. 'No,' I said; 'I shall inflict no punishment for an involuntary action, but in future, I dispense with your attendance at the evening services, at the same time warning you that your room will be locked from the outside after the evening meal, to be opened only at daybreak, to enable you to attend the common mass.'"

Had the prior been killed under those circum-

stances, the somnambulist monk would not have been punished as a murderer, because the action was involuntary.

Time for sleep.

When, for a certain length of time, man has enjoyed his existence fully, there comes a moment when he begins to weary; his impressions become gradually less vivid; all attempts to keep his senses alive are without effect; the organs themselves no longer perform their proper functions; the soul is saturated with sensations; the time for rest is at hand.

To sleep, as to every act relating to the preservation of the species, Nature, kindest mother of all, has united pleasure as a companion. As he falls into a healthy sleep, man is conscious of a general and indefinable sense of well-being; he feels his arms lie down by their own weight, his muscles relax, and a weight taken off his brain; his senses are calm, and his sensations less keen; he wishes for nothing; he no longer thinks: a fine veil, as it were, is drawn over his eyes. A few moments more and he sleeps.

XVIII.

ON SLEEP.

THOUGH there are a few men so organized that it might almost be said that they do not sleep, yet as a general rule, the want of sleep is as imperious as hunger or thirst. The outposts of an army often fall asleep, even though they throw snuff into their eyes. Pichegru, when tracked by Bonaparte's police, gave 30,000 francs for a night's sleep, during which he was betrayed and given up.

Like other pleasures, sleep may be indulged in to excess, as in the case of those whom we see sleep away three-fourths of their life. Its effects in such instances are always bad; such as sloth, indolence, weakness, stupidity, and death.

The school of Salerno allowed only seven hours sleep, without distinction of age or sex, a rule which is too severe; for more must be granted to infants, from their actual necessity, and to women from kindness. One thing, however, is certain: that he who spends more than ten hours in bed, errs in excess.

During the first moments of dawning sleep the will still acts; one can arouse himself; a few ideas

still arise in the mind, though mostly incoherent. Soon all sensation or thought vanishes, and we fall into absolute sleep.

How is the mind occupied during that time? It lives within itself: it is like the pilot during a calm, like a mirror during the darkness, like a harp whose strings are untouched; it awaits the renewal of active life.

Some psychologists,* however, including Count de Redern, maintain that the mind is constantly in a state of activity; the latter advancing, as a proof, the fact that those who are forcibly aroused from their first sleep experience the sensation of a man who is disturbed in some occupation in which he has been earnestly engaged.

In any case, the state of absolute annihilation is but short, never exceeding five or six hours. A vague consciousness of existence begins to revive, and the sleeper passes into the realm of dreams.

* Sir William Hamilton has advanced a similar theory in some of his philosophical writings. To prove that consciousness is continuous, he experimented upon himself by getting his servant to awake him during sleep at different times, and invariably found that the mind was occupied—that there had been no break in the consciousness, no solution of its continuity, even though no recollection of dreams remained.

XIX.

ON DREAMS.

Dreams are imperfect impressions which reach the mind without the assistance of external objects. As soon as the phenomena of dreams are better understood, the duality of the human constitution will be better known.

When a man who is awake receives impressions from an external object, the sensation is precise, direct and inevitable, the whole of the communicating nerve being called into play. When, on the other hand, the same impression reaches the mind during sleep, it is only the nearer or hinder part of the nerve which vibrates, and the sensation must necessarily be less lively and less precise. In one case the percussion traverses the whole organ, and in the other the vibration is confined to the parts in the neighbourhood of the brain.

A singular thing is that it is excessively rare that the sensations we dream of have to do with taste or smell; in dreaming of a garden or a field we see the flowers without smelling their odours, or if seated at a banquet, we see the dishes without learning anything of their taste or flavour.

A fact which should be investigated.

It were a task worthy of our scientific men to investigate why two of our senses produce no mental impression during sleep, while all the others act in full force.

It is to be observed, also, that the more intimate or reflective the affections of our dreams are, they are the more intense. Thus, merely sensible ideas are nothing compared to the anguish felt when one dreams of having lost a dear child, or of going to be hanged. In such a case one will frequently awake covered with perspiration or bathed in tears.

Nature of dreams.

However incongruous the ideas are which agitate us in dreaming, when closely examined they will be found to be only recollections, or combinations of recollections. I had almost said that dreams are but the memory of the senses.

Their peculiarity is that the association of those ideas is different from the ordinary mode, because freed from the laws of natural sequence, from all conventional notions, and from time itself. Thus a final analysis shows that no one has dreamed of anything which was previously entirely unknown to him. One will not be astonished at the singularity of our dreams if he considers that, for the waking man, there are four faculties which direct and mutually correct each other—namely, sight, hearing, touch,

and memory; whereas, in the case of the sleeping man, each sense is abandoned to its own resources.

I have thought of comparing those two conditions of the brain to a piano, before which is seated a musician who passes his fingers over the notes in an absent-minded manner, and by mere memory shapes out a melody; whereas, if he used all his faculties, he could combine with it a complete harmony. This comparison might be carried out much farther, when we consider that reflection is to our ideas what harmony is to sounds, and that certain ideas contain others, just as a principal note in a chord contains others which are subordinate to it, and so on.

Illustrative anecdote.

About 1790, there lived in the village Gevrin, in my native parish, a merchant of an extremely shrewd character, called Landot, who had scraped together a considerable fortune. All at once he was struck with such a paralytic shock that he was believed to be dead. The faculty came to his assistance and saved him; but not without loss, for he left behind him nearly all his intellectual faculties, and especially memory. There being, however, still life in him, of whatever sort, and having recovered his appetite, he continued to take charge of his property.

Seeing him in this state, those who formerly had business dealings with him believed that now was

the time for their revenge, and, on a pretext of keeping him company, they came from all parts and made proposals of bargains, purchases, sales, exchanges, and other such transactions as had previously been his main occupation. The assailants, however, speedily found, to their astonishment, that they had reckoned without their host.

The old rascal had lost not a whit of his business capacity, and the same man who sometimes did not know his own servants and forgot even his name, was always fully informed as to the prices of goods, as well as of the value of every acre of meadow, vineyard, or wood, within a radius of nine or ten miles round. In those respects his powers of judging were intact; and, having no suspicion of such a thing, the most of those who tried the invalid merchant were caught in the snares they had themselves been laying for him.

Another illustration.

At Belley, my native town, there lived a M. Chiral, who had long served in the king's body-guards, and was noted for only one thing — his knowledge of card-playing. He was also struck by paralysis and recovered, retaining only two faculties: the power of digestion, and his skill at cards.

One day our little town was visited by a Parisian banker, named M. Delius, if I remember aright,

and being a stranger with several letters of introduction, all did their best to entertain him. He was fond of good-living and of card-playing; the former proclivity was easily enough indulged by keeping him at table for five or six hours a day, but in the case of the latter there was more difficulty. He was very fond of piquet, and spoke of playing for six francs a point, which was enormous, compared to our usual rate of play. At last M. Chiral was voted by general consent to be his opponent as representative and defender of the town's reputation.

When the Parisian banker saw this tall figure, pale and ghastly, walk in sideways and take his seat as his opponent, he thought at first that it was a practical joke; but on the spectre taking the cards and shuffling like a proficient of the first class, he began to think his opponent might at one time have been something worthy of him. Nor did it take long to convince him that the faculty still remained; for not only in that rubber, but also in many others that followed, M. Delius was completely beaten, punished, and plucked; and on leaving he had to count out more than six hundred francs.

Before setting out for Paris, M. Delius came to thank us for our good reception of him, protesting

at the same time against the broken-down adversary we had opposed to him, and declaring he would never forgive himself for having shown such inferiority in trying a fall with a dead man.

Conclusion derived.

It seems clear, from those instances, that, in overthrowing the brain-power generally, the paralytic shock respected that portion which had so long been employed in problems of business and cards; the reason, no doubt, being that continual exercise had given it greater strength to resist, or that the impressions so made had by long repetition left deeper traces.

Characteristics of dreams.

One's age has a marked influence on the nature of his dream. Thus, in infancy we dream of games, gardens, flowers, verdure, and other smiling objects; later, of amusement, love, battles, and marriages; later still, of houses, voyages, court-favour; last of all, of business, trouble, wealth, bygone amusements, and friends who have been dead for years.

As the phenomena of dreams are of importance in the interests of anthropology, I give instances from my own experience.

One night I dreamt that I had found the secret of dispensing with the law of gravitation, so that, my body having no tendency either to rise or descend, I could do the one as easily as the other, just as I pleased.

This state seemed to be something delightful; and probably many have had similar dreams. The most remarkable thing, however, is that I seemed to understand very clearly the means by which the result was reached, and that they seemed so simple that I felt amazed that they had not been found out sooner.

On awaking, the explanatory part of the dream completely escaped me, but the conclusion remained; and ever since I have a feeling of absolute certainty that, sooner or later, some enlightened genius will make the discovery. In any case, having found, I make a note of it.

Not many months ago, I experienced such a sensation of pleasure during sleep as I had never felt or heard of. It consisted in a sort of delicious quivering through all the atoms of my being; a sort of most delightful twitching, which, beginning at the surface of my skin all over from head to foot, vibrated through me to the very marrow. A bluish flame seemed at the same time to play about my forehead: * Another instance.

Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.

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* The curious egotism of our author's comparing himself to Æneas is as comic as it is unaffected. A more famous instance of vanity in dreaming is that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, as described by Pope. The great state-painter dreamt he died, and that, on

From this state, of which I felt sensibly conscious, and which I reckon to have lasted for at least thirty seconds, I awoke filled with an amazement which was not unmixed with awe. Comparing with it some observations made upon people subject to trances, and others morbidly excitable, I conclude that the limits of pleasure are yet neither known nor fixed, and that no man can say how much enjoyment our body is capable of. May we not hope that in a few ages the physiology of the future will have power over those extraordinary sensations to produce them at will, as sleep is procured by opium; and that our great-grandchildren will in that way be recompensed for the atrocious suffering undergone by many in our time.

An argument from analogy might be brought to support the theory I have just advanced. Thus, as I have already remarked, the powers of harmony which procure for us an enjoyment so keen, so pure, and so eagerly sought after, were entirely unknown to the Romans, the discovery being only made in the fourteenth century.

The following illustration, which will be at once

encountering St. Peter, the apostle very civilly asked his name. "I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing close by, turned towards me and said, with a great deal of sweetness, 'What, the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller from England?' 'The very same, sir,' said I, 'at your service.'"

understood by men of letters, is a clear proof that man's moral nature is under the influence of the physical.

When comfortable in bed in a horizontal position, a man, thinking of the work that during the day engages his attention, feels a great fertility of imagination and flow of ideas clothed in a ready succession of happy phrases, and, as one must get up in order to write, he dresses himself, and throwing off his night-cap, sits down at his writing-table.

But lo! all at once he is a different individual. The warmth of imagination has disappeared; the thread of the ideas is broken; there is a great lack of expression; he is obliged to hunt up with difficulty the thoughts which he had so easily found, and frequently he feels forced to put off his task to a more propitious day.

Such facts can be easily explained by considering how the brain is influenced by the change of position and temperature; at all events, it is another proof that the body influences the mind. Following out this idea, I am inclined to believe that the excitability of the Mahomedans and other Orientals is due to the fact that they have the head always covered with the warm turban, and that it is to obtain a contrary effect that in monasteries the religious legislators have imposed the rule of keeping that part of the body uncovered and shaven.

XX.

ON REST, SLEEP, AND DREAMS, AS THEY ARE INFLUENCED BY DIET.

WHETHER reposing, resting, or dreaming, man is still constantly under the power of the laws of nutrition, and within the domain of gastronomy.

Theory and experience combine to prove that the quality and quantity of our food has a powerful influence upon work, rest, sleep, and dreams.

Its effects upon work.

A badly fed man cannot long undergo the fatigue of lasting work. His body becomes covered with sweat, and soon all strength leaves him; rest, in his case, is simply an utter impossibility of action.

If it is mental labour that occupies him, ideas arise without force or precision. His reflection refuses to combine them, his judgment to analyse them. The brain exhausts itself in such vain attempts; and he falls asleep, as it were, on the field of battle.

On the eve of his departure for Boulogne, the Emperor Napoleon was at work for more than thirty hours—what with the Council of State and

the other depositaries of his power—and the only refreshment he had was two very short meals and several cups of coffee.

Brown tells us of an English clerk of the Admiralty who, after accidentally losing some registers which could only be prepared by himself, was occupied for fifty consecutive hours in getting them done a second time. Without a suitable regimen, he could never have dared to attempt such an enormous loss of energy; and the following was the way in which he kept up: first by taking water, then light food, then wine, then good soup, and finally opium.

One day I met a courier whom I had formerly known in the army. He had just arrived from Spain where he had been sent with State despatches, and had only taken twelve days to accomplish the journey. A few glasses of wine and a few bowls of soup were all that he had taken during that long series of joltings and sleepless days; and he added that any food of a more substantial kind would have infallibly rendered him incapable of continuing his route.

Its influence on dreams.

Food has a by no means unimportant influence upon sleep and dreaming. He who requires to eat cannot sleep. The pangs of hunger keep him in a state of painful wakeful-

ness; and if weakness and exhaustion compel him to dose, the sleep is light and broken, without repose.

He who, on the contrary, has in his eating exceeded the bounds of discretion, falls immediately into a state of absolute repose. Should he have dreamed, there remains no recollection, because the nervous fluid has been passing to and fro in all directions. For the same reason, he awakes suddenly, and has difficulty in coming back to social life; and even when fully awake he still feels for a considerable time the languor of indigestion.

It may be accepted as a general maxim that coffee drives away sleep. This inconvenience, which is invariably experienced at first by Europeans, is weakened by custom, or even disappears altogether. There are several kinds of food which have the contrary effect of inducing sleep: such as those that are milky, as all the lettuce family of plants, poultry, purslain, orange-flower, and especially the rennet apple, when eaten immediately before going to bed.

Result.

Experience, founded upon millions of observations, has taught us that dreams are determined by food. In general, they are caused by food which has properties only slightly exciting, such as dark-coloured flesh, pigeons, ducks, game,

and especially hare. That property is also recognized in asparagus, celery, truffles, scented sweets, and particularly vanilla.

It would be a great mistake to think that all such somniferous substances must be banished from our tables, for the dreams which they occasion are generally light and pleasant, prolonging our existence even during the time when it appears to be suspended.

There are some persons for whom sleep is a life apart—a sort of prolonged romance; that is to say, that their dreams follow each other, and they finish the second night what they had commenced the night before, seeing in their sleep certain faces which they recognize as already seen, and which, nevertheless, they have never met in the actual world.

The man who has reflected on the life of the body, and conducts it in accordance with the principles now being developed, will wisely prepare his rest, his sleep, and his dreams. He distributes his work so as never to have too much on hand; he lightens it by skilfully varying it; and refreshes his energy by short intervals of rest, which relieve without any interruption of the continuity which is sometimes indispensable. If during the day time a longer rest is needed, he takes it only in a sitting

posture, refraining from sleep unless absolutely compelled to give way to it, and being especially careful not to contract a habit of it.

When night brings the hours of daily rest, he retires to an airy room, does not surround himself with curtains to make him breathe the same air a hundred times, and takes good care not to close his window-shutters, so that every time his eye half opens he may be consoled by a remnant of light.

He stretches himself on a bed which rises slightly towards the head; his pillow is of horse-hair, his night-cap of linen; his chest is not weighed down by a weight of bed-clothes, but he takes good care that his feet are warmly covered.

He has eaten with discrimination, denying himself neither good nor excellent cheer; he has drunk the best wines, and with precaution, even though of the finest quality. During dessert, he talks more about gallantry than politics, and composes love-songs rather than epigrams. Afterwards, he takes a cup of tea if it suits his constitution, and soon afterwards a thimbleful of liqueur, to give the mouth a pleasant flavour. In everything, he shows himself a pleasant guest, a distinguished connoisseur, without scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his natural wants.

It is under such circumstances that he goes to

bed, well pleased with himself and every one else, and, closing his eyes, passes through the twilight of consciousness, and falls into a state of several hours' absolute repose.

Nature has not been long in levying her tribute, and by assimilation all loss is replaced. Then pleasant dreams come to bestow upon him a mysterious existence; he sees persons whom he loves, recovers his favourite occupations, and is for the moment carried to places of which he has pleasant recollections.

At last, feeling himself gradually emerge from the state of sleep, he again enters upon social life without any regret for time lost, because in his sleep he has enjoyed an activity without fatigue, and a pleasure without alloy.

XXI.

ON CORPULENCE.

HAD I been a doctor holding a University degree, I should first have written an excellent monograph on corpulence, and then established my empire in that corner of the field of science. I should have had the double advantage of having for

my patients people who enjoy excellent health, and of being daily laid siege to by the fairest portion of the human race. For to have the proper amount of embonpoint, neither too much nor too little, is with women the study of a lifetime.

What I have left undone, some other doctor will accomplish; and if he is at once learned, sensible, and handsome, I can prophesy for him marvellous results.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus hæres.

In the mean time, I proceed to open the new career; for a discussion of corpulence is indispensable in a work which treats of all that relates to the food of man.

By corpulence, I mean that state of fatty congestion in which, without the individual being ill, the bodily members gradually become larger, and lose their original form and symmetry.

I, myself, am among the number of the *gastrophori*, or paunch-bellied, my leg and ankle being firm and sinewy as those of an Arab. But this local tendency to corpulence I had always regarded with special dread, and I conquered it by confining it to the limit of the imposing. To conquer it, however, a fight was first necessary, and it is to my thirty years' struggle that this present essay owes any merit that may belong to it.

To introduce the subject, I shall give a specimen of one of the numberless discussions in which I formerly took part at table with any one threatened with corpulence, or suffering from it.

Stout Party. What delicious bread you have. Who is your baker?

Myself. Limet, in Rue de Richelieu. He supplies the royal family; but I send there because it is near, and continue doing so because I have proclaimed him to be the first bread-maker in the world.

S. P. I must take a note of his address. I am a great eater of bread, and with such rolls as those I could almost dispense with everything else.

Another S. P. What in the world are you doing? Are you actually leaving that beautiful rice in your soup-plate, and eating only the liquid?

M. It is a special régime that I prescribe to myself.

S. P. 'Tis a bad one, then. Rice I am very fond of, as well as flours, pastry, and things of that sort. There is nothing that nourishes better, cheaper, or with less trouble.

A very S. P. Will you oblige me, sir, by passing the potatoes in front of you; at the rate they are going at, I am afraid of not being in time.

M. There, sir, they are within your reach.

S. P. But you will surely help yourself to some? There's enough for both, and those who come after must do as they may.

M. I never take any. I think nothing of the potato unless as a stop-gap in times of great scarcity. It is, to my taste, most insipid.

S. P. Gastronomic heresy! There is nothing better than the potato. I eat them done in all the different ways, and should they appear in the second course, whether *à la lyonnaise* or *au soufflé*, I hereby enter a protest for the preservation of my rights.

A Stout Lady. Would you kindly get those Soissons haricots fetched, which I see at the end of the table?

M. (after executing the order, singing in a low voice to a well-known tune).

"How happy are the Soissonnais!
Where haricots in plenty grow."

S. P. But, joking apart, they form a great source of revenue to that country. Paris pays a large sum to be supplied with them. I beg also your favourable notice for the small marsh beans, sometimes called English beans: when still green they are a dish for the gods.

M. Anathema upon the haricots! Anathema upon the marsh beans!

S. P. (defiantly). I don't care a straw for your

anathema. One would think, to hear you, that you were an episcopal council all by yourself!

M. (to a lady). I must congratulate you on your good health. You have surely got stouter since the last time I had the honour to see you.

S. Lady. That is owing, most likely, to my new regimen.

M. How do you mean?

S. L. For some time I have had at lunch an excellent rich soup—a basin big enough for two. And what soup, too! The spoon almost stands alone in it.

M. (to another stout lady). Unless I mistake your glances, you will accept a small piece of this charlotte-cake, and I proceed in your behalf to make an attack upon it.

S. L. Well, sir, you *are* mistaken by my glances. I see two things for which I have a special predilection, and both are quite different from that you mention: viz., that golden-sided rice-cake and that gigantic Savoy biscuit. I may tell you, by way of a hint, that I dote upon sugared pastry.

M. (to another). Whilst they discuss politics at that end of the table, will you allow me, madame, to examine for you this *frangipanni* tart?

S. L. With pleasure. There is nothing I like better than pastry. We have a pastrycook for

tenant; and my daughter and I, between us, eat up the whole of the rent, I verily believe, if not more.

M. (after looking at the young lady). You seem to thrive wonderfully upon it. Your daughter's good looks do you great credit.

S. L. Well! Would you believe that her companions sometimes tell her she is too fat?

M. Envy, probably.

S. L. Very likely. Besides, I am about to get her married, and the first child will put all that to rights.

It was by such conversations as these that I got light thrown upon a theory which, in a rudimentary form, I had seen verified in the lower animals—to wit, that corpulence by fattening is mainly due to food which is overcharged with feculent and farinaceous elements. Thus, also, I became convinced that the same regimen is always followed by the same effect.

As a matter of fact, carnivorous animals never become fat: for example, wolves, jackals, birds of prey, the crow, etc. Herbivorous animals fatten slightly, at least so long as age has not brought them to a state of comparative repose; and on the other hand, they invariably fatten quickly as soon as they are fed on potatoes, corn, or any kind of flour.

Corpulence never occurs either amongst savages or those classes of society who work only to eat and eat only to live.

From the preceding observations, the accuracy of which any man can verify for himself, it is easy to assign the principal causes of corpulence. The first is the natural disposition of the individual. Almost every man is born with certain predispositions of which his physiognomy bears the stamp. Out of a hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown or fair hair, a long face and sharp nose. Out of a hundred who are corpulent, there are ninety with a short face, round eyes, and blunt nose.

Causes of corpulence.

When in company we meet with a young girl who is lively, with rosy complexion, a roguish nose, a well-rounded figure, plump hands, and short, plump feet, everybody is delighted and pronounces her charming; whereas I, being taught by experience, look upon her with anticipations of ten years later, and seeing the ravages which corpulence is sure to cause, I groan over evils not yet existing. Such anticipated pity is a painful feeling, and supplies one proof against a thousand others that man would be more unhappy if he could foresee the future.

The second and principal cause of corpulence is

in the flours and other farinaceous stuffs which constitute the basis of man's daily food. As we have already remarked, all animals which live on farinaceous food must become fat, and man follows the common law.

Feculent food is quicker and truer in its effects when combined with sugar. Both sugar and fat contain the element hydrogen: thus both are combustive. So composed, it is active in proportion as it pleases the palate; and few eat of sweets before the natural appetite is satisfied, and the luxurious appetite alone is left which requires for its gratification the most refined art and ingenious variety.

Farinaceous matter is not less fattening when conveyed by means of drinks, such as beer. Those races who drink it habitually are also those who can show the largest paunches: thus, in 1817, several Parisian families drank beer for economy, because wine was very dear, and the result was, they got so stout that they scarcely knew themselves.

Another cause of corpulency is twofold, viz., that due to taking too much sleep and too little exercise. During sleep the human body is greatly restored, there being scarcely any loss, on account of the muscular action being suspended. Hence the necessity for exercise to use up the surplus;

but by the very fact of sleeping much, the time of action is proportionately limited. Then, again, great sleepers recoil from whatever gives the slightest fatigue, and thus the excess of what is assimilated is conveyed by the current of circulation, and a small percentage of hydrogen being added by one of the mysterious processes of organic chemistry, fat is formed and deposited in the cellular tissue.

Finally, too much eating and drinking is a cause of corpulence. There is much truth in the saying that one of the privileges of the human race is to eat without being hungry, and drink without being thirsty; for, as a matter of fact, it cannot be an attribute of the lower animals, since it arises from reflection upon the pleasures of the table, and from the desire to prolong them.

Wherever men are found, we also find this twofold liking; and it is well known that savages eat to excess, and drink till they are dead drunk, as often as they have the opportunity. Nay, we ourselves, whether citizens of the Old or the New World, though we believe we have reached the very culmination of civilization, most assuredly eat too much. I do not refer to that small number who, from avarice or incapacity, live alone and apart—the former delighted to feel that their hoards in-

crease, the latter groaning because they cannot do better; but I speak so emphatically of all those in ordinary society who are alternately Amphitryons and guests, inviting or invited. All these, even after the actual wants of nature are satisfied, eat of a dish because it is attractive, and drink of a wine because it is foreign. I affirm that, whether entering a dining-room every day, or only having a treat of a Sunday, and occasionally on the Monday, the great majority of us eat and drink too much; and enormous quantities of eatables are daily absorbed unnecessarily.

This almost universal cause has different results according to the constitution of the individuals; and for people of weak stomachs its result is not corpulence, but indigestion.

Anecdote in illustration.

We have with our own eyes seen an instance well known to many Parisians. M. Lang kept house in a most brilliant style, especially so far as the table was concerned, but his digestion by no means corresponded to his love of good eating. As host he did the honours to perfection, and did his share of the eating with a courage worthy of a better fate. Thus all went well enough to the conclusion of the dinner; but then the stomach speedily refused the labour imposed upon it, and pains began, till the luckless gastronome was

obliged to throw himself on a sofa, where he lay till next day expiating by protracted agony the short pleasure which he had enjoyed.

A very singular point in this case was that he never got rid of this peculiarity. So long as he lived he was subject to the strange alternative, and the previous evening's sufferings never changed or modified his conduct at the dinner table on the morrow.

With men of good digestion, the excess of nutrition acts as indicated in the previous article. All the food is digested, and that which is not needed to repair loss is appropriated in the form of fat. With others there is a constant indigestion, the stomach receiving the food without benefit to them; and those ignorant of the cause are astonished that a better result is not produced by so many good things.

The reader must observe that I do not go exhaustively into details; for there is a crowd of secondary causes—arising from our habits, from the limitations imposed by our condition in life, from our hobbies and our pleasures—all seconding or actuating those which I have just pointed out. Such full and minute treatment of the subject I leave to the successor of whom I spoke at the commencement of the chapter, contenting myself, as the

first pioneer in this field, with my right of gathering the firstfruits.

Intemperance has for ages fixed the attention of observers. Philosophers have extolled temperance; princes have made laws to limit expenses; and religion has preached at the love of good living. Alas! they have not lessened the amount eaten by a single mouthful, and the art of eating too much becomes every day more flourishing.

By striking out a new path I shall, perhaps, be more fortunate. I shall set forth the physical inconveniences of corpulence. The instinct of self-preservation may be more powerful than morality, more persuasive than sermonizing, and more effective than the law. At any rate, the fair sex are, I believe, quite willing to open their eyes to the light.

Inconvenience of corpulence.

Corpulence is looked upon as an enemy by both sexes, because strength and beauty are both injuriously affected by it. It injures the strength by increasing the weight of the machine without increasing the motive power; and again, by impeding the respiration, and so rendering impossible any labour which requires a sustained exertion of the muscular force. It injures the beauty by destroying the natural harmony of proportion, some parts being enlarged

more than others, and still more by filling up depressions which nature had intended for showing the other features in relief. Hence it is an every-day occurrence to meet a face formerly most attractive, and now by corpulence become almost insignificant.

The head of our late Empire was himself an instance. In his last campaigns he had grown very corpulent, his paleness becoming almost ghastly, and his eyes losing much of their fire.

Two other notable instances of corpulence are Marius and, in modern times, John Sobieski. The former, being of short stature, became as broad as he was high; and it was probably this disproportionate growth that frightened his Cimbrian executioner. As to the King of Poland, his corpulence very nearly cost him his life; for having fallen amongst a troop of Turkish cavalry, before whom he was obliged to flee, he soon became short of breath, and would certainly have been slaughtered if several of his staff had not kept him up, almost fainting, on the saddle, whilst others were generously sacrificing themselves in order to hinder the enemy.

If I am not mistaken, the Duc de Vendôme, that worthy son of the great Henry, also became very corpulent. Dying in an inn, deserted by everybody, he remained conscious enough to perceive

one of his people snatching the cushion from under his head, even when about to utter his last sigh.

With reference to instances of excessive corpulence, I shall confine myself to a few remarks from my own observations. M. Rameau, a school-fellow, afterwards mayor of La Chaleur, in Burgundy, was only five feet six inches high, yet he weighed five hundred pounds. The Duc de Luynes, whom I have frequently met in company, became enormously large, his handsome features being quite disfigured by fat, and the last years of his life being spent in an almost uninterrupted sleep.

But the most extraordinary instance I have seen was that of an inhabitant of New York, whom many of my readers must have seen sitting in the Broadway, on an enormous arm-chair with legs strong enough to bear a church. Edward was at least six feet four in height; and, as his fat had swelled him out in every direction, he was over eight feet at least in girth. His fingers were like those of the Roman Emperor who used his wife's bracelets for rings; his arms and thighs were cylindrical, as thick as the waist of an ordinary man; and his feet like those of an elephant, covered with the overlapping fat of the legs. His lower eyelid was kept down by the weight of the fat on

his cheeks; but what made him more hideous than anything else was the three round chins of more than a foot long hanging over his breast, so that his face looked like the capital of a truncated pillar.

He sat thus beside a window of a low room opening on the street, drinking from time to time a glass of ale, of which there was a huge pitcher always near.

His singular appearance could not fail to attract the notice of the passers-by, but they had to be careful not to remain too long. Edward quickly sent them about their business, calling out, in his deep tones, "What are you staring at, like wild cats?"—"Go on your way, you lazy body"—"Off with you, you good-for-nothing dogs." During several conversations I had with him, he assured me that he was by no means unhappy, and that if death did not come to disturb his plans, he could willingly remain as he was to the end of the world.

From all that has been advanced in this chapter, we must conclude that if corpulence is not a disease, it is at least a troublesome indisposition brought on mostly by our own fault. Another conclusion is that corpulence is a thing to be guarded against by those who are free of it, and got rid of by those who have it; and it is in their

Conclusion.

favour that we now proceed to investigate the resources which science, aided by observation, presents to us.

XXII.

ON THE PREVENTION OR CURE OF CORPULENCE.

I COMMENCE with a fact which proves that corpulence can neither be prevented nor cured without determination.

M. Louis Greffulhe (afterwards Count) being threatened with corpulence, came to ask my advice, having heard that I had given attention to the subject. "On one condition," I said, "namely, that you promise on your word of honour to follow with the most rigid accuracy the rule of conduct which I prescribe."

Having so pledged himself, I next day presented my list of rules—the first article being that he was to have himself weighed at the beginning and end of the treatment. At the end of a month he called upon me again, and gave me the result in the following terms.

"I have followed your prescription as if my life

depended upon it, and have ascertained that during the month I have lost three pounds and a little over. But to reach that result I have been obliged to do such violence to all my tastes, all my habits —in a word, I have suffered so much, that, whilst giving you my best thanks for your kind directions, I renounce any advantage resulting from them, and throw myself for the future entirely into the hands of Providence."

After this resolution, which I did not hear without pain, the result was as might be expected: M. Greffulhe grew more and more corpulent, and after suffering the inconveniences due to such a habit, had scarcely reached the age of forty when he died of suffocation.

Every cure of corpulence must begin with these three maxims or absolute principles: discretion in eating, moderation in sleep, exercise on foot or horseback. General rules.

Now, firstly, much resolution is needed to leave the dinner-table with an appetite. Whilst the craving lasts, one morsel invites another with an irresistible attraction, and, as a general rule, men eat as long as they are hungry, in spite of doctors, and even by the example of the doctors.

Secondly, to propose to any of our stout friends to rise early is the veriest cruelty. They will plead

that their health does not allow of it; that when they get up early, they are good for nothing the rest of the day; and if a lady, she will complain that it ruins the eyes. They will all agree to sit up late, but must have their morning snooze. Thus, then, the second resource is lost.

Thirdly, exercise on horseback is an expensive cure, suitable neither for all incomes nor all conditions of life. Thus, if the patient be a pretty woman, she will gladly assent; but on three conditions: that she may have a horse at once handsome, spirited, and gentle; that she may have a riding-habit cut in the latest fashion; and that she may have a good-natured and handsome fellow to act as her squire.

Foot exercise also meets with a host of objections. It tires one to death; one is apt to perspire and catch pleurisy; the dust ruins one's stockings, or the stones one's thin shoes; and it is impossible to keep it up.

Best remedy practically.

Of all medical resources, the regimen or fixed diet is the first, because it acts continuously, day and night, awake or asleep. Hence, since, as was shown in a previous chapter, the usual and main cause of corpulence is the use of farinaceous food, we must conclude, as an exact consequence, that to abstain more or less

rigorously from all that is floury and starchy tends to lessen corpulence.

You like bread; then eat brown or rye bread. You are fond of soup; have it *à la julienne*, or with vegetables—bread, macaroni, and pea-soups being strictly forbidden. At the first course, all is at your service, with a few exceptions, such as rice boiled with poultry, and hot pastry; but at the second course, all your philosophy will be needed. Avoiding the farinaceous, under whatever form it assumes, you will still have roast meat, salads, and vegetables; and as sweets cannot be entirely dispensed with, choose chocolate creams, flavoured jellies, and others of the same sort.

Now comes dessert; but if, so far, you have been virtuous, you can easily complete the good task. Be suspicious of cakes and similar trifles, and keep your eyes off biscuits and macaroons. There is still left you fruits of all kinds, preserves, besides other things which a knowledge of my principles will enable you to choose for yourself.

After dinner I prescribe coffee, allowing you also a liqueur. I would also advise a cup of tea or a tumbler of punch, when opportunity offers.

At breakfast, take brown bread as a matter of course, and chocolate rather than coffee. Strong coffee, however, with milk, may be conceded; and

other things at discretion, except eggs. One point to observe is, that you cannot breakfast too early.

Further maxims.

Hitherto I have, in a kind and paternal manner, prescribed for the evil when it threatens to approach. A few precepts must be added for those who are already victims.

Drink every summer thirty bottles of seltzer water; a large tumbler the first thing in the morning, two others before lunch, and the same at bedtime. Drink white wines, especially those that are light and acid, like that of Anjou, and avoid beer as you would the plague. Ask frequently for radishes, artichokes with hot sauce, asparagus, celery; choose veal and fowl rather than beef and mutton; and eat as little of the crumb of bread as possible. When doubtful, take the advice of a doctor who follows my principles; and at whatever stage you begin to adopt it, you will speedily improve in freshness, good looks, activity, health, and general fitness.

There is a fatal doctrine prevalent 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 more from having that fulness of form, or classical *embonpoint*, which is one of the glories of the imitative arts. One evening I said to her, "My dear Louise, you are surely ill; you look thinner!" "Oh no!" she replied, 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 you being either thinner or stouter; keep as you are, a charming morsel," and other phrases of that sort suitable to a youth of twenty.

Watching the young girl from that time, I soon saw a loss of colour, the cheeks becoming hollow, and her charms generally fading. 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 as fat as Saint Christopher, she had for the past month been drinking a glass of vinegar every morning.

A shudder passed through me at this confession. I felt the extent of the danger, and next morning I told her mother, whose alarm was equal to mine, for

she was dotingly fond of her daughter. No time was lost; the best doctors were called, and consultations held and remedies tried; but all too late—for at the age of eighteen Louise fell asleep for evermore.

About a week after her death, her despairing mother begged me to accompany her in paying the last visit to what remained of her daughter, and we saw with surprise that the face showed a sort of radiance, or ecstasy, which had not appeared previously. I was astonished, and the mother drew from it a favourable augury. It is not, however, rare, and there is mention of it in Lavater's "Treatise on Physiognomy."

Use of a belt.

Every system of treatment for the reduction of corpulence must be assisted by a contrivance which should have been mentioned sooner; to wit, the constant use, day and night, of a belt across the stomach. The patient is by no means condemned to carry it for a lifetime, but may lay it aside as soon as he has attained the desired limit.*

Quinine.

From several observations it appears conclusive that quinine has some property powerfully opposed to the production of fat, and I therefore recommend the use of it to the corpulent.

* 'It was a saying of Mirabeau's, referring to an excessively stout man, that God had only created him to show to what extent the human skin could be stretched without bursting.'

Such are the means with which I propose to combat an inconvenience as troublesome as it is common. I have adapted them to the weakness of humanity, such as we find it in the present state of society.

For that purpose I have acted on that principle of experience, that the more rigorous any system of treatment is, the less is the effect produced, because followed badly or not at all.

Few patients will make a great effort. Hence, if you wish your advice to be followed, you must prescribe only what is easy, or even, if possible, what is pleasant.

XXIII.

ON LEANNESS.

When leanness is caused by the weakness or defective action of certain organs, it gives to the individual a mean and miserable look, and betrays the outline of the bony framework in all its angularity. I knew a young woman of average height who weighed only sixty-five pounds.

Leanness is no great disadvantage for men, as it does not interfere with mere strength, and much

assists the activity. Thus, the father of the young lady just mentioned, although quite as lean as she, was strong enough to take a heavy chair by his teeth and throw it backwards over his head.

For women, however, it is a frightful evil, for with them beauty is more than life, and beauty consists especially in the roundness of limb and figure, in the gracefully curved outline. The choicest of toilettes, the most artistic of dress-makers, cannot disguise certain deficiencies or conceal certain angles.

Who are destined to be lean.

Those who are destined to be lean have frequently small hands, aquiline nose, almond-shaped eyes, large mouth, a pointed chin, and brown hair. In the worst form of leanness the eyes are dead, the lips pale, and the looks generally betoken want of energy, weakness, and sickliness. One might almost say they look as if they were not completely made, or as if the lamp of life within them were not yet properly lighted.*

* *Le flambeau de la vie*—the torch of life—evidently a survival of the famous simile of Lucretius—

——*quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt,*

where one generation, handing down 'the lamp of life' to another, is compared to a runner in the Grecian torch-races, who had to carry a torch and give it over unextinguished to his successor.

Every woman who is thin would like to be stouter. This wish we have a thousand times heard the all-powerful sex give utterance to; and, to pay them a last homage, we proceed to show how to replace, by the proper natural figure, those silk and cotton shapes which are seen in the windows of some fashionable shops, to the great scandal of the "unco guid," who turn away as much shocked as if the reality itself were presented to their eyes. The cure developed.

The whole secret of gaining some fulness of figure lies in the proper choice of diet. What is needed is but to eat and select one's food.

If you sleep much, that assists in making flesh; if you sleep little, you will digest more quickly and therefore eat more.

Let us now sketch one day's bill of fare for a young sylph, or other airy creature, who wishes to assume a more material form. First of all, make it a general rule to eat nothing but newly baked bread, especially the crumb, and plenty of it.

In the morning, before leaving your room, take a small basin of soup, or a cup of good chocolate. At eleven o'clock, breakfast upon newly laid eggs, either beaten up or poached, and a pie or cutlet, or anything you can fancy; the main point is to have eggs. A cup of coffee also will do no harm.

After breakfast, you must take some exercise. If you don't care for the parks or gardens, pay a visit to your dressmaker, or go and see the newest bonnets and latest styles of cloaks and shawls, finishing off by calling on one or two of your friends to have a chat about what you have seen.

At dinner, take as much soup, fish, and meat as you like, taking care not to omit any dish containing rice or macaroni, also sweet pastry, "Charlottes," and so forth; and during the dessert choose Savoy cakes, currant-tarts, and such like, containing flour, eggs, and sugar.

In drinking, beer should be preferred, and if you must have wine, take Bordeaux, or some other from the sunny South. Shun acids, unless in salads, which gladden the heart; take sugar with your fruit, and eat as many grapes as you can. Never take baths too cold, or tire yourself dancing, but use your endeavours from time to time to breathe the pure air of the country.

If this scheme be followed diligently and resolutely, the deficiencies of nature will soon be made good, the health will be improved as well as the beauty, and thus, pleasure being yielded by both, my professional ear will ring with accents of gratitude.

Men 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.*

XXIV.

ON FASTING.

Fasting consists in a voluntary abstinence from food, for some moral or religious purpose. The habit has within my own recollection singularly fallen into desuetude; and, as it may serve for the edification, if not the conversion, of impious moderns, I cannot refrain from sketching the ordinary life of fifty years ago.

On ordinary days we breakfasted before nine upon bread, cheese, fruits, sometimes a pie or cold meat. Between twelve and one o'clock we dined, always beginning, as a matter of course, with soup, and followed by the meat boiled in it, supplemented by other dishes, according to one's income and other circumstances. About four there was a small snack for the use of children and those who prided themselves on adherence to old customs; about eight came supper, a meal of four or five courses,

and then, after conversation and a game at cards, all went to bed.

Let us now glance at what was done on the days of fasting. Butchers'-meat was forbidden; we had no breakfast, and were consequently more hungry than usual. At the regular hour we dined as we best might; but fish and vegetables only satisfy for the moment, and before five o'clock we were dying with hunger, some looking at their watches and trying to be patient, others working themselves into a passion, even when securing their soul's salvation. About eight o'clock we at length had, not a good supper, but "the collation," as it was termed (by a name borrowed from the self-denying monks), at which we could be served neither with butter, nor eggs, nor anything which had had life. We were fain, then, to take our fill of salad, preserves and fruits—aliments, alas! by no means suited to the appetites of those times and circumstances; but we exercised our souls in patience for the love of heaven, went to bed, and next morning, all throughout Lent, recommenced the same programme.

For the relaxation of that rigorous observance many causes are assigned, the culminating one being the Revolution. Still, it is a gross mistake to think that the new order of things has fostered intemperance, for the number of meals has been

reduced, and drunkenness has disappeared to take refuge amongst the lowest classes of society. Wild orgies are now unheard of, and a man of sottish habits would be tabooed.

Every day many thousand men attend the theatre or *café*, who forty years ago would have spent the same time in the public-houses. Their manners are improved by the stage, and their minds instructed at the coffee-houses by reading newspapers; and, in any case, they are saved from the fighting, the ill-health and the brutishness which seem inseparable from the public-houses.

XXV.

ON EXHAUSTION AND DEATH.

By exhaustion we mean a state of weakness, languor, or sinking, which is caused by excess of work or loss of energy, and impedes the action of the vital functions.

For its treatment gastronomy is ever at hand to present her resources. To the man who has too long put a strain upon his muscular forces, she offers good soup, generous wine, cooked meat, and sleep. To the man of learning, who through love

of his subject has been tempted to overtask his powers, she offers exercise in the open air to refresh his brain, a bath to relax the irritated nerves, fowl, vegetables, and repose.

In death there is an absolute annihilation of the vital functions, which in exhaustion are only impeded, the body being therefore abandoned to the laws of decomposition.

Like other critical acts in human existence, death itself is not unaccompanied by pleasure when it is natural; that is, when the body has duly passed through the different phases of growth: manhood, old age, and decrepitude. I might call to my aid the physicians who have noted through what imperceptible shades or gradations an animated body passes into the state of inert matter. I might quote philosophers, kings, men of letters, who, on the confines of eternity, far from being a prey to grief, had their minds filled with pleasant thoughts, sometimes enhanced by the charm of poetry. I might bring to mind that reply of the dying Fontenelle, who, being asked what he felt, said, "Nothing but a difficulty of living." The following is one of the instances on which I base my conviction.

I had a grand-aunt of ninety-three years old, who was dying. Though for some time confined to her bed, she had all her faculties, and it was only by

the loss of appetite and weakening of her voice that her real state could be seen. She had always shown great affection for me, and I was by her bedside ready to wait tenderly upon her, at the same time taking observations with that philosophic eye with which I have always scanned all that happens around me.

"Art thou by me?" said she, in a voice scarcely intelligible. "Yes, aunt; can I do anything for you? I think a little wine would do you good." "Let me try then, my boy; a liquid will always go down."

I got it as quickly as I could, and lifting her gently, made her swallow half a glass of my best wine. She instantly revived, and, turning upon me eyes that had been very handsome, said, "I thank you kindly for this last good turn; if ever you reach my age, you will see that death becomes a want, just like sleep."

These were her last words, and half an hour afterwards she had fallen asleep for ever.

XXVI.

PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY OF COOKERY.

COOKERY is not only the most ancient of the arts, but it has rendered more important services to society than any other. For it was by the preparation of his food that man learned how to use fire, and it is by fire that he has subdued nature.

Man as an eating animal.

Man is an omnivorous animal; he has incisive teeth to divide fruits, molars to grind grains, and dog-teeth to tear flesh.

It is extremely probable that the species was for a long time necessarily fruit-eating, being inferior to the other animals, and but poorly provided with means of attack. Inborn instinct of self-improvement, however, became speedily developed, and the very consciousness of weakness suggested the use of arms, to which he was also urged by his carnivorous instinct; and as soon as he was armed, the animals around him became his prey and his food.

There are still traces of this instinct of destruction. Infants are almost certain to kill any little animals over which they have full power, and would no doubt eat them if hungry.

Raw flesh has only one inconvenience: it sticks to

the teeth; otherwise, it is not at all unpleasant to taste. Seasoned with a little salt, it is easily digested, and must be at least as nourishing as any other.

Dining with a captain of Croats in 1815, "Gad," said he, "there's no need of so much fuss in order to have a good dinner! When we are on scout duty and feel hungry, we shoot down the first beast that comes in our way, and cutting out a good thick slice, we sprinkle some salt over it, place it between the saddle and the horse's back, set off at the gallop for a sufficent time, and" (working his jaws like a man eating large mouthfuls) "*gniaw, gniaw, gniaw,* we have a dinner fit for a prince."

Similarly, when sportsmen in Dauphiné go out shooting in September, they are provided with pepper and salt, and if one kills a fig-pecker, he plucks and seasons it, carries it for some time in his cap, and then eats it. They declare that these birds, when so dressed, eat better than if roasted.

Moreover, if our great-grandfathers ate their food raw, we have not yet entirely given up the habit. The most delicate palate will make shift very comfortably with Arles sausages, or those of Italy, smoked beef of Hamburg, anchovies, pickled herrings, and other things of that sort, which have never seen the fire, and yet provoke appetite none the less.

Earliest cookery.

As soon as fire was known, being discovered by chance, the instinct of self-improvement caused it to be used in preparing food, first of all, by roasting on hot embers. Thus was imparted a savoury flavour, which continues still to be attractive. Afterwards, skewers were used to hold the meat above the embers, being supported on each side by stones of a suitable height; an improvement which in due time suggested the art of grilling or broiling.

Things were scarcely further advanced than this in the time of Homer; and I trust it will be a pleasure at this stage to read how Achilles entertained in his tent three of the principal Grecian chiefs, one a king. I recommend the passage to my lady readers especially, because Achilles was the most handsome of the Greeks, and was not too proud to shed tears when deprived by force of the fair Briseis.

"Son of Menœtius, set upon the board
A larger bowl, and stronger mix the wine,
And serve a cup to each: beneath my roof
This night my dearest friends I entertain,"
He said; Patroclus his commands obeyed;
Meantime Achilles in the fire-light placed,
Upon an ample tray, a saddle each
Of sheep and goat; and with them, rich in fat,
A chine of well-fed hog; then from the joints,
Held by Automedon, cut off the meat,
And dressed with care, and fastened round the spits:

Patroclus kindled then a blazing fire:
And when the fire burnt down, and when the flame
Subsided, spread the glowing embers out,
And hung the spits above; then sprinkled o'er
The meat with salt, and lifted from the stand
The viands cooked and placed upon the board;
From baskets fair Patroclus portioned out
The bread to each; the meat Achilles shared.
Facing the sage Ulysses, sat the host
Against the other wall; and bade his friend,
Patroclus, give the Gods their honour due:
He in the fire the wonted offerings burnt:
They to the food prepared their hands addressed:
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased
Ajax to Phœnix signed: Ulysses saw
The sign, and rising, filled a cup with wine,
And pledged Achilles thus: "To thee I drink,
Achilles! Nobly is thy table spread,
As heretofore in Agamemnon's tent,
So now in thine; abundant is the feast."

LORD DERBY'S *Iliad of Homer*, ix. 238.

Thus a king, a king's son, and three Grecian chiefs made a good dinner upon broiled flesh, with bread and wine. That Achilles and Patroclus should themselves have part in preparing the banquet, was, no doubt, exceptional, and in order to do greater honour to their distinguished guests. For in the "Odyssey" Homer describes the duties of dressing food as usually devolving upon the women and slaves.

During the same epoch, and doubtless long before, poetry and music were associated with the pleasures of the table. Ancient minstrels celebrated the mar-

vels of nature, the loves of the gods, and the noble deeds of warriors. Such bards formed a sort of priesthood, under some of whom the divine Homer himself was probably trained. He could not have risen to such eminence had his poetical studies not begun in early youth.

Madame Dacier observes that Homer never makes any mention of boiled meat in any part of his works. The Jews were more advanced, on account of having lived for a considerable time in Egypt; they had vessels to stand fire, and it was in some such pot that the soup was made which Jacob sold so dear to his brother Esau.

Eastern banquets.

The most ancient books extant make honourable mention of the feasts of oriental kings. And we may easily believe that those who ruled over countries so abundantly fertile, especially in spices and perfumes, kept sumptuous tables. Details, however, are wanting, excepting the statement that Cadmus, who taught Greece the use of letters, had been cook to the King of Sidon.

It was amongst those voluptuous and effeminate races that the custom was first introduced of putting couches round the banqueting-table and lying down to eat. This refinement, being obviously akin to weakness was long rejected by those nations

who held strength and courage in especial honour, or who esteemed frugality a virtue. It came to be adopted, however, in Athens, and at last was the general custom throughout the civilized world.

Cookery and its pleasures were in great repute among the Athenians, a people of elegant taste and eager for novelty. Kings, private men of wealth, poets, and men of science gave the example; and even the philosophers believed it a duty to share the enjoyments drawn from the bosom of nature. Grecian banquets.

From what we read in the ancient authors, there is no doubt their feasts were held in grand style. For the objects then procured for the table by hunting, fishing, and commerce, there was such demand that the prices were frequently excessive. The arts rivalled each other for the adornment of the table, around which were disposed the guests on couches covered with purple. The songs introduced during the third course gradually lost the rude simplicity they at first bore, and, instead of gods and heroes, they sometimes sang of friendship, happiness, and love, with a sweetness and harmony not to be approached by our hard, dry modern tongues.

The wines of Greece, still reckoned excellent, were classified by the gastronomers, ranging from the

sweet wines to the most famous; and at certain banquets it was the custom, contrary to that of modern days, to have the glasses larger in proportion as the wine was better.

In those assemblies, where sensuous and æsthetic enjoyment were combined, an important element was the presence of the most beautiful women. Dances, games, and amusements of very sort, prolonged the pleasures of the evening. They breathed pleasure at every pore, and many an Aristippus, arriving under the banner of Plato, retired as a follower of Epicurus.

Their learned showed their good-will by writing on an art so conducive to pleasure; and though, alas! those works are lost, their names are preserved by Plato, Athenæus, and others. Most of all must we regret the poem on gastronomy by Archestratus, a friend of one of Pericles' sons. "This great writer," we are told, "had traversed sea and land to make acquaintance with the best things they produced. During his travels, he did not make inquiry into the manners of nations, since they always remain the same, but going into the laboratories where the delicacies of the table are prepared, he only held intercourse with those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, and every line a precept."

Good living was unknown to the Romans, so long as they were engaged in fighting for independence or subduing their neighbours; remaining so till their conquests were extended to Africa, Sicily, and Greece.

Banquets among the Romans.

They frequented Athens for the study of polite literature and philosophy, and with refinement of manners they learned the pleasures of the Grecian banquets. Thus cooks flocked to Rome, as well as orators, philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets.

When, by the progress of time and the universal success of the arms of Rome, the wealth of the whole world was poured into her treasury, the luxury of the table was incredibly increased. They ate of everything, from the locust to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the wild-boar. All that could provoke the palate was tried as seasoning or relish, some being substances of which we cannot imagine the use, such as assafœtida, rue, and so forth. Laying every known country under contribution, they brought guinea-fowls and truffles from Africa, rabbits from Spain, pheasants from Greece, where they had been imported from the banks of the Phasis, and peacocks from the remotest countries of Asia.

A great ambition among the wealthy Romans was to have beautiful gardens, in which they culti-

vated not only the fruits already known—such as pears, apples, figs, grapes—but also foreign ones, especially the apricot from Armenia, the peach from Persia, the quince from Sidon, the strawberry from the valleys of Mount Ida, and the cherry—the conquest of Lucullus in Pontus.

Amongst comestibles, fish was an especial object of luxury. Those of distant countries were brought in pots of honey.

Nor did the Romans bestow less care and attention in the choice of their wines, those of Greece, Sicily, and Italy being especial favourites. To give the wine more piquancy and flavour, they sometimes infused flowers, scents, and various drugs into it, and that to such an extent, that some of their recipes must have burned the mouth and violently irritated the stomach.

It was in the accessories, however, that this gigantic luxury was shown most wildly. The number of courses gradually increased to twenty, or even more. For each detail of the service, slaves were specially appointed, with their various duties minutely distinguished. The most precious perfumes embalmed the banqueting-hall. Dishes worthy of special attention had their name and quality ceremoniously proclaimed. In short, nothing was omitted which could whet the appetite,

keep alive the guests' attention, or prolong the enjoyment.

Sometimes this luxury assumed an absurd or grotesque form. Such were those banquets where the fish and birds served were counted by thousands; or those dishes whose sole merit was their cost, as the dish composed of the brains of five hundred ostriches; or that other in which were seen the tongues of five thousand singing-birds.

From the preceding, it is easy to explain the enormous sums which Lucullus spent in dinners, and his expensive entertainments in the hall of Apollo, where it was a point of honour to exhaust every known means of gratifying his guests' appetites.

Resurrection of Lucullus.

There might be before our own eyes a *renaissance* of those glorious days, and a renewal of their marvels, if only we had the Lucullus. Let us suppose that some man who is powerfully wealthy wished to celebrate an event of importance in the political or financial world, and gave a banquet in honour of the occasion, quite regardless of expense.

Let us suppose that he summons all the arts to adorn the place of the festival in all its details and surroundings, and that the caterers be ordered to exhaust all the resources of gastronomic science

in providing good fare, and for the guests' drink to ransack the best cellars for the finest wine; that during the banquet music be heard, performed by the most skilful singers and players; that, as an interlude between dinner and coffee, there be a ballet by all the prettiest and most graceful dancers of the Opera; that the evening close with a ball in which are brought together two hundred of the finest women and four hundred of the most elegant dancers; that the buffet be well supplied with the best drinks, hot or cold, or iced; that about midnight there should appear an artistic collation, to impart new activity; that the attendants be handsome and well-dressed; the lighting of the rooms perfect; and, finally, that the Amphitryon should have arranged for everybody to be sent for before the entertainment, and comfortably taken home again at the close.

All who know Paris will agree with me that were such a banquet properly organized, conducted, and completed, the sum total of next day's bills for expenses might very well startle even the treasurer of Lucullus.

Eating from a

The couches or sofas on which the Romans lay when dining were at first only benches covered with skins and stuffed with straw;

but at the time just referred to they shared in the luxury which had overwhelmed everything connected with feasting. They were made of the most precious woods, inlaid with gold, ivory, and sometimes jewels; with cushions of the softest down, covered with magnificently embroidered rugs. couch or sofa.

The reclining posture must, in my opinion, have been awkward and uncomfortable. Thus, in drinking, it must have required special care to avoid spilling the wine from the wide-mouthed goblets that shone on the tables of the great. It was the *lectisternium* period, doubtless, that gave rise to the proverb—

> "There's many a slip
> 'Tween the cup and the lip."

Nor could eating have been a cleanly operation in such a posture, especially when we consider that many of the guests wore long beards, and that the food was conveyed to the mouth by a knife, if not by the fingers—for the use of forks is modern, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

During the period we have been describing, convivial poetry underwent a new modification, assuming, in the verses of Horace, Tibullus, and other writers of the day, a Poetry and the table.

languor and effeminacy unknown to the Grecian Muse.

> Pande, puella, pande capillulos
> Flavos lucentes ut aurum nitidum;
> Pande, puella, collum candidum
> Productum bene candidis humeris.
>
> GALLUS.

XXVII.

PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORY OF COOKERY (MEDIEVAL AND MODERN).

Gothic invasion.

THE five or six centuries which we have just reviewed in the preceding pages form the golden age of cookery, but, by the arrival, or rather, irruption, of the northern races, all was changed, everything was turned upside down: to those days of glory succeeded prolonged and frightful darkness.

At the appearance of those barbarians, the alimentary art disappeared with the other sciences, of which it is the companion and the comfort. Most of the cooks were massacred in the palaces where they were servants; others fled rather than regale their country's tyrants; and a small number who came to offer their services were affronted by

being refused. Those savage mouths, those hot throats, were insensible to the merits of refined dishes. Huge quarters of beef and venison, unlimited supplies of the strongest drink, were all they wanted to make them happy; and as they always wore arms, nearly every feast degenerated into an orgie and was followed by bloodshed.

A reaction setting in, there were gradual improvements, especially under Charlemagne, whose capitularies prove that he personally interested himself in the management of his table. In the eighth and ninth centuries, banquets assumed a gallant and chivalrous aspect; the ladies came to embellish the court, and distribute the rewards of valour, and one might see placed on the tables of princes the pheasant with gilded claws and the peacock with expanded tail, brought in by gold-bespangled pages or gentle maidens, as innocent as they were amiable.

Women, even those of highest station, took part in the preparation of food, and thought such cares were included in the duties of hospitality. Under their fair hands some of the dishes were strangely disguised: the eel having a forked tongue like a serpent, the hare with the ears of a cat, and other similar comicalities. They made much use of the spices then first brought from the East by the

Venetians, as well as the scented water supplied by the Arabians; so much so, that fish was sometimes cooked in rose-water. In short, from the care bestowed by the ladies of France upon the art of cooking, we must conclude that to them is due the indisputable pre-eminence which French gastronomy has always enjoyed.

In abbeys, convents, and other religious houses, there was never lack of good cheer, because the wealth of these establishments was less exposed to the chances and dangers of our desolating civil wars.

In the mean time, gastronomic art was slowly extending. The Crusaders presented her with a plant plucked from the plains of Ascalon—the garlic; parsley was imported from Italy. Pastry-cooks made such advance that the products of their industry held an honourable place in every feast; and even before the time of Charles IX. they formed a considerable corporation, for we find that prince investing it with certain privileges.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, coffee was introduced into Europe by the Dutch, who had first been taught to drink it by Soliman Aga, a powerful Turk of great repute amongst our great-great-grandfathers. In 1670 it was sold at the fair of Saint Germain by an American; and the first Parisian *café* was in Rue St.-André-des-Arcs,

with mirrors and marble tables, exactly like those of our own days.

Then, also, the age of sugar was beginning to dawn, and from Scarron complaining that his stingy sister had got the holes of his sugar-box made smaller, we learn at least that such a thing was commonly known in households.

It was during the same period that brandy began to be used, though it was not drunk by the people till the reign of Louis XV.

Under the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., the science of banqueting received, in common with the other sciences, great progressive impulse. Men still retain some memory of those festivals which all Europe went to see, and those tournaments where, for the last time, shone the lances which the bayonet has so uncivilly replaced, and those knightly suits of armour, feeble resources against the brutality of the cannon.

Louis the Magnificent.

The festivals ended with sumptuous banquets as the crowning part of the entertainment. And on such important occasions were first displayed the magnificence of huge centre-pieces, which, by the union of painting and sculpture with the goldsmith's art, formed a beautiful group, the designs being sometimes suited to the circumstances or the hero of the festival.

Towards the end of the reign, the name of any famous cook was very often written beside that of his patron, the latter, in fact, being generally proud of the former. This combination is unknown in these days; we are as fond of good living as our ancestors, but interest ourselves much less about him who reigns in the lower regions, and probably a nod is the only tribute of admiration paid to the artist who enchants us.

It was for Louis XIV. that the *épine d'été*—"the good pear," as he called it—was brought from the Levant, and it is to his aged weakness that we owe the "liqueurs." For, feeling sometimes the difficulty of living which often appears after sixty, they made him a cordial by mixing brandy with sugar and scents—the germ of the art of the modern liquoriste.

It should be remarked that about the same time the culinary art flourished in the English Court. Queen Anne was fond of good cheer, and deigned to consult her cook. English cookery-books still contain dishes with the qualification, "after Queen Anne's fashion."

Under the Regent.

Stationary under the sway of Madame de Maintenon, gastronomy began again under the Regency to advance and improve. The Duc d'Orleans, a man of sense and humour, a prince worthy to have friends, treated them to

dinners, combining art with refinement. On the best authority, I have been told that among the more special dishes were *piqués* of superlative delicacy, *matelotes* of the most tempting quality, and turkeys superbly stuffed.

The reign of Louis XV. was equally favourable to the alimentary art. The wealth created by industry during eighteen years of peace, and distributed by commerce, helped much to conceal the inequality of fortunes, and a spirit of conviviality was diffused amongst all classes of society. From this epoch we may date* the observance of order, neatness, and elegance, as essentials in a well-ordered meal. Reign of Louis XV.

It is easy to entertain a large company of healthy appetites; with plenty of meat, venison, game, and some large pieces of fish, a feast for sixty is soon ready. But to please mouths that only open in affectation, to tempt women full of fancies, to excite

* It was at the *petits soupers de Choisy* of Louis XV. that the *tables volantes* were first introduced. Those 'admirable pieces of mechanism,' as they are called by a distinguished gastronome, the poet Rogers, consisted of a table and sideboard, which, at a signal, descended through the floor, to be immediately replaced by others which rose covered with a fresh course.

His singular proficiency in the art of cookery, one of the few redeeming features in this worthless monarch's character, was derived, like his taste for working tapestry, from his youthful companions, the Dukes of Epernon and La Trémouille and De Gesvres.

stomachs of *papier mâché*, or rouse an appetite which is ever flickering in the socket, would require more genius, insight, and labour than the resolution of one of the most difficult problems of the Geometry of the Infinite.*

Louis the sixteenth.

Under Louis XVI. there was a constant increase in all the occupations relating to the preparation or sale of food—such as cooks, *traiteurs*, pastrycooks, confectioners, eating-houses, and so forth—and there is evidence that the increase was only in proportion to the actual demand. The art of preserving food of different kinds also became a distinct profession, with the object of presenting us all the year round with the various substances which are peculiar to each season.

Gardening also began to make great progress, continuing to our own days. Hothouses have put before us the fruits of the tropics; different kinds

* 'According to information which I have gathered in several departments, a dinner for ten was, about the year 1740, composed as follows:—

'*First Course:*—Soup, followed by the *bouilli;* an *entrée* of veal cooked in its gravy; a side-dish.

'*Second Course:*—A turkey; a dish of vegetables; a salad; and sometimes a cream.

'*Dessert:*—Cheese; fruit; sweets.

Plates were changed only thrice—after the soup, at the second course, and at dessert. Coffee was rarely served, but they frequently had a cherry-brandy or some similar preparation.'

of vegetables have been gained by culture or importation; and amongst others the cantaloup melon, which, in spite of the proverb, "Good melons are rare; before you find one you'll have to try fifty," only produces good fruit.

The wines of all countries have been grown, imported, and presented in due form—Madeira to open the trenches, the wines of France during the dinner, and those of Spain and Africa to crown the entertainment.

Amongst recent improvements is the distinction of good living from gluttony or guzzling. It is now looked upon as a bias or liking which one need not be ashamed of, as a social quality agreeable to the host, useful to the guest, and advantageous to science. In short, the gastronome is ranked with the connoisseurs or lovers of the fine arts.*

* But for the reign of Louis XVIII. being so recent, our author would probably have referred to his qualities as a gastronome. In these he as certainly equalled Louis the Magnificent and his worthless successor, as he surpassed them intellectually and morally. His most famous *maître d'hôtel* was the Duc d'Escars, of whom a Quarterly Reviewer says that, when he and his royal master were closeted together to meditate a dish, the Ministers of State were kept waiting in the antechamber, and the next day the official announcement regularly appeared—'*M. le Duc d'Escars a travaille dans le cabinet.*'

The king had invented the *truffes à la purée d'ortolans*, and invariably prepared it himself, assisted by the duke. On one occasion they had jointly composed a dish of more than ordinary dimensions, and duly consumed the whole of it. In the middle of

One of the most recent creations in the development of gastronomy is the political banquet. It is given with the object of bringing some influence to bear directly on a large number of wills, the main requisite being abundance of good cheer, although it is generally lost upon the guests. Positive enjoyment, moreover, has but a very small share in such an entertainment.

At last the restaurants appeared—an entirely new institution which has by no means received the attention it merits, and must therefore be separately treated.

XXVIII.

ON THE PARISIAN DINING-HOUSES.

About the year 1770, after the glorious days of Louis XIV., the wild dissipation of the Regency, and the long tranquillity under the ministry of Cardinal

the night the duke was seized with a fit of indigestion, and his case was declared hopeless; loyal to the last, he ordered an attendant to wake and inform the king, who might be exposed to a similar attack. His majesty was roused accordingly, and told that d'Escars was dying of his invention. "Dying!" exclaimed Louis le Désiré; "dying of my *truffes à la purée*? I was right then; I always said that I had the better stomach of the two."

Fleury, travellers arriving at Paris found its resources very poor in respect of good cheer.

At last there was found a man of thought who formed for himself the conclusions that the same want being constantly reproduced every day about the same time, consumers would crowd to any place where they were sure the want would be agreeably satisfied; that if the wing of a fowl were detached in favour of the first comer, a second would be sure to present himself who would be satisfied with the thigh; that the excision of a choice slice in the obscurity of the kitchen would not dishonour the remainder of the joint; that on having a good dinner served promptly and neatly, no man would grudge a small increase in the charges; and that if the guests were to discuss the price or quality of the dishes ordered, there would be no end to it amongst so many details, and therefore there should be a fixed scale of charges; and, besides, that the combination of great variety of dishes with fixity of prices would have the advantage of being suitable to all fortunes.

Numerous advantages flow from the use of restaurants, an institution in which all Europe has imitated Paris. Thus, every man can dine when and how he chooses, according to the demands of business or pleasure; and

Advantages of the restaurant.

having beforehand made his reckoning according to the length of his purse, makes a hearty meal—substantial, or refined, or dainty, as his special tastes may incline—washes it down with the best wines, aromatizes it with mocha, and perfumes it with a favourite liqueur, the only restrictions being the vigour of his appetite or the capacity of his stomach. The Parisian dining-room is the paradise of a gastronomer.

Every man who has twenty francs at command can take a seat at the table of a first-class restaurant, and will be at least as well served as at the table of a prince.

Glance round a dining-room in Paris.

When the philosophic eye scans the details of a public dining-room, the action and variety of the groups present much that is interesting. The background is occupied by the regular diners, who give their orders loudly, wait impatiently, eat hurriedly, pay, and go.

That other group is a family on a travelling excursion, who, satisfied with a frugal repast, give it a zest by ordering some dishes which are quite new to them, and evidently greatly enjoy the sight of all that goes on around.

Close by them you see a Parisian couple, easily distinguished by the hat and shawl hung up over their heads. You can see that they have not had a

word to say to each other for a long time, and are probably waiting till it is time to go to the theatre, where the odds are that one of them will go to sleep.

Beyond them are two lovers. You conclude they are so, from the anxious attentions of one, the sly coquetry of the other, and the love of good cheer shown by both. Pleasure sparkles in their eyes; and from their choice of dishes, the present is sufficient to guess the past and foresee the future.

At the centre tables are those who dine here daily. They know all the waiters by name, the latter telling them in confidence what dishes are fresh and new. Those gentlemen are the stock or staple customers, forming a nucleus or centre for others to gather round, like the decoy ducks used in Brittany to attract the wild ones.

You also meet there people known to everybody by sight, and by sight only. They are quite at their ease, and frequently try to enter into conversation with their neighbours. They belong to a large class met only in Paris, who, without property, capital, or industry, spend a deal of money.

Finally, you may see here and there some foreigners, especially English, who stuff themselves with double portions of meat, order the most ex-

pensive dishes, drink the most heady wines, and require assistance to leave the table.

Among the artists to whom is due the reputation of the Parisian restaurant, are Beauvilliers, Méot, Robert, Rose, Legacque, the Brothers Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine.

Of these, the first-named, for more than fifteen years the principal *restaurateur* in Paris, deserves a special notice. During the successive occupations of that town by the allied armies in 1814 and 1815, carriages of all kinds and nations were constantly to be seen before his hotel; and, becoming acquainted with the officers of the different foreign troops, he was at last able to speak to them sufficiently well in their own tongue.

Dinners at Beauvilliers'.

Beauvilliers had a prodigious memory. It is said that he has recognized and welcomed men who had dined in his house once or twice some twenty years previously.

When paying attention to a party of rich men, he used to point out any dish that might be passed over, some other that must be overtaken, or perhaps order a third which nobody had yet thought of, at the same time sending for wine from a cellar of which he himself kept the key—all in so pleasant and courteous a manner that such orders seemed so

many personal favours on his part. On his withdrawal, however, the bloated bill of costs and the bitterness of the *mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais* gave ample proof that they had been dining in a Parisian restaurant.

Beauvilliers made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, though it does not appear that he left much to his heirs.

Dinner at a restaurant.

At the table of our best restaurants, such as Vérys', or the Frères Provençaux,* our gastronome finds from the *carte* that he has at his disposal, as the elements of his dinner, at least—

12 soups.	12 of pastry.
24 side dishes.	24 of fish.
15 to 20 *entrées* of beef.	15 roasts.
20 *entrées* of mutton.	50 *entremêts.*
30 of game and fowl.	50 *entrées* of dessert.
16 to 20 of veal.	

Moreover, the fortunate consumer may moisten

* The Brothers Véry and the Frères Provençaux (sometimes called the Trois Frères), both in the Palais Royal, are still great names to conjure with in gastronomy. When the allied monarchs held Paris in 1814, the two brothers Véry supplied their table for the daily charge of £120, not including wine; and in Père la Chaise, on a magnificent monument erected to one of them, we read that his "whole life was consecrated to the useful arts."

For a grand dinner and the best wines, the Trois Frères has for generations held a foremost place, the attraction being enhanced by the luxury and style of the accessories and surroundings, and by the convenience of rooms for dancing.

that long list with some thirty kinds of wine, according to his choice, from Burgundy to Tokay or Cape, and twenty or thirty sorts of perfumed liqueurs, without counting coffee and such mixtures as punch, negus, and so forth.

Of the various constituent parts of an artistic dinner, France herself supplies the principal; others are in imitation of English ones; others come from Germany, as the sauerkraut; others from Spain; others from Italy, as macaroni, parmesan, Bologna sausages, polenta liqueurs; others from Russia, as caviare, smoked tongues; others from Holland, as cod, cheese, pickled herring, anisette, curaçoa; others from Asia, as rice, sago, karrik, soy; others from America, as potatoes, ananas, chocolate, vanilla, sugar. The preceding list is a sufficient proof of the proposition advanced in another part of this work, that a Parisian dinner is thoroughly cosmopolitan, every country in the world furnishing some of its products.

XXIX.

GASTRONOMIC PRINCIPLES PUT INTO PRACTICE.

M. DE BOROSE lost his parents when young, and then became possessor of an income of forty thousand francs. Being carefully educated, he became, after passing through the terrible times of the Revolution, an authority in matters of taste, especially in all that concerns the love of good living.

M. de Borose used to say that gastronomy is nothing but a combination of reflection, to appreciate, with science, to make perfect. And he quoted Epicurus: "Is man, then, made to despise the gifts of Nature? Does he only come into this world to gather bitter fruits? For whom are those flowers which the gods cause to grow at the feet of mortals? It is a compliance with the will of Providence to give way to our various natural inclinations; our duties come from its laws, our desires from its inspirations." He used to say also, with Professor Sébusien, that good things are intended for the good; otherwise we should fall into the absurdity of thinking that God has created them for the wicked.

A little time, reflection and experience soon

taught M. de Borose that the number of dishes being pretty well determined by custom, a good dinner is not much dearer than a bad one; that for less than £20 more a year a man need never drink anything but the best wines; and that everything depends on the will of the master, on the order he keeps in his household, and the tone and energy which he imparts to the establishment generally.

Starting from these fundamental points, the dinners of Berose assumed a character and importance quite classical. Renown celebrated the enjoyment of the guests, and men were proud of having been invited; some even praised the attractions of his table who had never sat at it.

He never asked those so-called gastronomes who are mere gluttons, whose belly is an abyss, and who eat anywhere, of anything, and to any amount. All his guests were men who, whilst devoting to the business in hand all the necessary time and attention, never forgot that there is a moment when reason says to appetite, *Non procedes amplius*—not a step further.

Twice a week he invited ladies, taking care so to arrange matters that each of them should have the exclusive attention of a chivalrous guest. On the first Monday of every month the parish clergyman had his place at the table, sure of being received

with respect and esteem; and he is said to have more than once expressed a wish that every month had four first Mondays.

With reference to tradesmen, he only trusted those who were honourable and just in their dealings with all, treating them as friends, and sometimes giving them assistance or advice. He made the fortune of his wine-merchant, by giving out that he was never guilty of adulteration—a virtue rare even at Athens in the times of Pericles, and by no means common in the nineteenth century.

Those details may be forgiven in the case of M. Berose, who did much to refine gastronomic taste and elevate its tone, especially on reading the closing scene which so lately saddened all who knew him. About the middle of last March he was invited to spend the day in the country with several friends. It was one of those unseasonably warm days, a forerunner of spring, and when they were out walking the sky suddenly became gloomy, and a frightful storm burst forth with thunder, rain and hail. Everybody ran for safety as they could and where they could, and M. de Berose sought shelter under a poplar whose lower branches seemed to offer some protection.

Ill-fated shelter! The tree's lofty top rose to the clouds as if to find the electric fluid, and the rain

falling down the branches served as its conductor. Suddenly a fearful explosion was heard, and the unfortunate pleasure-seeker fell dead without having time to breathe a sigh.

XXX.

GASTRONOMIC MYTHOLOGY.

GASTEREA is the tenth Muse; she presides over the enjoyments of taste.

She might lay claim to the empire of the universe, for the universe is nothing without life, and all that has life requires nourishment.

She takes special pleasure in those rising grounds where the vine flourishes, or those which the orange-tree perfumes, in the thickets where the truffle grows, in the countries which abound in game and fruit.

When she deigns to show herself, she assumes the form of a young girl, her zone the colour of fire, her hair black, her eyes azure-blue, and her figure and movements full of grace. Fair as the goddess of love, she is above all sovereignly beautiful.

Of all places where Gasterea has altars, that

which she prefers is the town, queen of the world, which the Seine imprisons between the marbles of his palaces.

The worship of the goddess is simple. Every day, at sunrise, her priests come to remove the crown of flowers which adorns her statue, placing on it a new one, and singing in chorus one of the many hymns by which poetry has celebrated the boons which the immortal sheds abundantly upon the human race.

TRANSITION.

WHOEVER has read me thus far with that attention which I have sought to excite and sustain, must have seen that in writing I had a double object in view, never lost sight of. The first was to lay down the fundamental theory of Gastronomy, so that she should take her place amongst the sciences in that rank to which she has an incontestable right. The second, to define with precision what must be understood by love of good living, so that for all time coming that social quality might be kept apart from gluttony and intemperance, with which many have absurdly confounded it.

The misleading double use of the term was introduced by some intolerant moralists, who, being misled by an unrestrained zeal, were ever seeing excess where there was only well-regulated enjoyment; for the treasures of nature have not been created to be trod under foot. The blunder was afterwards propagated by some unsocial grammarians, who defined with their eyes shut, and swore *in verba magistri.* It is time such an error were put a stop to, now that the matter is clear; for at the present day there is nobody who has not a slight dash of the gastronome in his composition, and does not plume himself upon it; there is nobody who would not feel grossly insulted by being accused of gluttony, voracity, or intemperance.

These two cardinal points having been fully treated, I might have laid my pen aside; but in fathoming subjects which touch everything, many things have come into my mind, such as some original anecdotes, witticisms, and similar side-dishes, which could not have been inserted in the theoretical part without breaking the continuity, but will, I trust, yield the reader some pleasure as a collection.

A little mixture of something relating to my own personal history could not be avoided; but that element leaves room neither for discussion nor

commentary. My principal recompense for the labour of this work is to find myself thus reproduced in company with my friends. It is more especially when we are about to lose life that the "I" and "me" become dear to us; and if one talks of himself he must mention his friends.

VARIETIES.

THE CURÉ'S OMELETTE.

EVERYBODY knows that for twenty years Madame R.* has occupied the throne of beauty in Paris unchallenged. It is also well-known that she is extremely charitable, taking interest in most of those schemes whose object is to console and assist the wretched.

Wishing to consult M. le Curé on something connected with that subject, she called upon him at five o'clock one afternoon, and was astonished to find him already at table. She thought everybody in Paris dined at six, not knowing that the ecclesiastics generally begin early because they take a light collation in the evening.

Madame R. was about to retire, but the curé begged her to stay, either because the matter they were to talk about need not prevent him dining, or because a pretty woman is never a mar-feast for any

* This lady has been already referred to more than once—notably in Chapter XIV.

man; or, perhaps, because he bethought himself that somebody to talk to was all that was wanted to convert his dining-room into a gastronomic Elysium.

The table was laid with a neat white cloth, some old wine sparkled in a crystal decanter, the white porcelain was of the choicest quality, the plates had heaters of boiling water under them, and a servant, demure but neat, was in attendance.

The repast was a happy mean between the frugal and the luxurious. Some fish soup had just been removed, and there was now on the table a salmon-trout, an omelette, and a salad.

"My dinner shows you what perhaps you did not know," said the pastor with a smile, "that, according to the laws of the Church, meat is forbidden to-day." The visitor bowed her assent, but at the same time, as a private note informs me, slightly blushed, which, however, by no means prevented the curé from eating.

Operations were already begun upon the trout, its upper side being fully disposed of; the sauce gave proof of a skilful hand, and the pastor's features betokened inward satisfaction.

That dish removed, he attacked the omelette, which was round, full-bellied, and cooked to a nicety. At the first stroke of the spoon there ran out a thick juice, tempting both to sight and smell;

the dish seemed full of it, and my dear cousin confessed that her mouth watered.

Some signs of natural sympathy did not escape the curé, accustomed to watch the passions of men; and, as if in answer to a question which Madame R. took great care not to put, "This is a tunny omelette," said he. "My housekeeper has a wonderful knack at them. Nobody ever tastes them without complimenting me." "I am not at all astonished," replied the lady visitor; "for on our worldly tables there is never seen an omelette half so tempting."

This was followed by the salad—a finishing item which I recommend to the use of all who have faith in my teaching, for salad refreshes without fatiguing, and strengthens without irritating. I usually say it renews one's youth.

The dinner did not interrupt their conversation. Besides the matter in hand, they spoke of the events of the time, the hopes of the Church, and other topics. The dessert passed, consisting of some Septmoncel cheese, three apples, and some preserved fruit; and then the servant placed on a small table a cup of hot mocha, clear as amber, and filling the room with its aroma.

Having sipped his coffee, the curé said grace. "I never drink spirits," he said as they rose; "it is a superfluity I offer to my guests, but personally

reserve as a resource for old age, should it please God that I live so long."

In the mean time, six o'clock had arrived, and Madame R., hurrying home, found herself late for dinner, and several friends waiting for her whom she had invited for that day. I was one of the party, and thus came to hear of the curé's omelette; for our hostess did nothing but speak of it during dinner, and everybody was certain it must have been excellent.

Thus it is that, as a propagator of truths, I feel it my duty to make known the preparation; and I give it the more willingly to all lovers of the art, that I have not been able to find it in any cookery-book.

Tunny omelette for six.

Hash up together the roes of two carp, carefully bleached, a piece of fresh tunny and a little minced shallot; when well mixed, throw the whole into a saucepan with a lump of the best butter, and whip it up till the butter is melted. That constitutes the speciality of the omelette.

Then, in an oval dish, mix separately a lump of butter with parsley and chives, and squeezing over it the juice of a lemon, place it over hot embers in readiness.

Next, complete the omelette by beating up twelve eggs, pouring in the roes and tunny, and

stirring till all is well mixed; then, when properly finished, and of the proper form and consistence, spread it out skilfully on the oval dish which you have ready to receive it, and serve up to be eaten at once.

This dish should be reserved for breakfasts of refinement, for connoisseurs in gastronomic art—those who understand eating, and where all eat with judgment; but, especially, let it be washed down with some good old wine, and you will see wonders.

A word of advice.

EGGS IN GRAVY.

One day I was conducting two ladies to Melun, and on reaching Montgeron, after several hours' travelling, we felt hungry enough to eat an ox. Alas! the inn we stopped at, though looking decent enough, had nothing but an empty larder. Three stage-coaches and two post-chaises had been before us, and, like the Egyptian locusts, had devoured everything.

Looking into the kitchen, however, I saw turning on the spit a leg of mutton, the very thing wanted. The longing glances of the ladies were in vain, for

it belonged to three Englishmen who had brought it, and were now patiently waiting, chatting over a bottle of champagne.

"But, surely," said I, in a mixed tone of annoyance and entreaty, "you might fry us those eggs in the gravy of this roast: what with that and a cup of coffee with country cream to it, we shall be resigned to our fate." "Certainly," answered the cook; "the gravy I have a right to dispose of, and in two minutes you'll have your dish."

Whilst he was breaking the eggs I went to the fireplace, and with my travelling knife made in the forbidden *gigot* a dozen deep wounds, letting every drop of the gravy run out. Then, watching the preparation of the eggs, lest anything should spoil my plot, I took possession of the dish and carried it to our room. We of course made a capital meal, laughing loudly every time we thought of ourselves having the best part of the roast, and our friends, the English, chewing the remainder.

A NATIONAL VICTORY.

DURING my stay in New York, I sometimes spent an evening at Little's Hotel, a sort of *café-restaurant* where one could have a basin of turtle-soup in the

forenoon, and at night all the usual American refreshments.

My usual companions there were the Viscount la Massue and Jean-Rodolphe Fehr, emigrants like myself. We treated ourselves to a welsh-rabbit, washed down with ale or cider, and spent the evening quietly, talking about our misfortunes, our enjoyments, and our hopes.

I made the acquaintance there of a Mr. Wilkinson (a Jamaica planter), and a friend of his, who accompanied him everywhere. The latter, whose name I never heard, was one of the most singular men I ever met; he had a square-shaped face and quick eyes, seemed to watch everything carefully, but never spoke, and his features showed as little change as those of a blind man. Only, when he heard a merry joke or something humorous, his face expanded, and shutting his eyes and opening a mouth as wide as the lower end of a trumpet, he gave vent to a sort of horse-laugh. As for Mr. Wilkinson, who was a man of about fifty, he had all the manners and bearing of a gentleman.

One evening, then, Mr. Wilkinson invited us to dine with him, and on my accepting for myself and my two friends, the appointment was made for three o'clock next day. Just before leaving, however, the waiter told me quietly that the planters had ordered

a good dinner, with special directions about the wine and spirits, their intention being to test our drinking powers, for the big-mouthed man had said that he was sure he could himself put the Frenchmen under the table.

Had a sense of honour allowed, this news would have made me back out of the engagement. But what would the English planters have said of such apparent cowardice? Hence the maxim of Marshal Saxe was adopted: "Since the wine is drawn it must be drunk."

Next morning I sent for Fehr and La Massue to give them formal warning, and advised them to drink in small draughts, or even contrive cleverly to get rid of their wine sometimes without drinking, and above all to eat slowly and moderately. Moreover, we shared between us a plate of bitter almonds, which I had heard praised for their property of counteracting alcoholic fumes.

Thus armed, physically and morally, we kept our appointment with the Jamaicans, and soon after, dinner was served. It consisted of an enormous joint of beef and a turkey, with vegetables, followed by a salad and a tart. We drank in the French fashion; that is to say, the wine was served from the commencement. It was good claret, then much cheaper there than in France, because so many

cargoes had arrived that the market was too fully stocked. Mr. Wilkinson did the honours of the table admirably; his friend seemed buried in his plate, never saying a word, and sometimes looking at us sideways, or laughing with the corners of his mouth.

I was delighted with my two acolytes. La Massue, in spite of his great digestive powers, spent as much time over his meat as a finicking young lady, and Fehr from time to time cleverly smuggled his wine into a beer-pot which stood at the end of the table.

After the claret came port, and after the port madeira, to which we stuck for a long time. On the arrival of the dessert—consisting of a pat of butter, cheese, and cocoa and hickory nuts—toasts were drunk to the health of kings, the liberty of peoples, and the beauty of the ladies—especially Mr. Wilkinson's daughter Maria, the prettiest girl, as he assured us, in the whole island of Jamaica.

After the wine came the spirits, namely, rum, brandy, and whisky, and with the spirits, songs. I saw we were in for it, and to avoid the spirits, I called for punch. The landlord himself, no doubt instructed beforehand, brought in a bowl large enough for forty. No such capacious drinking vessel is ever seen in France.

Soon after, Mr. Wilkinson suddenly started to his feet, and began to sing loudly the national air, "Rule Britannia," but could never get over those two words; his strength failed him; he let himself fall back on his chair, and thence rolled under the table. His friend, seeing him in such a case, grinned one of his loudest horse-laughs, and, stooping down to assist him, fell by his side.

This unexpected *dénoûment* gave me inexpressible relief. Ringing for the landlord, I asked him "to see that the gentlemen were properly attended to," as the phrase was, and we drank with him to their health in a parting glass of the punch. Meantime, the waiter, with assistants, had taken possession of the vanquished, and were carrying them home, feet foremost, according to the English formula. The friend preserved the same absolute immobility, and Mr. Wilkinson was still trying to sing "Rule Britannia."

Next day, seeing an account of our dinner in the New York papers, with the remark that the two Englishmen were ill, I went to pay them a visit. The friend I found stupefied with a severe attack of indigestion, and Mr. Wilkinson confined to his chair by an attack of gout. He seemed pleased with my visit, one of his remarks being, "My dear sir, you are very good company indeed, but too hard a drinker for us."

DEFEAT OF A GENERAL.

THE other day I saw an instance of the extrême imperturbability of members of the College of Apothecaries.

Paying a visit to my friend, General Bouvier, I found him walking up and down his room with a look of annoyance.

"Here," said he, handing me a piece of paper, "give me your opinion of this; you are a judge of those matters."

I took the paper, and was astonished to see that it was an account of charges for medicines.

"Faith!" said I, "you know the custom of that body whose services you have engaged. It is very possible that the limits have been exceeded; but why do you wear an embroidered coat, three orders, and a laced hat?"

"Hold your tongue," said he impatiently; "this charge is abominable. But you'll see my 'scorcher' presently, for I have sent for him, and he is coming."

As he spoke the door opened, and we saw a man of about fifty-five, carefully dressed, of tall stature, and composed demeanour.

"Sir," said the general to him, "the bill you have sent me is a regular physician's account."

The Dark Man. Sir, I am not a physician.

General. And what, then, are you, sir?

The D. M. Sir, I am an apothecary.

G. Well, Mr. Apothecary, your assistant must have told you——

The D. M. Sir, I have no assistant.

G. Then what was that young man?

The D. M. Sir, he is a pupil.

G. I wished to tell you, sir, that your drugs——

The D. M. I don't sell any drugs.

G. What, then, do you sell, sir?

The D. M. Sir, I sell medicine.

There the discussion ended. The general, ashamed of having committed so many solecisms, and of being so backward in a knowledge of the pharmaceutical language, lost his self-possession, forgot what he had to say, and paid whatever they wished.

THE GASTRONOME ABROAD.

In a preceding chapter I have shown the immense advantages which France gained from good living during the events of 1815. Similarly, the emigrants reaped great profit from the universal propensity.

While passing through Boston, I taught Julien,

the hotel-keeper, to make a *fondue*, such as I have described elsewhere. This dish, a novelty to the Americans, became so much the rage, that when I was in New York, he felt himself obliged, by way of thanks, to send me the rump of one of those beautiful little roe-bucks brought in winter from Canada, and it was found exquisite by the chosen committee whom I convoked for the occasion.

Collet, also, a French captain, made a small fortune in New York about the same time, by making ices and sherbets. The women, in particular, never tired of this new pleasure, being especially astonished that they could be kept so cold at a summer-heat of ninety degrees.

Whilst staying at Cologne, I met a gentleman from Brittany who had done very well when in exile by keeping a dining-house.

I could multiply such examples indefinitely, but I prefer to tell the story of a Frenchman, of Limousin, who made his fortune in London by his skill in mixing a salad. Although his means were very limited, Albignac (so he was called, if I remember aright) went one day to dine in one of the most famous taverns in London. Whilst he was finishing his succulent beef-steak, there were five or six young dandies of good family regaling themselves at a neighbouring table. One of them

came to him, and said very politely, "Sir, it is said that your nation excels in the art of making salads; will you be so good as oblige us by mixing one?"

D'Albignac consenting, after a little hesitation, ordered all that he thought necessary for the expected masterpiece, used his best endeavours, and had the good luck to succeed.

Whilst studying the ingredients, he answered frankly all questions about himself. He said he was an emigrant, and admitted, not without some natural shame, that he was receiving assistance from the English Government—a circumstance which no doubt authorized one of the young men to slip into the exile's hand a five-pound note, and insist on his keeping it.

He had given his address, and some time after, he received a very civil note, requesting him to go and mix a salad in one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square. D'Albignac arrived punctually, after furnishing himself with some special seasonings and maturing his plans. He had the good luck to succeed again.

The first party for whom he had manipulated had exaggerated the merits of his salad, and the second company made so much more noise about it, that d'Albignac's reputation was already made. He was known as the fashionable salad-maker, and soon had

a gig, in order to keep his appointments, with a servant to bring in his mahogany-case, containing all the ingredients—such as vinegars of different flavours, oils with or without a fruity taste, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, ketchups, gravies, and even hard-boiled eggs.

Later, he got cases made to order, furnished them completely, and sold them by hundreds. In short, having diligently carried out his plans with sense and discretion, he came to realize a fortune of more than eighty thousand francs; and returning to his own country when peace was restored, he invested sixty thousand in the public funds—then selling at fifty per cent.—and the rest in a small estate in Limousin, his native country. And for aught I know, he still lives there, contented and happy, because he has the wisdom to limit his desires.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EXILE.

WHAT excellent dinners we emigrants used to make at Lausanne, at the Gold Lion! For two shillings there was passed in review before us three complete courses, including, amongst other dishes, good game from the neighbouring mountains, and excellent

fish from the lake of Geneva, all moistened with a cheap white wine, as clear as crystal, which would have made a hermit drink.

At the head of the table sat a canon of Nôtre-Dame de Paris (would he were still alive!), who was perfectly at home, and before whom the innkeeper always placed the best dishes. He was good enough to pay me particular attention, and invited me to accompany him; but, hurried along by the course of circumstances then disturbing Europe, I set out for the United States, and found there a place of refuge, occupation, and repose.

So well did I like America, that, on leaving it after three years' residence, all I prayed for was that I should not have less happiness in the Old World than I had had in the New. This success I mainly attribute to the fact that, on arriving amongst the Americans, I spoke as they did,* dressed as they did, and took great care not to show more knowledge of the world than they did.

It was when thus peacefully quitting a country

* 'Dining one day at the same table with a Creole who had been two years in New York without knowing enough of English to ask for bread, I expressed my astonishment. "Bah!" said he, shrugging his shoulders; "do you think I should be so soft as to give myself the trouble of studying the language of people who are so cross and sullen looking?"'

where I had been on friendly terms with everybody, and when in all creation there was not a featherless biped more full of love for his fellow-creatures, that an incident occurred which was within an ace of involving me in a dire tragedy.

Story of a battle.

It was on the steamboat at New York. There were several Frenchmen on board, including M. Gauthier, a man well known in Paris; and having been much delayed at a critical time of the tide, they showed considerable impatience on finding that the only reason was that two American passengers had not yet come on board. I at first paid little attention to their grumbling, for I felt in low spirits, and was thinking of the lot in store for me in France, when all at once a startling uproar broke forth, and I saw that it was caused by Gauthier, who had given an American a box on the ear sufficient to have knocked down a rhinoceros.

The confusion was frightful. The words "French," "American," were bandied about till the quarrel became a national one, and it was seriously proposed that the whole of the Frenchmen should be thrown overboard. Being the likeliest, from my build and height, to make resistance, the most prominent hostile Yankee came to me in warlike attitude. He was as high as a church-tower, and stout in proportion; but on taking his measure

with steadfast and keen look, I saw that he was of a lymphatic temperament, with a bloated face, dull eyes, small head, and a woman's legs.

"Do you think you can bully me?" I shouted, swearing at him in the strongest terms of English invective. "I'll throw you overboard like a dead cat. If I find you too heavy, I'll cling to you with hands, legs, teeth, nails, everything; and if I cannot do better, we'll go together to the bottom: my life is nothing to send such a dog to hell! Come on!"

Of course, my figure, action, and attitude showed the truth of my words (for I felt as strong as a Hercules). My man seemed to lose an inch in height, his arms fell, and his face became longer. In short, he showed such evident marks of fear that one of his countrymen came to interpose. It was well he did so, for I was then an active fellow, and the inhabitant of the New World was pretty certain to feel that those who bathe in the Furens * have tough sinews and well-knit frames.

Meantime, words of peace were already heard on another part of the deck, the arrival of the two unpunctual Americans diverted the attention of some, and already the ship was getting under way.

* 'A clear stream that rises above Roussillon, passes near Belley, the author's native town, and falls into the Rhone above Peyrieux. The trout caught in it have pink-coloured flesh, while that of the pike is white as ivory.'

A few minutes after, I went to look for Gauthier, in order to scold him for his hot-headedness, and found him sitting at the same table with the man he had slapped, in presence of a most attractive-looking ham, and a jug of beer about half a yard high.

A BUNCH OF ASPARAGUS.

On my way to the Palais-Royal, one fine day in February, I halted before the shop of Madame Chevet, with whom I am rather a favourite, to look at a bunch of asparagus, the smallest stick of which was thicker than my forefinger. Forty francs was the price of it. "They are certainly very fine ones," said I, "but, at that price, scarcely any one except a king or prince could eat them."

"You are mistaken," replied she; "such choice ones as those never enter palaces, where they wish for what is fine and not what is magnificent. For all that, my bunch of asparagus will not stay long on hand. Why, at this very moment," she continued, "there are at least three hundred wealthy men, financiers, capitalists, wholesale merchants, and so on, who must stay indoors for the gout, the fear of taking cold, the doctor's orders, and other causes

which don't prevent them from eating. They sit by the fire, puzzling their brains to know what will please their palate, and at last they send a footman on a voyage of discovery. He comes to my shop, notices the asparagus, makes his report, and the bunch is carried off at any price. Or perhaps a pretty young woman is passing with her lover, and says, 'Just look, dear, at the beautiful asparagus; let us buy the bundle—you know how well my maid makes the sauce.' Or, again, there is a wager, or a christening-dinner, or a sudden rise in stocks, or a hundred other things."

As she was talking, two big Englishmen who were passing, arm-in-arm, stopped near us, their faces expressing their admiration. One of them told her to wrap up the wonderful bunch, without even asking the price; then, after paying, put it under his arm and carried it off, whistling "God save the King."

"There, sir!" said Madame Chevet, laughing; "that's another chance just as common as the rest, though I have not mentioned it."

THE *FONDUE.*

This dish is of Swiss origin. It is a healthy, savoury, and appetizing dish, quickly dressed, and always convenient to place before unexpected guests. It has, besides, received honourable mention in a previous chapter, and I now proceed to give the official recipe.

Take first as many eggs as there are guests, and then about a third as much by weight of the best Gruyères cheese, and the half of that of butter. Break and beat up the eggs well in a saucepan, then add the butter and the cheese, grated or cut in small pieces; place the saucepan on the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon till it is of a thick and soft consistence; put in salt according to the age of the cheese, and a strong dose of pepper—that being a special attribute of this ancient dish. Finally, let it be brought to table on a hot dish, and, if some of your best wine is brought and the bottle passes briskly, you will see wonders.

THE CHEVALIERS AND ABBÉS.

I HAVE already twice referred to these two gastronomic categories, now no more existing. They will probably again appear towards the end of this present century, but such a phenomenon will require the coincidence of many future contingencies. Therefore, since they have disappeared more than thirty years, I, as a painter of manners, give them another touch of my brush.

The main qualifications latterly for a chevalier were education and a good figure. Most of them were handsome fellows, and only too ready to draw their swords. Some would call you out if you only looked at them.

One of the most famous in my time was the Chevalier de S. He sought a quarrel with a young man who had just arrived from Charolles, and they went to fight on the marshy ground which then lay behind the houses of the Chaussée d'Antin.

From the action and attitude of the young stranger, S. soon saw that he had to do with no novice; that, however, did not make him hesitate about resolving to try his mettle. But at the first movement he made, the Charollian gave an un-

expected lunge, so well delivered that the chevalier was dead before he had time to fall. One of his friends, who had been looking on, carefully and silently examined the wound of such startling effect, and the direction which the sword had taken. "A most artistic thrust," said he, as he turned to go; "that young fellow is a master of fence." It was all the funeral oration the dead man got.

The abbés.

Beside their common love for good living, there was this in common with the two categories, that many young men of good position assumed the title on coming to Paris. The title of abbé was very convenient—with a slight modification of the dress one seemed quite professional; then he could mix with all ranks in society; he was invited everywhere, petted, sought after; and there was no family without their abbé.

Chevaliers will be found again, if, as we trust, peace is long continued; but unless there be a mighty change in the ecclesiastical administration, the race of abbés is irretrievably lost. The day of "sinecures" is over, and we have now gone back to the principles of the primitive Church—*beneficium propter officium.*

MISCELLANEA.

"My Lord Councillor," said a dowager marchioness one day, from the head of her table, "which do you prefer, Burgundy or Bordeaux?" "That, my lady," answered the magistrate in an oracular tone, "is a trial in which there is so much pleasure in the examination of both sides, that I always adjourn for a week the pronouncing of the verdict."

It is people of sense and culture, especially, who hold the love of good living in honour. Other men are incapable of an operation consisting in a series of appreciations and judgments. The Countess de Genlis boasts, in her memoirs, of having taught a German lady, who had shown her attentions, the way to prepare as many as seven different delicious dishes.

M. de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cassation, a man whose wit and gaiety have braved the snows of age, once said, in 1812, to three of the most distinguished men of science of that period (Laplace, Chaptal and Berthollet), "I consider the discovery of a new dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for dishes increase the sum of human enjoyment, whereas

there are always plenty of stars to be seen. I cannot consider the sciences as sufficiently honoured or worthily represented until I see a cook, in virtue of his art, sit in the first class of the French Institute."

"I have but a poor notion of that man," said Count M., speaking of a political candidate who had just got placed; "he says he never tasted Richelieu-pudding or heard of cutlets *à la Soubise*." *

VISIT TO AN ABBEY.

WHEN in my twenty-sixth year, a troop of amateur musicians, of whom I was leader, started at one o'clock on a fine summer's morning to go to St. Sulpice, an abbey placed on one of the highest mountains in my native parish. It was the day of St. Bernard, the patron saint, and we were to assist in the choir, and, as the abbot said in giving the invitation, have the honour of being the first Orpheuses to penetrate into those lofty regions.

Arriving at daybreak, we were received by the father cellarer, who had a quadrangular face with a

* Contrariwise, of an English Baron, a Q.C. and M.P. is reported to have said—"He was a good man, an excellent man: he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

monumental nose. "Welcome, gentlemen," said the good father; "our venerable abbot is still in bed, but if you come with me you will see that you were expected."

In the refectory we saw something to delight us. In the centre of a spacious table rose a pasty large as a church, flanked on the north by a quarter of cold veal, on the south by an enormous ham, on the east by a pyramid of butter, and on the west by a huge supply of artichokes done with hot sauce. We saw, besides, fruits of different kinds, plates, knives, silver spoons and forks, and at the end of the table the lay-brothers and servants, ready to wait upon us, astonished to find themselves up so early. In one corner of the refectory was seen a pile of more than a hundred bottles, constantly watered by a natural fountain. If the aroma of mocha did not please our nostrils, it was because, in those heroic times, coffee was not yet taken so early.

In church, we performed a symphony at the offertory and an anthem at the elevation, finishing with a quartet of wind instruments. And, in spite of the sneers cast upon amateur music, truth obliges me to say that we got through it pretty well.

After receiving much praise from the fathers and thanks from the abbot, we sat down to dinner. It

was served in the style of the fifteenth century: few side dishes, few nicknacks, but an excellent choice of meat, wholesome stews, and, above all, vegetables of a flavour unknown in the lower regions. We wished for nothing.

There was no lack of liqueurs, but the coffee especially deserves mention. It was wonderfully clear, well-flavoured, and hot; but, more than that, it was not handed round in those diminished vessels termed "cups" on the banks of the Seine, but in handsome and capacious bowls, into which the thick lips of the good fathers plunged at pleasure, absorbing the refreshing beverage with peculiar sounds of enjoyment.

After vespers, during which we executed between the psalms some music I had composed for the occasion, we went to enjoy the mountain air, which not only cheers the spirits, but stimulates the imagination.

By the time we entered again, it was late, and the abbot having said good-night to all, we began to spend an evening of considerable gaiety, the fathers being then allowed fuller liberty. Every day is not St. Bernard's, as the abbot said.

About nine o'clock supper was served: a supper, in art and refinement, several ages in advance of the dinner. Then, towards the close of the evening,

some one called aloud, "Father cellarer, what's come of your dish?" "You are perfectly right," replied the good brother; "I'm not cellarer for nothing."

Leaving the room, he quickly came back with three attendants, one carrying a quantity of buttered toast, and the other two loaded with a table bearing a bowl of burning brandy—in fact, a sort of punch. This arrival was received with acclamation, and ample justice done to it; and as the abbey clock sounded midnight, each of us retired to his room to enjoy that sweet sleep to which the toils of the day inclined and entitled him.

THE GASTRONOME IN LUCK.

One day, mounted on my good horse Joy, I was crossing the smiling slopes of the Jura. It was in the worst days of the Revolution, and I was on my way to Dôle, to see the representative Prôt, and get from him a safe-conduct which might prevent me from going to prison, and thence, probably, to the guillotine.

Halting at an inn in the village of Mont-sous-Vaudrey, I looked into the kitchen, after seeing to

my nag's comforts, and found something to delight the eyes of a traveller. A spit was turning before a glowing fire, admirably furnished with quails, royal quails; and close by, I saw ready cooked one of those plump leverets, unknown to men in town, the perfume of which would fill a church.

"Good!" said I to myself, cheered at the sight; "I am not entirely abandoned by Providence. A traveller may gather a flower by the wayside; time enough afterwards to talk of dying."

To my grievous disappointment I found that what I saw was for some gentlemen of the law who had been engaged near the village as legal experts. For me there was nothing but potato soup, and the beef which had been boiled in it, with some shoulder of mutton and haricots. That tempting bill of fare which I had fondly imagined to myself only made me feel more desolate, and I was again overwhelmed with my misfortunes.

I soon, however, regained courage, for on sending a message to them, the gentlemen said they would be delighted to have me at the same table. And what a dinner we made! I remember particularly a chicken *fricassée*, richly dowered with truffles, sufficient to have renewed the youth of Tithonus. The dessert consisted of vanilla cream, some choice cheese, and fruit; and we moistened the whole, first

with a light pink-coloured wine, then with some hermitage, and afterwards with some soft and generous wine of a straw-colour.

The excellence of the dinner was surpassed by its gaiety. After the events of those days had been discussed, not without some circumspection, we got as intimate as boon-companions. Stories were told and songs were sung; and, strange enough, I actually composed an impromptu for the occasion, which was, of course, immensely applauded. Here it is:—

In travelling what joy to find
Some boon-companions to our mind;
'Tis true Elysium!
With such good fellows, frank and free,
—Not caring what should come,—
I'd spend the time right merrily,
For four nights, or
A fortnight here;
One month, or
A twelvemonth clear;
And bless the gods for such good cheer.

The reader will admit that any man who, with the Revolutionists dogging his steps, could thus amuse himself, must have had the head and heart of a Frenchman.

My new friends insisted on my staying to spend the evening, at least, but I at last convinced them that my journey was by no means one of pleasure. Should any of them still live, and this record fall

into their hands, I would have them believe that after more than thirty years I now write these words with the most lively feelings of gratitude.

On reaching Dôle, I was by no means favourably received by M. Prôt. He seemed to regard me with suspicion, and I was glad to get off without being arrested. He was not exactly a bad man, but being of small capacity, he did know how to employ the formidable power put in his hands—he was like a child armed with the club of Hercules.

M. Amondru, however, whose name I have great pleasure in mentioning, succeeded, though with considerable difficulty, in getting him to accept an invitation to supper. Madame Prôt also came; and, on paying my respects to her, I soon found (oh, happiness unlooked for!) that she was passionately fond of music; and in an instant, as it were, our hearts beat in unison. She spoke to me of books on musical composition—I knew them all; she spoke to me of the most fashionable operas—I had them by heart; she named the most famous singers—I had seen nearly all of them. She could have talked for ever, not having for a long time met any one with whom she could discuss her favourite study.

After supper she sent for some of her music-books. She sang, I sang, we sang. I never put more soul

into my music, never had more enjoyment in it. M. Prôt had already several times spoken of going, but she paid no heed, till at last we finished in grand style by singing the duet, "Vous souvient-il de cette fête?" in "La Fausse Magie."

Now was the moment of parting. "Citizen," said Madame Prôt to me, "no one who has cultivated the fine arts as you have done can betray his country. I know your object is to get something from my husband. You shall have it, *I* promise you."

On this speech, so consoling to me, I kissed her hand with a full heart. Next morning I received my safe-conduct, duly signed and magnificently sealed, and thus was accomplished the object of my journey. I returned homewards with head erect; and thanks to Harmony, lovely daughter of heaven, my ascension was for a good number of years postponed.

POETRY.

No verse, you know, Mæcenas, can live long
Writ by a water-drinker. Since the day
When Bacchus took us poets into pay
With fauns and satyrs, the celestial Nine
Have smelt each morning of last evening's wine.
The praises heaped by Homer on the bowl
At once convict him as a thirsty soul:
And father Ennius ne'er could be provoked
To sing of battles till his lips were soaked.
"Let temperate folk write verses in the hall
Where bonds change hands, abstainers not at all;"
So ran my edict: now the clan drinks hard,
And vinous breath distinguishes a bard.

CONINGTON'S *Horace.*

DID time allow, I should have extracted and classified all the poetry of epicures, from the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans to our own time, arranging it historically, to show how speech or literature as a fine art is intimately allied to gastronomy.

The following air is by Motin, said to be the first in France to write drinking songs. It smacks of the good old six-bottle times, and does not lack poetic ardour—

PRAISE OF WINE.

A tavern is the home for me!
There I live jollily and free,
And wish no better place.

Each want supplied, I live in state:
The crockery seems of silver plate!
The napkins finest lace!

When summer's sun is glowing hot,
Mine inn's a pleasant, sheltered spot,
There is not such another.
In winter, nothing I desire
When cosy by its parlour fire,
Though bleak and keen the weather.

Our patron Bacchus we extol,
Whose noble gift inspires the soul;
Man's greatest boon is wine!
Let no good-hearted fellows shrink,
For they become, whene'er they drink,
Like angels, all divine!

The wine upon me smiles, and I
Fondly caress it in reply:
(Dull care—I then defy it!)
Our love is mutual and strong;
So when I take it, then, ere long,
I'm overtaken *by* it!

My hearty prayer, till I be dead,
Is that the white wine and the red
Within me find good lodgment.
But if they show a fighting mood,
And cannot live as brothers should,
Expulsion is my judgment!

The next is by the professor himself, who has also set it to music. He shrinks, however, from having his compositions published, notwithstanding the pleasure he should have in seeing himself on all pianos. By a happy coincidence, it can also be sung to the air of "Vaudeville du Figaro."

WHAT THE WISE PURSUE.

The smiles of Glory we despise;
Her promises have lured us long;
And History, compact of lies,
A tangled web of crime and wrong.
Drinking's the study for the wise!
Then drink this wine which brightly glances:
Our sires extolled it—age enhances!

Astronomy I've thrown aside;
Among the stars I lost my way.
And Chemistry too long I tried,
It cost me more than I could pay.
Gastronomy is now my pride;
Its studies all my time employ:
Good Living gives us genuine joy!

When young I read both morn and even,
Which soon grey hair and wrinkles brought;
And all the Grecian sages seven,
Of sense or wisdom nothing taught;
To Idlesse now my hours are given:
Lounging is your true employment
To yield philosophers enjoyment.

Medicine once, both night and day,
I studied with devoted faith;
But Medicine still, do what she may,
Can only smooth the way to death.
'Tis Cookery now on which I lay
My fondest hopes: its powers divinest
Have proved it Art of arts the Finest!

But all such mental work must tire,
And therefore, at the close of day,
To cheer my studies, and inspire
Fresh gaiety, I homage pay
To Love and Beauty—spite the ire
Of prudes and bigots: merry Cupid!
Delight of all that are not stupid!

As a finale, I give some verses belonging to the chapter on "Death." I have tried to set them to music, but have not succeeded to my mind, and therefore bequeath that task to another.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

Through all my frame life ebbs apace;
  Sight dims; I'm chill in every part.
My wife, with sad and tear-stained face,
  Lays trembling hand upon my heart.
Already friends and kindred dear
  Have called to bid the last good-bye;
The doctor's left; our pastor's here;
  And now I die.

I wish to pray, but thought is gone;
  To speak, but lips can form no sound;
I hear a faint and ringing tone;
  And something seems to hover round.
All now is dark. My weary breast
  Exhausts itself to heave a sigh,
Scarce by these icy lips expressed;
  Ah! now I die.

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You, the first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple, what would you have done for a turkey done with truffles? but in Eden there were neither cooks nor confectioners.—How I pity you!

Ye mighty kings who brought haughty Troy to ruins, your prowess will be handed down from age to age, but your table was scanty. With nothing but a joint of beef or a chine of pork, you knew not the charms of a *matelote*, or the delights of a chicken *fricassée*.—How I pity you!

You, Aspasia, Chloë, and others whose forms the Grecian chisel has immortalized to the despair of modern belles, never did your charming mouths inhale the sweetness of a scented *meringue;* your ideas scarcely rose above gingerbread.—How I pity you!

You, gentle priestesses of Vesta, burdened at once with so many honours and with the dread of such dreadful punishments, if only you had tasted those delightful syrups, preserved fruits, and ice creams of various flavour, the marvels of our age! —How I pity you!

You, invincible Paladins, renowned by the minstrels, never—after vanquishing giants, delivering fair ladies, or exterminating armies—never did a black-eyed captive offer you the foaming champagne or a goblet of Madeira: you had to content yourselves with ale and some poor, herb-flavoured wine. —How I pity you!

You, abbots and bishops, who dispensed the favours of heaven, and you, the dreaded Templars, who

armed yourselves for the extermination of the Saracens, you knew nothing of the sweet, restoring influence of our modern chocolate, nor of the thought-inspiring bean of Arabia.—How I pity you!

You, too, gastronomes of the present day, who dream of some new dish to flatter your palled appetites, even you I pity, because you cannot enjoy the discoveries which science has in store for the year 1900, such as contributions drawn from the mineral kingdom, and liqueurs produced by the pressure of a hundred atmospheres; nor will you ever see the importations to be brought by voyagers yet unborn, from distant lands still unknown or unexplored!

THE END.

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