

shrimps. The famine-stricken millions of the southerly provinces of the Celestial Empire have been forced to subsist on food detestable to civilized appetites—cats, dogs, rats, and frogs. Many nations, however, have relished the flesh of the dog. The common people of Greece and Rome ate it, and Hippocrates is quoted as commending it as light and wholesome. Hedgehogs and foxes and the odious polypi of the seashore were accounted good diet in classic times. Martial, in describing the various dishes of a Roman banquet, refers to almost every fruit and vegetable and meat that we now use, besides many dishes which to us seem grotesque and disgusting. The chief ingredient in seasoning the food of the ancient Egyptians was asafœtida. The Siamese are fond of a preparation of putrid fish; and the nobility of Russia highly prize the raw roe of the sturgeon. Many of the tribes in Southern Africa feast on insects and reptiles—snakes, grasshoppers, ants, caterpillars, and spiders. The Hottentots eat the elephant. Lions, tigers, and all the wild beasts of the jungle, are eaten in Central Africa; kangaroos, opossums, and the eggs of snakes, in Australia. The Arabs still partake largely of the old prophetic food—locusts and wild honey. Burckhardt tells us how the locusts are prepared: first dried in the sun, their heads, wings, and legs are torn off, and then they are boiled in oil. Some of our American Indians regale themselves on stewed rattlesnakes. The Brazilian tribes of the Amazon eat flesh of alligators, armadillos, lizards, sloths, and tapirs. And large numbers of our Mexican neighbors vary their luscious fruit diet of bananas and plantains by frog fricassee and monkey steak. *Apròpos* to the last is an anecdote of a venturesome German *savant*, who, without other companion than a savage-looking Moorish guide, struck southward through Tunis to the wild lands that border the Sahara. After many hardships, and a scant supply of food for several days, they were at last threatened with utter destitution. The guide proposed as their only recourse a forced march to a neighboring forest, where possibly they might find monkeys. "How does monkey flesh taste?" asked the squeamish Teuton.