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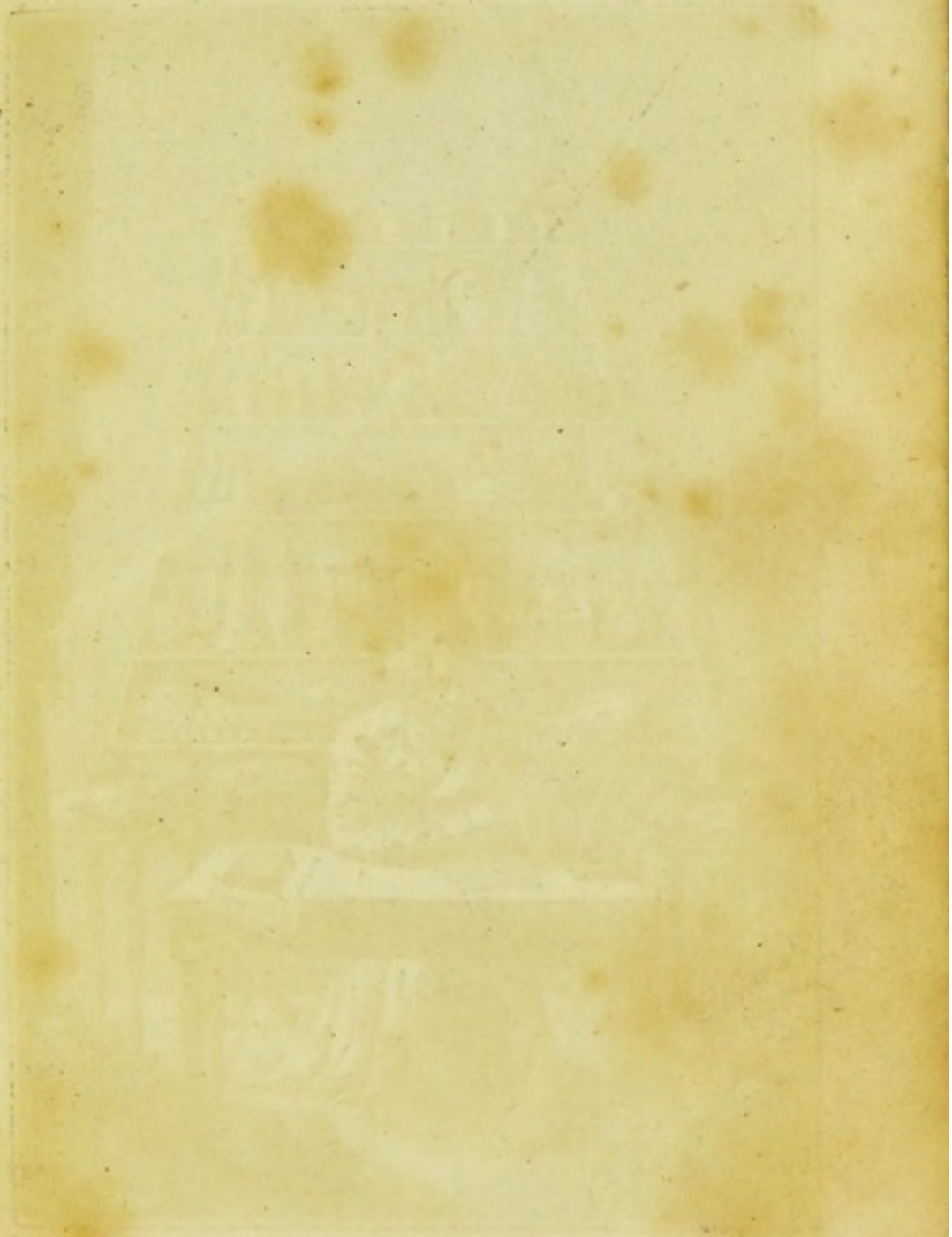

MEDITATIONS OF AN EPICURE.

ESSAYS,

MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL,

AND

STOMACHICAL,

On The important Science of

GOOD-LIVING.

Dedicated to the Right Worshipful

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

By LAUNCELOT STURGEON, Esq.
Fellow of the Beef-Steak Club, and an Honorary Member of several Foreign Pic Nics, &c. &c. &c.

"Eat! drink! and be merry!—for to-morrow you die."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
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1822.

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TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN

OF THE

City of London,

&c. &c. &c.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY SIRS!

THE unanimous vote by which, at your last general Court, you granted permission that this work might be addressed to your august Body, and the approbation you were graciously pleased to bestow upon its design, while it confers the highest honor on its author, reflects the greatest credit on your own discernment of the objects most worthy

of your patronage. It must, indeed, prove gratifying to every friend of social order to perceive, that neither the lapse of ages, nor the revolution of opinions, has effected any change in your antique attachment to those substantial interests which form the bases not only of that great Corporation of which you are the distinguished ornaments, but of society at large; and that, while other institutions, founded upon less solid principles, have sunk into decay, your venerable community—supported by an undeviating adherence to the trencher and the table, as well as the Church and State—still flourishes in all its pristine vigour. Nourished in these essential elements and strengthened by their constant application, you have acquired

closed, are hallowed by our regret. Although, from having been all soldiers, you are now become all, all legislators; although, from having commanded in the van of regiments, you are reduced to bring up the rear of cavalcades—instead of armies, to marshal funerals; and although the sword cankers in the scabbard and the lance hangs useless on the wall, you have exchanged them for more useful and not less mortal weapons, and, in your hands, the knife and fork shall yet bear ample witness to your prowess.

This peaceful change has not, however, been accompanied by any corresponding alteration in the blazonry of your armorial shield; and the griffin

and the dagger bear no analogy to your present state. The anomaly has, doubtless, escaped your attention; for I have observed that, at your civic feasts, not one among you has ever raised his eyes from the table to the banners which float above it; and being, myself, a little skilled in heraldic lore, I shall, I trust, escape the charge of presumption, if I offer a few hints for your mature consideration.

The dagger was, no doubt, in days of yore—

" ——— A serviceable dudgeon,
" Either for fighting or for drudging;
" When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
" It could scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
" Toast cheese or bacon; though it were
" To bait a mouse-trap, 'twou'd not care;"

a degree of collective and individual weight that has rarely been attained, and from which you have not degenerated since the days of those illustrious fathers of the corporation whose gigantic statues adorn the portals of your ancient Hall. While other titles are often but faithless indications of the real character, that of ALDERMAN at once announces a man endowed with the most profound theoretic knowledge, and the most persevering practical application, of the sound alimentary principles of the constitution, united to a firm reliance on that broad fundamental system which most conduces to our social happiness.

Nor are you less entitled to adorn

your brows with the laurel, than the civic, wreath; or any other ornament with which your fellow-citizens may have fortuitously decked them. The annals of the City Trainbands can boast of many a veteran commander, and of many a long contested day, in which, though hundreds have fallen, not one was ever known to flee. The days of your martial glory are, indeed, no more: but the record of your achievements remains: "the pomp and "circumstance of glorious warfare," the "marchings and the counter-"marchings, from Ealing to Acton "and from Acton to Ealing," which at once conferred importance and appetite, still live in our recollection, and the dinners with which they were

and was then, unquestionably, a most suitable device; but having been superseded, in its most important uses, by the carving-knife, I would, very respectfully, submit, that the latter should be borne in lieu of it, in the dexter canton, *trenchant*. Instead of the griffins, which are now obsolete, I would propose, for supporters, a gander and a turkey-cock: the eloquence and sagacity of the one, emblematic of the oratory and wisdom of a common hall, and the stately port and spreading plumage of the other, typical of the dignity and consequence of the Corporation; while its rosy gills could never fail to remind us—of yourselves.

With regard to the motto, it is evi-

dent that the present "*Domine dirige* "*nos*"—however originally well meant —has had very little influence on your deliberations ; and I would, therefore, beg leave to suggest, that "PLUS "GULA QUAM GLADIUS* !" would be both more classical, and far more appropriate.

I could enlarge on this interesting topic, but the chimes of a neighbouring church are just conveying the joyous intelligence that my own hour of dinner is approaching, and warn me not to trespass upon yours. Careful to avoid so unpardonable an error, I shall,

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* If any objection should be made to the classical propriety of the Latin, it will, no doubt, be duly discussed in the Common Council.

therefore, only assure you of my most unfeigned and ardent attachment to the system you so ably support; and beg you to accept of this effort of my labours in the common cause, as a slight testimony both of the admiration which I entertain for the capaciousness of your stomachs as well as of your understandings, for the solidity of your heads as well as of your principles, and of the deep respect with which I have the honor to be,

Right Worshipful and worthy Sirs,

Your most devoted and obedient,

Humble Servant,

LAUNCT. STURGEON.

London,
December 24, 1821.

CONTENTS.

ESSAY IV.

ESSAY V.

ESSAY VI.

ESSAY VII.

ESSAY VIII.

ESSAY XIV.

ESSAY XV.

ESSAY XVI.

ESSAY XVII.

ESSAY XVIII.

ESSAY XIX.

ESSAYS,

MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND STOMACHICAL.

INTRODUCTION.

The pleasures of the table have ever held a distinguished rank amongst all those which man experiences in a state of society. It has been justly observed, that they are the first of which we are susceptible, the last that we quit, and those that we can most frequently enjoy: in spite of all the Stoics can say, every one must admit, that a stomach which is proof against all trials is the greatest of all blessings; and it would be easy to demonstrate, that it

exercises an extended influence over the moral destinies of life.

But, without involving ourselves in the intricacy of metaphysical discussions—which belong rather to philosophy than to cookery, and are, besides, injurious to digestion—we shall confine ourselves to the more important object of illuminating the paths of epicurism, and guiding the votaries of good-cheer through the labyrinth of enjoyment to which they lead.

But ere we commence this pleasing task, we must beg leave to enter our most solemn protest against the indiscriminate application of the terms *Epicurism* and *Gluttony;* which are but too commonly applied synonymously, with a degree of ignorance, or of ma-

lignity, worthy only of the grossness of mere beef-eaters, or of the envy of weak appetites.

Hume being told by a lady, that she had heard he was a great epicure—"No, madam," replied the historian, "I am only a glutton!" Gluttony is, in fact, a mere effort of the appetite, of which the coarsest bolter of bacon in all Hampshire may equally boast with the most distinguished consumer of turtle in a corporation; while Epicurism is the result of "that choicest "gift of Heaven," a refined and discriminating taste: this the peculiar attribute of the palate, that of the stomach. It is the happy combination of both these enviable qualities that constitutes that truly estimable character, the real

epicure. He is not only endowed by nature with a capacious stomach and an insatiate appetite, but with a delicate susceptibility in the organs of degustation, which enables him to appreciate the true relish of each ingredient in the most compound ragoût, and to detect the slightest aberration of the cook; added to which advantages, he possesses a profound acquaintance with the rules of art in all the most approved schools of cookery, and an enlightened judgment on their several merits, matured by long and sedulous experience. In him, all the senses should be in unison with that of taste: his eye should be penetrating, to direct him in the first choice or rejection of what is before him; his ear quick, to catch, from the

farthest end of the table, the softest whisper in praise of any particular dish; his extended nostrils, uncontaminated with snuff, should faithfully convey the savoury intelligence of what surrounds him; and his ample tongue should dilate each copious mouthful, both to protract the enjoyment of mastication and to aid the powers of deglutition. But the concentration of such various perfections is rare: few men are able to do equal justice to a dinner—

" Ab ovo usque ad mala"—

from the soup to the coffee; that demands a universality of taste, and a profundity of judgment, which fall to the lot of only some favoured individuals. Such gifted beings do, however,

exist: they are entitled to our highest respect; and, whenever it is our good fortune to meet them, we should endeavour to collect their opinions, and to follow, at however humble a distance, their splendid example. We have, ourself, made this our constant study; and although the axiom that "no man is "wise but through his own experience" can never be more properly applied than to the science of good-living, yet are we not without hopes, that the labours of a long life, incessantly directed to that sole object, will not be without profit to those who mean to devote themselves to the same commendable pursuit. We trust, too, that we shall not be accused of unbecoming vanity, or of unfounded pretensions, if we add,

that our claims to the confidence of the epicurean world are hereditary.

Descended from an opulent family, settled for ages in the very heart of the city of London, and which has given more than one alderman to the corporation, our father was, himself, a distinguished member of the Fishmongers' Company, and many years deputy for the ward of Port-soken. He died gloriously on the field of honour:—that is to say, of an indigestion after a Lord Mayor's feast. Had he been merely an honorable or a good man, his name would not deserve to occupy a place in this work: but he was no common person: he possessed a delicacy of palate, and a superiority of tact in all that concerned the table, which have been but

seldom approached, and never surpassed. His discernment was equally various and unerring: it extended over every particle of aliment without exception: fish, flesh, fowl, game—whether furred or feathered,—fricassées, ragoûts, entremets and dessert, all passed in succession through the ordeal of his jaws; and his opinion on each was as just as decisive. Nor was he less eminent in the important department of the bottle: from imperial Tokay, or royal Burgundy, to humble Port, he was not to be deceived even in a vintage; and the cellar which he left at his death was the most glorious monument that could be erected to his memory.

Educated at such a table as his, daily

imbibing the precepts of such a professor along with the more solid elements of his art, and inheriting from him, not alone his ample fortune, but his disposition, also, to enjoy it—we surely may be allowed some title to the "*ed io anche*" of Michael Angelo. We do not, indeed, affect to rival, so much as to emulate, our illustrious parent; nor have we altogether trusted to our own sçavoir-vivre. An occasional residence in Paris, while on a gastronomic tour on the Continent, has enabled us to appreciate the real merits of French cookery, and French wines; and to select from that very erudite work, the "*Almanach des Gourmands*," those precious receipts which may more particularly stimulate

the powers of discriminating appetites. Not that we pretend to present the public with a system of cookery, or a dissertation on the juice of the grape: far be from us any such ambitious aim: that belongs to the pages of science, and the research of successive ages: it presents too vast a field for the experience of one short life; and while we sincerely wish that its rich harvests may be reaped by our readers, we must ourself be content with the more humble department of a mere gleaner. Our present object, indeed, is rather to inform the fresh-man than to add to the experience of the rubicund professor; more to direct the taste, than to satisfy the palate. But we have culled with care, not alone the receipts, but

the maxims also, of most essential use, to which we have added the results of our own experience; reserving some minor details, as a *bonne-bouche* for a future occasion. Before, however, we enter on the marrow of our subject, we request particular attention to a few fundamental principles, without which all our instructions will be in vain; and which, indeed, should form the bases of the conduct of every man who places a just value on the interests of his stomach.

Moral Maxims and Reflections.

As eating is the main object of life, so, dining being the most important action of the day, it is impossible to pay too great attention to every thing which has any affinity to it.

It is convenient to dine late; because, the more trivial concerns of the morning being by that time despatched, all our thoughts may then be concentrated upon our plate, and our undivided attention may be bestowed on what we are eating.

A true epicure would as soon fast as be obliged to hurry over a good dinner.

Five hours are a reasonable time to remain at table, when the dinner is tolerable: but, as a well-bred man never looks at his watch in company, so, no man of sense ever regulates the period of his sitting by aught but the quality of the entertainment; and time is never so well employed as in doing justice to good-fare.

Punctuality is, in no transaction of life, of such importance as in cookery: three turns too many may spoil a haunch: the *critical minute* is less difficult to be hit in the boudoir than in the kitchen; and every thing may be put into a *stew*—except the cook.

He, therefore, who keeps dinner waiting, commits an irreparable injury. Even should he not have been waited

for, yet, if he arrive after the company have sat down, he disturbs the arrangement of the table; occasions a useless waste of time in empty compliments and excuses; retards the first course; puts the removes in jeopardy; and occasions many troublesome distractions from the great object at stake. Such men should be looked upon as the common enemies of society.

As a fricassée of chickens cannot be perfect if it consist of more than three, so, a dinner of thorough amateurs should never exceed ten covers.

Some people are alarmed if a salt-cellar be overturned at table; and if the company are *thirteen* in number. The number is only to be dreaded when the dinner is provided but for *twelve;*

and as for the salt, the main point is, that it does not fall into a good dish.

As every one's attention should be entirely given up to what is *on* the table, and not to what *surrounds it*—ladies should not expect particular notice until the dessert is served ; the sex then recovers all its rights, and its empire is never less disputed.

Every thing has its value in this world, and more especially a good dinner. If then a guest cannot return the obligation in kind, he should in some other manner ; the most common is to amuse the company when he cannot regale them more substantially. This, indeed, is paying in *monkey's coin ;* but it is current in London.

It is contrary to every acknowledged

principle of moral rectitude, to speak ill of the man at whose house you have dined—*during a space of time proportioned to the excellence of the fare.* For an ordinary dinner, a week is generally sufficient; and it can, in no case, exceed a month; at the expiration of which time, the tongue is once more at liberty. But it is always in the power of the host to chain it again, by an invitation given in due time: and of all the modes to prevent slander, this has been found the most efficacious; for, the gratitude of an epicure having its source in his stomach, there can be no doubt of its sincerity.

It is commonly said, that new wine, a family dinner, and a concert of amateurs, are three things to be equally

avoided. As to the concert, however, one may go to sleep at it; and even new wine is better than none; but a bad dinner admits of no palliative: a man may as well be starved as poisoned. He, therefore, who invites you to take *pot-luck*, is your enemy. However specious his apparent motive, be assured that he bears you some latent grudge, or he would not attempt to do you so wanton an injury; beware of such perfidious friends:—

"*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane! caveto.*"
"This man is vile; here, Roman! fix your mark,
"His *sole* is black."——

Francis's Horace.

Fish, it has been remarked, should swim three times—in water—in sauce

—and in wine. It may be added, that once it appears upon the table, it should be sacred from steel; the man who could touch turbot with a knife, would feel no compunction at cutting your throat.

It is the surest proof of a weak understanding, to waste the period of action in frivolous conversation; and a man who is capable of such a misapplication of time, will never rise in the world:—wherefore, never enter into any discussion until the second course be removed.

As the greatest outrage that can be committed, is, to interrupt a man in the exercise of his jaws—never address an observation, that requires an answer, to any one whilst he is eating; and if

any one put a question to you—unless it be to ask you to take wine—reply to him merely with a significant nod. If he repeat it, he means to spoil your dinner; and, as that is an injury which no one can be expected to forgive, you may either resent it accordingly, or cut his acquaintance.

Digestion, is the affair of the stomach: indigestion, that of the doctor; and the cure, that of chance.

It is better to pick full pockets than empty teeth.

ESSAY I.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF GIVING DINNERS, AND THE QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES OF AMPHYTRIONS; WITH SOME INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS COUNT ZINZENDORFF.

THE principles and the habits in which we have been educated, lead us to revere the institutions of society as they exist among us, and to pay to every class that degree of respect to which it is generally considered as entitled: thus, we venerate the clergy, honour the magistracy, look with deference to the nobility, and with regard to our equals; but far above all do we esteem those truly respectable persons who give din-

ners. But we claim no peculiar merit to ourselves in this ; for we must do the public at large the justice to admit, that no people appear to be held in such general estimation as those who keep what is termed "a good table." And, what proves that it is to that alone that all their consideration is owing—whenever one of them ruins himself with giving entertainments, it is instantly discovered by those who never spoke of him before but as "a devilish pleasant, sen-"sible, good, fellow"—that "poor man! "he is really a great bore ;"—and out of twenty who were proud to call him friend, scarcely one in a dozen will deign to give him a nod of recognition. If any giver of dinners doubts this, let him only—instead of giving invita-

tions—give out that he is completely done up; put down his carriage, and advertise his house and cellars to be disposed of; then, about a fortnight afterwards, let him stroll down Bond Street in a thread-bare coat, with an embarrassed air and an unassured step, and he will find—that when his friends can no longer cut his mutton, they will cut him. It is, therefore, manifestly the interest of those who wish to acquire, and to maintain, an influence in society, to give frequent and good dinners. The politician who is striving to get into power, or he already in office who wishes to keep his place; the doctor who wants patients, and the lawyer who wants clients; the poet who is anxious for praise, and the Cræsus who is

desirous of being known, have no means so infallible to secure their object; and it has been demonstrated, that no play would ever be damned, if the author could but afford to give a dinner to the pit.

Thus the most glorious part that a man can play in this world is that of an Amphytrion. But, like other distinguished stations, it is difficult to be maintained with eclat: money alone is not sufficient to keep a good table, and one may spend a fortune and yet give execrable parties, while another with only a moderate income, shall give famous dinners. It is, in fact, far easier to acquire a fortune rapidly, than to learn how to spend it scientifically. To become a thorough Amphytrion, a man

should pass through all his degrees, from that of B.A. *or amateur of banquets*, up to D.D. *or donor of dinners*. He should, besides, have a natural talent for eating: not that undiscriminating kind of beef and mutton appetite that belongs to the vulgar, but that delicacy of palate which is the attribute of real genius: then he should have been educated in the sound principles of good cheer at a first-rate table; and he should have all the faculties, both natural and acquired, which we have already enumerated as distinguishing an accomplished epicure. And here we cannot refrain from doing justice to the memory of one of the greatest men of the last age; who has, indeed, been already often mentioned in history, as a

statesman, but whose more brilliant qualities, as a host, have been passed over with that ingratitude which ever attends the memory of past dinners.

Lewis, Count Zinzendorff, one of the ministers of the Emperor Charles VI., kept the most elegant, as well as the most profuse, table in all Vienna. Although formed to shine with distinguished lustre in the cabinet, yet he was less jealous of his reputation there, than of that more solid renown which he might acquire by giving the most splendid entertainments of any minister in Europe. He was equally acquainted with Asiatic and European luxury: his curries rivalled those of the great Mogul; his olios exceeded those of Spain; his pastry was more delicate than that

of Naples; his macaroni was made by the Grand Duke's cook; his liver-pies were prepared at Strasburgh and Toulouse, and his Périgueux patés were really brought from thence; nor was there in any country a grape of the least repute, but a sample of it in wine was, for the honour of its vineyards, to be found on his sideboard. His kitchen was an epitome of the universe; for there were cooks in it of all nations, and rarities from every quarter of the globe. To collect these, he had agents appointed in each place of any note for its productions: the carriages on which they were laden, came quicker and more regularly than the posts; and the expenses of the transport of his dinners ran higher than those for secret corres-

pondence. In his general conversation, the Count was cautious: in his conferences with other ministers, he was reserved: but at his table all this state machinery was thrust aside: there he discoursed at large, and delivered the most copious and instructive lectures on all his exotic and domestic delicacies; and here no professor was ever less a plagiary. He had this pillau from Prince Eugene, who had it from the Bashaw of Buda; the egg-soup was made after a receipt of the Duke de Richelieu; the roan-ducks were stewed in the style of the Cardinal du Bois; and the pickled-lampreys came from a great minister in England. His dishes furnished him with a kind of chronology: his water-souchy was borrowed

from Marshal d'Auverquerque's table, when he was first in Holland; the partridge stuffed with mushrooms and stewed in wine, was a discovery made by that prince of good livers, the Duke de Vendôme, during the war of the succession; and the Spanish Puchero was the only solid result of the negotiation with Riperda. In short, with true Apicean eloquence, he generously instructed the novices in the arts of good living; and, as Solomon discoursed of every herb, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, so, he began with a champignon no bigger than a Dutchman's waistcoat button, and ended with a wild boar, the glory of the German forest.

There was always an hour in his

public days when he was totally inaccessible. The politicians were astonished at a retirement for which they could assign no reason, until an inquisitive foreigner, by giving a large gratuity to one of his servants, was let into the secret. Being placed in a closet between the chamber of audience and the room where the Count was, he saw him seated in an elbow chair: when, preceded by a page with a cloth on his arm and a drinking glass, one of his domestics appeared, who presented a salver with many little pieces of bread, elegantly disposed; and was followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small boats filled with as many different kinds of gravy. His Excellency then, tucking his

napkin in his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, then dipped a piece of bread successively into each of the sauces, and having tasted it with much deliberation, carefully rincing his palate after every one, to avoid confusion, he at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided on the destination of them all.

" He was indeed a host! take him for all in all,
" We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

But were a man endowed with all the talent, the science, and the experience of the Count, together with that other equally indispensable qualification —his fortune, he should still possess that penetration and tact in the selection of the company whom he means to invite together, and that nice discernment in

the arrangement of their places at dinner, without which it is impossible to form a pleasant party. Out of the five hours which we pass at table, we seldom employ more than two in eating; and when we can at length turn our attention from our plate to our neighbour, nothing is more annoying than to find oneself seated next to some one who has no ideas in common with us, or who will not communicate those —if any—of which he is in exclusive possession. One might as well be in the situation of a friend of ours,—an amateur landscape painter,—who advertised for an agreeable companion in a post chaise to Edinburgh, and was joined by a mountain of a man, whose enormous bulk wedged the unfortunate dilettante

into a corner of the carriage, and who proved to be a Newcastle collier, without a single thought that did not centre in a coal mine.

Our readers will perceive, from this slight sketch, that it is not so easy a matter to ruin oneself with credit, as they might have imagined. But if any one among them feels that irresistible impulse, which is the sure indication of true nobility of soul, to run the glorious career of an Amphytrion, and wishes, not only to go through it with reputation, but to protract it beyond the ordinary limits—let him apply the hints he will find in our fifth and sixth essay; let him, instead of confiding in ignorant butlers and knavish cooks, trust to no nose or palate but his own;

and keep as strict an account of the wines in his cellar, as he does of the cash at his Bankers—when he has any—and he will go far to solve the problem that Harpagon's steward proposed to Maître Jaques*, which no cook, either past or present, has ever clearly understood, and which will probably always remain an enigma to them—that of *providing good dinners with little money.*

* See the Avare of Moliere.

ESSAY II.

ON MODERN MANNERS; CONTAINING HINTS TO GROWN GENTLEMEN.

THE poor Irish are said to be more in want of breeches than bibles; and some people may think, that dinners are more wanting than directions how to eat them. But this, though a prevalent, is a very erroneous idea; and as the bible society, very properly, provide for the latter end of our neighbours with gospel rather than corderoy, so, we deem it our duty to whet the appetite of our readers, but by no means to fill their stomachs. We trust, however, that we shall not be considered guilty of the presump-

tion of my Lord Chesterfield, (who seems to have written his principles of politeness for the instruction of footmen rather than of their masters,) if we address a few friendly hints to those gentlemen, whose occasional distractions at table render them sometimes suspected of not having always breathed the atmosphere of fashion.

In the first place, we shall suppose you, though perhaps not quite at home in Portman or Grosvenor Squares, yet sufficiently aufait to the usages of good society, to be neither much dazzled at the splendor of fashionable apartments, nor greatly alarmed at finding yourself in the immediate vicinity of "titled folk;" and then, with attention to the few following rules, you

may at least pass muster in a large party without being remarked for awkwardness or ill-breeding.

To commence with your entrance into the drawing room—don't stand bowing at the door, as if you had a petition to present; but stride confidently up to the lady of the house, and so close before you make your obeisance, that you nearly thrust your head into her face.

When dinner is announced—if you should follow a lady to the dining room, don't tread upon her train, nor step back, to avoid it, upon the toes of her behind you; and if it should be your lot to hand one to her seat—endeavour to avoid tumbling over the chairs in your hurry to place her.

When seated—don't stare up at the lamps, as if you were an oilman calculating their contents; but look inquisitively round the table, and if you have got an eye glass—which, by the bye, is a great help to gentility—apply it steadily to the object that is nearest to you: those at a distance require no such help.

Whatever may be your inclination, cautiously abstain from being helped a second time from the same dish: a man's character has been damned in society in consequence of being stigmatized as "*one of those fellows who call twice for soup!*"

If you should happen to be seated next to some country acquaintance—don't let former recollections betray

you into asking him to *hobnob:* it is tantamount to a public declaration that you are a Goth.

If the wine should be on the table, and your neighbour should offer to help you—don't cant up your glass to prevent his filling it: and don't let your own eagerness to help the lady next you, induce you to enter into competition with the gentleman on her other side, and thus bring the decanters into collision, and smash them.

Drink your wine instead of spilling it on the table cloth; and if either yourself, or any other booby, should overturn his own or his neighbour's half-filled glass—don't display your chemical knowledge by covering the stain with salt.

When constrained to speak, abridge all superfluous words as a waste of valuable time: thus, if you wish to take wine with any one, instead of making a formal request to that effect, just bend the body quietly, and merely say,—" honour of some wine?" and if the same broken sentence be addressed to you, make no reply; but gently bob your head and fill your glass. But,

If either want of appetite, or want of sense, should lead you into a warm discussion during dinner—don't gesticulate with your knife in your hand, as if you were preparing to cut your antagonist's throat.

If you should, unhappily, be forced to carve,—neither labour at the joint, until you put yourself into a heat, and

hack it so that one might with justice exclaim, "mangling done here!" nor make such a desperate effort to dissect it, as may put your neighbours in fear of their lives. However, if an accident should happen, make no excuses, for they are only an acknowledgment of awkwardness. We remember to have seen a man of high fashion deposit a turkey in this way in the lap of a lady; but, with admirable composure, and without offering the slightest apology, he finished a story which he was telling at the same time, and then, quietly turning to her, merely said—"Madam, I'll thank you for that turkey."

If any one ask for some of the dish before you—don't help him as you would like to be helped yourself; but

take that opportunity to show your breeding at his expense, and send him about as much as your sister gives to her favourite kitten.

Drink no malt liquor: if you have the least pretension to epicurism, you will find better employment for your stomach; and if not, it betrays vulgar habits.

It formerly was considered well-bred to affect a certain indifference for the fare before you; but fashion has acquired more candour; and there is now no road to the reputation of a man of ton, so sure as that of descanting learnedly on the composition of every dish. If you have ever been in France—were it only to travel by the Diligence from Dieppe to Rouen

and back—it affords you a famous opportunity to praise French cookery; and if you wish to appear particularly well informed, endeavour to recollect the names and ingredients of a few rare dishes, such as, *Côtelettes à la purée de bécasses*, *Rognons au vin de Champagne*, *Dindes aux truffes*, &c.; but beware of your nomenclature; and take care not to torture his most Christian Majesty's French, with your own Cockney pronunciation.

Nothing partakes more of the very essence of high-breeding, than a nonchalant disregard of every thing but your own comfort: therefore, when finger glasses are brought, not only rince your mouth, but gargle your throat, just as if you were in your

dressing-room; and if you have got good teeth, you may take that opportunity to admire them in the mirror of your tooth-pick-case.

So also, when the ladies have retired, and you are at length relieved from all etiquette, clap both your hands into your breeches pockets, and stretch yourself out in your chair, as if you had just awoke from a long nap: there is no other limit to the extent to which you may advance your legs, but that of not breaking the shins of your opposite neighbour.

In fine, if you wish to acquire the character of a thorough-bred man of ton, you must affect—even if it should not be natural to you — the most decided egotism, and total want of

feeling: laugh at the distresses of your friends, and pretend not to understand those of the public; term all those whom you consider, or whom you wish to be thought, beneath you, the canaille, the plebs, and the mob; and talk as if you considered it a matter of course, that all men, of a certain class, drink claret, keep horses, have an intrigue, and have fought, or are ready to fight, a duel: but be very cautious how you allow the latter point to be brought to the test in your own person.

ESSAY III.

ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF DINATORY TACTICS.

Of all the actions of life, dining is that which we perform with the greatest alacrity. The table is a centre which attracts around it men of the most opposite characters and dispositions ; and although some affect to hold it in contempt, they all equally submit to its influence. The portly vicar, who rails in the pulpit against sensual indulgence, walks straight home to a comfortable dinner, and scolds the cook if it be not done to a turn. The doctor, who exclaims against luxury as the root of all disorders, sits four hours at table, eats

of every dish, and never flinches a bumper. The M.P.'s, who so pathetically deplore the miseries of starvation, that you would think they had not broken their own fast for the last eight-and-forty hours, have just arranged their speech while swallowing beef-steaks and claret at Bellamy's; and ministers decide upon schemes of retrenchment at cabinet dinners of three courses. The judge, who condemns a starving culprit for stealing a loaf, and lectures him to boot on the enormity of his offence, hurries from the bench lest the haunch that awaits him should be spoiled; and—

"Wretches hang that Jurymen may dine."

In short, a coquette would rather re-

nounce the pleasure of being admired; a poet that of being praised; a tailor that of cheating; or a dandy that of getting into his debt—parsons would sooner abandon their tythes, and lawyers and physicians their fees—nay, a bailiff would sooner let you out of his clutches without a bribe, than seven-eighths of the inhabitants of London would forego a good dinner.

A tender assignation, a marriage, or a funeral, may generally be put off without much inconvenience, and often with advantage. The assignation may end in swinging damages; the marriage would sometimes be "more honoured "in the breach than in the observ-"ance;" and as for the funeral, no one ever yet complained of not being

buried. Even a battle, on which the fate of a nation may depend, had better sometimes be deferred—as every man to be engaged in it will tell you. But if, by some unlooked-for accident, dinner be only retarded a single hour beyond that appointed, how every visage lengthens; how the most animated conversation flags of a sudden; how every one's aspect becomes clouded, and every eye is instinctively turned towards the door. And when, at length, that is opened by the butler with the joyful intelligence that "dinner is on the "table!" what a talismanic effect does not that single sentence instantly produce: it restores serenity, gaiety, and wit; every heart beats with expectation; and no bridegroom ever betrayed

greater impatience to fly to the arms of his bride, than the guests do to take possession of their plates.

But this moment of general exultation is one that demands the greatest circumspection; for on that depends all your future happiness; that is to say, your comfort during the whole period of dinner. Endeavour therefore to command your feelings, and retain possession of all your sang-froid, that you may be enabled to decide with judgment upon that most important point of good generalship—the selection of the ground on which the battle is to be fought—in other words, the choice of your seat. The instant you enter the dining parlour, throw a scrutinizing eye over the whole scene of

operations, and determine the point of attack with the promptitude and decision of a veteran. Avoid the vicinity of large dishes: but, above all, sedulously shun the perilous distinction of being seated next the mistress of the house, unless you choose to incur the risk of being forced to waste your most precious moments in carving for others instead of for yourself. Never could it be more truly said than on such an occasion, that "the post of honour is a "place of danger."

Yet, as it is the peculiar attribute of superior minds to change events apparently the most unpropitious into real advantages, should your untoward fate force you into that unenviable station, or ensconce you behind a joint, a tur-

key, or a goose, let not a mistaken notion of politeness induce you to part with all the choice bits before you help yourself. Endeavour to rise above such prejudices, of which weak minds are alone the dupes; and turn a deaf ear to every request for any particular part on which you may have set your own inclination. We remember to have dined, some years ago, with a country corporation; a very prominent member of which was placed opposite to a noble haunch of venison, which, as may easily be supposed, was in universal request. He carved it with an alacrity, and disposed of it with a degree of good humour that was truly magnanimous; until a sleek, red-faced gentleman in a bob-wig, at the other

end of the table, sent his plate, a second time, for another slice of fat: to which our friend, eyeing him with some disdain, replied, "*Another* slice of fat, "Sir! hum!—pray, Sir, do you sup- "pose that a man is to take the trouble "of carving such a joint as this here, "and not to retain a morsel for him- "self?—*another* slice of fat, indeed!— "no, Sir!—there is but one slice left "that is worth eating, and you cannot "be so unconscionable as to expect it." Whereupon he very composedly helped himself to what remained. His conduct was very generally applauded; and, for our own part, we conceived the highest opinion of his judgment, and have ever since held him in the greatest respect.

We are all liable to error, and although a real epicure is rarely guilty of keeping dinner waiting, it may yet happen that he, unconsciously, arrive late; in which case, he is probably reminded of his transgression, by hearing the lady of the mansion exclaim, ere he be well announced—"John, you may de-"sire the cook to send up dinner *now!*" with a peculiar emphasis on the last word. Should that unfortunately happen to you, your most prudent course will be, not to affect to notice it; make no excuses, for they will not be credited, and may rather aggravate than allay the irritation you have excited; in short, let the storm blow over. But we advise you not to approach the fair enragée; for your reception will cer-

tainly be as cold as the dinner you have delayed. Make your bow *à la distance**, and wait until the middle of the second course before you attempt to address her; you may then ask her to take wine; and, should there be champagne on the sideboard, you may confidently expect your pardon.

We have mentioned the second course, on the presumption that you never accept of invitations to any other than such dinners—when you can get them. As to those houses where one finds nothing but the family joint, the bare idea of which makes us shudder —a man had better swallow one of his own legs than put his foot into them.

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* "*A-la-distance*"—modern French, lately imported, and quite as good as that usually spoken in London.

ESSAY IV.

ON THE NATURE, THE INTENT, AND THE VALUE OF INVITATIONS.

It has been profoundly observed by a philosopher of deep penetration, "that the difficulty is not so great in "eating a good dinner, as in getting "it;" and the justness of the remark has been generally felt. The subject of invitations is, therefore, of too great importance to be passed over in silence. It offers indeed, nearly equal difficulties to both the givers and the receivers. The former, led away by the warmth of their feelings during the circulation of the bottle, are too apt to offer im-

promptu invitations, of which they repent on reflection; or, they are exposed to find the engagement overlooked by some of those thus lightly invited, their dinner spoiled in waiting for them, and their table only half filled. While the latter, accepting them with equal want of consideration, are not unfrequently caught in the snare of a family dinner, for which they perhaps undergo the further mortification of having declined a regular party; or, on arriving full-dressed at the appointed hour, find the house as dark as Erebus, and, after thundering for half an hour at the door, are at length informed by some wondering booby, who has first duly reconnoitred them from the area, that "Master dines out."

To obviate these mutual disappointments, it should be a fixed rule with all Amphytrions, never to ask any one to dinner but through the medium of a card, penned in the morning, fasting, after as mature reflection, and as much hesitation, as if it were an invitation to Chalk Farm; and they should require as categorical a reply. It sometimes, however, will happen, that country friends, quite unaware of the importance attached to the regularity of a London dinner-party, will only return for answer, "I'll come if I can"—that is, (well understood) if nothing more agreeable occurs: but if to this be made the retort courteous, "then I shall not expect you," it will

be generally found to produce an immediate and unequivocal acceptance.

As to the receiver, he should be quite as cautious in accepting an invitation, as if it were a bill of exchange. It should be in due form, and at a proper date and hour. If it be a first engagement, he should warily enquire into the credit of the party's dinners; and if that does not stand high, he should refuse acceptance as peremptorily as his banker would to his own draft without funds. As to a general invitation, where the day is not fixed, nothing more is meant by it than mere empty politeness; just as a man tells you to command his services, or to make his house your own. But if you have

a pique against him, it affords you a glorious occasion to indulge it, by taking him at his word, and naming the day yourself. You must in that case, however, take care not to let him off; for you may be assured that he will afterwards be upon his guard, and never afford you another opportunity. Indeed, they who the seldomest give real dinners, are always the most forward to press this kind of invitation with an apparent cordiality that is often mistaken for genuine: it at once satisfies their vanity, and lays you under a kind of undefined obligation, without putting themselves to the slightest inconvenience; and so general is it, that we only recollect one instance, within our own expe-

rience, of frank inhospitality. This was some years since, when on a tour through Holland, in search of the real water-souchy. We were furnished with letters of introduction to an eminent merchant in Amsterdam, who always received us with the greatest courtesy. We think we see him now—dressed in a single-breasted snuff-coloured coat, buttoned close up to a narrow stock; black calamanco waistcoat and breeches, worsted stockings, high square toed shoes, closed with a pair of small but solid silver buckles; a powdered tye wig and ample cocked hat shading his broad unruffled features, and a massive gold headed cane duly held directly under his double chin. He was the very

prototype of personal comfort; and his dwelling (so far as we could judge without having penetrated beyond the counting-house) appeared a fit abode for such a master. We confess, that we did speculate somewhat upon ascertaining the truth of our conjecture, by a closer inspection; nor were we without hopes of meeting there with the object of our research. This expectation was raised almost to certainty, when, on calling one day upon him, he, with his usual placid smile, thus addressed us :—" Mr. Sturgeon, I am " most happy to see you; always happy " to see my friends; and if there is " any thing in my power to serve you, " you may command me; but—you " would oblige me by choosing some

" other time for calling—*as this happens* " *to be my dinner hour.*" He then most politely saw us to the door. But his countrymen made ample amends; and gratitude obliges us to acknowledge, that to their hospitality we owed three of the severest indigestions we ever experienced.

It is not alone of the insincerity of invitations that we have to complain. Even when your host has got over his selfish reluctance to entertain you, and you are fairly seated at his table; if towards the close of dinner, there should happen to be a joint yet uncut, an undissected turkey, or a virgin pye, with what tremulous apprehension does his lady ask if you will be helped to some! And when, about an hour after

"the women" have retired, and you are just beginning to cotton comfortably to your wine, the butler announces the hated intelligence, that "coffee is ready," how faintly are you pressed to partake of another bottle! In law, no tender is valid unless it be made in actual cash; and so at table, no offer should be considered sincere, unless the article be produced *in naturâ*—the meat dissected, and the wine decanted. There can be no good reason why a man's stomach should be defrauded by an illusory offer any more than his purse; and we are quite sure that there is not a sound lawyer in Westminster Hall, who would be of a contrary opinion. We have, indeed, heard some eminent counsel declare, that it is an indictable offence;

and that persons who are guilty of such frauds, should be placed by the legislature on the same footing with the utterers of base coin.

But if we feel indignant at the hollowness of general invitations, we are equally shocked at the little regard paid to the substantial tender of a precise engagement. The extreme levity of the young people of the present age, makes them attach too little consequence to nutritive invitations; they even affect to consider the obligation on either side as equal; and pretend that the ephemeral honor of their company is an equivalent for the solid advantages of a good dinner. This is the effect of the modern philosophy, which is corrupting the hearts and turning the

heads of the rising generation; and is even undermining the corporation dinners and parish feasts. Unlike our ancestors, amongst whom a grand entertainment was talked of for a month before-hand; its digestion was not completed within a week; and the visits to the host, dictated by the gratitude of his guests, occupied the following fortnight. Either a man's principles or his stomach must be very unsettled, who is insensible to the real value of the pleasures of the table; and we may be assured, that no constitution stands so much in need of radical reform, as that of him who can view a good dinner with indifference, or repay it with ingratitude.

ESSAY V.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF PRIDE CONSIDERED IN ITS EFFECTS UPON DINNERS.

THE old adage, "that the eyes are "bigger than the stomach," may be applied to many an Amphytrion as well as school-boy. Actuated by a silly vanity, they sacrifice every thing to parade; give a dinner for twenty to eight or ten, and thus become unable to entertain their friends so often as they otherwise might. Whereas, he who consults his guests gastric rather than their optical faculties, will be enabled to give ten dinners instead of three.

In vain domestic economy endeavours to turn what is left to account during the remainder of the week. Pride is the declared enemy of true pleasure; and Boileau has justly remarked—

"Qu'un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien."

This, however, is not the only error into which their ostentation leads them; a too copious dinner is a trespass which may be readily pardoned; and however it may injure the host, his guests will view it with indulgence. But solid enjoyment is immolated to the symmetry of their tables; which, as we shall presently prove, is one of the direst enemies to good-cheer.

In this fleeting world, nothing is in

perfection long; appetite itself decays; the man who has laboured with alacrity through the two first courses, will find it begin to flag before he has done justice to the third; and, alas! fail him ere the dessert has been an hour before him. From the young virgin, whose beauty blooms but for a moment in all its freshness, to the partridge whose flavour depends upon its having been hung twelve hours, more or less; there is a precise moment for every thing which ought to be adroitly snatched; and Horace has observed with equal perspicuity and truth, that—

"Ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum!"

which means in plain English, "that

" precipitation and delay are equally " fatal to ragoûts."

This important principle being once established, and there is not a true epicure living who is not struck with it, by what infatuation do we persist in covering our tables with twenty dishes at once, which cannot all be eaten at one moment, and many of which must necessarily suffer by delay. 'Tis pride alone, vain glorious empty pride, that has introduced this worthless symmetry, which, " like the baseless fabric " of a vision," charms the eye but cheats the palate ; and the same passion which proved fatal to the fallen angels, has ruined many a glorious dinner.

In vain have epicurean Amphytrions, endowed with too little strength of

mind to soar above the prejudices of the world, felt the fatal consequences of these symmetrical dinners, and endeavoured to remedy them by artificial heat; but hot bricks, balls of heated tin, chafing-dishes, and water-plates, are but sorry palliatives of the evil, and rather tend to dry the gravies than to keep them hot.

"What then is to be done?"—says the man of the world, a slave to custom, and above all to vanity. Despise the one and lay aside the other. Give small parties; but repeat them often. Give but twelve removes in lieu of twenty-four; but serve up only one, or at most two, at a time. Having thus banished symmetry from your table, you will produce nothing on it but what

is really meant to be consumed. The cook, occupied about fewer dishes, will have more leisure to prepare each according to the strict rules of art: served to a minute—from the omelette which should be turned from the frying-pan into the stomach, to the macaroni, which should make but one leap from the mouth of the oven into our own—each will bear the highest relish of which it is susceptible, and will become the sole focus where every appetite is reflected: time will be afforded to do the amplest justice to their several merits: our palates will be titillated, and our appetites stimulated by their gradual succession; and we shall be enabled not only to cram down every thing hot, but in much larger quantities.

But let us not be understood as objecting to the elegance of symmetrical arrangement in the ornaments of the table: on the contrary, let biscuit-figures, plateaux, épergnes, saliéres and saladiers, crystal, plate, and porcelain, glitter in all the foppery of decoration; their presence adds lustre to the celestial bodies of which they are the attendant satellites. We only object to those formal, half-cold dinners, where—

"Dish nods at dish, each capon has its brother,
"And one tureen but just reflects the other."

POPE.

ESSAY VI.

ON MODERN ARCHITECTURE, AND THE COMPARATIVE MISERIES AND COMFORTS OF DINING-ROOMS.

THE man who resides in London, leads the life of a lamp-lighter. The houses are so confined and lofty, that the rooms are necessarily perched above each other like the nests in a dovecot; and he is eternally up and down on the same ladder—for our staircases deserve no other name. He ascends to a bed-chamber in the clouds, where he sleeps "aloft in air," exposed to be blown out of his bed by the first high wind, or to be crushed in it by the fall of

some tall stack of chimneys: if he escape these dangers, and live till morning, he must descend forty steps of cold stone enclosed in a narrow funnel—which serves as a channel to convey the steams from the kitchen and blasts from the hall-door—ere he can be seated in the breakfast room: does he want a book to glance through as he sips his tea—his library is still further down the same dreary chasm; and should he wish to consult his cook, on the theatre of his operations, he must seek him "five fathom deep" below the habitable world.

But all this is nothing in comparison with the inconveniencies of our dining parlours. Instead of being placed in the most secluded part of our mansions

—far removed from noise and interruption—they are generally situated in the very front of the house, exposed to all the racket of the street, and open directly on the hall, unprotected by an anti-room: so that, your head is stunned with the rattle of carriages, the knocks at and clapping of doors, the screams of ballad-singers, and the horns of newsboys; and, as if this were not sufficient annoyance, your legs are blown from under you every time the door of the room opens, unless, indeed, you should have had the precaution to secure a seat at a distance from it.

But here, again, the parade of symmetry pursues you. If you have had the good fortune, as you suppose, to place yourself with your back to the

fire—the table is probably so near to it, that your spine is melted, and your appetite destroyed, before you have got through the first course; and if experience of this mistake should have directed you to the opposite side—you run the risk of being frozen, the powers of your stomach become torpid, and it will not be in the power of cayenne itself to restore them.

"How, then, is all this to be "avoided?" How?—why, place your dining-room at the back of your house, and let it be approached through an anti-room; make it the very *penetralia* of your household gods, where you may meditate without distraction on the worship peculiar to the place; shield your table from all draughts but

those of wine; leave a vacuum—the only one that ever should be left at dinner—on that side of it next the fire, so that every one may have a view of it; and in the corner next your sideboard place a German stove, that may at once serve as a hot-closet for your butler, and an air-warmer for your guests:—thus shall you be in possession of a temple and an altar, both worthy of the sacrifice to be consummated.

Let us only picture to ourselves a dining-room thus arranged, well warmed, and carpeted—scarlet furniture—lamplight—table enclosed within an ample screen—deep, well stuffed, elbow chairs—party not exceeding ten, nor the dishes sixteen (exclusive of the soups, vegetables, entremets, and des-

sert), and these served up separately—dinner hot—wines cool—appetite keen—stomach clear:—the imagination can hardly conceive an idea of human felicity to exceed such a scene, and he who can realize it need never envy the joys of Paradise.

"Let scarlet hangings clothe the parlour walls,
"And dinners snug be served in well-warmed halls:
"Let Turkey carpets o'er the floors be laid,
"And whitest damask on the tables spread.
"With loads of massy plate let sideboards shine,
"And crystal vases fill with gen'rous wine—
"Thus feast the Gods who in Olympus dine."

Virgil, Æneid vii.

ESSAY VII.

ON THE PHYSICAL AND POLITICAL CONSEQUENCE OF SAUCES.

If we say of a doctor, while smirking from within the comfortable enclosure of his varnished pill-box, that "his science is in the gold head of "his cane;"—of a parson, that "it is "the surplice makes the divine;"—and of a judge, that "the wisdom's in "the wig;"—how much more aptly may we apply the old proverb—"it "is the sauce that passes the fish!"—a profound observation, containing a great moral truth, from which we may deduce the vast importance of this

delicate branch of culinary science. Sauces form not only an essential addition to, and even an integral part of, most meats; they do not alone vary the taste and form in which they are presented to us, and impart that relish which enables a man to eat three times as much as he could without them, but they decorate them with an attractive embellishment which may justly be compared to the finishing touch of the painter, or the toilette of a pretty woman.

The duty of a good sauce is, to titillate the capillaceous extremities of the maxillary glands, and thus to flatter and excite the appetite. If it be too mild, it causes no sensation, and its object is not attained; and if it be too

pungent, it excoriates instead of arousing that gentle stimulation of the palate, the source of those undescribable feelings in which the enjoyment of a real epicure consists, and which an experienced and accomplished cook can alone produce.

Physicians indeed tell us, that sauces should be avoided—"because they in-"duce us to eat to repletion!"—not perceiving that the objection constitutes the finest eulogium that could be passed on them. Were we guided by such reasoning as this, it would undermine the constitution and destroy the whole system of modern cookery; it would absolutely reduce us to a diet of plain roast and boiled, and condemn us for the remainder of our lives to the regi-

men of a family-joint. But, putting aside the impotent logic of these sons of Æsculapius, we may safely refer to their own practice; and, if we are not forced to refrain from the use of sauces until we see them refuse lobster with their turbot, swallow venison without jelly, take beef-steaks without oysters, or reject turtle and ragoûts, we need be in no dread of being speedily compelled to abstinence; and we may say to them, as Brutus to his brother Cassius—

"There is no terror, Doctor! in your threats."
SHAKESPEARE.

It was the shrewd observation of a foreign ambassador to this country, in the last age, "that the English had "twenty religions and only one sauce."

But the eternal melted-butter, to which he alluded, which then ruled over our tables with undivided sway, has since been stripped of a great portion of its authority ; and although it still retains a large share of power, and notwithstanding there is a strong party which yet maintains its exclusive legitimacy, it no longer reigns in all the majesty of uncontrolled dominion. No revolution ever produced a greater change than has taken place in the administration of our kitchens. No longer confined to the dull routine of the old school, our prejudices against foreign innovations are daily yielding to the dictates of an enlightened philosophy ; even the alien bill has failed to exclude a variety of strange dishes hitherto con-

sidered noxious to the constitution; already have we adopted a great portion of the French régime, and though we despair of ever seeing the Code Napoléon in practice in this country, yet are we not without hopes of witnessing the naturalization of the entire system of continental cookery. Such, indeed, is the progress we have made, that a detailed catalogue of the sauces we already possess would of itself fill a moderate volume: according to a pretty accurate computation, made about two years ago, the nomenclature then extended to more than one hundred and eighty varieties; and it has since received several very important additions. It might, perhaps, be expected that we should give some ac-

count of these, and we will not deny that we are minutely acquainted with the composition of each: but, besides the great length to which it would lead us, we do not profess to do more than to stimulate the curiosity and the appetite of our readers; it is for professed artists alone to satisfy them. We have, however, been for some time past engaged in the concentration of a few of the most piquant of these into one quintessence, which we are not without hopes of bringing to perfection within the course of the next six months. Already have our first attempts met the warmest approbation of the most distinguished connoisseurs of the metropolis; and we have been assured, that a small bottle of it, which we lately sent on trial to a man of high consequence,

formed the most interesting topic of conversation at a great political dinner. It has, indeed, been hinted to us, that, should we not choose to take out a patent, there can be no doubt of our obtaining a Parliamentary grant for making it public; and, unquestionably, grants, and pensions too, have been bestowed for less important national services. In a matter of so delicate a nature, it can hardly be expected that we should, in this stage of it, explain ourself farther; and all that we at present deem it prudent to say, is this—that, as other sauces have been announced as enabling a man to eat his own father, with this we may truly promise—that those who have a taste that way, would even relish their grandmothers.

ESSAY VIII.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF FORMING GOOD CONNEXIONS; AND ON THE MORAL QUALITIES OF THE STOMACH.

SOCIETY offers various degrees of connexion, all founded upon interests or passions by which they are continually liable to be interrupted. Thus, we have—

Family Connexions, which are commonly frigid;

Matrimonial Connexions, generally interested;

Illicit Connexions, always frail;

Political Connexions, ever hollow;

Commercial Connexions, often ruinous;

and, finally, *Friendly Connexions*, which are seldom sincere, and the semblance of which lead to so many *Equivocal* and even *Dangerous Connexions*.

The world, indeed, affords but one kind of connexion that is not exposed to some of these disadvantages, and, consequently, that is worth forming—that is, *the Connexion of Sauces*. The art of forming these is one of the greatest mysteries in the whole arcana of the sciences, and its acquirement is the very acme of the culinary art. Its elements indeed are simple, consisting chiefly of gravy or of cream, as those of ordinary connexions do of interest or affection; their object, too, is to cement the union of various, and often discordant, qualities: it is their employment which is

difficult. As, in a happy marriage, the interests, the temper, and the wishes, of each, must mutually yield to the other, in order to produce that harmony which forms the basis of connubial happiness and of social order; so, in a good ragoût, the substance, the seasoning, and the sauce, should all be blended in that exquisite concord which constitutes the foundation of good cookery and of all rational enjoyment. The importance of an art which thus binds the whole fabric of society must be at once apparent, and we are more earnest in soliciting attention to it, as it is one in which the generality of cooks are most lamentably deficient: like many of their masters, they cheat us with false appearances, and give their sauces the

semblance of richness, by the aid of mere colouring matter, while they, in fact, possess neither flavour nor substance.

The consideration of this subject leads us to that of *Social Connexions*, which spring from it as naturally as horns from a connexion of another kind. The table is a magnet which not only attracts around it all those who come within its influence, but connects them together by ties which no one ever wishes to dissolve. These are much stronger among epicures than other persons; not only from the principle of attraction in a conformity of taste, but because epicures are more sociably disposed, more frank and cordial, and are, in fact, better than any

other of the human species. However this last assertion may occasion a sneer of disbelief on the wan visage of some water-drinking cynic, it is susceptible of the most incontrovertible demonstration. Thus—no man abstains from the pleasures of the table, unless forced to do so by some constitutional defect:—the greatest defect in the constitution is a bad stomach:—if the stomach be unsound, the heart which is lodged in it must be corrupted: it therefore follows, that all abstemious people are persons of bad heart; and the converse of this proposition evidently is, that all bon-vivants are persons of a good heart, as well as a sound constitution. The truth of this axiom is confirmed by the daily experience of society: your

sober people, not having the power to digest sufficient food and wine to support the system and stir the generous current of the blood, are cold in manners as in constitution, and from being pursued with the eternal consciousness of their deficiencies, they are ever envious and malignant; while the jolly votary of the table, revelling in the full tide of enjoyment, feels no corroding anxiety check the warm impulse which expands his mind to hilarity and his heart to friendship; and, as good cheer is the nurse of good humour and wit—a good stomach is the parent of every social virtue.

Let us be assured, therefore, that the connexion between a good sauce, whereby the powers of the food are cemented,

and a good stomach, wherewith the constitution is supported and the social system maintained, possesses the only legitimate title to respect, and is, in fact, the real secret of the HOLY ALLIANCE.

ESSAY IX.

ON MUSTARD, PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED; AND ON THE USE OF GARLICK AS A PERFUME.

Of all the stimulants which are used at table to savour meats, to excite appetite, or to hide the faults of cooks, mustard is doubtless that which —every thing considered—deserves to hold the first place; both from its antiquity, which may be traced to the earliest history of the Jews, and its beneficent qualities. If we put any faith in doctors, this seasoning acts powerfully upon the organs of digestion; it augments the force and elasticity of the

fibres, attracts the digestive juices into the stomach, separates the nutritive from the inert matter, and accelerates the peristaltic motion. It is, besides, singularly salutary in its effects upon the brain: it expands the mind, exalts the imagination, and sublimates the fancy; it is to its copious use that the remarkable strength and poignancy of the speeches at all public dinners is chiefly to be attributed; and notwithstanding all that has been said about a full stomach obscuring the intellect, we may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction from any of the sons of Helicon—that the conceptions of a poet who had just swallowed a pound of beef—with a proportionate quantity of mustard—would be far more vigorous,

his arguments more solid, and his reasoning more satisfactory, than if he had counted the trees in St. James's Park for a dinner.

Were we to pass from its medicinal and moral qualities to its domestic uses, the enumeration of its various virtues would be endless: but they are too generally felt, and too universally acknowledged, to require eulogium; and we shall merely observe, that its presence is indispensable from the commencement of dinner until the appearance of the dessert. And yet, although these truths are so glaring that no man in his senses will contest them, has the preparation of mustard been hitherto committed to vulgar hands; and of all the extrinsic aids on which the perfec-

tion of that highest of all human gratifications, a good dinner, depends, there is none to which so little attention is paid. With only one illustrious exception—who has been torn from us, like a leaf out of a common-place book, by the rude hand of Persecution—our chymists are lost in vain speculations on gasses, acids, alkalies, and carbon, and seem infinitely more intent on making money than mustard. France, however, which has so often recovered the losses of her arms through her acquirements in science, has not been inattentive to this important object; and she is amply recompensed—in the celebrated *moutarde de maille*—for all the disasters of Waterloo.

We most sincerely regret that it is

not in our power to present our readers with the receipt for this invaluable compound; and we fear that the national jealousy of our neighbours will long keep it secret from us: but this will be in a great measure supplied, if due attention be paid to the following hints.

In the first place—never entrust the composition of your mustard to any hand but your own, unless you should be fortunate enough to possess a maître d'hôtel, or a butler, in whom you can place the most implicit confidence: next, let the powder be invariably mixed with champagne in lieu of water; then, add a small quantity of essence of anchovy, and one drop—light as the morning dew upon a rose-bud—of

assafœtida. And here we may remark, that whenever the aid of garlick is required, assafœtida will equally answer the purpose of adding a high flavor, while it is more easily incorporated with other ingredients. As to the root itself, when used in a small quantity its odour is scarcely perceptible; but were it "rank as the dull weed that grows "on Lethe's banks," it is more fragrant than any flower that blows, and he is but a mere pretender to the name of epicure who does not prefer its savoury pungency to the mawkish effluvia of attar of roses. It is this that was, in days of yore, the incense of the gods: when the heroes of Homer—who, by the bye, were every man of them cooks —broiled their offerings of beef-steaks

for the deities, this was the seasoning they used to render them acceptable; and the steam that was snuffed with such ineffable delight upon Olympus, was always strongly impregnated with garlick. Its perfume raises the spirits, and awakens the appetite by its association in idea with a good dinner; it braces the nerves, and overpowers all unpleasant scents more effectually than any of the essences in use; and the most agreeable effects would be perceptible in our drawing rooms, if, instead of the lavender, musk, and bergamot, which we are forced to inhale in them, ladies would but consent to sprinkle their handkerchiefs with assafœtida.

ESSAY X.

ON ROASTING BEEF, INCLUDING CONSIDERATIONS ON ITS DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL IMPORTANCE, WITH AN ENTIRE NEW PLAN FOR ITS IMPROVEMENT.

THERE is but one rib to which every man is uniformly constant:—that is, a rib of beef. Its attractions, unlike the fading beauties of the person, or the variable qualities of the mind, ever retain the freshness of their first impression on our senses, and neither time nor circumstance can estrange our affections from this earliest object of our ardent love, and latest of our matured attachment. It is this which may

truly be denominated "bone of our "bone, and flesh of our flesh," and from which no man of sound principles or good appetite would ever wish to be separated. If any lean and atrabilarious contemner of the solid joys of life should be so insensible to its charms as to wish to divorce it *a mensâ*—no ecclesiastical court would entertain the suit; if appeal were made to the Lords —the Bench of Bishops would declare it to be contrary to every orthodox principle; the Judges would decide that all precedent was opposed to it; the house would unanimously reject the petition as dangerous to the constitution; and even the Chancellor himself would feel no hesitation in pronouncing judgment. It is interwoven

with all our most cherished recollections and our sweetest sympathies: let an Englishman be taken from his native country to any quarter of the globe, surround him with all the seductions of France or Italy—he still sighs for it —no reveille ever animated the soldier with half the ardour that does the drum when, a quarter of an hour before dinner, it beats the inspiring air of "Oh! "the roast beef of old England!"—it was to its honored remains that the sentimental muse of Moore addressed the pathetic song which ends with these expressive lines—

"Around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
"Shall entwine itself verdantly still;"—

and it is of such a rib that every man

may truly say, he wishes—" to cut, and " come again." But it is not alone as an object of our fondest care that it should be regarded : the national character is involved in that of our beef; and not only our love, but our pride also, is interested in preserving its reputation untainted, and in presenting it in the most fascinating garb. It is with this double object in view, that we venture to suggest an important improvement in the art of dressing it, to which we request that serious attention which the subject so well deserves; and while we submit it to be weighed in the even scale of public opinion, we trust that our readers will " sink the " offal" of prejudice, and judge it with all the impartiality of a Smithfield umpire.

According to the present vitious mode of roasting—before a tolerably sized piece of beef can be sufficiently done, the greater part of its succulent and invaluable juices are wasted in the dripping-pan, and confiscated to the profit of the cook. This has long been matter of poignant regret to those who are best enabled to appreciate the value of the loss, and various have been the plans proposed to remedy the evil; but the honor of complete success was reserved to the nineteenth century, already so fruitful in great events. Like most other inventions of general utility, it is equally simple and comprehensive. The object being, to close the pores of the meat, and thus, by preventing the escape of its juices, to retain all its

most nutritive qualities, and to heighten its flavor—all these desirable objects are at once attained by merely *immersing the joint in rendered tallow.*

On a little reflection, our readers cannot fail to be struck with all the advantages which must necessarily result from this process; and we doubt not that it will be immediately, and universally, adopted. There is but one objection that we have anticipated, and that is, the inconvenience of the operation; but for this we have provided in a manner that we are equally sure must meet with general approbation.

There can be no doubt of the intimacy of your kitchen-maid with the tallow-chandler:—let her seek him in his melting moments; and, submitting

her ribs to the warm embraces of his vat, leave them plunged in the soft effusion for about half an hour, in which time the operation will generally be completed. When sufficiently impregnated with the unctuous mass, let them be placed in a cool situation, in order that it may form an impenetrable coating, equally impervious to the external air and retentive of the internal moisture: thus, they will be preserved in all their primitive freshness until the period of their maturity; when put to the fire, the gradual decomposition of the tallow will preserve them from being scorched without, or drained within; and when placed upon the table, the first incision of the carving-knive will be followed by an inunda-

tion of gravy that will richly compensate the cares of its conservation.

In presenting this receipt to our country as an object of truly national importance, we have yet to regret, that the merit of the discovery belongs to France. We confess, that we do not make this acknowledgment without some degree of confusion:—we feel as if invaded, as it were, in our own territory:—while the strong hold of roast-beef was exclusively our own, we felt securely entrenched—knuckle deep—in a substantial fort, from which we might look with a certain degree of indifference on the lesser outposts occupied by our rivals, and could at any time make a sally upon them without fear of reprisal; but the new mode of

attack which we have just detailed, fills us with alarm for the undivided dominion of this most antient and most valuable British possession. Never can that approved military maxim—"*fas* "*est ab hoste doceri*"—be more aptly applied; and devoutly do we hope, that the experience of the enemy will, in this instance at least, redound to our own advantage. There is but one slight inconvenience attending its employment, and that arising solely from its superior excellence:—such is the relish which it imparts, that a Baron of Beef prepared in this manner will scarcely suffice for half a dozen men of moderate appetite.

ESSAY XI.

ON THE VIRTUES, THE QUALIFICATIONS, AND THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF HOGS.

It is not to the bipeds who bear this title that we allude :—the amiable quadruped known by it is a far more estimable personage ; and, though decried and despised, is, in fact, one of the most estimable members of society. His various good qualities are, indeed, felt by all, but acknowledged by few ; and in no instance is the ingratitude of the world more glaring than in the contempt with which his modest merits are rewarded. For our own part, we

never meet him without taking off our hat with all the respect which is due to real worth in whatever garb we find it.

He is the prince of all the animals that "chew *not* the cud;" and although the majority of the Christians of the present age are as great Jews as ever lived, yet none of them adhere to the Levitical law in regard to him. Nature has been so bountiful to this her favored child, that every part of him is equally valuable:—arms and the arts contend with the kitchen for his spoils; and if the fame and fortune of many a pork-butcher is due to his flesh, his bristles have been the instruments of the glory of many a celebrated painter, as his hide is ever the seat of honor of the warrior. Were he banished from

our tables—neither ham, nor brawn, nor bacon, nor smoked chops, nor Brunswick or Bologna sausages, nor forced-meat, nor black-puddings, nor pickled petitoes, nor standing pies, would ever greet our senses ; the Christmas chine, the harslet and the crackling, griskins and spare-ribs would be seen no more ; pease-pudding, apple-sauce, and savoury sage, would partake in his disgrace ; and sucking-pigs would cease to smile upon our boards. We have recapitulated these few traits of his innumerable excellencies from the same feeling that would lead us to rescue the character of a valued friend from obloquy ; and we trust, that the slanderers of this truly respectable animal, will in future admit—" that

"they have ta'en the wrong sow by the "ear."

The metamorphoses which the flesh of the hog undergoes, are as various as those described by Ovid; and if he had but employed his pen to record them, his works, instead of being only found in the hands of school-boys, would be read with more enthusiasm than those of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Byron. We shall not attempt to detail them: they would, alone, occupy the pages of a folio, and they more properly form the subject of a profound treatise than of a mere elementary essay. But we cannot refrain from touching upon that long contested and still unsettled point —*the best mode of dressing ham.*

A noble peer, whose experience on

this interesting subject has been displayed with great erudition in his truly instructive travels*, and whose critical acumen in culinary science can no more be questioned than his knowledge of military tactics, has furnished one invaluable receipt which must be within the recollection of every reader of taste; and we remember to have been ourself present, at the table of another noble and truly amiable bon-vivant†, when an animated discussion took place on the comparative merits of stewing a ham in champagne, or of baking it in the centre of a dunghill when in a

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* See "Journal of a Forced Tour, &c." by the Rt. Hon. Lord Blayney.

† The late Viscount L—v—g—n.

state of fermentation. Our own opinion inclined to the latter: the champagne has the inconvenience of penetrating the brain of your cook rather than the flesh of the ham; while there can be no doubt of the pungent effluvia of the compost communicating to it a very high flavor. A preferable mode to either is, in our humble estimation, to thoroughly roast it in a paste, after having soaked it for four-and-twenty hours in syrup strongly impregnated with garlick-vinegar; due allowance being made, in the latter respect, for the different treatment required by a ponderous Westphalian, and the more delicate native of Guimaraens or the mountains of Galicia. But ham should

never be eaten hot; nor cold, unless smothered in a savoury jelly.

We shall not advert to that highly valued delicacy of the ancients—stewed sow's teats—because the avarice of modern times opposes itself to the slaughter of the animal at the period when they are in perfection, and a prejudice exists against those which die in parturition. But we think we shall render a great public service by recording the modern Portuguese method of dressing a loin of pork :—

Steep it, during an entire week, in red wine, *(claret in preference,)* with a strong infusion of garlick and a little spice; then sprinkle it with fine herbs, envelope it in bay-leaves, and bake it

along with Seville oranges *piquées de girofle*.

We strongly recommend this dish to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, as a more effectual means of making proselytes than any they have yet adopted; and we must here remark, to the honor of the pig, that there is no example upon record of a real epicure having been converted to Judaism.

Naturalists may say what they please of the lion—the wild boar is the real monarch of the forest; and no one who has seen him, towering at the head of the table in proud pre-eminence above all lesser game, could doubt for a moment of his rank, or of the respect to which he is entitled. In-

deed few potentates can vie with him in the love and admiration which he commands; and there is none whose head is so well spoken of. To mention the various gracious forms in which he condescends to appear in those countries where he yet reigns, would only be to excite vain regrets, and to make our mouths water fruitlessly; we shall therefore spare our readers and ourself the tantalizing recital; but it is consolatory to reflect that, by only just going to Poland or Hungary, or even to Hanover, we may yet see him in all his glory—and few travellers have in view an object so truly worthy of pursuit. We presume that no one will be either so simple, or so unjust, as to confound this noble animal with the

common *bores* to be every day met at the very best tables in this country.

Having made this feeble attempt to do justice to the merits of the hog, and the splendor of his great ancestor, it now only remains for us to mention his nephew, and the heir to all his virtues —for progeny of his own he has none —the gentle sucking-pig. And with regard to him, we have merely to recommend, that he be treated as a tender mother does her darling infant—that is to say—that he be well stuffed ; and while dressing, let him be watched with as much solicitude as a daughter in her teens ; but, above all, let him be well done ; for, as to under-roasted pig —a man might just as well eat a raw child.—

A modern professor of some reputation in the practical arts of the kitchen, recommends that, when dressed, it should be divided longitudinally, and dished up conjugally—that is, *back to back*.

With regard to the antiquity of this family — they who have been weak enough to waste their time upon literature need not be told, that the foundation of the Roman Empire was due to the fortunate omen offered to Æneas by a sow :—

" Wond'rous to tell!—she lay along the ground :
" Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung ;
" She white herself, and white her thirty young!"

Dryden's Virg. Æn. b. viii.

And we have the authority of Varro for the fact, that the remains of this

venerable prophetess were preserved in brine, and shewn, by the priests of Juno, at Lavinium, in his time; that is to say — about seventeen hundred years after her decease. It is, therefore, clearer than many a pedigree in the Heralds' College, that the origin of pickled-pork remounts at least as high as the Trojan war. Nay, her descendants are to this day distinguished in our universities by collegiate honors — better merited, by the bye, than some bestowed there—as many a fellow of Queen's Coll. Oxon. can testify:—

"*Caput apri defero,*" *&c. &c.*

ESSAY XII.

ON DEVILS.

No lawyer has a right to take exceptions to the title of this essay, for it is neither Satan nor any of his imps to which it refers; and, although we certainly do intend to treat of devils incarnate, we mean no allusion to those who inhabit the inns of court.

Every man must have experienced that—when he has got deep into his third bottle—his palate acquires a degree of torpidity, and his stomach is seized with a certain craving, which seem to demand a stimulant to the powers of both. It is to the provocatives used on

such occasions—which an ungrateful world has combined to term devils—less, perhaps, from their fiery nature than from their temptation being irresistible—that we wish to point attention. But to proceed regularly :—

We shall suppose that you have partaken, during dinner, of the usual proportion of hock, sauterne, champagne, and other light wines; that, during the dessert, you have stuck to white hermitage, or sercial; and that you have then sat in regularly to port and claret. Towards the close—as we have already remarked—of your third bottle, when all your cares are drowned in the rosy libations that you have poured in honor of the jolly god, and you are in the full tide of the " feast of reason and

" the flow of soul,"—what a zest is added to your enjoyment when the butler enters the dining room—stirs the fire—trims the lamps—places before each guest a small plate and napkin—and then introduces his tray, along with clean glasses, a fresh magnum, and a cool bottle of Burgundy. " *O! noctes cœnæque deum!*"—Ah! moment of pure delight!—embittered only by the reflection that it cannot last for ever.

But, to return to our subject. There are two kinds of devils—wet and dry. And, here again, we must beg not to be understood as making the least allusion to the guests around the table, who—to give the devil his due—have nothing satanic in their composition,

but merely to the contents of the tray which we have just supposed the butler to have placed upon it.

The *diables au feu d'enfer*, or dry devils, are usually composed of the broiled legs and gizzards of poultry, fish-bones, or biscuits, and, if pungency alone can justify their appellation, never was title better deserved, for they are usually prepared without any other attention than to make them "hot as "their native element;" and any one who can swallow them without tears in his eyes, need be under no apprehension of the pains of futurity. It is true, they answer the purpose of exciting thirst; but they excoriate the palate, vitiate its nicer powers of discrimination, and pall the relish for the high flavor of

good wine: in short, no man should venture upon them whose throat is not paved with mosaic, unless they be seasoned by a cook who can poise the pepper-box with as even a hand as a judge should the scales of justice.

But if the devils just mentioned compel you irresistibly to do justice to the bottle, their twin-sister—*la diablesse à la sauce*—leads you insensibly, by the gentler arts of persuasion, to the same great object; and if this be called temptation, never, surely, was man seduced by any thing more *piquante*. It would be an insult to the understanding of our readers, to suppose them ignorant of the usual mode of treating common devils; but we shall make no apology for giving the most minute

instructions for the preparation of the gentler stimulant in question; which, besides, possesses this advantage—that it may be all done at the table, either by yourself, or at least under your own immediate inspection.

Mix equal parts of fine salt, cayenne pepper, and currie powder, with double the quantity of powder of truffles: dissect, *secundum artem*, a brace of woodcocks rather under-roasted, split the heads, subdivide the wings, &c. &c., and powder the whole gently over with the mixture: crush the trail and brains along with the yelk of a hard-boiled egg, a small portion of pounded mace, the grated peel of half a lemon, and half a spoonful of soy, until the ingredients be brought to the consistence of

a fine paste: then, add a table-spoonful of catsup, a full wine-glass of Madeira, and the juice of two Seville oranges: throw this sauce, along with the birds, into a silver stew-dish, to be heated with spirits of wine—cover close up—light the lamp—and keep gently simmering, and occasionally stirring, until the flesh has imbibed the greater part of the liquid. When you have reason to suppose it is completely saturated, pour in a small quantity of salad oil, stir all once more well together, "put "out the light, and then!"—serve it round instantly; for it is scarcely necessary to say, that a devil should not only be hot in itself, but eaten hot.

There is, however, one precaution to be used in eating it, to which we

must earnestly recommend the most particular attention, and for want of which more than one accident have occurred. It is not, as some simple people might suppose—to avoid eating too much of it—for that your neighbours will take good care to prevent; but it is this:—in order to pick the bones, you must necessarily take some portion of it with your fingers; and, as they thereby become impregnated with its flavor, if you afterwards chance to let them touch your tongue—you will infallibly lick them to the bone, if you do not swallow them entire.

ESSAY XIII.

ON COFFEE, AND LIQUEURS.

Our readers must have already perceived, that we are unfriendly to excesses of any kind. Our instructions are pointed to the use, not the abuse, of good-cheer. We would close our own dining-room, as mysteriously as if it were a second temple of Eleusis, against all but the elect; and if any gross revellers think to find "warrant for their "orgies" in the rites of which we treat, we say to them, in the language of its priests—

"Hence, ye profane! far, far away remove."

But you, gentle reader! we take to

be, "like him we love"—that is to say, ourself—a moderate man; and we therefore suppose you—resisting with fortitude all temptations to prolong the sitting, whether in the commands of your host, the jeers of six-bottle men, or, above all, the smiling entreaty of another rosy batch—to have retired to the drawing-room as soon as possible after you have despatched your fourth bottle. But here other snares await you: the mistress of the house—"de-" lighted to find one man gallant " enough to desert his wine for the " ladies"—immediately proposes to you —"to cut into a rubber." You might with truth, perhaps, excuse yourself on the plea—"that you are cut already;" but at all events, cut out if you wish to

avoid being cut up : or, at least, excuse yourself until you have taken coffee, which of all beverages is the best calculated to clear the head, and to fit a man for the learned society of the Greeks. This will, besides, afford you an opportunity for displaying one of the most valued qualities, and one the rarest to be found, in all societies—that of a patient listener : for, unless you abstain from all conversation, on your own part, until you can count every light in the centre chandelier without either blinking or doubling one of them —a task not easily performed after the fourth bottle—you had better not think of whist for that night. Search, therefore, for some garrulous giver of good dinners ; throw yourself on the sofa

beside him, and whilst he, "good easy "man," flatters himself that you are relishing his vapid stories, and snuffs up the incense of your silence, do you sip the cordial of your coffee-cup in complete abstraction; and, while fumigating your brain with its aromatic steam, secure to yourself the certainty of an invitation to his choicest parties: —this is what wary people call "killing "two birds with one stone."

Coffee, besides stimulating the reasoning faculties, is one of the best digestives with which we are acquainted; and we owe to it the inappreciable advantage of being enabled to eat much more than we could venture to do, with safety, were it not for the benign influence of its salutary aid. But then

it must be swallowed hot, strong, and without any infusion of that viscous compound which is, in London, misnamed cream. It is a melancholy fact, however, that in not one house in ten, throughout England, do you ever meet with it of even tolerable quality: it is usually foul, flat, weak, and cold: nay, we doubt not that some of our readers must have seen a simpering miss, whilst presiding at the tea-table, pour from the half-cold urn a quart of water over about an ounce of burnt powder placed in the fusty woollen bag of a machine ycleped a biggin; then, when she had drenched the surrounding tabbies with the precious decoction, replenish the machine with another libation, and so on, so long as they con-

sented to be thus physicked; and this the young lady would call—"making "coffee!"—but, "*mutato nomine*," *&c. &c.* It once fell to our own lot to witness this profanation, in company with a French count, who, in his own country, had been accustomed to the very essence of mocha. He seemed to watch the progress of the operation with some degree of curiosity; but when a cup-full of the potion was presented to himself, he started back with surprise and horror, and would, of course, have declined it, had not the lady of the house had the cruelty to tax his politeness by declaring that, "it "was prepared expressly for him." There was no longer any possibility of escape: he shuddered involuntarily,

" grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and accepted it with that kind of desperate resolution which a man may be supposed to exert who is forced to swallow a dose of poison. We observed him with a mixture of pity and anxiety: he took two or three gulps with much the same contortions that a child does rhubarb, when a violent fit of coughing, either real or affected, gave him a pretext to set down the cup with such violence as to break it, and at the same time to spill the remaining contents over the robe of his fair persecutress :—the revenge was deep, but suited to the injury, and no man can say that it was unjustifiable.

Having gone into this digression merely as a gentle hint to the ladies,

we shall now proceed to detail the most approved method of extracting the virtues of this salutiferous berry; and, as a pious sectary firmly believes that there is but one road to salvation, so, be assured, that there is but one way to have good coffee—and that is, as follows—

In the first place, presuming that the coffee itself is of prime quality—grain small, round, hard, and clear; perfectly dry and sweet; and at least three years old—let it be gently roasted until it be of a light-brown colour; avoid burning it as you would your own fingers, for a single scorched grain will spoil a pound. Let this operation be performed at the moment the coffee is to be used, and not sooner; then

grind it while it is yet warm, and take, of the powder, an ounce for each cup you intend to make; put this, along with a small quantity of shredded saffron, into the upper part of the machine called a *grecque:* that is, a large coffee-pot, with an upper receptacle made to fit close into it, the bottom of which is perforated with small holes, and containing in its interior two moveable metal strainers, over the second of which the powder is to be placed, and immediately under the third; upon this upper strainer, pour boiling water—mark—not from the urn, not merely hot, but boiling—and continue to pour it gently until it bubbles up through the strainer; then shut the cover of the machine close down, place it near the

fire; and, so soon as the water has drained through the coffee, repeat the operation until the whole intended quantity be passed. Thus shall you retain all the fragrance of its perfume, all the gusto of its flavor, with all the balsamic and stimulating powers of its essence; and obtain in a few moments—without the aid of hartshorn-shavings, isinglass, white of eggs, or any of the trash with which, in the common mode of preparation, it is mixed—a beverage for the gods. This is the true Parisian mode of preparing coffee: the invention of it is due to Monsieur De Belloy, nephew to the cardinal of the same name; its discovery will doubtless rank him in history amongst the greatest men of the present age, as it has already

raised his country to the highest pitch of glory, and has incontestibly contributed more to the national happiness than all the victories of Napoleon.

Liqueurs follow coffee as naturally as night follows day: their influence too is in some measure to be compared to that of the sable goddess; for they come like "balmy sleep," after the fatigues of a long dinner, as the "tired "stomach's sweet restorers." They embalm it with the spicy fragrance of their odour, and strengthen it with the tonic influence of their salutary spirit; while they titillate the palate with their delicious flavor, and produce those voluptuous extasies which are the *ne plus ultra* of all human enjoyment. It is a reproach to our country, that we

yet possess none which deserve the title; unless indeed, we elevate to that rank our humble cherry-bounce and raspberry brandy. Of those which we receive from abroad, it would puzzle Sir Isaac Heard himself to regulate the precedence:—each has its peculiar pretensions and partisans:—Kirchwasser, Dantzick, and Turin, Cinnamon and gold-waters, and Geneva-cordial are vaunted by those who give the preference to strong tonics; Curaçoa, the elixir of Garus, and the Anisette of Bordeaux, are in request as more gentle stimulants; while the various *Crêmes*, —*de Moka*, *d'Arabie*, *de Mexique*, *de Rose*, *de Jasmin*, *de Mille-fleurs*, and *d'Orange*, the *Huile de Venus*, and *Parfait Amour*, find constant advocates

among the ladies. For our own part, we consider none of these as comparable to the Noyeau of Martinique—when it can be procured genuine; but that, alas! is scarcely to be hoped for, and we have never tasted an imitation that even approaches the seducing original of the far-famed Madame Chassevent. In the regretted absence of this queen of cordials—which may be truly termed *bottled velvet*—we would ourself assign the palm to the Maraschino of Zara; but here, again, we must protest against counterfeits; and more especially against that Neapolitan drug Rosoglio, or, as our honest tars in the Mediterranean not unaptly term it, "*Roll-your-soul-out!*" But, "*palmam qui meruit ferat,*" it is not for us to

decide a contest of such moment; we shall therefore leave our readers to wander through this wilderness of sweets, and cull a flower from each according as taste or fancy may direct; only entreating them to bear in mind that, as moderation is the essence of real enjoyment—*they should never exceed six cups of coffee and eight glasses of liqueur.*

ESSAY XIV.

ON THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF THE BRAISE; WITH A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF ITS ORIGIN, AND APPLICATION.

We are so much the creatures of habit, that we daily perform many of the most important functions of life without being able to account for the impulse by which we are guided; and are just as little acquainted with the hidden motives which govern us, as the lank-haired, long-eared, parish clerk is with the reason for his crying "Amen" with the same nasal twang at the end of a funeral prayer, a marriage blessing, or a sentence of excommunication. Thus, we every day eat

our meat *à la braise*, without knowing any more of the manner of preparing it, than we do of the prescriptions with which apothecaries poison us; and, although the braise is one of the most momentous operations of the kitchen, its principles are, generally, as little understood as those of the most abstruse mathematical science, or of the operation of the sinking fund. We shall endeavour to explain it, according to the rules laid down by the President of the Royal Society, in the interesting chemical lecture which he delivered at his initiatory dinner.

In the common mode of dressing our carneous aliments, either those particles which constitute the chief portion of their savour evaporate on the spit as

fruitlessly as the sighs of an absent lover, or their nutritive juices are drained into the pot with as little advantage to our stomachs as if they had been drawn into the vortex of the exchequer. To remedy these inconveniencies, recourse is had to the braise, which is thus performed:—The bottom of a stewpan is strewed with slices of bacon and of beef, chopped carrots, onions, celery, fine-herbs, salt, pepper, mace, and allspice: upon this bed—more fragrant than if it were of roses—is laid, in soft repose, the joint which is the special object of your care; which is then wrapped in a downy covering of the same materials, and the curtain of the lid is cautiously closed upon it. It is then placed in the warm chamber

of the portable furnace, and left to slumber in a state of gentle transpiration, under the guardian protection of a sylph of the kitchen, during as many hours as the priestess of the temple may deem salutary. When at length taken up, it rivals the charms of Diana newly risen from the bath; and when dressed in all its splendor — that is, dished with its sauce — we question whether the homage paid to the most admired beauty on her first presentation in the drawing-room was ever half so ardent or sincere as that which it receives when it makes its entrée at the table. The most homely leg of mutton acquires, in this way, a degree of refinement which fits it for the highest society: it may indeed be conjectured,

that it cannot remain long in such intimate union with the piquant associates we have mentioned, without acquiring a certain portion of taste; and it strongly exemplifies the truth of that ancient adage—"tell me your company and I'll "tell you your manners." Nor are these its only advantages: it imparts a certain yielding tenderness, peculiarly agreeable to those who begin to feel the effects of time upon their masticatory powers, and who, although as fervent as ever in their admiration, do not altogether possess the vigor which distinguished the devotions of their youth.

The origin of this truly great improvement in the culinary art, was, as we have been assured by a learned friend of deep research in such matters, as follows—

There existed, at Paris, a "CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION" whose object was, not the persecution of printers, but the encouragement of cooks. The members, more attentive to the preservation of their own constitution than that of the state, attempted no interference with any government but that of the kitchen; they supported no party but that of dinner; professed no principles but those of good fellowship and attachment to the table; and were actuated by no exclusive feelings of preference for any administration but that of the best maître d'hôtel. They had long reflected with concern on the apathy which seemed to reign among the cooks, and had deliberated on the means of giving some stimulus to their

invention, but without coming to any determination, until the alternate appearance of boiled and roast turkey on four successive club-days shewed the absolute necessity for taking decisive measures. The president, therefore, after an elaborate speech, in which he detailed, with equal perspicuity and force, the lamentable deficiency of the ancient system, and pathetically deplored the disappointment it had occasioned, proposed—that the silver gridiron of the society should be offered for the best essay on a new mode of dressing turkey. The resolution passed unanimously, and was attended with the desired effect. A young artist —called Le Gacque—whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity

—warmed by the offer, his imagination heated with the prospect of distinction, and himself burning with emulation in his profession, conceived the fortunate idea of the braise. But his plan was not adopted without opposition: the maître d'hôtel, a man of great experience and distinguished reputation, and withal sharp-set against reformers, represented to the club, that it would be a dangerous innovation on the established principles which the society was particularly bound to support; that no turkey was ever so treated before; and as it was a measure which probably would fail in the execution, his character was interested in not countenancing it. To these observations the president replied —that the club had not come to so

serious a determination without that mature deliberation which the importance of the subject required; that however the nnovation might appear to be a solecism in cookery, yet, the association felt itself above public opinion, and, notwithstanding the failure of some other trials, had resolved to incur the risk of the experiment; and that, whatever might be the result, it took the honor of the maître d'hôtel under its special protection: in fine, that its mandate was conclusive—a turkey must be braised; but in order to afford the fairest opportunity of judging the comparative merits of the different modes, two other turkeys should be dressed at the same time—one boiled, the other roasted.

Monsieur Le Gacque got not a wink of sleep that night: he turned as often in his bed as if he had been himself upon the spit; and he contemplated the approaching trial of his skill with all the anxiety that may be supposed to agitate an author on the first representation of his play. The maître d'hôtel —with a rare disinterestedness in the head of a department—threw no official impediments in the way; and on the appointed day, the several candidates smoked upon the board. The interval which elapsed before their pretensions were finally discussed, was the most anxious of Monsieur Le Gacque's existence; nor was he entirely relieved from suspense on being summoned to hear the decision, as he could not but

perceive, that the three turkeys had wholely disappeared among the thirteen members of the committee to whom the judgment was referred. But this was soon explained by the chairman as the consequence of that rigid impartiality which required that every particle of the evidence produced should be examined with scrupulous attention, without which they could not do justice to the merits of each, and, consequently, that no accurate conclusion could be arrived at until they had picked every bone. He proceeded to say—that having gone through that arduous duty with entire satisfaction to themselves, it only remained for him to declare, that the sense of the committee was so decidedly in favour of the discovery of

Monsieur Le Gacque, that it felt not the least hesitation in recommending it to the adoption of the association, and unanimously awarded him the grid-iron.

This resolution was confirmed at a subsequent general meeting of the club, and a minute was inserted on their registers, concluding with the following remarkable lines, which we have translated literally from the original:—

That "turkey boil'd
" Is turkey spoil'd,
" And turkey roast
" Is turkey lost;—
" But, for turkey braised,
" The Lord be praised!"

We must however observe, that a note

appears upon the protocol of this record—but in a different hand from the original—that there was an exception made in favour of roasted turkey, "*when stuffed with truffles.*"

This last decision will no doubt be admitted as the most convincing proof of the equity, the moderation, and the discernment of this truly valuable association.

ESSAY XV.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE STOMACH; WITH RULES FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

THERE is an old proverb which has always appeared to us to concentrate more good sense and profound reflection than all other maxims of morality put together—"*eat to live*, AND *live to* "*eat.*" We are aware that some designing persons substitute the word "*not*" for "*and*," by which they destroy the meaning and the whole value of the axiom; but no reflecting man will be at a loss to discover, that it is an interpolation of those envious re-

formers who, having nothing to eat themselves, would persuade us to stint our own precious stomachs, in order to ruin the revenue, and to deprive ministers of cabinet dinners; whereas the object of every good citizen ought to be, to multiply dinners by every means in his power. These men have no bowels, and are quite as ferocious as those political economists who tell us that we should cut each other's throats to avoid starvation. For our own part, we hear more frequent complaint of the want of appetite than of food—indeed we have it from the highest authority, that whatever distress there may be in the country is entirely owing to too great plenty!—and so far from abetting the unnatural system of stary-

ing the finances through ourselves, we always look upon those persons whose stomachs appear to be bomb-proof, and who commit as great havoc at a dinner as a cossack while laying waste an enemy's country, as not only the most loyal subjects of the state, but the most valuable members of society, and the most favored mortals of the creation. Such men may eat as often as they please, and thus multiply their joys in endless succession: but persons of weaker constitution, or those whose stomachs at length begin to submit to the toils of a long protracted warfare, should husband their forces with more caution. A valetudinarian is, indeed, placed between the alternative of abstinence and medicine; and is, in fact,

in a situation directly the reverse of that of an ass between two bundles of hay.

These veterans should only take the field during the general engagement of dinner, and should abandon the outpost skirmishes of second breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper, to younger and less experienced combatants; always bearing in mind that "prudence "is the better part of valour," and that an epicure whose stomach is out of order, is of no more use than a grenadier at the hospital. Let them eat but once a day:—alas! so fragile is our nature, that this is not the only instance in which our enjoyments are thus limited:—but let them dine well; solidly, leisurely, and with all the calm of

the most perfect self-possession; let them display vigour in their attack, deliberation in their aim, ardour in the pursuit; and when obliged to quit the field, let their retreat be cool and steady.

So far the appetite: but that gained and satisfied, the day is not yet won until the digestion be complete; and this grand point will never be attained without due attention to the mode of conducting the previous operations, so as to secure the full benefit of their final advantages. Not only is it wholely destructive of all rational enjoyment to swallow down one's meat without taking proper time to comment upon its merits, and expatiate upon the happiness it procures us—or, in other words, to chew it with measure and reflection,

and turn it as often as a minister does a new measure of finance before he can render it palatable—but, on this trituration depends not alone the ineffable pleasure to be derived from expressing and compounding the juices of the viands and the flavor of the sauces, but the important object, also, of their undisturbed repose during the process of digestion.

It has been calculated by a learned physician, who devoted the greatest part of a long life to experiments upon his own stomach, that a mouthful of solid meat requires thirty-two bites, of a perfect set of teeth, to prepare it for deglutition. Now it unfortunately happens, that but few of those who have arrived at that period of life when the

substantial joys of the table supersede more evanescent pleasures, possess their masticators unworn by the edge of time and service; it is, therefore, impossible to lay down any fixed rule on the subject. But, as a man who plays at hazard should be perfect master of the odds on every main and chance, in order to enable him to bet and hedge with advantage, so, every one who sets at the great game of dinner should accurately calculate the respective number and strength of his grinders and incisors, in order to determine, in the first place, the steak* on which he will venture, and in the next the quantum of labour to be bestowed on it. It is

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* Query—*Stake.* N. Ed.

inconceivable how much valuable time may thus be saved, which would otherwise be wasted in unprofitable speculation; and while you are actively employed on one dish with your teeth, you may devour the remainder with your eyes.

The next point to be attended to is, that repose which will afford the digestive faculties the undisturbed exercise of their powers. By repose we do not mean sleep; that could be obtained by listening to some of the prosing stories which we have already supposed you to have affected to lend a patient ear to while taking your coffee; or by reading a political pamphlet, or the last new poem; or, in short, in a hundred other ways, all equally effective as lau-

danum: no; what we allude to, is that perfect composure of the mind which is unbroken by any effort of imagination, and unobtruded upon by any thing that can be called an idea. To obtain this enviable degree of tranquillity, you may either visit the opera, or a conversazione; or, if you happen to be an M.P., and there should be a debate on the supplies, you may stroll to the house; for having already secured your own share, it cannot afford you any anxiety. But, as you value your comfort that night, and your appetite next day, we charge you to avoid the perusal of the correspondence you may find upon your table on your return home: for, whether it consist of attorneys' letters, tradesmen's bills, or billets-doux,

you may be assured that they are all filled with either threats, solicitations, or reproaches ; and will be equally fatal to the serenity of your temper and the renovation of your stomach. If, however, notwithstanding these our injunctions, the dæmon of curiosity should tempt you to their inspection, and that your nerves should consequently be agitated by either dread, regret, or ire —those enemies to repose—we recommend to you the following draught, as an opiate, to be taken on retiring to rest—take equal parts of brandy and rum, *(each a large wine glass-full)* half a glass of arrack, and the same quantity of curaçoa : to these, add the juice of two small limes, and the rind *(peeled thin)* of one, with quānt. suff. of re-

fined sugar to render the whole palatable; then pour in double the quantity of strong decoction of gunpowder-tea *(boiling hot)* with two glasses of warm calf's feet jelly; stir well together, and swallow instanter. This mixture will be found by no means unpleasant; and if it fail of the desired effect, it can only be, because either your conscience, or your stomach, is overloaded.

ESSAY XVI.

ON THE FINANCIAL IMPORTANCE OF TEETH, CONTAINING SOME VALUABLE HINTS TO STATESMEN.

THE consideration of the subject of which we have treated in the preceding essay, has led us to that of the general use and value of teeth; and the more we have reflected on it, the more surprise have we felt that it should hitherto have escaped the vigilance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If it be a maxim in taxation "that luxuries are its fittest objects," where shall we find any greater?—and if universal use, and ease in the collection, be further inducements, we know

of none that come more immediately within that description, or that may be made more largely productive to the revenue—than teeth. As we throw this out merely as a hint, it is no part of our object to discuss the amount of the assessment, or the various modifications to which it must necessarily be subject; but we would submit, that the charge ought to be *per tooth*, with a proportionate reduction for stumps, and that some allowance should be made to those who give satisfactory proof that they are unremittingly afflicted with the tooth-ache.

On the other hand, we would increase the rates on some particular species—as, for instance, *liquorish-teeth*, and *colt's-teeth;* and we would press

heavily on *false-teeth* as articles of the highest luxury. Indeed, the latter we think, ought to be rated, like the assessed taxes, by a progressively encreasing scale; with a clause in the act, allowing a full set to be compounded for. There should also be a clause, subjecting persons to heavy fines who should be proved guilty of having wilfully had their teeth drawn, with a view to defraud the revenue; and it should be highly penal, in future, for any person to knock another's teeth down his throat.

Where there are no other means of compelling payment, collectors of the taxes might be empowered to put a distress into the mouth of the defaulter, and to take the amount in

kind: they have all been too long accustomed to every mode of screwing, to feel in the least at a loss in wrenching a man's teeth out of his head.

It has been observed to us, that some ill-natured fellows might seize this opportunity to deprive their wives for ever of the means of snapping at them, and, with that view, might leave them to pay the tax in kind; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer—who, whatever some people may think, certainly has got his eye-teeth about him—is not to be bitten in that way, and would of course make them answerable in their own persons.

There was also another objection started, which, we confess, somewhat puzzled us: that was, the injustice of making aliens liable to it who came

into the country for a short time only, and the difficulty of preventing frauds if they were to be exempted. But, upon mentioning this to a particular friend, who is a Commissioner of the Customs, he at once relieved our embarrassment, by proposing—with all that liberality and discernment for which the board to which he belongs is so conspicuous—to extend to such persons the benefit of the bonding system; that is, that on their arrival in this country, they may enter their teeth for exportation, by which means—on merely submitting to have them drawn—they may be warehoused until their departure, when they would be returned without duty. To an arrangement so equitable as this, of course no

objection could be found; and the whole plan has already received the decided approbation of every one to whom we have communicated it, with the exception of one country gentleman, who, indeed, muttered something about grinding, and seemed to think that teeth would soon become useless. There are no doubt persons who, entertaining a deep-rooted antipathy to all taxation, will make observations upon it equally hollow and unsound; will draw false conclusions from our strongest premises, and extract a wrong sense from the plainest meaning; and will, in short, oppose every operation of the ministry both tooth and nail. Such men keep their wits on edge to torture the meaning of the fast friends of order

and regular government, and to put words into their mouths from which they may be considered as the instruments of oppression; and so loose are their principles, that they would not hesitate to root out all revenue, and thus destroy the nerves, and plug up the resources of the state. But we flatter ourself that the suspicion of wishing to place any impediment in the way of the free exercise of the jaws can never be thrown in our teeth: indeed, our disinterestedness in submitting the plan thus publicly to Ministers is self-evident; while we shall also be peculiarly exposed to its operation, for, whatever allowance we might expect in our own person or that of our family, on the score of stumps, will be more

than counterbalanced by the extra charge on false-teeth, which we have, notwithstanding, had the magnanimity to suggest. We may also observe, that whatever the enemies of the measure may assert, they cannot call that which will oblige every man in the kingdom to open his mouth—*a gagging act:* and as it will, we have no doubt, be brought forward in the next session, and passed in spite of their teeth, we strenuously advise the opposition to chew the cud upon it during the recess, and neither by picking out technical flaws, or snapping at trifling objections, "to shew "their teeth before they can bite;" nor yet, should they chop upon a stray majority on the first reading—"to hol- "low before they are out of the wood."

ESSAY XVII.

ON EDUCATION, AND THE APPLICATION OF THE SCIENCE OF MNEMONICS; TOGETHER WITH SOME HINTS TO TRAVELLERS, AND PUBLIC SOCIETIES.

It has often afforded matter of surprise to us, that, while all our schools seem fully sensible of the inconvenience of filling the stomachs of the pupils with wholesome beef and mutton, they yet see no impropriety in cramming their heads with hard and indigestible Greek and Latin; and force them to waste their time in poring over musty authors, which they never afterwards remember, or which, if remembered, are not worth the pains, while our shelves are loaded with valu-

able treatises on cookery, which, when once read, can never be forgotten. We cannot help thinking, that it would be productive of the most important results to society, if children, instead of reading Ovid's Metamorphoses, were instructed in those of Mrs. Glasse, and then proceeded through a regular course of culinary classics, including the whole range of English literature from "**Murrell's Kickshawes**" and "**May's Accomplishede Cooke,**" down to "NUTT'S COMPLETE CONFECTIONER," "APICIUS REDIVIVUS," and "SIMPSON'S BILLS OF FARE," until they reached the French "*Cours Gastronomique*," and were able to enjoy the "*Almanach des Gourmands*," as a book of amusement as

well as study. We have ourself pursued this plan with a boy whom we have been led to suppose our own; and who, indeed, already displays all the distinctive qualities of his illustrious grandsire. So well has he profited by the lessons he has received, that before he had well attained his thirteenth year, he had acquired the envied appellation of alderman—a presage, we trust, of his future greatness: —after perfecting him in all that was worth learning in England, we have sent him to France, where, such are his powers, he complains that the table of the college where he is placed, does not afford scope enough for the exercise of his talents; and we make no doubt, that if removed to the University of Paris, he would cut a distinguished

figure amongst the disciples of Professors Vèry and Beauvilliers.

But it has more particularly occurred to us, that the science of Mnemonics, which has lately attracted such attention in this country, could be adapted to some of the purposes of education with much greater effect than has been yet attempted. Our present application of the science is generally obscure, often absurd, and sometimes even unintelligible. Thus, who can discover any analogy between ladies and loose-fish, or between the gentlemen of Essex and their calves? Why is it that a leech should be supposed to remind us of an attorney, or a rat of an M.P.? Whence arises it, that, if you see a fellow reeling through the

streets, you say—" he is as drunk as a " lord" — although it is very well known that lords never get drunk at all ! or that, when you perceive a precise-looking, formal gentleman, with a measured step and a set countenance, talking common-place morality in a solemn tone of dictatorial consequence, you call him "a saint," although you are persuaded that he is only a hypocrite ? These, to be sure, are all rather extravagant instances ; but our readers will easily recollect others not less inapplicable, and as such assimilations are generally arbitrary, they are often calculated to lead us astray. The study of geography alone appears to us not liable to this objection, and we flatter ourself with being able to show, that Mnemonics are susceptible of being

applied to it in a manner that has not hitherto occurred to the learned professor who has distinguished himself by that method of instruction.

The object of Mnemonics being, to imprint one recollection on the mind by its association with another, the more agreeable the symbol is made to the imagination, the more likely will it be to take root in the memory :—such is the theory on which it is founded. We propose to go a step farther, and to ensure its indelible impression, by implanting it in the stomach. Thus, on commencing with an infant, we would imprint Shrewsbury and Banbury on his mind through the medium of their cakes ; the Isle of Wight by its cracknells ; Kent by its cherries ; Norfolk

by its biffins; and Sussex through its dumplings. As he advanced in taste and erudition, and after the several remarkable places in his own land had thus been rendered familiar to him, we would have him proceed with those of foreign countries, and there are few but would afford him the most agreeable recollection of their names through their distinctive products in either liquors or eatables; of which especial care should be taken to make him taste regularly as he went on. Such a mode of study would, besides, be attended with these peculiar advantages:—it would, doubtless, be pursued with more eagerness than the meagre plan at present adopted; the instruction to be received by it would be solid;

and even persons of mature age, whose education had been neglected in their youth, would find it neither dry nor unprofitable.

In this manner, geography, which has hitherto been little more than a mere science of empty names, would be engrafted on one of real utility: travellers would no longer find it so necessary to carry astronomical, as culinary instruments; instead of planetary they would make alimentary observations; they would visit markets in preference to libraries; and in lieu of discussions with academicians, they would have consultations with cooks. While those of the old school would be torturing their brains to decipher the unintelligible fragments of some worth-

less inscription, these would be comforting their stomachs with the substantial contents of a good dinner; instead of returning at last with musty old manuscripts which no one understands, and with the mutilated legs and arms of statues which, though nobody can eat, every body seems to grudge us—they would come home with receipts for new dishes and specimens of foreign dainties, far more agreeable to a man of real taste, and which they could acquire without robbing either churches or temples; and thus we should become at once good geographers and excellent cooks. We know of only two travellers who have as yet distinguished themselves in this way; but the information displayed in

the "forced journey" of the one, and the "sporting tour" of the other, is far more valuable than that afforded by all the rest of the classical tourists of the age put together. Their deserved celebrity will, we trust, serve to excite the emulation of those who are bitten by the touromania of the day, and tend eventually to enrich their country with all the delicacies of every quarter of the globe.

We leave our readers to meditate on this text: the intelligent and enlightened, but above all, the gastronomical, among them, will be at no loss to extend the commentary: indeed we think the hint well worthy the attention of government; and we would venture to suggest, that no voyage of

discovery should in future be undertaken without a special instruction on this subject. We do not know whether this may not have been already done in the case of the expedition to the north pole. These adventurous navigators do not, indeed, seem to have, as yet, met with much success in that respect; but we understand there is a race of people bordering on the arctic regions, who are eminently skilled in the dressing of the fins and tails of whales, and the preservation of bears' paws; and, if a communication could be once opened with them, we have no doubt of some important results being yet obtained from the voyage.

We also beg leave most respectfully to submit to that philanthropic body,

the Missionary Society, the expediency of promoting this great object through the medium of their agents and correspondents in the East. Enlightened as the age is, we are yet utterly in the dark respecting that far-famed delicacy, the birds' nests of the Chinese; our catalogue of curries is lamentably deficient; and our cooks are as ignorant of the true method of boiling rice as of the tenets of the Braminical faith. Now, if instructions were given to those reverend gentlemen, who seem to be wasting their logic and their time among the Hindoos, just to bestow a little attention on these important subjects, they would convert more Christian unbelievers in the utility of their mission than they now do heathens,

and there can be no doubt of the subscriptions being greatly augmented the moment it is known that there is an attainable object in view.

We likewise strenuously exhort those pious persons, the Branch-Bible-Society's Committee-Ladies—who have so charitably relinquished the mending of their own stockings for the sake of patching their neighbours' souls—to contribute their now useless stock of household receipts to be printed for the general benefit. Such a publication would better establish the fame of the society than all the windy speeches in which the members echo each others praises throughout the Egyptian Hall, and would render a much more essential service than most of the crude and

undigested homilies that daily issue from the press for our admonition; while our fair instructresses might say —what few of the most orthodox can boast—that their precepts would merit attention, for that, in truth, *they practise as they preach.*

Such subscriptions would besides, possess the inappreciable advantage of not taking any money out of their husband's pockets; and would relieve themselves from the imputation of belonging to a sect—

" More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
" Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
" Who quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
" Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
" Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
" And blaspheme custard through the nose!"

Hudibras, Canto I.

ESSAY XVIII.

ON THE QUALIFICATIONS OF COOKS — THE COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE MILITARY AND CULINARY ARTS — AND FRENCH COOKS: WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE CELEBRATED WATEL.

THE assemblage of qualifications requisite in a perfect cook, renders the profession one of the most arduous, as it unquestionably is the most important, in the whole range of the sciences.

A cook, to be thoroughly accomplished, should not only be deeply versed in all the arcana of the kitchen, but should possess an intimate knowledge of ichthyology, zoology, anatomy, botany, and chemistry; should be endowed with profound observation, solid

judgement, unremitting vigilance, and incorruptible sobriety; but, above all, should be impressed with a strong sense of the value of the art, and stimulated by the ardor of professional emulation.

We have heard a great deal of the power of the *esprit de corps* in the army: but, for our part, we look upon it to be something like wind in the stomach—more vapour than substance—nor do we know of any value it possesses but that of getting men spitted like larks, and sent out of the world before their time; whereas, the same spirit infused into a legion of cooks, tends to the preservation of life, instead of its destruction, and is productive of the most salutary results to political, as well as domestic, economy. The statesman,

who looks only to its general effect, should therefore encourage it in preference, as promoting that greatest of all national objects the support of the constitution, the strength of which can in no way be so well maintained; and it is, doubtless, this which all very loyal men have in view when they talk of devoting their lives and fortunes; for, in fact, who would hesitate between the choice of a bullet or a beef-steak in the thorax, or between having his guts run through with cold steel or filled with a hot dinner? But, as the spirit of the army would lie dormant unless roused by the voice of public approbation, so, the emulation of our cooks is repressed by the want of that powerful stimulant to great actions. Whatever

may be the praises bestowed on a dinner, the host never thinks of declaring the name of the artist who produced it; and while half the great men in London owe their estimation in society solely to the excellence of their tables, the cooks on whose talents they have risen languish "unknown to fame" in those subterraneous dungeons of the metropolis termed kitchens. In France, on the contrary, a man's cook is his pride; he glories in his feats beyond all the exploits of his ancestors; and, indeed, the most zealous devotee of musty genealogies must admit—that a live cook is at any time worth a dead general. To this it is that the French are indebted for those professors of the art who have raised the national glory to

that pitch which is now their greatest boast; and until we imitate them in this respect, we must either be content to be dependent on them for all our tolerable artists, or to put up with the plain roast and boiled, and the meagre catalogue of made-dishes of our own fat kitchen-wenches. We would rather fan the blaze of competition, than blow the embers of discord, between the cooks of the respective countries; and it is merely with a view to kindle the former, and to show of what self-devotion a cook is capable—as well as a soldier—when his zeal for the honor of his profession is properly encouraged, that we relate the following instance of *culinary esprit de corps*.

The history of the reign of Lewis the

Fourteenth—so fertile in great men of every class—has preserved the record of one eminent professor of the science of cookery, whose name will descend to posterity with the honors of martyrdom, and to whose fame we feel a just pride in adding the tribute of our admiration and regret.

Charles Augustus Armand Watel was descended from an ancient family, of cooks, long settled in the University of Toulouse, so celebrated for its learning and its pâtés of ducks' livers. History is silent on the subject of his early education; and we only learn, that from his most tender years he evinced a decided preference for the science of eating. But we may conjecture that he was brought up in the

most orthodox culinary principles; for the memoirs of the times represent him as having taken an important degree in the kitchen of an archbishop at a time of life when few of his young associates had advanced beyond the rank of under graduate. From that period he advanced rapidly to the highest honors of his profession, until, at length, we find him chief cook to the great Prince of Condé—a master hardly less distinguished in the annals of history than himself. Here it was that he immortalized himself by the invention of the *Côtelettes à la Maintenon*, and the discovery of *Catsup**, to which

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* "*Cat-sup*"—We have adopted the customary orthography of this word, but we must here enter our most decided protest against it. Upon

we owe so much of our real enjoyments; and here, alas! it was that he ended his brilliant career, at a moment when science had still to expect from him the noblest efforts of his genius. There are various accounts of the circumstances which led to the catastrophe; but the statement most to be relied upon, is as follows:—

The Prince had invited a large party of the first nobility to dine with him, and the repast was ordered in all the profusion which reigned in those days,

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what principle of analogy that which is a sup for an epicure can be termed a sup for a cat, we know not; and we submit to etymologists, whether the common pronunciation "*ketchup*" or "*catch-up*," i. e. "to *snap-up*"—"to *swallow* "*eagerly*" is not more consistent with orthoëpy and probable derivation.

and all the magnificence which became the entertainer and his guests. At that period sea-fish (never plentiful at Paris) was a rarity of most difficult attainment, and, consequently, in the highest request. Watel, determined, on this occasion, to out-do all his competitors, and to raise his master to the very pinnacle of fame, had arranged an entire course of fish—to consist of forty-eight dishes—and, to make sure of having each in perfection, he had despatched a special messenger to the nearest sea-port, whose return was so calculated as that he should arrive in Paris with his convoy on the morning of the fête. But the most important events of life are often subordinate to the most trivial

occurrences:—the messenger got drunk on the road, and overstaid his time; the appointed morning arrived, but along with it no fish made its appearance. The hours rolled on, and hope sustained the sinking spirits of Watel until hope itself could cheat him no longer: he then took a step which at an earlier hour might have been attended with some success—he went to market—but it was too late—all the fish was gone. Thus foiled in all his plans, deprived of his last resource, fevered by the state of agitation in which he had been held, and goaded, it is said, by the taunts of a fellow-cook, who envied his reputation, and who reproached him with the "pretty kettle of fish he had

" made of it," he, in a moment of despair, resolved not to survive his disgrace; and, retiring to the pantry—stabbed himself to the heart with a silver skewer.

Thus fell Watel! Contemporary authors speak of him, as they do of other great characters, in terms rather dictated by party spirit than the dignified impartiality of history; and one—who evidently never partook of a dinner prepared by him—has even ventured to affirm, that he was poisoned by one of his own ragoûts. Whatever our own admiration of the course he meditated, we shall not attempt to palliate that which he adopted; and although our respect inclines us to draw a veil over

his infirmities, we must yet admit, that his memory would have been freer from reproach, if he had dished up dinner before he dished himself.

Peace to his illustrious shade! He has proved that the spirit of honor reigns in the kitchen as well as the camp, and fires the breasts of cooks as well as soldiers; and although, in this philosophic age, his successors seem to prefer the pleasure of living at their masters' expense to the glory of dying for their reputation, yet may we hope that his generous self-devotion will rouse their emulation, or, at least, remind them—never to forget the fish.

ESSAY XIX.

ON THE HEALTH AND THE MORALS OF COOKS —WITH SOME IMPORTANT RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF FEMALE PROFESSORS.

EVERY master of a house who has the least regard for his own reputation will doubtless be equally attentive to that of his cook: we deem it, therefore, quite unnecessary to enforce those minute enquiries respecting natural abilities, education, acquirements, and experience, which every one of common sense will, of course, make regarding the person to whom they are about to commit their dearest interests. The point to which we request attention, is—not the acquisition of cooks,

but the conservation of their degustative faculties in that healthful state without which no dinner can be dressed with precision; and this, we shall endeavour to shew, depends mainly on their being frequently, attentively, and copiously physicked. Some unreflecting persons may perhaps be at a loss to conjecture how the delicacy of a table can depend upon the plethora of the cook: nothing, however, is more simple. The fore-finger of an experienced cook travels incessantly from the stewpan to the mouth; for it is only by tasting the ingredients in it every moment, that the critical point of their perfection is to be ascertained. The organs of sense should, therefore, be preserved in a state of the extremest

delicacy, as on that depends the flavour of your sauces, the seasoning of your ragoûts, the coction of your meat, and, in short, all your terrestrial happiness. But the heat and smoke of the fires, the confined air of kitchens, and perhaps, also, a little occasional intemperance, which these inconveniencies render excusable, gradually induce a slight attack of slow fever, which usually manifests itself in that most alarming symptom, an insensibility in the organs of the palate. The ordinary stimulants no longer produce the same effect, and the consequence is, that your dishes are unnaturally seasoned. The moment, therefore, that you detect a shake too much of the pepper-box, be assured that the temperament

of your cook is deranged, and that no time is to be lost if you wish to restore the palate to the proper degree of susceptibility. The cook may probably be unconscious of disease, and reluctant to submit to the necessary regimen: but listen to no remonstrance —overpower all opposition—trust to no apothecary, lest there should be collusion—and proceed as follows; taking especial care to witness the whole operation yourself.

Remove the patient from the precincts of the kitchen, and out of the way of all temptation to indulge in animal food: administer a gentle emetic, and chamomile tea *ad lib.*: confine to a strict diet and cooling drinks for the two following days, then

throw in a brisk cathartic, and allow nothing but weak chicken broth for the next twenty-four hours. The following day, you may try the effect of these remedies on a couple of white fricassées, a brown soup, some vegetable and fish curries, and a few other made dishes; but you must not allow the powers of your cook to be exhausted on a regular dinner. The mode in which these are dressed will ascertain the state of convalescence: if the same faults prevail, you must repeat the operation, and draw about twenty ounces of blood from the left arm, which will be generally found sufficient to reduce the system to a proper equilibrium.

No cook who aspires to any thing

beyond mediocrity will ever object to this mode of treatment; but, as some may, no doubt, be found so insensible to fame and so unreasonable as to start objections, it ought ever be made a positive condition of their engagement, that they should implicitly submit to be physicked and bled at the option of their masters: and to those who value themselves on the superiority of their tables, we cannot too often repeat—*physick your cooks*.

Although we do not profess a very ardent admiration for that portion of the fair sex who are devoted to the cares of the kitchen—their *sçavoir-faire*, in that art at least—never, in our estimation, equalling that of their rival male professors—yet, as it is

sometimes our fate to dine at houses where they only are employed, we cannot help feeling a degree of interest in their welfare; and we submit, that we cannot more properly close a moral work like this, than with the insertion of some maxims for their conduct, which have been communicated to us by that truly respectable association, "THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION "OF VICE;" and it will, we doubt not, be generally acknowledged, that in now becoming a "SOCIETY FOR THE "SUPPRESSION OF BAD COOKS," it has at length, turned its attention to a truly valuable object. We trust, therefore, that precepts of such refined morality will not be lost on the fair

Cinderellas for whose use they were compiled with so much care; or, to use their own unaffected language—"that all the fat will not be in the fire."

Some doubts having arisen respecting the construction of the second clause of the twelfth rule, it was submitted to Serjeant Vampire—the Attorney-General of the Society—who gave it as his opinion, that it was not only strictly legal, but according to the immemorial usage of the courts; and he advised—from his own experience—a close adherence to that rule, aided by a large stock of effrontery, a cool head and a malignant heart, with a proper dose of cant and hypocrisy, as the surest mode of exchanging a stuff for a silk gown.

The learned Serjeant closed his opinion with the following quotation from the dictum of an eminent judge, whose name has indeed escaped us, but which requires no other recommendation than the soundness of the doctrine which it conveys:—

" Nature has made man's breast no windores,
" To publish what he does within doors;
" Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
" Unless his own rash folly blab it.
" Then why should'nt conscience have vacation,
" As well as other courts o' th' nation;
" Have equal power to adjourn,
" Appoint appearance and return;
" And make as nice distinction serve
" To split a case, as those that carve?—
" Or have no power at all, nor shift
" To help itself at a dead lift?"

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES

FOR WOMEN-COOKS,

To be hung up over every Kitchen Chimney in the Kingdom.

I.

NEVER GET DRUNK—until the last dish be served up.

II.

NEVER BE SAUCY—unless you happen to be in your airs and can't help it: but then, take care to have the last word.

III.

NEVER BE SULKY—unless you have a great dinner to dress: your mistress will then be sure to coax you.

IV.

NEVER SPOIL A JOINT—unless you have been unjustly found fault with—(which must be the fact if you have been accused at all) in which case, if complaint be made of its having been under-done—you may, next time, roast it to a cinder; and if that should not give satisfaction—you may, the following day—send it up raw.

V.

NEVER GET DINNER READY AT THE TIME IT IS ORDERED—unless you know that the family are not ready for it; in which case, send it up to a moment: if it be cold and spoiled, that, you know, will not be your fault.

VI.

NEVER ADMIT THAT YOU ARE IN THE WRONG—unless the devil will so have it that you can't help it. If you should transgress your orders, stand stoutly to it—that they were such as you have followed; and if you hav'nt brass enough for that—say, you *thought* they were.

VII.

NEVER TAKE SNUFF—unless when you are mixing a stew, or stirring the soup. Nor ever examine the latter without holding a lighted tallow-candle obliquely over the pot: if it should not enable you to see quite to the bottom, what drops from it will at least enrich the contents; and when you taste it—be sure to throw back what remains in your spoon.

VIII.

NEVER WASH YOUR HANDS—until after you have made the pies: you must do it then, and to do it sooner is only to waste time and soap.

IX.

NEVER GIVE WARNING TO QUIT YOUR PLACE—until you are quite sure that it will put the family to the greatest inconvenience, and then, be off at a moment; say, "your father's dead, or your mother's "dying, and you can't stay if it was "ever so." If warning be given to you—from that moment you may spoil every thing that comes under your hands.

X.

NEVER TELL TALES OF THE FAMILY YOU ARE WITH—unless they should be to their disadvantage: nor ever speak well of your last mistress, unless it be to contrast her with the present.

XI.

NEVER CHEAT—unless you can do it without being discovered: but if you don't yourself cheat, never prevent others —"your master can afford it"—"sarvice is no inheritance"—and, "poor sarvants and tradesfolk must "live."

XII.

NEVER TELL A LIE—when you can get as much by telling the truth: nor ever tell the truth, when you can get more by telling a lie.

XIII.

NEVER SUPPORT A SWEETHEART OUT OF THE HOUSE—unless you can't get one in.

N.B. Lest any fastidious critic, unlearned in the mysteries of the kitchen, should betray his ignorance by commenting on the number of our RULES, let it be understood, that, as at Newmarket pounds once meant guineas, so Cooks ever count by the BAKER'S DOZEN.

But the golden days of the guinea are gone by, and the reduction of our coin has imposed a tax of five per cent. on the practice of some useful professions, the sole emoluments of which depend on fees. Lawyers, indeed, still receive in guineas, though they pay in pounds; but theirs, we submit, does not come within the description of profession to which we have alluded—it has, however, been hinted to us, that

the measure is a part of the great ministerial plan of economy; and we have been assured, from very good authority, that it has already operated a material saving in the expense of the secret service.

Conclusion.

We had fully intended to have closed our lucubrations with the foregoing rules of conduct—some of which we think might be usefully applied by persons of every class—but happening to dine a few days ago at the villa of our friend, Alderman Alltwist, where some subjects of discussion were started which deserve particular notice, we deem it due to our readers to communicate them. The party was small, and after some casual remarks on the acknowledged value of the national debt, which was clearly proved to be a mine of wealth—to those who hold any share of it—with a few slight observations on the pretended agricultural and manu-

facturing distresses, and other matters of equally trivial interest, the conversation turned chiefly on scientific subjects of grave importance; out of which we shall endeavour to cull a few hints on which our friends may improve.

The first object that called our attention, was a pocket model of a most ingenious machine for opening oysters; which performed the operation within less than half a second, and so dexterously, that if swallowed immediately, the animal is sure to arrive in your stomach in perfect life and vigour. We tried the experiment ourself—the following morning at luncheon—on between five and six dozen—and were not disappointed in a single instance. It was produced by a colonel of engineers,

who assured us, that he had devoted the greater part of the leisure which an important staff-appointment had for some years afforded him, to the bringing it to perfection. The idea, he acknowledged, was obtained from the manner in which the Dutchmen opened their sluice-gates upon our troops in Holland during the memorable expedition to Flushing; and he deduced from this circumstance alone, a very strong proof of the utility of that most clear-sighted and well-arranged plan, and of the great benefit which the nation is, at length, likely to derive from it.

The next in order, was the prospectus of an F.R.S., of a mode of apply-

ing galvanic tractors to the jaws, at the moment of eating, so as to materially accelerate the muscular motion and increase the powers of mastication; a subject, unquestionably, of the greatest moment; though, indeed, a celebrated writer on political economy, who sat next us, seemed to view it with some alarm—but we could make nothing of his arguments.

A medical gentleman gave a very interesting detail of the newly discovered method of killing turkeys by means of electricity, by which they are at once rendered tender without recurring to the former tedious process of tying them up by the tail until they dropped from the feathers; but an old

crown-lawyer combated the plan with great earnestness, and gave his decided opinion in favor of the system of hanging.

The Dean of Grubbleton informed us, that since he had abandoned preaching, except occasionally, he had turned his attention chiefly to chemistry; and as the curate of the parish then composed his sermons, he had employed himself in writing a treatise on a method of applying a new kind of gas to the distension of the stomach, by which its capacity would gradually become enlarged. He had made, he said, some trials on himself; and he assured us, that although his own stomach was but weak, and could seldom be prevailed

upon to receive more than three pounds of solid food at a meal, he had, by perseverance in the use of the gas, brought it up to three pounds and three quarters, and he entertained hopes of increasing the quantity before the end of the winter: but he declined making any experiments, in public, lest his theory should take wind.

A Mr. Eitherside—one of the city members—took occasion, upon the appearance of the devils, to introduce a *sauce universelle*, suited to every palate, and which he had used, he told us, with peculiar effect in the dressing of a calfs' head; but it was not generally approved, and to us it seemed somewhat stale and vapid.

The deep interest of these subjects occupied the time, as may well be supposed, until far into the evening; indeed there was little disposition to separate; the turtle had been excellent, the game was kept to an hour and done to a turn, and every bottle was out of the right bin: but at length the dean—who had for some time been looking very profound — ordered his carriage, and after only waiting to discuss the merits of one other batch of côte-rôtie, the party broke up, and the guests — except ourself, who was for a few days on a visit at the villa—returned to town.

On retiring to the withdrawing-room, our worthy friend, the alderman, had thrown himself on a sofa, and

while illustrating the system of the dean by some arguments of his own, had insensibly dropped into a slumber. We judged, from the gentle undulation of his throat—just about that part where the last morsel of the dinner was deposited—that his repose would be of some duration; and not wishing to disturb him, we determined—so soon as we had sipped our coffee and tasted a few glasses of liqueur—on recording not only a detailed account of the conversation which we have just sketched, but our opinion on the most important parts of it. We, accordingly, drew a writing table towards the fire, and sat down with that firm purpose; but just when we had proceeded thus far, on

endeavouring to mend an execrable pen—the only one there—it somehow, imperceptibly as it were, became transformed into a toothpick ! We immediately employed it for the only remaining use for which it was fit, and continued ruminating on those parts of the dinner which it occasionally brought to our recollection, until the supper-tray made its appearance. Our friend then awaking, quite refreshed, we picked a morsel, tête-à-tête, and having each swallowed the opiate recommended in Essay XV, we retired early. There remained therefore no time to pursue our intention that night ; and in the morning, a confused sensation in the head—occasioned by the heaviness of this vile

atmosphere—had quite dissipated the ideas we had arranged. We can therefore only regret the circumstance, and at the same time sincerely wish, that you may be all able to employ your pens to an equally profitable purpose—

Farewell !

FINIS.

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