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DEDICATION TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.,

On the Permissive Bill.

Wit, Wisdom, and Morals,

DISTILLED FROM BACCHUS.

BY

CHARLES TOVEY,

F.R.H.S.,

AUTHOR OF "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,"
"BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS," &c.

"E'EN IN OUR FLIGHT FROM VICE SOME VIRTUE LIES,
AND, FREE FROM FOLLY, WE TO WISDOM RISE."

—HORACE.

London:

WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

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Contents.

PREFACE.

DEDICATION TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P., ON THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER:

ON THE WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Origin of Wine—Jem-Sheed, the Founder of Persepolis—Accidental Discovery—Cure for Nervous Headache—Zeher-e-Kooshon, the Delightful Poison—Christopher North's Opinion—Bacchus, and his Aid—The Romans, their Ordinary Drink—Amphictyon directing that Pure Wine should be merely tasted at the Entertainments of the Athenians—Wine anciently very Rare—Nothing New under the Sun—The Pasteur System—The Fumarium—Comparison between the two Systems—Martial—Munna—Ancient Method of the Culture of the Vine—Still observed to prevail—Careful Selection of Soils for Vineyards—Numerous Varieties of Wine known to the Ancients—References upon the Subject to Columella and Pliny, Sir E. Barry, and Dr. Henderson—The Ancients fully skilled in the Culture and Knowledge of Good Wine—Oldest Account of Wine-making is by Mago, the Carthagenian, flourished 550 years before Christ—The same Process described by Columella—The Quality of the Ancient Wines—A Sealed Book—The Greeks and their Drinking Habits and Customs—Compared with the Romans—The Banquets, Cup-bearers, and Butlers—The Wine used—Dedication of Cups to particular Divinities—Pledging the Guests—Dido entertaining Æneas—Practice at Convivial Meetings of both Nations—The Falernian—Dr. Henderson quoted—Cicero upon the Effects of Age upon Wine—Martial upon Falernian—Tibullus—Silius—Italicus—Virgil—Modern Excess compared with Ancients—Darius—Socrates—The Elder Cato—Cicero's Son, named Bicongius—The Reason given—Cyrus—Artaxerxes—Plutarch—His *Symposiacs*—Lamprius—Alexander—Horace—Homer: all have done ample justice to Wine—Conclusion.

CONTENTS.

ANCIENT POETRY AND ANACREONTICS.

Translations from Martial; Athenæus; Clearchus Ap. Athenæum, lib. xiv.; Athenæus, lib. xiii., sec. 43—The Jovial Priest's Confession, by Walter Mapes, original and translation—Fourteen Selections from Anacreon—Thirteen Selections from Dr. Wegeler's *Philosophia Patrum*, in Latin, German, and English.

DRINKING HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PRESENT AND PAST CENTURIES.

Hard Drinking introduced into England from Flanders and Holland—Origin of "Half-seas Over"—William of Malmesbury, Extract from his History—Festival Days of the Church Disgraced—Edgar the Peaceable—"Beowulf Hiothgar"—Feast in the Hall of Mead—Bede—Caedmon—Canons of the Church—Their Declaration as to what constituted Drunkenness—Extract from Corporate Accounts of the City of Bristol, showing Price and Character of Wine purchased from the years 1542 to 1617—Arrival of Danish King—The Reign of James I.—Drinking Healths—Feast given by Cecil—Conduct of James I. and Christian of Denmark—The Commonwealth—Under Puritan Principles Temperance prevailed — Cromwell's Banquets sneered at by Royalists—Drinking Healths denounced—Great Reaction at the Restoration—Curious Story of a Whistle—A Challenge—Sir Robert Laurie, the Conqueror—The last of the Whistle—The great Rorie Moore—His Drinking Horn—Curious Mode of Proving Kindred—Scotland—Ireland—Intemperance of the Latter—Holinshed's Description of the Irish Rebel, Shane O'Neil, time of Elizabeth—Charles II. at a City Banquet—Wines consumed in the Days of Shakespeare and Bacon—*The Straight Road to a Long Life*, by Dr. Tobias Venner—Interesting Biography—Major Austin—Gleanings from Gravestones—Anecdote of Handel—The Old Shades, Extract from the *City Press*.

TALES ANECDOTES, &c.

Too Much Wine—A German Anacreontic—An Unlucky Sentiment—Home-made Wines—Grace Cups—Cheap Wines—Effects of a Strawberry—How an Ambassador succeeded—Wine Conversations—Waste of Wine—A Fly in the Bottle—How all kinds of Wine may be made from two sorts—A Curious *jeu d'esprit*—Three Visitors—That Queer Stuff—After Dinner—Guilty, but Drunk—The Outwitted Innkeeper—The Art of Taking Wine—On Buying Wine—The *Daily Telegraph* on Commissions—The Wrong Decanter—Average Strength of Intoxicating Liquids—A Tasting Order.

CONTENTS.

ANECDOTES, &c., ON CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne Cliquot—Pink Champagne—Rogers—Tom Moore—Kenyon—R. de Tracy Gould—"Lily, on Liquid Roses floating"—Champagne as a Social Force—Curran—Mr. Walker on the Art of Dining—Taking Wine at Dinner—The Abolition regretted—Quotation from Byron—Extract from Thackeray—Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty.

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS AND ANECDOTES.

Ovid advocates Temperance—Three Cups for a Prudent Man—Dr. Franklin on Water—A Teetotal Speech—Addison on the Effects of Wine—Dr. Johnson on "in vino veritas"—Lines from Butler on the Abuse of Wine—Plutarch, his *Symposaics*—Inspiring Effects of Wine—Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan—The Grape Cure—Drunkenness turned to Good Account—Cure of Snake Bite—Dr. Pereira on Food and Diet—Quotation from Captain Bligh, the Mutiny of the "Bounty"—The gallant Havelock's advocacy of Temperance—Dr. Todd's Lectures—The *Cornhill Magazine* on Dr. Todd's Practice—Hydrophobia—Lockjaw—A Maudlin Teetotaller—The Village Band—An American's Speech at a Temperance Meeting—Mrs. Partington on Intemperance—An Example for Dipsomaniacs—Luige Cornaro—Addison in the *Spectator* upon Cornaro—Madden on the *Infirmities of Genius*—Love your Enemies—Pilferings from *Punch*—Drunk and Disorderly—Teetotallers' Table Talk—Liquor and Longevity—Turf News for Teetotallers—Lord Palmerston no Teetotaller—Prynne on the Superfluity of Drink—John Green.

IRISH TALES AND ANECDOTES.

Irish Hospitality, from *Beaten Paths*, by T. C. Grattan—An Opinion Gratis—Extract from Nimrod—The Best Potheen that ever escaped the King's Fees—Dean Swift's Translation of an Irish Poem—Dublin in 1682—Importations of Claret in 1763—Drunken Orgies—How the Youth was brought up—John Kemble.

BACCHANALIAN LYRICS.

In his hall the Baron of Berncastel sat—Straight from the tavern door—No plate had John and Joan to hoard—A group of topers at a table sat—Alas! what pity 't is that regularity—This ancient silver bowl of mine—Three sightless inmates of the sky—Twenty quarts of real Nantz—The gentle shepherd of Salisbury Plain—When rectors drank Port Wine—Drinking: Cowley—Tokay.

CONTENTS.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS.
WAIFS AND STRAYS FROM THE DINNER TABLE.

Bumper, Origin of — Hob-nob — Addison — Holland House—Irish Advertisement—A Nice Distinction—Highland Woman and her Still—The Drunken Bankrupt—Omnium Gatherum—A Basket of Scraps—Jekyll at Holland House—What did the Man say?—Something to make him drink—How Bordeaux Wines obtained their Reputation—The Virtues of Whisky—American Drinks—The Truthful Boy—Drinking the Loving Cup: why two stand up together—What our Great-grandfathers drank — Lord Byron on Parties — Jacobite Doctors—Hume's Will—Certain and Uncertain—Cooke, the Actor—Down to the Level—Actor turned Wine Merchant—Disappearance of Spirits—Dr. Channing—Laying in a whole Pipe—Tale of a Noble Youth—Always Drinking, never Drunk—Where there 's a Will there 's a Way—Drinking like Men—Theodore Hook—A Fish Dinner—Madame Pasta—The Inhospitable Dean—A Life Preserver—A Burning Sensation—Clarence and the Butt of Malmsey—The Man who drank 59 Pipes of Port Wine—A Prescription for the Eyes—Father leaves none to drink—Killing himself to live—The Old East India Madeira — Beer-drinking in Somersetshire—Take away the Ink—A New Wine—The Germans in Champagne—A Tippler's Soliloquy—Bristol Milk — Eight Drams to an Ounce—Thoughts for Good Templars—Facts about Sherry—Getting Assistance—Toasts —Strength of Wines, by Dr. Christison.

APPENDIX.

Extract from *Law and Liquor*, by W. Wilson Turnbull—Preamble and Main Provisions of the Permissive Bill—100 Reasons why the Permissive Bill should not become Law.

INDEX.

Preface.

THE labours of the writer of a publication such as the present depend more upon judgment in the selection of material than upon any great literary attainments. Most of the narratives and anecdotes are the careful gatherings during the career of half a century, passed in connection with the wine trade. There are, perhaps, few, excepting those who are interested in the subject, who would devote the time requisite to make the work commendable to readers in general. With reference to compilations generally, the Author observed in his recent Work* :—

"From these long extracts, some of my friendly critics will probably charge me with 'book-making'—supplying from the brains of others that which my own is not competent to give. If availing myself of able authorities in

* *Wine and Wine Countries*, pp. 176, 177.

support of my opinions justifies such an imputation, then I plead guilty to the indictment; and those who know how laborious is the work of finding appropriate and judicious selections will not accuse me (when I cease to write in my own person) of exchanging the heavier for the lighter task."

Whether this Work be an example of book-making or not, the whole is intended to form a mass of useful and amusing reading. Objection has been taken to the title of the book; but the Author respectfully submits that those who possess "Wit, Wisdom, and Morals," will find no incongruity between the subject and the title.

2, Royal York Crescent, Clifton,
January, 1878.

Dedication.

TO SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

Dear Sir Wilfrid,

I venture, without permission, to dedicate this volume to you. I do so in no spirit of irony; on the contrary, I wish to add my respectful testimony to your persevering efforts to eradicate the curse of drunkenness, which affects more or less all classes of society. Every well constituted mind must admire the noble, self-sacrificing spirit you have shown in your advocacy of Temperance, and your energetic devotion to that object. I have heard much of your genial disposition, and of your excellent social qualities, which indeed might be inferred from the tone and temper of your public utterances; and I am led to believe that it is not the temperate use of alcoholic liquids, but drunkenness, you desire to uproot and destroy. Now this, permit me to say, will never be done by the course you are taking. Your task, in advocating the Permissive Bill, is like that of

Sisyphus, and the Bill will never become part of English Law. This, I will venture to say, is the opinion of ninety-nine out of one hundred. Let me show you how a very similar Act to that of which you are the champion, came to grief. I refer you to that of the 29th September, 1736, known as the Gin Act, of which I give you the preamble and substance :—

"Whereas the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors by the common people, tends not only to the destruction of their health and the debauching of their morals, but to the public ruin ;

"For remedy thereof—

"Be it enacted that from September 29th no persons shall presume by themselves, or any others employed by them, to sell or retail any Brandy, Rum, Arrack, Usquebaugh, Geneva, Aqua Vitæ, or any other distilled spirituous liquors, mixed or unmixed, in any less quantity than two gallons, without first taking out a licence for that purpose within ten days at least before they sell or retail the same ; for which they shall pay down £50, to be renewed ten days before the year expires, paying the like sum, and in case of neglect to forfeit £100, such licences to be taken out within the limits of the penny post, at the chief office of Excise, London, and at the next office of Excise for the country. And be it enacted that for all such spirituous liquors as any retailers shall be possessed of, on or after September 29th, 1736, there shall be paid a duty of 20s. per gallon, and so in proportion for a greater or lesser quantity above all other duties charged on the same.

"The collecting the rates by this act imposed, to be under the management of the commissioners and officers of Excise by all the Excise laws now in force (except otherwise provided

by this Act), and all moneys arising by the said duties or licences for sale thereof, shall be paid into the receipt of His Majesty's Exchequer distinctly from other branches of the public revenue; one moiety of the fines, penalties, and forfeitures to be paid to His Majesty and successors, the other to the person who shall inform on one for the same."

Although the impossibility of carrying out this law was foretold by many, both within doors and without, yet so furious and so determined was the zeal of the advocates in the last century of the "*Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic*," that no heed was given to the prophecies of the calm-thinking, intelligent opponents; and, consequently, the measure was passed without much opposition. But it soon became ineffective. Sir Wilfrid, take a lesson from history, and read what Tindall tells us:—

"The commissioners of Excise themselves became sensible of the impossibility or unadviseableness of carrying it into execution: policy, as well as humanity, obliged them to mitigate the severity of the law, which was now become odious and contemptible. The populace soon broke through all restraint. Though no licence was obtained, and no duty paid, the liquor continued to be sold at all corners of the streets; informers were intimidated by the threats of the people; and the justices of the peace, either from indolence or corruption, neglected to put the law into execution; in fact, the consumption of spirits had considerably increased every year since the restrictions were placed on the licences, and the extra duties imposed."

Anyone acquainted at all with matters of revenue, could have foreseen that this law would only drive the trade out of the hands of the licensed dealers into those of smugglers and illicit manufacturers; and those versed in the science of morals are well aware that nothing but a sound education will ever effectually root out drunkenness or any other vice, and that heavy taxes upon a vicious indulgence stops one source, only to turn the flood with greater violence into more devious and perilous channels.

Immediately the Act passed there was danger of rebellion. An insurrection of the populace was threatened, and, but for the precautionary measures taken by the Government, there would have been serious rioting and much bloodshed. As there were multitudes of offenders, there were at first multitudes of informations; but as soon as any man was known to have informed, he was assaulted and pelted by the mob wherever they could meet with him. A noble peer was obliged to open his gates to one of those unfortunate creatures to protect him from the mob, who were in full cry, and would probably have torn him to pieces if they could have laid hold of him, for they had before actually murdered others of his class. This was not the only difficulty; the magistrates themselves were in danger if they appeared too zealous in the execution of this law. The prosecutions put the Government to

infinite expense, the more so as when the person was convicted, seldom could anything be recovered.

The prohibitory law increased the evil it was intended to remove; and the excessive use of spirits became more general. Under these circumstances, in 1743, the Ministry that had newly come into office upon the expulsion of Sir Robert Walpole, brought a Bill into the House of Commons for the repeal of the law which had thus turned out so much worse than a dead letter.

The Bill passed the Commons without opposition, but in the Upper House it was not carried till after long and warm altercation—the debates filled nearly three hundred columns of the Parliamentary history, and it will be useful to you to make acquaintance with all the facts and particulars, which will corroborate this account of the operation and failure of this Act; but for the general reader I will extract a portion of a speech by Lord Bathurst, who stated that in the seven years during which the high duties had been levied the number of licences taken out for the sale of spirits had been only two! "It is well known," said his lordship,

"That by that law the use of spirituous liquors was prohibited to the common people; that retailers were deterred from vending them by the utmost encouragement that could be given to informers; and that discoveries were incited by every art that could be practised, and offenders punished with the utmost rigour. Yet what was the effect, my lords, of all this diligence and rigour? A general panic suppressed

for a few weeks the practice of selling the prohibited liquors; but, in a very short time, necessity forced some, who had nothing to lose, to return to their former trade. They were suffered sometimes to escape, because nothing was to be gained by informing against them, and others were encouraged by their example to imitate them, though with more secrecy and caution. Of these, indeed, many were punished, but many more escaped, and such as were fined often found the profit more than the loss. The prospect of raising money by detecting these practices incited many to turn information into a trade; and the facility with which the crime was to be proved encouraged some to gratify their malice by perjury, and others their avarice, so that the multitude of informations became a public grievance, and the magistrates themselves complained that the law was not to be executed. The perjuries of informers were now so flagrant and common, that the people thought all informations malicious; or, at least, thinking themselves oppressed by the law, they looked upon every man that promoted its execution as their enemy, and, therefore, soon began to declare war against informers, many of whom they treated with great cruelty, and some they murdered in the streets."

Lord Cholmondeley, in a very able speech, supported this account, as did several of the other speakers in this debate. The facts, being notorious, were not questioned or denied by any of the opponents of the repeal. Lord Bathurst proceeded to state—

"That, by their determination and violence, the people at last wearied out the magistrates, and intimidated all persons from lodging informations, so that the law had now for some years been totally disregarded."

"The practice, therefore, of vending and of drinking

distilled spirits," continued his lordship, "has prevailed some time without opposition; nor can any man enter a tavern or an ale-house in which they will be denied him, or walk along the streets without being invited to drink them at every corner; they have been sold for several years with no less openness and security than any other commodity; and whoever walks in this great city will find his way very frequently obstructed by those who are selling those pernicious liquors to the greedy populace, or by those who have drunk them until they are unable to move."

In opposition to the repeal the principal argument urged was, that the sale of spirits, which was now carried on, not, certainly, in secret, or with any attempt at concealment, but still without open proclamation by the dealers, would in future be thrust forward with an impudent exposure of the name as well as of the liquors, would not only tend to harden the victims of gin-drinking, but might throw more opportunity and temptation in the way of persons who had not fallen into the habit. However, although all the bishops, as well as most of the adherents of the late Ministry, voted against it, the repeal Bill was ultimately carried: "and we cannot help owning," says Smollett, "that it has not been attended with those dismal consequences which the lords in the opposition foretold." Melancholy, indeed, was the spectacle *exhibited under the prohibitory law*. Lord Lonsdale, although an opponent to the repeal Bill, stated in the course of the debate in the Lords, that

"Whoever should pass along the streets of the Metropolis would find wretches strewed upon the pavement, insensible, and motionless, and only removed by the charity of passengers from the danger of being crushed by carriages or trampled by horses, or strangled with filth in the common sewers."

The operation of the new Act was highly satisfactory; the wretched state of things described by Lords Bathurst and Lonsdale was no more heard of. Indulgence in spirits continued to exist, as it still does, amongst the depraved of the lower orders; but the restoration of the trade to proper surveillance, and the inducement to persons of respectability and responsibility to embark in it, appears to have had an immediate and beneficial effect.

I have given these historical records of a former attempt to carry out a Bill to enforce temperance not for your edification alone, but for those who support you in your Permissive Bill. You will, from the fate of the Act of 1736, have seen that the people of that generation would not submit to the intolerant measure which their rulers in Parliament dictated, and although you are pleased to designate your Bill as *permissive*, an examination into its primary enactment will show that it involves far greater tyranny than the bill of 1736. The powers of the latter extended over the whole kingdom, but it contained permissive clauses conditional upon the vendor of spirits consenting to pay £50 per

annum for the licence to sell, and the purchasers would be subject to the high duties levied upon the spirits. But your Act gives the power to two-thirds of the *ratepayers* to subject the rest of the inhabitants to an intolerable bondage. What of the non-ratepayers? Are they to have no voice? Are they not as much interested in the issue as two-thirds of the ratepayers? Are there not in every parish hundreds, it may be thousands, of persons of good standing who care not to be burdened with a house, but prefer living as lodgers? Are there not as many well-conducted artisans and labourers who are not ratepayers? and are they to be subjected to tyranny, or mistaken zeal, because their names are not upon the rate book? Can you not see that, if the adoption of your Act is effected, it would be not by a majority, but by a minority of the parish?

I have no doubt that your intention is good, but all your efforts will not pass through the legislature such a measure as this Permissive Bill. Compulsory measures for the promotion of temperance will be resisted by the public, because such measures are justly considered to be an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty, although the advocacy of temperance, when it is mainly fair and tolerant, is always respected. Unfortunately, the platform hirelings and writers in the teetotal or total abstinence cause have by their virulent and intem-

perate language disgusted those who would otherwise have sympathised with, if not supported, the movement, but who have justly considered that, if such language was the result of total abstinence, it was but a pitiable exchange for another kind of intemperance.

Let me give you a few extracts from temperance publications. A licensed victualler is called "A keeper of Satan's hostelries." "No man can continue to sell intoxicating drink without at the same time selling disease, insanity, and death, domestic misery, pauperism, quarrels, oaths, blasphemies, obscenities, assaults, sin and crime in every shape, including suicide and murder itself." Again,—"The very worst that has ever been said against the Devil is, that he first tempts his victim, then betrays and punishes him through time and eternity. What better can our so-called Christian Government and magistrates, and the liquor traffickers be in regard to the trade in drink?" One of the apostles of teetotalism, at a meeting in Bristol, with a dissenting minister presiding, said, —"A great deal had been said during the last thirty or forty years about the liquor traffic and drunkenness, and how little had been said against the persons who brewed the liquor. It was the brewers, the publicans, and the beer sellers, who were answerable before God and man, and if the Devil were let loose upon society, he could not do so

much harm as the lot which he had referred to; they did far more harm than all the thieves and vagabonds in the country did. The traffic was immoral, and therefore there must be an agent in the matter. It was not the dirty barrel of beer which was immoral: it was not the brewery which was immoral. Who was immoral then? It was the persons who manufactured and sold the liquor, and the magistrates who sat and granted licences, and then fined poor men for being drunk, were not a bit better than the brewers. He could not tell what religion those magistrates professed, but he could not believe there was much religion amongst them." Nothing can be more unjust than these attacks, for it is not to the interest of any trader in wine, spirits, or beer, to encourage the detestable vice of drunkenness. The publican is well aware that the drunkard is his worst customer, as he drives away the respectable workman, who would otherwise be taking his glass of beer, or whatever else might assist him during the intervals of labour. The drunkard brings his house into disrepute, and in giving him encouragement the innkeeper puts himself into a dangerous position, and runs the risk of forfeiting his licence.

The licensed victuallers rank as high in position as any other members of the trading community, and I need but point to the noble schools they have erected for education, their orphan asylums, and

the homes and annuities they have provided for the poor and aged members of their trade. The bountiful manner in which these institutions are supported (without appeal to the general public) is alone sufficient evidence of their benevolence and their provident habits. I may be wrong, but my impression is that the licensed victuallers have done more in support of their charitable institutions than any other class of tradesmen. It cannot be disputed that as individuals in their own locality, they are generally respected; there are to be found amongst them men of intelligence, of integrity, and of universal charity. They possess the confidence of their customers, and let it be remembered, amid all that is now urged against them, that they reconcile by their influence many differences amongst their neighbours, and cement many friendships. There are exceptions, no doubt, as there are good and bad in all states of society; but the honest publican is not to be despised, his earnings are not got so easily as may be supposed, there is no class of tradesmen that works harder to gain a livelihood, at his business early and late he scarcely knows the comfort of a meal without interruption—his house is a refuge for all travellers—and if these comfortable hostelries are to be exterminated what is to become of the travelling community?

There are, in all conscience, sufficient legal

enactments to regulate the business of the licensed victualler; it is now time he was left alone, except when he offends existing laws, then let the laws be enforced, and let him take the consequences of his misdeeds. I will go hand in hand with those who labour to promote habits of sobriety amongst all classes. Those who have delivered themselves up to the "demon of strong drink," to use a teetotal phrase, should be treated as insane, and I quite coincide with Dr. Barclay, of Leicester, who says,

"There are drunkards who are no longer responsible agents: we call them vino-maniacs, or dipsomaniacs; they drink because they cannot help it; they have no longer left the self-control which denotes *sanity;* they do not drink for pleasure—they drink as often as they can, wherever they can, and whatever they can, and as much as they can. Now to deal with such, we do require legislation. When a man has lost his self-control he has become a lunatic, and should be dealt with as such. After a certain number of convictions, such cases should be sent to an asylum for a considerable period, say a year or eighteen months. It is only the medical man who has to sign certificates of lunacy, who knows how difficult it is to lodge those labouring under this form of disease in asylums, legally, under the present law; and the detention of them there after they have recovered from their debauch is, strictly speaking, contrary to law. It is true, the commissioners in lunacy are coming more and more to wink at prolonged confinement in such instances. But only a few years ago, anyone who sent a case of delirium tremens to an asylum was laughed at. I would have every case of delirium tremens from drink secluded; and for a second attack a longer

period of seclusion than for a first; and I would also have them let out on parole—a 'ticket of leave'—and if evil ways were reverted to, seclusion should again be legal, even before a regular outbreak had taken place.

"I believe that if such laws were in force, and carried out in a way to convince all that the administrators of the law were really in earnest in suppressing the abuse of drink, and thus awake the dormant moral feelings of the drinker, we should be very much reformed as regards drunkenness."

I endorse all the above, and go further. I have somewhere met with a suggestion not only to put down the drunkard, but to punish the vendor of the drink, provided it could be shown that he knowingly and willingly, after due notice, supplied the intoxicants; and it is quite possible to effect this. A fine, imprisonment, or deprivation of his licence, should be inflicted upon any publican or dealer who, after proper notice from the relations or friends of a person known to be a notorious drunkard, continued to supply such drunkard with intoxicating liquors. It does not appear that there would be any great difficulty in carrying out such law. There are enactments and restrictions upon druggists for vending poisons, and some such regulation may be enforced in the particular cases referred to. And the promoters and advocates of the Permissive Bill could aid and assist in carrying out such a law in its integrity. I presume it is drunkenness and not temperance that they are banded together to uproot and destroy. They have plenty of organized

machinery in their hands; the press, which now publishes such trash, and panders to the vanity of the frothy speaker, with his nonsense about the "Upas tree" and the "filthy beer," should be turned to better account. The condition and education of the people must supplant this abortive attempt to suppress intemperance amongst the lower orders by Act of Parliament. Encouragement and aid should be given to free libraries and museums, public parks, zoological and botanical gardens, accessible to the people on Sundays as well as week days, recreation grounds for gymnastics and games, cheap concerts and well-regulated dramatic entertainments, each or all would be found resources that in time would work their way to wean the ill-regulated from sensual indulgencies. How much may we not hope for in the next, or probably in the present, generation from the operation of School Boards? And is there no ground for the hope that the establishment of free libraries, which has already done so much good, will offer to young men greater attraction than the public-house? See the improved habits of the higher classes. Read the records which I have given of the drinking habits and customs of a past generation, and contrast it with what you know of them at the present time. Be assured that if you have patience you will need no prohibitive Act to close drinking places. The law of supply and demand, as

affecting intoxicating liquors, will in the improved condition of the people do what is wanted far more effectually than any legislative interference. Permit me to call your attention to a movement in Bristol, which, I believe, will afford you considerable satisfaction, and the particulars of which I send you in an extract from a local journal. Since the opening of the Market Tavern, there has been a third house established, in a commanding situation, which, I understand, affords greater accommodation than those referred to in the following announcement.

The success attending the two taverns alluded to has more than exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. Are not such institutions worthy of your patronage, as well as of all who are interested in the cause of temperance?

BRISTOL TAVERN AND CLUB COMPANY.

Yesterday, the Market Tavern, Nicholas Street, the second establishment provided by the above company, was opened by Mr. W. K. Wait, M.P., the chairman of the directors. The following extract from the prospectus of the company will explain the purpose for which these taverns are provided:—"The object of this company is to provide houses where wholesome refreshment and social recreation can be obtained. The fact that at the present time in Bristol there is a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors to every eighty persons over the age of twenty-one years is a sufficient indication of the demand for refreshment of some sort; and the fact that many of these houses are ill-adapted for social recreation, proves that one essential requirement is not

fulfilled. The company purposes to provide such refreshment as the following:—Coffee, cocoa, tea, rice, porridge, bread stuffs, &c., and to arrange the houses in such a way that every opportunity will be given for social intercourse. Newspapers and whatever games shall be considered necessary will be supplied, and a large room for club meetings, &c., will be attached to some of the houses. The houses will be open from an early hour in the morning until late in the evening. Great care will be taken as to their position, and they will be adapted to the requirements of the locality. For example, in a factory neighbourhood, special accommodation will be afforded to factory hands in the breakfast and dinner hours. Provision will also be made for the supply of cocoa, &c., off the premises. Although the company is not absolutely restricted by the memorandum of association from selling alcoholic liquors, yet, without being pledged to any definite temperance programme, the directors have resolved that for a period of seven years from the date of the articles of association, no intoxicating liquors shall be sold or consumed on the premises belonging to the company, nor at the end of that period except by a vote of not less than three-fourths in value and a majority in number of the shareholders." The house in Nicholas Street adjoins the Fish Market, and therefore occupies a very central position. The only drawback is that it is rather small, and it is feared that it will not be large enough to meet the requirements of the locality. The interior is admirably fitted up, and every arrangement seems to have been made to render the tavern as attractive as possible. The refreshments provided will be of the same class as those supplied at the Giant's Castle; in fact, the company have determined to adopt an uniform system throughout.

One of these establishments disposes weekly of

upwards of 600 gallons of tea, coffee, and cocoa, besides large quantities of lemonade, ginger beer, and ærated drinks. The consumption of the three taverns is at present over 1500 gallons of tea, &c., per week. So much more prosperous are these establishments than public-house keeping, that I have been told there are several licensed victuallers who contemplate giving up their beer and spirit licences and entering into competition with the Tavern and Club Company. If this is done generally, you will be spared further labours in the promotion of your Permissive Bill. But your exertions will not have been thrown away. You have drawn public attention to the evils arising from the drinking habits of the people when carried to excess, and, although your scheme is abortive, and your support but feeble, your object was a noble one.

I have not the presumption to suppose that this address will control your action, but I do pray you to consider the result of the attempt to promote sobriety by legislative enactment as shown in the Act of 1736; and I further submit to you the opinion of the late George Dawson, which will show the operation of the Maine law in the United States of America; and I will still further refer you to an extract from an able and temperate pamphlet called *Law and Liquor*, by W. Wilson Turnbull, which, as I only received it when the greater part

of the dedication was in print, I have inserted in an appendix:—

"Mr. George Dawson, who was formerly an advocate of the Permissive Bill, has delivered a lecture in which, on the strength of his experience during his recent tour in America, he declared the Maine Liquor Law to be inoperative. Mr. Dawson said he took a great deal of pains about the drinking question and about the prohibitive laws, Maine laws, and the licensing laws. Sometimes enthusiastic Americans came over here and said how beautiful the laws worked in America. They worked certainly. His opinion was that the prohibitive laws did lessen the amount of drinking, but at a cost. Wheresoever we knew the law was so stringent, smuggling became a fine art, and how to evade the laws that were so strict produced more moral harm in one direction than the evil they were trying to check in the other. One day he said to a man at an hotel, 'Cannot a man get a drink here?' 'Oh, yes,' said the man, 'go along the street until you get to a fruit shop. Go through that shop and into the room at the back.' Arrived at the fruit shop he marched in. He entered a little room at the back. Behind a man were two cupboards and a little counter. These were all he could see. He did not know exactly what to do next. However, he put on a bold face and said, 'What sort of stuff is Bourbon Whisky, sir?' The man said not a word. He opened a cupboard, and brought out a bottle. He (Mr. Dawson) poured out what he wanted and drank it. The man gave him a little check, on which was written 'Pay to the cashier so many cents.' He took the cheque into the shop, and paid the money at the counter. This was the way they evaded the law. The man who gave him the Whisky did not take the money for it, and the man who took the money did not give him the Whisky. The mischief was done. He had the Whisky and paid for it, but

nobody sold it. Instead of standing up to take their drink, the Americans showed them into a cupboard, and they sat down there. The standing drink was illegal. In sitting to drink they were a sort of guest of the house. In another place he went to an hotel. He said to the landlord, 'Can I have a drink, sir?' He replied, 'Yes, if you go upstairs we will bring it up.' This was a nice thing for an English gentleman—drinking in a bedroom! However, they had it, and he found they could have any quantity they liked. The law was most systematically evaded. In Massachusetts men sold drink openly at the doors. By-and-by it was necessary to go down among them. The man knew that the police were coming, and, although he might have thousands of gallons on his premises, there were two or three bottles laid handy, and with virtuous indignation the police seized the three bottles. The man was summoned, paid the paltry penalty, and went back to his work of drink selling. Whoever wanted drink could get it in almost any county of America. The larger part of the Prohibitive Laws were a transparent farce: an invitation to dishonesty, an inducement to smuggling. It was no use getting angry about this, because the thing was there and he could not help it. The majority of the Americans declared these laws to be worse than useless, to be absolutely mischievous. The testimony of all, except a few enthusiasts, was this—that they forced upon the people a law to which they were opposed, they turned their ingenuity into the channel of evasion without diminishing drunkenness, and they increased amazingly hypocrisy, lying, meanness, deceit, bribery of officials, and the general measure, which ate as a canker into American society, was regarded as a necessity. His own opinion was that the Americans drank far less than the English did, and he was afraid we were at the top of the world in the matter."

To the condemnatory opinion of Mr. George Dawson may be added numbers of eminent Americans:—Judge Goddard, the City Marshal of Portland; the Rev. Dr. Hill, formerly President of Harvard College, now residing at Portland; Major Cobb, of Boston; John Quincy Adams, the Rev. N. Adams, D.D., Professor Agazziz, Rev. L. Bacon, D.D., of Connecticut; Professor Biglow, Boston; Professor Bowen, Brigadier-General Isaac Burrell, Professor Edward Clarke, Boston; ex-Governor Cliffard; the Right Rev. M. Eastburne, D.D., Boston; the late Governor Andrews; Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.; Professor Jackson, Boston; Professor Horsford, Cambridge; Hon. Joel Parker, Cambridge; Hon. Judge Patch; Hon. C. Warren, Charlestown; ex-Governor Washburn; Hon. James H. Duncan; Rev. George Pulman, &c., &c.

All these well-known Americans have, at various times expressed their opinion that the Maine Law has been decidedly and emphatically a failure.

I have the honour to remain,
Dear Sir Wilfrid,
Yours faithfully,

CHARLES TOVEY.

2, Royal York Crescent, Clifton,
January, 1878.

Wit, Wisdom, and Morals,

DISTILLED FROM BACCHUS.

Introductory Chapter.

ON THE WINES OF THE ANCIENTS.

TO inquire into the origin, introduction, or invention of wine would involve a literary aspirant in a mass of fabulous traditions and conjecture. In almost every country where the vine is indigenous the invention of wine is attributed to some native deity. Jem-Sheed, the founder of Persepolis, is by Persian writers said to have been the first who invented wine. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and, as he desired to preserve some, they were placed for this purpose in a large vessel, and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented, and their juice in this state tasted so queer and so unlike ordinary grape juice that the king

believed it was poison. He had some vessels filled with it, and poison written upon each. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with a nervous headache, and the pain distracted her so much that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it, she took it, and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady, who fell into a sound sleep, and she awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the dose so often that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made, and Jem-Sheed and all his court drank of the new beverage, which, from the circumstance that led to the discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of Teher-e-Kooshon, the delightful poison! Old Christopher North is inclined to believe that Adam, the father of the human race, drank wine. He says, "Driven by sin from Paradise, what liquor could ever have raised his spirits? How dismally in his cups must he have sung, 'Auld lang syne!' What a hollow 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'" We have, however, "confirmation strong as holy writ" that Noah planted a vineyard, and, moreover, that "he drank of the wine, and was drunken" (Genesis ix. 20, 21).

It is obvious that the use of wine could not have continued long unknown in those regions

where the vine grew abundantly. Bacchus, after his education by the Nysæan nymphs, is reported to have traversed nearly the whole globe, introducing the culture of the grape, and diffusing refinement wherever he went.

The ordinary drink of the Romans at feasts was wine, which they mixed with water, and sometimes with aromatics or spices ; they used water either hot or cold. To Amphictyon legend attributes a line directing that pure wine should be merely tasted at the entertainments of the Athenians, but that the guests should be allowed to drink freely of wine mixed with water, after dedicating the first cup to Zeus Soter, to remind them of the salubrious quality of the fluid. However much this excellent rule may have been occasionally transgressed, it is certain that the prevailing practice of the Greeks was to drink their wine in a diluted state. To drink wine unmixed was held to be disreputable ; and those who were guilty of such excess were said to act like Scythians. To drink even equal parts of wine and water, or, as we familiarly call it, "half-and-half," was thought to be unsafe ; and, in general, the dilution was more considerable ; varying, according to the taste of the drinkers and the strength of the liquor, from one part of wine and four of water to two of wine and four, or else five parts of water, which last seems to have been the favourite mixture.

Wine anciently was very rare. It was used chiefly in the worship of the gods. Young men below thirty, and women all their lifetime, were forbidden to drink it, unless at sacrifices, whence, according to some, the custom of saluting female relations, that it might be known whether they had drank wine. But afterwards, when wine had become more plentiful, these restrictions were removed; which Ovid hints was the case even in the time of Tarquin Superbus.

"There is nothing new under the sun." In my recent edition of *Wine and Wine Countries*, I mentioned, in page 312, the discovery by M. Pasteur, who showed, or attempted to show, that wine heated in a temparature of about 140° Fahrenheit at once acquires the character of age, and may be preserved to any length of time; but I stated that I had more confidence in the operation of natural laws, and I did not believe that any forcing appliances would give to wine the character acquired by age. However, in 1874, the National Assembly of France voted M. Pasteur a pension of 12,000 francs per annum, "in consideration of the great service he has rendered in his investigation of ferments, and still more, from a practical point of view, in the scientific application of heat in the preservation of wines." I might have reminded my readers of the antiquity of this method of treatment. The application of the *fumarium* to the mellowing of

wines was borrowed from the Asiatics, who were in the habit of exposing their wines to the heat of the sun on the tops of their houses, and afterwards placing them in apartments warmed from below, in order that they might be more speedily rendered fit for use.

As the flues, by which the ancient dwellings were heated, were probably made to open into the apotheca, it is obvious that a tolerably steady temperature could be easily supplied, and that the vessels would be fully exposed to the action of the smoke. Although the effect of this arrangement may, according to our modern notions, appear very questionable, yet, when attentively considered, it does not seem to differ much from that of the more recent method of mellowing Madeira and other strong wines by placing them in a hothouse, or in the vicinity of a kitchen fire or baker's oven, which is found to bring them to an early maturity. As the earthen vases, in which the ancient wines were preserved, were defended by an ample coating of pitch or plaster, it is not likely that the smoke could penetrate so as to vitiate the genuine taste and odour of the liquor; but the warmth which was kept up by it would have the effect of softening the harshness of the stronger wines, and probably of dissipating, to a certain extent, the potent aroma of the condiments with which they were impregnated. Although Tibullus gives the epithet

"smoky" to the Falernian wines thus prepared, and Horace speaks of the amphora with which he proposes to celebrate the Calends of March, as having been laid up to "imbibe the smoke" during the consulship of Tullus, they are not to be understood as referring to the flavour of the liquor, but merely to the process by which it was brought to a high degree of mellowness. The description of Ovid, however, may be considered as more correct, for he applies the term only to the cask in which the wine was enclosed. At the same time it must be acknowledged that the practice in question was liable to great abuse; and we may readily conceive that, from the success attending the experiment as applied to the first-rate growths, it might happen that many inferior wines, though not at all adapted for the operation, would nevertheless be made to undergo it, in the vain hope of bettering their condition; that, from an anxiety to accelerate the process, the wines would be sometimes exposed to a destructive heat; or that, from inattention to the corking or properly securing of the orifice of the vessels, the smoke might enter them and impart a repulsive savour to the contents. As these forced wines were in great request at Rome and in the provinces, the dealers would often be tempted to send indifferent specimens into the market; and it is not, perhaps, without reason that Martial inveighs so bitterly against the produce of the

fumaria of Marseilles, particularly of one Munna, who seems to have been a notorious offender in this line, and whom the poet humorously supposes to have abstained from revisiting Rome lest he should be compelled to drink his own wines.*

The culture of the vine was a matter of diligent attention with the ancients. The pages of Cato, Varro, Columella, and other writers, give ample instructions for the training and management of the plant in almost every possible situation. They appear to have had a full knowledge of the subject; in fact, the usages of the ancients with respect to the treatment of the vine are still observed to prevail, and it is only in those countries where commerce has led to the diffusion of useful inventions, that better methods have been introduced. The ancients were careful in choosing a proper situation for their vineyards; they were aware how

* The jars that by the help of smoke and fire
A false matureness at Marseilles acquire,
Come from you, Munna; yours the hand that sends
These ruthless poisons to your hapless friends.
Long leagues by sea and land must first be passed,
Yet still, like Nemesis, they come at last.
Nor cheap the price; such for Falern we pay,
Or Setian brought reluctant into day.
'Tis long since you were here at Rome; no wonder;
You know your wines and you fare best asunder.

—Martial, B. X., Ep. xxxvi.

much the vine and the quality of the fruit were both to be affected by different soils and degrees of exposure. They condemned their lands which were composed of stiff unctuous clay, and subject to much humidity, selecting such as were not too thin, but light, and sufficiently porous to admit the requisite moisture. A chalky or marly loam, and a due admixture of mould with gravel or loose pebbles were deemed favourable; and the advantages of soils formed of rocky *débris*, or resting on beds of flint, were not overlooked.

The varieties of the vine known to the ancients were very numerous. Columella and Pliny mention about fifty sorts, some of which they describe with sufficient minuteness to enable us to identify the relation in which they stand to our modern vines. The system of management adopted by the ancients in preparing and dressing their vineyards, and their methods of pruning, grafting, and tending the vines are marked by skill and discernment. A description of these processes would lead into details interesting to the classical scholar, but out of place here.

To those who are desirous of further information, I refer them to Sir E. Barry's work, and Dr. Henderson's on *Ancient and Modern Wines;* but for circumstantial accounts the inquirer must go further back, and consult Dioscorides, Pliny, Galen, and Athenæus.

By the first-mentioned author the matter has been treated chiefly in relation to his own profession. He has, therefore, discussed the genuine wines in a very brief manner, communicating several useful particulars concerning their preparation and employment, but enlarging only on those which were compounded and medicated, of which he describes not less than sixty kinds.

The information furnished by Pliny is much more comprehensive. That indefatigable compiler, not satisfied with his own experience, diligently availed himself of the labours of all who had preceded him; and in the fourteenth book of his *Natural History* he has detailed the information concerning the culture of the vine, and the varieties and characters of the wines of his time, which he had collected from nearly seventy different authors, Grecian as well as Roman. "But as must happen," says Dr. Henderson, "to everyone who undertakes this extensive subject, he became perplexed by the abundance of his materials, and abandoned in despair the endeavour to reduce them into regular order."

The ancients were fully skilled in the rules by which a good and durable wine may be known. They observed that the wine which was grown on elevated exposures, and produced from vines bearing a small quantity of fruit, was the soundest and most lasting; while that obtained from low grounds was

generally of indifferent quality. In like manner, those wines which were of a harsh flavour when recent, turned out the most durable ; while such as were sweet and delicate at first did not keep long. In allusion to this criterion, Seneca quotes the remark of Ariston, " that he should give the preference to a youth of a grave disposition rather than to one who was conspicuous for his gaiety and engaging manners, for that wine which tasted hard and rough when new often acquired by age a high degree of excellence, but that which pleased in the wood never proved durable."

Cyrus Redding says, " The oldest account of ancient wine that can be deemed satisfactory, through its leading the reader to understand the quality by any mode of making wine pursued at present, is given by Mago, the Carthagenian, who wrote twenty-eight books upon husbandry, and flourished about 550 years before Christ." Barry has preferred quoting verses in noticing this remarkable passage. The directions given for making the best sort of wine, a *passum optimum*, the rich, luscious, Southern wine of our day, were in the age of Cyrus of Persia, and in those of Mago of Carthage, clearly these :—" Let the bunches of grapes, quite ripe, and scorched or shrivelled in the sun, when the bad and faulty ones are picked out, be spread upon a frame resting on stakes or forks, and covered with a layer of reeds. Place

them in the sun, but protect them from the dew at night. When they are dry (sufficiently shrivelled), pluck the grapes from the stalks, throw them into a cask, and make the first must. If they have been well drained, put them at the end of six days into a vessel, and press them for the first wine. A second time let them be pounded (or trodden) and pressed, adding cold must to the pressing. This second wine is to be placed in a pitched vessel, lest it become sour. After it has remained twenty or thirty days, and fermented, rack it into another vessel, and stopping it close immediately, cover it with a skin." Now, this also was done by Columella, who lived fifty years after Christ, and between five and six hundred years after Mago. He prefixes the remark, that "Mago gives directions for making the best sort of wine, as I have done." Thus the best wine is not a dry one, but the best wine as the luscious wines are esteemed before the dry in the South at this day. Now the best wine in Carthage, A.C. 550, and at Rome, A.D. 50, must have continued pretty much the same in kind and quality during that interval, notwithstanding the reign of Augustus and the poetry of Horace, or what mixtures the fluctuations of fashion dictated. We may, therefore, presume that the best wine, in the esteem of the ancients, resembled the *Lagrimas* of Malaga, or some of the straw wines of France.

As to what poets say in favour of any wine, it

goes for nothing as to its quality; Shakespeare may extol Sherry as the most exquisite; Redi, Montepulciano; Prior, Claret; Boileau, Burgundy; Crabbe, vulgar Port; and Moore, sparkling Champagne; but this would decide nothing a thousand years hence about the nature or the flavour of the wine, and each kind cannot be the best. Dr. Henderson, with his chemical knowledge and laborious investigation of classical authorities, appears to see the concentration of all excellence in the wines of the ancients. "But," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, "the knowledge of the essential properties of the ancient wines is a sealed book to us for ever."

Dr. Henderson, in his valuable book, *The History of Ancient and Modern Wines* (edition 1824) devotes eight chapters to the history of ancient wines in the following order:—

1.—Of the vineyards of the ancients.
2.—Of the management of the vintage, and the processes used by the ancients in the preparation of their wines.
3.—Of the wine vessels and wine cellars of the ancients.
4.—Of the varieties and general qualities of ancient wines.
5.—Of the principal Greek and Asiatic wines.
6.—Of the principal wines of the Romans.
7.—Of the methods employed for diluting and cooling the ancient wines.

8.—Of the use of wine at the banquets of the Greeks and Romans.

These several chapters are very exhaustive, and show great erudition upon the part of the learned compiler, and the student who is searching for information upon the subject cannot do better than refer to such an authority. It is not my purpose to give an elaborate paper upon the subject. My object is simply to place before my readers as concise a history as possible upon "Ancient Wines;" and, in doing this, I have availed myself of such extracts as would be interesting without being wearisome.

The Greeks, although a highly polished people, and living in a temperate climate, are generally reproached with their love of wine; and their parties of pleasure have been stigmatised by some authors as little else than mere drinking matches. Yet, though they may have often violated the laws of temperance, they were studious to preserve a certain degree of decorum in their feasts, and seldom indulged in such gross debauches as disgraced the Roman name under the Emperors. When they drank freely, their wine was much diluted; to use it otherwise was held to be a proof of barbarism, as has been already observed. In one respect there was a remarkable contrast between the customs of the two nations. The Romans allowed their women to mix in their festive

meetings, but forbade them the use of wine; while the Greeks permitted them to drink wine, but excluded them from all entertainments at which any but near relatives were present.

At the banquets of the heroical ages, however, the females of the family occasionally appeared, performing the functions of cup-bearers and other menial offices. At these banquets each guest had a separate cup, and larger cups as purer wines were presented to the chiefs, or those friends whom the masters of the feast desired to honour. It was also a mark of respect to keep the guests' cups always replenished, that they might drink as freely and as frequently as they were inclined. The wine, which had been previously diluted to the requisite standard in a separate vessel, was served by the attendants, who were either the heralds of the camp or boys retained for the purpose.

Besides the cup-bearers, the wealthy Athenians had their butlers, or inspectors of the wine, whose business it was to watch the movements of the table, and see that all the guests were properly supplied. At the conclusion of the dinner, pure wine was handed round; but, before it was drunk, a portion of it was poured upon the ground or the table, as an oblation to Zeus and all the gods, or to some one deity in particular, and the cup was always filled to the brim, as it was held disrespectful

to offer anything in sacrifice but what was full and perfect. Hence the goblets were said to be crowned with wine. The wine used upon these occasions was of the sweet class, probably because it was the richest and strongest, or was the customary dessert wine. It may be remarked that the same kind of wine (Rota-tent) is still employed for sacramental purposes; and the appellation of *vino santo*, which is given by the Italians to their most luscious growths, is probably an allusion to this circumstance.

Analogous to these libations was the custom, which afterwards came to prevail at the Grecian festivals, of dedicating successive cups to particular divinities. Thus the first cup of pure wine was sacred to Bacchus, under the name of the good genius; the second belonged to Zeus, the saviour, and consisted of a mixture of wine and water. Then came the cup of health, which was drunk when the company washed their hands; and the entertainment concluded with a cup to Hermes, as the patron of the night, and dispenser of sleep and pleasing dreams. These ceremonies, however, were not always observed in the order just stated. They no doubt varied in the different states of Greece, and, in later ages, fell altogether into disuse.

When the richer wines were circulated, it was usual for the master of the feast, or whoever occupied the uppermost seat, to begin the round

by pledging the principal guests: that is, he tasted the wine and saluted the company, or the guest on his right hand, if a person of distinction, to whom the cup was then passed, and who was expected to finish its contents. At the banquets of the Grecian chiefs this form seems to have been religiously observed; and even the gods are described by Homer as pledging one another in nectar from golden beakers. When Dido entertained Æneas and his companions, she is said to have called for a capacious goblet of massive gold, profusely adorned with gems, which she filled with pure wine. Having made the due libation to Jupiter and the other divinities, she approached the wine to her lips, and then handed it over to Bitias, who eagerly drank it off, and afterwards the bowl was handed to other chiefs. To drink in this manner was considered a proof of friendship, and the cup so presented was termed *φιλοτησία κύλιξ*. From the manner in which the ceremony in question is spoken of by Cicero, we may infer that, in his time, it was in a great measure confined to the Greeks; but in a subsequent age it appears to have been generally adopted by the Romans, as it is frequently noted by their prose writers, as well as poets.

It was also a common practice at the convivial meetings of both nations to drink to the healths of distinguished individuals, and to the absent friends and mistresses of the guests; and the respect or

attachment entertained for those whose names were toasted was supposed to be indicated by the greater or less number of cups which the proposer filled out to their honour. Thus, in a comedy of Antiphanes, we find one of the interlocutors boasting that he had emptied six hundred glasses in honour of the gods and goddesses, and afterwards a double quantity to the best of Kings. A favourite mode of drinking healths was by taking off as many cups as there were letters in the names proposed. The health of Cæsar, for instance, was celebrated with six glasses; that of Germanicus with ten, and so forth. Some were partial to the number of the Muses, but those who studied moderation confined themselves to that of the Graces.

All opinions as to the peculiar characteristics of the ancient wines must be speculative. The wine held in most repute was the Falernian. Dr. Henderson says, "I have no hesitation in fixing upon those of Xerez and Madeira as the two to which the Falernian offers the most distinct features of resemblance. Both are straw-coloured wines, assuming a deeper tint from age, or from particular circumstances in the quality or management of the vintage. Both of them present the several varieties of dry, sweet, and light. Both of them are exceedingly strong and durable wines, being, when new, very rough, harsh, and fiery, and requiring to be kept about the same length of time

as the Falernian before they attain a due degree of mellowness. Of the two, however, the more palpable dryness and bitter-sweet flavour of the Sherry might incline us to decide that it approached most nearly to the wine under consideration; and it is worthy to remark that the same difference in the produce of the fermentation is observable in the Xerez vintages as that which Galen has noticed with respect to the Falernian, it being always impossible to predict, with certainty, whether the result will be a dry wine, or a sweetish wine resembling Pazarete." But, on the other hand, the soil of Madeira is more analogous to that of the Campagna Felice, and hence we may conclude that the flavour and aroma of its wines are similar.

Cicero, when animadverting on the style of the orations which Thucydides has introduced into his history, and which he conceives would have been more polished if they had been composed at a later period, takes occasion to illustrate the subject of his discourse by a reference to the effects of age upon wine. "Those orations," he remarks, "I have always been disposed to admire; but I neither would imitate them, if I could, nor could I, if I would, being in this respect like one who delights in Falernian wine, but chooses neither that which is so new as to date from the last consuls, nor that which is so old as to take the name of Annician or Opimiam. Yet the wines so entitled, are, I believe,

in the highest repute; but excessive age neither has the suavity which we require, nor is it even bearable." The same writer, supping one evening with Damasippus, had some indifferent wine presented to him, which he was pressed to drink "as being Falernian, fifty years old." On tasting it, he pleasantly observed "that it bore its age uncommonly well."

Martial dignifies Falernian with the epithet immortal:—

"Addere quid cessas, puer, immortale Falernum."

Tibullus places the *Mons Falernus* wines as under the superintending care of Bacchus. Silius Italicus gives them a preference over the Asiatic and Greek wines; and Virgil,* in bestowing smooth flowing praises on the *Vinum Rhœticum*, says it must nevertheless yield the palm to the Falernian. There were many other wines of celebrity, lighter in character than the Falernian. In the Roman territory the *Setinum* and *Nomentanum*, were among the most popular. "The first," says Henderson, "was a thin table wine, of a reddish colour, attaining its maturity in seven years. The *Nomentanum*, a delicate claret wine, is described as coming to perfection in five or six years."

The moderns have nothing to compare with the excess which was prevalent among the ancients, and it was the boast of many that they could

* Georg. ii., 95, 96.

indulge in those deep potations with impunity. No one now covets the fame of Darius, who ordered to be inscribed on his tomb "that he could drink much wine and bear it nobly." Socrates, whether he lived abstemiously or drank copiously, was equally unexcited and unaltered. Paulus Diacrius relates a drinking wager between five old men, each of whom drank as many bowls of wine as he had lived years, and thus one of these jolly old fellows drank ninety-two bowls. The elder Cato warmed good principles with a considerable quantity of good wine, and he allowed his slaves, during the Saturnalia, four bottles of wine *per diem*. But Cicero's son exceeded all others; so much so that he was named *Bicongius*, because he was accustomed to drink two *congii* at a sitting; but as *congii* are not among the present authorised measures, it may be necessary to inform the reader that two *congii* are seven quarts, or eight of our ordinary bottles! Pliny and others abound in examples, which prove that we have degenerated, for the orgies of the ancients were conducted with impunity, and the topers were neither sick nor sorry. Cyrus, among other reasons which he urges why he should gain the crown in preference to his elder brother, insists on his being able to drink a larger quantity of wine without being inebriated; for Artaxerxes was not only occasionally subject to getting "right royal," but also to the infirmity of losing his temper to

boot. Plutarch relates the argumentative effects of wine in his *Symposiacs, or Table Conversations.* He says that "One Lamprius, a man eminent for his learning, and a philosopher, disputed best, and unravelled the difficulties of philosophy with most success, when he was at supper and well warmed with wine." The attachment of Alexander and of Cambyses to wine is proverbial. Horace has done ample justice to wine, and even Homer, whose bearded busts we contemplate with such veneration, says, "The weary find new strength in generous wine."

I must now bring this somewhat discursive essay to a conclusion. I have not dwelt upon the nobler effects of wine in the invigorating of the mind as well as the body. It was the remark of an ancient poet, that "The man who drinks wine must necessarily have more exalted thoughts than he who drinks only water"; and the followers of the muses in all ages seem to have adopted the maxim, and to have offered frequent sacrifices at the shrine of Bacchus. "Nil mortale loquar" is the rapturous exclamation of Horace in one of his happiest invocations of the Lenæan god.

"No mortal sound shall shake the willing string,
The ventious theme my soul alarms,
But, warmed by thee, the thought of danger charms:
When vine-crowned Bacchus leads the way,
What can his daring votaries dismay?"

HORACE, Ode iii., 25.

Ancient Poetry and Anacreontics.

THE following translations in verse, from Martial and Athenæus, were made expressly for this work:—

MARTIAL. BOOK VIII. EPIGRAM V.

What a bore old Euctus is
With his rare antiquities!
Give me rather any day
Bowls of poor Saguntine clay
Than the silver cups to which
Pedigrees he loves to hitch
—Crackbrained stuff!—till as you dine
His mouldy prattle taints the wine.
"These goblets formerly stood on
The table of Laomedon:
For *these* again Apollo played
When to his harping Troy was made.
Look at this bowl! this Rhæcus caught,
When with the Lapithæ he fought,
And hurled it—doubt it, if you will:
Why, look, it bears the bruises still.
Note these two cups—embossed, you see:
They're traced from Nestor down to me;
That dove in high relief's become
Quite polished by his aged thumb.

On *this* again Achilles laid
His hand when 'Hither, boy!' he said
'We're getting slow: we'll make amends,
Now deeper, livelier draughts, my friends.'
This cup to Bitias Dido drained
When she Æneas entertained."
You tire yourself in admiration,
Then to the long-deferred collation;
And now at last awaiting you
Mid so much old there's *something* new;
Take up that goblet so embossed,
The very cup old Priam tossed,
And taste the wine—alas! it smacks
Too much of young Astyanax.

A TALE FROM ATHENÆUS.

Certain brisk lads of Agrigentum
With potent wine cups made so free,
That Bacchus strong delusion sent 'em,
And made them think themselves at sea.

And when they tumbled off their pillows,
And while the room rocked to and fro,
They thought it was the angry billows
That made the ship keep rolling so.

One fancy seizing all together,
Passed, hiccupping, from lip to lip:
"Messmates! in this most awful weather
"The captain bids us 'Lighten ship.'"

Then through the windows went each chattel,
Each couch and table, chair and trestle,
Into the street with hideous rattle,
To clear the room—that is, the vessel.

Of course at once a crowd collected,
And scrambled for a prize so great;
Of course the magistrates suspected
All not quite proper—rather late.

And when they gained the scene of action
And asked the lads, "Why this commotion?"
They thus explained the strange transaction
(Still tossing on their stormy ocean):—

"Tritons, so fierce a storm is blowing
"That (though the loss we much deplored)
"We've tried to save the ship by throwing
"Some of our cargo overboard."

The solemn men, half moved to laughter,
And pitying their crazed condition,
Bidding them "mind what they were after,"
Were leaving with this admonition:

When one (who, older than the others,
Assumed the place of spokesman,) said:
"Most worthy Tritons! kindly brothers!
"Much thanks for this most timely aid.

"And, from this fearful storm, if ever
"The wished-for harbour we regain,
"Be sure we'll do our best endeavour
"Your grateful votaries to remain.

"And you shall stand, a noble quorum
"Of statues white in stately line
"All marble in our native forum,
"With all the gods that rule the brine."

So, lest the tale that we've been telling
Should ever from their memory slip,
The Agrigentines called that dwelling
"The Trireme," *Anglicè* "The Ship."

CLEARCHUS AP. ATHENÆUM. LIB. XIV. (613)

Had every drunkard had his headache first
Before he set to work to quench his thirst,
The good effect had certainly been such
That none of us would e'er have drunk too much.
As 'tis, our pleasure first we satiate,
And get our moral benefit too late.

ATHENÆUS. LIB. XIII., SEC. 43 (580).

Diphilus with Gnathæna chanced to dine.
"Cool is your cellar," said he, "mistress mine."
"To keep it frigid," said the lady gay,
"We throw a play of yours there every day."

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

In the poetical works of Leigh Hunt, is a piece with the above title, which purports to be a cele-

brated drinking song by Walter Mapes, but is, in fact, part of a poem written by him under the name of Confessio Goliæ. Walter Mapes was a learned man; his works, which are written in good Latin, also show that he was a wit, a humourist, and a punster. He was, moreover, a poet who wrote under the influence of a fervid imagination and a mind cultivated and refined. His taste for light literature predominated; hence his writings abound with jest and repartee. Like his friend Giraldus, he was distinguished by a love for the popular legends of the Welsh, with which his mind appears to have been well stored; but his ready wit and humour, and the fund of anecdote he seems always to have had at hand, made him more universally admired than perhaps any other man of his age. "The translation here offered to the reader," says Mr. Hunt, "is intended to be a literal picture of the original, and to retain its mixture of a grave and Churchman-like style." It is as follows:—

ORIGINAL.

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori:
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna;
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunus
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus;
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Uni cuique proprium dat natura donum,
Ego versus faciens, vinum bibo bonum,
Et quod habent melius dolia cauponum;
Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.

Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo;
Nihil possum scribere, nisi nempto cibo;
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus scribo;
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi numquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,
Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter bene satur;
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda fatur.

TRANSLATION.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly enlighteneth one's internals,
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns have much the sweeter kernels,
Than the sups allowed to us in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast in;
I happen to be one of those who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy—I should be surpassed in
Writing so: I'd just as lief be buried, tomb'd, and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift, too, a dotation:
I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation,
It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good,—floweth forth my lay, so;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so;
Naught it availeth inwardly should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drank,—yea, even to saturation;
Then in my upper storey—hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

SELECTIONS FROM MOORE'S ANACREON.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I 'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!

Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!

Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

Vulcan! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipped bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of Loves in wanton play,
Wing through the air their golden way;
While Venus, from her arbour green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits worthy of so bright a bride.

Grave me a cup with brilliant grace
Deep as the rich and holy vase
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Formed for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But, oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I 'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I 'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!

For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us--drink no more!

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain-head;
And why?—a murdered mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.
But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore.
And brandished with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scoured the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armour but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scattered wreath of flowers;
Even I can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre;
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flowrets crowned,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy in that hour.
Envy! oh, never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds

Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm called to wind the dance's clue,

Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!

Let those who pant for Glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave!
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath passed away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrowed from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I, wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let me, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me—
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war!

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshened by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink wine, the ethereal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And, while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose every breath comes fresh with flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!

Again I drink,—and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head;
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;

And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines,—
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When with young revellers round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,—
There 's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine,
For age begins to blanch my brow,
I 've time for nought but pleasure now.

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;

I 'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You 'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there 's an end—for ah! you know,
They drink but little wine below!

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloyed by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round,—
Bacchus, the god, again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine,—
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,—
Oh! when it bursts its roseate cells,
Brigtly the joyous stream shall flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along,
With harmony of soul and song!

Philosophia Patrum.

The following English translations are made for me from a German work, entitled *Philosophia Patrum*, kindly sent to me by Dr. Julius Wegeler, of Coblenz (recently published, 1877):—

Quo plus sunt potae, plus sitiuntur aquae.
Je mehr das Weinchen schmeckt, Je mehr man danach leckt.

The more you drink, the more you may,
Of wine, as water, we may say.

Si bene rem memini, causae sunt quinque bibendi:
Hospitis adventus, praesens sitis atque futura,
Et vini bonitas et quaelibet altera causa.
Thu' ich's recht mir überlegen,
Der Gründe fünf zum Trinken mich bewegen:
Zuerst kömmt wohl ein lieber Gast;
Dann fühle ich des Durstes Last;
Dann muss ich späterm Durst vorbeugen;
Dann ist der Wein so gut, ein Jeder kann's bezeugen,
Und endlich kann's, wozu mich quälen?
An weitern Gründen niemals fehlen.

Five reasons good the bottle recommend:
Imprimis, the arrival of a friend;
Secondly, if you find your throat is dry;
Or, thirdly, fear 't will be so by and bye;
Fourth reason—wine so good can never hurt ye;
Fifth, any other thing that may occur t' ye.

Si bona vina cupis, melioribus extrahe cupis.
Wünschest du vom besten Wein,
Schenk' aus bestem Fasse ein.

For the best wine who asks,
Should consult the best casks.

Si bonus est Bacchus, sit tibi fortis equus.
Hast du tief in's Glas gesehen,
Nützt ein starker Stock zum Gehen.

When Bacchus has his choicest wine supplied,
Ask of Poseidon a stout horse to ride.

Vina probantur odore, sapore, nitore, colore;
Si bona vina cupis, haec quinque probantur in illis:
Fortia, formosa, fragrantia, frigida, frisca.
Prüfe nach Färbung und Scheine,
Geruch und Geschmack deine Weine;
Wein von wahrhafter Güte
Tugenden fünfe dir biete:
Duftigkeit, Kräftigkeit, Schönheit,
Wie Kühle und perlende Klarheit.

Taste, perfume, brilliancy, and hue,
Should recommend your wine to you.
Its epithets of praise are five—
"Strong, pretty, fragrant, cool, alive."

Vina seni fulcrum, iuveni sunt dulce venenum.
Der Alte fühlt des Weines Tugend,
Ein süsses Gift ist er der Jugend.

The wine that proppeth old men's feet,
To young men is a poison sweet.

Vino intrante foras subito sapientia vadit.
Der Wein wird kaum hereingebracht,
Sich Weisheit aus dem Staube macht.

When the wine's in the wit's out.

Vinum da docto, laico de flumine cocto.
Wein gib dem gelehrten Mann, Bauer Kaffee trinken kann.

Give wine to learned Nostradamus,
And slops to every ignoramus.

Doctus vina, rudis Zythum, pecus hauriat aquam.
Den Wein soll der Doctor zur Stärkung haben,
Der Bauer sich am Schnaps, das Vieh am Wasser laben.

Let the scholar drink his wine and the peasant drink his beer;
For the cattle (of all sorts) there's the horse-pond near.

Vinum dat festum, frigus convertit in aestum;
Laetificat moestum, miserum quoque reddit honestum.
Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz,
Wie wärmet er das Blut!
Wie führt er uns zu Lust und Scherz!
Macht selbst Hallunken gut.

Wine gives perpetual holidays,
Turns winter's into summer's days;
It makes the mourner dance and sing,
And "Sly of Burton Heath" a king.

Vinum de Rheno laudamus in agmine pleno.
Die Weine vom Rheine. Wir preisen im Vereine.

'T is not enough that one or two
Should give thy vintage, Rhine, its due;
In social throngs let many meet,
And in substantial praise compete.

Fertur in conviviis Vinus, Vina, Vinum.
Masculinum displicet atque femininum,
Sed in neutro genere vinum, bonum vinum.
Loqui facit clericum optime latinum.
Bei Gelagen spricht man toll:
Der Wein, die Wein, das Wein.
Ist die Zung' des Bacchus voll,
Darf auch solcher Spass sein.
Weiblich zeigt wie sächlich an,
Dass man ihn nicht loben kann;
Aber männlich macht er froh,
Jeden Mönch zum Cicero.

If you ask o'er the bottle the gender of "Vinum,"
Far gone is the scholar who says "Masculinum."
He who says "Femininum" is out of his head,
And had better—far better, I think—go to bed;
But he who says "neutrum," without let or doubt,
May match as a Latinist great Father Prout.

Vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum,
Vinum Rhenense decus est et gloria mensae.
Felix venter, quem intrabis,
Felix lingua, quam rigabis,
Felix os, quod tu lavabis,
Et beata labia.
Wein von der Mosel genommen
Wird immer dir trefflich bekommen,
Aber der Rheingau allein
Liefert die Perle vom Wein.
Glücklich der Mund, von dir gewaschen,
Glücklich die Zunge, kann sie dich naschen,
Glücklich die Leiber, die dich erhaschen,
Glücklich die Lippen, Die dich nippen!

Wine of Moselle may make and keep us well;
But, wine of Rhine! no glory like to thine!
Happy the system which thou penetratest,
Happy the palate which thou irrigatest,
Happy the mouth through which thy nectar trips,
Blessed the lips!

Drinking Habits and Customs of the Present and Past Centuries.

THAT hard drinking was introduced into England from Flanders and Holland, and other northern countries, seems probable from the derivation of many of the expressions used in carousing. The phrase of being "half-seas over," as applied to a state of drunkenness, originated from *op-zee*, which in Dutch means *over sea;* and Gifford informs us that it was a name given to a stupifying beer introduced into England from the Low Countries, and called *op-zee*. An inebriating draught was also called an *up see friese*, from the strong Friesland beer. The word "carouse," according to Gifford and Blount, is derived from the name of a large glass, called by the Danes *rouse*, or from the German words, *gar* (all) and *ausheure* (drink *all out*).

William of Malmesbury, who wrote his history little more than a century after the Conquest, and was well acquainted with Anglo-Saxon manners, states that "Excessive drinking was the common vice of all ranks of people, in which they spent

whole nights without intermission." Even the festival days of the Church were disgraced by intemperance; and it may be recollected that it was on the festival of St. Augustine, in 946, that Edward I. was murdered,—a catastrophe which might have been prevented but for the inebriated state of the king's attendants, and of the nobles who were present. A few years afterwards, Edgar the Peaceable endeavoured to check the national vice, and to put an end to the disputes and quarrels arising from the prevalent practice of handing round to the company a common drinking vessel, which the guests were expected to vie with each other in drinking. He ordered that these vessels should be made with knobs of brass at certain intervals, so that no one should be compelled to drink more at a draught than from one knob to another. In the poem "Beowulf Hiothgar" one of the heroes is "invited to a feast in the hall of Mead" —benches are spread in the beer hall; the cup-bearer, laden with ale, "distributes it to those assembled, and the *scop*, or poet, is introduced." At another banquet, described in the same poem, "there was a number of men and women who the wine chambers of the great mansion prepared." The description then proceeds as follows:—"There were song and music invited; the lay was often narrated; the hall games followed." The harp, as well as the drinking cup, was handed round at

festive meetings, and each individual was expected to sing and play on the instrument in turn.

Bede relates that the religious poet, Caedmon, used always to rise from the table before it came to his turn to perform, that he might avoid taking part in what he considered too worldly a kind of hilarity.

Even at their ordinary social entertainments, the evenings uniformly concluded with drinking. That there might be no mistake as to the exact point at which the prohibitions of the Church on drunkenness were directed, one of the Canons declared: "This is drunkenness—when the state of the mind is changed, the tongue stammers, the eyes are disturbed, the head is giddy, the belly is swelled, and pain follows."

Bristol is mentioned by Malmesbury as "famous for good wine."

I subjoin some extracts from corporate accounts belonging to the city of Bristol. They will afford information as to the peculiar customs of the age, and will establish, upon unquestionable authority, the marketable value of certain wines at that period.

"1542.—Presented the Earl of Pembroke with a butt of wine (what wine not mentioned), because he took pains for obtaining a commission for the mustering of our men by the mayor and aldermen only, and not to any other out of the citie, either Glocester or Somerset."

"1542.—Paid for a barrel of sack, containing 9 gallons and 4 quarts, with 16 pence for the barrel, given Mr. Recorder, 10/7; ditto for a hogshead of Gascoyne wine, given as a present to Justice Welshe, to *continue* his friendship to the city, *£2 10s.*"

"1576.—Paid a messenger for bringing a proclamation that Gascoyne wine should not be sold above *£10* ℔ tun."

"1576.—Cost of wine used at the Guildhall upon Michaelmas—viz., when Mr. Mayor made his accounts to the aldermen of all fines due to the chamber—1/10."

"1587.—Paid for a butt of sack, £12."

"1594.—Ditto ditto £15."

"1617, January 15.—A pipe of Canary wine, presented to the Earl of Pembroke, High Steward of the city, cost *£15 4s. 8d.*"

In the varieties and the copious use of wine the wealthier classes of England of this age were not a whit behind their ancestors. Indeed, the arrival of the Danish King and his courtiers in the reign of James greatly increased the national thirst, insomuch that it was observed that the Danes had again conquered England!*

The English followed very scrupulously the Danish custom of drinking healths; and foreigners

* Harrington's Nugæ.

were astonished to find that, even when a company amounted to some twenty or thirty, each guest was expected to drink the health of all the rest in rotation. Whilst the aristocracy were thus becoming more vitiated, the common people were growing more temperate; but, says Stowe, "It was not from abstinence, but necessity—ale and beer being small, and wine, in price, above their reach." The visit of Christian IV., King of Denmark, to his brother-in-law, James, appears to have led to entertainments anything but creditable to courtly manners.

At a feast given by Cecil, at Theobaldis, the two mighty princes, James and Christian, got so drunk that his English Majesty was carried to bed in the arms of his courtiers, and his Danish Majesty mistook his bed-chamber, and offered the grossest insults to the Countess of Nottingham, the handsome and spirited wife of the Lord High Admiral of England. But at the same great entertainment, ladies as well as gentlemen of the highest rank gave proof that they were capable of following the example of their sovereign. "Men," says Warrington (an eye-witness), "who had been shy of good liquor before, now wallowed in beastly delights; the ladies abandoned their sobriety, and were even seen to roll about in intoxication."

During the Commonwealth, through the ascendancy of Puritan principles, which recommended

simplicity and self-denial, greater temperance in eating and drinking naturally prevailed. A republican simplicity especially accompanied the banquets at Whitehall during Cromwell's administration, the plain fare of whose table was the subject of many a sneer amongst the luxurious Royalists. The custom of drinking healths was denounced in the most unqualified manner, as unworthy of Christians.

A great reaction took place at the Restoration, and drunkenness and debauchery were the prevalent sins of the age.

The curious story of a whistle throws much light on the habits of former generations. In the suite of Anne of Denmark, when she arrived in Scotland with King James, there came a Danish gentleman of gigantic size and strength, and moreover as regards drinking, the champion of topers. This huge Dane possessed a small ebony whistle, which, at the commencement of a bacchanalian visit, he placed upon the table, and whoever at the conclusion of the orgies was able to blow it, all the rest having succumbed to the jolly god, was entitled to the possession of the whistle as a proof of his prowess. The Dane had numerous testimonials of his successes against all competitors.

Moscow, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Warsaw, and several of the small German States, had failed in finding a head sufficiently hard to wrest the trophy

from the Dane. On his arrival in Scotland, he challenged the votaries of Bacchus to a trial of strength, or else to admit their inferiority. His challenge was quickly accepted, and it has been recorded that for some time the Dane overthrew all competitors, till at length Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton, succeeded, after three days' and three nights' consecutive hard drinking, in wresting the whistle from the redoubted champion of Bacchus. Sir Robert's son, Walter, subsequently lost the whistle to Walter Riddle, who, in 1790, resigned the trophy, after a severe contest, to Alexander Fergusson, who was a descendant of Sir Robert Laurie.

Then, again, we read of the great Rorie Moore, a chieftain of the McLeod sept, who, it is said, kept in his hall a horn capable of holding a full quart, which all who claimed connection with his clan were obliged to drain to the bottom, in proof of their belonging to his race,—a somewhat curious mode of proving kindred, and one mode of proof not exactly recognised in our law courts.

If Scotland could boast of a race of hard heads, Ireland was not a whit behind, for in the green island drinking was carried on even more systematically than in either Scotland or England; and, it must not be at all imagined, that the conviviality of the present day is at all comparable with the habit of intemperate drinking among Irishmen

from an early period, to the union with England, and even long after, for their orgies were rather those of Bacchanti celebrating a jubilee in honour of Bacchus, than those of reasonable creatures. There was neither "feast of reason" nor "the flow of soul," but it was downright hard drinking—intoxication being looked upon as a virtue rather than a vice. The propensity for indulging in intoxicating drinks had, in fact, prevailed from the earliest periods.

Holinshed (vol. vi., page 331) gives the following account of the Irish rebel, Shane O'Neil, who lived in Elizabeth's time:—"Subtle and crafty he was, especially in the morning, and much given to excessive gulping and surfeiting. And, albeit, he had most commonly two hundred tuns of wines in his cellar at Dundrum, and had his fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed up marvellous great quantities of usquebaugh, or *aqua vitæ*, of that country, whereof so immeasurably he would drink and have, that for the quenching of the heat of his body, which by that means was extremely inflamed and distempered, he was ofttimes conveyed (as the common report was) into a deep pit, and, standing upright in the same, the earth was cast round about him up to the hard chin, and there he did remain until such time as his body recovered to some temperature."

Charles II. dined with the citizens of London

the year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor, who, getting elated with continually toasting the royal family, grew a little fond of his Majesty. "The King understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties; and, with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guildhall Yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him by the hand, cried out with a vehement voice and accent, 'Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle!' The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air (for I saw him at the time) repeated this line of the old song—

'He that is drunk is as great as a king,'

and immediately returned back and complied with his landlord."—*Spectator*, No. 462.

Altogether Charles dined nine times with the citizens.

Interesting to all must be information as to the wines consumed in the days of Shakespeare and Bacon, and from a book called "*The Straight Road to a Long Life*, a Work on Diet, by Tobias Venner, Doctor of Physicke, at Bathe, in the Spring and Fall, and at other times, in the Burrough of North Petherton, neere to the Ancient

Haven-town of Bridge Water, in Somersetshire," I get some materials very useful in the compilation of this work.

When Dr. Venner was born, Spenser was a young man in the north of England, yet unknown to fame. He was coeval in the days, not only with Shakespeare and Bacon, but with Milton, and died when John Dryden was upon the verge of thirty. Dr. Tobias Venner's book is very discursive, treats first of the nature and clime of habitable places; then, of the divers kind of bread; thirdly, of drinks; fourthly, of the flesh of beasts and fowls; fifthly, brethren, of fish; sixthly, of eggs and milk; seventhly, of sauces and spices; eighthly, of eatable fruits, roots, and herbs; in the ninth place, and finally, of the manner and custom of diet.

My subject leads me to "Thirdly, of divers kinds of drink." Water as drink, the worthy doctor summarily rejects. He says—"It may be very suitable for people living in hot countries; but in England, it is in no wise agreeable, for it doth very greatly deject the appetite, destroy the natural heat, and overthrow the strength of the stomach; and, consequently, confounding the concretion, is the cause of crudities, fluctuations, and windiness in the body. Many and singular," he says, "are the commodities of wine; for it is of itself the most pleasant liquor of all other." He proceeds to a review of the wines used in his day, and points out

their qualities. "White Wine and Rhenish, thin and penetrating, cut and attenuate gross humours; they are good to take in the morning, fasting, and also a little before dinner and supper, but they are hurtful when taken with meat, or at meals. Claret breedeth good humours, and is very good for young men with hot stomachs, but is hurtful for all that are of a cold and moist constitution. To rheumy people, it is of all wines most pernicious, but, verily, it being taken at meals, it is for temperate bodies, so it be a pure and quick wine, scarcely inferior to any of the regal wines of France. Sack is hot and thin, wherefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body."

Falstaff was right in the choice of Sack, for, says Doctor Venner, "Sack is most accommodate for old men, for *gross* men; it is chiefly to be drunken after the eating of meats of gross substance, and such as consist of an excremental moisture, as pork, fish, &c. Sugar rotundates the penetrative qualities, therefore to the cold stomach Sack is better without sugar; but when there is reason to dread the penetrative faculty, Sack with sugar is the more acceptable. Malmsey is very hot, and by reason that it is sweet, it nourisheth very much. It is convenient for all cold bodies; but for all such as are hot it is greatly hurtful, because it is very easily convertible into red choler. It killeth worms in children, by a certain natural and hidden

property, if they drink it fasting. Muscadel is an inferior wine to Malmsey, having the like virtue; Bastard, also of like virtue, is an inferior wine to Muscadel. Canary is of some termed a Sack, with this adjunct sweet, but yet very improperly, for it differeth not only from Sack in sweetness and pleasantness of taste, but also in colour and consistence, for it is not so white in colour as Sack, nor so thin in substance; wherefore it is more nutritive and less penetrative. It is best agreeable to cold constitutions, and for old bodies, so that they be not too impensively choleric, for it is a wine that will quickly inflame; and therefore very hurtful unto hot and choleric bodies, especially if they be young. Tent is a gross, nutritive wine, and is very quickly concocted into blood. Greek wine, which is of a blackish-red colour, is of a very temperate nature, hotter than Claret and sweeter, yet with some pleasing sharpness adjoining. It breedeth very good blood, reviveth the spirits, comforteth the stomach and liver, and exceedingly cheereth and strengtheneth the heart. For aged people, and all such as are naturally of a weak state of body, it is most profitable. Wine of Orleans is stronger than any other French wine, and very pleasant withal in taste; it is for goodness scarcely or not at all inferior to Muscadel. It is hurtful to the choleric, and such as have weak brains. To a cold constitution, and for cold and weak stomachs,

there is not a better wine, if there be so good. It is very hurtful to them that are young. There are also other French wines, which far excel all other wines, *Vin de Coussi*, and *Vin d'Hai*,* which to the kings and peers of France are in very familiar use. They notably comfort the stomach, help the concoction and distribution of the meats, and offend not the head with vaporous fumes; they are regal wines, indeed, and very convenient for every season, age, and constitution, so they might be had." "Of wine," continues Dr. Venner, "it is a precept that it be not given to youths, as from fourteen years unto twenty-five, for wine is unto them most repugnant, because it doth above measure heat their hasty, hot, and agitating nature, and stimulate them (like madmen) unto enormious and outragious actions. It should be very moderately given, and that not too often, unto young men, as from twenty-five years of age unto thirty-five, and that it be also of the smaller sorts of wines." Dr. Venner published this book when his age was forty-three; therefore he says, "Let such when they are past forty years of age, begin to make much of the use of wine." As to the mixture of wine with water, that is good for young men, "but for them that are cold by

* I do not know what *Vin de Coussi* could have been, but no doubt by *Vin d'Hai* is meant the *Vin d'Ay* of Champagne, as Henry VIII. had a vineyard at Ay.

temperature, or well stricken in years, pure wine is in time of health more convenient; and even in cases of feverous distemperature, to allay their thirst they may not put more than four parts of water to one part of wine, less that the hurts which water is likely to bring to such bodies should be greater than the commodity of cooling and quenching the thirst." The worthy doctor has an honourable love for wine, and condemns those who —though it be once in a lifetime only—use it in debauchery; and he gives a distinct chapter, which I have not space for, in refutation of a popular belief at that time, that "it is expedient for health to be drunk once or twice a month."

Major Austin, to whom I am indebted for the extracts from his paper on "Cup Draining," has sent me the following extract from a lecture he delivered on "Gleanings from Gravestones":—
"Near the monuments of Milton and other worthies in Westminster Abbey, was one to Handel, who was well known in his day for taking care of number one, as he was for his musical compositions. It was related of him, that on the occasion of his giving a dinner party, he apologised to the guests for only offering them Port. On the cloth being removed, the bottle quickly circulated, when he suddenly rose from his seat and exclaimed, 'I have a thought,' and left the room. All the guests believed that this thought of his related to some

musical composition, and waited patiently for his return. Soon after he had another thought, and again left the room. This being repeated, an inquisitive person, who perhaps questioned the nature of their host's 'thoughts,' followed him into an adjoining room alone, where, on a little shelf, stood a Claret jug, from which Handel took a copious draught, and then rejoined his guests to enjoy their company and a little of plain Port. Handel apparently adopted the plan of the Irish connoisseur in wine who always recommended a good layer of Port between two bottles of Claret."

THE OLD SHADES AND THE WINE TRADE OF LONDON IN 1817.

The following interesting extracts are taken from the *City Press* of October 17, 1863. The *City Press* is a most admirably conducted London weekly paper issued by the proprietors, the Messrs. Collingridge; its circulation is, I presume, almost limited to the city of London, where, however, it must be invaluable.

It contains occasionally, under the head of "City Scraps," most interesting matter. The paper to which I shall call the reader's attention was signed "Aleph." The writer has some years since gone to his rest. His contributions were of a versatile character upon various subjects; a more genial writer never lived; no one could read these papers

without feeling they were the productions of no ordinary mind. I think nearly the last of his papers was headed "Invalided." It would be a boon to the community in general if Messrs. Collingridge would publish these papers in a collected form. "Aleph" says:—

"We often hear about 'The Shades,' at London bridge, and there is a pretty general tradition of the excellent draught wines once sold there; but, until recently, I could never learn anything definite on the subject. A few weeks ago, in conversation with a friend, I gained various particulars relative to the famous civic wine-house, which were afterwards put on paper at my request by the same obliging hand. Here they are:—

"Before the erection of the present bridge, there stood, where Fishmongers' Hall now stands, the house of Messrs. Wooding and Sons, wine merchants. The cellar which was a little below the level of the road, by the water-side, was known as The Shades, and to that place all lovers of wine used to go. The little light there, was obtained from the open doorway and a few tallow candles. Casks of wine were placed against the walls, from which pints, half-pints, &c., were drawn, as called for by drinkers sitting there. At the end of the room, and distant from the river side, was placed on a slab a fine old Cheshire cheese and loaves of bread, from which wine customers took as much as they pleased, gratuitously.

People might then believe a good glass of wine could be drawn from the wood, but now very few consider unbottled wine drinkable. True, they do drink it in large quantities, and like it, but this is when they are made to suppose it has been seven or ten years in bottle, that it is of some peculiar vintage, and that it costs a great deal of money. Many are the tavern keepers who pretend to have enormous stocks of various vintages, who really have a very small quantity, convertible into every state by the addition, in some cases, of brandy, and in others of water. Be assured that the best course of proceeding is to ask for wine without saying more than that you desire it to be good, and such as is generally approved, for if you are very particular in your instructions, ten to one you will be charged an enormous price, and be served with a mixture, the opinion of the tavern-keeper being that those who seem very particular will not be satisfied unless they pay a high price, and have something besides wine. The wine-room, known as The Shades, had the advantage of an equal temperature at all times of the year. In summer it was pleasant to sit there, because it was cooler than in other places, and in winter it was pleasant for the opposite reason. To make room for the new bridge, which stands westward of that which previously existed, The Shades disappeared, but the business has been continued at another house, a little more to the west. A much-valued assistant of old Mr. Wooding

was Mr. Henderson, who subsequently took a house in Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, which also bore the name of The Shades. Mr. Henderson was a clerk in a bank at Berwick-on-Tweed, and owed his departure for London to what was then considered a grave offence. A friend in a distant town wanting a salmon wrote to Mr. Henderson, requesting he would buy one for him. Unfortunately he conveyed the request to a customer of the bank, which caused so much astonishment, that he was warned that if ever he ventured to repeat the indiscretion, he would be discharged. Feeling that he had not intentionally done wrong, he discharged himself, and found his way to the metropolis, where, after many disappointments, he accepted the situation of junior cellarman at The Shades. There he had to grease shoes (blacking was then a novelty), and do work of the most menial kind. To old Mr. Wooding he became very useful, by rubbing his legs, and in other respects attending to his personal wants and comforts. At the New Shades he saw many of the old customers, and he retired some years ago with an ample fortune. While in business he tried the experiment of securing new milk by keeping a cow in his cellar, and to prove his success, sent me some of the cream and butter, which were very good; but he soon found that cows required fresh air, and did not live long deprived of it. It was from opposite the original Shades that the first boy

who crossed the Thames in the celebrated winter of 1814 started. Probably he commenced his journey with an intention of not going far from the water's edge, but seeing that there were crowds on the bridge as well as on the sides of the river, looking at him, was emboldened to continue his perilous trip. It was all very easy where pieces of ice lay flat, but where pieces were drawn together and had their edges lifted up, he had frequently to climb over, which was neither an easy nor agreeable task. Once over, his example was soon followed. Three boys, including the present writer, agreed to try to cross, and they did try successfully. They were then followed by thousands, and thus commenced Frost Fair, a fair never to be repeated, the starlings and water-works which preceded the sheets of ice passing through London Bridge being not of our day. In the days spoken of, shoe and knife cleaning was the duty of apprentices, and the sons of rich men yielded to it without considering it a disgrace.

"The tricks of modern tavern-keepers as to the supply of wines to their guests are patent to all who are at their mercy. Not long since I dined at a very reputable house, and had to make the arrangements. The dinner was excellent, and the wines good. Was that a sufficient reason why ten persons drank three bottles of Champagne, six of Sherry, eight of Port, and one of Claret? A fortnight after the dinner was repeated, but ordering the wines was

specially confided to a gentleman who suspected our consumption was terribly exaggerated. The first three bottles were brought in decanted, and were found to contain exactly four-and-twenty glasses; the next seven were ordered to be placed on the table in the bottles, and each bottle, as decanted by my friend, yielded fully twelve glasses. Every guest had wine *ad libitum*, but we were only called upon to pay for ten bottles. I trust this was an exceptional case, and am certain the tavern-keeper will not realize a fortune by such dishonest proceedings. The same party will scarcely ever dine at his house again. I am pleased to add that the unconscionable Boniface in question does not live in the City.

"As to the manufacture of wine, here is an example, also from my own experience:—I had been supplied with what appeared to me, in the days of my ignorance, very fine Sherry. Giving a second order, and commending the article, my friend replied in an exultant tone, 'Ah, sir, you cannot get it anywhere else, for I make it myself.' Michael Kelly, the once popular singer and composer, was once in business in the Haymarket as a wine merchant, and wrote over his door, 'Michael Kelly, Composer of Music, and Importer of Wine.' Sheridan suggested the following alteration, 'Michael Kelly, Importer of Music and Composer of Wine;' 'for,' said the wit, 'none of his music is original, and all his wine is, since he makes it himself.' We cannot determine

how far the Irish vocalist was open to this charge, but it admits of no doubt that a large proportion of the liquid consumed by the public as wine is an arrant mixture, of the most miscellaneous description. With the majority, strength is the chief requisite, and this necessity is met by the introduction of the coarsest sorts of alcohol, the fluid which it flavours and disguises being in some cases South African wine, and in others a British wine of the most innocent quality. Sparkling Gooseberry passes muster for Champagne, and a capital Claret for the London market can be manufactured at a low figure, for the delectation of those who put confidence in Mr. Gladstone's delicate beverage at 14s. per dozen.

"In the *Directory* for 1817 there appears a list of more than 900 wine and spirit merchants, carrying on business in the metropolis. Among these it is curious to notice some names, which, after a lapse of half a century, continue of importance in the trade. Here are a few specimens:—'Beaden, Charles,' 'Blogg, Basil,' 'Bumstead, A.,' 'Carbonel & Son,' 'Delavalle, Abraham,' 'Ibbotson, John,' 'Woodd, B. G.,' 'Haigh, Benjamin.' A study of obsolete directories will sometimes establish the fact that the same trade has been carried on by the same family for two or three centuries. Nor is such long-continued prosperity in any useful calling without its honours. To walk through a well-cobwebbed cellar, where an endless succession of

wine bins is suggestive both of hilarity and wealth, excites a feeling of obligation to the proprietor, who is content to invest his capital in the vintages of every wine district in the world. I have visited several very remarkable wine cellars, but none of so vast an extent as those at the Commercial Docks. In the spring of 1822, I went with a party who had a 'tasting order,' and explored the wonders of those endless vaults, rich with the aroma evolved from innumerable casks of wine, in all stages of ripeness and perfection. Here you meet with nothing but the genuine article. Of course the wine must vary in quality; but it is really wine, and a comfortable sample from one or two of the most esteemed casks would convince the most sceptical that good wine is a good familiar creature. The mystery too of a walk beneath acres of streets, under the guidance of a candle on a cleft stick, with vague misgivings as to whether we should ever emerge into daylight again, was rather exciting, though the genial warmth of the special Madeira which had just returned from a fourth voyage to India, and of the indubitable Port, which, if any remains, would now fetch a guinea per bottle, made everything pleasant. We have heard that tasting orders are now difficult to procure, owing to the abuse of the privilege—a sad mistake; especially when as, during our visit, some well-dressed women staggered from vault to vault in a most discreditable manner. We were told on

that occasion that the value of the wines in bond would be many millions sterling. Mr. Frederick Gye, the father of the present Mr. Gye, of the Italian Opera, was then, in addition to his interest in Vauxhall and the Queen's Theatre, the proprietor of the London Genuine Tea Company, having warehouses at 23, Ludgate Hill, 148, Oxford Street, and 8, Charing Cross, and also of a vast cellar of wines at 141, Fleet Street. To this I had access, and when I read in the *Idylls of the King*, Tennyson's fanciful account of how divers non-descript dwarf Bacchanalians bestrode the wine tubs in the royal cellars of King Arthur's days, I recollected my own thoughts as I passed down the goodly range of bins and casks in Fleet Street, and amidst the cobwebs, imagined a host of urchin winebibbers sucking down the 'milk of old age,' through the quills of birds of paradise. One other cellar I remember; it was a sort of aristocratic boudoir, where the profane vulgar might sigh in vain for admission. Nor must you think the owner invited me. No, I was franked by his steward, who, with the connivance of the great man's butler, occasionally procured admission for his friends. We walked round with stealthy feet, praising the arrangement of the bins, and marvelling whether anybody out of the peerage was ever refreshed from those choice stores. Well, on reaching the upper end, there was a dim light, a small three-legged

table, French bread, a Stilton cheese, and a sealed black bottle, brown with dust, and draped with cobwebs. Mr. Butler, addressing us, said, 'I never draw this Madeira but for my Lord and my own friends! You shall taste it.' Are you a connoisseur in corks? None but the most expensive wines are secured with the true flexible expansive but easy-drawing corks. Ordinary wines are corked with surprising speed and accuracy, by pressure applied mechanically; but such as Ganymede might serve on Olympus are still corked by hand. Goodness! How the corks flew out when touched by the invisible screw, and how that richly coloured but more richly flavoured Madeira sparkled as it filled the trio of glasses! Was it the cheese or the wine that left such a unique taste on lips and tongues? It would be rash to say, but no Madeira was more than comparatively excellent ever after.

"The last twenty years of the reign of George II., and the ten years of his eldest son, were singularly remarkable for excessive wine drinking. In earlier times sobriety was not much valued, and such men as Johnson and Goldsmith, as we learn from Boswell's experiences at Madam Thrale's table, were often the worse for their potations; but in the later period, princes, judges, clergymen, the noblest of the land, rather prided themselves than otherwise on such social excesses. To drink less than two bottles of wine at a dinner table gave a man the

character of a milksop. Your steady-going guest was content with three bottles, but if you were a person of mark it was indispensable that you should empty a fourth bottle. Bumper glasses were the rule, and you were expected to fill your glass whenever the decanter came round. The stronger sort of wines were almost invariably used. The lighter description of German and French wines were unsought or unattainable. Mr. Croker, in his *Book of Reminiscences*, declares that, when a very young man, being invited to dine with royalty, and knowing that his stomach would not bear the enormous consumption of wine, he provided himself with a large sponge, and secreting it in his napkin, returned the wine from his mouth to the sponge, and rid himself of the accumulation by squeezing it under the table. This seems an incredible tale, but it will give us some notion of the extent to which wine drinking was then carried. The great William Pitt, we are told, has been known to swallow several bottles of wine previous to an important debate. Another public man, being ill, was advised by his medical man to discontinue drinking Claret at his dinner (he drank daily three bottles). He promised compliance, but at the next meal called for several slices of bread, and carefully decanting the wine over it, ate the whole.

'Let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table,'

was the desire of the *bon vivants* of that day; and if not during the hours of business or professional exertion, the cosy evening hours were sure to be sacrificed to the jolly deity. A physician of eminence was called from his dinner (being much the worse for wine) to visit a lady of high rank. Staggering into her chamber, not without difficulty, he muttered, as he approached the bed, 'Drunk, drunk, by George!' The patient thought the ejaculation was meant to describe her case, and conscious of her infirmity, when the doctor continued, 'a cup of strong green tea,' she exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear Sir Everard, don't tell the Earl.'*

"Probably the population of the metropolis in 1817 was under 1,500,000, and scarcely more than 25,000 of that number could have had the means to purchase, or the taste to relish, wine as an ordinary beverage. The individuals engaged in the trade seem from the list alluded to nearly or quite 1000;

* This story is told accurately, and with the name of the doctor, in Rogers's *Table Talk*. It is not correctly given here. He found himself summoned from a dinner party to visit the lady, and finding he could not count her pulse, he got up abruptly with the exclamation in question, and rushed out of the house. The next day he received a handsome cheque from her with a note:—"Lady —— is extremely distressed at the unhappy condition in which Dr. —— discovered her last night, and trusts he will forget the incident," or something of that kind.

the average consumption must therefore have been immense. Of course the working classes imitated their betters in considering strong drink a necessary of life. The beer-drinkers qualified their malt with gin; but the spirit-counters at the licensed victuallers were besieged with eager customers, and it was not long before the comparatively obscure public house got a new face, and began to attract visitors as a gin palace. The baneful habit of over-indulgence in wine has, happily, grown unfashionable, and should a guest now abuse his friend's hospitality he would seldom receive a second invitation. Strong brandied wines, too, are much less sought after than formerly. Hock and Claret are growing into general use, and as they may be employed legitimately to allay thirst, without disturbing the brain, unless the quantity taken be very large, they promote hilarity without the danger of intemperance. We would fain hope that the manners of the lower classes have improved as to the use of intoxicating drinks, though they are still far behind their continental brethren. This is the more to be lamented, as we must all feel that, in proportion to coarse propensities as to food, and especially as to drink, the intellect becomes lethargic or depraved. A drunkard quickly loses all the finer perceptions of our nature, and sinks into a mere animal. It is, therefore, of vast importance that all who possess the pecuniary advantages of life, and can indulge in this world's

goods without stint, should do so without abusing them. We are all disposed to imitate those who move in high places. 'Woe to thee, O land, where the princes rise early to drink wine,' is a maxim of King Solomon's. The courtiers of such rulers would make it a point of duty to follow the example. What does history tell us of the results from the evil life of Charles II.? What of the female character from the voluptuousness and debauchery of George IV.? In a less sphere of action, but in a similar way, the drunken fox-hunting parson of a century ago, made his flock worse than atheists; and the habits of self-indulgence, whether morally or physically, in the merchant or the tradesman, led to the gradual corruption of all his workmen or clerks. 'Master must know best,' would be too frequently the silent conclusion of the employed; and as a stone cast into smooth water at first seems to make a single ripple, but is soon followed by a rapidly widening circle, till the whole pool is troubled, so the indulgence of any vice, but more especially of drunkenness, may appear to do little harm at the beginning, but commonly ends in occasioning wide-spread ruin. Total abstinence, or the pretence of it, from all alcoholic drinks is neither a religious or a moral duty; but temperance is of universal obligation. True the drunkard often destroys life by his excesses, but so does the glutton, and an

over-consumption of beef or mutton is as likely to end in disease as the constant use of ardent spirits. Our reason, the noblest gift of a beneficent Creator, was given us that we might choose the good and avoid the evil, and as temperance will most surely lead us in that safe middle path to which it points, we cannot do amiss in making it our guide.

'ALEPH.'"

To return to the drinking habits of the last century, and which our grandfathers took for humour, there is a story of Lord Panmure which ought not to be omitted. Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Panmure at Brechin Castle. One day Lord Panmure wrote a letter to Panlathie, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and, at the same time, he ordered him to bring a sum of money. Panlathie was aware when he got that order that something was to be done. After dinner Lord Panmure gave the first toast, which was "All hats in the fire, or £20 on the table." Four hats were immediately in the fire. One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, "All coats in the fire, or £50 on the table." Four coats were committed to the flames. The other English gentleman gave the next toast, "All boots in the fire, or £100 on the table." The whole of the boots were committed to the flames. Panlathie's toast came next, which was "Two fore teeth in the

fire, or £200 on the table," when Panlathie pulled his teeth out and threw them in the fire. The English noblemen looked amazed. He had ivory teeth unknown to them; and Panlathie then went home without hat, coat, or boots, but he had £600 in his pockets. Lord Panmure thought much of his tenant after that.

George III. lived like an ascetic, for fear of corpulence and gout: he ate the most simple food and very sparingly; chou croute was one of his favourite dishes; his ordinary beverage at table was a sort of lemonade, which he dignified with the name of a cup, though a monk of La Trappe might have drunk of it without any infraction of his vow. The King usually ate so little and so rapidly, that those persons who dined with him could not satisfy their appetite unless by continuing their meal after their sovereign had finished, which was contrary to the old etiquette. He was so sensible of this fact, and so considerate, that when dining without the Queen, he would say to his attendants, "Don't regard me — take your own time." The King rarely drank a glass of wine, and was so indifferent to its flavour or quality that he seldom had any good wine, though he paid for it the best price. The royal table was thus ill supplied, till one day the Prince of Wales, dining with the King at Windsor, tasted the Claret, and pronounced sentence upon it: he did more, for he informed his father of

the manner in which his wine merchant had treated him, and the abuse was corrected. Queen Charlotte by no means resembled her consort in the above respect. No woman in the kingdom enjoyed herself more at table, or manifested a nicer taste in wine.

My old friend, Mr. T. G. Shaw, narrates the following, as described to him by a gentleman who was present at the scene :—The Dukes of Clarence and York and the great Prince Regent had invited the Duke of Norfolk (commonly called Jockey of Norfolk) to dine at the Pavilion at Brighton. "Jockey of Norfolk" was celebrated for his table exploits, and the Prince of Wales had concerted with his royal brothers a notable scheme for making the old man drunk. The Prince invited him to dine and sleep at the Pavilion; and the old man drove over from his castle of Arundel with his famous equipage of four grey horses, still remembered in Sussex. Every person at table was enjoined to drink wine with the Duke—a challenge which the old toper did not refuse. He soon began to see there was a conspiracy against him; he drank glass for glass; he overthrew many of the brave. At last the "First Gentleman of Europe" proposed bumpers of Brandy. One of the royal brothers filled a great glass for the Duke. He stood up and tossed off the drink. "Now," says he, "I will have my carriage and go home." The Prince urged upon him his previous promise to sleep under

the roof where he had been so generously entertained. "No," he said, he had enough of such hospitality. A trap had been set for him; he would leave the place at once, and never enter its doors again.

In Madame D'Arblay's *Memoirs* the following is narrated:—It was on the night of a ball when one of the "pretty, kind Princesses" was to come out, and it was arranged that her brother, Prince William Henry, should dance the opening minuet with her, and he came to visit the household at their dinner. At dinner Mrs. Schwellenberg presided, attired magnificently; Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Stanforth, and the Messrs. Der Luc and Stanhope dined with us; and, while we were still eating fruit, the Duke of Clarence entered. He was just risen from the King's table, and waiting for his equipage to go home and prepare for the ball. To give you an idea of the energy of his Royal Highness's language, I ought to set apart an objection to writing, or rather intimating, certain forcible words, and beg leave to show you, in genuine colours, a royal sailor. We all rose, of course, upon his entrance, and the two gentlemen placed themselves behind their chairs, while the footmen left the room. But he ordered us all to sit down, and called the men back to hand about some wine. He was in exceeding high spirits, and in the utmost good humour. He placed himself at the head of

the table, next Mrs. Schwellenberg, and looked remarkably well, gay, full of spirits and mischief; yet clever withal, as well as comical.

"Well, this is the first day I have ever dined with the King at St. James's on his birthday. Pray, have you all drank his Majesty's health?"

"No, your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness might make dem do dat," said Mrs. Schwellenberg.

"Oh, by God, I will! Here you (*to the footmen*), bring Champagne; I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it. Yes, I have done it pretty well already; so has the King, I promise you! I believe his Majesty was never taken such good care of before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigue; and I should have done more but for the ball and Mary. I have promised to dance with Mary. I must keep sober for Mary."

It would appear from Captain Gronow's reminiscences that, in the early part of the present century, and even as recent as 1815, drinking and play were universally practised day and night succeeding. A couple of bottles of Port to each man was considered the minimum quantity. Female society, among the upper classes, was most notoriously neglected, except, perhaps, by romantic foreigners, who were the heroes of many a fashionable adventure that fed the clubs with unacceptable scandal.....

There were then four and even five bottle men, and the only thing that saved them was drinking very slowly out of very small glasses.

The learned head of the law, Lord Eldon, and his brother-judge, Lord Stowell, used to say that they had drank more bad Port than any two men in England; indeed, the former was apt to be overtaken and to speak occasionally somewhat thicker than natural after long and heavy potations. The late Lords Panmure, Dufferin, and Blayney, wonderful to relate, were six bottle men at this time; and, I really think, that if the good society of 1815 could appear before their more moderate descendants in the state they were generally reduced to after dinner, the moderns would pronounce their ancestors fit for nothing but bed.

Captain Gronow tells us of Twistleton Fiennes, who was a very eccentric man, and the greatest epicure of the day:—"His dinners were worthy the days of Vitellius or Heligobalus. Every country, every sea was searched and ransacked to find some new delicacy for our British sybarite. I remember, at one of his breakfasts, an omelet being served which was composed entirely of pheasants' eggs! He had a very strong constitution, and would drink Absinthe and Curaçao in quantities which were perfectly awful to to behold. These stimulants produced no effect upon his brain, but the health gave way under the excesses of all kinds in which

he indulged. He was a kind, liberal, and good-natured man, but a very odd fellow. I shall never forget the astonishment of a servant I had recommended to him on entering his service. John made his appearance as Fiennes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any orders. He received the following answer—'*Place two bottles of Sherry at my bedside and call me the day after to-morrow.*'"

Plainness of taste has distinguished the sovereigns of our times in their retirement. George IV. generally dined in his private *salle-à-manger* in Windsor Castle, at nine o'clock, and not unfrequently alone. The table service on such occasions was mostly of white and brown china, and not of silver, as has been stated. A roast fowl was the favourite dish with William IV., and a *black bottle* of Sherry was uniformly placed on the table near his Majesty. At the grand civic banquet to our gracious Queen in the Guildhall by the city of London, in 1837, her Majesty partook only of turtle and roast mutton; wines—Sherry and Claret.

It is said that George IV. had a bin of choice wine, which he would allow no one to taste, except on special occasions, when he chose to call for it himself. But a King, however low he may descend, can hardly go down the cellar steps with a bunch of keys in one hand and a tallow candle in the other to decant his own favourite Port and Sherry.

One morning his Majesty decided that the evening's feast should be graced by the appearance of some of the cherished nectar. Of course, the underlings had drunk it all themselves except a single bottle, which they had the marvellous modesty to leave. What was to be done? A panting cupbearer was sent with the final remnant to procure from a confidential purveyor to the palace something as nearly like as possible. "You shall have it by dinner-time," said the friend in need; "and, by letting me know any morning, you may have more to any extent you want. But," said the benevolent wizard, in tones of warning, "remember it must be all consumed the same night. It will not keep till the next day."

Such a circumstance as the above is within the bounds of probability, although it is doubtful whether the charge of the royal wine cellars was left to the care of "*underlings*," nor is it likely the "*confidential purveyor to the palace*" would lend himself to such a fraudulent transaction. Experienced merchants will admit that wines may be so blended as to compare favourably with a particular sample, and for a time approach it so closely that the imitation cannot be known from the original.

Here is a circumstance which I may now venture to narrate, as it occurred a generation since, and many of the guests, or nearly all, have passed away:—Holding an official civic position, I was

called upon to give two dinners a year to the court of the corporation to which I belonged. It was when the 1820 Port was becoming scarce, and he who could give his friends a bottle or two of that favourite vintage was held in estimation. Two members of the court were wine merchants, and all were of the old school, men of substance, who knew what was a good dinner, and were well "up to" 1820 Port. It was my second dinner. On the first occasion there was an ample supply of the finest 1820 that could be had, and the old *bon vivants* lauded the wine accordingly, and looked forward to again making its acquaintance. Alas! when I came to put out the wine for the second dinner, I found that of the 1820 there remained but one bottle! I knew that a certain one of my friends would think nothing of dispatching that quantity without assistance, and there were many others who were his equals. My practical knowledge of the properties of wine assisted me in this difficulty. I had some 1834, not long in bottle: it was too full and not sufficiently matured for such a party as I had to entertain. Fortunately, I possessed some bottles of White Port, which I took in exchange for other wine from a Baronet in Northamptonshire, who declared it had been in his cellars from generation to generation, and was nearly one hundred years old. It was "as sound as a bell," possessed the Port Wine character, but was power-

fully astringent. With this, after repeated trials, I made a blend so perfect that I could neither in colour or palate distinguish it from the veritable 1820; but still, knowing my party, I felt a little nervous as to the result. At the dessert I had the bottle of the genuine 1820 placed at the head of the table, and the blend at the bottom. No one discovered any difference in the quality, which was pronounced to be superb. The decanters were replenished entirely with the blend; one old *bon vivant* said, "Really, I think this bottle is better than the last." I was so much pleased with my success that, upon the following day, I determined to lay down a dozen of 1820 (?), prepared in accordance with the preceding formula. This I did, and carefully stowed it away to be used upon particular occasions.

About twelve months afterwards, having to entertain an old friend who was fond of his Port, I got out a bottle of *my* 1820, which I fortunately looked at before dinner. And now comes the application to the anecdote of George the Fourth's wine. Successful as I was on the first occasion, the marriage was like that of January and May, the old and young did not agree, and the result was a failure. The wine was without character—a nondescript—one that I could not give to a friend; and it confirmed the shrewd observation of George the Fourth's wine merchant—such blends "must be consumed at once."

Tales and Anecdotes.

THE occasional diner-out, who for his spouse owns a "bit of a Tartar," may have realised something of the following, extracted from a tale called the *Silver Cord*, under the head of

TOO MUCH WINE.

Now, the charge of having taken too much wine is, I need hardly remind my male friends, one of those allegations which place the accused person at the mercy of his lady persecutor—if mercy were a thing to come into the game at all. The words really have the power of those of Circe, when she ordered her victims to become brutes. More, for her slaves had deserved their fate by actual drinking; whereas, the accusation in question, from the mouth of lovely woman, in our time, tells better against a sober man than an intoxicated being. From the moment of the fatal utterance, words, looks, deeds, all take a new colouring, are bathed in the purple tide. Speak slowly, and, evil man, be told that you cannot get ideas to come or words

to flow and fit them. Speak fast, and the demon of drink is riding brain and tongue. Do not speak at all, and you are stupid with the wine you have taken. Argue, and you are fractious and feverish. Assent, and you are silly, and do not fully comprehend the meaning of the words addressed to you. Move about the room, and you are restless with the wine, which does not agree with you, and you had better sit down before you break any of the statuettes. Remain tranquil on the couch, and, of course, you are crushing and rending the anti-macassar, but you are not in a state to know what you are about. Propose to go to bed, and no doubt it is the best place for you, but if you were in a position to care for the opinions of others you might think what the servants would say at your going off to bed at eleven o'clock. Intimate a notion of remaining, and it is only a man who has been rendered reckless by wine that would think of keeping up those poor servants after half-past ten. Smile, and it is a foolish smile, and you had really better take a book. Frown, and perhaps you had better look in the glass, if you can see straight, and then you will know what ridiculous grimaces you are making. Take up a book, and at once be called upon to answer whether people come home to read at that time of night, and also whether you can see the lines distinctly. Lay the book down, and be commended for doing well in not running

the risk of soiling and spoiling what can be of no use to you in your present state. Be cool and undemonstrative as usual, and prepare to state what wine men take that makes them savage and sulky. Press the loved one's hand, or lightly touch her silken tress, and meet the pitying, pitiless wonder how many glasses are wanted to make a person so mightily affectionate. Therefore thou art inconsiderate, O man, if ever thou exposest thyself to that charge from thy virtuous and domestic Circe. Some married men have recommended that the first time it is brought (save in extraordinary lovingness and playfulness), answer be instantly made with the bright poker. Of this counsel I presume to judge not. It might be gentler to bribe the enemy by never going anywhere without her; for she is not altogether adamant, whatever may have been said for the defendant.

A GERMAN ANACREONTIC.

It tells that an angel, visiting the earth some time after the subsidence of the Deluge, discovered Father Noah sitting at noon in the shadow of a fig tree, looking very disconsolate. The angel inquired the cause of his grief. Noah replied that the noontime heats were oppressive, and that he was thirsty, and had nothing to drink. "Nothing to drink!" said the angel, looking around. "Do not

the rains fall, and the rivers run, and is there not a spring of water bubbling up at thy cottage door?" "It is true," answered Noah, smiting his breast, "that there is abundance of water in which thy servant can bathe; but alas! when I think of the multitudes of strong men, of beautiful women, of innocent children, and the countless host of animals that were drowned in the Flood, the idea of water becomes distasteful, and my lips refuse to drink." "There is reason in what thou sayest," replied the angel; and, spreading his snow-white wings, he flew up to heaven swift as a lightning flash, and while the eyes of Noah were still dazzled by the brightness of his presence, returned with some stocks of the vine, which he taught the grateful patriarch how to plant and tend, and when the fruit was ripe, how to press into wine. "This," says the song, "was the source of all the beneficent and benevolent drinks which the world owes to the grape."

AN UNLUCKY SENTIMENT.

[From the *Cornhill Magazine.*]

"Honest men and bonnie lasses!" is a toast which one would think could never bring offence with it; but, while the rule holds, the exception presents itself. A young minister in Scotland was about to preach a probationary sermon in a church,

for the ministry of which he was a candidate. Being a stranger, he was housed and entertained by a parishioner, who invited many of his fellows to sup with the candidate on the Saturday night. The elders had quietly saturated themselves with toddy and smoke, when the unlucky probationer, in his innocence, proposed, before they parted, "Honest men and bonnie lasses!" The unco righteous looked through the smoke and over their glasses with orthodox horror, and the most solemn tippler present arose and said that no minister would have their sympathy who could not stick quietly to his liquor, but whose thoughts were running on the lasses so near the Sabbath! The company assented, and the candidate had to forego the honour he coveted.

HOME-MADE WINES.

[From *Wine and Wine Countries*, First Edition, published in 1861.]

"Home-made" or "British Wines" are a great hobby with many good, amiable housewives, and the commotion the brewing excites in the household exceeds that of any other domestic operation. Out of twenty attempts in this department, nineteen are perfect failures. Some old, experienced hands manage occasionally to bring something presentable to the table, but at cost both of money and trouble known only to themselves. It is amusing to notice

the variety of substances from which the "Home-made" is produced, comprising almost every fruit, flower, or root that is grown. We have green and ripe Gooseberry, red and white Currant, Elderberry, Quince, Cherry, Mulberry, Sloe, Orleans Plum, Blackberry, Strawberry, Barberry, Raspberry, Primrose, Cowslip, Beetroot, Parsnip, Turnip, and many others. The most extraordinary concoction we ever met with, or heard of, is the following:— A very worthy old lady of our acquaintance prided herself upon her "Home-made" manufacture, candidly confessing that she never drank them herself, as they disagreed with her—which was not to be wondered at. She was fond of making experiments upon new materials, and was in the habit of asking our opinion upon the results. The smell of these abominations was enough for us, although out of respect for the old lady's feelings, we endeavoured by a litte cheerful banter to avoid passing sentence upon them. It happened on one occasion, when we called upon our venerable acquaintance, that some of these unfortunate wines were, with the usual intended hospitality brought forward, and our attention was particularly directed towards a dark, inky-looking liquid, which we were informed was a new discovery. We were prudently satisfied with its appearance and smell, as decomposition had evidently been going on at a rapid rate. "Now, do try it," said the old lady. "What do you think

it is made of?" We pleaded ignorance, and speculated upon mushrooms. "No," said the old lady, "it is real *Hock*, and I made it from *Holly Hocks*." A friend who had accompanied us was too polite to decline the invitation to taste it, and he drank a portion of a glass, and, but for the immediate assistance of a medical man, he would probably have died from the effects of the poison. His sufferings induced her subsequently to destroy what stock remained, and we elicited from her a promise to make no more such experiments.

CIVIC CUSTOMS.

At large dinners in the city halls, and in the halls of the inns of court, it is customary to pass huge silver goblets down the table, filled with a delicious composition immemorially termed "sack," consisting of sweetened and exquisitely-flavoured white wine; the butler attends its progress to replenish it, and each citizen and student is restricted to a sip. Yet it chanced once, at the Temple, that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed.

CHEAP WINES.

[From *Land and Water*.]

The advertisements of "cheap wines" are very diverting, while, at the same time, they show up disagreeably the decay of our old English hospi-

tality. A man does not buy cheap wine for his own drinking. As far as that goes, he prefers quality to quantity. He buys it for his guests. The very title, "cheap wines," is an absurdity. What would our grandfathers have thought of such a thing? as contemptuously as our grandmothers would have regarded the ticketed cheap fabrics in the shop-windows of to-day. Wines are not necessaries —they are luxuries, and to economise in our luxuries is far less sensible than to do without them. Wine is occasionally a necessity in illness, but, in that case, what doctor would recommend cheap Port, Madeira, or Champagne? But, in an age in which we have "charity Port" at 1/8 ℔ bottle, and "charity blankets" at 4/- a pair, what are you to expect?

ALDERMAN FAULKNER.

It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkner, of convivial memory, that one night, when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his Claret and his head, he took the precaution to place in his wine glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities. On the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away earlier than usual. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six

bottles of Claret which he had drunk, the alderman was extremely indignant: "The Claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do anybody any harm—his discomfiture was altogether caused by that confounded single strawberry" which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the time of Henry VIII. wine was used at breakfast with beer; and even the grave Sir Thomas More drank frequent bumpers in the morning before proceeding to state business. Of this learned statesman is recorded the following anecdote:—

Sir Thomas More was sent by Henry VIII. as ambassador to a foreign court. The morning he was to have his audience, knowing the virtue of wine, he ordered his servant to bring him a large glass of Sack, and having drank that he called for another. The servant, with officious ignorance, would have dissuaded him from a second draught, but in vain. The ambassador drank off a second, and demanded a third, which he also drained, insisting on a fourth; he was persuaded by his servant to let it alone. He then went to his audience. When, however, he returned home, he called for his servant, and threatened him with his cane. "You rogue," said he, "what have you done me? I spoke so to the Emperor, on the

inspiration of those three first glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world. Now, you dog! if I had drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern all the world."

WINE CONVERSATIONS.

[From *Household Words*.]

The wine was excellent: the Port was of some famous vintage, I forget which; the Madeira was forty years old; the Claret was a present from Bordeaux. As a matter of course, we talked wine. No company of Englishmen can assemble together for an evening without doing that. Every man in this country who is rich enough to pay income-tax, has, at one time or other of his life, effected a very remarkable transaction in wine. Sometimes he has made such a bargain as he never expects to make again. Sometimes he is the only man in England, not a peer of the realm, who has got a single drop of a certain famous vintage which has perished from the face of the earth. Sometimes he has purchased, with a friend, a few last left dozens from the cellar of a deceased potentate, at a price so exorbitant that he can only wag his head and decline mentioning it—and, if you ask his friend, that friend will wag his head and decline mentioning it also. Sometimes he has been at an out-of-the-way country inn; has found

the Sherry not drinkable; has asked if there is no other wine in the house; has been informed that there is some "sourish foreign stuff that nobody ever drinks;" has called for a bottle of it; has found it Burgundy, such as all France cannot now produce; has cunningly kept his own counsel with the widowed landlady, and has bought the whole stock for "an old song." Sometimes he knows the proprietor of a famous tavern in London; and he recommends his one or two particular friends, the next time they are passing that way, to go in and dine, and give his compliments to the landlord, and ask for a bottle of the brown Sherry, with the light blue—as distinguished from the dark blue—seal. Thousands of people dine there every year, and think they have got the famous Sherry when they get the dark blue seal; but—and, by no means let it go any further—the real wine, the famous wine, is the light blue seal; and nobody in England knows it but the landlord and his friends. In all these wine conversations, whatever variety there may be in the various experiences related, one of two great first principles is invariably assumed by each speaker in succession. Either he knows more about it than anyone else—or he has got better wine of his own even than the excellent wine he is now drinking. Men can get together sometimes without talking of women, without talking of horses, without talking of politics; but they cannot assemble to eat a meal together

without talking of wine; and they cannot talk of wine without assuming to each one of themselves an absolute infallibility in connexion with that single subject, which they would shrink from asserting in relation to any other topic under the sun.

WASTE OF WINE AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

The following is a letter addressed to a London journal:—

I think it will be generally admitted that now-a-days there is not the same consumption of wine at the dinner-table as there used to be in what are called the "good old times," when three bottle men were unostentatiously proud of their prowess, and liked to show their ability to put weaker mortals under the table in a very short space of time. We also hear a good deal said at the present time about the small quantity of Port drunk—about the decreasing public taste for that article. Mr. Bass seems to have started this theory. Such notions, however, are greatly exaggerated. It seems to me that even more people, especially in the middle classes, drink Port than formerly used to do; and one may observe, even in certain retail wine establishments, that they try to make a specialty of good Port, and the idea seems to "take." The trade statistics also show the truth of what I have said. At the ordinary dinner table, I admit there is not

so much Port drunk. The *Saturday Review* goes so far as to state, that to find guests who are drinkers of Port is "fortunately a calamity which rarely occurs in these days." Some abatement must here be made for the satire in which your lively contemporary delights. Commenting on the waste of wine at the dinner-table, the writer says there is another wine trap laid for the unwary. Your wine merchant recommends to your notice some rare old Burgundy. It is rather less expensive than fine old Bordeaux. But when you have purchased it, you dare not put a bottle on your table without placing it beside one of Bordeaux as a companion, since popular taste at present favours the latter wine, and for one man who will drink your Burgundy three will prefer Bordeaux. In nine ordinary dinner parties out of ten one bottle of Champagne and another of best Claret will be opened which will scarcely be touched, and thus be practically wasted; and it is far from impossible that your choicest wine will be rendered worse than useless through an unlucky accident of your butler's. A shake or slip of the hand may cause a bottle of Claret worth ten or fiifteen shillngs to become in a moment less palatable than one which would cost eighteenpence. Again, a mistake in the arrangement of the temperature of the wine for a dinner party may render four or five guineas' worth almost valueless. Further, the writer sup-

poses another case bearing on the same subject. We ask, he says, a couple of friends to dine with us. They are men accustomed to the good things of this life, and must be well entertained. Not knowing their peculiar tastes, it is necessary to open for them expensive Sherry, dry Champagne, good dinner Claret, and a vintage Claret after dinner. Frequently neither of them will drink Champagne or Claret. The absolute waste then stands thus—one bottle of Champagne about eight shillings, dinner Claret four, after-dinner eight shillings,—total, one sovereign. The Champagne will be almost valueless the next day, and the Claret will be worth half-a-crown a bottle, thus leaving a clear loss of fifteen shillings, in addition to the expense of the dinner and wine actually consumed.

I have carefully extracted the above remarkable reflections from a long article bearing on the waste of wine at the dinner-table. These reflections may interest some of your readers as the opinion of an outsider, who certainly does not seem to be too well acquainted with the subject he writes about. I should think he does not know how to manage his wine-cellar; and having found difficulty in that respect, deems it his privilege to grumble. His guests must also possess peculiar tastes with regard to wines, or else they have found it necessary to be careful at his table.

A FLY IN THE BOTTLE.

Wine merchants have much to put up with in the conduct of their business, and are often interrupted when engaged upon important matters, especially by German wine touters, who, having exhausted all the gentry in the neighbourhood in soliciting orders, have the assurance to call upon the wine merchants with a list of their wines, headed "for the trade only." When one of this fraternity gets into a wine merchant's office, it is difficult to get rid of him. But the following anecdote has no reference to the German touters; some curious tales about these gentlemen will be found in another page :—

A merchant, who had a branch establishment (principally for a private trade) in a fashionable locality of a large city, where he carried on a wholesale business and exported largely for the colonies, was one afternoon on mail-day disturbed by a request that he would see a gentleman upon particular business. Now, upon mail-day, it was forbidden to allow anyone to intrude into the principal's sanctum; but, as the visitor was importunate, he was admitted. "I am come, sir," said the gentleman, "to make a very serious complaint, one which your manager at your branch establishment treated with indifference, and I determined you should be acquainted with the facts. I have been in the habit of purchasing Marsala at your

other establishment, and usually get three bottles at a time, as I have not room for more. Well, sir, a few days since I purchased my usual quantity, and, having a friend coming to luncheon with me, I decanted a bottle, and, as I put it upon the table, to my horror I discovered *a fly in the wine!*" "Dear me," said the merchant (who was disposed to treat the affair with the ridicule it deserved), "is it not possible that the fly was in the decanter when you poured in the wine?" "Ah!" said the customer, "I expected you would say that, and it's just what your clerk said; but I know better, sir, I am very particular about my wine, and I well examined the decanter, which I kept inverted when empty." "And what," inquired the merchant, who was a wag, "may you have paid for that particular bottle with the fly in it?" "Just the same as for the others, 2/- a bottle, and I consider I ought to have an allowance." "An allowance," replied the merchant, "how can you ask it? You had the fly for nothing; you should have been charged extra for that fly." The crotchety customer left somewhat abruptly, not quite satisfied with the manner in which his complaint was received.

HOW ALL KINDS OF WINE MAY BE MADE OUT OF PORT AND SHERRY.

The following appeared in *Wine and Wine*

Countries; it is so amusing that I have ventured to repeat it :—

In *Poole's Tales* the reader gets an admirable insight into how wines are made at some hotels.

The author, meeting a stranger in a country churchyard, recognises Burley, the late landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, but now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, Burley; your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—Port, Madeira, Claret, Champagne ——"

"There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—Port and Sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your Claret, your ——"

"Yes, sir—*my* Claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir. Gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir—especially young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir. I would never have any wines in my house, sir, but Port and Sherry, because I *knew them* to be wholesome wines, sir;

and this I will say, sir, my Port and Sherry were *the—very—best* I could procure in all England."

"How! the *best?*"

"Yes, sir—*at the price I paid for them.* But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; *and they are excellent judges!* (And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.) Well, sir; with respect to my dinner wines I was always tolerably safe; gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale Sherry, or brown, or ——"

"Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar!"

"Very true, sir; Port *and* Sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of Sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of water, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction, especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best Brandy. As to the pale and brown Sherry, sir--a

couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale* (by the by, a squeeze of lemon added to *that* made a very fair Bucellas, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir); and for my old *brown* Sherry, a *leetle* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like Sherry that had been twice to East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather ——"

"I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my Port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about Port, sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine; it is too heavy!' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' *Out* went a glass of wine, and *in* went a glass of water. 'Well, sir,' I'd say, 'how do you approve of *that?*' 'Why—um—no; I can't say ——' 'I understand, sir, you like an *older* wine—*softer*. I think I can please you, sir.' Pump again, sir. 'Now, sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain

of my Port as being poor—without body. In went *one* glass of Brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Ay, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you; you like a fuller-bodied, rougher wine.' Out went *two* glasses of wine, and in went *two* or *three* glasses of Brandy. This used to be a *very* favourite wine—but *only* with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir."

"And your Claret?"

"My good, wholesome Port, again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a fuller Claret, a little Brandy; for a lighter Claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was *my Claret*, sir, with from three to six drops of Bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for Champagne, sir, that, *of course*, I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?"

"Oh, sir," said he, with an innocent yet waggish look, "surely everybody makes his own Champagne—*else what* CAN *become of all the gooseberries?*"

FROM A CURIOUS *JEU D'ESPRIT*.

The following is from a curious *jeu d'esprit*, published by John Grone, "at Furnival's Inn Gate, in Holborne, 1629," in the form of a dialogue, entitled *Wine, Beere, and Ale, together by the Eares*:—

"I, wine, comfort and preserue, let that be my character. I am cosen German to the blood: not so like in my appearance as I am in nature. I repaire the debilities of age, and reuiue the refrigitated spirits, exhilarate the heart, and steele the brow with confidence." Again—

"I am a companion for princes. I am sent for by the citizens, visited by the gallants, kist by the gentlewomen. I am their life, their genius, the poeticall fury, the Helicon of the Muses."

Then follow two stanzas of a song:—

"WINE.—Jouiall Wine exhilarate the heart.
BEERE.—Marche Beere is drink for a King.
ALE.—But Ale, bonny Ale, with spice and a tost,
In the morning's a daintie thing.

Chorus—Then let vs be merrie, wash sorrow away;
Wine, Beere, and Ale shall be drunke to-day.

"WINE.—I, generous Wine, am for the court.
BEERE.—The citie calls for Beere.
ALE.—But Ale, bonny Ale, like a lord of the soyle,
In the countrey shall domineere.

Chorus—Then let vs be merrie, wash sorrow away;
Wine, Beere, and Ale shall be drunke to-day."

"THREE VISITORS."

[From Capt. Marryat's *Diary on the Continent.*]

Talking about Brandy, one morning, at two o'clock, about the witching time that ghosts do glide about in churchyards, as I was thinking whether it

would not be better to go to bed instead of writing nonsense, in which most of my readers may coincide with me, in stalked three young men, who were considerably the worse for potations. There is a great deal of character in inebriety. At the same time, no estimate of character can be made from its effects; for we often find that the most quiet men when sober to be the most choleric in their cups. But, still, there is character, and much that is curious in witnessing its variety of effects. Now these young men were each drunk in a different way:—The first in a very quiet mood, for, although he could preserve his equilibrium and stare immensely, he had lost the power of speech; you saw his lips move, but no articulation or sound succeeded. The second was laughing drunk; everything that was said, either by himself or by anyone else, was magnified into a pun or a *bon mot*. The third, with whom I had no previous acquaintance, was *politely* drunk. I presume the idea of intruding himself upon a stranger at such an unseasonable hour had produced that effect—but let me describe the scene:—

"Ha, ha, ha! we come to you; ha, ha! capital. We want some Brandy-and-water"; "and, ha, ha! we know you always keep a stock," said the second, seating himself in an arm chair.

The first also took a chair, moved his lips for a few seconds, and then sat bolt upright, staring at

the two candles; how many he counted I cannot pretend to say.

"Really," said number three, "we are—I'm afraid, taking a great liberty, a very great liberty; but—an apology is certainly due. If you will allow me to offer an apology for my two friends.—Will you allow me to introduce them?"

"Many thanks, but I have the pleasure of knowing *them* already."

"I really beg your pardon—it was quite unintentional on my part. I trust you are not offended? Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C———, of the ———. Will you permit me to present my card, and to say how happy I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, the third gentleman presented me with his card, and returned the card-case into his pocket.

"Capital," cried number two. "Ha, ha, ha! what an excellent joke. Ha, ha, ha! now for the Brandy-and-water."

This was soon produced, and although number one had lost all articulation, he had still the power of deglutition; he filled his glass, sat up more erect, stared at the candles, and drank his grog. The others did the same, when number three again spoke:—

"My dear sir, I hope you will excuse the liberty, but my name is Captain C———, of the ————. Will you allow me the honour of presenting my

card, and of saying how proud I shall be to make your acquaintance?" So saying, he presented me with another card, which I put aside with the first.

"Ha, ha, ha! what a good joke to find you up. I said we should get Brandy-and-water here; wasn't that capital? Ha, ha, ha!"

I could scarcely see the joke of being kept up two more hours, but I begged they would refill their glasses, as the sitting would be sooner ended one way or the other—either by the bottle being empty, or their falling under the table, I did not care which—when I was again accosted by number three:—

"I really beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid I have been very remiss.—Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Captain C———, of the ———. Here is my card; and I cannot say how happy I shall be if I may have the honour of your acquaintance."

I bowed a third time, and received a third card.

"By heavens, I've finished my tumbler! Ain't that capital? Ha, ha, ha! famous fun; and so has Alfred."

Famous fun, indeed, thought I, as the contents of the bottle disappeared.

"And Alfred is going to help himself again. Well that is capital. Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!"

Alfred, who was number one, moved his lips,

but, like the frozen horn of Munchausen, sounds would not come out; he did, however, follow up the joke by refilling his tumbler for a third time.

"Upon my honour, I've been very rude, I ought to apologise," said number three, again drawing out his card-case; "but will you allow me to offer my card? I am Captain C———, of the ———, and I shall be most happy to make your acquaintance."

I bowed again, and received the fourth card.

Thus were the changes rung by numbers one, two, and three, until I was tired out, two more bottles drank out, and I had received fifteen cards from my very polite friend, whom I had never seen before.

At four o'clock they all rose to depart.

"Upon my soul, I do believe I'm drunk," said number two. "Capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"

Number one continued dumb. Brandy had not thawed him, but he stared very hard at me, as much as to say, I would speak if I could.

Number three put into my hand the sixteenth card, and made a rash attempt at a bow.

Having seen them fairly outside my door, I bolted it, saying, with Shakspeare—"O! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

CHOOSING PORT.

The following anecdote illustrates the advantage of trusting to the judgment of those who have the most experience, and of letting Oporto merchants select for you the wines suitable to your trade:—

Mr. A———, the well-known wine merchant of Poorvale, was dining with Mr. S———, the celebrated Port Wine shipper, when a bottle of Port was produced which gave Mr. A. immense satisfaction. Says Mr. A., "That 's the kind of wine I like and I want. Why don't you send me some like that?" Mr. S. allowed him to continue his praises until, after a pause, he remarked—"Do you recollect, Mr. A., my being at Oporto in the the year 18—, and sending you over twenty pipes of Port?" "That I do," answered Mr. A., "and it was such queer stuff that I sent it back to you." "Well, Mr. A.," says Mr. S., "that queer stuff is the wine you have just been drinking."

AFTER DINNER.

[From the *Saturday Review*.]

There are two great objects in dinner parties besides the subsidiary and meaner one of clearing off a certain amount of friends to whom we owe a repast. The first and greatest object is to eat and drink good things. The second object is to enjoy the society of persons who are not members of your

own household. Both these objects are, in a great measure, defeated by the ladies going away before dinner is over. The dinner is not so good when this is done. Theoretically it cannot be so good; for if the proper wines are taken with the proper dishes, there is no more to be done. All else is excess, and excess is a diminution of goodness. The English, owing to their habit of stowing away a pint of wine after the ladies have gone, and of reserving red wines till after dinner, have quite missed the use of red wines at dinner. On the continent the red wine always come first, and then the sparkling white wines. They have no Sherry, poor creatures, and so they cannot take any after soup. But we must give good people credit for good intentions, and we may be sure they would take Sherry then, if they could get it. For most meats red wine is much more suitable than white, and anything sweet and fizzing is singularly inappropriate to beef and mutton. On the other hand, Champagne is appropriate to sweets and ices and fruit. But in England the wine that circles with strawberries is often a strong red wine. English people may see this, but they have been so accustomed to put off their red wines to the dreary time of after dinner, that they think that, unless they get their red wine late, they shall not get it at all. They would soon alter their views if fashion would let them, and they need not be afraid that what they consider their proper quantity

of wine would be taken away from them. There would be more crowded into less space than now, and this would suit two sets of people. It would suit those who wanted to drink, for they would get their wine, and it would suit those who do not want to drink, for they would be saved the nuisance of having to sit playing with a glass of water while they look at other people drinking Port and Claret. The only reason that ever could have been urged for sitting drinking after dinner has been taken away by a benevolent interposition of Nature. Port, when Port existed, was a fine beverage in its way; and as it could not be drunk at dinner, it had to be drunk after dinner. But now Port is no more, or if it exists, it exists in the cellars of the few who, if they deserve to have it, are far too wise to throw it away on a mixed company.

The present custom is also an unwholesome one. In the first place, the wine drunk at dinner, with one or two glasses after, is quite enough for any man, and therefore that which is extra is unwholesome. But this is not the principal cause of unwholesomeness. What is really fatal is the passionate license with which men throw themselves into fruits, sweets, and jams of all kinds when the ladies are gone. Demure men, who faintly smile at cakes and preserves when the ladies are there, throw off the mantle of their shallow hypocrisy when left alone. It is curious that they are not ashamed of

each other, but they are not. Partly this comes from the love of a pleasure something like that which prompts boys to rob orchards. It seems such fun to get at the candied things when ladies are not looking. The guardians are away, and so such awful burthens as greengages hardened with sugar to the consistency of gutta-percha are frantically devoured in a strange spirit of bravado. There is, too, a triumphant feeling of condemning the expense when a man gets a dishful of forced peaches into a quiet corner, and works them off one after another. But there is also another reason why men do things of this sort. They do them often in sheer desperation. They do not know what to say to each other; and after a momentary survey of their next neighbour, and one glance of icy defiance, they sink into silence. There is at one end, perhaps, a drowsy, dreary hum, where the host is doing conversation. But a remote and faint whisper from a bewildered man striving to say, in a natural, pleasant way, that it is a cold summer—or that London is full—or that things are looking queer in America—is not an effectual restraint on the passions of a weak being, with the greengages fatally near him, and maddened by the oppressiveness of silent people all around him, stroking their beards and kicking out their legs. The ladies can have no conception how dull it is for the men they leave. They themselves have always two resources.

They can be kind and friendly to their companions upstairs, and talk about babies and servants and dress; or they can be unkind and amuse themselves with the thousand pretty devices of feminine cruelty. Either way, they can get through the time. But the men sit silent, stony, neither kind nor unkind, like gods exiled from Olympus, ever eating candied fruit in the desolation of their overpowering *ennui*.

This retiring of the ladies spoils the social effect of a dinner in every way. The great use of a dinner-party socially is the opportunity of talking to other people's wives. This is what it really comes to. It is a great pleasure to talk to a lady who is friendly, unreserved, sure of herself, and without a thought of being made love to. Of young ladies at dinner-parties we do not make much account. It is quite right they should go there to learn the way of business when they come to have houses of their own, to make the thing look fresh and pretty, and to babble with some of the stony men about the Exhibition. But the married ladies are the real charmers at a dinner-party. They belong in the first instance to their husbands, but they also belong to society, and this is the way in which society gets at them. They can let their friends who sit next them at dinner taste a little of their pleasantness without detriment to the claims of home. The companionship for two or three hours of a well-bred, clever woman, not afraid or unwilling to talk, and

with enough character to be above affectation, is one of the most agreeable things life away from home has to offer. Such a woman is indeed rather a picked specimen, but still a very large number of women in London make a very tolerable approach to this kind of excellence. This is, at any rate, the social pleasure which dinner gives us, if it gives us any; and yet a foolish custom bids us throw it away at a certain point of the entertainment, and sink into the vacuous despair of the neighbourhood of unknown men. Nor is the broken thread resumed, for another tyrannous custom orders that when ladies go upstairs they shall, before the men arrive, form into a hollow square, as if to resist a charge of cavalry. The whole upstairs part of the performance, with its entire absence of ease and comfort, is a miserable affair. There is a prevalent indisposition on the part of all English people to join in that general conversation of a large party which is the delight and pride of French society; and the battle array of the ladies prevents the easy and unnoticed formation of sociable groups. It is in vain the hostess tries to make her guests converse by getting up "a little music," and ordering her daughters to sing. The ladies are barricaded off by their position, and the men are feeling the pressure of their vulcanised greengages. At last the carriages are announced, the faces of the guests brighten with a sudden tremulous half-concealed

joy, as if they were listening to the end of a sermon, and hurry off, some to the sensible luxury of bed, and some to the joyless joy of an evening crush.

GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.

It is a well-known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical," and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much loved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned but strong "carry all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up quarters with a relation of his "better-half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honour. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "'t is quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern. It will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench,

transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge!" said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old, you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly!" what 's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed—"My God! Polly!"—"What on earth 's the matter, Judge?"—"Just look at these spoons!"—"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"—"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"—"Stole them, Judge?"—"Yes, stole them!"—"My dear husband, it can't be possible! From whom?"—"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."—"Good heavens! how could it happen?"—"I know very

well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"—"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."—But was I very drunk?"—"Yes, *you was*."—"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"—"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."—"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that at last, I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody, in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"—"But there may be some mistake, Judge."—"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of mean thing. I have always said it was enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man over to Sterritt; tell him it was a little bit of frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mor-

tification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in Court, but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question—"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty,—*but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What 's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half-dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What 's the charge against the man?"

"May it please your Honour," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—" "He pleads, 'Guilty,—*but drunk!*'" The Judge was now fully

aroused, "'Guilty,—*but drunk!*' that is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"—"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"—"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"—"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"—Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favour to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons.* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court."

THE ART OF TAKING WINE.

The art of taking wine is the science of exciting agreeable conversation and eliciting brilliant thoughts for an idle hour between the dining and the drawing room. Wine makes some men dull; such persons should on no account drink the strong brandied wines of the south, but confine themselves to the light red French growths, or to the white, pregnant with carbonic gas. If these fail to promote cheerfulness; if with the light Burgundy, with Lafite, or the ethereal sparkle of Champagne, a man continue unmoved, he may depend the innocent use of wine cannot be his. He may excite

himself by the stronger kinds, and half intoxicate himself to raise a leaven of agreeability which is altogether artificial;—he may woo mirth "sorrowfully," but he will only injure his stomach and cloud his brain. Oftentimes do Englishmen drink themselves into taciturnity below-stairs, and, ascending to the drawing-room, sit silent and solemn as so many quakers, among the fair sex. Such are past the stage of innocent excitement by a rational quantity of the juice of the grape. They take it because the effect is a temporary indifference, an agreeable suspense from pleasure and from pain. Such are not the true enjoyers of wine in its legitimate use; and they should always rise and retire with the ladies, for the effect upon them is that of a narcotic.

The true enjoyer of wine finds it exhilarate the spirits, increase the memory, promote cheerfulness; if he be something of a wit, it draws out his hoarded stores of good sayings and lively repartees, during the moment of relaxation from thought, at the hour when it is good "to sit awhile." This cheerful glass calls into action his better natural qualities, as with the ruby liquid he swallows "a sunbeam of the sky." He makes his wine secondary to his conversation, and when he finds the latter at what he thinks its keenest edge and brightest polish, he leaves the table to mingle with beauty, and exchange the wine for a sparkle of more attractive and higher

character, perhaps to bask in "the purple light of love." He who would destroy good wine, by taking it when its flavour is no longer fresh to the palate, is a drunkard; he knows nothing of the refinement in animal enjoyment, which consists in taking rather less than enough. Always to rise from the feast with an appetite is a maxim which, however gourmands and sensualists may despise it, is a course for a rational being, as well as that which yields the richest enjoyment. By this we preserve the freshness of the first taste, the full flavour of the first sip: as the odour of the rose deadens upon the sense after the first exhalation, so is it with wine and all our enjoyments. Thus we learn how we may, in the truest and most refined sense, enjoy the pleasures by which the benevolence of Him who has given us the things enjoyed, is best repaid by our enjoying wisely.

Many who are of the earth, earthy, imagine as long as they get wine into the stomach it is no matter how the thing is done. Such persons may be styled "stomach-drinkers," and may as well attain the lodgment of the fluid in the part desired by means of a forcing pump and a tube as any other mode. The palate to them is secondary to the warmth of this general magazine of liquids and solids. One of true vinographical taste must feel a horror at association over wine with such persons. A refinement even in our sins is better than the

grossness of the coarser natures of mankind in animal vices. How much does this tell in innocent enjoyment. As Chesterfield felt when his son licked the plate at table, despite all his instructions in good breeding, it may be imagined how the man of refinement feels in the company of coarse, vulgar companions over wine. One half our pleasures are relative or conventional, and therefore this alloy in any mode turns them to pain.

* * * * * * * *

The chief thing in the art of drinking wine, is to keep within those salutary limits which mark the beneficial from the pernicious. In good society, in the present day, this line is well defined; but a man must mingle in this distempered life with every class, and the difficulty is to keep the mean in those cases, where others have no regard to it. This is best done by studying self-respect, and the art of saying "No," when the necessity for saying "No" is strongly felt. The courage to do this, and that absence of all fear of being accounted singular —which it is a man's duty to cultivate, if he wish to be thought worthy of his species, will prevent his suffering in stomach or moral character from that table complaisance which the too pliant force upon themselves contrary to better feelings. — *Cyrus Redding.*

THE OUTWITTED INNKEEPER.

A well-dressed customer once came to an innkeeper in a certain small town, and sulkily demanded soup, meat, and vegetables for his money. The innkeeper served up what he desired, and asked him if he would not like a glass of wine. "Certainly," answered the stranger, "if I can have it for my money." When he had well relished it, he drew out an old worn farthing from his pocket and said, "Sir, here is my money." The innkeeper exclaimed—"What do you mean by it? Do you not owe me a dollar?" The guest replied —"I did not ask you for a dinner for dollars, but for my money. If you have given me too much, it is your fault." "You are a downright rascal," replied the landlord, "and well deserve something else. But I make you a present of the dinner and thirteen pence besides if you will go to my neighbour, the landlord of the Bear Hotel, and serve him in a similar manner." He said this because he lived at discord with his neighbour, of whom he was envious on account of his success in trade, and they gladly did each other injury in every possible way. The crafty guest promised to go, took the money smilingly with the one hand and with the other cautiously took hold of the door, wished the landlord good evening, and said, "I have already been to your friend, the landlord of the Bear Hotel, and it is no other than he that has just sent me here!"

ON BUYING WINE.

It is too frequently the custom with men of opulence to leave the arrangement of their cellars, and, of what is of far more importance, the purchase of their wines to their chief factotum, their butler—and hence it is that in some aristocratic establishments, where there is no stint of expense, where the master is generous and hospitable, the wines are not such as would be expected, or that connoisseurs would appreciate. Now, if the reason of this were inquired into, it would be found that the butler (as though the master using his own judgment and common sense were *infra dig.*) is entrusted with the business, who knows nothing about quality, but is interested only in the pecuniary advantage to himself. A gentleman who desires to be served well in the matter of wine should never grudge the labour of tasting and examining for himself, dealing personally with the merchant. The latter, if one of position, high character, and conversant with his business, will soon discover the wine suitable, and, having ascertained that, and his selection is approved of, will save his customer from the trouble of again coming to his cellars, and will be careful that he always has the same wine or that which in character and quality approach it as closely as possible. There are many men of rank and fortune who, whether from idleness or feebleness of mind, are above doing this, and continue to give their

friends inferior wine for which they have paid probably more than the cost of first-class, and thus they suffer not only in pocket, but in the judgment of those who partake of their hospitality. It is incredible how men of fortune are plundered in this way. I don't wish to speak disparagingly of all butlers or confidential servants. There are, no doubt, many exceptions, and honourable ones too, amongst servants; but, in my long experience in the wine trade, I have found many of those confidential servants more interested in the amount of commission that they expect to be allowed upon their masters' purchases than anxiety to get the best wine upon the best terms.

One incident, which happened some years ago, will corroborate much that I have affirmed:—A kind patron of mine was desirous of introducing my wine to a friend of his, Colonel ———, and he requested me to send a few bottles of Claret, from which the Colonel, if he approved of the wine, would make a selection. My friend, who had lived some years in Bordeaux, was an excellent judge, and did not think that the Claret which the Colonel was drinking at all equal to the price he was charged for it. The samples sent were approved, and a considerable quantity was ordered, and delivered. Sometime afterwards I was called upon by the Colonel's butler, who after some conversation said—"*We* don't quite like that Claret you sent *us!*"

I replied that it was precisely the same wine that the Colonel had selected. "Ah! yes," said Mr. Factotum, "but *I* did not taste those samples." "Well," I replied, "of what does the Colonel complain?" "Oh! the Colonel has not complained, but it's not the wine for him; it's *ard* and *hacid* to *my* palate." After a few other observations he said, "By-the-by, I always pay the Colonel's bills and buy his wines. What commission do you allow—I always get 10 per cent. from Messrs. ——— & Co." This rather staggered me, and I could not refrain from giving him a bit of my mind, both as regarding his conduct as well as that of Messrs. ——— & Co.

A few weeks afterwards I received a polite note from the Colonel regretting that he must return the Claret, as "*it did not agree with him*," and requesting me to send in exchange Port and Sherry equivalent in amount to the Claret returned. This was done, but I had no further orders from the Colonel. Upon mentioning the matter to the friend who had interested himself upon my behalf he said the Colonel was an aged gentleman; his servant had been with him in the army, had lived with him for many years, and had entire control over his master, who placed implicit reliance upon all he said and did. There is no doubt that it is in the power of domestics when they have an object, and especially a pecuniary one, to throw in a word

to the disadvantage of any trader who may not fee them to their satisfaction, and such is the competition now-a-days that one trader feels that if he does not consent to be mulcted in this way some other rivals will.

The *Daily Telegraph* of December 7, 1877, has a capital article pertinent to this subject, a portion of which is as follows:—

If the public seek an illustration of the commission system in its most mischievous and most immoral phase, let them take the case of a gentleman newly inducted into the management of one of the grand hotels, the number of which is so surprisingly increasing among us. The grand hotel manager may be either a thorough man of business, keen, cool, cautious, experienced, and aware of all the tricks of trade; or he may be a retired captain or major, who knows much more about the Pytchley Hunt and the Chester Cup than he does about day-books and ledgers. Forthwith the manager is waited upon by the representative of the active and enterprising firm who are the proprietors of a well-known Champagne, or a celebrated "natural" Sherry. He must, the representative tells him, take so many cases of the Champagne—it is such a superb brand. He cannot do with less than a hundred dozen of the Sherry—it is such a very natural Sherry. Or he must want a stock of a particular Whisky, with the trade mark of the "harp which once in Tara's halls,"

declared by the whole of the faculty to be a most mellifluous, innocuous, and hygienic beverage. Terms? His own terms. Any terms, and under any circumstances the usual commission of five per cent. on the transaction. The business-like and experienced hotel manager tells the representative of the active and energetic firm of wine merchants or distillers that he prefers to buy his Champagne, his Sherry, and his Spirits from the firms with which he has been in the habit of dealing, and for cash. But the unsophisticated retired captain or major falls all unwittingly into the snare; orders a stock of what may be a tolerable or an inferior article; and pockets his five per cent. commission, thinking the transaction the most innocent in the world. He is in reality encouraging an underhanded system of misrepresentation and intrigue. He is unconsciously but directly wronging the shareholders of the company whose servant he is, and the public who frequent the hotel. He has really no right to accept one farthing in the way of commission from the wine merchants' specious traveller; yet he would stare with astonishment or redden with indignation were he told that he had committed an act for which, if strict justice were done, he should be forthwith discharged from his post. As it is with wine so it is with cigars, and with numberless other articles which are required in an hotel; nor is it at all unlikely that a crowd of tradesmen may, at as

early an opportunity as possible, seek an interview with the hotel manager, warmly express their anxiety to do business with him, and, parenthetically, utter the magic word "commission."

The mischief has deeper ramifications. Commission, like bronchitis, obstructs not only the larger tubes, but the minutest capillaries of the body politic of trade. The commission system fastens like a horde of barnacles on the shining keel of every great nobleman's mansion. The Duke of Sutherland, some years ago, made a strenuous stand against the custom of giving commission to servants, and for a time, perhaps, his Grace's protest may have been of some avail in arresting the growth of the evil. But the effect even of ducal protests and warnings does not last long. Corruption is one of the hardiest of plants, and the snake of venality will bear an amazing amount of scotching before it is killed. We should be averse from entering into a calculation of the number of wealthy peers, merchants, bankers, and country squires who at the present moment are, although they know it not, bound hand and foot in the thraldom of the commission system. Their stewards, it is to be hoped and believed, are all, like Brutus, honourable men—all virtuous and incorruptible. Their housekeepers, it may be charitably surmised, are all, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion; but it is impossible that the noble Lord or the honourable

Member, or the Squire, should be aware of all the occult fore-gatherings which may take place within the precincts of his domain. The wealthy gentleman may fondly deem that he walks abroad a free man, but in reality he is enmeshed in a mighty drag-net of commission. Something has been paid to somebody on the food which he eats, on the wine which he drinks, on the carriages in which he drives, on the saddle which he bestrides, on the oats and hay which feed his horses. If he wishes to buy a picture, not one but half a dozen commission vampires lie in wait for him, unless he purchases the painting straight from the artist's easel or from the exhibition walls; and even then instances have been known in which commission, in some inscrutable manner, has been paid by somebody to somebody else, in a transaction to which ostensibly there could not have been more than two parties, the vendor and the purchaser. As for buying a house, or building one, or furnishing one, the process resembles that of walking over broken bottles. You bleed at every step. It is perfectly false reasoning to argue that the commission system is a necessary evil; that it "greases the wheels" of business; and that without it the operations of trade would be seriously obstructed. As a matter of fact, the practice of asking for and giving commission impedes legitimate commercial transactions, and, moreover, fosters terrorism, unfair dealing, favouritism, the

palming off of inferior goods for superior ones, and the wholesale demoralisation of servants and employés, while it renders manufacturers and shopkeepers recklessly cynical and unscrupulous. The nuisance is rapidly growing, and some drastic measures are needed, not only to stop its growth, but to uproot it altogether.

THE WRONG BOTTLE.

I once dined with a gentleman at his family dinner. My friend was blind from cataract in both eyes, and, as he was about to undergo an operation, his eyes were bandaged, and he was forbidden to take wine. The dinner was a plain one, and the wine (with the exception to which I shall presently allude) was not remarkably fine. My host inquired what I was drinking. I replied, "Some very excellent Sherry." "Well," he said, "I am surprised as it is only my ordinary dinner Sherry, but presently I will give you a Sherry I think you will pronounce to be something extraordinary." My curiosity was excited at this as I thought I had never tasted finer wine than that with which I was supplied as simply an ordinary dinner Sherry. At the dessert this celebrated Sherry was brought forward, and my friend was anxiously waiting my opinion. "Well," he said, "now what do you say to that?" I had simply put it to my nose and taken a sip, when I found it was of very inferior quality, too much of

the "Castle A" type to suit me. Here I was placed in a dilemma; without pronouncing an opinion upon the wine I thought it best to be truthful, and I candidly told him I infinitely preferred the wine he had given me at dinner, but before he could express his astonishment his servant whispered something in his master's ear at which he became very wrath. The man had made a mistake and put on the wrong decanter at the dinner. The wine I had been drinking as the *ordinary dinner Sherry* was bought at a sale of a deceased nobleman's stock of wine, and was purchased by my friend at three guineas per bottle, and to a connoisseur it was worth it; but I did not get any more of it.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUIDS.

The subjoined is a fair average to give an idea of the comparative strength of the liquors referred to, but the ordinary strengths of Whisky, Geneva, Brandy, and Rum, as sold to the public, are uniform say from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. The import strength of Rum is from 36 per cent. to 40 per cent. Geneva about proof. Brandy about proof. Old Brandy considerably under proof. Whisky about 24 per cent. Irish, 11 per cent. Scotch over proof. As the duty is charged upon the proof gallon, it is necessary to reduce the strength, not only to secure a

profit to the vendor, but to reduce the potency of the spirit to a wholesome medium.

Dr. Bence Jones, physician to St. George's Hospital, in a recent lecture stated that the different fermented liquids which he had examined might, in regard to their strength, or stimulating power, be arranged thus :—

Cider	100	Champagne	241
Porter	109	Madeira	325
Stout	133	Marsala	341
Ale	141	Port	358
Moselle	158	Sherry	358
Claret	166	Geneva	811
Burgundy	191	Brandy	986
Hock	191	Rum	1243

Thus, ten glasses of Cider or Porter, six glasses of Claret, five glasses of Burgundy, four glasses of Champagne, three glasses of Port, Sherry, or Marsala, are equivalent to one glass of Brandy, or three-quarters of a glass of Rum.

A TASTING ORDER.

[From the *Figaro*.]

An arched stone doorway, opening on a flight of damp and dirty steps leading to dusky subterranean regions, with a glimmer of lamps at the bottom—this was our destination. It was impossible not to feel somewhat nervous as we descended into the weird darkness. We made merry; but I know we all felt somewhat timid. But down we went; and he of us who assumed, in recognition of his former experience, the post of acting manager, waved the

tasting order (a talismanic piece of paper, that bears upon it words to the effect that Messrs. Port, Negus, and Co. sent greeting to their cooper, in the London Dock Wine Cellars, and desired him to let Mr. Smith—we will say, not to be too personal—and party taste the wines thereon mentioned) in a lushy-looking official's face, who forthwith assured himself of the regularity of our passport, and then called the cooper. Up he came out of the dim vaulted passage that stretched away before us; and, furnishing us with a lamp apiece, stuck at the end of a piece of wood resembling a wooden butter-slice, we followed him into the darkness.

As only my very first impressions remain vividly in my mind, I will tell you what they were. In the first place, before I had walked a hundred yards, I had half made up my mind to secrete a gimlet about my person some fine day, and get lost, of malice prepense, in the vaults. Wine! You have no idea —unless, like me, you have been to the "docks"— what a quantity there is of it hard away down by the river. I listened to the cooper's account of the extent of the cellars—of thirteen acres of wine here, and ten there—till I well-nigh resolved I would never leave the spot. We walked for minutes along a path walled in by wine—it was before us in an interminable vista of butts and barrels; it stretched in collateral avenues, and ran in right-angled profusion across our path—

Pipes to the right of us—pipes to the left of us—
Pipes, too, behind us—ripened and crusted!

But, at last, after taking in I don't know how much through the pores, like Joey Ladle, the cooper stopped, and we formed an anxious group round a cask of charming proportions. By a freak of that fancy, which in your correspondent is so constantly at play, I had said to my comrades before coming down, "Let us assume the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson." We did so—I was Brown; my tall friend, Jones; my little friend, Robinson. So—looking as much as we could like that eminent firm—we waited, in thirsty suspense, the operations which were to set flowing, for our behoof, the generous stream. The gimlet, after a few energetic twists, pierced the jealous plank that guarded so well the vinous treasures within; it was withdrawn, and a tiny pipe inserted in the hole it had made; then a vigorous suck from the cooper, and there was a grateful gurgle heard, and an amber-coloured liquid came bubbling out into the capacious glass placed to receive it. We had drawn first blood, and, with a "dock-cellar" wave of the hand, the glass was temptingly held out to us. I was crafty enough to control my feelings enough not to take it. Jones had been there before, and I would watch him. I did so, and found that, at the docks, you never hold a glass by the stem, but take it by its foot between the thumb and fingers; it is well, too, if

you wish to pass as a genuine connoisseur, to make much show of putting the wine before the lamp, and shutting one eye at it in a sort of confidential way. To skilfully spit out the first mouthful upon the sawdust is a good thing to do. The words "dry," "fruity," "beeswing," "crust," and "bouquêt," may be used with good effect, if you are sure you know what they mean. Robinson did n't know the other day, and so made himself silly before the cooper, by talking about the beeswing on the barrel. Of course my turn came to taste, and I did not hesitate to take it—my turn, and the wine too, for the matter of that. It amused me to see how admirably the cooper assumed a stolid belief that we were *bonâ fide* purchasers. If we had been George Sandeman himself, or Messrs. Martinez and Co., in the flesh (which the Fates forfend!) he could not have been more serious with us. "That, sir," he would say, especially addressing me, after tasting, "is No. 13; you will please remember, a fine East India Sherry." "Very good it is," I would reply, smacking my lips approvingly, and looking at Jones, as much as to say, "Be sure and get a pipe of that, partner, without fail!" I verily believe that innocent (if not hypocritical) cooper is expecting our order to come in to this day.

Shall I go on? I think I had better not. I shan't tell you how many barrels we stopped in front of before we left. In truth, I don't know;

nor does Robinson; and Jones won't say, so I don't think he knows either. I meant to make a long article out of the striking features of the vaults—the black cotton-wool fungus, like hearse feathers in a bad way, that clustered over and swung from the roof—the statistics of the wine stored there—the fabulous stories about certain treasured butts and prized pipes—the bibulous gossip of the troglodytes who haunt the cellars—and so on; but, bless you, I find I know nothing about them. My advice to you is, don't mix your wines when you go to the docks, and, above all, don't drink Brandy on the top of them; that is, if you want to write instructive articles afterwards upon the subject.

Anecdotes upon Champagne.

IN making a selection from my repertoire I thought the Champagne and Irish anecdotes would appear better collected in a separate division, and make the work less complicated than being blended with the general anecdotes.

CHAMPAGNE CLIQUOT.

The following is from *The Champagne Country*, by an American writer:—

The widow Cliquot, to do honour to her titled children, bought the old feudal manor of Boursalt, which formerly belonged to the D'Orsays. Not content, however, with the old-fashioned house at the bottom, she raised an imposing structure at the top of the hill. This, which can be seen from the railway as you pass Epernay, is as much like a veritable château with pepper-box turrets as the imagination of the aspiring architect, aided by all the wealth of the Cliquots, could make it. Its grandiose spaciousness and luxurious appurtenances make it the wonder of every Parisian *badaud* and

rustic visitor. Among its other attractions is a dining-room adorned with elaborate armorial carvings in wood, with which are intertwined the initials C. and M. of the noble names of Chevigné and Mortemart.

On one occasion a party of the neighbouring farmers paid a visit to the château to inspect its wonders. They were conducted by a jealous servitor through all the show apartments. On reaching the dining-room he pointed, with conscious pride at serving such distinguished masters, to the carved armorial shields surrounded with a double crown, and bearing in letters of gold the initials C. and M.

"You see," said the cicerone to his gaping listeners, "those letters mean Chevigné Mortemart."

"Bah!" replied one of the knowing countrymen, "Get out with your Chevigné Mortemarts!"

"But I assure you——"

"Bah!" repeated the confident spokesman, "You are quite off the track; they mean, I tell you, *Champagne Mousseux*. Was n't that the making of their fortune?"

Whilst upon the subject of Champagne, Mr. R. de Tracy Gould, of the American bar, furnished me with the following account of a pleasant convivial gathering over a batch of pink Champagne:—

Mr. Tom Moore, the poet (generally designated

in English literary circles as "Anacreon Moore"), Mr. John Kenyon, and myself, were dining, about a quarter of a century since, with Mr. Rogers, at his famous house in St. James's Place. Rogers would have any number of guests at breakfast, but seldom more than three at dinner, that number making, with himself, the *partie carrée*, which the French declare to be "the correct thing"—the true squaring of the convivial circle. Rogers habitually quoted the axiom, "A dinner party should never number less than the Graces nor more than the Muses;" but, in his own practice, he kept close to the lesser limit.

On the occasion in question, he had just received, through the French ambassador, a present of a case of *pink Champagne* from Louis Philippe; and, to do it especial honour, he had the first bottle produced after dinner instead of with "the roast." The saucer-shaped Champagne glasses which are now fashionable were then just coming into use, and *pink Champagne* looked singularly beautiful when poured into them and crowned with its snow-white foam. Kenyon, who was nothing if not declamatory, at once held out his glass, and apostrophised it in the language of the first stanzas hereto annexed—

"Lily, on liquid roses floating," &c.

This being vociferously applauded, he added the second verse; but, on being desired to continue, he

declared he had done his part, and that someone else must co-operate. Moore and Rogers both claimed exemption, as being on the "retired list" of the Parnassian army, and peremptorily demanded an involuntary contribution from the transatlantic guest, who thereupon, with great diffidence, delivered himself of the third and fourth verses. Kenyon then added another, and the American one more, and, therewith, the inspiration and the Champagne were exhausted. Under the delusive influence of the latter, however, the lines were honoured with exaggerated praise from the two veteran poets, and Moore exclaimed—"So, there is an American Anacreon now!" To which answer was made—"Oh, no! Since the old Greek there has been but one, 'Anacreon *More*' (Moore)." Whereat loud acclaim from two of the assembly, and modest deprecation from the bard of Erin. Here follow the lines:—

I.

"Lily, on liquid roses floating!
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne!
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!

II.

"Those seas are dangerous, grey-beards swear,
Whose seas break in the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care—
But what care us for him,
So we but float on wine!

III.

"Grey Time shall pause and smooth his wrinkles,
Bright garlands round his scythe shall twine;
The sands from out his glass shall sprinkle,
And fill it up with wine!
With rosy, sparkling wine!

IV.

"Thus hours shall pass, which no man reckons,
'Mongst us, who, glad with mirth divine,
Heed not the shadowy hand that beckons
Across the sea of wine!
Of billowy, gushing wine!

V.

"And though 'tis true they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry:
Yet only make our Styx Champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away in wine!

VI.

"Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his bark from shore;
While we and every jovial fellow
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine!"

I extract the following from a portion of an article on "*Champagne considered as a Social Force*," in *London Society*, August, 1871:—

Good for sickness, good for health; prized by invalid, beloved by epicure; thy name is a life poem, thy flavour a life's romance. Great enchanter of society, omnipotent magician of the dinner-table!

The beatific pop which betokens thy presence is no sooner heard than a sudden change straight overspreads all those who hear it. Thou art thought's midwife! 'T is thou who emboldenest by thy sunny influence and exhilarating smiles the feeble, the nervous, and the weak; who plantest courage in the hearts of the speechless, and bringest voice to the lips of the silent. But a few moments since, and all was awkwardness, taciturnity, and diffidence. Man eyed his fellow man with inarticulate distrust. Not even the presence of woman could warm to utterance, or thaw into cheerfulness. There were abrupt remarks. Then equally abrupt pauses; a laugh was where an epigram should have been, and a constrained monosyllable was a weak apology for repartee. 'T is different now: the sound of thy explosive cork, Champagne, has, by some strange witchery, of a sudden taught men the sweet music of speech. A murmur as of a rising storm runs round the table: badinage commences; flirtations flourish; the representatives of humanity are once more μέροπες — articulately speaking; and the change, the miracle—for both it is—is all wrought by thy magic spell,—Champagne.

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We have spoken of the influence of Champagne at dinner, but in truth the dinner-table is far from being the sole scene of the triumphs and powers of the great wine. We might tell of breakfasts, and

of suppers, suddenly converted from Saharas of intolerable dulness into oases of smiles and laughter by the appearance of Champagne.

What would be the breakfast matrimonial without its assistance? Who could tolerate the banquet, almost funereal in its dulness, without Champagne? Where would be the compliments to the bridesmaids, where the sparkling humour of the inevitable wag of these feasts, where the point and witticism of the speeches, were it not for the redeeming influences of the beneficent vintage? You sit down like a company of mutes. You have just witnessed a copious display of parental and genuine weeping in church, and you expect every minute to see the same thing over the breakfast-table; you want to show your sympathy with what you see, and you know not how to do it. To laugh seems heartless, and to weep you are unable. Hey, presto! a sudden report: "Champagne, sir?" The scene is altered. There is merriment and jest: the string of the tongue is loosed on all sides: you pull yourself together, and enter into the festivity of the occasion with what appetite you can. And there are breakfasts and breakfasts—breakfasts eminently political and breakfasts eminently social, but without Champagne would they ever drag their slow and tedious length successfully along? The Right Honourable John Bright is, or rather was, a great hand at breakfasts of the former description. We

have seen him address audiences of every conceivable kind on these occasions, and on almost every conceivable subject; but the great demagogue did not disdain the preparatory and inspiring beverage supplied him by attentive menials. The nervous system, we all know, stands in constant need of repair; the fountain of life must be replenished: wisely and well must Champagne be drunk.

"Champagne," said Curran, "makes a runaway rap at a man's head." It should never be stinted, for nothing contributes more to the success of a dinner. Mr. Walker, upon the art of dining in *The Original* says, "To give Champagne fair play it ought to be produced at the very beginning of dinner, or at any rate after one glass of Sherry or Madeira; any other wines rather unfit the palate for it. The usual mode is, as with other delicacies, to produce it after the appetite is somewhat palled, and I have often thought it particularly ungallant, and ungracious, when there are ladies, to keep it back to a late period of dinner, and such a practice often presents an absurd contrast of calculation and display. According to my doctrine, the Champagne should be placed upon the table, so that all may take what they like." In continuation, he says, "It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then, perchance being

helped in despair to what they did not ask for; *and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself.* How different, when you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it."

In my early days it was the practice for host and guest to take wine with each other, but the custom is now abolished and considered vulgar. To challenge a lady or gentleman friend to take wine at a dinner party would condemn the offender as one not accustomed to genteel society. The reason why I cannot tell. In my opinion the custom was an eminently social one, and I believe that many interrupted friendships have been renewed and misunderstandings explained and corrected by persons meeting accidentally at a dinner party becoming reconciled by the challenge to take wine. It brings back old associations, each gives way, and before the evening is over all differences are explained and the old friendship is renewed. The ladies dislike the prevalent fashion of being helped to wine by servants, as it has ended by abolishing the old English habit of taking wine together, which afforded one of the most pleasing modes of recognition when distant, and one of the prettiest occasions for coquetry when near,—

> "Then, if you can contrive, get next at supper,
> And if forestall'd get opposite and ogle."

So says the noble author of "Don Juan," who had some slight experience in this sort of tactics; but whether you get next or opposite, one of the best contrived expedients for deepening a flirtation has been destroyed. "There was once," says a writer on the art of dining, "a well-known lady-killer who esteemed his mode of taking wine to be, of all his manifold attractions, the chief and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chose his wine, the air with which he gave the invitation, the feeling he contrived to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he kept his eye on the fair one's every movement till she was prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he was all the while looking full into her eyes — all these little graces have been lost."

Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, when no one else asks me to take Champagne, I take Sherry with the épergne, and bow to the flowers."

Thackeray in his *Miscellanies* gives the following from *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty*, a queer baronet, who appears to have lived in the first quarter of the century, and whose opinions the antiquarian may examine, not without profit—a strange barbarian indeed it is and one wonders that

such customs should ever have been prevalent in our country.

Fancy such opinions as these having ever been holden by any set of men among us. Maxim 2. "It is laid down in fashionable life that you must drink Champagne after white cheeses, water after red." . . . "Ale is to be avoided, in case a wet night is to be expected, as should cheese also." Maxim 4. "A fine singer, after dinner, is to be avoided, for he is a great bore, and stops the wine . . . One of the best rules (to put him down) is to applaud him most vociferously as soon as he has sung the first verse, as if all was over, and say to the gentleman furthest from you at table that you admire the conclusion of this song very much." Maxim 25. "You meet people occasionally who tell you it is bad taste to give Champagne at dinner—Port and Teneriffe being much superior drinking," &c., &c. I am copying out of a book printed three months since, describing ways prevalent when you were born. Can it be possible, I say, that England was ever in such a state?

Was it ever a maxim in "fashionable life" that you were to drink Champagne after white cheeses? What was that fashionable life about drinking and about cheese? The maxim in fashionable life is to drink what you will. It is too simple now to trouble itself about wine or about cheese. Ale again is to be avoided, this strange Doherty says, if you expect

a wet night—and in another place says, "the English drink a pint of porter at a draught."—What English? gracious powers! Are we a nation of coalheavers? Do we ever have a wet night? Do we ever meet people occasionally who say that to give Champagne at dinner is bad taste, and that Port and Teneriffe are such superior drinking? Fancy Teneriffe, my dear boy—I say fancy a man asking you to drink Teneriffe at dinner; the mind shudders at it—he might as well invite you to swallow the Peak.

* * * * * * * *

It sometimes happens again, that a host's conversational powers are not brilliant. I own that I could point out a few such whom I have the honour to name among my friends—gentlemen, in fact, who wisely hold their tongues because they have nothing to say which is worth the hearing or the telling, and properly confine themselves to the carving of the mutton and the ordering of the wines. Such men, manifestly, should always be allowed, nay encouraged, to ask their guests to take wine. In putting that question, they show their goodwill, and cannot possibly betray their mental deficiency. For example, let us suppose Jones, who has been perfectly silent all dinner-time, oppressed, doubtless, by that awful Lady Tiara, who sits swelling on his right hand, suddenly rallies, singles me out, and with a loud cheering voice, cries, "Brown, my boy, a glass of

wine." I reply, "With pleasure, my dear Jones." He responds as quick as thought, "Shall it be Hock or Champagne, Brown?" I mention the wine which I prefer. He calls to the butler, and says, "Some Champagne or Hock" (as the case may be, for I don't choose to commit myself),—"some Champagne or Hock to Mr. Brown;" and finally he says, "Good health!" in a pleasant tone. Thus, you see, Jones, though not a conversationist, has had the opportunity of making no less than four observations, which, if not brilliant or witty, are yet manly, sensible, and agreeable. And I defy any man in the metropolis, be he the most accomplished, the most learned, the wisest, or the most eloquent, to say more than Jones upon a similar occasion.

* * * * * * * *

One seldom asks ladies now to take wine,—except when, in a confidential whisper to the charming creature whom you have brought down to dinner, you humbly ask permission to pledge her, and she delicately touches her glass, with a fascinating smile, in reply to your glance,—a smile, you rogue, which goes to your heart. I say, one does not ask ladies any more to take wine: and I think, this custom being abolished, the contrary practice should be introduced, and that the ladies should ask the gentlemen. I know one who did, *un grand dame de par le monde*, as honest Brantome phrases it, and from whom I deserved no such kindness—but, sir,

the effect of that graceful act of hospitality was such that she made a grateful slave for ever of one who was an admiring rebel previously, who would do anything to show his gratitude, and who now knows no greater delight that when he receives a card which bears her respected name.

Temperance Tales.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES.

DAVID advocates the temperate use of wine. He says:—

"I own I think of wine the moderate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse:
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
And wine and love have ever been allies;
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep."

Another temperance advocate writes thus:—

"Three cups of wine a prudent man may take:
The first of them for constitution's sake;
The second to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last to lull him to his rest—
Then home to bed. But, if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours.
Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends!
The sixth breeds feuds, and falling out of friends;
Seven begets blows, and faces stained with gore;
Eight, and the watch patrol breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swilled sot drops senseless on the ground."

Dr. Franklin pleasantly observes, that the only animals created to drink water are those who, from their conformation, are able to lap it on the surface of the earth; whereas all those who can convey their hands to their mouth were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape.

A TEETOTAL SPEECH.

After the leaders had exhausted their eloquence in extolling their own virtues, and, in the usual temperate language, consigned the brewer, publican, and wine merchants to the regions below, the working men were patronisingly invited to narrate their experience of the blessings of teetotalism. Accordingly, a man, apparently a carpenter, addressed the meeting, and stated that for many years he was a moderate drinker, seldom drinking more than a pint and a half or two pints of beer a day; but, having read and heard so much of the advantages of total abstinence, about twelve months ago, he was induced to take the pledge. "My friends," he said, "in the very first week I saved three shillings (hear), which the publican would have had (cheers); in one month I put by twelve shillings (cheers); in three months my savings amounted to two pounds (great cheering); in six months I had saved, by teetotalism, five pounds (enthusiastic cheering); in nine months I had saved"—here the speaker dropped his voice and

paused, his hearers, all expectant, cheered him on —"I had saved," he continued, speaking very impressively, "quite enough to purchase a coffin, and I was then so prostrated by ill-health that I was nearly ready to be put into it, and, if I had not returned to malt liquor again, I should not have lived to give you the result of my experience."

ADDISON.

Addison was far from insensible to the pleasures of the table, and such a sentence as the following from his pen, savours of ingratitude. He says, "Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness; it often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric man into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity insupportable; and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity."

MAXIM OF THE ANCIENTS.

"The maxim of the ancients, 'in vino veritas' (says Johnson), may be an argument for drinking, if men in general are liars; but I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him." The Doctor has likewise an observation akin to those of Addison: "In the bottle, discontent seeks for com-

fort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence." A more recent writer observes "that wine is such a whetstone for wit, that if it be often set thereon, it will quickly grind all the steel out, and scarcely leave a back where it found an edge."

BUTLER ON THE ABUSE OF WINE.

Butler laments the *abuse* of wine in the following lines:—

"'T is pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His wearied mind and body too,
Should (like the cider tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd
Than th' owner's fatally destroyed."

PLUTARCH ON THE ARGUMENTATIVE EFFECT OF WINE.

No less grave a man than Plutarch relates the argumentative effect of wine, in his *Symposia, or Table Conversation*. He says that "one Lamprias, a man eminent for his learning, and a philosopher, disputed best, and unravelled the difficulties of philosophy with most success when he was at supper, and well warmed with wine." These table

entertainments were part of the education of the times, their discourses being commonly the canvassing and solution of some question, either philosophical or philological, always instructive and usually pleasant; for the cups went round with the debate, and men were merry and wise together, according to the proverb.

THE INSPIRING EFFECTS OF WINE.

It might be rather hazardous to quote many examples of the inspiring effects of wine. Passing by the feats of ancient wine-drinking, we may touch upon a few nearer our own day, and observe that some of the greatest, as well as the meanest, actions of men's lives have been performed under the potent agency of the juice of the grape, or of some intoxicating liquid. Even the poor savage thought brandy was made of tongues and hearts, "for when I have drunk it, I fear nothing, and talk like an angel." This is very *naïve*, and thousands of civilized sons have adopted an opinion expressed with such amiable simplicity. Three of the brightest lights of their time — Fox, Pitt, and Sheridan—appear to have profited by the particular branch of education alluded to by Plutarch. The story of Sheridan finishing the last act of Pizarro, a plate of sandwiches, and two bottles of Claret in half-an-hour, is well known. Lord Byron thought Sheridan "superb, very convivial, and

delightful—for *his* very dregs are better than the first runnings of others." Byron's note of a party at which Sheridan was present is equally characteristic: "First silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogetheresy, then inarticulate, and then drunk."*

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF THE GRAPE.

Those who object to the medicinal properties of the juice of the grape when converted into wine may draw some benefit from reading the following statement of the grape cure, extracted from an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

Among the most agreeable hygienic processes extant must be reckoned the grape cure. There are, on the continent, numerous establishments devoted to the use of the remedy: two in France —Aigle in Savoy, and Cellos-les-Baines in the Ardéche; three, at least, in Switzerland, Veyteaux, Vevey, Montreaux; and many in Germany, Austria, the Tyrol, and Hungary.

The juice of the grape, containing, according to a medical authority, 25 per cent. of its weight in active agents—glucose, tartaric acid, potash, chalk, soda, oxide of iron, and manganese, in combination with sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, &c.—there is some reason for comparing this "organic mineral

* Abridged from *The Wine-Drinker's Manual*, an anonymous work, published in 1830.

water," as it has been called, with the inorganic, the curative powers of which are so universally recognised, and for expecting similar results from it. The cure is very simple. It consists in eating an immense quantity of grapes, the thin-skinned sweet white varieties being best for the purpose. The patient takes but little ordinary food, and is required to eat three or four pounds of fruit a day just at first, the quantity being gradually increased to eight, ten, and even twelve pounds of grapes. This is, if possible, to be eaten in the open air, in the vineyard whence the supply is derived—an arrangement which, no doubt, greatly conduces to the efficacy of the cure. It is frequently undertaken in their practice by French physicians, who possess the material for it in the incomparable Chasselas, of which such quantities are selling in Paris.

CURES EFFECTED BY ALCOHOL.

It will, I trust, not deteriorate from the utility of this work if I adduce instances of the value of alcohol in counteracting disease and preserving life. It must not be presumed that I favour the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants; their use in the form of ardent spirits, to those in health, is essentially injurious, if not poisonous. But there are instances of the effect of alcohol in counteracting a poison of ordinarily the most fatal character, and I shall,

from the following authenticated narratives, show that even drunkenness may be turned to good account:—

M. Jules Cloquet, the celebrated anatomist, has recently communicated to the Academy of Sciences particulars of a snake bite cured by the expedient of making the patient swallow copious draughts of strong alcoholic spirit. The intelligence was conveyed to M. Cloquet in a letter sent to him from the Philippine Islands by M. de la Gironniére, and the following is an abstract:—"Our forests," writes M. de la Gironniére, "swarm with serpents, some of them extremely poisonous. A short time since one of my workmen was bitten in the finger by a little snake, considered by the Indians to belong to the most dangerous species. The creature is only some five-and-twenty or thirty centimetres long, but is very deadly. Its colour is yellow, and it has a flat triangular head. The poison fangs of this serpent are about a centimetre and a half long. The man was brought to me a short time subsequent to the accident. I had no ammonia by me, so I cauterized the wound well with live coals. That treatment, however, did not arrest the symptoms, which were most alarming. The hand and arm tumefied quite up to the shoulder, and the patient screamed as though on the point of death. What to do I did not for the moment know. A little *vin de coco* (very strong spirit) was, however, near. I made him

drain it to the last drop, when almost immediately he fell down intoxicated. He began to talk incoherently, but showed no signs of pain, and the swelling did not seem to proceed. Half-an-hour passed away, and he began to recover his faculties, but, also, returned the pain; whereupon I made him swallow another bottleful of spirit, and subsequently a third, which latter effected a complete cure. I had heard," continues M. de la Gironniére, "that alcohol, pushed to the extent of inducing complete drunkenness, was a specific against the bite of serpents, and now I have a convincing proof of it."

We give another authenticated instance of the results of a bite from a rattlesnake. Mr. George W. Kendall writes the following from Texas to a newspaper in New Orleans :—" Before I forget, I must tell you that the medicine chest has just arrived, and the very moment I opened it I found a pressing use for one of the articles it contained. I was counting over the flasks, when one of my men came running in, and exclaimed that he had just been bitten by a rattlesnake. He held his left wrist, while two streams of blood flowed from one of his fingers, where the fangs of the serpent had pierced him. As the man had no tobacco I told him to fill his mouth with salt, and with all his might to suck the wound. I then held a cloth steeped in hartshorn to the wound, to counteract the working of the poison. I next put

thirty drops of hartshorn into a glass of Whisky, and poured the whole contents down his throat. Five minutes afterwards I repeated the dose, and again in another five minutes. I had now administered a whole quart of Whisky, with ninety drops of hartshorn, and held it sufficient. The man was an Irishman, an old soldier, and took the thing very coolly. It was a great satisfaction to him when he heard that another man had killed the serpent. For three-quarters of an hour he sat quiet, and spoke about the bite with cold-blooded indifference, while I continued to renew the application of hartshorn to the wound in the finger. He said it was too bad that he should die of the bite of a poisonous snake, while I was astonished he could remain unaffected after such a dose of Whisky. After about an hour he began to laugh, then to whistle, then to sing, and finally attempted to dance. It was now all right. I knew that the Whisky had gained the upper hand of the poison, and for the first time had intoxicated him. Five minutes after he was as drunk as Bacchus, beat on the ground with his feet, slept for half a day, and in the morning was well and at his work. So much for the first case which I have cured with the contents of the medicine chest! The hartshorn with the Whisky completed the cure."

Dr. Pereira, in his *Treatise on Food and Diet*, says,—"Alcohol, therefore, is a fuel in the animal

economy, by the combustion of which caloric is evolved." Common experience favours this view. Coachmen and others take it in cold weather to keep them warm, and it is familiarly used to prevent what is commonly called "catching cold." In cases of extreme suffering and exhaustion from excessive exertion and privation of food, the cautious and moderate dietetical use of spirits has, on many occasions, proved invaluable. In Captain Bligh's account of the sufferings of himself and companions, in consequence of the mutiny of the crew of the "Bounty," he observes,—"The little Rum we had was of great service; when our nights were particularly distressing, I generally served a teaspoonful or two to each person, and it was joyful tidings when they heard of my intentions." The gallant Havelock "was a great advocate of temperance, but no teetotaller." We quote from his life by Murchman, who says,—"It was through his influence that a temperance society was formed in the regiment of which Colonel Sale and Captain Chadwick enrolled themselves as members. A coffee-room was built, and every accommodation provided which could attract the men from the canteen. In that coffee-room Havelock was accustomed frequently to address them with a view of encouraging sobriety and mental improvement." To such an extent did he succeed in this noble endeavour, that Sir Archibald Campbell, when a sudden attack was made,

and the first called troops were not prepared, said —"Then call out Havelock's saints, they are always sober, and can be depended upon." before Havelock's final attack on Cawnpore his soldiers had no meat for forty eight hours, and happily some Porter was served out; it made some of them stagger, but no one who heard their cheers as they marched off, and marked their invigorated step, when they subsequently came into close contact with the enemy, could doubt the beneficial result of this stimulant. We are subsequently told how the men's minds were depressed by the hideous spectacles at Cawnpore, of their endeavours to reach Lucknow without success, how the nervous system gave way, and the men dropped with cholera, with dysentery, with fever, the certain followers of nervous depression. Havelock was a sensible man, and a practical philosopher. Thus he writes to Gen. Neill at Allahabad for reinforcements:—"If the road behind us is open, as I believe it to be, I trust you will be able to prevent the necessity of our being reduced to half rations of *Rum*, which would be a most trying deprivation to troops exposed to the fatigue and hardships that my men have endured."

A celebrated English physician, Dr. Todd, applied the theory to the treatment of acute diseases, such as inflammations and fevers, and imagined that alcohol, in the shape of wine or

Brandy, might prove an admirable substitute during the inability of the stomach to digest ordinary nourishment. The old notion that wine and Brandy would increase the force of an acute inflammation was upset, and a new method of saving life was invented; for no one had previously given alcohol in the same way, and on the same principles, in the treatment of the so-called sthenic (or strong) diseases. As was not unnatural, the wide-spread celebrity of Dr. Todd's practice contributed to establish a conviction of the truth of Liebig's doctrines.

We condense from this eminent authority a portion of his Fourteenth Lecture, page 461:—

"Let me call your attention very briefly to the particular forms of disease in which you are most likely to find alcohol useful for promoting the healing process by upholding vital power. But here I think it necessary to guard myself against the imputation of encouraging the excessive and improper use of alcohol. No one who thoroughly appreciates the great value of this agent in the treatment of disease will regard with indifference the abuse of it in health. And I will yield to no one in the desire to see this beneficial gift of God to man (so easily converted into a destructive poison, capable of weakening nervous power, and of annihilating all the best qualities of his mind), employed with the care and moderation through

which alone it contributes to the health of mind and body. It is curious, indeed, to observe, that with the exception of the very lowest traces of men, there is scarcely one of the various tribes with which this earth is peopled which has not discovered for itself some method of preparing an alcoholic liquid; shewing, I think, the existence of an instinct in human nature for such a food as alcohol. Alcohol may be employed in all those diseases in which a tendency to depression of the vital power exists; and there are no acute diseases in which this lowering tendency is not present. Many such maladies will, doubtless, get well without the interference of art."

It would be going too far in this particular subject for me to illustrate the success of Dr. Todd's treatment of the cases under his hands, all of which are explained in his lectures; but I will supplement what I have said by a short extract from an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The writer says, "Those who closely watched the practice of Dr. Todd, saw with astonishment that patients suffering under acute diseases, and for days together unable to take any thing but large doses of alcohol, recovered from their maladies with scarcely any of the emaciation and loss of strength which they had so often seen protracted for a long period of convalescence. The inference seemed plain. The alcohol had united with the

oxygen, and had prevented it from feeding upon and burning up the tissues, so that but little wasting had taken place. The more inattentive followers of Dr. Todd, those who had never closely watched him at the bed side, unfortunately quite mistook his principles, and went to the absurd length of investing Brandy with the character of a specific against almost every disease.

From all this there has now come a great revulsion. Chemists have arisen, both in this country and in France, who declare that alcohol is not a food at all. They say that they have proved by experimental investigation that the whole of the alcohol which we take into the stomach runs through the body as it might through a filter, and is very shortly cast out by the various excretions, totally unchanged. There is no union with oxygen, no combustion to change into carbonic acid and water, therefore alcohol cannot be a food. '*L'alcohol n'est pas un aliment*,' says M. Lallemand, in a magisterial way. Alcohol, in short, is nothing more nor less than a poison, of which the system hastens eagerly to rid itself as fast as possible! Very nearly the same language is held by Dr. Edward Smith, who has published some papers on the subject; and as Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, has adopted the new doctrines, the teetotallers became, of course, radiant with triumph. But," says the writer in *Cornhill*, "I do not happen

to share in the belief that the new oracles have effectually settled the question. I wish to state what seem to me very good and sufficient grounds for hesitation in accepting the reformed faith, and casting away the traditions of the greatest teacher of clinical medicine, and one of the most philosophical physicians of the present century.

"Alcohol, when taken into the stomach in any dose, immediately enters the blood. It needs no digestion: the stomach veins suck it up as a sponge might do, and it passes unchanged into the circulation. It has been proved by MM. Lallemand and Perrier (what had long ago been supposed) that alcohol possesses a peculiar affinity for the nervous system, and tends to collect itself in that part of the body. The nervous tissue has some strange attraction for it, which is not to be explained by our chemical theories; and whilst this sort of incorporation (temporary it may be) of the alcohol is going on, of necessity the circulation in the nervous centres and their functional activity is increased.

"If the pulse be slow and feeble, the effect of alcohol is to increase its action and strength; if it be unnaturally quick and irregular, it is usually steadied and made slow. A genial sense of slight warmth pervades the body, owing to the fine branches of sympathetic nerves, which accompany all the arteries and govern the contractions of their

muscular coats. But the teetotaller would say that the stimulant effect is soon succeeded by a depression which leaves the moderate drinker in a worse condition than he was before he took his small dose of alcohol: but this statement is not borne out by the testimony of moderate drinkers themselves, nor is it warranted, theoretically, by what we know of the physiological action of the stimulant. What we should expect from our knowledge of physiological laws is that after a certain length of time the slight excitement and elevation of the nervous force would subside, leaving matters as they were before the dose; and this is precisely what moderate drinkers tell us of their own experience. In cases, indeed, where the nervous system has been worn with incessant fatigue or mental distress, or starved by an insufficient or poorly concocted blood supply, there is little doubt that even this amount of reaction does not take place, but that there is a permanent improvement of the functional power of the brain, in consequence of the administration of small doses of alcohol."

The writer then satirizes the teetotal habit of throwing hard words at what they call the "slavish habit" of moderate drinking. He says,—"Anything which we eat or drink may be a snare in our way, viz.: if we allow ourselves to become unreasonably fond of it for the sake of its mere

temporary effects upon the palate; and it is quite possible in this way to be 'ensnared' into an extravagant and hurtful indulgence in roast beef or plum pudding. Dr. Johnson is said to have been 'ensnared' by veal pie with plums in it, a food in the presence of which he invariably forgot prudence and even decency." The writer, after leaving the subject of moderate drinking, next investigates the cases of undoubted intemperance, and disputes the notion that there is any true "excitement" in drunkenness.

HYDROPHOBIA.

At intervals of time, the public mind is excited and alarmed by newspaper accounts of cases of hydrophobia. Many a household pet is looked upon with suspicion; and every stray dog who may cease to wag his tail, or does so too vigorously, or betrays any eccentricity in his walks abroad, and is found wandering about without an owner, is accused of "rabies," his fate is settled without trial, and he is condemned and disposed of.

The subject of hydrophobia is far too scientific for my limited comprehension, and the medical faculty appear to be all at sea as to the proper treatment to be pursued in this the most distressing of all maladies.

At the risk of the rebuke that—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,"

I must say it strikes me that the diagnosis is somewhat similar to that of lockjaw; and I venture to give, for the consideration of the medical profession, the following, which I found some years ago in a provincial journal. Its insertion here cannot be considered out of place:—

LOCKJAW.

The *Abeille Médicale* contains a curious account of cases of lockjaw cured by Brandy. Among the effects of intoxication by alcohol, muscular lassitude or relaxation is one of the most prominent, and may be carried to such a point as even to produce death. Some time ago a boy, nine years of age, named Powell, was received into Steven's Hospital, Dublin, with a wound on his left leg, part of the teguments having been torn off to the extent of twelve inches. The patient went on well until the tenth day, when symptons of lockjaw made their appearance. Many remedies were tried, but in vain, the convulsions increasing in intensity as time wore on. Dr. Hutchinson, perceiving that the case was desperate, at length bethought himself of a somewhat similar instance which occurred in 1817, when a man, labouring under idiopathic lockjaw, had been cured in the course of three or four days by being kept in a state of constant drunkenness. He resolved to repeat the experiment in the present case, and administered

Punch at frequent intervals. The frequency and intensity of the spasms began on the second day to visibly diminish, and at the end of a fortnight every tetanic symptom had disappeared. The wound healed gradually, and the patient is now recovered.

A MAUDLIN TEETOTALLER.

It was in Waterford, on an occasion subsequent to Father Mathew's first visit, that the following whimsical occurrence took place :—

The hall of the Court House was too confined in its space to accommodate the vast numbers that pressed on continually to take the pledge, and the weather being then peculiarly severe the meetings were necessarily held in the Catholic Cathedral, a very fine and spacious building. In one of the enormous batches, of which there were several during the day, was a poor fellow who was decidedly "the worse of liquor"—in fact, unmistakably tipsy. He, nevertheless, managed to repeat the words of the pledge with due gravity and decorum; but no sooner had Father Mathew approached him to mark his forehead with the sign of the cross, as was his custom, than the new member of the temperance society clutched his leader by the skirts of his coat with a grasp such as a drunken man can take, and, in a voice much broken by hiccups, cried out—"Father, Ma-ma-chee, darlin', you m-m-ust k-k-iss me!" "My dear, do let me

go. God bless you, my dear child; be a good boy for the future. There—do let me go," said Father Mathew. "No, Father Ma-chee, darlin', I won't l-l-ave go my hoult till I get wan k-k-iss!" "Oh, my dear, do let me go!" "No; wan is all I ax, an I m-m-ust have it. Don't r-r-efuse a poor fellow-craychure wan kiss—only wan!" persisted the tender soul. Several gentlemen, including the clergymen in attendance, approached, and tried to pacify Jim, and induce him to quit his hold of Father Mathew's coat; but all to no purpose. Jim was determined to have his "wan k-k-iss." "Jim, avick, arn't you ashamed of yourself—the holy priest!—an' in the chapel, too!" remonstrated an old woman near him. "Jim, you bosthoon you! quit yer hould of his reverence this moment!" insisted a sturdy friend at the other side. "No, not till I get wan k-k-iss; no, af I die for it, I won't lave go." Father Mathew, seeing that unpleasant consequences were likely to ensue if Jim's rather inconvenient request was not at once complied with, resolved to make him happy, and accordingly kissed Jim on both cheeks, saying, "Now, James, my dear, go home and remain quiet, and be a sensible boy for the future." The "boy," we may remark, was not much short of 40 years of age. Jim relinquished his grasp of the skirt of the coat, and retired, proud of his achievement.

THE VILLAGE BAND.

Another droll anecdote, related, as with a twinkling eye of appreciative fun, by Father Mathew's biographer, is given under the above title:—

"Plaze, your reverence, the gintlemen of the band would like to know what chune your reverence would prefer." "Oh, my dear, anything; let the gentlemen please themselves." "Your reverence, they'd like to lave it to yourself." "Well, my dear, 'God Save the Queen' is a very fine air, and so is 'Patrick's Day.'" "I'm afeared, sir, we're only learning them chunes; but would your reverence like the 'Conquering Haro?'" "Hadn't we that before, my dear?" "Well, you had, your reverence. Perhaps your reverence would be after liking 'Love not'?—that's a mighty sweet thing." "It is, indeed, my dear, a very nice air; but hadn't we that also?" "Well, you had, your reverence; but the gintlemen of the band thought you'd like to plaze yourself." Father Mathew, of course, understood the limited nature of the band's repertoire, and so he gravely called for the "Conquering Hero," and expressed a hope that it might be followed, in the course of the evening, by that delightful air, "Love not." The band felt the more proud at having paid this graceful compliment, and they executed the doomed pieces of music several times that night with unabated vigour and undiminished discord.

AN AMERICAN ON TEETOTALISM.

One of our American cousins, in journeying by stages from Liverpool to the Metropolis, chanced to put up at an inn in a comparatively small village. After having partaken of a frugal repast in the way of dinner the Yankee peremptorily summoned the waiter and inquired whether there was any amusement going on that evening. "No, sir," said the waiter. "Is there any theatre?" asked the visitor. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Any concert?" "No, sir," rejoined the waiter. "Then in the name of Fortune," exclaimed the American, "is there nothing going on in this tarnation place?" "Well," said the waiter, "there is a temperance meeting at the national school," and accordingly our Yankee friend to beguile the time betook himself there. He took up a position very near the platform, and heard several temperance speeches delivered, when being noticed by the chairman, who imagined from his presence that he endorsed the opinions held by the meeting, the American was asked to ascend the platform and to address those present. This our Yankee friend did in the following terms:—"Weel, strangers, we have heard a good deal this evening about water. Now water generates steam, and steam has brought me across the herring-pond, and I hope to goodness before long it will take me back again, but I guess I have read my bible as much as here and there a one, and there is only one place

recorded, as far as I know, where a man asked for *water*, and you all know where he was!"

MRS. PARTINGTON ON INTEMPERANCE.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech;" at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness for ever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?"

AN EXAMPLE FOR DIPSOMANIACS.

A remarkable instance of the determination to cure himself of inordinate drinking is shown in the life of Luige Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, who died at Padua in 1566, at the age of ninety-eight. He was, up to the age of forty-eight, the greatest inebriate of his day, and almost fabulous accounts are given as to the quantity he could imbibe at one sitting. In his eighty-third year he wrote a treatise

Of the Advantages of a Temperate Life, and subsequently added three other discourses on the same subject, the fourth and last being included in a letter to Barbars, the Patriarch of Aquileia, to whom he states that, though at the age of ninety-five, he is still in possession of health, vigour, and the perfect use of all his faculties. He informs us that, from the thirty-fifth to the fortieth year of his age, he spent his nights and days, when not drinking, in almost unremitted suffering.

Having tried all other remedies in vain, his physicians earnestly recommended a more temperate course of life; and, when he was forty, he began gradually to diminish the quantity of his food, and to eat and drink nothing but what nature required. At first he found this severe regimen very disagreeable, and he confesses that he did occasionally relapse to "the flesh-pots of Egypt." To the infirm and valetudinarian wine is a necessary comfort beyond all price. There is a singular instance in the life of Cornaro that during his long illness he always revived just after the vintage —when he left off the old and decaying wines of the last vintage and commenced drinking the new. The efficacy of his system depended on his taking a certain quantity of solids every day. The fluid consisted entirely of wine, but he diminished the quantity of each as he advanced in years. During this period he enjoyed an equal state of health,

except that sometimes, before the vintage returned and the new wine was made, he quickly became so weak and languid that his physicians declared he could not possibly continue to survive many days in that declining state; but, on the return of the vintage, and on taking the same quantity of new wine, he very quickly recovered his usual strength and spirits.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, refers to Cornaro's writings in flattering terms. He says, "This treatment has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it."

Cornaro's system has had many followers. The best authenticated case is that of Thomas Wood, a miller of Billericay, in Essex, to whom a neighbouring clergyman lent the *Life of Cornaro (Medical Transactions of the Life of Physicians)*. The old Venetian does not insist on such extreme abstinence as he practised—"both the quality and the quantity ought to depend on the constitution"—but he is probably right in hinting that men of all constitutions shorten their lives and weaken their enjoyments by over eating and drinking.

THE POWER OF SPEECH RESTORED BY PORT.

Madden relates, in the *Infirmities of Genius*, that a baronet well known in the gay world was seized with paralysis, and found himself, on his return from a convivial party, suddenly deprived of speech, and power of moving one side of his body. Either from desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of Port Wine brought to his bed-side, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side, and went to sleep. The baronet lived several years afterwards, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as ever, and he daily discussed his bottle or two of Port with apparent impunity.

LOVING ONE'S ENEMIES.

A teetotaller, seeing a man about to drink a glass of Brandy, said—"Don't drink that filthy stuff! Brandy is the worst enemy you have!" "I know that," was the reply; "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to *love our enemies*—so here goes."

TEMPERANCE PILFERINGS FROM "PUNCH."

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

In a *Times* leader on the Parliament Licensing Bill occurred the remark, relative to the United

Kingdom Alliance abolitionists—"Sober persons are unwilling to seem identified with impracticable fanatics." Just so, the sober refuse to be associated with the drunken. Fanatics who howl and shriek, and fight with fists at public meetings in the frenzy of their craving to impose a liquor on their neighbours, demonstrate the possibility of drunkenness without drinking. It is well, indeed, that they should be debarred from "intoxicating liquors," which would fearfully increase their habitual condition of excitement from intoxicating sentiments, for they go about drunk under the influence of lust of rule, bred of outrageous vanity and conceit, or in phrenological language, an excessive development and an inflamed state of the organs of self-esteem and love of approbation, arousing combativeness and destructiveness into furious activity, accompanied by a general frame of mind resembling *delirium tremens*.

TEETOTALLERS' TABLE TALK.

Who with Sir Wilfrid Lawson dines,
We may suppose is served with wines,
For if the contrary were known,
Wilfrid would mostly dine alone.

When guests, of whom he is the host,
The bottle stop, in talk engrossed,
"Pass," cries he, as in conscience bound,
"The intoxicating liquors round!"

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

The *City Press* quotes, as below, a manuscript on parchment attached to an ancient painting removed in 1803 from the old Bull Inn, Bishopgate Street:—

"Portrait of Mr. Van Dorn, a Hamburg merchant. Belonged to a club called 'The Amicable Society,' held at the Bull Inn, Bishopgate Street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period he drank 35,680 bottles of wine, which makes 2973 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles and a half per day; and did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days—the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter, and lived till he was ninety years of age. Painted by Mr. Hymon, in the year 1743."

TURF NEWS FOR TEETOTALLERS.

It is possible Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the Rev. Dawson Burns, Mr. Samuel Pope, and all you other respected leaders of the Permissive Prohibitory agitation, that you are not accustomed to read very attentively the sporting intelligence in the newspapers. An interesting fact relating to our friend "Argus" may have chanced therefore to escape the notice of many of you gentlemen. It may not therefore be superfluous, then, to inform you that at Newcastle-on-Tyne races the Northumberland Plate was won by a horse named

Taraban. The fact above referred to was connected with *Taraban's* triumph, and is, on that account, particularly worthy of your attention. Accordingly, pray you, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest (if you can) the statement of "Argus," that

"*Taraban*, before being saddled, was indulged with a bottle of old Port, which he enjoyed like a churchwarden, and I fancy it must have been from *John Scott's* choicest bin, for the old horse never ran more kindly in all his life."

Gentlemen of the platform above named, you and all your associates, are respectfully invited to consider the beneficial interests of Port wine, of which the foregoing extract presents you with an instance in a dumb animal. Please also to consider that the animal which Port Wine invigorated was that noble animal, the horse. Port would probably have been refused by, had it been offered to, that ignoble animal, the ass. The ass is very particular in his drinking. He drinks water alone, and if he could bray intelligibly would, doubtless, demand that the horse should be restricted to the same beverage. Don't be donkeys.

THREE REASONS FOR NOT DRINKING.

Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman:—"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day. "No, thank you," replied Mr. B. "No! why not?"

inquired his friend in amazement. "In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am secretary to a temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

LORD PALMERSTON.

Teetotallers are not very scrupulous in claiming as their disciples those who rank high in the state, and they have made an attempt to class amongst them Lord Palmerston. We will save the noble lord from being handed down to posterity as one of the water party. Dr. Lees, of teetotal celebrity, writes to the secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance:—"I was at Romsey the other day, staying with Lord Palmerston's medical attendant, and I learned that the premier never drinks wine at home, and is very nearly a teetotaller." "Since," says a newspaper paragraph, "the medical adviser of the first lord of the treasury does not hesitate to publish his noble patient's convivial habits, we may be pardoned for giving an extract of a letter (to a friend) of an Irish M.P., who was one of a large dinner party at Lord Palmerston's, and from which it would appear that the premier, though certainly a temperate man (in drinking) is not 'almost a

teetotaller,' and is by no means rigorously abstemious in the matter of eating :—'It is, we consider, that, with such a good appetite, and, I presume, good digestion too, old Pam should preserve his vigour. Being deeply interested in how one who was fast approaching the period of octogenarianism continued to have all the freshness and force, and I was going to add, flexibility of a boy, I did notice as far as I could, without seeming to be doing so, his style of feeding. Taught as I have been that abstemiousness is the secret of health, I was surprised to find that he partook of soup, fish, four entrées (cutlets, sweet bread, and oyster paté,—the fourth I forget, but he did eat of a *fourth*), a good slice or two of a saddle of mutton; jelly, blancmange, and a Nesselrode pudding (sweets, despite the doctor's outcry against them), taking suitable wine like his guests with each, and finishing off with a bit of Stilton cheese and a good glass of bottled beer. We did not sit long after dinner, and he, I think, then only took one glass of wine. He seemed thoroughly to relish his victuals and drink, and was very airy and pleasant with us all.' "

The Irish M.P.'s statement can be fully corroborated by many who have dined at the table with the noble lord upon public occasions. We have been sufficiently near to him at one of the Lord Mayor's civic banquets to observe that he took his wine freely and with evident gusto.

PRYNNE.

There have been, from time to time, many writers who denounced the gross sensuality of Prynne. An author, in the reign of Elizabeth, in a book called *Superfluity in Drink*, says, "Superfluity in drink is a sin, that, ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries, is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in the highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spat at him, and warned all our friends out of his company."

Another writer of the same reign thus describes the stages of drunkenness.

"The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings and hollows and danceth for the heavens; the second is *lyon-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, breaks the glass windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink, and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheep-drunk*, even in his own conceit, when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *maudlin-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, 'Captain, I love thee; go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me as I do of thee; I would I could not love thee

so well as I do;' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *martin-drunk*, when a man is drunk and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but upon lechery; the eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk."

JOHN GREEN.

John Green was born in the flourishing market-town of Gooseville, of poor but teetotal parents. Though but sparingly possessed of this world's goods, his father, at the time of John's birth, had attained to high honours amongst the fraternity of Good Templars, and was Deputy Grand Master of his local lodge. This meant that he was entitled to wear a tinsel star on his left breast, a collar of blue satin, fringed with magnificent yellow, about his worthy neck, and, what was of much more importance to John's papa, was empowered to collect twopence per head from the members of the lodge every week, for which being, by nature of his high office, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, he was never called on to account. It was his ambition to lay his son on the teetotal altar at as early a period of his career as possible, and John Green became a member of the Gooseville Band of Hope at the somewhat premature age of eleven months.

But even then the child had shown delightful signs of teetotal instincts. Whilst he was being weaned, a neighbour's wife, who had volunteered assistance, attempted to administer cardamoms and gin to him surreptitiously. But the infant Rechabite was on the alert, and putting one of his dimpled fists in the woman's eye, dashed the destroying cup to the ground with the other, and all but died of convulsions before daybreak. It was also noticed by his devoted mother that one night, instead of being restless and noisy as usual, he fell asleep with a beatific smile about eleven p.m., and gurgled with delight several times during the night. It was found out the next morning that the large brewery at D—— had been burned to the ground during the darkness, and it was stated in the local journal that "The presence of the devouring element was first observed at about five-and-twenty minutes past eleven." From that time forth the minds of John's parents were made up. Their child should be devoted to the cause of teetotalism; and on the very day he commenced to walk a teetotal medal attached to a blue riband was placed around his neck, and only removed when he was thoroughly washed. It was taken off but seldom.

Before he was five years old John Green took his tea as strong as his father, yet suffered severely from dyspepsia for one so young. He was known at the national school—what proud distinction it

was!—as "Pumpy," and such was his affection for water, that he used to walk purposely in all the puddles that happened to be in his path. It used to be his fond father's boast that John should never have "the drink" on his conscience. John's fond father was right. John Green during the whole course of his, alas! too short existence never tasted intoxicating liquors. "The drink" never lay heavy on his conscience or on his stomach. From his babyhood through he had water on his brain. Nature had evidently intended him for a temperance lecturer.

Just before his ninth birthday John Green attended his first teetotal meeting. It was held in the town-hall of Gooseville, and a very popular speaker, who first trod the stage of life as a clown, was the great attraction. The way that man—not long since passed to a watery grave—wrestled with the demon Alcohol made a deep impression on our young friend, as he joined in singing the closing hymn, "Throw down the bottle, and never drink again!" to the air of "Wait for the wagon," with surprising fervour. On his way home he had to pass the spirit stores in the High Street of Gooseville, kept by Messrs. Crow and Co., and seeing a bottle of Irish Whisky on the counter, the youthful enthusiast left his father's side, rushed into the shop, and dashed the poison on the ground. His father paid the four-and-sixpence—much to his

chagrin—out of the accumulated twopences of the lodge, and impressed on the impulsive John, with a stick, when they reached home, that however desirable it may be to throw down the bottle, it is distinctly necessary that the bottle thrown down is not the property of another. Thus zeal is ever its own reward.

In the winter of 187– the jolly teetotallers of Gooseville formed a rigorous committee to see that the estimable provisions of Mr. Bruce's Licensing Act were duly carried out by the publicans of the place. John Green, by this time more than fifteen, filled a prominent part on the committee, and it was owing to a suggestion of his that all the working members provided themselves with goloshes, the better to carry on their good work. After some weeks of useless watching in passages and back yards, during which time John Green contracted a neuralgic affection, that did not leave him till his death, he one night, after concealing himself for two hours in a thorough draught, observed a light in the bar parlour of the Gooseville Arms at ten minutes after eleven p.m. Creeping close to the window, he could see nothing, but distinctly heard the clink of glasses, followed by a fizzing sound. He at once rushed off to the police-station, and, accompanied by two policemen, returned gloriously to the Gooseville Arms. The light was still in the bar parlour—awful place !—and the sound of clink-

ing glasses, mentioned by John, was heard again. Without hesitation, the police entered, followed by our earnest friend. Surely enough the bar parlour was lighted up, and a couple of empty glasses and a jug were on the table. John Green's heart beat high. At last the labours of the winter were atoned for. His numerous chilly vigils had resulted in something at last. The landlord had met the police at the door, and offered no opposition to their entrance. John boldly stated his charge, and directed the police to summon the landlord for supplying liquor after the hour of closing. On interrogation, the host admitted he had mixed a drink after eleven, and supplied it to a neighbour who came in the back way. John Green was triumphant. And why not? For he felt it to be the proudest moment of his life. It struck him that several capital letters after his name would be his certain reward, and anxiously awaited the day for the hearing of the summons. The police court was packed with the Good Templars and their friends, and good John, as an important witness, was provided with a seat at the attorney's table. He told his tale nobly and well; conviction seemed certain, but John's triumph was not to be then. Unfortunately, in his hurry, he had forgotten to smell the empty glasses; and the landlord's neighbour swore that, not feeling well, he had gone in and borrowed half a seidlitz powder of his friend. Not

being altogether relieved, he had ventured just before the police came in, and taken the second half. One of the policemen gave corroborative evidence, and produced a white and blue paper. The case was ultimately dismissed, and John Green severely reprimanded by the bench. It is thus the motives of the truly great are always misunderstood, and their plans frustrated. Poor John gained nothing but a cold in the head from the affair. Like all great minds, he was not discouraged.

The following week, while bringing his acute detective powers to bear upon the internal economy of the Black Bear, he was found in a stable by the landlord, and violently assaulted as a burglar. John Green had only one consolation as he slowly recovered from his bruises in the accident ward of the Gooseville Infirmary, that was that he had been made a D.P.G.T., and would have access to the box containing the lodge fines when he got well again.

But his labours in the cause of teetotalism had already begun to tell upon poor John Green. The doctor had warned him to give up strong tea three years before, and told him that he drank the Gooseville water at the peril of his life. John Green, however, was not to be thus turned aside from the good way. The teapot in his father's house was now kept stewing on the hob all the day long, and green tea, once a Sunday afternoon treat, was now

a daily beverage. So great was his craving for tea that he took a jugful up to bed with him every night, and often drank the water out of the wash-hand jug in addition. He grew pale and emaciated, flatulency came on apace, and his friends were alarmed by his white and dried-up appearance. On being remonstrated with he replied, "I have taken the pledge, I shall stick to it," at the same time holding up a teapot and clasping it to his bony breast. To another friend who begged him to give up lemonade, he said, "It is too late, the coats of my stomach are gone." Noble John Green! how one's breast swells as he reads the history of so heroic a Good Templar. The day before he passed away he drank green tea incessantly, and expressed a strong wish to taste Binks's unfermented sacramental wine ere he died. A bottle was telegraphed for and had down at the expense of the Lodge of which John was such a bright and shining light, and he drank it in less than twenty minutes. John Green never spoke again. Reader! the moral is plain. Go thou and do likewise—if you do not know any better.

MAXIM.

Be careful not to provoke the giver by abusing the gift.

Irish Anecdotes.

BEATEN PATHS.

THE late T. C. Grattan, whose friendship I was privileged to own, gives in his *Beaten Paths** a most graphic account of a visit to the Squire of Knockderrig, in the neighbourhood of the Slievanamora Mountains, in the South of Ireland. I must omit a description of the party and the doings at dinner, and come to the fluid combinations, so naturally required to liquidate that complicated amount of solid materials which the author alludes to, but does not dwell upon.

The Madeira, and Sherry, and Champagne (a dear luxury during the wars with France), the Port and Claret, brought up in baskets from the cellar, the Liqueurs (particularly the genuine Curaçao), the Cognac, the Hollands, the Rum (imported direct from Port Royal to Waterford), and the Whisky, distilled at the very foot of Slievanamora, in iron pots over peat fires, the real unadulterated

* *Beaten Paths, and those who trod them.* Chapman and Hall, 1862.

illicit potheen. Could any *connoisseur* find any way to do justice to their various merits but by making up the difference in a general mixing, so that none should have cause to be jealous? And was not that liberal plan duly followed out? Didn't the hobnobbing begin with the very first slice of the boiled turkey at the head of the table, and the prompt dissection of the roast goose by Sir Jeffrey at the foot of it? Every man asked his neighbour to the right and left to drink a glass of wine with him, and the neighbours asked him in return, and everybody asked somebody else, and somebody did the same with everybody. And the host made it a point to ask each of his guests, and every guest of course asked the host. And then one after another was requested to "join" some couple that were engaged to each other. And one jovial fellow being pledged in the usual way to take a glass, replied facetiously, "Two, if you please!" and the example was followed by the rest of the company, who relished the joke—and the wine; and so, in fact, when the cloth was "drawn," and the dessert put rather stragglingly on the mahogany, that brilliantly reflected every bottle in the beautiful varnish, which the Squire was so very proud of, every man was in a state of still preparation for the sundry round of toasts and sentiments, and songs and choruses, and jokes and stories of all kinds.

It was then the drinking really began. All the dinner practice was mere sharpshooting, skirmishing, for the general engagement. A few rounds of the wine bottles were followed by a pretty general request for the *potheen*, and sure enough it was produced in plentiful supplies, in large decanters, with steaming jugs of hot water on the sideboard, sugar, lemons, and all the accessories for all kinds of Punch—Brandy, Rum, or Whisky. Then arrive more visitors, and the fun "grows fast and furious." One Jack Mandeville chants, in a sort of maudlin recitative, the following address to Whisky, holding a large tumbler of Punch of "that ilk" aloft as he sang, and putting it religiously to his lips at the end of every verse :—

"O Whisky Punch, I love you much, for you're the very thing
To level all distinctions 'twixt a beggar and a king;
You lift me up so aisy, and so gently let me down,
That the devil a hair I care what I wear, a cubeen or a crown.

"While you're a coursin' through my veins, I feel so mighty pleasant,
That I cannot just exactly tell whether I'm prince or peasant;
Maybe I'm one, maybe the other, but that gives me small trouble,
By the powers! I b'lieve I'm both of them, for I think I'm seein' double.

"The man who first made Claret, or Madeira, was a botch
To him who first invented Whisky, Irish or Scotch;
The praise of pure potheen I 'll sing, in epic, ode, or sonnet,
And bad luck to him, I say again, who 'd throw cold water on it.

"How mighty fast the room turns round with all the people in it;
O, I hope this night will shortly end, that we might once more begin it!
For 't is my delight, at morn or night, while our tumblers we are clinkin',
To turn my head away from bed, and dhrame that I am drinkin'.

"Then Whisky Punch, long life to you," &c.

Midnight and the "broiled bones," devilled kidneys, and smoked but undressed hams, to suit the special German taste, came round, and a fresh lease seemed to be taken of the festive board by its occupants of the last six hours. The results were more apparent with every stroke of the clock. There was more noise and less harmony. The Squire, in his enthusiasm, after proposing nine times nine in honour of the health of a well-known county beauty, set the example of dashing his glass up against the ceiling, lest it should run the chance of contamination by being filled for any less interesting toast. Everyone did as the host, and a

shower of fragments and dust came down on the table, but I forget if anyone was hurt by it, or if it fell into anyone's eyes.

The plot was thickening, but the party was thinning. The German Major was the first to give in. Had the beverage been *Baierish Bier* or *Schnaps*, he would have held out for ever; but the *potheen* was too much for him, and he was led off to bed emphatically drunk, soon after the small hours gave chime. The next victim was the priest, who, having found his ninth or tenth tumbler of Punch rather potent, called for hot water to modify its strength.

"Hot water, Thigeen, to his reverence," said the Squire, with a wink of his eye.

"Hot water!" murmured the coadjutor.

"Yes, your reverence," said Thigeen Butch, lifting the copper kettle that was kept "on the boil" in the embers of the large wood fire, and he filled up the tumbler.

The priest half emptied it, and, shaking his head and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "it's still too strong."

"Then hold it with both hands, your reverence," said Sir Jeffrey; "more hot water for his reverence."

"Yes, sir," cried Thigeen, obsequiously filling the tumbler again; but no alteration was produced in the scalding draught. And, in fact, to betray the secret, the kettle contained Whisky, not water,

and it was purposely administered in these successive overpowering doses to the priest as a friendly means of getting him quietly out of the way, and he was thus disposed of.

I scarcely know what followed this freak. I began about this time to think the corners of the room itself took a circular form. I know there was a blind piper introduced, and that three or four of the party danced a jig, and that several of the party jumped over the table, while one or two by accident fell under it. The Squire held firm to his post, nailed to the mast as it were, like the colours of a ship in a hard fight, and his guests, like a staunch crew, seemed resolved to stick to it while a plank was left afloat.

An abrupt change of scene startled me and the rest into perfect consciousness. "Out with the lamps and candles! open the shutters!" exclaimed the Squire, in a loud voice of command. Several of the servants, who were only waiting for the word, acted in the order with simultaneous alacrity. "Welcome the daylight!" added he, stretching forth both arms and raising his eyes, as a whole flood of sunshine burst into the room. The sobering effect of this *coup de théatre* was electrifying. Every man started to his feet and turned to the bright beams with an astonished and almost reverential gaze, somewhat like a group of fire-worshippers hailing the first burst of the day-god up from the sea into

the sky. "This is the way, boys, we knock two days into one at Knockderrig," said our host, laughing loud. "Wheel me out to the hall door, I want a bumper of fresh air. Who's ready for the hunt?"

AN OPINION GRATIS.

Counsel: "Now sir, I've just a question or two that you will answer by virtue of your oath"——

The Bench: "Really, Mr."——

Counsel: "I beg your lordship's pardon—but it is absolutely important. Now, by virtue of your oath, haven't you been drinking this morning?"

Witness: "To be sure I have."

Counsel: "How much did you drink?"

Witness: "Faith, I don't know; I never troubled myself keeping 'count, barrin I'm sarving the customers at home."

Counsel: "You took a glass of Whisky before breakfast, of course?"

Witness: "And glad to get it."

Counsel: "And another after?"

Witness: "Av course, when it was to be had."

Counsel: "When you came into the town, you went to a public-house, I hear, and were drinking *there* too, before you came into Court?"

Witness: "Oh, just a thrifle among some friends."

Counsel: "What do you call a trifle?"

Witness: "Four pots o' Porther and a quart o' Sper'ts."

Counsel: "Good God! Gentlemen of the jury, listen to this; a gallon of Porter and a quart of Whisky."

Witness: "Oh! but that was between six iv uz."

Counsel: "Then, sir, by your own account you're drunk at this moment."

Witness: "Not a bit."

Counsel: "On your oath—remember your oath, sir—do you think, after drinking all you yourself have owned to, you are in a state to give evidence in a court of justice?"

Witness: "Faith, I think a few glasses only helps to brighten a man! And between ourselves, Counsellor ——, I think you'd be a great dale the better of a glass yourself at this minit."—From *Rory O'More.*

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

It has been written of the Irish that they make you welcome by making you drunk. But it is to this generous virtue, excess of hospitality, that excess in wine is greatly to be attributed. Then again, Irish gentlemen have long been renowned for one incentive to drinking, beyond the excellence of their Punch and Claret,—namely the novelty and point of their convivial toasts. This once called forth the cutting remark that an Irish Squire spent

one half of his day in inventing toasts, and the other half in drinking them.—*Nimrod.*

A TALE ABOUT POTHEEN.

The following is an extract from a review in the *Bristol Times and Mirror* of *British and Foreign Spirits*, published in 1864 :—

Mr. Tovey tells us some good stories about the attempts to do the Irish gauger both in manufacturing and buying the forbidden beverage : but we think we know a better story in that line than any he relates. It was told us by one of the company present on the occasion, and who then was an officer in the army, though he is now a barrister, and used, until a few years ago, to visit the Bristol Assizes.

Our informant, whom we will call M., was stationed with a detachment of his regiment in a country town in the county of Limerick, and near the barrack was a sporting squire, who, *more Hibernico*, used to entertain the officers and other friends, putting on the table after dinner "the best potheen that ever escaped the King's fees." One day Mr. H. (their Irish host) gave a hint to our informant and his brother officers just before going into dinner, that he should be under the unpleasant necessity of asking them to drink the Parliamentary Whisky (as they called the legal distillation), as the gauger or Excise officer of the district, who was a

cadet of a good local family, was about to dine with them. Of course all who heard the explanation (which was as much an apology as anything else) were satisfied with it. Unfortunately, however, one of the officers who was late came in after the company had sat down, and had not the benefit of the previous warning in the drawing-room. So when "the materials" were placed upon the table after the repast was finished, he cried out, on tasting the legitimate spirit, "Hallo, H., what is this you have given us? *This is not your potheen!*" Seeing that the gauger's legs were under the same hospitable mahogany, 'tisn't too much to say that this ingenuous but ill-timed speech disconcerted everyone, including the host, who said he had no other Whisky, and winked very significantly at the outspoken gentleman, with a sly direction of the finger towards the Excise officer. But the late comer was in no humour to take a hint.

"Have you no other Whisky?" he exclaimed. "Why you said last week you had fifty gallons."

"It 's all gone," gasped the host, very red in the face from liquor and confusion.

"You know where to get more," replied the other.

"I don't; I wish you would tell me."

Here the gauger, to whom the subject must have been as painful all this time as it was to the rest, interposed by saying, "I 'll tell you, H., where

to get some more. If you go into your own garden, and place your back against the great acacia tree, and make four steps towards the dairy, and there dig five feet, you will find a twenty-five gallon cask of the particular stuff which the gentleman so delights in."

Every one was astonished, but most of all the host, who knew the description of the "hidden treasure" to be exact to the inch. The fact is, the gauger had already information of the subterraneous deposit from an informer; but, in the parlance of the country and the age, was "too good a fellow" to pounce upon a friend.

We make Mr. Tovey a present of this anecdote —a true one—and which, we believe, has never before appeared in print, for his next edition, which, if *British and Foreign Spirits* be as fortunate as *Wine and Wine Countries*, there is every ground for concluding the former, like the latter, will reach to.

In going through its pages, we marked for quotation several parts and passages; and gave, under the head of our "Varieties" last week, three or four. Here are a few more, premising, however, that Mr. Tovey stoutly and consistently stands up for temperance, though an enemy to teetotallers as a society. In fact, he lays it down that a very moderate use of a mild distillation can do no harm, and he cites an instance of an old lady, a friend of

his—indeed, we believe, his grandmother — who lived to be more than ninety, and for the last sixty years of her existence never missed her glass of gin and water going to bed. We hope she was not keeping our author out of an annuity all this time: and, indeed, we are sure she was not, as he would never have become so earnest an advocate of the cause (Old Tom) of the venerable lady's longevity.

DEAN SWIFT'S TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH POEM.

Dean Swift's translation of an Irish poem conveys a vivid idea of the fun, fighting, and drinking at a native feast:—

"O'Rourke's noble fun
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a madder* our cup."

* Madder, a churn.

DUBLIN IN 1682.

In the year 1682, Sir William Petty stated that Dublin, containing 6025 houses, had of that number 1200 for the sale of intoxicating liquors. In 1798, Thomas Street, containing 190 houses, had fifty-two licensed to sell Spirits. These houses were chiefly for supplying the middle and operative classes—the higher ranks consuming Claret as well as ardent Spirits. It has been ascertained that 8000 tuns, equal to 32,000 hogsheads, of Claret were imported in the year 1763. In fact, all the energies of the upper classes were directed to excessive indulgence in intoxication. These orgies frequently continued, not only throughout the night, but were prolonged with a slight interruption of daylight, for several nights in succession; and no man was considered as decidedly drunk who could retain his seat by holding on to the back of his chair. These orgies were carried on with the room-door locked, the president or chairman holding possession of the key as one of the badges of office; and if any guest left the room he did so under a strict injunction and promise to return. During his temporary absence bits of paper were dropped into his glass, to intimate to him on his return the number of times the bottle had circulated round the table. Each piece of paper represented a bumper, so that he was compelled to drink as many glasses of wine as there were bits of paper in

his glass. As, however, the chief end and aim of these meetings was to make all the guests hopelessly intoxicated, an unfair advantage was taken of a guest's absence, and a greater number of cheques were dropped into his glass than in fairness should have been there, and if he demurred to drink the required number, the penalty of a glass of salt and water was enforced.

In some houses the decanters had hemispherical bottoms, so that it was impossible to set them down on the table without spilling the contents, the only stand in which they could retain their perpendicularity being at the head of the table in front of the host; so that this contrivance ensured a rapid passage and quick circulation of the bottle round the table. Another contrivance to effect a similar object, was knocking off the stands of the glasses by giving them a smart stroke with the back of a table-knife, so that it became almost imperative on each person to drink off the contents of his glass as soon as filled.

Such absurd dogmas as the following were gravely propounded and looked upon as incontrovertible truths by the brainless worshippers of Bacchus:—"No man who drank ever died, but many men have died while learning to drink"—a subtle distinction, the antithesis to the complaint of the man in the ancient story, who lamented that his horse died whilst learning to live upon nothing.

A father would say to his son, "Make your head, boy, while you're young;" and if the youth complained of suffering from the effects of a night's debauch, "a hair of the dog that bit him" was prescribed for him in the morning.

It cannot be doubted that many promising young men fell victims to their insane attempts to attain a place amongst "The Heads," as those few who had survived the destructive habit of free drinking for any length of time were called, and who evinced an almost supernatural impenetrability to the effects of intoxicating liquors. In fact, for every one who became a "Head," fifty died premature deaths, and became food for worms. The "Heads," who were decided and confirmed sots, were looked up to by silly young men as though they were perfect Nestors, and abounded in wisdom.

Towards morning, after one of those drunken orgies previously referred to, such of the company as were not of the knot of "Heads" were subject to the rule followed on such occasions, namely—those who were able to retain their perpendicularity might depart, if they could; but the insensible sots who could not even serpentine home were placed upon hand-barrows, or cars, whichever was most convenient, with sheets thrown over them, and conveyed or carried by such of the servants as were tolerably sober to their respective homes.

Such things have been done, as forming a pro-

cession, and conveying a boon companion in a hearse, to the great dismay of the inebriate person's family. Practical jokes of this kind led, as may be supposed, to frequent duels, and caused much ill-feeling between the jesters and their victims, who resented treatment which their own insane folly had brought upon them.

In Ireland it was erroneously supposed, until the temperance movement proved the unsoundness of the opinion, that the use of Whisky produced the ready wit so conspicuous among the natives of the Green Isle, but drunk, or sober, it was found that Irishmen were always ready with a witty saying to silence an opponent or banter a friend.*

JOHN KEMBLE.

John Kemble, when travelling in Ireland on a jaunting car, during rain, stopped at an inn door to refresh the horse, when the tragedian said to the driver—"Ain't you very wet, Pat?" Pat replied, "Why then, your honour, if I was as wet inside as I am outside, would n't I be as dry as a bone?"

* In the compilation of this article I am much indebted to Major Austin's paper on "Cup Draining," which appeared in the *Bristol Magazine*, December, 1857.

Bacchanalian Lyrics.

THE following appeared in a local journal:—

THE DOCTOR.

[*Vide* Mr. Tovey's *Wine and Wine Countries.*]

In his hall the Baron of Berncastel sat,
Drinking the Muscatel—
The juice of a vine whose fame is great
On the banks of the fair Moselle.

A six-hooped ohm on the oaken board
Beside the Baron lay,
And from thence three beakers huge he poured,
And quaffed them clean away.

His chaplain was sitting along with him, too,
But never a word spake he,
And never a beaker of wine he drew,
To the Baron's jovial three.

"Now drink, I pri'thee," the Baron said,
"For of this I tell thee true,
'T is good for the heart, and 't is good for the head,
And 't is good for the stomach, too!"

"Nay, good my lord, do you thus advise,
That I the flagon fill,
To carouse, while our Bishop in sickness lies,
At the foot of Berncastel Hill?"

"Ha! sayest thou so?" quoth the Baron then;
"I know a leech's skill
Shall make the good Bishop whole again,
Be his ailing whate'er it will!"

And a merry refrain the Baron trilled,
As blithe as a lark could be,
While another cup to the brim he filled,
And that brimming cup drained he.

Then laid he hold on the six-hooped tun,
And carried it right away,
And with it down Berncastel Hill did run,
Till he came where the Bishop lay.

"Now the peace of heaven and blither cheer
With thee, good father, dwell.
Behold I have brought a doctor here,
Full soon shall make thee well!"

The holy father tasted at first,
And paused, then sipped again;
And then, like one that is sore athirst,
He drank with might and main!

"Sir Baron," said he, "by the holy rood,
I own thy doctor's skill;
There's never a doctor half as good
At the foot of Berncastel Hill!"

He imbibed full many a generous draught,
And ere the day was o'er—
"By the faith of my fathers," cried he, and laughed,
"I was never so hale before!"

From thence has the fame of the vintage grown
Of the Berncastel Muscatel,
Which is far and near as THE DOCTOR known,
On the banks of the fair Moselle.

ROBIN GRAY.

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

STRAIGHT from the tavern door
I am come here;
Old road, how odd to me
Thou dost appear!
Right and left changing sides,
Rising and sunk;
Oh, I can plainly see—
Road! thou art drunk!

Oh, what a twisted face
Thou hast, O moon!
One eye shut, t'other eye
Wide as a spoon,
Who could have dreamt of this?
Shame on thee, shame!
Thou hast been fuddling,
Jolly old dame!

Look at the lamps again,
See how they reel!
Nodding and flickering
Round as they wheel.

Not one among them all
  Steady can go;
Look at the drunken lamps,
  All in a row.

All in an uproar seem
  Great things and small;
I am the only one
  Sober at all;
But there 's no safety here
  For sober men:
So I 'll turn back to
  The tavern again.

A TALE OF A TANKARD.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard;
  Plain folk in humble plight:
One only tankard crowned their board,
  And that was filled each night!

Along whose inner bottom, sketched,
  In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etched
  A baby angel's face.

John swallowed, first, a moderate sup;
  But Joan was not like John;
For, when her lips once touched the cup,
  She drank till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair;
  But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the angel there,
  And therefore drained the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
  Another card he played;
And where the angel stood so plain,
  A devil got portrayed.

John saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
  Yet Joan as stoutly quaffed;
And ever, when she seized her ale,
  She cleared it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrified!
  His hair rose on his pate,
And—"Why do you drink now," he cried,
  "At this enormous rate?"

"O John," says she, "am I to blame?
  I can't, in conscience, stop:
For, sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
  To leave the Devil a drop!"

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

PETER PINDAR.

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,
  With Punch that much regales the thirsty soul;
Flies soon the party joined, and joined the chat,
  Humming and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in;
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host were drowned.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipped from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in every mother's son agen.

Up jumped the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to smite:—
"Lord!" cried the man with gravely-lighted eyes,
"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but *others might*."

TOBY TOSSPOT.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ALAS! what pity 't is that regularity,
Like Isaac Shrove's, is such a rarity.
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Termed jolly dogs—choice spirits—*alias* swine;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half man's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.
One of this kidney,—Toby Tosspot hight,—
Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'T was n't direct—'t was serpentine.

He worked with sinuosities along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew,—worming through a cork:
Not straight, like corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork!
At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shrove's brass plate;
When reading, "Please to ring the bell;"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby; "very well,
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more; and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."
But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.
At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—
Calming his fears,—
"Tush! 't is some fool has rung and run away;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears.
Shrove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down stairs and opened the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.
Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall;
Then put this question:—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby,—"I want nothing, sir, at all."
"Want nothing!—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."
"At mine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well."
"High time for bed, sir."—"I was hastening to it;
But if you write up—*Please to ring the bell*,
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the Punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale;
'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated Punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and Schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next, it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came, a hundred souls and more—
Along with all their furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew—
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands Gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'t will do you good, poor child, you 'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill;"
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here:
'T is but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet fragrant
flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its
towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, my eyes grow moist
and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its
brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to
me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear,
where *have* you been?"

THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

THREE sightless inmates of the sky,
Whose names were Justice—Fortune—Cupid,
Finding their public life on high
Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
Resolved one morning to unite
Their powers in an Alliance Holy,
And purify the earth, whose plight
They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—of the world below
I doubtless have the best idea,
Since, in the golden age, you know,
I ruled it jointly with Astrea;

While, therefore, we on earth abide,
For fear our forces should be parted,
Let us be your perpetual guide:—
Agreed *nem. con.* and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,
Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
Then Cupid cries—This flight, my friend,
Has made my throttle somewhat arid:
Beneath each wing, before our trip,
I popped a golden vase of nectar,
And I for one should like a sip—
What says our worshipful director?

The proposition, 'twas decreed,
Redounded to the mover's glory,
So down they sat upon the mead,
And plied the flagon *con amore;*
But not reflecting that the draught
With air of earth was mixed and muddled,
Before the second vase was quaffed,
They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
Each loudly backing his opinion,
And 'stead of letting Justice lead,
All struggle fiercely for dominion;
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
And throws it in her scales with fury,
Maintaining that the rightful cause
Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune purloining Cupid's darts,
Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,
Making sad havoc in the hearts
Of matrimonial computers;

While Love on Fortune's wheel apace
  Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
Gives flying glimpses of his face,
  Then presto!—pass! away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles, day by day
  Gave censurers a better handle,
Till Jove, impatient of their stay,
  And anxious to arrest the scandal,
Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return;
  But to atone for their miscarriage,
Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
  He sent them down Luck, Law, and Marriage.

NORFOLK PUNCH.

An Incantation.

Twenty quarts of real Nantz,
Eau-de-vie of southern France;
By Arabia's chemic skill,
Sublimed, condensed, in trickling still;
'Tis the grape's abstracted soul,
And the first matter of the bowl.

Oranges, with skins of gold,
Like Hesperian fruit of old,
Whose golden shadow wont to quiver
In the stream of Guadalquivir,
Glowing, waving as they hung
Mid fragrant blossoms ever young,
In gardens of romantic Spain.—
Lovely land, and rich in vain!
Blest by nature's bounteous hand,
Cursed with priests and Ferdinand!

Lemons, pale as Melancholy,
Or yellow russets, wan and holy.
Be their number twice fifteen,
Mystic number, well I ween,
As all must know, who aught can tell
Of sacred lore or glamour spell;
Strip them of their gaudy hides,
Saffron garb of Pagan brides,
And like the Argonauts of Greece,
Treasure up their Golden Fleece.

Then, as doctors wise preserve
Things from nature's course that swerve,
Insects of portentous shape—worms,
Ill-fashioned fishes, dead and swimming,
And untimely fruits of women:
All the thirty skins infuse
In Alcohol's phlogistic dews.
Steep them—till the blessèd Sun
Through half his mighty round hath run—
Hours twelve—the time exact
Their inmost virtues to extract.

Lest the portion should be heady,
As Circè's cup, or gin of Deady,
Water from the crystal spring,
Thirty quarterns, draw and bring;
Let it, after ebullition,
Cool to natural condition.
Add, of power saccharine,
Pounds thrice five, twice superfine;
Mingle sweetest orange blood,
And the lemon's acid flood;
Mingle well, and blend the whole
With the spicy Alcohol.

Strain the mixture, strain it well
Through such vessel, as in Hell
Wicked maids, with vain endeavour,
Toil to fill, and toil for ever.
Nine-and-forty Danaides,
Wedded maids, and virgin brides
(So blind Gentiles did believe),
Toil to fill a faithless sieve;
Thirsty thing, with naught content,
Thriftless and incontinent.

Then, to hold the rich infusion,
Have a barrel, not a huge one,
But clean and pure from spot or taint,
Pure as any female saint—
That within its tight-hooped gyre
Has kept Jamaica's liquid fire;
Or luscious Oriental rack,
Or the strong glory of Cognac,
Whose perfume far outscents the Civet,
And all but rivals rare Glenlivet.
To make the compound soft as silk,
Quarterns twain of tepid milk,
Fit for babies, and such small game,
Diffuse through the strong amalgam.
The fiery souls of heroes so do
Combine the *suaviter in modo*,
Bold as an eagle, meek as Dodo.

Stir it round, and round, and round,
Stow it safely under ground,
Bunged as close as an intention
Which we *are* afraid to mention;
Seven days six times let pass,
Then pour it into hollow glass;

Be the vials clean and dry,
Corks as sound as chastity;—
Years shall not impair the merit
Of the lively, gentle spirit.
Babylon's Sardanapalus,
Rome's youngster Heliogabalus,
Of that empurpled paunch Vitellius,
So famed for appetite rebellious—
Ne'er in all their vasty reign,
Such a bowl as this could drain.
Hark, the shade of old Apicius
Heaves his head, and cries—Delicious!
Mad of its flavour and its strength—he
Pronounces it the real Nepenthe.

* * * * * * *

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Halfway between Cape Town and Simon's Town, in South Africa, stands a tolerable good inn, bearing the above title inscribed on the signboard. The merry host has been settled nearly thirty years in the colony, but has lost none of his original humour and good fellowship. Being a bit of a scholar, he has contrived to press into the service of his signboard a little of every language of which he has any knowledge, and out of the mixture he has manufactured the following doggerel:—

"*Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,*
Entertainment for man and beast;
Lecker Kost as much as you please;
Excellent beds without any fleas;
Nos patriam fagimus now we are here;
Vivamus! let us live by selling beer;
O donne a Loire et a Manger ici;
Come in and try, whoever you be."

Our humorous friend *Punch* made the temporary decline of the national taste for Port a matter of ecclesiastical importance:—

"THE DAY OF PORTLY DIVINES.

"When rectors drank Port Wine,
We parsons knew no strife;
We kept a middle line,
And led an easy life.
No parties vexed the Church,
And every sound divine
Could roost upon his perch,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"No Puseyites were then
Promoting Popish schemes;
No Evangelical men,
Because we shunned extremes.
We held, with heads exempt
From sentiment too fine,
Enthusiasts in contempt,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"When no man talked of grace,
What jolly days were those!
Ah! then a parson's face
Displayed a parson's nose,—
A parson's nose of red,
Which gloriously did shine,
Supremely strong of head,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"Canonicals became
A form of goodly fat.
A dean then looked his name,
Beneath his shovel hat;
And shorts below the knees
With gaiters did combine,
And dignity with ease,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"But now I see the cloth
To shreds and tatters torn,
At one time I wax wroth,
And at another mourn.
That cloth was whole and sound,
When serving to confine
Plump calves and stomachs round,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"Ecclesiastic lore
Had not become the rage.
We rather liked to snore
Over the classic page.
We may have been lukewarm,
We may have been supine,
But calm prevailed—not storm—
When rectors drank Port Wine.

"But now good Port is rare;
Shepherds delude their flocks.
Can he, who does not care
For Port, be orthodox?
Let nobody object
That we caroused like swine;
Our doctrine was correct
When rectors drank Port Wine."

TOKAY.

Up jumped Tokay on our table,
Like a pigmy castle warder,
Dwarfish to see, but stout and able,
Arms and accoutrements all in order;
And fierce he looked north, then, wheeling south,
Blew with his bugle a challenge to drouth,
Cocked his flap-hat with the toss-pot feather,
Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,
Singled his huge brass spurs together,
Tightened his waist with its Buda sash,
And then, with an impudence nought could abash,
Shrugged his hump-shoulder, to tell the beholder,
For twenty such knaves we should laugh but the bolder;
And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly jutting,
And dexter hand on his haunch abutting,
Went the little man, Sir Ausbruch, strutting!

Browning.

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,

The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need to drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light:
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses then; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

COWLEY.

Waifs and Strays.

"Over the Wine and Walnuts."

BUMPER.—The jolly toper is so fond of the thing we call a *bumper*, that he troubles not himself about the name, and so long as the liquor is but fine and clear, cares not a farthing in how deep an obscurity the etymology is derived. The sober antiquarian, on the contrary, being prone to etymology, contemplates the sparkling contents of a full glass with much less delight than he does the meaning, the occasion, and the original of the name. The common opinion is, that the *bumper* took its name from the grace-cup; our Roman Catholic ancestors say, after their meals, they always drank the Pope's health in this form, *au bon Père*. But there are great objections to this; the Pope was not the *bon Père*, but the *Saint Père;* amongst the elder inhabitants of this kingdom, the attribute of sanctity being in a manner appropriated to the Pope of Rome, and his see. Again, the grace-cup, which went round of course, after every repast, did not imply anything extraordinary, or a full glass. Drinking-glasses

were not in use at the time here supposed, for the grace-cup was a large vessel, proportioned to the number of the society, which went round the table, the guests drinking out of one cup one after another.

"Hob-nob," the phrase, now only used convivially, to ask a person whether he will have a glass of drink or not, is most evidently a corruption of the old hab nab, from the Saxon *habban*, to have, and *nabban*, not to have: in proof of which Shakespeare has used it to mark an alternative of another kind. "And his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give 't or take 't."—*Twelfth Night*, Act III., Scene 4.

Addison used often to walk from Holland House to the White Horse, Kensington, to enjoy his favourite dish, a fillet of veal, his bottle, and perhaps a friend. There is a story that the profligate Duke of Wharton plied him one day at table so briskly with wine, in order to make him talk, that he could not keep it on his stomach, which made his Grace observe, that "he could get wine, but not wit, out of him." The White Horse was at the corner of Lord Holland's Lane (no longer a thoroughfare), on the site of the present Holland Arms Inn. Nearly opposite Holland House, in the

Kensington Road, is the Adam and Eve public-house, where Sheridan, on his way to or from Holland House, regularly stopped for a dram, and there he ran up a long bill, which Lord Holland had to pay.

THE following ambiguous advertisement of a wine merchant is taken from an Irish newspaper :— "The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six doxen of prime Port Wine, lately the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and with a high bouquet."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—"Was he drunk, sergeant?" asked an orderly officer of the sergeant of a barrack guard, who had put a soldier into confinement. "No, sir!" "Was he sober, then?" "No, sir!" "How? neither drunk nor sober! what d'ye mean?" "Well, sir, the man had been drinking, no doubt, *but the liquor was just dying out of him!*"

THE HIGHLAND WOMAN AND HER STILL.

There was an old woman in our village, named Kate Carmichael—there is no object in concealing her name now, for she has long ago been gathered to her ancestors—who made her living by distilling "the water of life," and looked upon our good old

King George III., who then ruled the land, much in the same light as a modern Pole looks upon the Emperor of Russia—a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow honest people to manufacture their own grain after their own fashion, and devoutly prayed for his death accordingly. At last the news of the old King's demise reached the Highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, immediately set her still to work, in her own house, and in broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the exciseman, who claimed the still as a lawful prize. Kate did not see this; so, seizing a pitchfork which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner and kept him at bay, whilst she shouted to her neighbours for assistance, exclaiming—"Kill his brains; stick the rascal. There's nae law noo; the King's dead!" Her idea was that the moment the King died all law, as far as Highlanders were concerned ceased; and her neighbours being pretty much of the same mind, the exciseman was thrashed within an inch of his life, and the still rescued. — *My Indian Journal*, by Colonel W. Campbell.

AN INTEMPERATE BANKRUPT.

The following anecdote is culled from a handy little volume, entitled *Anecdotage*, containing some reminiscences of the Bristol Bankruptcy Court, from the pen of Mr. E. Austin, of Clifton:—

"A bankrupt, who came from 'a place in Wales,' as the late Mr. Serjeant Stephen used to designate the unpronounceable names of some of the towns in the Principality, came up to pass his last examination. He knew that he was to be opposed, and he apparently sought to screw up his courage by imbibing pretty freely. The case was called on early, and the bankrupt was desired to go into the box. With some difficulty he obeyed, but his answers to the first few questions put to him were so incoherent that the Commissioner (Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C.) turned upon him, and said, rather sharply, 'Man, you are drunk!' 'I'll bet you a quart o' that,' stammered out the inebriated Welshman. The Commissioner at once ordered him into custody for contempt, and he was kept in durance vile till the hour for the rising of the Court arrived, by which time he had partially recovered his sober senses, and having made a humble apology, was discharged from custody."

> Ill temper over wine
> Is worse than brotherhood with swine.

The wicked in old time drank no wine; the deluge proves it.

The bottle is of the aristocracy—treat it like a gentleman.

Always drink in company — when alone the bottle does come round so often.

Your stomach is your wine cellar; keep the stock small and cool.

Love likes not the intemperate, although Cupid and Champagne may exchange many a glass.

Repentance is a home-made brew of one's own brewing.

Never drink bad wine out of compliment; self-preservation is the first law.

Good wine is not necessarily dear wine.

Always fill a parson's glass to the brim; he can take a tithe more than other people.

Of all who take wine the moderate most enjoy it.

Never believe the wine good because the grocer tells you so.

Never buy wine at an auction mart—like Peter Pindar's razors it was only made to sell.

FEW things surpass old wine;
And they may preach who please—
The more because they preach in vain,
Let us have wine.

BYRON.

SACKE will make the merry mind be sad,
So will it make the melancholic glad;
If mirth and sadness doth in Sacke remain,
When I am sad, I'll take some Sacke again.

CORNELIUS Agrippa speaks of one Bicias, who drank off a cup at one draught:—

To Bicias shee it gave, and sayd,
"Drink of this cup of myne!"
He quickly quafte it, and left not
Of licoure any synge.

BEWARE of buying wines of vintages long past.

Beware of buying wines abroad of a wet summer vintage.

Beware of auctions when periodical consignments are advertised.

Beware of buying wines of those not experienced in the business.

Beware of wines shipped green under mercantile pressure and cheap.

Beware of wines on ullage, especially red wines.

Beware of treating all wines alike in the cellar.

Beware of foreigners who hawk wines.

It is said that Mirabeau (Tonneau), Viscount, and brother of the orator, discharged his valet because he got drunk on the same day his master did. The valet said, "Is that my fault, my lord, when you get drunk every day?"

Jekyll was dining at Holland House with the late Duke of York, and, knowing his Royal Highness's taste, requested the honour of taking Cognac with him. Wonderful to say, there was none in the house, and Lady Holland accused Jekyll of having called for it with the full knowledge of the fact. "Really, Lady Holland," was the reply, "I thought that if I had called for a slice of broiled rhinoceros in Holland House it would have been handed to me without a moment's delay."

WHAT DID THE MAN SAY?

A scene in court with a stupid witness. A man has been caught in the act of theft, and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

Court (to the policeman who was witness): "What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness: "He said he was drunk."

Court: "I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he did n't use the pronoun he, did he? He did n't say 'he was drunk.'"

Witness: "Oh yes, he did—he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness's stupidity): "You don't understand me at all; I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (deprecatingly): "Oh, no, your Honour. He didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor: "Pshaw! You don't comprehend at all. His Honour means, did not the prisoner say to you, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively): "Well he might have said you were drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for prisoner: "What the Court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I, second person, thou, or the third person, he, she, or it? Now, then, sir—with severity—upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (getting mad): "No, he didn't say you were drunk, but if he had I reckon he wouldn't have lied any. Do you suppose the poor fellow charged the whole Court with being drunk?"—*Exchange.*

Dr. Jasper Mayne (1604-1672) was a distinguished preacher in the time of Charles I., and is said to have been a clergyman of the most exemplary character; but there is an anecdote

related of him which, if true, shows that he was also a practical humorist. He had an old servant to whom he bequeathed a trunk, which he told him contained something that would make him drink after his death. When the trunk was opened on the doctor's demise, it was found to contain—a red herring.

BORDEAUX WINES.

The wines of Bordeaux first attained their reputation through the following incident:—

The Duke de Richelieu having been named governor of the province, on his arrival at his post the principal inhabitants went to pay him their compliments, and presented him some wine of their growth. The Duke, who was an excellent judge of wine, tasted it at first from mere politeness, but afterwards because he liked it. On his return to Paris, being invited to sup with King Louis XV., he requested permission to introduce to his Majesty one of the dignitaries of his province, and accordingly presented to the King an old bottle well covered with cobwebs and dust. His Majesty smiled, tasted the wine, and declared it to be some of the best he had ever drunk. From that day, or rather that night, the fortune of the Bordelais was made.

THE VIRTUES OF WHISKY.

The following curious extract from Hollinshed's

Chronicles, 1557, will be of interest to the advocates of Whisky as a therapeutical agent of great power :—

"There is used an ordinary drinke of *aqua vitæ*, so qualified in the making that it dryeth more and inflameth lesse than other hote confections. One Theoricus *(Epis. Hermenensis juxta Bononiam)* wrote a proper treatyse of *Aqua Vitæ*, wherein he prayseth it to the ninth degree. He distinguisheth three sortes thereof—*simplex*, *composita*, and *perfectissima* . . . *Beying moderately taken*, sayeth he, it sloweth age; it strengtheneth youthe; it helpeth digestion; it cutteth fleume; it abandoneth melancholie; it relisheth the harte; it lighteneth the mynd; it quickeneth the spirites; it cureth the hydropsie; it healeth the strangury; it pounceth the stone; it repelleth grauel; it puffeth awaie ventositie; it kepyth and preserveth the hed from whyrling—the eyes from dazelyng—the tongue from lispyng—the mouthe from snafflyng—the teethe from chatterynge—the throte from ratlyng—the weasan from stieflyng—the stomache from wamblyng—the harte from swellyng—the bellie from wirtchyng—the guts from rumblying—the hands from shiueryng—the sinowes from shrinkyng—the veynes from crumplyng—the bones from akyng—the marrow from soakyng . . . *And trulie it is soueraigne liquor, if it be orderlie taken.*"—*Brit. Med. Jour.*

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

A gentleman who impressed upon his son (a lad of about twelve years of age) that under any circumstances he should invariably tell the truth, placed himself upon one occasion in an uncomfortable position. After a dinner party, sitting over the dessert with a few friends, a particular Sherry was discussed, and the quality much approved of. "Ah!" said the host, "I was very lucky in getting that wine. Six years ago I laid down a butt of it, and I have about thirty dozen remaining." The boy who was present, remembering that he was always told to speak the truth, and could not believe his father would do otherwise, said, "Well, father, I don't know where it can be, for Messrs. —— & Co., the wine merchants, sent in but one dozen, and there are only ten bottles remaining in the pantry cupboard." We don't think it likely after that day the truth-telling boy was allowed to come down to dessert.

WHY TWO STAND UP TOGETHER WHILE DRINKING THE GRACE OR LOVING CUP.

The story of the assassination of King Edward is sometimes quoted in illustration of a practice which existed among the Anglo-Saxons. Our forefathers were great drinkers, and it was customary with them, in drinking parties, to pass round a large cup, from which each in turn drank to some

of the company. He who thus drank stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands, his body was opposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this, the following plan was adopted:—When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him, or some one of the party, to be his pledge, that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenceless position; and his companion, if he consented, stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend him while drinking. This practice, in an altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking. At great festivals, in some of our college halls and city companies, the custom is preserved almost in its primitive form in passing round the ceremonial cup—the loving cup, as it is sometimes called. As each person rises, and takes the cup in his hand to drink, the man seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.—*Book of Days.*

WHAT OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS DRANK.

In my father's house (the manse of Hawick) the entertainments given on such occasions were not

expensive or ostentatious, but good and substantial. The usual beverage was strong ale, with a small glass of Brandy; and at more formal dinners—often indeed—Claret Punch. Both Rum and Whisky were beginning to be introduced; but I remember my father protested against the practice as an innovation; and when any of his visitors preferred Punch, he had to send to the grocer's for a single bottle of Rum. The South of Scotland (Dumfries, Peebles, and Roxburghshire) was at that time supplied with ample store of Claret and Brandy from the Isle of Man. The Claret, I have heard, cost not above 1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. per bottle; the Brandy, £1 per anker, or 6d. per bottle. The strong ale, excellent in quality, was brewed at home, and cost about 2d. per bottle, the malt tax being moderate, and no excise upon home-brewing.—*Dr. Somerville's Memoirs.*

JACOBITE DOCTORS.

As he was known to be very intimate with Lord Barrymore, the doctor was summoned, in 1745, to appear before the Privy Council, and answer the questions of the custodians of his Majesty's safety and honour. "You know Lord Barrymore?" said one of the Lords of the Council. "Intimately—most intimately," was the answer. "You are continually with him?" "We dine together almost daily when his lordship is in town." "What

do you talk about?" "Eating and drinking." "And what else?" "Oh, my lord, we never talk of anything except eating and drinking—drinking and eating." A good deal of treasonable sentiment might have been exchanged in these discussions of eating and drinking. "God send this *crum-well down!*" was the ordinary toast of the Cavalier during the glorious protectorate of Oliver. And long afterwards, English gentlemen of Jacobite sympathies, drinking "to the King," before they raised the glass to their lips, put it over the water-bottle, to indicate where the King was whose prosperity they pledged.—*A Book About Doctors.*

HUME'S WILL.

A CODICIL to David Hume's will runs thus:—"I leave to my old friend, Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old Claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called Port. I also leave to him six dozen of Port, provided that he attests under his hand, signed 'John Hume,' that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs." The two differences were as to the proper mode of spelling their name—whether "Hume" or "Home"—and as to the merits of Port, which John Home

detested. — *Wills and Will-making, Ancient and Modern,* in the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Macpherson went out calling a few days since, and visited so many friends that towards nightfall he didn't know where he was. Every time a vehicle passed him he seemed to see a perfect railway train, and he remarked to a lamp-post which had taken too much liquor (and which he was trying to hold up), that he thought it was very wrong to have four corner groceries next door to each other with the same kind of looking man in front of each of them. He finally concluded to ask for information as to where he lived, and for that purpose went into all the aforesaid groceries at once, to inquire his own address. The proprietor, who had served him for the last four years, and whose store was only three doors from Mr. Macpherson's house, replied, with an amused smile,— "Why, *you* are Mr. Macpherson!" "I know that perfec ly well, am perfec'ly 'ware of fact," retorted that gentleman; "that ain't queshun. What a wanter know is where the devil do I live?"

Certain and Uncertain. — When the Chief Baron Thompson was on circuit, at the Judge's dinner, there was present a learned dignitary of the Church, who did ample justice to all the good things on the table. The cloth having been re-

moved, "I always think, my lord," said the reverend gentleman, "that, after a good dinner, a *certain* quantity of wine does a man no harm." "Oh! no, sir; oh! no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron, smiling,—"it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief."

Cooke, the actor, describing his failings, said, "On Monday I was drunk and, appeared; but they did n't like that, and hissed me. On Wednesday I was drunk, so I did n't appear; and they did n't like that. What the devil would they have?"

Down to the Level.—A remarkably acute friend of Lord Campbell, formerly at the bar, relates that the judges having retired for a few minutes in the midst of his argument, in which, from their interruptions and objections, he did not seem likely to be successful, he went out of court, too, and, on his return, said that he had been drinking a pot of Porter. Being asked if he was not afraid this beverage would dull his intellect, "That is exactly my object," said he, "to bring me down, if possible, to the level of their lordships."

It was mentioned that an actor had turned wine merchant, whereupon an acquaintance remarked—"I hope his wine off the stage will be better than his whine on it."

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits? "No," was the reply; "but I believe in their *disappearance*, for I missed a bottle of Gin last night."

Dr. Channing (of the United States) was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of Gin, Rum, Tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave-stone. "I am glad to see," said the Doctor to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying these things." "And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone chief mourner."

A drunken fellow one night was found inside a cast iron pipe, fast asleep. A wit passing remarked, he was well off for wine, for he had *laid in a whole pipe at once*.

There was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman in wonderment and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she rose, glass in hand, and,

with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavoured to press it upon him. "No," replied the heroic youth resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady. "No," said the noble young man, his voice trembling a little and his cheek flushed, "I never drink wine; but"—here he straightened himself up and his words drew firmer—"if you have a little good old rye Whisky, I don't mind trying a snifter!"

THE habitual characteristic sobriety of the Highlander's deportment often belies the copiousness of his potations of Whisky, and he will preserve the most perfect decorum under the influence of a quantity of spirits which would render an Irishman frantic. "The Irish," said Sir John Barrington, "are drunk before dinner, and mad after it." "Always drinking and never drunk" is, on the contrary, the maxim of the most intemperate Highlanders.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."—Liberal Scotch farmer (giving his work-people a dram). "Aum sorry, Mrs. McDougal, ye canna take a glass on account of your temperance prin-

ciples." Mrs. McDougal—"Hoot, man, ye just pour 't on my bap* an' I 'll eat it !"—*Punch.*

"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other; are we to drink like men or like beasts?" The guests, somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "Like men!" "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

Theodore Hook, when dining with the author of a work called *Three Words to the Drunkards*, was asked to review it. "Oh! my dear fellow, that I have already done in three words—'Pass the bottle!'"

When Canning's health was drunk at the Ministers' Blackwall dinner, he replied—"Gentlemen, this is a fish dinner; so, after sincerely thanking you for your good wishes, I do not see that we can do better than follow the example of the fishes, who drink a good deal, but never speak."

Madame Pasta, when in England, was asked by a literary lady of high distinction whether she drank as much Porter as usual. "No, mia cara prendo, *Half-and-half*, adesso."—*Quarterly Review.*

* Bap, a roll.

A Rev. Dean, economical of his wine, descanting on the extraordinary performance of a blind man, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "No wonder, Sir," replied a Minor Canon; "for *we* have seen no more than that bottle the whole afternoon."

Sir William Ayleth, a grumbling member of the Union Club, and a two-bottle man, one day observing Mr. James Smith furnished with half-a-pint of Sherry, eyed his cruet with contempt, and exclaimed—"So, I see, you have got one of those d—d life preservers."

When the excitement was at its height in Newark, O., during the recent railroad riots, a stalwart citizen felt the necessity of bracing himself up. The mayor had ordered the closing of all saloons and drinking-places, and the police had enforced the regulations rigidly. But there was a back-door in Gingerbread Row, and behind the bar there was "long-range lightning Whisky." The stalwart citizen crept in, got his "drink," and beat a retreat. Soon he was overwhelmed with burning sensations internally. Something seemed to be blazing there, and he burst into a doctor's shop, exclaiming—"For Heaven's sake pump me out, quick!" "What is wrong with you?" inquired the doctor. "Get the pump ready

while I am telling you. I'm burning up inside. Hurry! I took a drink down in Gingerbread Row. They have put a job upon me. I am poisoned." The doctor interposed, "Why, I smell something burning myself;" and, opening the patient's waistcoat, he found a hole three inches in diameter burned in his shirt-front. While the stalwart citizen was taking his "drink" he had dropped a cigar stump between his waistcoat and shirt. "Didn't you smell smoke?" asked the doctor. "You 're right—I did; but I thought it was coming out of my mouth," replied the "cit."

CLARENCE'S death by immersion in a butt of Malmsey may be a doubtful historical event; but, if not literally true, it must be taken as indicating his predilection for that beverage. His brother, King Edward IV., if we may believe the historians of his time, was equally fond of wine, and his death was attributed to inordinate indulgence in the pleasures of the table.

A LOVING husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with a small glass of Brandy." A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband: "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done every-

thing in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

A LATE innkeeper of Bristol, who was often seduced into greater indulgences than he had in fact any inclination for, used facetiously to observe that he was obliged to *kill himself in order to live.*

HOOD mentions a toper who never took a glass or cup but he emptied its contents at one draught. He had a son equally fond of potations, on which a neighbour remarked that he took after his father. Whereupon, the would-be Trinculo retorted, "Father leaves none to take."

SOME people are very proud of their wine, and court your approbation by incessant questions. One of a party being invited by Sir Thomas Grouts to a second glass of his "Old East India," he replied, "One was a dose—had rather not double the Cape;" and, at the first glass of Champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries last year.

TOPING IN THE LAST CENTURY.—At a Somersetshire hunt dinner, seventy years since, thirteen toasts used to be drunk in strong beer; then every one did as he liked. Some members of the hunt

occasionally drank a glass of wine at the wind up, who were not themselves previously wound up. In country towns, after a dinner at one o'clock p.m., friends used to meet to discuss the local news over their glasses of strong beer, the merits of which furnished a daily theme. At Bampton, one knot of gentlemen took four times the duration of the Trojan war, and even then failed to settle which of the party brewed the best beer.

Foote was ostentatious and vulgarly fine before his guests. As soon as the cloth was removed from the table, he would ask—"Does anybody drink Port?" If the unanimous answer happened to be "No," he always called out to the servant in waiting—"Take away the ink."

A New Wine.—A New York paper says, "Wine of Four Men" is the name given to a kind of wine made at Witzenhausen, in Germany. The reason is, that "it takes one to pour it out, one to drink it, and two to hold the man while he swallows it."

The Germans in Champagne. — During the Franco-Prussian war some Prussian officers were quartered at Ay upon a well known Champagne merchant, who gave them some *1865* Champagne *bruit* to drink. As might be expected, they very much appreciated the wine, and one of them re-

marked—"Why do you not send this wine to us in Germany?" "I cannot do that," replied the merchant; "I keep it to give you when you come here!"

A TIPPLER, who was the worse for liquor, "fetched up" against the side of a house that had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand; but exclaimed—"Well, that are a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against!"

THE *occasional* worshippers of Bacchus come off cheaply; 't is those who imitate the fuddling Silenus that generally drop into an early grave. As a witty old gentleman once said in the hearing of some of his hard-going neighbours, "they never dry their nets."

BRISTOL MILK.—Pepys, who visited Bristol eight years after the Restoration, alluding to an entertainment, says—"The repast was accompanied by a rich beverage, made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as Bristol Milk." "Though as many elephants are fed," says old Fuller, "as cows grazed within the walls of this city, yet great plenty of this metaphorical

milk—whereby Xerez or Sherry Sack is intended. Some will have it called milk, because (whereas nurses give new-born babies in some places pap, in others water and sugar) such wine is the first moisture given infants in this city. It is also the entertainment, of course, which the courteous Bristolians present to all strangers, when first visiting their city."—*Worthies*, 34.

Eight Drams to an Ounce.—A Dutchman, long accustomed to spirits, was at length persuaded to join the temperance society. A few months after, feeling quite unwell, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for his use an ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend, who told him that eight drams made an ounce. "Ah," exclaimed the old Dutchman, "the doctor understands my case exactly. I used to take six drams in a day, and I always wanted two more."

Thought for Good Templars.—The wife of Socrates was a termagant, who sorely tried her husband's philosophy. Her misbehaviour has been ascribed to over-indulgence in intoxicating wine. Xantippe was frequently Xantipsy.—*Punch*.

"Facts about Sherry."—Wine merchants may recite, if they please, their glittering array of Sherries, dinner and after dinner, pale, dry, golden,

brown, nutty, old, East India, Amontillado, and so forth; but the sober truth is, that there are but two sorts of Sherry—that which is made in Spain, and that which is manufactured out of it. As there are Brandy cherries, so there are Brandy Sherries. Golden Sherry for the morning of life, brown for the meridian, pale and dry for the sear and yellow leaf. Pale Sherry at a funeral, golden at a wedding, brown at any time. One man's "Sherry" is another man's poison. The better the wine, the better the weed. No Sherry like old Sherry. Better a bottle of good Marsala than a dozen of indifferent Sherry. Happy the man who can afford a quarter-cask of real Sherry four times a year! You may speak of a glass of Port *wine*, but not of a glass of Sherry *wine*. This subtle distinction no philosopher or philologist has ever been able to explain. Let your humour and your Sherry both be "dry." Our "duty" as regards Sherry may be thus summed up—Give it good, or not at all.—*Punch*.

Sir Hercules Langreish, on being asked—"Have you finished all that Port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered, "No—not quite that; I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

TOASTS.

The game of "Toasts" seems to be an old one

revived. It is, however, good fun for Christmas nights, when, supper being over, the company sit about the fire sipping negus, or stronger drinks. The host leads off with a "toast," and a sip of his liquor, and so the "toasts" go round. The fun is where a guest bolts, and can think of no toast. Then the company cries "Growing cold," growing cold referring to the contents of the glasses. Improvised toasts referring to the house, the people in in it, and the wants of the day, are best; but, in the event of some of our readers causing the drinks to be "growing cold," here are a number of "observations" they can use:—

Our Father-land: may it ever be the soil of liberty.

Our country: may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.

Religion without priestcraft, and politics without party.

May the tempers of our wives be suited to those of their husbands.

May those who love truly be always believed;
And those who deceive us always be deceived.

May the fair daughters of Britain be resplendent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

May the wings of love never lose a feather.

May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the faces of the British fair.

May we kiss when we please, and please when we kiss.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.

Success to our arms by sea and land.

Success to the brave,
And freedom to the slave.

The Queen: and may true Britons never be without her likeness in their pockets.

ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH OF WINES,

By Dr. Christison.

	Per-centage of absolute alcohol by weight in the wine.	Per-centage of proof spirit by volume.
Port, weakest	14·97	30·56
,, mean of 7 wines	16 20	33·91
,, strongest	17·10	37·27
White Port	14·97	31 31
Sherry, weakest	13·98	30·84
,, mean of 13 wines, excluding those very long kept in cask	15·37	33·59
,, strongest	16·17	35·12
,, mean of 9 wines, very long kept in cask, in the East Indies	14·72	32·39
,, Madre de Xeres	16·90	37·06
Madeira, all long in cask, strongest	16·90	36·81
Madeira, all long in cask, weakest	14·09	30·80
Teneriffe, long in cask at Calcutta	13·04	30·21
Scercial	15·45	83·65
Dry Lisbon	16·14	34 71
Shiraz	12·95	28·30
Amontillado	12·63	27·60
Claret, a 1st growth of 1811	7·72	16·95
Château Latour, 1st growth, 1825	7·78	17·06
La Rose, 2nd growth, 1825	7·61	16·74
Ordinary Claret, a superior "Vin ordinaire"	8·90	18·96
Rivesalte	9·31	22·35
Malmsey	12·86	28 37
Rudesheimer, superior quality	8·40	18 44
Rudesheimer, inferior quality	6·90	15·19
Erbach, superior quality	7·35	16·15
Giles' Edinburgh Ale, before botling	5·70	12·60
Same Ale, two years in bottle	6·06	13·40
Superior London Porter, four months in bottle	5·36	11·90

AN EXPLANATION.

Since the publication of the Second Edition of *Wine and Wine Countries*, I have received many communications from all parts of the kingdom, as well as from Australia and America. Confidential inquiries as to the best shippers of wines, and many samples have been sent to me upon which my opinion was invited. I considered that to give an opinion on such matters was not in my province, and I therefore declined to reply to such applications, as I might have been led into some unpleasantness, and it would have been impossible to satisfy all the numerous applicants. As to the merits of my book, I have had very many kind and complimentary letters, and a few others of a contrary nature. Some have expressed a regret that I did not give, as I had done in some former publications, some practical instructions for making Punch and Cup-brewing, and asking me to supply this in any future edition that may be called for. I do not think I can better meet this demand than by taking extracts from my prior books, and inserting them in the present. The recipes which I annex may be relied upon as being the test of long personal experience, and they have met with the general approbation of those who have used them.

Punch.

THE spirituous element in the orthodox Punch was Rum—Whisky Punch, Gin Punch, and the more refined and aristocratic Champagne Punch, all owe their origin to the ancient tipple. There is scarcely a family, whose respectability can be traced back to the last century, which does not possess a Punch bowl and silver ladle, relics of a bygone age.* And there are many still in existence who can speak of jovial happy hours around the table whereon was placed the steaming bowl.

The following account of a remarkable Punch bowl is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

"On the 25th October, 1694, a bowl of Punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's house, when he was Captain General Commander in Chief of His Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean Sea. It was made in a

* At the bottom of some of the Punch bowls a spade guinea was inserted, and perhaps the ladle likewise contained one. It was a quaint satisfaction to the owner of these possessions to be enabled to say, as long as he had his Punch bowl or ladle, that he was never without a guinea in his house.

fountain in a garden in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with orange and lemon trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz:—

4 hogsheads Brandy
25,000 lemons
20 gallons lime juice
13 cwt. of fine white Lisbon sugar
5 lbs. grated nutmegs
300 toasted biscuits
One pipe of dry mountain Malaga.

"Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups to the company, and, in all probability, more than 6000 men drank thereof."

The Punch bowl, fragrant with no ungrateful perfume, is, in these more refined times, seldom to be met with. Occasionally at an auction for the sale of house property, held in the evening at an adjacent hotel or tavern, Punch is introduced. The bidding flags, the 'cute auctioneer orders in a few bowls of Punch, whilst, as he says, "we take breath." When the Punch bowls are exhausted the sale proceeds, and if the prices anticipated are not obtained, another interval "for breathing" is allowed, and the Punch again makes its appearance, is ladled out, and handed round. Its influence soon tells, the company are duly warmed, active competition is excited, the property is all at once

discovered to be much more valuable than it was at first considered. And the Punch is well paid for by the extra price obtained for the property. Hood says, "the days of *social* clubs are over and gone, when the professors and patrons of literature assembled round the same steaming bowl, and Johnson, always best out of print, exclaimed '*Lads, who's for Poonch?*'"

A description of the various kinds of Punch, and the recipes for making them, may be found of use.

The following quaint *formula* is probably as old as the venerable "Thirty days hath September," &c., and, being arranged in arithmetical progression, affords a like aid to memory:—

One sour,
Two sweet,
Three strong,
Four weak.

Which means, to one glass (or pint) of lemon juice put two of syrup of sugar, three of Rum, and four of water.

In a very useful little book, entitled *Hints for the Table**, the following recipe is given:—"For making Punch, the water should not boil, nor should it have been boiled before, else the Punch will not have the creamy head so much relished: the sugar *powdered* will aid this effect. It should

* Routledge, Warne, & Co., London. 1860.

be well mixed, by stirring in each ingredient as it is added. Arrack will much improve Punch: its flavour may be imitated by dissolving a scruple of the flower of benjamin (to be obtained of any druggist), in each pint of Rum. The juice and thin peel of a Seville orange add variety of flavour, especially to Whisky Punch; lime juice is also excellent. The aroma of the lemon is best obtained by rubbing a few lumps of sugar upon the surface of the peel. Several additions may be made to *soften* the flavour of Punch; as a wine glass of Port, or of Sherry; a table spoonful of red currant jelly; a piece of fresh butter; the substitution of capillaire for sugar; or half Rum and half Shrub. The reason for cutting lemon peel thin is commonly thought to be to avoid the bitter white of the lemon; but it should be known that the scent and flavour, which constitute the use and value of the fruit, reside in minute cells close to the surface of the lemon; and by paring it exceedingly thin you cut through these cells, and thus let out the flavour; whereas, if you pare it thickly into the white, the cells are left entire, and the essential oil remains in the peel. When, however, the peel is cut thinly, much of the oil remains in the white; but this may be abstracted by rubbing a lump of sugar over it. Tamarinds will give Punch a flavour closely resembling Arrack. A table spoonful of Guava jelly much improves Punch. Regent's

Punch is made as follows:—Three bottles of Champagne, one bottle of Hock, one bottle of Curaçoa, a quart of Brandy, a pint of Rum, two bottles of Madeira, two bottles of Seltzer water, four pounds of bloom raisins, Seville oranges, lemons, white sugar candy, and, instead of water, green tea; the whole to be highly iced. This is given as the occasional brewing for the royal Sybarite George IV."

Benson Hill gives the following:—Take three citrons and three Seville oranges, cut the rind into slices, and strain the juice into a stewpan; add two sticks of cinnamon (broken), six cloves, and a dessert spoonful of vanilla powder, to be simmered in clarified sugar for four hours. Then add the juice of eighteen fresh lemons, and complete the sherbert by a strong infusion of the finest green tea, instead of water; add equal portions of old Jamaica Rum and Cognac Brandy, according to the strength required; all being well mixed, should be passed through a sieve.

One method more, "Oxford Punch," by a Christ Church man, must suffice:—

Rub the rinds of three fresh lemons with loaf sugar, so as to extract the oil; peel finely two lemons more, and two Seville oranges. Use the juice of two lemons and four Seville oranges; add six glasses of calves' foot jelly; put it in a large jug and stir the whole. Pour in two quarts of boiling

water, and set the jug upon the hob for twenty minutes. Strain the liquor into a large bowl; pour in a bottle of capillaire, half-a-pint of Sherry, a pint of Cognac Brandy, a pint of old Jamaica Rum, and a quart of Orange Shrub; stir it well as you pour in the spirit.

Cold Punch, when well made, is always weaker than Grog or Toddy; and the acid with which it is impregnated has not only a bracing effect upon the stomach, but operates as a diuretic, thereby counteracting considerably the activity of the spirit.

The ill effects of drinking Punch are said to be prevented by adding to it a piece or two of preserved ginger, and a little of the syrup.

We think the following rhapsodical encomium upon Whisky Punch must have resulted from its inspiring influences. The writer is Mr. Basil Hall, who says,—"Good Whisky Punch, when well made, is certainly, of all the tipples ever invented by man, the most insinuating and the most loving; because, more than any other, it disposes the tippler to be pleased with himself. It brightens his hopes, assuages his sorrows, crumbles down his difficulties, softens the hostility of his enemies, and, in fact, induces him for the time being to think generously of all mankind, at the tip-top of which it naturally and good-naturedly places his own dear self, with a glass in one hand and a mug in the other, without a wish ungratified, and as unsuspicious of evil as

if not a single drop of gall, or a sprig of wormwood, existed on the face of the earth."

To make a thoroughly enjoyable tumbler of Punch without trouble or ceremony, we suggest to our readers to try our concoction, one which we confess, of an evening, after a day's hard work, and when the "winds whistle cold," we occasionally indulge in. As we believe it to be quite original, we shall designate it as

OUR OWN.

Moisten with boiling water three or four knobs of sugar in a full size tumbler; when the sugar is dissolved, add one wine glass full of old Rum, half a wine glass of full flavoured Port or Sherry, and half a wine glass of best Orange Bitters. Fill the tumbler up with boiling water and stir together. Then drink, and repeat the operation as often as may be prudent.

In the above mixture it will be noticed there is no acid. Dr. Macnish* observes that

"Spirituous fluids are safe in proportion to the state of their dilution; but to this general rule there is one exception, viz., Punch. This, though the most diluted form in which they are used, is nearly the very worst, not from the weakness of the mixture, but from the acid which is combined with it. This acid, although for the time being it braces the stomach, and enables it to withstand a greater portion of liquor than it would otherwise do, has ultimately the most

* Anatomy of Drunkenness, 5th edition. 1834.

pernicious effect upon the organ—giving rise to thickening of its coats, heartburn, and all the usual distressing phenomenon of indigestion. Other organs, such as the kidneys, also suffer, and gravelly complaints are apt to be induced. A common belief prevails that Punch is more salubrious than any other spirituous compound, but this is grounded on erroneous premises. When people sit down to drink Punch, they are not so apt, owing to the great length of time which elapses ere such a weak fluid produces intoxication, to be betrayed into excess as when indulging in Toddy. In this point of view it may be said to be less injurious; but let the same quantity of spirits be taken in the form of Punch, as in that of Grog or Toddy, and there can be no doubt that in the long run the consequences will be far more fatal to the constitution. If we commit a debauch on Punch the bad consequences cling much longer to the system than those proceeding from a similar debauch upon any other combination of ardent spirits."

There is much sense in the above remarks, and, as far as our personal experience goes, we can quite endorse Dr. Macnish's opinion. "Our Own" Punch remedies the evil results from the acid mixture, and we hope it will be as enjoyable to our readers as it has been to ourselves. We promise that there will be no bad consequences to the system if taken in moderation, and, as an Irish distiller once said of his Whisky—"There is not a headache in a hogshead of it."

The facetious editor of *Punch*, in animadverting upon this recipe, observed—"A party had tried it, and, after half-a-dozen glasses, could '*not stir together*,' and were left sitting."

Cup-Brewing.

IN making a good Cup, either cold or hot, there is no small amount of judgment required. Novices and experimentalists make occasionally wretched failures. Many pride themselves upon their ability in Cup-making, and will not delegate it to a domestic servant. A Dr. King was so impressed with the importance of the office, that he wrote the following verses to his servant:—

"O Peggy, Peggy, when thou go'st to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise—very sedately think
That what you're going to make is—drink;
Consider who must drink that drink, and then,
What 't is to have the praise of honest men;
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
The Nymph who spiced the brewages so well."

A few matters should be observed before commencing operations. The maker should not be interfered with; if he has chaffing friends around him it is a certain failure; and the old adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," is applicable

in Cup-brewing. The fewest and most simple materials are generally the most effective—it is the proper proportions that the operator's attention should be directed towards. The grand success in a Cup is not to allow any particular flavour to predominate — neither too much spice, lemon, Seville oranges, or sugar. He should be satisfied that all his materials are good, and the utensils he uses are perfectly clean. For mulled wine or hot drinks a silver saucepan is the best; under any circumstances, if a common one, it should be lined inside with ware. There are several preparations he should have at hand for sweetening and flavouring, which will simplify and facilitate the various brews, whether hot or cold. Syrup of sugar, sometimes called capillaire, is easily made, and may be kept in bottles. In this soluble state it is more applicable for making Cup than using loaf sugar; four pounds of finest loaf or crystallized sugar, boiled in water, will produce half a gallon of strong syrup. To extract the essential oil from the rind of Seville oranges or lemons, rub a piece of sugar on the outer rind, and scrape it until you get to the white inner rind; the essential oil will then be absorbed in the sugar. This saturated sugar is called *Oleo-Saccharum*, and this term will be given to it in the following recipes. Another preparation is an excellent addition to Cup-making. Into a bottle of good dry Sherry put

about two dozen tender shoots of mint (not peppermint, but that used for mint sauce), let this remain a few days until the flavour is prominent, then pour off the Sherry into another bottle, and keep it for use; this in the following recipes will be designated as "*Mint Sherry.*"

It is a great improvement and saves expense and trouble to have always ready a bottle of flavouring for wine cups either hot or cold, and I have found the following, which I arrived at after a series of experiments, to be an excellent preparation, and the longer it is kept the more it improves. It will always be available when lemons or Seville oranges cannot be obtained. An imperial quart bottle will last a long time, as the preparation is of concentrated essences; and care must be taken that there is not too much of the flavouring added to the cup. It is impossible to give any direction as to the specific quantity to be used. So much depending upon the quantity to be made and the taste of the operator, it is better to begin with a small quantity and increase according to the palate. After once having attained the *Juste Milieu*, when found, as Captain Cuttle says, "Make a note on it." This flavouring is intended to supersede all others, excepting where spices are required, and then it is better to use the essences mixed with spirit, and always ready for use. On grating nutmeg and using cloves, cin-

namon, and other spices, there is invariably a deposit or floating matter which is objectionable. This is avoided by getting all the flavouring matter soluble. With respect to the flavouring above alluded to, this formula is for an imperial quart:—

8 ozs. essence of lemon peel
8 „ „ Seville orange peel
1½ „ „ essence of ginger
1½ „ „ wormwood
12 ozs., or fill the bottle with capillaire, or syrup of sugar, made according to instructions in a former page.

The essences are expensive when purchased, but they are easily prepared and always useful for domestic use in making custards, pastry, &c. For either essence of orange peel or lemon, take twenty-four Seville oranges, peel the rinds thin, leaving none of the white portion on the inside, let the rinds steep for a month, or longer, in a quart of spirits of wine, or plain Irish Whisky, until the flavour is extracted from the peel. Apply the same process for the lemon essence, using the finest and largest lemons. The fruit may be squeezed and the juice mixed with one quart of Jamaica Rum, one quart of water, and one pint of capillaire, or two pounds of loaf sugar, and this will make nearly three quarts of Rum Shrub. For the essence of ginger—one pound of bruised ginger,

steeped in a quart of spirits of wine, or plain Irish Whisky. Of course, the stronger the spirit the better. For wormwood, use the green, if attainable; if not, quarter of a pound of the dry in a pint and a half of spirits will give sufficient bitter extract. These essences will be found useful for many other purposes than Cup-making.

MULLED PORT.

Into a clean stewpan put one pint of water with about half an ounce of mixed spices, the outer rind of a small lemon, one quarter pound of loaf sugar; boil until the quantity is reduced one half, then put the whole into a jug, and add a pint of full-flavoured Port and one wine glassful of Sherry.

MULLED SHERRY.

Prepare as for Port, then add a pint of Sherry; in no instance must the wine be allowed to boil.

In making Claret or Champagne Cup, it is unnecessary to use expensive wines. The delicacy of fine wine is entirely destroyed by the flavouring materials; for Mulled Claret, and for Claret Cup a good, *sound*, full-flavoured wine, at 18s. or 24s. per dozen, will be as serviceable as a wine twice the cost; and in Champagne a good Saumur at 28s., or a wine of Epernay or Rheims at 42s., will be sufficient—provided, of course, that the wine is in sparkling condition, and of good clean quality.

MULLED CLARET.

There should be only sufficient water used to boil the sugar and spices, which may be in the same proportions as for Port or Sherry; add a bottle of Claret, which may be heated to boiling point, but not allowed to boil.

CHAMPAGNE CUP, No. 1.

One bottle of Champagne, two bottles of soda water, one liqueur glass of Curaçao or Cognac, two table spoonfuls of powdered sugar, or one wine glassful of syrup of sugar, one pound of broken ice, a sprig of green borage or mint; if borage is not attainable, part of the end of a cucumber will answer the purpose; put all into a silver cup or glass jug. Put a clean napkin through one of the handles of the cup, if it is intended to be handed round.

CHAMPAGNE CUP, No. 2.

One bottle of Champagne, iced, one bottle of soda water, two ounces of powdered loaf sugar, one wine glass of mint Sherry, oleo-saccharum from one lemon; pour the Champagne on the sugar, &c., cover the vessel, which should be in ice till the sugar is dissolved, then add the soda water.

MOSELLE CUP.

To each bottle of Still or Sparkling Moselle add one bottle of soda water, a glass of mint Sherry,

four or five thin slices of pine apple,* oleo-saccharum from half a lemon, and powdered sugar, or syrup of sugar according to taste; well stir, and before serving add some lumps of clear ice.

RHENISH CUP.

"May Frank" is the most popular beverage on the Rhine. Take with each bottle of light Hock, say Geisenheimer, at 30s. per dozen, about a dozen sprigs of woodruffe, a quarter of an orange cut in small slices, and about two ounces of pounded sugar. The herbs are to be removed after having been in the wine half an hour, or longer, according to taste. A bottle of sparkling wine added to four or five bottles of Still Hock is a great improvement. A little ice is recommended.

CLARET CUP, No. 1.

To each bottle of Claret, one bottle of soda water, a glass of Curaçao, oleo-saccharum from one lemon, powdered, or syrup of sugar, according to taste; let the whole remain some time before serving. It is always desirable to give the ingredients time to incorporate, then add the soda water with some lumps of clear ice.

* If pine apple is not attainable, some slices of a very ripe orange form a good substitute.

CAMBRIDGE CLARET CUP.

One bottle of Claret, half a bottle of Sherry, one quarter pint of Port, one quarter pint of cherry Brandy, oleo-saccharum, and strained juice of one lemon; sweeten to taste; add cucumber and verbena sufficient to flavour; strain, and ice up; when ready for use, add three bottles of iced German seltzer water.

OXFORD CLARET CUP.

Two bottles of Claret, pint of dry Sherry, one wine glassful of Cognac Brandy, one wine glassful of Noyeau, one bottle of Champagne, infuse some young borage, balm leaves, or mint in the Sherry, when sufficiently herbed, strain; add this to the Claret, sweeten to taste, add the Noyeau and spirit, ice up; just before serving add two bottles of iced potash water, one pint of shaven ice, and the Champagne; serve immediately.

Appendix.

THE following is an extract from *Law and Liquor*, by W. Wilson Turnbull, published by Weldon & Co., London.

THE PERMISSIVE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR BILL.

The United Kingdom Alliance was organised in Manchester in 1853. It was formed to "procure the total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating liquors as beverages." After an agitation of four years' duration, it was discovered that there was no possibility of carrying a Maine Law through the British Parliament. Accordingly, in 1857 it was decided that the Imperial measure should be abandoned, and that Parliament should be asked to concede to parishes or districts the power to pass a Maine Law upon themselves. This idea was embodied in a document called "The Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill," of which the following are the preamble and main provisions:—

PREAMBLE AND MAIN PROVISIONS OF THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

"Whereas the common sale of intoxicating liquors is a fruitful source of crime, immorality, pauperism, disease, insanity, and premature death, whereby not only the individuals who give way to drinking habits are plunged into misery, but grievous wrong is done to the persons and property of Her Majesty's subjects at large, and the public rates and taxes are greatly augmented:

"And whereas it is right and expedient to confer upon ratepayers of cities, boroughs, parishes, and townships the power to prohibit such *common sale* as aforesaid:

"Be it therefore enacted, &c.

"Clause 1 enacts that it shall be lawful, after the passing of the Act, for a certain number of ratepayers, by notice in writing, to require the mayor or overseers, as the case may be, to take the vote of the ratepayers as to the propriety of bringing the Act into operation.

"Clause 2 enacts that every person rated to the relief of the poor shall be a voter.

"Clause 3 enacts that the voting shall be by means of voting papers.

"Clause 4 provides for the collection of the papers.

"Clause 5 provides for the collection of the voting papers and the declaration of the result, and enacts that the adoption of the Act shall depend on a two-thirds majority being in its favour.

"Clause 6 enacts certain penalties for the fabrication of voting papers.

"Clause 7 provides for the adoption of its immediate operation.

"Clause 8 enacts that after a vote against the adoption

of the Act it shall be lawful, after the expiration of one year, to take a fresh vote.

"Clause 9 enacts that if the Act be adopted, it shall be lawful, after the expiration of three years, to take a vote to ascertain whether the voters are still in favour of the operation of the Act, and the votes so given shall determine whether it be continued or not.

"Clause 10 provides for and enacts the total prohibition of the 'common sale' of alcoholic liquor within the borough or parish in which the Act has been adopted.

"Clause 11 and last defines the meaning to be attached to certain words in the Act."

The objections to the Permissive Bill are so many and grave, and the arguments by which it is supported are so fallacious and shallow, that it is not conceivable that such a measure will ever meet with the approval of a British House of Commons. The following are a *few* of the objections urged against it:—

100 REASONS WHY THE PERMISSIVE BILL SHOULD NOT BECOME LAW.

"1. Because it is based on an untruth, namely, on the statement that the *sale* of liquor—the mere act of buying and selling—and not the *use*, is a source of crime, disease, and premature death.

"2. Because there is nothing in the English statute book, nor in the letter or spirit of our laws to which it bears a likeness.

"3. Because the experience of prohibitory legislation of the nature contemplated by the Bill, whether in England or elsewhere, has not been such as to make the success of the Permissive Bill probable, but emphatically the contrary.

"4. Because the criminal issues of men's appetites and passions, and not those appetites and passions themselves, are the proper objects of law.

"5. Because two-thirds of the ratepayers, though presumably good judges of the wants of themselves, are not necessarily the best judges of the wants of the other third.

"6. Because the Permissive Bill is, in its essence, of the nature of a sumptuary law interfering with the daily habits and social usages of the people.

"7. Because it compels one portion of the community to submit to the will of another in a matter of doubtful obligation.

"8. Because the admission of such a principle involves the absolute slavery of minorities.

"9. Because if it be conceded to be right for the majority to deny the minority the *physical* poisons (so-called) of the drink shops, it cannot logically be held to be wrong to concede them the power to deny the same minority the *spiritual* poisons of Romanism, Rationalism, and Atheism, if they consider them to be such.

"10. Because if the law once invades the sanctuary of imperfect obligation, there is no injustice which it cannot inflict, and no despotism which it cannot justify.

"11. Because the law has no right to punish a man by depriving him of a reasonable gratification in anticipation of an excess he may never commit.

"12. Because the law has no right to visit the sins of of those who abuse a good thing on those who use it in moderation and in reason.

"13. Because it is impossible to conceive of any crime of which a public-house is the necessary antecedent and the crime the inseparable consequence, and therefore it cannot be necessary, for the reasons urged in the preamble, to prohibit the traffic.

"14. Because the law may not take away the rational enjoyments of the virtuous in order to suppress the excesses of the vicious.

"15. Because the whole power of government in relation to crime is the right of personal freedom to the punishment of criminals.

"16. Because any measure which seeks to put an end to crime by interfering with passions, affections, and appetites, instead of dealing with them in their criminal consequences, whether for the purpose putting down drunkenness or for any other reason, is a dream and a vision.

"17. Because even if the argument of the preamble were true and not false the Bill simply appeals to the Legislature to violate the primary canon of rational government by dealing with *causes* instead of with *effects*.

"18. Because the Bill, as drafted, is a distinct violation of its own vaunted principle, vesting, as it does, the ultimate adoption of its provisions, not in a majority, but in a *minority* of the people, namely, two-thirds of the ratepayers.

"19. *Because the chances of its adoption are in inverse proportion to the need which exists for it.*

"20. Because no amount of alteration of the Bill in Committee, short of the total destruction of its fundamental principle, can cure it of this radical and self-defeating defect.

"21. Because its effect will not be uniform upon all classes of the community.

"22. Because in its practical operation it would destroy only that portion of the traffic carried on for the poor, since all who could afford to do so would be able to purchase their wines, beer, and spirits at a distance, where the Bill was not in operation, and have them sent to them. (Any person may, under the Bill, buy, carry away, purchase, or store any quantity of alcoholic liquors, provided the actual

sale takes place outside the parish or parishes in which the Bill has been adopted.)

"23. Because while people who could afford to order of a brewer or wine merchant could get their liquors as easily as if the Bill had never been heard of, the poor man who could not afford to deal with a brewer, would simply be put to the senseless inconvenience of dragging himself, after a day of toil, to some non-prohibited district, or, if such district were too far off, he would simply be deprived of a glass of beer which his neighbours around him were enjoying.

"24. Because the poor would not calmly endure the sight of their richer brethren having their wine and beer without stint while they themselves were legally deprived of it.

"25. Because such a state of things would lead to the institution of working men's drinking clubs, the members of which would club together to purchase direct from the brewer and distiller, which would probably be more injurious to the public welfare than the open trade in public-houses.

"26. Because it is not, hence, desirable to destroy a trade for which an immediate and probably more dangerous equivalent can easily be found.

"27. Because its practical effect would be to inflict useless and unnecesssry hardships on the lower orders without inflicting corresponding inconveniences on other and wealthier classes of society.

"28. Because the Maine Law, and the public sentiment which it has created, have led in the United States to an alarming increase in the consumption of opium, and the same would probably be the case in England under the Permissive Bill.

"29. Because prohibition having been tried in England before, has resulted, in every instance, in absolute and ignominious failure.

"30. Because between intoxication as it now exists and

intoxication under a Maine Law there is this difference—that to the degrading vice of drunkenness are added, under the Maine Law, and under Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Acts, the more degrading crimes of smuggling and illicit distilling.

"31. Because a Parliament which passed the Permissive Bill would, hence, be open to this charge: that with the object of removing vice it had created two serious crimes —illicit distillation and smuggling.

"32. Because since the great majority drink, and would drink, while only a small minority are drunkards, it would be open to the further charge that in order to suppress drunkenness in a small proportion of the people it had forced the great majority to join issue with the drunkard, and either become drunkards themselves or participators in the criminality of others.

"33. Because all legislation is illogical which permits the manufacture of liquor but forbids the sale.

"34. Because it cannot be right to *make* liquor and wrong to *sell it when made*.

"35. Because it cannot be right for everybody to *drink* alcoholic liquors, and wrong for anyone to *sell them to drink*.

"36. Because the very principle of the Permissive Bill is an acknowledgment of the absolute powerlessness of law to interfere with the evils of drink at their root.

"37. Because Permissive Bills and Maine Laws are but so many measures for enabling the State to exceed its powers without obtaining its objects.

"38. Because there is neither sense nor statesmanship in a measure which simply aims at turning every cottage into a brewery, and every tea-pot into a still.

"39. Because all legislation is illogical which suppresses public drinking and does not suppress private drinking.

"40. Because reasons which will not justify us in

removing *all* sources of drunkenness will not justify us in removing *any*.

"41. Because if it be wrong to drink in public-houses it cannot be right to drink in the drawing-room.

"42. Because you cannot, without a flagrant violation of justice, remove the cellars of the poor—the public-houses—and leave untouched the cellars of the rich. They must stand or fall together.

"43. Because to be logical a Permissive Bill man has no course open to him but that of total prohibition.

"44. Because we have it on the best evidence of judges, governors of the State, members of parliament, doctors and journalists that prohibition has been in the United States, in all but a few villages a gigantic and demoralising failure.

"45. Because to speak of a public-house as a *cause* of drunkenness is to reverse the truth. A public-house is no more a cause of drunkenness than a knife is a cause of murder. It is simply a *means* to drunkenness, just as a knife is a means to murder. That the end cannot be attained without the means is perfectly true. But just as a knife is only one means to murder so a public-house is only one means to drunkenness. To take away from the people their public-houses while leaving them their wine cellars is exactly like taking a carving-knife from a suicide and leaving him the razors!

"46. Because in directing their statutes against the *sale* of drink instead of against the *use*, the supporters of the Permissive Bill have not the courage of their opinions.

"47. Because it is either right to drink or it is wrong. If it is wrong imperial law, acting in its own person and behalf and not through the doubtful and doubting medium of a ratepaying majority, ought to prohibit both the manufacture of liquor and the use.

"48. Because if it be not wrong (and the Permissive Bill admits that it is not) then it is tyranny for the law, or for the people acting through the law, to deprive either minorities or individuals of any means or power which they possess of rightly gratifying a natural appetite.

"49. Because the real causes of drunkenness are within man himself and not within breweries and public-houses external to man.

"50. Because public-houses can be permanently removed only by removing the demand for them, since they are not the *cause* of our drinking habits but the *consequence* of them. Pnblic-houses instead of *causing* the demand for drink are themselves caused *by* that demand, a proposition which almost admits of demonstration, for if that demand were to suddenly and universally cease to-morrow the annihilation not only of the sale but of the manufacture of liquor would follow as an absolute necessity.

"51. Because the Permissive Bill would set up a system of secret trade and cheating of the law infinitely more inimical to social order and more morally harmful and debasing than the drinking which the Bill would restrict.

"52. Because, hence, the only way to remove public-houses is to remove the demand for them.

"53. Because if the Bill were passed once every three years or so every parish in the kingdom would be agitated with the all-absorbing question of 'License!' or 'No License!' 'Beer!' or 'No Beer!'

"54. Because an intense and dangerous excitement would ensue, and with the single exception of its paraphernalia we should have all the inconvenience, the uproar, and the turmoil of a general election.

"55. Because whichever side won victory would be attended with public disadvantages. If Beer won all the turmoil, the uproar, and the inconvenience would have been

endured without benefit. If Beer lost he would not only have his business absolutely ruined, but he would have his stock-in-trade practically confiscated and his whole capital turned adrift.

"56. Because while the teetotallers had gained the day in one district the publicans would have won it in another, in which case we should have the astounding anomaly created in law of its being legal to buy beer in one parish but illegal to buy it in another!

"57. Because in the course of time the original minority would probably swell into the majority, and then we should have *another* election and all the public-houses closed or opened again. Nothing would be certain.

"58. Because every licensing district in every town and parish would be in perpetual danger of this electoral strife and turmoil, and the law would simply be turned into a ridiculous and fluctuating piece of permissive nonsense.

"59. Because there is no passion so strong in the breast of the multitude as that which protects their pleasures and their liberties; hence if a mere *two-thirds of the rate-payers* were content to deprive themselves of all convenient means of purchasing a glass of beer it is quite certain the operatives of our large towns would submit to no such deprivation.

"60. Because while upon the publican it would fall with a deadly precision, to the wholesale manufacturer and the merchant it would simply be an object of derision, defiance, and contempt.

"61. Because there is not in English law a precedent for giving one portion of the community power to prevent the enjoyment of a reasonable indulgence on the part of the other.

"62. Because in the theory of rational liberty every man has a right to the control of his own body.

"63. Because no man and no body of men has a right to decide as to what his neighbour shall eat or drink.

"64. Because all laws affecting to regulate the private habits, the mode of living, and the dietary of the people, whether in England or any other country in which the people were not absolute slaves, have completely and ignominiously failed.

"65. Because it is an accepted axiom of modern jurisprudence that the whole scope of Parliament in relation to popular vices, is limited to their regulation; but even the right to regulate them is not absolute in all cases, but is limited by reasons of public convenience.

"66. Because the cardinal aim of all good government is to do justice to society as a whole without doing injustice to individual members of it.

"67. Because judged by this criterion of good government the Permissive Bill stands hopelessly convicted and condemned.

"68. Because the rights of society as a whole are simply the rights of man as a unit; hence the law has no business to permit one man to deprive another man of the rights he is not denied to possess.

"69. Because every man is the sole responsible author of his own actions; hence it is not just to inflict upon the virtue of one person the punishment due to the vice of another.

"70. Because what is required is a measure to deal with *drunkenness*, not a Bill that, in great towns, will have to wait for a chance of coming into operation until drunkenness has, somehow or other, put down itself.

"71. Because the Maine Law has been proved to have failed in Saltaire, where it has been tried under more favourable conditions than it can possibly hope for as a general rule throughout England.

"72. Because the suppression of the liquor traffic—assuming it to be possible—would, without attaining the end in view, cause a loss of £30,000,000 of revenue yearly.

"73. Because the deficit would have to be made up by direct taxation, which, added to the discontent produced by regulations so stringent, and by prosecutions arising out of the perpetual breaches of the law, would lead to constant popular disturbances and riots.

"74. Because chemical science would be called upon to satisfy the craving for alcoholic stimulants, and new compounds for alcoholic liquors would be invented. Thus, you would only replace one form of intoxication by another, and probably a more dangerous form.

"75. Because the suppression of the sale of liquor can never put a stop to its habitual use.

"76. Because apart from actual smuggling the law would be evaded and rendered contemptible in an immense variety of ways.

"77. Because labourers would probably stipulate for so much liquor in addition to their wages.

"78. Because pretended exhibitions would be got up, as in the case of the United States, where, after paying for admission, the visitor would receive his share of liquor gratis.

"79. Because drinking clubs would be established on the same principle.

"80. Because such a state of things would lead to the utter demoralisation of the community.

"81. Because you cannot put an end to these evasions of the law except by declaring the *possession* of intoxicating liquors illegal, in which case every man's house becomes liable to search.

"82. Because a habit of self-control is in every respect a better protection than an arbitrary enactment.

"83. Because compulsory sobriety is not virtue.

"84. Because it does not follow that, if you succeed by the Bill in totally abolishing drinking (which is impossible), you will have done away with crime and vice, since the tee-total races of the world are the most miserable, poverty-stricken, criminal, and vicious.

"85. Because the Bill would be a violation of the Constitution.

"86. Because it would not in the least diminish the evils of intemperance, but (in the direction already pointed out) probably add to them.

"87. Because it provides no compensation for those whose business it would ruin.

"88. Because no British Parliament, even if it decided upon total prohibition altogether, would consent to a course so tyrannical and cruel as to destroy the means of living of a man engaged in a lawful trade without amply recompensing him for the loss and injury inflicted. How much less probable is it that Parliament would adopt such an iniquitous course, when the traffic destroyed in one parish was being carried on in the next.

"89. Because compensation, such as would be justly demanded, would, by the very nature of the Bill, present an utterly anomalous and insurmountable obstacle. Suppose the Bill were adopted in the parish of A, with 200 public-houses, and the local rates were saddled with the burden of compensation; in three years the public-houses might be re-opened, and in the following year closed again, when the compensation would have to be repeated to the new set of publicans. Does Sir Wilfrid Lawson contemplate the compensation of the publicans and the consequent augmentation of local rates every four or five years, or not? This is a *practical* point, affecting the very root of the measure, and if Sir Wilfrid Lawson has not provided for it in his Bill it is because he dare not look it full in the face.

"90. Because it is not desirable to partially remove mankind from the pretended tyranny of the liquor traffic to wholly place them under the real tyranny of the Maine Law.

"91. Because local option is confessedly only the first step to total prohibition.

"92. Because a just law, whether local and permissive, or universal and imperial, ought to implicate the man who buys if it implicate the man who sells.

"93. Because if two-thirds of the people really wished to close the drink-shops, they could do it easily by the simple process of entire abstention from alcoholic liquors themselves, without any Permissive Bill.

"94. Because the natural instincts of Englishmen in favour of personal freedom and the public opinion of England are against the Bill, the signatures to Parliamentary petitions being no evidence at all, most of them having been gathered by *paid* agents, and the majority having been written with only the most imperfect knowledge of what the Permissive Bill really means.

"95. Because the people are not in a fit state to be trusted with the power which would be accorded them under the Bill, even were that power consistent with right and justice, which it is not.

"96. Because the Permissive Bill provides no remedy for the intemperance of the country. It is directed, not against drinking, but only against public-houses and places for the *sale* of drink.

"97. Because virtue is not that which abstains from *indulgence* but that which abstains from *excess*.

"98. Because in much the same way as the supporters of the Permissive Bill would try to abolish drunkenness the Puritans tried to abolish levity and sin, and in the words of *The Times*, 'they succeeded in bringing about

the greatest outburst of frivolity and profligacy ever seen in England.'

"99. Because the instinct of freedom inherent in all Englishmen will never permit the prohibition by law of practices which are not essentially wrong in themselves.

"100. Because, if drunkenness is ever to be stamped out at all, it must be by a suppression of the use; and a suppression of the use can only be brought about by a tremendous and long-continued moral agitation."

Index.

Abstinence, total, 71
Abuse of wine, 154
Actor turned wine merchant, 243
Addison, 153, 176
Advantages of a temperate life, 175
Advocates of temperance, 151
Æneas, 16
After dinner, 107
Alcohol, cures effected by, 157
Alcoholic liquors, strength of, 131
Alderman Faulkner, 89
Aleph, 58
Alexander, 21
Alexander Ferguson, 50
American speech, an, 173
Amiable Society, the, 179
Amphora, 6
Amphyction, 3
Anacreon, selections from, 28—38
Ancients, maxims of, 153
Ancient wines, Henderson's history of, 12
Anecdotes and tales, 82
Anecdotes, Irish, 191
Anecdotes upon Champagne, 137
Anglo-Saxon manners, 44
Anne of Denmark, 44
Antiphanes, 17
Apotheca, 5
Aqua vitæ, 51
Argumentative effect of wine, 154
Ariston, 10
Artaxerxes, 20
Art of taking wine, 118
Arundel castle, 74
Asiatics, 5
Athenæus, 8
,, a tale from, 23
,, translation from, 25
Athenians, 3
Auction, sales by, 259
Augustus, 11
Austin, Major, 57

Bacchanalian lyrics, 207
Bacchus, 3, 15, 19
Bacchus, worshipper of, 251
Bacon, 53
Band, the village, 172
Banquets, 14
Barry, Sir E., 8, 10
Basil Hall, 263
Beaten paths, 191
Beer hall, 45
Beowulf Hiothgar, 45
Bewares, 233
Bithias, 16
Blayney, Lord, 77
Blend, a, 81
Blind tipplers, three, 217
Boileau, 12
Book of reminiscences, 68
Bordeaux wines, 236
Boswell, 67
Bottle, a fly in the, 96
Bottle, the, &c., 231
Boy, the truthful, 238
Brandytoddy, Mr., 180
Brighton pavilion, 74
Bristol milk, 251
Bristol Times and Mirror, 199
Bumper glasses, 68
Burns, the Rev., 179
Butler on the abuse of wine, 154
Butler's Athenians, 14
Buying wines, 123
Byron, Lord, 155

Cæsar, 17
Calends of March, 6
Cambyses, 21
Campagna Felice, 18
Campbell, Sir Archibald, 161
Canning, 246
Capillaire, to make, 267
Captain Chadwick, 161
Carouse, origin of word, 44
Cato, 7, 20
Cawnpore, 162
Cecil of Theobaldis, 48
Cellar at Dundrum, 51
Certain and uncertain, 242
Champagne anecdotes, 137
,, as a social force, 141
,, Cliquot, 137
,, cup, 270, 271
,, Curran, 144
Channing, Dr., 244

Charles II., 51, 71
Charlotte, Queen, 74
Cheap wines, 88
Choosing Port, 107
Christian IV. of Denmark, 48
Christison, Dr., 256
Christopher North, 2
Cicero, 16, 18, 20
City Press, the, 58, 178
City scraps, 58
Civic customs, 88
Clarence, Duke of, 74
,, death of, 248
Claret, consumption of, 203
,, George III.'s, 73
,, mulled, 273
Clearchus Ap. Athenæum, 25
Cliquot, Jules, 158
Colonel Sale, 161
Columella, 7, 8, 11
Commercial docks, 65
Commissions, 128
Commonwealth, the, 48
Composer of wine, a, 63
Congii, 20
Cooke, the actor, 243
Cornaro, Luige, 175
Cornelius Agrippa, 233
Cornhill Magazine, extract from, 164
Countess of Nottingham, 48
Crabbe, 12
Croker, Mr., 68
Cromwell administration of, 49
Cup-bearers, 14
Cup brewing, 266
,, Cambridge Claret, 272
,, Champagne, 271
,, Claret, 272
,, flavouring for, 268
,, Moselle, 271
,, Rhenish, 272
Cures effected by alcohol, 157
Curious jeu d'esprit, 101
Curious story of a whistle, 49
Cyrus, 20
,, of Persia, 10
Cyrus Redding, 10, 12

Daily Telegraph, 126
Damasippus, 19
Dane, a huge, 49
Darius, 20
Dean, a reverend, 247
,, Swift, 202
Dedication, v—xxv
Dido, 16
Dinner party, an Irish, 191
Dioscorides, 8
Dipsomaniacs, 174
Directory, London, for 1817, 64
Disappearance of spirits, 244
Divines, the day of portly, 223
Doctor, the, 207
Down to the level, 243
Drinking, 225
Drinking habits, 44
,, healths, 16
,, like men, 246
,, vessel, 45
Drunk and disorderly, 177
,, and guilty, 113
,, by George, 69
Drunkard's conceit, the, 209
Drunkenness, stages of, 178
Dryden, John, 53
Dublin in 1682, 203
Duke of Norfolk, 74
Dundrum, cellar at, 51

Edgar the Peaceable, 45
Edward I., murder of, 45
Eight drams, 252
Eldon, Lord, 77
Elizabeth, Queen, 51
Example for dipsomaniacs, an, 174
Excessive drinking, 44
Excitement at Newark, 247
Explanation, an, 257

Facts about Sherry, 252
Falernian, 17, 18, 19
"Father leaves none," 249
Father Mathew, 170
Festival of St. Augustine, 45
First gentleman of Europe, 74
Fish dinner, a, 246
Fishmongers' hall, 59
Flavouring for cup, 268
Flies, the toper and the, 211
Fly in the bottle, 96
Foote, 250
Fox, 155
Franklin, Dr., 152
Frost fair, 62
Fumarium, 4

Galen, 8, 18
General Neill, 162
Gentle shepherd, the, 222
George II., George III., George IV. } reigns of, 71—78
German Anacreontic, 84
Germanicus, 17
Germans in Champagne, the, 250
Get the pump ready, 248
Getting assistance, 253
Gifford and Blount, 44
Gladstone's, Mr., beverage, 64
God, the Lenæan, 21
Goldsmith, 67
Good Templar, tale of, 184
Gould, R. de Tracey, 138
Graces, the, 17
Grape cure, 156
Grattan, T. C., 191
Gravestones, gleanings from, 57
Greeks, practice of, 3
,, their love of wine, 13
,, their festivals, 15

Green, John, 184
Gronow, Captain, 76
Grouts, Sir T., 249
Guilty but drunk, 113
Gye, Mr. Frederick, 66

Half and half, 3
Half-seas over, 44
Hall of mead, 45
Handel, 57
Hard drinking, 44
Havelock, the gallant, 161
Henderson, Dr., 8, 9
Hermes, 15
Highlander's sobriety, 245
Highlander's Whisky, 245
Highland woman and her still, the, 229
Hob-nob, 228
Holinshed, 51
Home-made wines, 86
Homer, 21
Hook, Theodore, 146
Horace, 6, 21
How all kinds of wine are made, 97
Hume's will, 241
Hydrophobia, 158

Ill temper over wine, 231
Importer of wine, an, 63
Innkeeper outwitted, 122
Inspiring effects of wine, 155
Intemperance, Mrs. Partington on, 174
In vino veritas, 153
Irish advertisement, 229
,, anecdotes, 191
,, decanters, 204
,, drunken orgies, 204
,, hospitality, 198
,, poem, translation of, 202

Jacobite doctors, 240
Jekyll, 234
Jem-Sheed, 1
Jeu d'esprit, a curious, 101
Jockey of Norfolk, 74
Johnson, Dr., 67, 153, 168
Jovial, 25
Jupiter, 16

Kelly, Michael, 63
Kemble, John, 206
Kenyon, John, 139
Killing himself to live, 249
King, Dr., 266
Knockderrig, Squire of, 191

Lagrimas of Malaga, 11
Lallemand, M., 165
Lamprius, 21
Langreish, Sir Hercules, 253
Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 178
Laying in a whole pipe, 244
Lectures by Dr. Todd, 163
Liebig, 163
Lily on liquid roses, 140
Liquor and longevity, 179
Lockjaw, 169
London Society, 141
Lord Palmerston, 181
,, Panmure, 72
Loving cup, 238
Loving husband, a, 248
Loving one's enemies, 177
Lucknow, 162
Luige Cornaro, 174
Lyrics, Bacchanalian, 207

Macnish, Dr., 264
Macpherson, Mr., 242
Madame d'Arblay, 75
,, Pasta, 246
Madeira, 18
,, mellowing of, 5
Mago of Carthage, 10
Malaga, lagrimas of, 11
Mapes, Walter, 26
March, calends of, 6
Marseilles, fumaria of, 7
Martial, 6
,, epigram of, 22
,, on Falernian, 6
,, satire on Munna, 7
Mathew, Father, 170
Maudlin teetotaller, a, 170
Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, 146
,, the ancients, 153
Mayne, Dr. Jasper, 235
Medicinal properties of the grape, 156
Miller, Professor, 165
Milton, John, 53
Mint Sherry, 267
Mirabeau, 234
Modern wines, Henderson's history of, 12
Moore, Thomas, 12, 28, 139
Moselle cup, 271
Mulled Claret, 270
,, Port, 270
,, Sherry, 270
Munna, 7
Muses, the, 17
Mutiny of the Bounty, 161

National Assembly, 4
Natural History of Pliny, 9
Never drying their nets, 251
Nice distinction, a, 229
Noah, 2
Noble youths, 244
Nomentanum, 19
Norfolk Punch, 219
Nothing new, 4
Nysæan nymphs, 3

Old East India, 249
Old Shades, the, 58
On buying wine, 123
On lending a Punch bowl, 214
O Peggy, Peggy, 266
Opinion gratis, an, 197

Order, a tasting, 132
Original, The, Mr. Walker, 144
Origin of wine, 1
"Our own Punch," 264
Outwitted innkeeper, 122
Over the wine and walnuts, 227
Ovid, 4, 6, 151
O Whisky Punch (poem), 193

Palmerston, Lord, 181
Panlathie, 72
Partington, Mrs., on intemperance, 174
Pasteur, R., 4
Paulus Diacrius, 20
Pavilion Meguson, 74
Pereira, Dr., on Food and Diet, 160
Permissive Bill, 179
Philosophia Patrum, 39
Pilferings from *Punch*, 177
Pink Champagne, 139
Pitt, William, 155
Pliny, 8, 9, 20
Plutarch's Symposiacs, 21, 154
Pope, Mr. Samuel, 179
Portly divines, the day of, 223
Port, mulled, 272
,, restoring speech, 177
,, vintage 1820, 80
Potheen, a tale about, 199
Prince of Wales, 73
,, Regent, 74
Prior, 12
Prynne, 183
Punch, article on, 258
,, Benson Hill on, 262
,, Dr. Johnson on, 266
,, Norfolk, 219
,, Oxford, 262
Punch bowl, on lending a, 214
,, ,, remarkable, 258
Puritan principles, 48

Quaint formula, 260
Queen Charlotte, 74
Queen Elizabeth's time, 51
Queen Victoria, 78

Rattlesnake, bite from a, 159
Reasons for not drinking, 180
Recipes for Punch, 260
Redi, 12
Regent's Punch, 261
Reign of George II., 67
Rhenish cup, 272
Right Royal, 20
Rogers, Samuel, 139
Rogers, *Table Talk*, 69
Romans, debauches of, 13
Romans, drink of, 3
Rome, wines in request at, 6
Rorie More, 50
Rum, beneficial effects of, 162

Saturnalia, 20
Schwellenberg, 75
Scop or poet, 45
Selections from Anacreon, 28—38
Seneca, 10
Sentiment, an unlucky, 85
Setinum, the, 19
Shakespeare, 12
,, days of, 52
Shane O'Neil, 51
Shaw, Mr. T. G., 74
Shepherd, the Gentle, 222
Sheridan, 63, 155
Sherry Mint, 267
Sherry, mulled, 270
Silius Italicus, 19
Sir Everard, 69
Sir Robert Laurie, 50
Sir Robert Vince, 52
Sir William Ayleth, 247
Smith, Mr. Edward, 165
"Sober for many," 76
Social forces, 141
Socrates, 20
Solomon's maxims, 71
South African Wine, 64
Spade guinea, a, 258
Sparkling Gooseberry, 64
Spectator, The, 52, 176
Speech, a teetotal, 152
Speech restored by Port, 177
Spencer, 53
Spirits, disappearance of, 244
Stowe, extract from, 48
Stowell, Lord, 77
Straight road, 52
Strength of wine, 256
Strengths, comparative, 131
Sun, nothing new under the, 4
Superfluity in drink, 183
Symposiacs, Plutarch's, 21
Syrup of sugar, 267

Take away the ink, 250
Taking wine, act of, 118
Tale about Potheen, a, 199
Tales and anecdotes, 82
Tale of a tankard, 210
Taraban's triumph, 180
Tarquin superbus, 4
Tasting order, a, 132
Teetotalism, an American on, 173
Teetotal speech, a, 153
Teetotaller, a maudlin, 170
Teetotaller's table talk, 178
Teetotallers, turf news for, 179
Teher-e-Kooshon, 2
Temperance anecdotes, 151
,, tales, 151
Temperate life, advantages of, 175
Templars, thoughts for Good, 252
Thackeray's *Miscellanies*, 146
Thrale, Madam, 67
Three blind tipplers, 217
Three visitors, 102
Thucydides, 18
Tibullus, 5, 19

Tippler, a, 215
Toasts, 253, 254, 255
Tobias Venner, 52
Toby Tosspot, 212
Todd's lectures, Dr., 163
Tokay, 225
To make all wines from Port or Sherry, 97
Too much wine, 82
Toping in the last century, 249
Translations, Athenæus, 23, 25
,, Martial, 7, 22
,, Philosophia Patrum, 39—43
,, Walter Mapes, 27
Truthful boy, the, 238
Tullus, 6
Twistleton Fiennes, 77

Uncertain and certain, 212
Unlucky sentiment, an, 85
Usquebaugh, 51

Varro, 7
Venner, Tobias, 52
Village band, the, 172
Vin de caco, 158
Viner, Sir Robert, 52
Vino santo, 15
Virtues of Whisky, 236
Visitors, three, 102
Vitæ, aqua, 51

Walter Mapes, 26
Walter Riddle, 50
Warrington, quotation from, 48
Waste of wine, 93
Wegeler, Dr. Julius, 39
"What did the man say?" 234
What our grandfathers drunk, 239
Where there's a will, 245
Whisky, cure by, 160
,, our own, 264
,, Punch, 263
,, virtues of, 236
Whistle, curious story of a, 49
Why two stand up together while drinking loving cup, 238
Wicked in old times, the, 231
Will, Homer's, 241
William IV., 78
William of Malmesbury, 44
Windsor castle, 78
Wine anciently scarce, 4
,, conversations, 91
,, Falernian, 6
,, from the wood, 60
,, home-made, 86
,, trade in 1817, 58
,, waste of, 93
Wooding & Sons, 59

Xantippe, 252
Xerez vintage, 18

York, Duke of, 74

Zeus Soter, 3, 15.

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WINE MERCHANTS & WINE CONSUMERS,

BY

CHARLES TOVEY,

Author of "British & Foreign Spirits," "Champagne," &c.

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MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS.

Illustrated Title Page—Portrait—Entrance to Sandeman & Co.'s Lodges at Villa Nova—Douro Boats sailing up the River; the building in the centre distance is the "Seminaris," the first point on the north side of the Douro that the Duke of Wellington took possession of at the passage of the Douro—Oporto Wine Boats—Map of Xerez and its Vineyards—Map of the Neighbourhood of Bordeaux—Château de Becheville—Femmes du Medoc pliant la Vigne—Vendages en Medoc—Foulage et Mise en Cuve—The Phylloxera Vastatrix—Map of the Vineyards producing the finest Brandies—View of Cognac—Tain and the Hermitage—Map showing the Wine Districts in Champagne—View of Rheims—View of Epernay—Bottling Champagne—Preis-Courant of Wines at Schloss-Johannisberg—Label from Bottle of 1857—Cabinets-Wein—Castle of Elz, on the Moselle—Interesting Autograph Contract for Wine between Lord Nelson and Messrs. Woodhouse at Marsala.

INTRODUCTION.

New Quarterly Magazine—Motive for Writing—Position of the Wine Trade—Unscrupulous Traders—South African Imposture—*Medical Times and Gazette*—Hamburg Sherry—Hambro' Wine Manufactory—Ridley's *Wine Trade Circular*—Dr. Hassall—Process of a simple Analysis—Chemical Nomenclature—Mr. Ruskin—Unqualified Wine Merchants—Low-priced Champagne—Sales by Auction—The Wide-awake Scotchman—A Wine Touter—A Wine Circular—Grocer Wine Merchants—A Parliamentary Paper—Extract from Mr. Beckwith.

CHAPTER I.—WINES OF PORTUGAL.

Correspondence with Mr. G. G. Sandeman, 1863—Portuguese and Spanish Tour—Unpleasant Companions—Villa Novo—Arrival at Oporto—Extraordinary Religious Procession—Brandying Port Wine—A Poser—Use of Sulphur—A Suggestion—Mr. Joseph J. Forrester—His description of Cultivation and Mode of Making Wine—Sir J. Emerson-Tennent—Holinshed's Chronicles—Ordinance for the Household of George, Duke of Clarence—Ordinance of James I.—Canary Sack—Taste for more powerful Wines—Anglo-French Treaty of 1860—Mr. Gladstone and Reduction of Duties—Imperfect method of ascertaining the Strength of Wines—Revision of Duties in 1862—Increased Consumption of Port—Bad qualities of 1855, 1856, 1857—Consul Crauford's Report—The Author's and Mr. John Atlees' Analysis—Extra fortified Wines liable to the Duty upon Foreign Spirits—Value of Old Port Wine—A good Investment—The Magnums—Brislington Sale—Prospect Hill House—Mr. A. B. Cooper—A noted Sale, *Daily Telegraph*—Brande upon Medical Properties of Port Wine—Dr. Richardson on the same subject—The Day of Portly Divines—Cellar Management—How to Buy Port—What to Select—Vintage Wines—Observations upon Fining and Bottling Port—Temperature of the Cellar—An Eccentric Customer—Slippery Crust—How prevented—Stowing away—Bibulous Larva—Vermis Bibulous—Dissertation upon—Cobwebbed Cellars—London Docks—Tasting Orders—Wastefulness in Sampling—A Necessary Caution—Fungus in the Dock Vaults—Dickens in *No Thoroughfare*, "Joey Ladle"—Quality of Vintages, 1840 to 1876—Shippers, and Total Shipments.

> Nor could his eye not ken
> Th' empire of *Negus*, to his utmost *Port*.
>
> MILTON, *Par. Lost*, B. xi., l. 395, 396.

> Pride in their *Port*, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by.
>
> GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

> O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock,
> Go fetch a pint of *Port:*
> But let it not be such as that
> You set before chance-comers,
> But such whose Father-grape grew fat,
> On Lusitanian summers.
>
> TENNYSON.

CHAPTER II.—OTHER WINES OF PORTUGAL.

Lisbon—Character of Wines formerly imported to England—Tasting at Cavilhos—A Disappointment—Samples from Lisbon—Messrs. Sandeman Brothers—Bucellas Hock—Arinto—Estremadura—Colares—Red Lisbon—Carcavella—Rich Lisbon—Dry Lisbon.

CHAPTER III.—WINES OF MADEIRA.

Destruction of the Vines—Richard Symons & Son's Letter, 1860—Produce in 1851—Circular of Messrs Cossart, Gordon, & Co.—Further Correspondence—Vintage Operations—Treatment of the Mosti—Brandying—A Ripening Experiment—Varieties of Madeira Wines: Malmsey, Sercial, Bual, &c.—Dr. Grabham's Letter to *The Times*—Dr. Henderson on Madeira—The 1814 Celebrated Pipe.

Our English Autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths, o'er which the fair festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines—
The Claret light, and the Madeira strong.

BYRON.

WINES OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER IV.—SHERRIES.

Tour in 1873—Kind Reception—Cadiz—Xerez—Soil—Grapes—English Proprietors—British Capital—Races—Shooting Clubs—Seville—Bull Fights—The Fair—A Levante—Pavilions—Dining under Difficulties—Congratulation not Reciprocal—A Strike—Wages of Arrumbadores—Travelling Agitators—Vintage Operations—Visit to a Vineyard—Rough Journey—Vignerons at Work—Almacenistas—Treatment of Mostos—Sherry Shipping Prices forty years back—Quality Superior—Early Application of Alcoholic Test—Mousey Degeneration—Frequent Complaints—Falling Off in Consumption—Confirmation of Opinion—Two Years' Extracts of Reports from Xerez—Peter Domecq—Natural Colour of Sherry—Breeding Finos—Fungus—Flor—Don Pedro—Verdad on Flor—The Capitas—The Valencia—Racking—Fortifying—Fining—Eggs in Abundance—A Bodega described—Valuable Properties—Want of Uniform Temperature—Henderson on making Sherry—No Written Authorities upon Flor—An M.D.'s Failure—Extracts from Dr. Macculloch—Vin de Color—Vino Dulce—Soleras—Manzanilla—Another Rough Journey—San Lucar—Pigs and Drainage—Beggars—Duke de Montpensier's Summer Residence—Manzanilla recommended by the Faculty—Tasting and Opinion—Mr. Vizetelly's Report—Treatment in Fermentation——Racking—Cautions to Operators—Wine *versus* Mixtures—The Economical Aspect of the Question—Busby's Opinion—Personal Experience and Records—Letter to the Mayor of Xerez—Vintage Reports, 1866 to 1876—List of Sherry Shippers, with their Shipments, 1866 to 1876—Total Exportations, 1866 to 1876.

Give me sacke, old sacke, boys,
To make the muses merry;
The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
Is a cup of good old *Sherry*.

PASQUIL'S *Palinodia*, 1619.

The next that stood up, with a countenance merry,
Was a pert sort of wine which the moderns call *Sherry*.
Bacchanalian Sessions, London, 1693.

In the days of the reign
Of King Philip of Spain,
When corpulent monks ruled the roast,
The stoutest of all
Brother Francis of Gaul,
In *Sherry* the whole world would toast.

Old Song.

Aviendo pregonado vino, Venden vinagre.

Spanish Proverb.

Chapter V.—MONTILLA.

Slight Recognition of—My Visit and Friendly Companion—Doubtful Pleasures of a Wine Tour—A Robbery—Reference to Mr. T. G. Shaw—A Journey with him—Atrocity at Montilla—A Dangerous Locality—An Excursion to the Mountains—A Rough Journey—Arrival at Moriles—Description of the Vineyards—Residences of the Proprietors—Spanish Ploughs—Districts of Montilla—Don Carlos—Interior of Bodegas—Morgiana and the Forty Thieves—Age of the Vines—Importance of such Wines for the Trade—A Stranded Whale—Encomium upon Wines of Montilla—An Extraordinary Tasting—Advice to the Young Wine Merchant—Extract from Mr. Vizetelly's Report upon the Vienna Exposition.

Chapter VI.—OTHER WINES OF SPAIN.

Spanish Reds—Rancio—Samples at Vienna Exhibition—Use of Elderberries—Rota Tent—Pajerete—Seville—Malaga—Three Crops of Grapes—Manzanares—Carlist Brigands—Fearful Atrocity—Travelling Adventures—The Marquis of Lorne—Santander described—Cheapness of Living—Theatres—Manufactures—Walk round the Town—A Shower Bath of Red Wine—Val de Penas—Its Quality and Strength—The "Iron in Wine"—Fallacy refuted—Faure—Mulder—Durozien—Vino Peralta—Reijo—Vino Rancio.

WINES OF FRANCE.

Chapter VII.—CLARET.

Bordeaux—Advice to Young Wine Merchants—French Politeness—Diligent Tasting necessary—Acquaintance with the Wine Districts—Wine Brokers—Tour down the Medoc—Queries—Lormont—Blaqnuefort—Ludon—Macau—Entre deu Mers—Gironde—Dordogne-Bourg—Labarde—Cantenac—Margaux—Blaye—Château de Becheville—Pauillac—Lafite—Mouton—Cos Destournal—Le Roc—Cos Labory—Vintage of 1864—The Member of the Reform Club and Château Mouton—Manuring the Vineyard—Laughable Anecdote—Château Phelan Seguer—Pontet Canet—Grand Puy Lacoste—Batailly—Pichon Longueville—Château Latour—Lalande—Leoville Lacasses—Leoville Barton—St. Julien—Ducru—Becheville—Cussac—Lamarque—Château Margaux—Description of Vintage Festival at—Vineyards of—The Stables—Cooperage—Pressoirs—Treading the Grapes—The Cuverie—Drawing off the Wine—Château Palmer—

Margaux and Cantenac Districts—Policy of Classification disputed—Authors on Wines of Medoc—Wm. Frank—M. Rabache—Dinner at Bordeaux—Protest against High-sounding Names and Noted Brands—Sale of Château Margaux bottled at the Châteaux—Sale of Lafite bottled at the Château—No reliance upon so-called First *Crûs*—Giscours—Cantermele—Return to Bordeaux—The Bordelais—Its Six Districts—Classification—Libourne—St. Emilion—Fronsac—Reole—Bazas—Blaye—St. Christophe—St. Laurent—White Wines—Château d'Yquem—Crême de Tête—Enormous Prices realised—La Tour Blanche—Château Suduirant—Vintaging in Sauternes—Graves—Hint to Hotel Proprietors—Vintages in Bordeaux District from 1847 to 1876—The Phylloxera Vastatrix—Treatment of Clarets, &c.—Landing—Guaging—Storing—Filling up—Fining—Bottling—Sealing—Binning.

"France is the vineyard of the earth. Her fertile soil, gentle declivities, clear sunny skies, and fine summer temperature, place her in conjunction with her experience, and the advantages of science applied to vinification, the foremost in the art of making the juice which so gladdens the human heart. The wines of France against those of all the earth, may be fairly said. Their effect on the health is grateful and beneficial. They cheer and exhilarate, while they fascinate all but coarse and vulgar palates, with their delicate and delicious flavours. Their variety is great, and they stand upon their own intrinsic merits."

CYRUS REDDING.

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Returns of French Wines—Wines known in England in the Reign of King John and fifth year of Richard the Second—War with France—Eau de Vie—Poor Wine makes the Best Brandy—Increased Demands for Modern Wines—Dr. Jules Guyot—Château Neuf—Table Wines at Hotels—Charente Volsite—Colombar—Sparkling Sauterne—Wholesome Wines at a Moderate Price.

CHAPTER IX.—BURGUNDY.

Mr. Cyrus Redding's Works—Necessity for Practical Knowledge—Burgundy, its Departments—Vine indigenous to Burgundy—Collection of Vines at Carbonnieux—The Côte d'Or—Côte de Nuits—Côte de Beaune—Romanée Conti—The King of Wines—Chambertin—Richebourg—La Tache—Romanée—St. Vivant—Clos de Vougeot—Vosne—Nuits—Volnay—Pommard—Characteristics of Burgundy—Count Leger Belair—Vosne—Excursion to the Best Climats—Romanée Conti—Its Produce—St. Romanée Vivant—Its Proximity but Difference in Character—Characteristics of Soil—Ascending Côtes—Count de la Loyére—Result of his Experience—More Wine drank the less Food required—The Learned Erasmus—Present to Dugueselin—Popes and Cardinals, Consumers of Burgundy—Leo X.—Petrarch—Urban V.—His Cardinals' Objections—A Jolly Monk's Inspiration—Louis XIV.—Ordered to drink Burgundy—Quarrel between two Poets Laureate—The Arms of Beaune—Maturity of Burgundy—The Pasteur System—Sugaring Burgundy—The Practice strongly denounced—Candour of the Brokers—Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré upon Sugar Infusion Wines—The *London Times* on the Chymistry of Wine—Sugar Infusion Wines injurious—Macconais

and Beaujolais—Monsieur Terrel des Chenes—Juliennes—Pouilly Fuisse—Wine Carte at Macon—Pouilly *v.* Chablis—A French Dinner—Meursault—Charles Serre et Fils—Mont Rachet—Chablis—The Child of Anxiety.

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CYRUS REDDING, "*History and Description of Modern Wines.*"
Edition 1836, p. 97.

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Tain—Search for the Hermitage—Trespassing among the Vines—An Alarming Adventure—All 's well that ends well—M. Octave Calvet—Excursion with him—The Origin of the Hermitage—Its Present Condition—View from the Hermitage—Wines of the Hermitage—Croze—Château Grillet—De Loche Blanc—Letter from M. Octave Calvet—The Phylloxera Vastatrix again—Arrondissement of Lyons—Côte Rôtie—Montpelier—Vintage Operations at—Size of Grapes—Produce—Making the Wine—The late Mr. Gordon—Letter from him—Report upon Samples—Fined and Not Fined—Cette—Wine Manufacturers at—Mr. Shaw upon the Wines of Cette—Wine for Ships' Use—Medal for Imitation Wines at the Vienna Exhibition—Muscat Frontignac—Cette to Perpignan—Collieure—Tasting Wine of 1797—Port Vendres—M. Durand's Establishment—Masdeu—M. Benaventin Reigs—Strength of the Wines—Going up the Pyrenees—The Vintage—The Lighthouse—Spanish Frontier.

CHAPTER XI.—CHAMPAGNE.

The Inventor of Champagne—King of Bohemia—His Excesses—Henry VIII., his Vineyard at Ay—Jolly Monk, Dom Perignon—Marrying the Wines—First Application of the Corking Process—Rheims and Epernay—Immense Cellars—The Champagne Country—A Tour amongst the Vineyards—A suggested Route—Black and White Grapes—Their Order of Merit—Their Characteristics—Process of Champagne Manufacture—Advantage of Scientific Applications—Magnates of Rheims and Epernay—The Coupage—The Tirage—Losses from Breakage—Treatment of the Wine in Bottle—Dégorgement—The Chopineur—The Boucheur—Champagne Corks—Liqueur in Champagne—Its Object—Champagne as prepared for Different Countries—Champagne Tasting—Technical Terms explained—Importance of the Champagne Trade—Further Remarks upon Noted Brands—Some Practical Advice on the Subject.

"When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
And faith in love is dead—
When man has nothing left to stake,
To hope, nor yet to dread—
One godlike pleasure doth remain,
Worth all the joys he 's lost—
The glorious vintage of Champagne,
From silver goblets tossed!"

Chapter XII.—WINES OF GERMANY.

Consumption not great in England—Charlemagne—Cultivation of the Grape in the Rhineland—Uncertainty as to Produce—Drinking Songs—Error concerning Unwholesomeness of Rhine Wines refuted—Liebig—Dr. Prout—The Rheingau—Its Extent—The Grape generally grown—The Schloss Johannisberg—Its Proprietors—Its Produce—M. Leclerc on Johannisberg—The Author's First Visit—The Cellar—Scientific Appliances—Drinking Saloon at the Schloss—Preis Courant—The Cabinets-Wein 1857—Vineyards and Residence of Mr. P. A. Mumm—Wines of his Growth—The Duke of Nassau—Steinberg, its Soil, &c.—Rüdesheim-Berg—Hinterhaus—Hockheim—Assmannshäusen—Marcobrunner—Geisenheim - Rothenberg—Claus—Vollraths—Rauenthal—Hattenheim—Winkel—Hallgarten—Erbach—Elfeld—Lorch—The Palatinate—Rupertsberg—Deidesheim—Forst—Ungstein—Dürkheim—Wachenheim—Königsbach—Franconian Wines—Stein and Listen—Scharlachberg—Nierstein—Oppenheim—Laubenheim—Bodenheim—Liebfraumilch—The Nah, Wines of—Prince Bismarck's Report upon at Creuznach—Markgräfler—Bergstrasse—Four Great Tuns—A Stück—Its Contents.

Bright with bold wine
From the old Rhine,
Take this goblet in thy hand!
Quaff the Rhenish bumper gleely.
Let thy true blood flow as freely
For our German Fatherland!

Burschen Melody.

Chapter XIII.—WINES OF THE MOSELLE.

Recommendation to Continental Tourists—The Moselle unsurpassed in Scenery—Steamer from the old Moselle Bridge—Zell—Trarbach—Traben—The Muscat Flavour not in Pure Moselle—Sophistication involving Deception—Wines to be found at Trarbach—Josephshofer—Scharzhofberger—Moselle Wines Light and Refreshing—Quotation, Dr. Meurer—Hygienic Qualities—Prince Metternich's Favourite Wine—The Doctor—A Legend—Steamers well appointed—Shallow River—Distance from Coblentz to Trier—Sugar Solutions—Systeme Petoit—Dr. Gall, of Treves—Extract *London Times*—Necessity for Refutation—The Vintages on the Rhine and Moselle from 1860 to 1876.

Ein donnernd Hoch aus voller Brust
Erkling zum Himmel laut
Dir, schönem Deutschem Moselstrom
Dir, Deutschen Rheines Braut.

Julius Otto.

Chapter XIV.—SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

First Manufacture of Sparkling Wines—Principal Manufactories, Hockheim, Mayence, &c.—Factitious Champagne—Comparison Invited—Marvellous Resemblance—Prohibition as to Shipment of Factitious Champagne—Legal Proceedings—Sparkling Moselle; how made—Sparkling Hock—The Better Qualities—Red Wine of Ingleheim sold as Sparkling Burgundy.

THE VINE.

The Vine! The Vine!
Hurrah for the Rhine!
That gives us Wine—
Sparkling, joyous Wine;
Hurrah for the merry Vine!

Chapter XV.—THE WINES OF HUNGARY.

Extract from First Edition—Former Opinion confirmed—Hungarian Wines Foisted on the Public—Opinions of Dr. Henderson—T. G. Shaw—Thudicum and Dupré—Mr. Vizetelly—Dr. Drewitt—Drawback to the Development of the Trade—Long Journey—Hungarian Wines over-estimated in Value—Energy of the Vendors—Specious Liberality—Enormous Expenses of Advertisements, &c.—Cost of a Column in *The Times*—Good Wine needs no Bush—The Medical Schools not complete—Dr. Drewitt on the Medical Profession—Report upon the Vintage of 1876.

You may dress a bad boy in fine clothes if you will,
And yet he will be but a bad boy still.

Nursery Rhymes.

Much cry and little wool.

Old Saying.

Chapter XVI.—WINES OF ITALY.

Extract from Mr. Beckford—Leigh Hunt—Bacco in Tuscana—The Paradise of Bacchus—Extract from "Roba de Roma"—Mr. T. G. Shaw not sentimental—Journey to Mombercelli—Vini d'Asti—Marsala—Barbera—Grignolino—Wine Manufacture slovenly—The Flor again—Good Wine made by Resident Proprietors—Extract from Mr. Vizetelly's Report.

The vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk,
Hung with black clusters. 'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears—so general is the joy.

Rogers' *Italy.*

Chapter XVII.—WINES OF SICILY.

Bronte—Marsala—Origin of Bronte—Moderate Price—Substantial Wine—Wine Grocers' Mixture—Hambro and Marsala—Consumption of Marsala in Italy—Zucco—An Universal Gauge advocated—Brown Wines of Marsala—Messrs. Woodhouse & Co.—Founders of their House—Exports of Wine from Sicily in 1876—Interesting Contract between Admiral Lord Nelson and Messrs. Woodhouse—Autograph Copy—Price of Marsala in 1834.

Chapter XVIII.—WINES OF GREECE.

Extract from Mr. Beckwith—His Disappointment with Greek Wines—Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré's Opinion—Extract from Mr. J. L. Denman—Dr. Drewitt's Report—Personal Experience—An Acquired Taste.

Strike other chords!
Fill high the bowl with Samian Wine;
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.

Byron.

Chapter XIX.—WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

Extract from Edition of 1860—Mr. Bushby's Letter to the Secretary of State—500 to 600 Wine Cuttings planted—Founders of Viticulture in Australia—Gratifying Result—Mr. Fallon's Paper read at the Royal Colonial Institute—Mr. Lumsdaine's Report on Strengths—Mr. Moody's Report—Deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—The Author's Prognostication of 1861 verified—Samples of Australian Wines at the Vienna Exhibition—Mr. Vizetelly's Report—A Diploma of Honour awarded—Evils of Imprudent Haste in Shipment—Instance shown—The Auldana Wines—Samples described—Their Purity affirmed to—Tintara—Bukkulla—Advantage of Age in Bottle—Australian Wines to be carefully treated as Foreign Wines—Colonial Wines to have Fair Play—Mr. J. B. Keene's Report to the Commissioners of Customs—Average Strength of Fortified Red Wines of Australia, France, Spain, and Portugal—Explanation from the Author.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul,
So is good news from a far country.
Proverbs xxv., v. 25.

Chapter XX.—UPON THE REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES. "Shaw's Shilling."

Former reference to Mr. Shaw—The *London Times* of November, 1850—Extracts, Shaw's Shilling—The Distillers' Interests discarded—Their Memorial to Government—The Uniform Shilling a Mistake—Desirability of Extending the Shilling Duty upon Wine to 30°—Personal Experience of the Present System—Calculations showing Comparative Duty upon Wine and Home-made Spirits—Opinion of Twelve of the first Wine Houses—How the Distilling Interest would suffer, and the Revenue be defrauded—Friendly Advice to Mr. Shaw.

Chapter XXI.—WHAT WINES TO DRINK, AND HOW AND WHEN TO ENJOY THEM.

Absence of a general Cultivated Taste in Wine—Additional Enjoyment resulting from Careful Selection—Remarks upon Dinner Wines—Good Dinners spoilt by Injudicious Management—A Personal Anecdote—Creosote and Curaçoa—Extract from Mr. Redding—Dinner Tables—Contrast of Refinement and Vulgar Plenty—Dissertation upon Wine Glasses—Cleaning Glasses—How they are Broken—Tribe of Makeshifts—Decanting Wine for Dinner—When to be done—The Proper Temperature for a Cellar—When Claret Jugs are required—Substitute for—Icing Wine—Objection thereto—Turtle and Punch—Order in which Wines may be taken—Extract from Mr. Walker on the Art of Dining—Francatelli's "Cook's Guide"—How Wines at Dinner should be served—His Remarks upon Wine Decanting—Varieties of Wine to different Temperaments—A few Remarks upon Tea—To some Constitutions an Irritant Poison—An Agreeable Substitute suggested.

"Of all drinks wine is most profitable, of medicines most pleasant, and of dainty viands most harmless, provided always that it be well tempered with opportunity of the time."

Plutarch's *Morals*.

Chapter XXII.—HOTEL WINES.

English *versus* Continental Hotels—Extract Charles Dickens—Mr. Gladstone's Measure for the Reduction of the Wine Duty a Dead Letter—The Holiday Season—Hotel Charges—Charges for Wine—Hotel Keepers' Calculation—Percentages ignored—Personal Experience—Obstacles to obtaining a Reform in the Wine Tariff—Showing the Reason why—A nice German Gentleman—German Claret—Wine at a Paddington Hotel—Difficulty of pleasing Everyone—Hotel Keepers' Difficulty—Numerous Qualities of Champagne—How some Wines get on the List—How all kinds of Wine may be made out of Port and Sherry—Changing the Subject—Cold Meat or Chop—A Suggestion—A Reform Wine Tariff submitted.

"Come, pilgrim, I will bring you where you shall host."
All's Well that Ends Well.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Shenstone.

"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning; and men smile no more."

Gay.

APPENDIX.

Bordeaux and the Church of St. Michel—Wine Trade with Bordeaux and London—Sworn Tasters appointed—Visit in 1845 of the Royal Family to Bordeaux.

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