

punch, Calaba squirt, cock-tail of any composition, lemonade, or what you will—it is a "drink," and its cost is fifteen cents. Ask for anything "straight" or to be mixed by yourself and no measured ration is served you; the bottle is handed, and you pour at your own sweet will. At some bars where an extra succulent free lunch is served up-stairs to the habitués of the place, "a drink" is twenty-five cents. Before the war the universal tariff was ten cents. Brandy, in any form, is extra.

The population of New Orleans is in round figures 191,000. It supports 800 licensed bar-rooms and at least another 400 institutions, such as groceries, coffee-houses, &c., wherein liquor may be had unknown to the city assessors. Now put aside as nondrinkers (such as women, children, temperance folk, sick people, and the like) only one half the population, and there is one liquor shop for every eighty thirsty souls. Of the 800 legitimate bar-rooms, I should say that 500 are within a half-mile circuit of the Clay statue—the centre of business in New Orleans. I know of one point within this zone from which you can count fourteen bar-rooms in 230 yards. And they all give free lunches! Is, then, the trade overcrowded? Is bar-keeping a bad business in that sordid sense of the adjective which would imply that it does not pay? I am afraid it is one of the best, in that respect, we have; and it is appalling to think of the number of drinks that must be taken to keep it up. Such a meal as is provided as a "free lunch" at a first-class bar-room, if had at a restaurant, would cost at least a dollar. Take the profits of "a drink" at five cents, and it follows that there must be twenty drinkers for every free luncheon, to make things balance on this item, but with rent, wages, license, and stock-in-trade yet to be provided for. The rent of a well-situated bar is not less than 1000*l*. a year—its outgoings about 40*l*. a day. I know of one which, even in the bad times which followed the "late unpleasantness" with the United States, made 75,000 dollars clear profit in a twelvemonth!

But let me return to the free lunch. This is an institution which could not exist out of the soil in which it has been gradually developed. Attempts were made to transplant it in New York, and, I believe, in Boston. They failed. It is like the British Constitution—a thing of checks and counter-checks, held together by compromises and regulated by unwritten laws as vague as they are respectable. Like Topsy—it 'grewed.' Some enterprising bar-keeper, stung by competition, added to the universal crackers and cheese, by way of attracting custom. Great are the powers of competition! Once upon a time, rival coaches on the Brighton road not only carried passengers for nothing, but gave them glasses round—hot with—into the bargain. So with the free lunch. Competitors followed suit, and gradually something else, and something else, and something else was added to the repast until we find it what it is. It would be difficult to make it better. Another condition in its favour is the absence in New Orleans of the 'rough,' as you have him over the water. We have plenty of rough people, but no roughs such as would render a similar entertainment impossible in London. Labor of all sorts is also so well paid that the class that might ruin it by abuse does not exist—or at any rate does not unfairly use its privilege. I am told that free lunch obtains in San Francisco; but with this exception it is not to be found, as I have described it, out of New Orleans.

When the moral philosopher has discussed his soup, his slice of sheep-head, and his help of turkey, and has, let us hope, taken the customary "drink," he may well employ his time in studying the natural history of the free luncheon. Here is the man of business, whose work has called him so early from his dwelling that he has not had time to breakfast. He has "struck" a good thing (say in oilcake) that morning, and is in high spirits. With a friendly nod at the bar-tender, whom he knows, he pitches in hastily. Here is the gentleman whose fishy eyes and trembling hand denote that he has earned his lunch over-night, but who lacks the appetite to enjoy it. He is well known, and the choicest morsels are piled on his plate, from which he picks half a mouthful or so, and then retires to the bar for a brandy-squirt. Loading about the doors and in corners are individuals who are waiting on Providence; i.e. for the entrance of some one who will stand treat of a drink, and so entitle them to a place at the table which they are shy of taking. The delight of these people to see you about midday, the interest they take in your affairs, and the health and welfare of your family, is only appeased by an inquiry on your part as to what it shall be. "It" is a drink. Very different from these is the "jolly dog" who, without a cent in his pocket, takes his lunch with the confidence that he has paid for it over and over again in the past; and the hope that he will put it all back, and more, in the future. Many a champagne cocktail has he "stood" at that bar, and will again when luck comes round. The chances are that the bar-keeper himself will treat him if no one else does, but he scorns the tout for drinks. Not so great a favorite is the regular free luncheon; a temperate person, who eats his dollar's worth, takes his fifteen cents of liquor, and departs with the idea that he has patronized the establishment. He is as difficult to please as those supporters of the drama who go in with orders. Who is this hungry-looking man in seedy black, who stands apart eyeing the smoking viands? Perhaps a clerk, or schoolmaster, or artist, emigrated from Europe, whom somebody (who

knows nothing whatever about what he recommends) has told that he is sure to find employment in the Crescent City; and who has been wandering about for days in search of it, in vain. If he could roll cotton bales on the levee he might earn his three dollars a day; but he has not strength for this. By the sweat of his brains alone he can live, and there is no brain work to be got. Some one has told him of free lunches, and hunger has so far got the better of pride as to drive him past the doors. He has plenty of stomach, but no heart to avail himself of the hint. Now we see the free lunch in its noblest aspect. The carver catches his eye, and with a wave of his long glittering blade beckons him to the table. No questions; no "Well you can have some this time;" no dole flung at him in charity (?). The carver calls him "sir," and is as attentive as though he were a millionaire. Our poor friend not only lunches, but breakfasts, dines, and sups that day like a lord.

It is part of the *lex non scripta* of the free lunch that the luncheon who is first "through" (to use the vernacular) should go and order drinks for his companion. Everybody knows everybody, and so few lunch alone: indeed, it is almost an offence against propriety to do so. It is amusing to note how slow some are over their last piece of celery or salad; to observe with what care they pick up the last crumbs of their repast, though they might be rehoped, or help themselves to a fresh supply. And this, not through what we call meanness (American mean and English mean are different qualities); but out of that love for getting the better of your neighbor in small matters which is common to both sides of the Atlantic. Meanness is not a Southern vice. The man who is scraping his plate over yonder to gain time and escape paying for drinks will stand bottles by and by with pleasure, only he likes to do the "smart" thing just now. There are, of course, exceptions. "Dead beats," who liquor, and smoke, and chew all day at other folks' expense, are to be found; but a lavish liberality in "standing," an eagerness to be the first to say "Will you join me?" is the rule. "Will you join me?" does not mean paying half. A stranger never pays for drinks in America.

#### ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The fifteenth century, especially, was celebrated for its great feasts, at which the consumption of provisions was enormous. The bills of expenses of some of them have been preserved. In the sixth year of the reign of Edward IV. (A.D. 1466), George Neville was made Archbishop of York, and the account of the expenditure for the feast on that occasion contains the following articles:—Three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, one pint of hyppocras, a hundred and four oxen, six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, the same number of swine, four hundred swans, two thousand geese, a thousand capons, two thousand pigs, four hundred plovers, a hundred dozen of quails, two hundred dozen of the birds called "rees," a hundred and four peacocks, four thousand mallards and teal, two hundred and four cranes, two hundred and four kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand crays, two hundred and four bitterns, four hundred herons, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred woodcocks, one hundred curlews, a thousand egrets, more than five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, four thousand cold venison pasties, a thousand "parted" dishes of jelly, three thousand plain dishes of jelly, four thousand cold baked tarts, fifteen hundred hot venison pasties, two thousand hot custards, six hundred and eight pikes and breams, twelve porpoises and seals, with a proportionate quantity of spices, sugared delicacies and wafers or cakes. On the enthronation of William Warham as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1504, the twentieth year of the reign of Henry VII., a feast was given for which the following provisions were purchased:—Fifty-four quarters of wheat, twenty shillings' worth of fine flour for making wafers, six tuns or pipes of red wine, four of claret wine, one of choice white wine, and one of white wine for the kitchen, one butt of malmsey, one pipe of wine of Osey, two tierces of Rhishen wine, four tuns of London ale, six of Kentish ale, and twenty of English beer, thirty-three pounds' worth of spices, three hundred lings, six hundred codfish, seven barrels of salted salmon, forty fresh salmon, fourteen barrels of white herrings, twenty cades of red herrings (each cade containing six hundred herrings, which would make a total of twelve thousand), five barrels of salted sturgeons, two barrels of salted eels, six hundred fresh eels, eight thousand whelks, five hundred pikes, four hundred tenches, a hundred carps, eight hundred breams, two barrels of salted lampreys, eighty fresh lampreys, fourteen hundred fresh lampreys, a hundred and twenty-four salted congers, two hundred great roaches, a quantity of seals and porpoises, with a considerable quantity of other fish. It will be understood at once that this feast took place on a fish day. This habit of profuse and luxurious living seems to have gradually declined during the sixteenth and first part of the seventeenth century, until it was extinguished in the great convulsion which produced the interregnum. After the Restoration, we find that the table, among all classes, was furnished more soberly and with plainer and more substantial dishes.—*Our own Presside.*

#### SONG OF THE PEN.

Hurrahs and bravos for the Pen!  
And let the chorus ring again,  
The gods ne'er gave to thinking men  
A prize of higher worth.  
Its monuments adorn the land,  
Immortal are its trophies grand;  
Come smiles and tears at its command—  
Its sceptre rules the earth.

And oh, how dazzling is the dower  
Of Genius in that triumph-hour,  
When inspiration's magic power  
Inflames his heart and brain!  
On Fancy's wings he soars sublime,  
And conquers death, despair, and time;  
Etherealized by dulcet rhyme,  
He half forgets his pain.

With eyes deep sunk and visage long,  
He coins his health and strength in song,  
And what for him will care the throng  
Whose praises he adores?  
Ambrosial seems his feast on air,  
He glories in a garret bare,  
He dines on sorrow, sups on care,  
And dreams on barren floors.

And yet thou art a glorious thing,  
World-moving Pen, and wonder's spring.  
Czar, kaiser, emperor, nor king  
Like thee an army owns.  
First in the vanguard of the fight,  
Where streams the banner of the right,  
Thy hosts advance in phalanx bright,  
That shame the blaze of thrones.

The soldier girds his battle-blade,  
In gorgeous panoply arrayed,  
But thine shall be a humbler trade—  
To bless the homes of men.  
Thine is the grandeur of the mind,  
In heavenly melodies enshrined,  
Sun-robed, radiant, unconfined,  
The all-victorious Pen!

Proud Science boasts its wizard skill;  
The telegraphic harpstrings thrill,  
And courier engines whistle shrill  
Through startled grove and glen.  
The Press, the fulcrum of the free,  
Hath raised from dust the toll-bent knee;  
But these would only useless be  
Without the mighty Pen.

Jove's daughters own the regal sway,  
And Painting, Sculpture, Music lay  
Before thy throne their garlands gay—  
Thy fame is blown afar.  
By thee those precious boons of heaven  
To crown our mother-Isle are given—  
Stern Justice, with her balance even,  
And Freedom's holy star.

Hail, poet's pen! Thou may'st aspire  
To kindle souls with living fire,  
And flash like the electric wire  
Thy burning sparks along.  
Apollo's chaplet brighter glows  
Than beaming sun or blooming rose,  
And, oh, I would be one of those  
In fellowship with song.

#### AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

##### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

###### CHAPTER I.

###### ETHEL'S FIRST CONQUEST.

The churchyard at Hawkshaw, in Kent, is one of the prettiest in England. Thirty years ago, the then vicar made a regular garden of it, taking advantage of certain abrupt inequalities of ground; planting shrubs of cheerful character, to the exclusion of yews and weeping-willows; causing the gravel-paths to wind about, instead of intersecting the lawns at right angles; and encouraging the practice of converting graves into flower-beds. To be buried there does not seem like being buried so much as being planted out, and the grave is robbed of much of that extrinsic terror for which we English seem to entertain a gloomy predilection.

I speak of the beauty of this churchyard in the present tense, because it is tended with as much care now as when the late vicar was the proprietor, not a tenant of it; but it was only recently laid out, and the roots of the young trees had hardly got fairly hold of the soil on the fine October afternoon when Dr. Antrobus entered it for the first time. Dr. Antrobus was very learned, very ingenious, very clear-headed, and very young; as young as a man well could be to have taken the degree of doctor of medicine. His student friends called him Faust, averring solemnly that he was well on in his second century, but had drunk a rejuvenating potion, some witch's put-me-back; and it was certainly difficult for the ordinary learner to imagine how he could have acquired so much knowledge in so few years. The secret of his success was, that he loved science for its own sake, without any thought of self-interest or fame. Possessed of a small property, which rendered him independent of profession, private practice was not the all-important matter to him which it is to most medical men, and he was quite content to settle down in a quiet

country town, with a small, poor, and healthy population, where he had plenty of leisure to devote to the ologies.

Had he, however, been ever so desirous of professional success, it is doubtful whether Antrobus could have attained it. He was thought very highly of at hospitals; more than one learned society courted him; high-class medical and philosophical journals considered his manuscripts as valuable as bank-notes. But he was modest, diffident, hesitating; and he was not a ladies' man.

It was on the third day of his arrival that he entered the pretty churchyard, hammer in hand; for when he found himself in a new part of the earth, he was like a schoolboy alone with a pie, he could not keep his fingers off the crust; and in cutting a pathway on the side of a hill, the workmen had exposed a rock of interesting character, there being room for argument as to how it got there.

Dr. Antrobus was of middle height, diminished by a slight stoop, the result of studious habits, which had likewise compelled him to wear spectacles; he had a benevolent expression of countenance, and a broad massive forehead. His dress was always the same, summer and winter, grubbing in the fields, dredging at sea, or at a patient's bedside; and consisted of shepherd's plaid trousers; black tail-coat and waistcoat; spotted silk handkerchief, twisted several times round his neck, and tied in a little bow, which was sometimes under one ear, sometimes under the other, never straight; high shirt collars, intended to stick up, but not succeeding very well; and a chimney-pot hat in need of brushing, and worn too far back on his head. But he was as clean, though not so sleek, as a cat.

He was in geological luck that afternoon, for Mattock the sexton was digging a grave, and so revealing secrets of subsoil. Mattock misinterpreted the interest taken by the stranger in his operations.

"It will be a dry un, sir," said he, pausing in his work, and looking up to the top of the pit in which he stood.

"So I preceive—chalk," replied the doctor. "You knowed her, may be, sir?" continued the sexton, leaning on his spade in a chat-inviting manner. Experience had taught him that promiscuous conversation often led to beer.

"I can't say till I hear her name; most probably not."

"Cane, her name was—Miss Cane, as is to be buried to-morrow."

"No, I never heard of her."

"Ah, then you haven't been to Hawkshaw before; that's certain. No offense; I thought you might have been a relative. Olor, what a wunner she were!"

Doubtful whether this was praise or blame, Dr. Antrobus uttered a neutral "Ah!"

"She were," continued Mattock, "reg'lar lightning and vinegar; a reg'lar lady too, but such a tongue! The children used to cut and run when they saw her, and she could never keep but one servant, who was stone deaf. But she meant no harm, bless you; she had a kind heart."

This last sentence was a tribute to death, not the result of experience. Mattock remembered the proverb, *de mortuis, etc.*, just then, and felt that it applied with extra force when the departed was a customer. He would gladly have mentioned her virtues, but they did not chance to occur to him; so he shook his head, and went on digging.

"Papa!" cried a silvery voice behind Dr. Antrobus, who turned round, and saw a fairy, who, finding a stranger instead of a father, opened her small mouth and large eyes very wide, and took stock of him. Approving, she remained where she was, and smiled.

"Well, my dear," said the doctor, "you see I am not papa. Have you lost him? Shall we look for him?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I am Gregory Powder."

"Where are the flowers?"

"The flowers; well, I do not see any. There are no autumn flowers planted, and the summer flowers are all dead."

"What a pity!"

"Never mind, dear; they will all come again in the spring!"

"All come in the spring? Sure?"

"Yes; their roots are in the ground, and alive."

"Why is Mattock digging the hole?" asked the child, peeping in.

"They are going to bury Miss Cane."

"Oh! Do you know I did not like Miss Cane—much." Then, after a pause: "I hope Miss Cane won't come up again in the spring!"

"Oh, you nice child!" cried the doctor, catching her up, "I have a good mind to kiss you."

"You may kiss me if you won't scub," said the little maid composedly. "Papa scub'd dead sometimes. Oh, there he is!"

The doctor turned in the direction indicated, and saw a stout man with a green net, who immediately called out:

"What, Antrobus! I am glad to have lit upon you in this lucky way. I called on you an hour ago, but you were out. I was pleased to see your card, yesterday, I can tell you. Is it true that you are coming to settle here?"

The speaker was none other than the famous Scaraby, whose researches in natural history once earned for him the title of the English Buffon, though of late years he had confined his personal investigations very much to moths and beetles. His worship of science, however, was catholic, and he was the president of a philoso-