

Apician morsels; or, Tales of the table, kitchen, and larder : containing a new and improved code of eatics; select epicurean precepts; nutritive maxims, reflections, anecdotes, &c.; illustrating the veritable science of the mouth; which includes the art of never breakfasting at home, and always dining abroad / By Dick Humelbergius Secundus.

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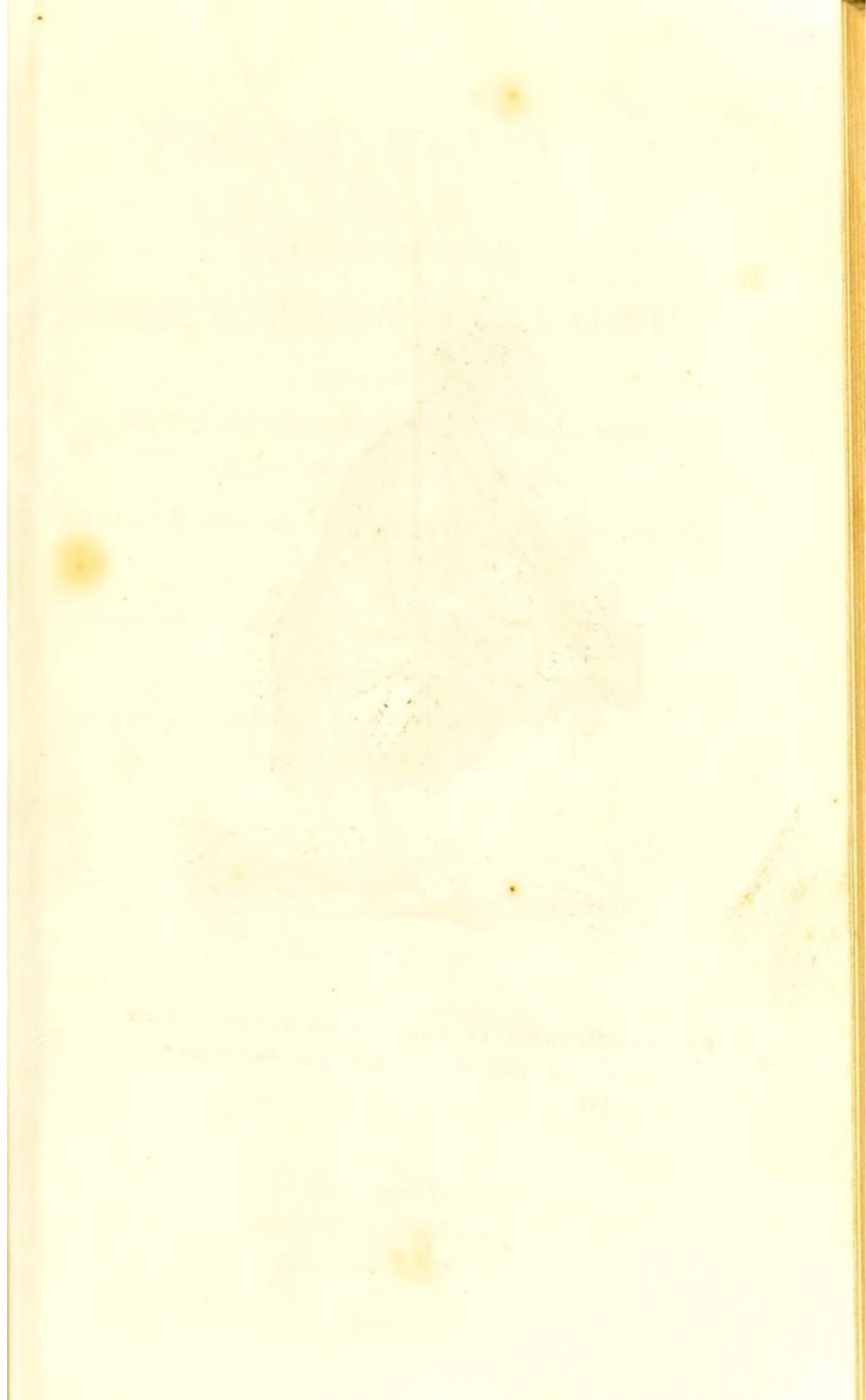
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MR. EATINGTOWN IN THE ACT OF RECEIVING AN
INVITATION FOR 5 O'CLOCK *very* PRECISELY.—

See p. 181.

[To face Title.

APICIAN MORSELS;
OR,
TALES OF THE
TABLE, KITCHEN, AND LARDER:

CONTAINING,
A NEW AND IMPROVED CODE OF *EATICS* ;
SELECT EPICUREAN PRECEPTS ;
NUTRITIVE MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS, ANECDOTES, &c.
ILLUSTRATING
THE VERITABLE SCIENCE OF THE MOUTH ;
WHICH INCLUDES
THE ART OF NEVER BREAKFASTING AT HOME, AND
ALWAYS DINING ABROAD.

BY
DICK HUMELBERGIUS SECUNDUS.

" O vos qui stomacho laboratis, accurrite, et ego vos restaurabo!"

Vide p. 202.

"Always breakfast as if you did not intend to dine ; and dine as if you had not broken your fast."—*Code Gourmand.*

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WHITTAKER, TREACHER AND CO.
AVE-MARIA LANE.

1829.

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APICIAN MORSELS,

§c. §c.

CHAPTER I.

DIETETIC TEMPERANCE, &c.

“Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, gives indolence (healthfulness) of body, and tranquillity of mind; the best guardian of youth, and support of old age.”

Temple's Essays.

IN an extended sense, temperance is synonymous with moderation, and may be recommended as a duty every man owes to himself in the exercise of all his affections and passions; and is here closely allied to prudence, which forbids the undue gratification of any desire whatever. In a restricted sense, it is that virtue which guards against those injuries our health is exposed to, by an excessive indulgence

of our appetites in eating and drinking. Nature lays us under an obligation to eat and drink for the support of our bodily frame ; and has endowed us with faculties and powers to choose and prepare that diet which is most salutary and agreeable to our tastes : the great danger we are exposed to is, that of consulting the latter quality rather than the former ; and hence of being tempted to exceed the due measure requisite for subsistence.

Intemperance in eating and drinking loads the vessels with a redundancy of juices, increases the rapidity of the circulation, until a plethora corrupt the humours, and either carries off the miserable victims, by inflammatory disorders, in the prime of life, or sows the seeds of chronical infirmities, that accelerate the incapacities and distresses of old age before the natural term. All the arguments that are brought against suicide, whether by sword, pistol, or poison, hold good in some degree against intemperance. Who does not know, that the oftener a building is shocked, the sooner it will fall ; the more violence used to a delicate machine, the sooner it will be destroyed ; and no machine is so exquisitely delicate as the human body.

The principal vices repressed by temperance are *incontinency*, and *excess in eating and drink-*

ing: if there be any more, they flow from one or other of these causes. It would, at present, lead us to too great a length, to consider this virtue fully in both points of view. To the last, then, as more appropriate to our particular subject, we shall chiefly confine what further remarks we may have to offer on dietetic temperance.

“Wine,” says an eminent author, “raises the imagination, but depresses the judgment. He that resigns his reason is guilty of every thing he is liable to in the absence of it. A drunken man is the greatest monster in human nature, and the most despicable character in human society; this vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it; as to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it, and makes every latent seed sprout out in the soul; it adds fury to the passions, and force to the objects that are apt to inflame them. Wine often turns the good natured man into an idiot, and the choleric man into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.”

Seneca says “that drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults.” Experience teaches

us the contrary ; wine shews a man out of himself, and infuses into the mind qualities to which it is a stranger in its more sober moments. Some men are induced to drink excessively, as a cure for sorrow, and a relief from misfortune ; but they deceive themselves : wine can only sharpen and embitter misery.

Temperance is our guard against a thousand unseen ills. If this virtue restrain not our natural inclinations, they will soon exceed all bounds of reason and of prudence. The Grecian philosophers ranked temperance among the highest of all christian virtues. It is undoubtedly a preservative against numerous diseases ; an enemy to passion, and a security against the dire effects of excessive vices and immoderate desires. And every man of reflection is aware, that by keeping this vigilant sentinel always on duty, we are armed and secured against that tremendous host of foes which perpetually hover round the unguarded victims of intemperance. And, besides checking those irregular passions which may be said to reside in the soul, there are others that dwell in the senses, equally capable of destroying the body, particularly an inordinate indulgence in indolence, sleeping, eating, drinking, and many other things in their nature not only innocent in themselves, but indispen-

sably necessary under due regulation; which, yet, by their abuse, become the fatal instruments of our destruction. Our great ethic poet has summed up the whole very sententiously, when he tells us,

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to meet mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, fair Virtue, peace is all thy own.

Temperance, as has been observed, is closely allied to justice—justice to ourselves, because a conduct that injures our health and endangers our lives, violates that duty a man owes to himself:—justice to others, because we owe a duty to the community at large, of which we are members, as well as to our more intimate connexions; all which sustain an injury when we are disabled from fulfilling our obligations. Here then appears the necessity of temperance; and hence arises the great duty of parents, not only to practise it themselves, but to train up and habituate their children to it, since they are accountable for the health, morals, and happiness of their offspring.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PRODUCTIONS OF THE EARLY WRITERS
ON DIET, &c.

MODERN writers on diet have added very little to the store of general information. The best of them are mere theorists and inexperienced speculators, and for the most part servile copyists, detailing from month to month what has been vulgarly known for centuries. Moses, who may be said to be the first, and perhaps the only original writer on dietetics, in his history of the world, points out to us the different extensions which man has successively given to alimentary matter, in a very rational though rather irregular manner—obeying the law of necessity, but yielding too easily to the attraction of pleasure; feeding upon the fruits which the trees lavished upon them in a happy climate, then upon herbs and grain which he

obtained from a soil more niggardly, as regards the price of his labour ; milk from his cattle, and at last upon their flesh itself ; again, causing vegetable juices to ferment, and extracting the liquor, which reanimates all his exhausted forces, though the abuse of it inebriates him, and deprives him of his reason ; he shows us the length of human life, diminishing in proportion as new wants have been discovered ; and the necessity of seeking his support from among one or the other kingdom of nature, and among a great number of different substances, becoming more urgent, at the same time that his vitality diminishes ; he shews us his constitution, once deteriorated by his faults, perpetuating in his race an hereditary weakness, and the excesses of fathers sealing destruction upon their posterity. In fine, the longevity of certain hermits who, returning to a vegetable life, and the most scrupulous sobriety, has exceeded the ordinary term of human life, and the famous and often quoted history of Cornaro, seems to demonstrate to us that, really, by exceeding the bounds of actual want, and by giving way to pleasure, man has evidently contributed to abridge the duration of his life.

Nature has attached pleasure to want ; but one of those guides lead almost always farther

than the other. Reason was given to us to make them agree; but the man who has once yielded to the seductive influence of pleasure, is not very apt to be correct in the measure of his reason; he has quitted the *tree of life*: this once done, he is no longer permitted to cull its fruits.

The emblems of Egypt, where Moses had been brought up and instructed, and the fables of Greece, present us with the same origins, and always the most simple vegetable regimen, characteristic of the first ages of the world; different preparatives afterwards altering the simplicity of the first food and men, at length attempting the life of animals, to seek in their devoured members the support of his own.

According to Mackenzie,* the following is the order in which the various articles made use of as food for man, succeeded each other in the first ages: *fruits, grain, herbs, bread, milk, fish, flesh, wine, and beer*. The latter, according to Herodotus, was invented by the Egyptians, and it seems already to have been pointed out by Moses, since, in several passages in Leviticus (x. 9,) and in Numbers (vi. 3,) their legislator speaks of inebriating liquors,

* Hist. of Preserving Health.

different from wine, and which are expressed in the Greek text of the Septuagint, by the word $\sigma\iota\chi\iota\sigma\tau\alpha$, the root of which is Hebrew, and imports to *inebriate*. To these aliments must be added butter, honey, olive oil, eggs, and cheese.

These first inventions were speedily followed by more refined preparations, according as sensuality became awakened, or as want compelled to proportion the resistance of the aliments to the already weakened and diminished activity of the organs. It is thus that Hippocrates, with a learned and exact hand, points out to us, in his treatise on primitive medicine, the history of the successive perfections with regard to food, and shows us man, instructed as much by pain as pleasure, *to choose, prepare, and metamorphose*, the substances which serve him for nourishment; thus discovering, by his own experience, the first elements of health and medicine. To be brief, by admitting, with Moses, the hereditary weakness of the bodies of men by the abuse of enjoyments, it is conceived that a nourishment, salutary at first, becomes afterwards too gross for enervated organs: it is then that the sense of the evil finds out the measure and modifications of the regimen; *for*, says Hippocrates, *you will find*

*neither measure, balance, nor calculation to which you can more safely apply than to the very sensations which the body experiences.**

What becomes now of our modern system-mongers, and diet inventors?

If these sensations had been sufficient for the establishment of dietetic rules, there had been no necessity for the interference of art. *For, on the authority already quoted, where none are ignorant, and all instructed, either through custom or want, the title of artist can be applied to no one.* Nevertheless, the wants, errors, and infirmities of men increasing, and tradition growing insufficient to collect and hand them down, art has formed itself, and become necessary. Hippocrates, in proof of his reality, quotes the example of the gymnastic physicians, *who, every day, he says, make fresh observations upon the meats and drinks which are capable of affording more strength and vigour to the body.*

But the study of diet had, even before the time of Hippocrates, been carried to a great extent; for Herodotus observes of the Egyptians, *that having remarked that the greatest number of diseases proceeded from the abuse of food, they took care every month to consecrate*

* Lib. c. Edit. Vander-Linden, sect. xvi.

*three successive days to make themselves vomit, and cleanse themselves with clysters, to pursue and seize health.** This custom of emetics, was used among the Romans, rather as a means of favouring gluttony than to preserve health; and it appears, in several passages of Hippocrates, that during his time, the Greeks occasionally resorted to mild means, in order to excite vomiting, and to clear out the stomach. But Herodotus, a judicious and observing man, after having noticed that the Egyptians were the most healthy people of Africa, attributes their advantage less to these customs than to the uniform temperature of the climate they inhabited, “where,” says he, “the seasons are not subject to any vicissitudes.” Notwithstanding all this, and although the regimen of Pythagoras, and the institutions of Lycurgus, had preceded, by a great number of years, the age of Hippocrates and Plato; although Iccus, a physician of Tarentum, had some years before recommended the union of gymnastics with the most sober regimen, to preserve health; although he had acquired sufficient reputation as to have applied to him the proverbial expression of *Iccus’s meal*, in allusion to its simplicity; Plato, however, does not less on this ac-

* Euterp. sect. 77. Edit. Glascou.

count attribute to Herodotus the invention of medical gymnastics, and Hippocrates assigns to himself the honour of having determined with exactitude the proportions of regimen, either for a state of health or disease. This appears in his first and second books '*of the regimen of men in health,*' and in that entitled '*of regimen in acute diseases.*' In the latter, Hippocrates, in his own words, says, that *the ancients have written nothing on diet worthy of being mentioned, and they have passed over this important article in silence.* In his first book on diet, he begins by exposing how much the labours of the ancients on this subject have left behind them untouched; and at the end of this preamble: *I will make known that which none of those who have preceded me even undertook to demonstrate.* He afterwards more particularly attributes to himself the merit of having determined the times and signs which precede deranged health, and the means of preventing the consequences by respective proportions of food and exercise.

The elegant and judicious Celsus, in the first book of his works, treats of the regimen of strong, healthy, and robust people, and afterwards lays down suitable rules to people of a weak and infirm constitution; and lastly, those

dictated by the seasons, or which are useful under different circumstances of life. In the first chapter, he lays down two remarkable rules, which it would be well for those to whom they are directed to observe. His general rule is, that the healthy and well-formed man ought not to confine himself to any invariable law—a very wise precept, and from which a proposition results worthy of remark, which some authors have very unseasonably censured, from not having considered the spirit of it generally. It is this:—*Modò plus justo, modo non amplius assumere*; sometimes to exceed the just measure of necessity, sometimes to restrict oneself to that measure. This is indeed the true meaning of the word *justo*. Sebigius has paid no attention to it, when he reproached Celsus with being the apostle of gluttons and drunkards. He is certain that the strict and defined law of want, is not made for those who enjoy robust health, but for those only who are under the necessity of watching rigorously over themselves; and Sanctorius has said nothing which Celsus has not himself said in the following chapter, when he made this reflection: * *Celsi sententia non omnibus tutta est.*

* Sect. iii. Aph. 42. This sentence of Celsus is not safe for every one.

The precepts of Celsus are principally directed to regimen, and the choice of foods and drinks, the use of baths, the proportions and mutual relations of meals and labour; on dietetics, vomits (syrmaism), and gymnastic exercises.

Among other writers on aliment, from the time of Hippocrates down to Galen, may be added Xenocrates, who lived under the reign of Tiberius, and who wrote a treatise on fish, included in the treatise of Photius; but which contains few useful things. Dioscorides, who lived under Nero, has inserted in his work, among the medicaments of which the principal part consists, different articles upon food and condiments, and their properties: it is particularly in the second and fifth books, where these articles are found, the general merit of which, is at best, of a slender nature. It is not among the hygienic authors, that Cœlius Apicius must be classed, although he has made a collection of culinary receipts of his time. He lived under the reign of Trajan: but Pliny, the naturalist, who lived under Vespasian and Titus, has left a natural history of alimentary substances, the properties attributed to them, and the customs of the Romans at that time, which leaves

curiosity scarcely any thing more to wish for ; and the charms of his style, the philosophical and profound reflections, with which his work abounds, compensate for the errors of credulity, with which he is but justly too often reproached.

Galen, the most illustrious man after Hippocrates, has left three books *on the properties of food*:—one, *on the aliments which form good or bad juices* ; one, *on attenuating regimen* ; another, *on the exercise, called the little ball*, a kind of game analogous to that of tennis.

To proportion the rules of health to the different circumstances in which individuals may be placed, Galen divides people into three general classes : in the first, he places those who are naturally healthy, vigorous, and masters, in consequence of their circumstances, of the time and care necessary to be devoted to their health. In the second, those of a feeble and delicate constitution. The third class, contains those to whom indispensable business, public or private, does not permit them to eat, drink, or exercise themselves, at regular hours.

The most distinguished works of the latter period, on the subject of the preservation of health, through the medium of a well regulated diet, are that of Cornaro, on the advantages of

sobriety, and that of Mercurialis on the Gymnastics of the Ancients: to which also may be added, Chancellor Bacon's treatise entitled, *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*.

Cornaro claims considerable attention, because his book is the result of his own experience; because he proves, that man, by studying himself, and having strength of mind enough to place himself above the seductions of pleasure, only to follow the laws of reason and necessity, may bring his constitution to perfection, and re-establish his organs, which have been weakened by intemperance; because he teaches us—what we are not sufficiently acquainted with,—the difference there is between the measure of want, and that of pleasure—how much we are the dupes of our own sensations—above all, since the art of disguising the gifts of nature has created artificial wants and factitious appetites; and has called by the name of *hunger* every sentiment that is not clogged with satiety—in fine, the history of Cornaro, may be placed among the number of beautiful experiments which have been made, with a view to ascertain the fixity of health through the medium of diet; consequently, it has contributed most to establish the principles, and to concur in the progress of the art.

Leonard Lessius, a celebrated jesuit, who lived about the end of the sixteenth century, before the death of Cornaro, struck with the force and beauty of his example, wrote a work on the same subject, which he closes with a list of all the men known, whose sobriety of life has led them beyond the ordinary limits of human life. His book is entitled, *Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ*.

But Lessius is not the only individual whom Cornaro's example induced to write on the preservation of health; Thomas Philologus, of Ravenna, had already written a treatise entitled *De Vita Ultra annos centum et viginti propagandâ*—Venice, 1553. He quotes a time, when at Venice, he had seen several of its senators, a hundred years of age, shew themselves in public, surrounded by those marks of respect and veneration due to their patriarchal age, their dignities, and their virtues; and he attributes to debauchery and intemperance the paucity of similar examples. He was the first who declaimed against churchyards for the interment of dead bodies in towns.

Cardan, a man to whom nothing was wanting, but as much judgment as he possessed wit and learning, has also written four books on the preservation of health. In the three first, he treats

of aliments, in the fourth, of old age; the example of Cornaro is the object of his admiration, and the basis of his precepts; he censures Galen, and adduces as a proof for the justness of his reproaches, that this celebrated physician died himself at the age of seventy-five. Another proof of the deficiency of the justness of his extraordinary mind is, that he condemns exercise as prejudicial to health; and that, by comparing the longevity of trees to the ordinary duration of animal life, he attributes the long life of the first to their immobility.

In the last class we must not omit, among the productions of this age, the treatise in six books upon gymnastics, of Jerome Mercurialis. The three first of these books treat of the different objects relative to exercises, and of the different kinds of exercise in use among the ancients; the three last, of the effects of those exercises, and their utility in fortifying the body and preserving health. It is difficult to combine in one individual more erudition, and a better judgment, than is to be met with in this author: Haller, nevertheless, reproaches him with being too partial to the ancients; and that he has not only said any thing absolutely as regards the exercises in use among the moderns, but that he has even censured riding among the inconveniences hurtful to health; doubtless, says Haller, be-

cause this exercise was not among the number of those in which the ancients delighted.

It is towards the end of the period of which we are now speaking, that the treatise written by Bacon, entitled *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, must be placed. His object is to find out the causes of natural death, and thereby to discover the means of prolonging, as much as possible, the ordinary term of human life.

The living man is continually losing, and continually repairing the loss he sustains. In other words, the constituent parts of the living body are continually on the decay, and a variety of causes are incessantly carrying them off; several of its organs are constantly engaged in separating humours which pass off loaded with a part of its substance, consumed by the uniting action of air and caloric; while internal friction, by a pulsatory motion, detaches its particles. In this manner the animal machine is continually being destroyed; and, perhaps, at distant periods of life, it does not contain a single particle of the same constituent parts. But this reparative faculty becomes exhausted, and man dies. To diminish the activity of the causes which dissipate, attenuate, and destroy, to maintain the faculty which repairs, to soften and render pliable the parts whose inclination is

opposed to the effects of the reparative faculty, would be the means of prolonging human life as much as the organization of our bodies would permit. It was on these simple ideas that the illustrious Bacon established plans of investigation worthy of meditation, and which may still, in our own time, furnish great and important subjects for reflection.

Bacon, in the greater part of the subjects which he has treated, has rarely put his own hand to the work; where he has not always showed extensive views, plans, or research, fertile in consequences, a great divestment of prejudices and ideas accredited by habit, a continual call to experience, a constant application to stick to nature, and to her alone for guide. He was truly a great man, and placed, in the order of time, between the revival of letters and that of the first progress of the physical sciences, he seems to have made his appearance to put an end at once to that barren admiration in which the ancients were held, and to cause the study of nature to succeed that of books, and to add to the riches reconquered by the patient scrutators of antiquity, the still more fertile products of an active observation, and an indefatigable experience.

At this time the circulation of the blood was

not discovered ; they had not learned to weigh the air, nor was any thing concerning the phenomena of the barometer known ; the thermometer was not invented, and the means of experiment, imperfect and incorrect, only left for curious man to study nature, and appreciate its phenomena, the chance of hitting upon them, without any appearance of the power to submit them to observation and calculation.

Sanctorius made his appearance, and already he had conceived the first idea of a thermometer: that of a fixed point, from whence its gradation might commence, and from the application of this instrument to the examination of febrile heat. But that which rendered his name immortal was, the fine series of experiments which he made upon the insensible perspiration, which he conceived to exist, with as much genius, as he employed patience to execute it. He was the first who thought of comparing with the food taken in, the quantity of excrementitious matter evacuated, and to make a comparative estimate of them by weight, by weighing his own body under different circumstances relative to evacuations and meals ; by which means, he correctly ascertained the quantity which escaped through the medium of insensible perspiration.

Sanctorius does not give the detail of his experiments. He only presents their results, which do not all appear exact, as have since been demonstrated by more recent experimenters.

With respect to the progress of public health in the theory of diet, there necessarily results from the improved knowledge of man, and from that of the things whose influence he may have experienced, knowledge worthy of further cultivation.

Arbuthnot, and other authors, have produced very extensive works on diet, in which, if we except the first mentioned, there is more display of learning than real physical knowledge; such for instance, are the treatises of Pisanelli, Nonnius, Melchior Sebiz: they are all, nevertheless, valuable, as uniting in one point of view the labours of the ancients, and in making their doctrine well known. Others, such as that of Arbuthnot, with less prolix learning, present explanations too often wide of the truth, chemical knowledge of his time, and particularly analyses by fire; there is, nevertheless, a philosophical order in them, and well regulated practical observations, which bespeak a wise and judicious mind. Chemistry, however, at length, by developing more simple means of analysis, facilitated still more the examination of animal

and vegetable bodies, and the comparison of their distinctive qualities. It was then that all that was capable of being correctly made known on the peculiar nature of alimentary substances, on the varieties of aliment they contain, on the nature of mucous bodies, considered as mucilaginous, in saccharine substances, in fermentable juices, gelatinous matter, animal as well as vegetable, has been collected with equal judgment and learning, by the celebrated Lorry, in his treatise on diet.

Cullen, at the commencement of his *Materia Medica*, has likewise bestowed some excellent considerations upon different parts of alimentary matter.

It would be an unpardonable omission here not to mention, among the number of men whose works have eminently contributed to the perfection of eating and drinking, the name of Parmentier, whose labours, constantly directed to the public good, have made known the nature and use of many nutritive substances, particularly those of the farinaceous kind, and rescued from unmerited contempt one of the most abundant and useful articles of food, and which constitutes not only a general blessing to the poor of all countries, but a nutritive and

wholesome source of dependence during times of scarcity,—we allude to the *potato*.

Botany, by the correctness of its descriptions, has taught us to distinguish useful aliment and agreeable seasoning, from the destructive poison, in a class of aliments too much sought after; and the observations of Paulet and Bulliard, on mushrooms and poisonous plants, ought not to be passed over without honourable mention. Nor should we forget to associate with these industrious and meritorious names, those, who by their labours, have enlightened their fellow-citizens, by warning them against the dangers by which they are too often threatened, and which have called forth prohibitory laws against the use of vessels and utensils of copper and lead, under circumstances where those culinary articles are liable to be attacked by the alimentary matter which they are destined to contain, and thus be the means of conveying destructive germs into the system, under the deceitful external appearance of a salubrious nourishment, and that of an agreeable fluid. The essays of Xavier, on this subject, have attracted particular attention from the medical chemists, by multiplying the means of recognising and destroying a perfidious

enemy. The recent experiments of the French and other chemists, have taught us also the limits that ought to be observed between the useful and destructive properties of vegetable, mineral, and animal substances, not only as regards their medical, but likewise their dietetical properties.

And lastly, the eye of the anatomist directs itself successively over every animal, and comparing their structure with that of man, places upon a parallel all the systems which compose the apparatus of their life. From man even to the zoophytes, Cuvier, the French naturalist, has investigated and developed the structure of the viscera, the dispositions of the nervous and muscular systems. He demonstrates in what order of animals the nutritive liquid circulates by the contractile power of the heart and arteries, and is carried from the centre to the extremities and the surfaces, in order to be returned afterwards towards the centre: in others, the same liquid, only stagnated in the interval of the viscera, appears to be stationary, and bathes the parts which it cannot nourish by moistening them. In the one and the other, he unfolds the structure of the organs by which the atmospherical fluid or ambient air, is made subservient to the mechanism of actual

respiration; he shews us the universality of the respiratory function, superior even to that of the circulating one, and consequently with nutrition. Thus, the first object of the organization of living beings—the support of life—is seen, which, however simple or complicated its mechanism may be, always reduces itself to a single problem—that of placing in one perpetual relation the ambient fluid with the alimentary juice.

CHAPTER III.

OF DIETING AND COOKERY, REFERABLE TO
BOTH ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, &c.

THE first author we read of who suggested dieting in the cure of diseases was Asclepiades. He rejected the use of medicaments altogether, and reduced the cure of every disease to the regulation of diet, as regarded, quantity, quality, and the seasoning of meats. The physicians of his time, so far only disagreed with him that they thought that diet assisted physic, and that physic assisted diet. "Upon these grounds," says an old writer, "they command, forbid, curse, and discommend the meats and drinks that God has created, framing rules of diet difficult to be observed; and those morsels which they forbid others to taste of, they themselves altogether neglect, or contemn. For, should they live according to their own rules,

they would run not a small hazard of their health; and should they permit their patients to live after their own examples, they would altogether lose their profits.”*

Of these diet-mongers, St. Ambrose writes: “*The precepts of physic are contrary to divine living; for they call men from fasting, suffer um not to watch, seduce um from opportunities of meditation. They who give themselves up to physicians, deny themselves to themselves.*” And St. Bernard, upon the Canticles, thus asserts: “Hypocrates and Socrates teach how to save souls in health in this world; Christ and his disciples how to lose um: which of the two will you have to be your master? He makes himself noted, that in his disputations teaches how such, a thing hurts the eyes, this the head, that the stomach; pulse windy, cheese offends the stomach, milk hurts the head, drinking water is hurtful to the lungs: whence it happens, that in all the rivers, fields, gardens, and markets, there is scarcely to be found anything fitting for a man to eat.” But let us admit these words of St. Ambrose and St. Bernard to be only addressed to the monks, for whom, perhaps, it was not so

* Henry Cornelius Aggrippa, Knight, counsellor to Charles V., Emp. Germ. 1684.

necessary to take so much care of their healths, as of their professions, and that a variety of dishes and feasts may not be unlawful for some men to use ; the first the art of dieting performs, the second the art of cookery, being the dressing and ordering of victuals. For which reason Plato calls it the Flatteress of Physic ; and it is accounted by many a part of medical dietetics ; though Pliny and Seneca, and a mob of other ancient physicians, confess that manifold diseases proceed from the variety of costly food.

With respect to the quantity of food, leaving the nature of it out of the question, it ought, however, to be observed, that, when the stomach is weak, it is particularly desirable that it be small in quantity, nutritive, and easy of digestion. Whatever, therefore, may be the opinions of the ancient physicians, and the speculations of the modern *indigesters*, there are peculiarities of constitution and gastronomical sensations, which individuals are much better acquainted with than any of the learned members of the body medical of the present day. It is, indeed, well known, that substances, apparently unfitting, frequently agree with the stomach, by digesting well, and even tranquillizing the irritable state of this organ, merely because they are

suitable to the cravings or sensations which it had previously experienced. Nor are there instances wanting of changes of diet having produced a quiet and healthy state of the stomach, where medicine has been ineffectual. These occurrences, however, ought by no means to excite surprise, since digestion, and the consequent tranquillity of the stomach, depend upon a proper quantity of healthy gastric juice* being secreted, and mixed up with the food. These secretions are most likely to be produced by whatever agreeably excites; as it may also be obstructed by whatever has a contrary tendency. It may, therefore, be worth while for the active gourmand to remember, that—

“ The friendly limpid draught, the temperate meal,
Ne'er asked the aid of bolus or of pill.”

To be brief, the rules for diet in a state of health, are thus summed up by one of the most popular men of the day,† and it requires little ingenuity of reasoning to see at once the propriety of obeying them. “ We should propor-

* The name given to the liquid, the result of arterial exhalation. It is the principal agent in digestion. It combines with the food, completely alters its nature, and changes its composition.

† Mr. Abernethy.

tion the quantity of food to the powers of the stomach. adapt its quality to the feelings of the organ, and take it at regular intervals. To this we would add, that, eating as the appetite may dictate, without over-distending the stomach, is a mode of diet preferred by many, whether at regular or irregular intervals, and is by no means a bad plan. And so far do we agree with ancient practice, that refined and wire-drawn systems of feeding are as unnatural as the fear of death, which often proves mortal, and which sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians upon observing that more are killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary nervous and sick people, who sicken by the very means of health, who ruin their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape the "grim king:"—a method not only dangerous, but beneath the dignity and practice of a rational being. To consult the preservation of life, is the only end of it; to make our health our business; to engage in no action that is not a part of a regimen or a course of physic, are purposes so abject, mean, and unworthy of human nature, that a generous

soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that, a continual anxiety for life vitiates and corrodes all its enjoyments, and casts a melancholy and lugubrious gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take pleasure or delight in anything we are every moment afraid of losing.

“By these observations, it is not meant to attach blame to any one for taking a proper care of health—a blessing sooner lost than recovered; on the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are, in a great measure, the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot take too much pains to cultivate and preserve it; and this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary evils, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than to know how to live. In short, the preservation of life should only be a secondary consideration, and the observation of it our principal aim. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness—namely, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

THE ART OF COOKERY, AND SPECIMENS OF
ANCIENT COOKS.

“THE art of cookery is very useful,” says Henry Cornelius Agrippa, “if not dishonest.” For which reason, very great and most temperate persons have been induced to write of cookery, and dressing of meat.

Among the Greek kitcheners, or cooks, may be enumerated, Pantaleon, Methecus, Epiricus, Zophon, Egesippus, Pausonias, Epenetus, Hyraclides, Syracusanus, Tyndaricus, Secyonius, Symonactides, Chius, and Glaucus Locrensis. Among the Romans, Cato, Varro, Columella, Apicius;—and among those of a more modern date, Platina.

The Asiatics were so intemperate and luxurious in their feeding, that they were known by the surname of gluttons, then called *Asotæ*. Pliny informs us, that after the conquest of Asia, foreign luxury first entered into Rome, and that then the Roman people began to make sumptuous banquets. Then was a cook, a most useful slave among the ancients, and began to be much esteemed and valued; all

bespattered with broths, and begrimmed with the soot of his pots, his platters, dishes, pestles and mortars, he was welcomed out of the kitchen into the schools: and that which before was accounted but a vile and nauseous slavery, was afterwards honoured as an art; the chief object of which was only to forage every where for provocatives of appetite, and to study all manner of dainties to satisfy a most profound gluttony.

“ Not long the flood had left the face of earth,
And lost mankind received a second birth,
Ere luxury rose, with sickness in her train,
And all the frightful family of pain :
Nature's spare wants forsook the homely board,
With mad profusion see each table stor'd !
Invention labour'd to debauch the treat,
And whet the jaded appetite to eat :
Intoxicating wines henceforth, began
T' inflame the blood, not cheer the heart of man.”

Among the luxuries of the table in greatest request, Gellius quotes out of Varro, the peacock from Samos, the Phrygian turkey, cranes from Melos, Ambracian kids, the Tartesian mullet, trouts from Persenumtium, Tarentine oysters, crabs from Chios, Tatian nuts, Egyptian dates, Iberian chesnuts; all which institutions of bills of fare were invented for the

wicked wantonness of luxury and gluttony. But the glory and fame of this act, Apicius, above all others, claimed for himself; so much so, that, according to Septimus Florus, there was a certain sect of cooks called Apicians, propagated, as it were, in imitation of the philosophers,—of whom Seneca has written as follows:—“Apicius lived in an age, who, in that city, out of which philosophy was banished, as corrupters of youth, professing the art of cookery, hath infected our age.” Pliny also styled him the gulf or *Barathrum* of all youth. So many subjects of taste, so many provocatives of luxury, so many varieties of dainties, were at length invented and discovered by these disciples of Apicius, that it was ultimately deemed requisite to restrain the profusion and prodigality of the kitchen. Hence those ancient sumptuary laws and edicts against riot, viz. the Archian, Fannian, Didian, Lecinian, Cornelian, and the laws of Lepidus, and Antius Restio.* Also, Lucius Flaccus and his colleagues put Durenus out of the Senate, because, being a tribune of the people, he went about to abrogate a law made against the excessive prodigality of

* By these laws it was commanded, that, in the ordinary banquets, none should spend above ten *asses*, every *ass* being a penny English.

feasts. In defence of which, mark the daring of Durenus, who ascended the rostrum in their defence! "These are bridles," said he, "put into your mouths, most noble senators, in no wise to be endured: ye are bound and fettered with the bitter chains of servitude. For there is a law made, that commands us to be frugal: let us, therefore, abrogate the command, deformed with the rust of ghastly antiquity: for to what purpose have we the liberty if it be not lawful for them that will to kill themselves with luxury?"

There were many other edicts, which, subsequently, were all abolished; so that no age has been more indulgent to gluttony, than the one we now live in, all over the world: a man may eat till he burst, and of the most costly fare, provided he pay for it, without any one calling him in question. The liberty of the belly, like the liberty of the press, and trial by jury, is, to Englishmen in particular, the veritable *pabulum vitæ*; if he have it not, he dies. "It was for this cause," says Musonius, and after him, Jerome, "that we travel by land and sea, to fetch wine and costly cakes to pour down our gullets." So many taverns, so many ale-houses and eating-houses among us, where men are destroyed by gluttony, drunkenness,

and luxury, that, many times, to the detriment of the commonwealth, they consume whole patrimonies, that the splendid banquets of the Asiots, Milesians, Sybarites, Tarentines,—of Sardanapalus, Xerxes, Claudius, Vitellius, Heliogabalus, Galienus, and the rest of those ancients, whom history records to have exceeded all other nations and persons, in the pleasures of the kitchen, are but mere sordid, rude, and rustic junkettings, compared with the sumptuous feasts of the present day. A neat, economical, and handsome entertainment, will not serve its purpose now, unless there be an abundance, even to create loathing, and liquors enough to fuddle even Hercules himself, who used to drink out of the same vessel in which he was carried; and meat, more than would satisfy Milo the Crotonian, or Aurelianus Phago; the former used to eat thirty loaves at a meal, besides meat; the other, at the table of Aurelian, devoured a whole boar, a hundred loaves, a wether, and a sucking pig. “These things,” says Agrippa, “are now customary at our great country public feasts, and dedications of temples. You would swear they were celebrating *Orgia* to Bacchus, they are so contaminated with madness, quarrelling, bloodshed, and all the impieties attending gluttony and drunken-

ness. You may there behold the banquet of the centaurs, whence none return without a broken pate. Thus we find Ovid describing the voracity of Erisichthon:—

“ Without delay, what sea, what earth, what air,
Affords at his command, they straight prepare ;
Yet at full tables he complains of hunger,
And for a feast of feasts he calls, in anger.
What a whole city or a lord supplies,
For the content of one will not suffice.
The more his guts devour, the more he craves,
As rivers are exhausted by the waves,
While the insatiate sea, and thirsty sands,
Drink up the floods, still rolling from the lands ;
Or, as the fire no nourishment refuses,
Burns all that comes, but neither picks nor chuses,
And still the more 'tis fed, it feeds the more :
Thus Erisichthon's profane chops devour
All sorts of food ; in him food is the cause
Of hunger ; and he'll employ his jaws
To whet his appetite.”

Among the Greeks and Romans, there were a sort of people called wrestlers, men of most gluttonous and voracious appetites ; but their infamy was at length outvied and surpassed by consular magistrates and emperors. For Albinus, who formerly ruled in Gaul, devoured at one supper one hundred peaches, ten melons, fifty large green figs, and three hundred oysters. And Maximus, the emperor, who succeeded

Alexander Memmeas, consumed forty pounds of flesh in one day, and drank an amphora of wine, containing forty-eight quarts. Geta, the emperor, was also a prodigious epicure, causing his dishes to be brought in alphabetically, and would continue feeding for three days together. Now, what greater impiety, when God and nature has provided meats and drinks, to preserve our health, and strengthen nature, than to abuse them by various artifices for pleasure, and to devour them beyond the capacity of human nature? thereby contracting innumerable diseases, verifying the words of Musonius—
“ That masters are less strong, less healthy, less able to endure labour than servants; countrymen more strong than those who are bred in the city, those that feed meanly than those who feed daintily; and that, generally, the latter live longer than the former. Nor are there any other persons more troubled with gouts, dropsies, colics, and the like, than those who, contemning simple diet, live upon prepared dainties :”

“ Hence gout and stone afflict the human race ;
Hence lazy jaundice with her saffron face ;
Palsy, with shaking head and tott’ring knees,
And bloated dropsy, the staunch sot’s disease ;
Consumption, pale, with keen but hollow eye,
And sharpened feature, shew’d that death was nigh,

The feeble offspring curse their crazy sires,
And, tainted from his birth, the youth expires."

Of this opinion is Celsus :—" The most profitable diet for man," says he, " is simple ; multiplicity of tastes is pestiferous ; and all spiced meats are unprofitable, for two causes : more being consumed in consequence of its palatability, and less concocted, that is, carried into the system, than ought to be. Therefore, many grave and wise men have utterly condemned this kind of indulgence as highly pernicious. But as for those who, under pretence of religion, neither hate pleasing their palates, nor luxury, use only some sorts of meats ; thus by abstaining from flesh, they fill and feast themselves with all sorts of fish, and swill themselves with wine ; to which they bring their lips, teeth, tongues, and bellies armed, but not their pockets ; these are certainly worse than the Epicureans themselves."

As with the appetite, so it is with sleep ; a man may acquire a habit of dispensing with this restorative principle to a greater extent than it would be possible for others to do, without the risk of materially injuring the general health. The same holds good as regards hard-drinkers ; many of whom enjoy excellent health, unless when stultified under the influence of the delu-

sive potion. This *methodus bibendi*, which we do not by any means recommend, is only to be acquired by habit. Some confirmed drunkards are known to live to a great age—many of whom revel in a single debauch, with impunity, that would go a great way to ruin, if not kill, men of ordinary constitutions. Men arrived at this pitiful climax of drinking, who, like *Will Boniface*, as the saying is, eat, drink, and sleep, if not upon ale, on “*blue ruin*,” “*heavy wet*,” or poisonous port, the pabulum on which they live, would, were they deprived of their favourite beverage, soon “kick the bucket.”

Eating and drinking are so intimately connected, that what is referrable to the one is equally applicable to the other. People of apparently equal temperaments and habits of life differ so widely in their consumptive powers, that one shall devour everything that comes before him in the shape of a comestible, while another shall be satisfied with a very moderate portion even of what are termed choice viands.

As to the pleasures of the table, nothing can be more recommended in their use, than sobriety and moderation, for health's sake; and in their choice and quality of preparation, the taste of the nation one lives in, or has been accustomed to,

may be judged good and rational. There is no possibility of being an arbiter in such a case ; so that all persons may enjoy the "*eruditus locus*" of Petronius, by consulting only their own fancy and palate.

While on the subject of cookery, it would be *lèse majesté* against our gustatory nerves were we to omit the physician-cook, and the apothecary-cook, or scullion. We do not go so far as to believe that the whole operative part of healing is built upon no other foundation than fallacious experiments, or that it is a mere conjectural art. Neither do we mean to say that there is always more danger in the physician and physic, than in the disease ; although Hippocrates himself, that great master of his art, does not deny it to be both difficult and fallacious ; and Avicen says, that the patient's confidence in the physician frequently prevails more than the physic itself. Galen also affirms, that it is very difficult to find a medicament that does very much good, but easy to find many that do no good at all. Be all this as it may have been ; but the improved state of medical science, since the discovery of the circulation, and other important functions, unknown to the ancients, place these considerations in another point of view than they previously stood in. However, nature is

the best guide and director; and those who assist her dictates, without attempting to controul, whether he be physician or philosopher, will best study the welfare of the object before him.

None can be more respectable than clergymen, physicians, and men of the law, when they discharge honestly the duties incumbent on their respective offices and character. The first, are the interpreters and representatives of the Deity—the second, by affording aid to suffering humanity, become its protectors and guardian angels; and what office can be more dignified or important than that of the magistrate, who protects the widow and the orphan, and guards, by beneficial laws, their fortunes, their honour, and their lives? But the magistrates, the physicians, and the priests of Synopolis were not altogether of unblemished characters. Miso-gug, who succeeded Daaroth in the throne, set before them an example of clemency, of which they had much need. In his turn, he gave a lesson to the physicians, which tended no less to the benefit of his subjects. He recollected that one of those sons of Hermes, when formerly called to prescribe for himself in a dangerous illness, had pronounced a long and unintelligible harangue on the nature of his distemper, in-

stead of giving him directions for his cure ; and, since that period, he had placed little confidence in the gentlemen of the faculty.

The physicians of Synopolis were no better than those of Babylon. Egypt being naturally an unwholesome country, swarmed with physicians : but the health of the inhabitants was not a whit better preserved on that account ; on the contrary, those sons of Esculapius destroyed their poor countrymen by thousands. Misogug began by forbidding the one half of those gentry to practice, at the same time reserving to himself the power of calling the others to a strict account whenever he should think proper. He it was who conferred the degree of doctor, and examined those who had been formerly graduated, on the different modes of treating their patients.

A venerable old man appeared one morning before his tribunal ; and Misogug inquired what were his theory and practice of medicine ? He expected from the man a profound display of erudition, mixed up with the jargon of his art, and already, in imagination, felt himself fatigued and disgusted at his long and learned references. The old man, trembling, told him, in a few words, that he could neither read nor write, and yet had been so happy as never to

occasion the death of a single person during the whole course of his life. “ Good heavens !” exclaimed Misogug, with amazement, “ you have long practised medicine, and have not occasioned one death !—what a wonder !—pray then, who are you, and what are the secrets or prescriptions which you make use of ?” “ They are very simple,” replied the old man ; “ I never prescribe either purges or blood-letting, and the only medicines which I prescribe to my patients, are oxymel, juleps, and exercise. When they are in a convalescent state, I nourish them with *pilaw* ; and when their health is fully re-established, I require of them never to rise from table with a cloyed and overloaded stomach, but to finish their repasts before their hunger is fully satisfied.”

“ Go,” said Misogug to him, “ you have more skill than all your brethren put together. From this moment I appoint you my chief physician, and I invite you to eat *pilaw* with me this very evening. *Pilaw* is a light and wholesome food, much used at Babylon : I am very fond of it, and still more so of you.”

Pilaw consisted of boiled rice, dressed with good butter or mutton fat. It was much used over all the east, and the ignorant old man had thought proper to introduce it in Egypt. The

king decreed that every body should take pilaw, instead of the doctor's drugs, and caused the apothecaries' shops to be shut up, and had soon very few sick subjects in all Synopolis.

Misogug carried his precautions still farther. The waters of the Nile, being sometimes stagnated, and putrefied, in the canals by which they were conveyed through the city, diffused a noisome and noxious smell. He caused the canals to be carefully cleaned and repaired; he gave further orders, that every citizen should burn, daily, in the different apartments of his house, *cephi*, an exquisite aromatic, which possesses the virtue of purifying the air; and the city soon came to have all the delicious fragrance of an orange grove, or some perfumed arbour.

CHAPTER IV.

CUSTOMS OF THE ROMANS IN EATING
AND DRINKING.

EVERY country has some peculiar modes, different from each other, in the manner of lying down, and taking those things which are necessary for the support of the human body. The Turks, for instance, feed in the sitting position. The ancient Jews lay down for the same purpose, on couches expressly made. The people of Europe commonly eat sitting at tables. But our design here is only to describe the manner in which the Romans went through the same commensal ceremonies; and in doing so we shall explain the meaning of the authors who speak of their banquetting and feasts.*

The place where the Romans used to eat

* *Jentaculum* is the Roman or Latin word for breakfast: *Prandium*, for dinner taken about noon: *Meren'a*, a lunch

was named *cœnaculum*, from *cœna*, a supper, as our dining-room from the word dinner; because the supper was their chief meal,* as the dinner is ours. It was also styled *triclinium*, from three beds,† which were placed round a little table, standing in the middle. Before supper, they commonly washed their hands and face, changed their clothes, and took off their shoes, that they might not spoil the beds. When the table was furnished, the master of the feast compelled all those who were invited to sit or lie down, by pulling their garments with some kind of violence, which was interpreted an expression of kindness, and a sign of being welcome;‡ whereas, if this action was performed with indifferency, and without earnestness, it was a sign that the master of the house did not care much for the company of such a guest. Such as came of their own accord, without invitation, to supper, were named *muscæ*, (flies,) or *umbræ*, (*shades or shadows*).

or beaver: *Cœna*, a supper, in the evening, *Commessatio* is properly a drinking after supper, a custom much used in Rome.

• The men ate but once-a-day at supper, seldom twice, but never more; children and women, three times.

† The place where these stood was near the top of the house.

‡ *Penulam mihi scidit*, to make welcome; *via tangere vestem*, is, not to make a man welcome.

The guests commonly lie upon the bed, leaning upon their left elbow,* with their upper part raised up. There were two or three on every bed; the one at the upper end, the next with his head leaning on the other's breast, the third in the same manner.† At public feasts, where many hundreds were invited, capacious couches were made, and accommodated to four or five persons at a table. Thus prepared to eat, they ornamented their heads with garlands of roses, and other pleasant flowers, to refresh the brain, and preserve it from the ill consequences of excess of drinking, and the powerful operation of the wine. For this purpose they also bound their heads with fillets of wool and linen, and to arrest the circulation of the blood in the veins of the temples, which, as they supposed, conveyed to the brain evil vapours, which disturb it. They sometimes used the leaves of colewort, when they were resolved to drink much; for as a learned herbalist has noticed, there is no greater enemy to wine, or to the operation of it,

* *Ex cubito remanete presso.* (Hor. lib. i).

† The middle was the place of honour: *et celsus medio conspectus in agmine.* Cæsar. Lucian, lib. 1. *Accumbebat uxor in gremio mariti.* See Ovid, lib. 1. Amor. Eleg. 4. Salt was placed upon the table to sanctify as well as to season the meats. Arnob. lib. 2.

than colewort and cabbage. The supping room was usually adorned with trophies and noble relics of their predecessors, as the other part of the house named *Atrium*, was with their images.

“ Vel tibi Medorum pugnaces ire per hostes,
Atque ornare tuam fixa per arma domum.”

Hungry fellows, who were nimble at their meat, were said to have *calceatos dentes*.

At all stately suppers, there were three services or parts: the first was called *gustatio*, *antecena*, or *promulsis*.* It was composed of such dishes as whetted the appetite, and prepared the stomach for more solid and corroborating viands. The fruits most in season were then served up, with eggs, sallad, oysters, asparagus, &c. The second course was named *cæna*, because it constituted the principal part of the supper, the principal dish of which was called *caput cænæ*, or *fundamentum cænæ*, as the first the *proemium*, and the last the *epilogue*. For the last were reserved all kinds of fruits, cream, but particularly apples, as they did eggs in the first.† Their suppers

* Quia dabatur ante Mulsum, antiqui non nisi mulso primam sitem sedabant. Rosin. lib. 5. cap. 25.

† Hence the proverb *ab ovo ad mala*, from the beginning to the end.

were so ordered that there was a convenient time between each course, for agreeable conversation.

At such seasons, it was not lawful to mention any disastrous or calamitous circumstance; because there is nothing that assists digestion so much as mirth, nor is there a greater impediment to the right use of meats, than melancholy or sadness. They, therefore, banished from the table all melancholy subjects, as well as such things as might excite them.

During the flourishing state of the empire, the Romans were very expensive in their suppers. Vitellius, according to Suetonius, had a supper, where two thousand rare and foreign fishes were presented upon the table, with other strange birds, brought from the Straits of Gibraltar, by galleys, sent on purpose to transport them to Rome. And that they might not overload their stomachs with coarse kinds of food, and neglect others more pungent and agreeable to the palate, it was sometimes the custom, on the supper being introduced, to give every one a little note of the names of the several dishes prepared for them.†

* Though the Romans censured luxury and gluttony, they nevertheless indulged in both. Gluttons were surnamed *Asini*.

† Hence, doubtless, the origin of the *carte à manger*, of the

There were several officers appointed to superintend at feasts, named *magister scribendi*, *opsonii*, *diribitor*, *scissor chironomante*, and *carptor*. *Structor opsonii*, was the garnisher of the feast, who ornamented the dishes with all manner of flowers and pleasant garnishings.

It appears that the carvers and garnishers were instructed how to behave and conduct themselves in the observance of the table ceremonies, by persons who made it their business to instruct such as would be taught. And at every feast there was a portion cut out for Mercury (*Mercurij sors vocabatur*), whose image was placed at the entrance of many houses.* And that they might delight the ear with grateful sounds, as well as the taste with dainty meats, it was customary to have a concert of music. Some of their instruments were named *hydraulæ*, a word

French restaurateurs, and the bill of fare of our English hotels, &c.

* Mercury, in addition to his other callings, was also the god of merchants, shepherds, and dreams. He was painted under the character of an ingenious man; because, say they, those born when this star predominates are very ingenious. His statues were placed in the highways, to which the first fruits were offered. Mercury and Minerva were worshipped together in the same temple: and the Greeks placed his image over the door of their houses, because, as he was likewise the god of thieves, he was best able to protect them from the violence of these depredators.

conjectured by many to imply that water contributed to the sound ; though it rather supposed that they were a kind of instruments used at sea, to encourage men to fight, or to drown the noise of dying soldiers. Trumpets are derived from the Romans.

Sportula was the name given to a basket, out of which meat was given to the people ; it is taken for an imperfect meal by some authors, whereas *cæna recta* was perfect supper, and also *cæna dubia*, in which there were so many dishes, that the guests scarcely knew which of them to choose.

At their feasts they had beautiful girls and boys to amuse them. The girls from Cadiz, in Spain, were famous at Rome for the vivacity and sportful humour, which they displayed at great banquets. At such times they made use of various sorts of drinking vessels. It was a common custom to have a horn, enriched with silver or gold ; but their ordinary drinking vessels were made of the earth of the Island of Samos, of the beech and olive trees, silver, gold, precious stones, and dead men's skulls. This last kind of drinking vessel was in use, particularly amongst the Scythians, and the barbarous nations. For when they had destroyed their enemies, they cleaned their skulls,

tipt them with silver, and used them to drink out of. Indeed, these elegant pieces of a Roman side-board were as common as Scotchman's *mulls* made from the "crumpled horns of their cattle."

The names for the ordinary drinking vessels were *calices pleroti*, or *pinnati*, or *alati*, cups with ears. *Trulla*, or *truella*, was a deep and large cup, proper for husbandmen. *Phiala*, was a smaller one; *cymbium*, was shaped like a ship; *scyphus*, was another sort of drinking vessel, which came from Greece, &c. *Murrhina pocula*, were of Porcelaine; and Pliny says, "that Pompey was the first that brought them to Rome out of Parthia."*

Several sorts of wine were in great request at Rome, some of which they perfumed with the smoke of aromatic herbs, to render them more palatable; though this practice was not esteemed wholesome by Pliny.

"Nunc mihi fumosum veteris properte falernum
Consulis, et chio solvite vincla cado."

It would appear, however, that by means of smoke, the Romans preserved their wine good for a great length of time; for some authors speak of wine a hundred years old, though in

* Lib. 37, cap. 2. And Proper. lib. 4.

all probability it might be the age of the vessel that contained it. The *vinnum albanum* (white wine, a kind of Frontigniac, Virg. lib. 5,) was very famous at Rome, and equally in request as the *vin de la Cuidad* was formerly at Paris.*

From the Romans is derived the custom of drinking healths, which at first was used as a kind of invocation proper to their gods and emperors, whose names were frequently introduced among their cups, with many good wishes. At the conclusion of their meetings they drank the cup of their good genius, which was the same with that of *Jupiter Sospitator*, otherwise called *Poculum boni Dei*. This custom was also prevalent among the Greeks.†

EARLY LUXURY OF THE ENGLISH.

In the thirteenth year of his reign, after his return from an excursion into Normandy, Rufus reared that spacious edifice, known by

* Cuidad is a little canton near Marseilles, that yields most excellent wine. It cost, at the time to which we are alluding, twenty shillings per quart.

† Hence the *parting glass* of the English; the *coup d'etrier* of the French; and the *doch un dorish* of the sons of Caledonia.

the name of Westminster Hall, which to this day boasts a superiority, with respect to size, over every other room in Europe of a similar construction. This was the theatre of royal revelry, and here Rufus held a magnificent feast on the Whitsuntide after it was completed. Vast, however, as the fabric was, it did not equal the ideas of the extravagant monarch; for, on it being observed to him by one of his courtiers, that the building was too large for the purposes of its construction, the king answered, "This halle is not begge enough by one half, and is but a bed-chamber, in comparison of that I minde to make." Stowe adds, "A diligent searcher might yet find out the foundation of the hall, which he hadde proposed to build, stretching from the river Thames even to the common highway."

The luxury of the table, during the succeeding reign, from Rufus to the end of Henry III., seems to have increased to a pitch of extreme excess; for in the thirty-fourth year of this monarch, the legislature was under the necessity of exerting its controlling power; and, on common occasions, more than two dishes of meat were forbidden to be produced at one meal.

It was about this period that the peacock

became a favourite dish at the tables of the great, where it was served up with many solemnities. In the thirteenth, it was sufficiently esteemed, to be made the prize of the conqueror at the game of *quintain* :* and it continued to be a dish in request till the end of the last century.

Hollingshed † has given us a curious anecdote of Pope Julius III.,—that disgrace to the Romish See—an egregious glutton and epicure, whose favourite dish was the peacock:—“At another time, he, sitting at dinner, pointing to a peacocke, upon his table, which he had not touched, ‘keepe,’ said he, ‘this cold peacocke for me against supper, and let me sup in the garden, for I shall have ghests.’ So when supper came, and amongst the hot peacockes he saw not his cold peacocke brought to his table, the Pope, after his wonted manner, most horribly blaspheming God, fell into an extreme rage, &c. Whereupon, one of his cardinals sitting by desired him, saeing, ‘Let not your Holiness, I pray you, be so moved with a matter of so small weight.’ Then this Julius,

* Et eodem tempore Juvenes Londinensis statuto pavore pro bravis, ad sladium quod quinten vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias et equorum cursus sunt experti. Matt. Paris, Edit. Watts, p. 744.

† Chron. p. 1128, a 40.

the Pope, answering again, ‘What,’ said he, ‘if God was so angry for one apple, that he cast our first parents out of Paradise for the sinne, why may not I, being his vicar, be angry then for a peacocke, sithers a peacocke is greater than an apple?’ ”

It is not our province here to comment on the gluttony of the ancient clergy, though the impious attempt at wit of “God’s vicar general upon earth,” is unfortunately but too true a picture of the manners of the times.

We may be so far an epicurean as to believe that Providence designed a full and perfect use of all its bounties to his creature, man :

“ For heav’n is paid, when man receives ;
T’ enjoy is to obey.”

Else, wherefore, with an unwithdrawing hand did he create them? It is the abuse of these which constitutes the crime ; and which, in general, bears its punishment in the very commission of it.

“ To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disordered rest.”

Such as indulge the gratification of any appetite to excess, are far below the brutes ; and to debar ourselves of any enjoyment within the

bounds of innocence and reason, is “to live like Nature’s bastards, not her sons.” Every person’s particular circumstances ought to fix the bounds of their self-indulgence; for there are many gratifications which would be criminal in one, that might be both reasonable and innocent in another person who has a large fortune.

The Hotel of St. Paul, built by Charles V., was, as is specified in his edict of 1354, intended to be the hotel of great diversions. Like all the royal houses of those times, it had large towers; such additaments being thought to give an air of domination and majesty to the building. The gardens, instead of yews and lindens, were planted with apple, pear, and cherry trees, and vines, besides beds of rosemary and lavender, pease, and beans, and very large arbours or bowers. The inner courts were lined with pigeon-houses, and full of poultry, which the king’s tenants were obliged to send, and here they were fattened for his table, and those of his household.

The beams and joists in the principal apartments were decorated with ten *fleur de lys*, gilt. All the windows had iron bars, with a wire lattice, to keep the pigeons from entering and dirtying the rooms. The glazing was like that of

our ancient churches, painted with coats of arms, emblems, and saints. The seats were joint-stools, forms and benches; the king had armed chairs, with red leather and silk fringes. The beds were called couches, when ten or twelve feet square, and those of only six feet square *couchettes*; these large dimensions suited a custom which for a long time subsisted in France, that guests particularly valued, were kept all night, and in the same bed with the master of the house.

Charles V. used to dine about eleven, supped at seven; and all the court were usually in bed by nine in winter, and ten in summer.

“The Queen,” says Christina Pilan, “agreeable to an old and laudable custom, for preventing any idle or loose thought at table, had a learned man, who, during the meal, related the actions, or made an eulogium on some deceased person, especially of one eminent in piety.”

It was in the reign of Charles that the mode of emblazoning apparel arose; the women wore their husband’s shield on the right side of their gowns, and their own on the left. This fashion lasted near a century.

The following extracts from a file of records, appear to have belonged to one Hamlet Clarke, an attorney of a court of record in London, in

1611 and 1612—9 and 10 of James I. We shall give the whole of it, though several of the items do not strictly come within our observations, which are principally confined to the victualling office, and things therewith connected :—

EXTRACTS.

Imprimis, one instrument called a viole de Gambo, with the stringes and one strike, with strings to play upon it	—	xxxxs.	—
Item, three hundred one quarterne, and seventeen poundes, nett waighte, of hard wax	xxxjl.	xvs.	—
* Item, one payre of raysed silver hangers and girdles of rugged purle	—	xvijs.	—
* Item, one payre of girdle and hangers, of silver purle and coloured silke	—	xiiis.	iiijd.
* Item, one payre of girdle and hangers, upon white sattane	—	xiijs.	—
Item, seaven and thirye greate elephante teeth, waighing eighte and twenty hundred two quarters and seaven pound, at vijl. xs. per hundred	ccxiiijl.	iiijs.	iiijd.
Item, two hundred and fifteen dried neats' tongues, at xiiijd. the tongue	xvjl.	iijs.	vjd.
Item, thirye gammons of Westphalia bacon, at iijs. and iiijd. the gammon . .	vl.	—	—
Item, two payre of fine mixed worsted hose, at vjs. per payre	—	xijs.	—
Item, two payre of coarse mixt worsted hose, at iijs. ijd. per payre	—	vjs.	iiijd.

* Query.—What are these ?

Item, foure pipes of white wine	xxl.	—	—
Item, seven hogsheads of Orleance white wine	xviijl.	xs.	—
Item, xxiiij tye yardes of purple satten, at xjs. per yarde	xiiijl.	iiijs.	—
Item, one bagge of hoppes, No. 5, waigh- ing iiic xxiii lb. waighte, at xxiijs. per hundred	iiil.	xiijs.	—
Item, eleven dozen of silk gaiters, at xiiis. per dozen	vijl.	xiijs.	—
Item, one fanne of feathers	<i>not valued</i>		
Item, one fanne of feathers, with a silver handle	<i>not valued</i>		
Item, a jacke, with a weight of iron, and a jacke rope and wheels	—	xijs.	—
Item, two rolls of tobacco, waighing three score poundes, at ijs. and vjd. per pounce	vijl.	xs.	—
Item, one rolle of tobacco, wayinge twenty and nine poundes, at vijs. per pounce	xjl.	xijs.	—
Item, a white stone horse	—	xls.	—
Item, a bay stone horse	—	xls.	—
Item, a dun stone horse	—	xs.	—
Item, a white geldinge	—	xls.	—
Item, a black geldinge	—	xs.	—
Item, a greye geldinge	—	xs.	—
Item, three dung cartes	iiijl.	—	—
Item, the harnesses for the said horses and geldinges	—	xxs.	—
	<hr/>		
Sum Total,	xjl.	xs.	—
Item, three buttes, and one butte and iiij. quarters of a butte of Sherry sacke	xxxl.	xvs.	—

LARDER OF HENRY VIII.

The following articles for the larder, are from the fragment of a ms. volume, or common-place book, of some person probably holding an official situation in the household of Henry the Eighth.

“ Md. yt ys agreyd by compossessions that the fellowshyppe of the pulters shall s've the Kings Majestey wythe thes kinds of pultrey stuffe follryng, on the pryce as hereafter aperythe :—

Swannes, the pece	vs
Cranes } Bustards } Storks }	the pece iijs
Herneseweys } Showelerds } Bytters }	the pece xvij <i>d</i>
Pecokks, old, the pece	ijs
Pechykks, the pece	xiiij <i>d</i>
Capons, of gr. [growth] of the best, the pece	xx <i>d</i>
Capons, good, the pece	xiiij <i>d</i>
Capons, the pece	vij <i>d</i>
Heanes, of gr., the pece	vij <i>d</i>
Beaves and Egrets, the pece	xij <i>d</i>
Gulles, the pece	xij <i>d</i>
Meuz, the pece	vid
Grene Gesse, from Easter tyll Mydsomer, ye pece	vij <i>d</i>
Gesse, grete, from Mydsomer tell Shroftyde, ye pece	viiij <i>d</i>
Goodwytt, the pece ...	xij <i>d</i>
Dotterells, the dossen.....	iijs. iiij <i>d</i> .

Quayles, the dozen	iiijs
Sparrowes, the dozen	ij <i>d</i>
Pegyons, the dozen	viii <i>d</i>
Rabetts, socars, the dozen	xvii <i>d</i>
Connys, tell hallentyd, the dozen	ijs
Wynter Conys, from hallontyd tyl shroftyd, the dozen..	ijs. ij <i>d</i>
Mallards, the dozen	iiijs
Teelles, the dozen	ijs
Wegeons, the dozen	iijs
Wodcoks, the dozen	iiijs
Plovers, grey, the dozen	iijs
Bastarde Plovers, the dozen	vjs. ij <i>d</i>
Marles, the dozen	xvii <i>d</i>
Larks, the dozen	v <i>d</i>
Henne spyts, the dozen	xvii <i>d</i>
Buntyngs, the dozen	iii <i>d</i>
Greate Byrds, the dozen	v <i>d</i>
Eggs, from Ester to Myghelmas	xv <i>d</i>
Eggs, from Myghelmas tell Ester	xx <i>d</i>
Butter, swete, from Ester tyll Hallontyd, the pownde ..	ij <i>d</i>
Butter, swete, from Hallontyd tyll Ester, the pownde ..	ii <i>d</i>

CURIOUS BILL OF FARE.

The following is a true copy of the original lodged in the Tower of London.

George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into his Archbishoprick of York, in the year 1470, made a

feast for the nobility, gentry, and clergy,
wherein he spent —

300 quarters of wheat	200 pheasants
300 ton of ale	500 partridges
104 ton of wine	4000 woodcocks
1 ton of spic'd wine	400 plovers
80 fat oxen	100 curlews
6 wild bulls	100 quails
300 pigs	1000 eggets
1004 weathers	200 rees
300 hogs	4000 bucks and does, and roe-
300 calves	bucks
3000 geese	155 hot venison pasties
3000 capons	1000 dishes of jellies
100 peacocks	4000 cold venison pasties
200 cranes	2000 hot custards
200 kids	4000 cold custards
2000 chickens	400 tarts
4000 pigeons	300 pikes
4000 rabbits	300 breams
204 bitterns	8 seals
4000 ducks	4 porpoises.
400 hernsies	

At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward; the Earl of Bedford treasurer; the Lord Hastings comptroller; with many noble officers, servitors.—1000 cooks.—62 kitcheners.—515 scullions.

The following prices of provisions in London, 280 years ago, during the reign of Elizabeth, are extracted from an old household account for the years 1594 and 5:—

	£.	s.	d.
Paid 26th March, for 104lbs. of butter, received out of Gloucestershire, whereof 16lb. at 3½d, and the rest at 3d.	1	6	8
Salt for the said butter	0	0	6
Carriage of the butter from Bristol to London	0	4	6
Paid, 29th of March, for a fore quarter of lamb, with the head	0	2	2
For a capon	0	1	2
Nine stone of beef, at 18d. the stone	0	13	6
A quart of Malmsey	0	0	8
For 4lb. of soap	0	0	10
Paid, April 3d, for a lamb	0	5	0
A dozen of pigeons	0	2	4
For 28 eggs	0	0	7
Paid, April 6th, for three pecks of fine flour	0	2	6
To a side of veal	0	8	0
For a calf's head	0	0	10
For a pint of claret wine	0	0	3
A peck of oysters, July 31st	0	0	4
Half a peck of filberts, August 19th	0	0	6
Half a hundred of oranges, Feb. 19th, 1595	0	0	9

MONIES EXPENDED BY THE CORPORATION OF COVENTRY, FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF JAMES II., IN HIS PROGRESS THROUGH THAT TOWN, 1687.

(From the Corporation Records.)

On the 1st of September, 1687, King James II. came to Coventry. The next morning the Mayor and Aldermen attended his Majesty from his lodgings to the cross, and thence through Trinity church unto St. Michael's, where he touched about 300 persons for the evil; then had a stately breakfast and banquet at St. Mary's hall, at the city's charge, and was attended thence to his lodgings, where he took horse, being attended by the mayor and aldermen on horseback, as far as Baggenton bridge, the several companies, with their streamers, standing on both sides on his Majesty passing by. Most of the nobility and gentry of the country waited on the king when at Coventry; and such numbers of people flocked in, that, standing at the window of front rooms, cost 12d.

(Expense of the Corporation.)

	£	s.	d.
Gave a gold cup	171	17	6
Mr. Septimus Bott, Mayor, for sweetmeats	27	17	0
Meat	13	14	0
	<hr/>		
Carried over	£.213	8	6

	£.	s.	d.
Brought over	213	8	6
Wine	21	12	6
Homage fee	41	6	8
King's cook	10	0	0
City cook	9	8	6
Steward Fielding, for making a speech to his Majesty	5	7	6
For linen spoiled, borrowed of Mrs. Smith, Spurstreet	2	12	6
The Alderman that went to Worcester to invite him	3	18	9
Several companies for waiting on the King	27	9	4
Alderman Webster, for meat	3	6	0
Alderman Bradney, for corn	3	5	6
His Majesty's clerk of the market	1	1	6
The King's trumpeters	2	0	0
Richard Howcott, for carrying the city streamer ...	0	7	0
The city bailiff's bill, for fish, fowl, and wine	88	18	2
Total, £	434	2	5

These progresses, or visits, were objected to in Queen Elizabeth's time, as calculated to impoverish her wealthiest subjects, under colour of her high favour; and her most costly visit to Kenilworth, the pompous castle of her own Leicester, has been alleged as one of the strongest proofs of this suspicion. *

How different with King Henry VII. Whenever this prince chanced to be at any of his sub-

* If Sir William Dugdale's account be true, he expended 6,000*l.* on the castle, parks, and chase, of which he had a grant.—GILL'S WARWICK, p. 166.

jects' houses, or to pass more meals than one, he that would take upon him to discharge of his diet, or of his officers and household, he would be marvellously offended with it, saying, "what private subject dare undertake a prince's charge, or look into the secret of his expense?"

Hasted informs us, that a gentleman of the name of Northwood entertained King Henry V. on his triumphant return from France, at the Red Lion inn, at Sittingbourne; and though the entertainment was plentiful, and befitting the royalty of his guest, yet such was the difference of the times, that the whole expense amounted only to nine shillings and ninepence; wine being then sold at twopence a pint, and other articles in proportion.

There are some old English dishes so celebrated, and even well relished at the present day, that the inventors of them have been handed down to grateful posterity, in themes no less laudatory and encomiastic than those which are wont to carry down the stream of time the martial exploits of our great captains and statesmen. Among these may be noticed the following epicurean effusion to the Reverend Mr. Pegge, editor of the "Forme of Curry,"* &c.

* Gentleman's Mag. 1788.

Most worthy Sir! how I revere
 Your name and vary'd character!
 Whether yclad in sable vest,
 You do the office of the priest,
 And christian mysteries unfold,
 Producing things both new and old:
 (As Christ has drawn the character
 Of the good scribe and householder,)
 While all our listening flock rejoice,
 For well they know their shepherd's voice.
 Or whether I your merits view,
 As scholar and as critic too!
 With what talents you explain,
 Or learning, sacred or profane,
 Alike yread in modern page,
 Of reliques of remotest age!
 You range the fields of science o'er,
 And each neglected nook explore:
 Nor satisfied to share the toil
 Of bringing home the gen'ral spoil,
 Unweary'd you repeat your round,
 To try what gleanings may be found;
 And many a handful you present
 Of fragments rare and choice content;
 Which but for industry your own
 Had lain unnoticed and unknown.

Hail once more, Sir! May health attend
 On you—and Brander, your good friend,
 Who with joint kindness have combin'd
 To teach us how our fathers *din'd*:
 All in "the forme of Cury" told,
 As us'd in Richard's* days of old,
 When Cury, as it then was styl'd,
 With wise *avisement was compil'd*.

* Richard II.

Ever for services like these,
 May choicest *metes* and *potages*
 Attend your board and Master Pegge,
 (To whom I humbly make my leg,)
 Oh! that it were in Cury's powers,
 To lengthen out a life like your's ;
 I'm sure I'd search with anxious care,
 From end to end the bill of fare ;*
 Happily, if possible, the mess
 Wherein the secret lay to guess.

And should I miss it, I would try
 How I might best its place supply,
 And strive your appetite to please,
 With stranger meats or *sottleties*.†
 Besides, a cullis there should be,
 That special dish called mawmenee.‡
 (The *capons brown*, and *fesants*—these
 With my own fingers I would *teyse* ;
 And for the *grece* and sugar too,
 It should be white, I promise you.)
 Lampreys likewise in *Galyntyne*,
 And ypochas should be your wine,
 The *veel* or *motton* as you like,
 I would myself to *gobetts* strike ;
 And though I could not find for use
 The powder *fort* or powder *douce*,
 I'd take good care that ev'ry dish
 Was spic'd or sugar'd to your wish ;
 Like Richard's cook, were he alive,
 And you should eat and still survive.

* Table of contents.

† The dessert.

‡ An invigorating broth.

Eulogia similar to the above were not confined alone to the man who invented a dish ; they were more frequently bestowed on the eatable substance itself. The roast beef and plum pudding—" O, the roast beef of old England !"—have been whistled and sung since the days of pudding making and beef roasting have been known in this thrice happy isle ; nor have Scotia's sons forgotten the praise due to their oaten cake, crowdie, and " bannocks o' barley-meal ;" the haggis, a well known Scotch dish, the contents of which are embodied in a sheep's paunch, and consist in the original plain and undisguised form of oatmeal, suet, and onions, salt and pepper being the only condiments. So favourite and long-standing a dish is the haggis with our northern brethren, that though its celebrity has long been the topic of national commendation, it did not become the burden of poetic song till the immortal Burns selected it as a subject not unworthy of his " wood notes wild." He, however, has done it such ample justice, that we cannot refuse it a place among our *belly-gerent* articles of gastronomic eminence :—

Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding-race,

Aboon them a' ye tak' your place,
 Paunch, tripe, or thairm.
 Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
 As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wou'd help to mend a mill,
 In time o' need ;
 While thro' your pores the dews distil,
 Like amber bead.

His knife, see rustic labour dight,
 An' cut you up with ready slight,
 Touching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like onie ditch ;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin rich.

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
 Deil tak' the hinmost, on they drive,
 Till a' their swall'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld gudeman, maist like to ryve,
 Bethankit, hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragoût*,
 Or also that wad staw a sow,
 Or fricassee wad gar her spew,
 Wi' perfect sconner ;
 Looks down wi' sneering scornfu' view,
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a good whip lash,
 His nieve a nit ;
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whistle ;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sneg,
 Like taps o' thistle.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
 That jaups in luggies :
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *Haggis* !

For simplicity in its compilation, the Scotch haggis is not to be surpassed by any national dish in modern Europe ; and though not very inviting to those south of the Tweed, yet, in the mouth and estimation of a thorough-bred Caledonian, it would not be surrendered to the less digestible plum-pudding of the Christmas festivity. To a Scots epicure, the haggis has delights equal to the most luxurious dish of ancient Rome. It is capable of refinement, and when 'well made' by the hands of a bonnie Scots lassie, wha kens her domestic duties, it need never blush to show its "honest sonsie face," on any table within the British dominions.

After this, and the preceding poetical effusion in praise of curry, we deem it a favourable opportunity to lay before our readers a receipt to make the latter famous epicurean dish, and with

which, to add to its zest, we have been favoured by the inventor himself, who is beyond all praise for the excellence of the composition; which must ever stamp him as a veritable and worthy disciple of Apicius:—

THE FOLLOWING IS THE CURRY OF MR. ARNOT,
OF GREENWICH.

“*To make MY CURRY.*—Take the heart of a cabbage, that is, the very inside, and nothing but the inside, pulling off all the leaves ’till it is about the size of an egg; chop this very fine; two apples in thin slices; the juice of one lemon; half a tea-spoonful of black pepper; one tea-spoonful of Cayenne pepper; one *large* table-spoonful of *my* curry powder:*.—Mix these ingredients well together.—Now take six onions, that have been chopped fine and fried brown; a garlick-head, about the size of a nutmeg, chopped very fine; two ounces of fresh butter; two table-spoonfuls of flour; and one pint of strong beef or mutton gravy, and when these articles are boiling, add the former ingredients mixed, and let the whole be well stewed up together; if not hot enough, add Cayenne pepper; and now, add a fowl that has been roasted, and nicely cut up, or a rabbit, or some lean chops of pork or mutton, or a lobster, or the remains of yesterday’s boiled calf’s-head, or any thing else you

* Curry powder, to be bought at Apothecaries’ Hall, or at some high-cast druggists:—

Turmerick	8 ounces
Coriander seed	4
Cummin seeds	2
Fænigreek seeds	2

To be separately powdered and finely mixed.

may fancy, and you must have an exquisite curry fit for kings to partake of; mark, that in this way you may curry any thing—old shoes would even be delicious, some old oil-cloth, or stair-carpet, not to be found fault with—(gloves, if much worn, are too rich).—Oh! send it up warm—a warm-water dish is worth a diadem!”

“ Well, now for the rice—it should be put in water, (which water should be frequently changed), and should remain in the water half an hour at least; this both clears it and soaks it;—have your saucepan full of water (the larger the better), and when it boils rapidly, souse the rice in; it will be done in ten or fifteen minutes—strain it into a dish—wipe the saucepan dry—return the drained rice into the saucepan, and put it on a gentle fire for a few minutes, with a towel over it—every grain will be separate—and do not cover the dish.”

Conceiving that we ought not to be behind the ancients in gratitude to the ingenious refiners of any thing belonging to the *département de l'estomac*, we invite our readers to join chorus with us in the following

IMPROMPTU.

Muse, sing the man who did to Paris go,
That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know;
But sing still louder, and in bolder strain,
The man from Paris, who returned again
To taste this curry * * *

cætera desunt.

CHAPTER V.

DE RE CULINARIA—AND, FIRST, OF THE
COOK HIMSELF.

“ This favour'd artist ev'ry fancy tries,
To make in various figures, dishes rise ;
While dirty scullions, with their greasy fists,
Dive in luxurious sauces to the wrists.”

COOKERY, we are told, has an influence upon men's actions, even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his golden verses, shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he lays it down as one of his chief principles of morality, to abstain from beans. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to be concealed in turnips, as appears by the great Roman dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to take the command of the Roman army ; and having been victorious, returned to

his cottage : for when the Samnite ambassadors went thither to him, with a large bribe, and found him cooking a meal of turnips, they immediately went back with the following reply—“ that it was impossible for them to prevail upon one who could be contented with such a supper.”

In short, there are no honourable appellations, which may not be applied to cooks ; and it appears that, through the whole race of Charlemagne, the great cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies—so true, indeed, is the maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people ; namely, “ that there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field, and to set forth a magnificent entertainment, since the one was, as far as possible, to annoy your enemy, and the other to please your friend.”

To be brief—all who have not a due regard for the LEARNED, INDUSTRIOUS, MORAL, UPRIGHT, and WARLIKE profession of cookery, “ may they live,” says a very singular authority, whom we here quote,* “ as the ancient

* The Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, with some letters to Dr. Lister, and others ; by Edm. King, M.D.

inhabitants of *Puerte Ventura*, one of the Canary Islands, where they were so barbarous as to make the most contemptible person to be their butcher; they had likewise their meat served up raw, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience." Again, in his praise of the *sublime* art of cookery, the same authority exclaims, "I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family shall call up the children and servants, with 'Come, Miss Betty, how much have you got off of your art of cookery?' 'Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?' 'Miss Katey, are you no farther than King Henry and the Miller?' 'Yes, Madam, I am come to—

His name shall be enroll'd

In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.'

'Pray, mother, is that our Master Estcourt?'
 'Well, child, if you mind this, you shan't be put to your assembly's catechism next Saturday.'
 What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the butler out-learning the steward, and the pains-taking scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping housekeeper."

However, *seriatim*, the chief business of the

cook being to please the palate and the eye, and to render food easy of digestion, for the purposes of nutrition, which is to supply the continual waste of the animal body, these objects are best accomplished by the simplest process: for—

“ Where pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has rend’red his work complete ;
His glory far, like Sir Loin’s knighthood flies,
Immortal made, as Kit-cat by his pies.”

Unfortunately for mankind, many of the most salubrious intentions of food destined for the support of the human race are too frequently neglected. The sophistications introduced by modern cookery are frequently carried to the most extravagant pitch; and it seems almost to be forgotten, that it is by wholesome and plainly cooked aliments that our growth attains its proper period of perfection—that our limbs are strengthened—that those organs destined to the perfection of the senses are reanimated—and that it is from the juices contained in our food that the entire texture of our frail machine is formed.

Notwithstanding the high culinary eulogia paid to cooks, it would appear they have never been so fortunate, like the generality of man-

kind, as to please every body, or to maintain their credit every where. We are informed by Pliny, the eminent Roman historian, that in ancient days a cook was considered a base knave; but he is now a great man, in high request, a companion for a prince, and the rival of a gentleman, and his skill now ranks among the finest arts, and most noble sciences; but *ventre saint gris!* he still wears his brains in his belly.

“Happy the man that has each fortune try’d,
To whom she much has given and much deny’d,
With abstinence all *delicates* he sees,
And can regale himself with toast and cheese.

* * * * *

Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely rasher from the coals.”

This is plain, wholesome, and substantial living; and a mode in which all rational creatures ought to live. When it is recollected that it is to the chyle, which proceeds from our food, we are indebted for our blood, flesh, nerves, organs, and that all our senses owe their existence and sensibility to the blood, is it not then, a matter of some surprise, and of considerable regret, that so much pains should be taken to sophisticate the staff of life, by every art and invention that gourmands can suggest?

“Where invention labours to debauch the treat,
And whet the jaded appetite to eat.”

To return once more to *spit-head*; let us see in what estimation cooks were held by the Romans. The loss of these useful men were consecrated to posterity; with the Romans, it appears, that they participated in the honours rendered to the great men of the empire; from the destruction of which, and during a number of centuries, they only seemed to receive particular encouragement from some masters who knew how to appreciate their talents; history, at least, furnishes us with almost nothing respecting them; it is true, that on many other subjects our old chronicles are equally silent. But now we return again, as formerly, publicly to praise these culinary artists; and it is with pleasure we here give two letters which comparatively have not been long written, upon the author of those two excellent pies which constitute the delight of both worlds, the celebrated Courtois of Perigord, whose thread of life the fates cut too soon in the cultivation of an art which he practised with distinction and honour.

Ignoscenda quidem scirent si ignoscere manes.

“Whoever,” says Bruyere, “excels in an art, and gives it all the perfection of which it is capable, retires from it, in some measure, and becomes equal with that which is the most noble and exalted.”

“ Cæsar thought like Bruyere ; he even went farther ; and this great man, who would rather have been the first in a village, than the second in Rome, if it had been necessary, would likewise have preferred being the first cook than the second captain of the universe.

“ It will perhaps be seen that my object being to pay an eulogium to an illustrious pie-maker of the 18th century, it is going a little back, to come to the time of Cæsar and Bruyere ; but there is so little philosophy in this reputed eminent philosophical age, that it is full of prejudices, so that it is still much better to contend against its effects by authority than by reason.

“ It is doubtless to these prejudices that we are to attribute the silence which has been observed relative to the loss we have just experienced of this great man, whose works were *relished* throughout the universe—in a word, of Courtois, the illustrious author of the Perigord pies. He is dead ! and no one has come to throw flowers upon his tomb ; and oblivion seems already to have taken possession of his name ! How many great men unknown, for the want of an Homer ! It is not for me to be the Homer who ought to eternalize the memory of Courtois ; but, in the absence of talents, I will be more zealous than my fellow citizens,

for the glory of this famous artist. I will be more grateful than them for the enjoyments which he furnished me with ; I will recommend him to posterity ; I will endeavour to carry thither his name ;

“ ‘ Et, si de réussir je n’emporte le prix,
J’ai du moins l’honneur de l’avoir entrepris.’ ”

“ If Perigord be indebted for a great part of its fame to the truffles it produces, it must be acknowledged, that both Perigord and truffles owe the greatest part of their celebrity to the talents of Courtois. It was himself who made them worth what they are ;—it was he who discovered new relations between heterogeneous substances, who found a thousand learned and *succulent* combinations, which exalted their merit, which submitted them to a practical analysis infinitely superior to the most celebrated chemist of Europe ; it was Courtois who invented the art of making pies transportable under the Equator and to the Poles, and made with such exact nicety, that they always went on improving ; and their point of perfection exactly corresponded with the moment of their arrival at the extremities of the globe. Like those statues, which, seen close at hand, are hideous, become more beautiful in proportion as you recede from them,

and which, at a given point, are master-pieces of sculpture. In my opinion the discovery of the incorruptible and imperishable pies, is, at least, equal to that of water-proof cloth.

“O thou! whose charming verses in thy poem on gastronomy celebrate so well the enjoyments which a good meal procures, resume thy lyre, and sing our hero! Second him all ye who know the value of a good dinner, and of a delicious *viande*! Let gratitude inspire you, O ye whose wit, talents, and merit, would never have succeeded in the world, and who owe your rank, education, and fortune, to a timely-placed Perigord pie!

“Courtois perhaps might be celebrated for his civil and administrative virtues; he was long a municipal officer; he was a member of the National Guard; but I leave these concerns to others. *Arma togamque canant alii.*

“ ‘Pour moi, de ses pâtés conservant la mémoire,
C’est à ce titre seul que je chante sa gloire.’

(Signed) “APICIUS.”

Second Letter.

“To repair an injury, even an involuntary one, is the duty of every honest man. It was

not my intention, while scattering a few odorous flowers over the tomb of the famous pie-maker (Courtois) of Perigord, to strew the successful path of Madelaine Pressac, his daughter, with thorns. Some people, whose sensibility lies principally in the stomach, have participated in my regrets for the death of this celebrated man, and have felt them the more acutely, imagining that the secret of making good pies was buried with their author. Let, however, the modern Apicii console themselves;—man passes away; but the pies remain. For a length of time the confidant and joint labourer of her father, Mademoiselle Pressac was fundamentally acquainted with that part of culinary chemistry, which draws such wonderful benefit from truffles and partridges; by adding to the knowledge of Courtois himself all the delicacy which distinguishes her own sex, she will yet *excel* in his business; for, on this important point, I am fond of adopting the doctrine of perfectibility.

“ ‘ Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde,
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde ! ”

(Signed) “ APICIUS.”

The process of cookery, notwithstanding the great number of receipts, are but few. In some the chief object is to extricate the fluid or soluble

parts of the substance cooked; in others, to alter the nature of the substance itself, and often to combine both purposes. As, however, we do not purpose to lay down any general instructions on this subject, presuming that our *convives* will always find their dinners ready cooked to their hand, in a style that will by no means bring discredit on the Amphitryon or master of the house; and as it is not unfrequently more difficult to find an appetite than a dinner, a few words on the stomach and appetite may not here be irrelevantly served up.

CHAPTER VI.

STOMACH AND APPETITE.

THE stomach has frequently a great deal more laid to its charge than it is guilty of; for it is just as tractable as any other part of the system when well used, and is often considerably more indulgent. It certainly possesses the most exquisite sympathy, and is feelingly alive to all the injuries inflicted on any of its dependencies; but that it is either a pudding-bag* intended to be filled, or like a pair of saddle-bags, built for stowage, and to be crammed as full as it can hold, is a mistaken, and often a fatal notion.

The stomach then, anatomically and physiologically considered, for the want of a better simile, may not inappropriately be likened to a pair of

* See p. 49 of a clever little work by Dr. Stevenson, on Nervous Diseases.

Scotch bagpipes, which, having an entrance and an exit for the necessary quantity of air they ought to receive and contain, without being distended beyond their natural elasticity, it submits to the functions it has to perform with ease and harmony. In like manner, the stomach has its conducting tube (œsophagus) for the aliment it is destined to hold and digest; so also has it its common sewer or drain (the intestinal canal) through which all superfluous matter is carried away. By this succession of changes the health and strength of the animal economy is maintained.

Appetites are often capricious when left to the imagination; and the stomach, when accustomed to artificial stimuli, plays such fantastic tricks, “before high Heaven,” as not unfrequently make even gourmands themselves weep.

According to gastronomers, there are three sorts of appetite; two of which come more immediately under the consideration of the gourmand:—

1. That which we feel upon an empty stomach: a sensation so imperious, that it does not quibble much with the quality of the food offered to it, but which, at the sight of a ragout, makes the mouth water.

2. That which is felt when, sitting down to a dinner without being hungry, we taste some

succulent dish, which realizes the proverb, "appetite comes by eating;" and which may be compared to a husband whose lukewarm heart grows more kindly on the first caresses of his wife.

3. That appetite excited by some delusive viand, which makes its appearance towards the end of a meal, when, the stomach already satisfied, the temperate man is about to retire without reluctance. This may be typified by the gross desires of libertinage, which, although illusory, or feeding only in the mind, give rise nevertheless to some real pleasures.

A knowledge of stomachical metaphysics, ought to direct a skilful cook how to prepare the first, second, and third courses; the last of which usually consists of a ridiculous variety of wines, liquors, fruits, confectionary, &c., to feed the eye, to overcome the stomach, paralyze digestion, and seduce children of a larger growth, to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days, for the infantine though no less gourmand pleasure of tickling their palates with these new-fangled lollypops.

The stomach, nevertheless, though the mainspring of our system, ought not unnecessarily to engage more of our attention than is requisite to the due performance of its necessary functions,

and the maintenance of health, any more than it ought not, by any means to become a mere matter of secondary importance; because, if it be not sufficiently wound up to warm the heart and support the circulation, the whole business of life will be ineffectually performed; we can neither think with precision, sleep with tranquillity, walk with vigour, or sit down with comfort, if there be any thing wrong in the *vic-tualling* office. But let no man make so far a “god of his guts,” as to give them precedence of other equally paramount duties which he owes alike to himself and society.

Every *convive* will best know how to regulate his appetite, by the quality and quantity of the food his stomach is calculated to bear. The best rule is to leave off with an appetite; and the *bon vivant* will always prefer hilarity from wine, than heaviness from repletion.

If variety of food be at all necessary, it is from the mutual advantages which vegetable and animal food have in correcting each other. Whatever this variety may consist of, it does not appear that any inconvenience arises from their mixture, or difficulty of assimilation, provided a moderate quantity be taken at a time; and the quantity of nutriment in each, is either

absolute or relative—absolute, as regards the quantity it really contains, sufficient powers being given to extract it;—relative, with respect to the assimilating powers of those who use it.

CHAPTER VII.

CULINARY TECHNICALITIES.

It may happen in this as in all works of art, that there may be terms not sufficiently intelligible to common readers. The reader may not have a just idea of the import of the word *Amphitrion*, *convive*, *Parasite*, &c. The first implies the host, or father of the feast ; or, in other words, the person who invites ; and *convive*, or guest, the person invited. The last, or *Parasite*, we shall give some further explanation of as we proceed ; in the mean time, suffice it to say, that in plain English, at the present day, it means neither more nor less than what is generally understood by the word *spunger*, or *hunger-on*, a personage at times not very easily affronted, and of whom, at all times, it is not easy either to dispense with or to shake off. To be brief, we find such a being nowhere better described than in the following lines :—

“ There are some persons so excessive rude,
 That to your private table they’ll intrude.
 In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,
 Turn like a fox, they’ll catch you at the last.
 You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
 Even quit your house as in a pestilence.
 Be quick, nay, very quick, or he’ll approach,
 And as you’re scamp’ring, stop you in your coach.
 Then think of all your sins, and you will see,
 How right your guilt and punishment agree ;
 Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
 But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
 Now mark the effect of this prevailing curse,
 You are detained by something that is worse.
 Were it in my election, I should choose,
 To meet a rav’nous wolf, or bear got loose :
 He’ll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
 No quarter from the Parasite you’ll get ;
 But, like a leech, well fix’d, he’ll suck what’s good,
 And never part till satisfy’d with blood.”

 ANCIENT NAMES OF DISHES.

The reader may not have a just idea of *swolled mutton*, alluded to in Dr. King’s “ Art of Cookery,” which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the trouble of taking off the skin, to which he alludes in the following lines :—

“ ——— The greatest part of cooks
 Searching for truth, are cousen’d by its looks.
 One would have all things little, hence has try’d
 Turkey poults fresh’d, from th’ egg in batter fry’d :

Others, to shew the greatness of their soul,
 Will have your *mutton swol'd* and oxen whole.
 To vary the same things some think is art,
 By larding of hog's feet and Bacon tart,
 The taste is now to that perfection brought,
 That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault."

Bacon and filbert tarts are something unusual in this age of refined eating and drinking; but since *sprout tarts* and *pistachio tarts* are one and the same thing,* those who have a desire for them may easily know where to find them. As for grout, it is an old Danish dish, and claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh. A dwarf pie was prepared for King James the first, when Jeffery, his dwarf, rose out of one armed with his sword and buckler. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocras*, and *ambigues*† are known to all who exercise the culinary art in any extensive degree; yet *terrenes* are not so usual. These consist of a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties, after the

* Vide Salmon's Family Dictionary.

† "When straighten'd in your time and servants few,
 You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue* :
 Where first and second course, and your dessert,
 All in one single table have their part ;
 From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
 To find the jarring elements unite
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight."

Op. Cit. 67.

manner of an olio. A *surprise** is likewise a dish not very common, which, promising little from its first appearance, when open, abounds with all sorts of variety ; which cannot better be compared than to the fifth act of a comedy.

Lest *Monteth* vinegar, † *Thaliessen*, ‡ and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes, be it known that the first was a gentleman with a scolloped coat, that the second was one of the most ancient bards among the Britons, and the last, one of the most learned critics of his time.

Cooks, as well as poets, are ambitious to

* “ Meat forc’d too much, untouch’d at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish, some call *surprise*.”

Op. Cit.

† “ New things produce new words, and thus *Monteth*
Has by one vessel sav’d his name from death.”

Op. Cit.

‡ “ Our *Cambrian* fathers, sparing in their food,
First broil’d their hunted goats on bars of wood,
Sharp hunger was their seas’ning, or they took
Such salt as issu’d from the native rock.
Their sallading was never far to seek,
The poignant water-grass, or sav’ry leek ;
Until the British bards adorned this isle,
And taught them how to roast and how to boil :
Then *Thaliessen* rose and sweetly strung
The British harp, instructing whilst he sung.”

Art of Cookery, p. 85.

have all their words nicely chosen, and properly adapted; and no doubt they would feel the same regret to hear them mangled by persons of some rank and quality—for instance, were they (cooks) to hear a person say,—*Pray cut up that goose: help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover*; instead of using the proper terms—*Break that goose, push that chicken, spoil that hen, sauce that capon, mince that plover*. If people are so much out in common things, how much more would they be with bitterns, herons, cranes, and peacocks? But it is in vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend a helping hand to retrieve them.

SCENE FROM THE COMEDY CALLED “THE
LAWYER’S FORTUNE, OR LOVE IN A HOL-
LOW TREE.”

This old comedy has its peculiar embellishments; and as it is a poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the art of cookery, it may be acceptable, in this view, to many of our modern *bons-vivans*.

The play opens with a scene of good housewifery, where Favourite, the housekeeper,

makes the following complaint to the lady Bonona :—

“*Fav.* The last mutton killed was lean, Madam ; should not some fat sheep be brought in ?

Bon. What say you, *Letacre*, to it ?

Let. This is the worst time of the year for sheep ; the fresh grass makes ’em fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool ; they must be spared awhile, and *Favourite* must cast to spend some salt meat and fish : I hope we shall have some calves-feet shortly.”

What can be more agreeable to the art of cookery, where the author says—

“ But tho’ my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another’s appetite may whet ;
May teach him when to buy, when season past,
What’s stale, what’s choice, what’s plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste.”

In the second act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona’s son, the consummate character of the play, having, in the first act, lost his hawk, and consequently his way, benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow *Furiosa*’s, (which is exactly according to the rule, a prince who in a forest rides astray !)—where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair *Florida*, her daughter, working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair ; sack is called for : and, in the mean time, the good old gentle-

woman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white bottle, about a pint, and an old fashioned glass, which she fills and gives her mother, who drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, and he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table.

After a short time, the old lady cries out, "Well, 'tis my bed-time, but my daughter will shew you the way to yours, for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, on her retiring, behold the great judgment of the poet; she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have laid the goose to the fire; but here it is otherwise; for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast, when he modestly excuses himself with—"*Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already.*" The lady tells him a cold supper is better than none: so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but can't. Certainly Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly, for (according to the rule, *a widow has cold pie,*) though

Valentine, being love-sick, and could not eat, yet it was his fault and not the poet's. But when Valentine is to return that civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hospitable lady Bonona's, (who, by the by, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat, her attorney,) then affluence and dainties are to appear—

“Mangoes, potargo, champignon, caviare.”

And Mrs. Favourite, the housekeeper, makes the following important inquiries :—

“*Fav.* Mistress ! shall I put any mushrooms, mangoes, or bamboons, into the salad ?

Bon. Yes ; I prithee, the best thou hast.

Fav. Shall I use ketchup, or anchovies, in the gravy ?

Bon. What you will.”

But, however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it with “Well, gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short dinner ? I promise you it shan't be long.” It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild fowl. There was at least one pheasant in the house, of which

Valentine told his mother the morning before. “Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant cock, that, after my hawk seized, made head as if he would have fought, but my hawk plum’d him presently.”

Now, it is not reasonable to suppose that Valentine, lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman, under that concern, would have any stomach to it for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things—there is nothing permanent, for one Mrs. Candia, making (though innocently,) a present of a hawk to Valentine, Florida, his mistress, becomes jealous, resolves to leave him and run away with an odd sort of a fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, “His master, to shew the trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;” and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl. So we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of wild fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it did its misfortunes stop here. But the cruel beauty, refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Letacre, the steward, to *brush off*, and quit his habitation. However this turned out, whether

Letacre did not believe his young master to be sincere, and Valentine, just before, having threatened to kick the housekeeper, for being too fond of him, and his boy being a greenhorn, and inexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one scene interposed before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint arts of *poetry* and *cookery* are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion of anything to be seen among the moderns; *Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish*, is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his mother's and housekeeper's extravagancy, as was stated before, in their mushrooms, mangoes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *bread without cheese*, and having no other drink than *water*. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back, and a wallet, find themselves in a walk of confused trees, where an owl hoots, a bear and leopard stalk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in, where Valentine addresses his boy in the following lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:—

“ Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
Let's here repose our wearied limbs till they more wearied be.

Boy. There's nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese—what shall we do for bread ?

Val. When we have slept, we will seek out
Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

Boy. But no drink, Master ?

Val. Under that rock a spring I see,
Which shall relieve thy thirst and me.”

Thus the act concludes ; and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who it seems had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the music was playing, and longer. But to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call catastrophe, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, “ I doubt I have offended him too much, but I'll attend him home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths, anoint his limbs, and be a nurse, a tender nurse to him.” Nor do blessings come alone ; for the good mother, having refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, to get the best entertainment she ever provided—to consider what she has, and what she wants—and to get all ready

in a few hours: and the whole is wound up with a dance and a wedding.

There is, we believe, scarcely anything more of a piece, than this comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give us a play where there is a prospect of good meat, or of good wine, stirring in every act of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

COOKERY AND POETRY.

WE have already observed, that cooks, like poets, are fond of *flowery* materials; and that they like to harmonize their subjects in the most glowing language and phrases, not often diverted of simile and metaphorical beauty. Neither do we find that it proceeds from any enmity of the cooks, but rather it is the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited to dinner. This, however, we will be bound to say, even in the presence of Mr. Southey, or any other poet-laureat who has preceded him, that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; with the single exception that between four and five o'clock, the former is more substantial.

A supper has been known to make the most

diverting part of a comedy. Mr. Betterton, in *The Libertine*, has sat very gravely with the leg of a chicken, and Jacomo has been seen very merry, eating heartily of peas and buttered eggs, under the table. The host, in *The Villain*, who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when, from the crown of his hat, he produces his cold capon; so Amaryllis, or, rather, Parthenope, in *The Rehearsal*, with her wine in her spear, and her pie in her helmet; and the cook that slobbers his beard with sack posset, in *The Man's the Master*, have made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from an imitation of the ancient poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlic, in his third Epode. The supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire about the price and dressing of a simple fish, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

Among poets, it is agreed that episodes are to be interwoven in their poems with the greatest nicety of art; and it is the same with a good table, where a very good episode has been made, (if we may so term it,) by sending out the leg of a goose or the gizzard of a turkey to be broiled; though it is known that critics, who generally are blessed with the very best of stomachs, have been offended that the unity of action has been so far broken; and yet, as in our plays, so at our common tables, many episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of salads, seasoning the inside of a sirloin of beef, breaking lobsters' claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and other materials of a comestible nature.

A poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he possess some knowledge of the art of cookery, and the progress of it. For instance, would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great commanding his cannon to be mounted, and ordering red hot bullets to be thrown out of his mortar pieces? Equally the same would it be when Statira, talking of tapestry hangings, which, all the learned know, were, many

years after her death, first hung up in the hall of King Attalus? What audience could endure to hear Falstaff complain of having dirtied his stockings, or Anne Boleyn calling for her coach, when every school boy, who has read an abridgment of the history of his own country, knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her coach, or wore silk stockings? Neither can a poet put hops in an Englishman's drink, before heresy made its appearance among us; nor can he serve him with a dish of carps before that time. As well might he give King James the First asparagus on his arrival in London, which, it is well known, was not brought into England till many years after this event; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catherine with a sugar-loaf, when it would have been as easy to have presented her with a diadem of equal magnitude, &c.

On the contrary, however, it would shew the reading of a poet to some advantage, were he to put a turkey cock or hen upon a table in a tragedy; and it would be even now advisable in Hamlet, instead of the painted truffles used, and in all probability would give more satisfaction to the actors; for, it is reported by Diodorus Siculus, that the sisters of Meleager or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were

turned into hen turkies, from whence proceeds their stateliness of gait, reserve in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, as well as in all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a comedy, seeing that melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language; and a fair lady has been known to say, that if by any accident she found herself upon a strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she might for once be able to sup upon sack posset and a fat capon.

To conclude—our greatest dramatico-poetic author, Mr. Dryden, has made the mysteries of cookery subservient to his art, in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, and the other a comedy, in which he has shown his greatest skill, and proved himself most successful, namely, in his comedy of *All for Love* :—

“ Fops may have leave to level all they can,
 As pigmies would be glad to top a man ;
 Half wits are fleas, so little and so light,
 We scarce could know they live but that they bite.
 But as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
 For change become their next poor tenant's guests :
 Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,
 And snatch the homely rasher from the coals :

So you, returning from much better cheer,
 For once may venture to do penance here ;
 And since that plenteous autumn now is past,
 Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste ;
 Take in good part from our poor poet's board,
 Such shrivell'd fruits as winter can afford .”

Prologue in “ All for Love.”

How fops and fleas should come together cannot well be accounted ; but no doubt his ale, rasher, grapes, peaches, and shrivelled apples might pit, box, and gallery it well enough.

His prologue to *Sir Martin Marall* is such a piece of exquisite poetry, that we cannot resist giving that also :—

“ Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
 Are yet the great regalias of a play ;
 In which to poets you but just appear
 To praise that highest which cost them so dear.
 Fops in the town more easily will pass,
 One story makes a statutable ass ;
 But such in plays must be much thicker sown,
 Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
 Observing poets all their walks invade,
 As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade ;
 And when they have enough for comedy,
 They 'stow their several bodies in a pie.
 The poet's but the cook to fashion it,
 For, gallants, you yourselves have found the wit ;

To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong,
None welcome those who bring their cheer* along."

The image here is so extremely lively, that one may almost think they see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock pie in the other.

Cooks seem to have been persons of consequence in the households of our princes. Witness the manor of Adington, given by the Conqueror to his cook, and still held by the service of presenting the king at his coronation with a dish of plum water gruel, called *de la groute*, for the making of which there is the recipe preserved in some of the public offices. The dress is likewise stated; it is a laced *bib* and *apron*. Though that part of the ceremony on the installation of Knights of the Bath, where the master cook threatens to cut off the spurs of any knight who shall misbehave, seems rather to degrade the office. The master cook is, we also believe, the executioner for cutting off the hand of any person who shall strike another within the verge of the court.

In some extracts from the books of account in the chest of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Sandwich, A.D. 1596, among the expenses of

* Some critics read it *chair*.

entertaining the Mayor with a dinner upon St. Bartholomew's day, is the following item :—

“ For turnynge the spytte, iiiid.”

EVENING PRAYER OF A HALF-STARVED HUNGRY POET.

Ye deities, who rule the forests, woods, vales, and fountains, I am so weak, thin, miserable, and emaciated a being, that, notwithstanding it be enjoined by my religion, I scarcely dare offer up my prayer and converse with ye ; for with difficulty I can persuade myself that, from the recesses of your sylvan caves, ye would deign to listen to my little squeaking voice, and pay daily attention, in the midst of the groves and nymphs by which ye are surrounded, to a being who does not stand higher than five feet and an inch. I have, nevertheless, sometimes proudly flattered myself that ye have vouchsafed to notice me, particularly since I have placed myself in the ranks of men who speak *the language of the gods* ; for thus it has been agreed upon to call poetry, which, indeed, is a sublime language, because, in the composition of it, sonorous words and extraordinary turns of phrases are employed ; but I think that ye have never

used a similar language. On the other hand, when I reflect that ye never payed any heed to the great crowd of men who lived upon the earth—to my brother poets, Hesiod, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Corneille, and Racine, who spoke the *language* in question a hundred times better than I do, I feel at once confused and humbled. But should ye, in your great greatness, deign to take some interest in my insignificant, hungry, and helpless condition, I beg ye never, to a certain point, to deprive me of common sense, although it be said that such a qualification is not absolutely necessary in the starving trade which I have the misfortune to follow. Grant me such a command of ideas and words, beef-steaks, mutton-chops and caper sauce, that I may have no occasion to hunt, day and night, with a hungry belly, for hemistiches and lack of rhymes, without, often, being able to find good ones, which is the very reason that I am often more unfortunate than if I were actually working in the mines, quarries, and plantations. I beg of ye to inspire me from time to time with some new subjects, that I may not be obliged to fag in the paths previously trodden and rendered threadbare by others; and that I may cease to repeat, as I have often done, and continue to do, even to disgust, that which has been said,

whistled, and sung, a thousand times before. Give me strength patiently to support the calamities of poetic life; the malignity, but more frequently the ignorance and bombast of bad critics, as well as the severity and truth of just ones—the fall and other accidents which people of my precarious calling are heir to. Grant also that I may neither become inflated with pride, nor crack my skin with joy, on the least triumph I may obtain. Grant also that the intestine war, so long carried on, under the superintendence of Æolus, between my little guts and large ones, may cease; and that the wrinkles and collapsed sides of my stomach may be shaken out and distended with some of the good things of this life, of which it has long and patiently been deprived.

Ye rural deities, the friends of poets, authors, and beggars, I am now going to sleep—let me crave your pardon for that my whole day's work amounts only to a score of heroics or Alexandrines, which I have read to every one I met—which certainly annoyed them not a little, at least so I thought. I wish I had a more profitable occupation, that I might 'live and laugh like other folks,' though I feel I never could find in my heart to renounce my little talent, which is, indeed, not only with me, but with my brother

rhapsodists also, an incurable disease. I implore ye not to damn me for this, any more than my brethren, sons of Apollo, who, in truth, in this nether world, are suffering the pains and penalties of purgatory by the uneasiness they occasion themselves on the Macadamized streets of London, smooth as they are, on their way to immortality. Grant them, in the mean time, as well as myself, the means of living quietly upon the earth, where we are almost always scouted, badly lodged, hungry, naked, and little better than wandering vagabonds, like our chief the divine Homer, (there he goes *with his eye out!*) who had the misfortune, with all these ills, to be blind into the bargain. Pardon me, should I even do twenty foolish things, daily, in speaking emphatically of *virtue, wisdom, humanity, beneficence, and greatness of mind*, and other very magnificent things, which I seldom make use of, unless for rhyming, and, above all, for the sake of my belly.

Grant me, over and above all these blessings, a quiet, sound, and refreshing sleep; and prevent me from dreaming as I continually do, till roused with the *mulligrubs*, about the nine maids, the three graces, Venus, Cupid, Minerva, Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, Hebe, Ganymede, Diana, Pan, the Dryades, and Hamadryades, the fawns, wood-

nymphs, zephyrs, Aurora, the siege of Troy, Scamandra, the Greeks, Romans, &c. all things of which I am obliged, from time to time, to speak in my poems. Turn me away from false gods, which often lead me astray from the true ones, as I only think of ye when I do not dream; although I firmly depend upon immortality, not only in my quality as a poet, but in that of my faith as a Christian. Like the gentle and refreshing breezes of a summer-morn, waft me, I beseech ye, among the savoury zephyrs of a cook's-shop, and that, while I inhale the grateful odours arising from the steam of rounds of beef boiled, ribs of ditto roasted, legs and shoulders of mutton, in varied forms, *kebobbed, surprised, à la Turc, hashed, harricoed, or ragoed*, I may be allowed to dip, be it only a sop, into the more substantial parts of them without being confined to the mere fumes of the holocauste. Vouchsafe, I entreat ye, to find me food for my rhymes, and rhymes for my food, that, while I am singing for the one, I may not be whistling for the other; but that both may come, spontaneously and without effort, to cheer my solitary, sombre, and *musing* life; and that I still may live to increase in favour with Parnassus, and ever be a welcome guest at every man's table, to sing your praises in strains of grateful melody, enough to captivate

a host of Amphytrions, whose favour and protection may I constantly enjoy, to secure me from the worst of all the ills in life, *a hungry belly*, without a friend to take me by the hand, or ask me to dinner, is the humble, but not hopeless, prayer of

TIMOTHY WILDNOTE.

Grub Street,* A. D. 1829.

* Mention is often made of Grub-street writers and Grub-street publications; but the terms are little understood; though by many they are supposed to imply that the writer writes or wrote for GRUB, as the publisher publishes, or has published, for a *quant. suff.* of the same material. The following historical fact, however, will set all this to right:—"During the usurpation, a prodigious number of seditious and libellous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people, and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were from time to time published. The authors of these were, for the most part, men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the most obscure parts of the town—Grub-street (as now) abounded with mean and old houses, which were let out in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was the publishing anonymous treason and slander. One of the original inhabitants of this street was Fox the Martyrologist, who, during his abode there, wrote his *Acts and Monuments*. It was also rendered famous by having been the dwelling place of Henry Welby, a gentleman, of whom it is related, in a printed narrative, that he lived there forty years without being seen of any."—*Anecdotes, Miscell. of Dr. Johnson and others.*

CHAPTER IX.

ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS BOOK.

The following curious extracts of letters from Dr. King to Dr. Lister and others, will, doubtless, amuse our readers.

“ I have just now met with a surprising happiness, a friend, that has seen two of Dr. Lister’s works, one *De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio*, an exercitation of sea and river shell-fish. ‘ In which,’ he says, ‘ some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* and *spermatic vessels* of a *snail*, delineated by a microscope, the omentum or caul of its throat, its fallopean tube, and its *subcrocean testicle*, which are things, Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, *de Opsoniis sive condimentis sive arte coquinaria libri decem*, being ten books of soups and sauces, and the art of cookery, as it is excellently printed for the doctor, who, in this important affair, is not sufficiently communicative.’ ”

This curious book is thus further described by the same hand.

“ I some days ago met with an old acquaintance, of whom I inquired if he had seen the book concerning soups and sauces? He told me he had, but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me some account of it. He says that it is a very handsome octavo, for, ever since the days of Ogilvy, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious and brighten up an author strangely.* That there is a copious index; and at the end a catalogue of all the doctor's works, concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders, that get up into the air, and throw us down cobwebs; a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is it seems no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one Humelbergius, who, as my friend says, he does not believe continued it himself, because the things

* A *fine cut*, truly, at the book-makers and booksellers of the present day, ourselves excepted.

are so very much out of his way, that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor, *that whatever manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being writ out by the cooks themselves, or some of their friends, or servants, who are not always the most accurate.** And then, as my friend observed, if the cook had used it much, it might be sullied, the cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the state, to order a select *scrivenir* to inscribe *receipts*, lest ignorant women and housekeepers should impose upon future ages, by ill-spelled and incorrect receipts—for potting lobsters, or pickling of turkeys. Coelius Apicius, it seems, passes for the author of this treatise, whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred by Seneca and the stoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages, but then were introduced as being a help to physic, to which a learned

* Prophetic words, if we look at the number of cookery books and flummery receipts now in the market.

author, called Donatus, says, that the *kitchen is a handmaid*. I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the ancients, that, by a very good author, an old gentleman is introduced as making use of three doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merri-man. They are reported to be excellent physicians, and if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

“ It seems, as my friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republic, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, *to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating*, and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of omelets and pancakes. Nor were emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold *receipts*. The last of which emperors had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, sprawns, and lobsters; and these sausages being mentioned by the author, which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments, the learned doctor irrefragably maintains that the book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after

the death of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new soup, might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for discovering some new continent.

“ My friend, says the editor, tells us of unheard of dainties: how Esop had a supper of the tongues of birds that could speak; and that his daughter regaled on pearls, though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar for his heir's drinking; how Veditius Pollio fed his fish-ponds with human flesh; and how Cesar bought ten thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper. The editor, he says, equally proves to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by the physicians, and that the *recipe* was taken by the cook, as the collegiate doctors would do their prescriptions to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the western empire; and that

by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without additional sauces, which the physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by excessive luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's book on endive, Glaucus Lorrensis on cow-heel, Mithæcus on hotchpotch, Dionysius on sugar sops, (*quere* lollypops), Agis on pickled broom buds, Epinetus on sack posset, Euthedemus on apple dumplings, Hege-sippus on black pudding, Crito on soused mackerel, Stephanus on lemon cream, Architus on hog's harslet, Acestius on quince marmalade, Hicesius on potted pigeons, Diocles on sweet-breads, and Philistion on oat cakes, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius, whose receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor.

“Latinus Latinius finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, the ancients used no

pepper; whereas all, or at least five or six hundred, of Apicius's delicacies were seasoned with it: for we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, or that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink; and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley seed, marshmallows, or nettles, with our common meal, or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisons, mustard and oil, rue, mastich, and cardamums, strewed promiscuously over our dinner, when it comes to table.

“It is said, that Papirius Petus was the patron of custard; that the Tetrapharmacon, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock, and udder, with a bread pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for among the physicians.

“This work, ascribed to Apicius, is divided into ten books; the first of which treats of soups and pickles, and, amongst other things, shows that saucepans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of bitters in the morning; that the ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as

now used, with spice and sugar, is pernicious ; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato ; that brawn was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as wonderful : its sauce then was mustard and honey, before the frequent use of sugar. Nor were soused hog's feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to those ages. It is not improbable they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicacy only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether the Romans introduced it into Britain : and it is strange he should take no notice of it ; whereas he has recorded, that they did not eat hare's flesh, that the ancients used to *marinate* their fish by frying them in oil, and the moment they were taken out, poured boiling vinegar over them.

“ The learned annotator of the work in question (Hemelbergius) observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters, is by laying the deep shell downwards, and that by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius, when in Parthea — a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester, and in barrelling oysters, with the greatest success.

What fortunes might not Brawn and Loc-

ket* have made in those days when Apicius, only for boiling of kale (sprouts) in a new way, deservedly got into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies?

“ The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for condiments, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts; the second embraces a glorious subject—namely, of sausages, with or without skins, and contains matter no less remarkable than the former. The ancients, who were delicate in their eating, prepared their own mushrooms with amber, or, at least, with a silver knife; where the annotator elegantly shows against Hardoinus, that the whole knife, and not the handle, was of amber or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious.

“ The third book treats of such eatables as are produced in gardens.

“ The Romans used nitre to make their herbs look green. The annotator, however, shews our saltpetre to differ from the ancient nitre. Apicius had a way of mincing them with oil and salt, and thus boiling,—a mode, which Pliny recommends. But the present receipt is

* A celebrated cook succeeded by his son, whom he instructed in the culinary art, which he had brought to great perfection.

to let the water boil well, throw in salt and a bit of butter, by which simple process, not only sprouts but spinage will look green.

“ There is a most extraordinary observation made by the editors of this work, which we trust will not meet with universal suffrage, that it is a vulgar error, that walnut trees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys to get the fruit down, the walnut tree being so very high that they could not otherwise reach it; rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears.

“ As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners; and that at Ravenna, three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty; that cucumbers are apt to rise on the stomach, unless pared or boiled, with oil, vinegar, and honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule with them, to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper; that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them; that beets are good for smiths, because by

working at the fire, they are generally costive ; that Petronius has recorded a little old woman, who sold the *Agreste olus* of the ancients, an honour which it is presumed is as much due in our days to those who cry up nettle-tops, elder buds, and clover, in spring time, to be very wholesome.

“ The fourth book contains the universal art of cookery.

“ As Mathæus Sylvaticus composed the pandects of physic, and Justinian those of law, so Apicius has done the pandects of his art, in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *salacacaby* of Apicius : e. g.

“ Bruise in a mortar, parsley seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisons stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine, put them into a *cacabulum*,* three crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat stones, Vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small—pour soup over it,

* “ This *cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe to send to table upon that occasion, might be a bed-pan.”—Art of Cookery, p. 105.

garnish it with snow, and send it up in the *cacabulum*.

“ There are some admirable remarks in the annotations to the second chapter, concerning the dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, chats or Beccificos, oysters and redwings, a work that ought to have been published; for the same annotator observes, that this island is not destitute of redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and, therefore, seldom brought fat to our tables; that the chats come to us in April, and breed, and, about autumn, return to Africa; that experience shows us, they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberts, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British hospitality.

“ There is also a curious observation concerning the diversity of Roman and British dishes; the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufreys, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies: the latter in spareribs, sirloins, chines, and barons; and thence our terms of art, both as to dressing and carving, became very different; for they, lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors, when they sat upon forms, used to do. But

since the introduction of cushions and elbow chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, there is reason to presume we are now not far behind them. Though, hitherto, in some respects, we have been somewhat behind; as few of us have seen a dish of capons' stones at table (lamb stones are allowed us by the learned annotator), for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning off their spurs, which, occasioning their sterility, makes them capons in effect, though those parts thereby become more large and tender.

“ The fifth book treats of peas porridge, under which are included frumerty, water-gruel, milk porridge, rue, milk, flummery, stirabout (burgoo), and the like. The Latin, or rather Greek name is *ausprios*, though it was entitled Pantagruel, a name used by Rabelais, an eminent French physician and wit. There are some very remarkable things in it, as that the Emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but spoon-meat at supper; that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes, that it is not used in our kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has, and that it is plainly

a physical diet, that will give a stool, and that, mixed with oats, it is the best purge for horses—an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost—for what the lord did not eat, he might send to his stable.

“The sixth book treats of wild fowl—how to dress ostriches, the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion of any bird, phewroptuces, parrots, &c.

“The seventh treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and, therefore, chiefly concerning hog-meat, in which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbade the use of hog’s-harslet, sweet-breads, cheeks, &c. at their public suppers. And Cato, when censor, sought, in several of his orations, to restrain the extravagant use of brawn; so much regard was had then to the art of cookery, that we see it occupying the thoughts of the wisest men, and bearing a part in their most important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin sow, especially of the black kind, brought from China; and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and petti-toes, and to vary her into those fifty dishes which Pliny says were generally made of that delicious creature! Galen, besides, tells us more

of its excellencies, where he says, ‘that fellow that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef, or bag pudding in the parish!’

“The eighth book treats of such dainties as four-footed beasts afford us; as

“*1st.* The wild boar, which they used to boil with all its bristles on.

“*2ndly.* The deer, dressed, with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, &c.

“*3rdly.* The wild sheep, of which there are innumerable in the mountains of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, that will let nobody handle them; but if they are caught, they are sent up with an elegant sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in the form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, parsley-seed, juniper, thyme, dried, mint, pennyroyal, &c., with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you.

“*4thly.* Beef, with onion sauce, and commanded by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarcely knew how to make oxen; and powdering tubs were in very few families; for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise

Galen would scarcely have found out that young foxes were in season in autumn.

“*5thly.* The sucking pig, boiled in paper.

“*6thly.* The hare, the chief of the Roman dainties, its blood being the sweetest of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellency. Though the emperors and nobility had parks to fatten them in, yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable.

“ But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter, and that was the dormouse, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for these poor creatures—some to be boned, others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into hog’s guts, and so boiled for sausages. In ancient times people made it their business to fatten them. Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial, from thence, too poetically tell us, that sleep was their only nourishment. But the annotator has cleared up that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds

that it does not sleep all the winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast rolls itself up in a ball to sleep.

“ This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years’ time ; but whether other dormice do so, is not known, because Bambou-selbergius’s treatise of the mode of fattening dormice is lost. Though very costly, they became a common diet at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with poppies and honey, which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl pie to such as want a nap after dinner.

“ The fondness of the Romans became at length so excessive for dormice, that, according to Pliny, the censorian laws, and Marcus Scaurus, in his consulship, got them prohibited from public entertainments. But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment ; we therefore find them, long after, brought to table, in the times of Ammianus Marcellanus, who likewise tells us, that *scales were brought to table in those ages to weigh curious fishes, birds, and dormice, to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, perhaps*

to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occasion to show off the great use scales would be at the tables of our nobility, especially on the serving up of a dish of wild fowl; *for if twelve larks* (says he) *should weigh below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and scarcely tolerable; if twelve, and down weight, they would be very well; but if thirteen, they would be fat to perfection.* Hence we see on how nice and exact a balance the science of eating depends!

“ I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, of such exactness and such dainties, and told my friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that if the annotator had not prescribed his dormouse, I should on the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

“ My friend said, there remained but two books more, one of sea and the other of river fish; in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him, almost as much as my patience.

’Tis true, in a long work soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep;

Especially when treating of dormice.

“The ninth book is concerning sea-fish; where amongst other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and been retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon, impatient, got on shipboard the same day; and having suffered much at sea, at length arrived on the coast. But the fame of so great a man’s arrival had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their best lobsters. He asked them if they had none larger; they replied, that the sea produced none more excellent than those they had brought. This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took the pet, and told the master of the vessel to return home with him immediately; and so it seems Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before.

“There are many receipts in this book to dress cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcontrel, or many-feet; the sea-urchin, or hedge-hog, with several others, with sauces agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the ancients often ate their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs,

minced, over their sprats, as we do now over our salt fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings. It seems the ancients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another; so as at Petronius's supper, the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild fowl of all sorts, in appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bythnia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook. The king was extremely fond of fresh herrings; but being far up in Asia from the sea-coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his cook contrived some sort of meat, which being put into a frame, so resembled a herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to the prince's eyes and taste. My friend told me that, to the honour of the city of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there, that is, a herring, or rather a salmagundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprised him. He says, many of this species may be often had at the Sugar-loaf in Bell-yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton ale, and not costing above sixpence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty.

“The tenth book is concerning of fish sauces, which consist of a variety of ingredients; among

which is generally a kind of frumerty. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they throw them alive into the water, which is said to be a Dutch receipt, but which, in fact, was derived from the Romans.

“ It seems that Seneca, the philosopher, (a man from whose morose temper cookery could derive but little benefit) in his third book of natural questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they could not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, for it might taste of the sea, as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to make way for them. It was usual for a Roman to say, ‘ *In other matters I may confide in you, but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence; I will trust nothing but my own eyes; bring the fish hither, let me see him breathe his last;*’ and when the poor fish was brought to table, swimming and gasping, would cry out, ‘ *Nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!*’ My friend, says the annotator, looks upon these as *jests* made by the Stoics, and spoken *absurdly and beyond nature;*

though, at the same time, he tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but to bring them to market just as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great example; but I believe our Britons need wish their friends no longer life than till they see London served with live herrings and gasping mackerel. 'Tis true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off, and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons take the opportunity of jumping after they are floured, giving occasion to the admirable remark on some persons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend said that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, that those who, amongst the Sybarites, would fish for eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes. I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him that nothing would be more acceptable to me than the mention of the *Sybarites*, of whom I shortly intend a history, shewing how they deservedly

banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths, for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose leaves he lay on was ruffled; how they taught their horses to dance, and so their enemies coming against them with guitars and harpsichords, set them so on their round O's and minuets, that the order of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Goldman, Littleton, and several good authors affirm. I told my friend I had much overstaid my hour; but if at any time he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner, of a few but choice dishes to cover the table at once, which, except they should think of any better, should be a *salacacaby*, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenances, with a suitable electuary, a ragout of capons' stones, and some dormouse sausages."

CHAPTER IV.

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON THE ORIGIN OF
DENTISCALPS, OR TOOTHPICKS.

It is generally supposed by those most conversant in the philosophy of the mouth, that the use of dentiscalps are of great antiquity, and that their origin was first dictated by instinctive Nature, which, in cases of emergency, is the best preceptress.

The Egyptians, it is well known, were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations—they searched into all the springs of action; and though their superstition must be condemned, posterity cannot do otherwise than applaud their inventions. This people had a vast district that worshipped the crocodile, which is an animal, whose jaws

being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth ; and his habitation and business lying most in the water, he like our modern Dutch whitsters in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals ; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are *serrate*, or like a saw,—to this end, nature has provided an animal called the Ichneumon, which performs this office, and is thus maintained by the product of his own labour.

Seeing such an useful sagacity in the crocodile, which they so much revered, they soon began to imitate it—great examples easily drawing the multitude—so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth and wash their mouth after eating and drinking.

In Marsham's *Dynasties*, nor in the fragments of Manethon, it does not appear which year of the moon, (for it is presumed that the Egyptian years were lunar, that is, but of a month, or twenty-eight days' duration) so venerable an usage first came into fashion,—it being the fault or oversight of great philologists to omit such things as are most material.

Whether Sesostris, in his extensive conquests, might have extended the use of dentiscalps, that is, of toothpicks, is as uncertain, for the glorious actions of those ages lie very much in the clouds of obscurity. It is very probable, however, that their use came in about the same time that the Egyptians adopted juries. In the preface to the third part of "Modern Reports" it will be seen, that the Chaldees had a great esteem for the number twelve, because there were so many signs of the zodiac; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and from the latter to the Greeks, where Mars himself was tried for murder and acquitted.

Now, it does not appear on record, or on any stone, hitherto seen or found, whether the jury *clubbed*, that is, whether they made a 'Yorkshire reckoning,' or that they were treated by Mars to a dinner, though it is most likely he did; for he was but a quarrelsome and pugnacious sort of a person, and, withal, though acquitted, might be as wranglesome sort of a personage even as Count Coningsmark.

Now the custom, ancient enough, forsooth, of juries dining at an eating house, and having glasses of water brought them, with toothpicks

tinged with vermilion might still be continued ; why may it not be supposed, that the toothpicks were as ancient as the dinner, the dinner as the juries, and the juries, at least, as the grandchildren of Metzraim ? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had occasion for skewers instead of goosequills. The blind bard is very tedious in describing a smith's anvil and forge ; whereas he might have been more polite in setting out the toothpick-case, or painted snuff-box of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them.

And here we cannot but consider, that Athens in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in the height of its empire, from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing to equal the Royal Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and toy-shops ; neither had their senate any thing, to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe, like *raffling* sometimes at Colonel Parsons's.

Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffree blacks have very fine teeth, yet it does not appear that they made use of any such an instrument, as a toothpick ; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyssinian

Empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame.

Dr. Heylin says, in the third book of his cosmography, that the Chinese eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; and do not touch it at all with their hands: consequently, they are not very great soilers of linen. This, however, is contradicted by Dr. King, in his treatise of forks* and napkins. The use of silver forks, among us, came from China into Italy, and thence into England; although gastronomers have not agreed on this subject. For the first use of these sticks is not so much to save linen, as, from pure necessity, arising from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality, and, at the present day, with almost idlers of every quality, wear at a

* Knives and forks make a curious article in Tom Coriat, who says, his familiar friends scrupled not to call him *Furcifer*, for using a fork. *Fines Morrison*, in his travels, advises leaving off the fork in England, as being a piece of refinement or foppery. The following is the passage:—"Also, I admonish him, after his return home, to renew his old friendships: and, as soldiers in a good commonwealth, when the warre is ended, to return to the works of their calling, (like the followers of Mercury as well as of Mars,) so that he returning home, lay aside the spoone and fork of Italy, the affected gestures of France, and all strange apparell: yea, even those manners, which with good judgement he allows, if they be disagreeable to his countrymen."

prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others: and, therefore, if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with these talons; and there is good authority to suppose that in the East, and especially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no sort of use but for their own sort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But of what use would these sticks be in carving a turkey, or a round of beef? Our forks, therefore, are of quite a different shape—the steel ones being bidental, and the silver ones generally tridental, which leaves reason to suppose that they are as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former are appointed to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune.

It is certain that Pedro della Valle, a famous Italian traveller, carried his knife and fork with him to the East Indies; and he gives an account that at the court of an Indian prince, he was admired for his neatness in that respect, and his care in wiping both, before he returned them to their respective repositories.*

* Dr. King, in his "Art of Cookery," in a letter to Dr. Lister, observes, "I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his modern learning, would shew us how much we are im-

THE ORIGIN OF FORKS AT TABLE.

THE use of forks at table did not prevail in England till the reign of James I., as we learn

proved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of modern learning, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own pudding; as likewise of silver and gold knives, brought in with the desert, for carving jellies and orange butter; and the indispensable necessity of a silver knife at the sideboard, to mingle salads with, as is, with great learning, made out in a treatise, called *acetaria*, concerning dressing of salads—a noble work! but I transgress; and yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians—

“ ‘ Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,’

that it was a sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion: nay, I believe, that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh-Necho could have had no true *lenten porridge*, nor any carrier's sauce to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull Inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

“ ‘ Take seven spoonfuls of spring water, slice two onions of moderate size, into a large saucer, and put in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, and serve it up. *Probatum est.* Hobson, Carrier to the University of Cambridge.’

“ The effigies of that worthy person remain still at that Inn; and I dare say, not only Hobson, but old Birck, and many others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the Pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it.”

from a remarkable passage in Tom Coryat. The reader will laugh at the solemn manner in which this important discovery or innovation is related.

“ Here I will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custom in all those Italian townes and cities, through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are common and in Italy, doe always at their meals use a little forke when they eate their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meate should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all parts of Italy, their forks for the most part being made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by

gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often times in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequently using my forke, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker; who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause."

CHAPTER V.

THE KNOTTY POINT.

A QUESTION, hitherto undecided in this all-consuming world, and particularly with gourmands, connected with the philosophy of the stomach, is, do we eat to live, or live to eat? The temperate man adopts the first; the man of appetite the other. Now, as there are few people, of whatsoever country, calling, or sect, who would not prefer a good dinner to an indifferent one, and one of an indifferent quality to none at all; we maintain that it is nearly as rational for a man to live to eat, as it is for him to eat to live; nay, did we only eat to live, how little would satisfy nature,—“man’s life,” as the poet says, “would then be as cheap as beasts.” But eating and drinking have such irresistible appeals to the palate and stomach, that insensible indeed must be the nerves of either the one or the other that could withstand

the *argumentum* of a smoking Sir Loin, or round of good English beef, even upon a Good Friday, were the appetite jaded to eat.

A good dinner being one of the greatest enjoyments of human life, is it to be wondered that so many *ruses de guerre* are adopted to procure one abroad, when it is not convenient to find one at home? Besides, ought we not to be grateful to those benefactors, who are open to such satisfactory accommodation, and who take so much trouble to make us eat and drink their substance? Far, indeed, from jesting, or treating such hospitality with levity, we should endeavour to pay our host with appropriate encomia on every thing set before us; and to settle our reckoning, with sallies of wit and humour, short and amusing stories, anecdotes, a thousand times told, glees, catches, compliments, and conundrums; in short, to secure another invitation, feel the pulse of the Amphitryon, get hold of his weak side, his hobby; you then invest the main post, and if ever you lose it, it will be your own fault; flatter him to the skies—say *yes* and *no*—But stop—we are proceeding rather too fast; let us first say

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAKFAST.

An early breakfast belongs chiefly to the

lower orders, and middling classes of people; it is nevertheless the invariable symptom of a good appetite, and of temperance the preceding evening. Happy are those who thus enjoy an early stomach; they require no whets to rouse a sleeping palate, no invention to debauch the treat. Such appetites are natural; not depending upon either caprice or fashion, they promote the growth, happiness, and independence of man. But late breakfasts, our *déjeûnés à la fourchette*, belong to the haut-ton, men of fashion, and (we were going to say men of sense) such as, having no breakfast of their own, are glad to chime in any where, at any hour, to get one. To those who are in the habit of dining late, a dish of tea or coffee, with the usual accompaniments at an English breakfast table, would not be sufficient to stay the stomach, which stands in need of more substantial materials, both as regards meat and drink, to prevent this important bowel from grumbling. Hence probably the origin of breakfasts *à la fourchette*, at one time as much deprecated as they are now lauded and enjoyed by the epicures and bons-vivants of the day. If any hot viands are permitted at this repast, they generally—particularly at Paris, where they are in great reputation—consist of the legs and wings

of poultry, (*en papillotes de Madame Hardy*), and fowls (*à la Tartare*), or at least, small pies (*au jus de M. Rouget*), kidneys and sausages, “*Les pièces de résistance, les salades de volaille, et les pâtés de gibier*,”—“these,” says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, “act the principal parts at this preparatory meal, of which the oysters of the celebrated *Rocher de Cançale* are, during nearly the whole winter, the necessary preface.”

But this opulent regimen is not convenient to the man of limited income, nor to the modest nursling of the Muses; the income of the first, at this rate, would not last him ten days; and the imagination of the other would soon become paralysed by the habitual use of such solid nutriment. When Boileau said that

Horace a bu son saoul quand il voit les Ménades,

he did not allude to these kinds of breakfasts. If it is proved that abstinence slackens the circulation of the blood, confuses the ideas, and extinguishes the poetic vein, they are no less paralyzed by rich and solid food taken to excess. The hour of dining being with them nearly the same, it became necessary for them to seek some means of waiting, without suffering, till this time arrived, and to seize a medium

between a cup of tea and a rump steak—to find a substance, light and substantial—friendly to the stomach and the imagination—agreeable to the taste, and not expensive—easy to be got ready, and which, within a small compass, should include particles sufficiently nutritive to let them wait without impatience a late dinner, and, at the same time, not substantial enough to prevent them from doing honour to it when the hour arrived. Such is the problem it was necessary to explain; “and,” says the Almanach already cited, “chocolate has resolved it.”

Chocolate, which, about forty or fifty years ago, was only used as a breakfast for old people, constitutes, at the present day, that of every one who wishes to preserve the brilliancy of the imagination, or whose faculties cannot be raised above the standard of a common dunce. But such, indeed, are the adulterations to which chocolate is submitted, that it can rarely be obtained genuine; hence the reason it does not agree with every one; and often occasions a weight, or, in other words, lies heavy at the stomach, difficulty of digestion, and sometimes obstructions. These, in short, are the too ordinary consequences of such unwholesome, and often deleterious, preparations.

DINNER TIME.

Dinner is the most interesting daily action of our lives ; as being that which is performed with most eagerness, pleasure, and appetite. Sooner would a coquet renounce to please, a poet to be praised, a blackleg to be believed upon his oath, a comedian to be applauded, a rich citizen to be flattered, than seven-eighths of the Londoners to make a good meal. We have always been much surprised that in this diversified, book-making age, no author has ever taken upon himself the task of treating this subject with the gravity it deserves, or to have written on dinners in a philosophical manner. How many things might there be to relate upon this memorable act, which is renewed 365 times in the year !

If, by any unforeseen accident, any fortuitous circumstance, the moment of dining be put off for only one hour, just look at your guests, and twig what long faces they make ; see how the most animated conversation languishes, how blue every one looks, how all the zygomatic muscles are paralysed, in short, how every eye appears mechanically turned toward the dining-room ! Is the obstacle removed ? the master of the hotel, a napkin under his arm, comes to

announce that all is ready and served up; the words act like a charm—they have a magical effect which restores to each his serenity, his gaiety, and wit. An appetite is read in every eye, hilarity in every heart; and the tumultuous impatience with which each runs to take possession of his plate, is a manifest and certain sign of the unanimity of wishes and the correspondence of sensations. Nature then resumes all her rights: and at that moment of the day, the flatterer himself suffers his thoughts to be read in every feature of his countenance. The longing looks, the smacking of lips, the anxious expectation, which are every where visible, paint the conflict of the *belly-gerent* powers, eager for the attack. Boiling hot broth or soup (just as it ought to be,) has no effect upon the general action; every palate, in fine, might be said to be paved *en mosaïque*, or that they possess the privileges of the incombustible or fire-proof man. The host, nevertheless, who ought to be less engaged in reasoning upon the variety of dishes, than in supplying the plates of his guests, divides, *secundum artem*, the smoking sirloin, surrounded with a vegetable cordon. The highest seasoned sauces serve as a stimulus to the first course, the foundation of every solid dinner, and the only one which never

tires, although reproduced every day in the year.

In the mean time, the side dishes disappear, and those which succeed give the necessary time to carve those which follow. In Germany, Switzerland, and throughout almost all the north of Europe, this dissection is confided to an officer *ad hoc*, who acquits himself with uncommon dexterity—a most valuable custom, which saves a great deal of time, not only to the father of the feast, but to the guests, which may be much better employed.

Respecting the times of eating in olden time, we have the following account, which is extracted from the ‘Haven of Health,’ by Thomas Cogan, M. A., and bachelor of physic.

Of Dinner.—“When foure houres be past after breakfast, a man may safely taste his dinner; and the most convenient time for dinner is about eleven of the clocke before noon. Yet Diogenes, the philosopher, when he was asked the question what time was best for a man to dine, he answered, for a rich man when he will, but for a poor man when he may. But the usual time for dinner in the universities is eleven, and elsewhere about noone. At Oxford, in my

time, they used commonly at dinner boyled bief with potage, bread and beere, and no more; the quantity of beef was in value an half-a-penny for one man; sometimes, if hunger constrained, they would double their commones.”

Of Supper.—“About four hours or six after we have dined, the time is convenient for supper: which in the universities is about five of the clocke in the afternoon; and in poor men’s houses, when leisure will serve.”

CHAPTER VI.

ON TABLE CEREMONIES BETWEEN HOST AND
GUEST.

DURING every manducatory act, among gourmands, all ceremony ought to be banished. This is a precept we will never cease to repeat ; and the reasons for it are easily guessed. In the first place, good living establishes between persons who meet for the first time a sudden acquaintaince, because, towards each other, gourmands are never strangers. This similarity of taste is the best foundation of a lasting friendship ; hence we seldom see real gourmands quarrel with their friends. They leave coolness, quarrelling, and disputing, to sweethearts, and they live together as the worthy children of Epicurus.

Consequently, it is proved that all ceremonies observed at table go to the deterioration

of the service, for the *entrées* and *entremets* languish during these superfluous compliments. Nevertheless, as English politeness will never suffer them to be entirely banished from the commerce of life, even at dinner time, we deem it useful to lay down a few rules on this subject ; which, probably, may conciliate that which is due to civility, with that exacted by good living ; which will be found wonderfully adapted to every appetite.

He was certainly neither a man of wit, nor a man of business, who first said that punctuality was the beau-idéal of fools. We think, on the contrary, that it is the virtue of all those who know the value of time ; and we will not do fools the honour of classing them in this rank. The gourmand either is, or ought to be, *par excellence*, a punctual man, as it would be easy for us to prove that, of all acts of civility, a dinner is that to which delay is most prejudicial. Any other business may be put off for a few hours without much inconvenience ; but when there is a piece of roast meat, a goose, turkey, sucking-pig, or what not, upon the spit, a pie in the oven, a saucepan on the range, there is only a set time for them to remain there ; once this precious moment elapsed, the substance, whatever it may be, must lose of its flavour, and

become rigid and dry—there is no other remedy.

A gourmand, and all who aspire to deserve this sacred title, ought then to be punctual in their engagements, and (come to the scratch) precisely at the appointed hour; and it is also the duty of every Amphitryon to fix that hour in a punctual manner, and to arrange matters so that the soup, or first dish, may be upon the table thirty minutes after the time appointed.

It is of importance here to make an observation as regards the time. At Paris they have three ways of determining this affair, which it is good to know, in order to arrive neither too soon nor too late. For instance, five o'clock for six; five o'clock precisely, for half-past five; and five o'clock very precisely, for five o'clock exactly. With this invariable rule, one will neither be deceived nor waited for.

Suppose, then, the dinner be named for five o'clock precisely, you must be at the spot by half-past five, where, either the host (Amphitryon) himself, or some of his family, will do the honours of the waiting room, which should be a well warmed saloon or chamber, according to circumstances, in which the morning and evening papers ought to be present.

The first compliments between gourmands ought to be very laconic; and instead of the common-place salutation of 'how d'ye do?' the first question should be, 'have you a good appetite to-day?' Half an hour after the appointed time, by the note of invitation, the master of the house arrives, anapkin under his arm, to announce that dinner is up. From that time, he who is nearest the door moves on in silence in order to pass into the dining-room; the others pass in succession, without stopping; the host closes the march, to accelerate those who are to follow.

As regards placing yourself at table, no ceremonies are necessary, when the name of each guest is written upon his plate. The Amphitrion ought to occupy the centre of the table, as much to be within reach of serving his guests, as that he may superintend their appetites, without suffering the plates themselves to direct his attention. After *grace* has been said, either mentally, or in the common way, he distributes the soup, or first *entrée*; it belongs to the Amphitrion to bless the table in an audible voice, according to the *formula* of gourmands. The soup is served in proper soup plates, which are piled up before him. The first, when filled, he gives to his right hand neighbour, the second to that on the left; he then returns to the right

hand, then to the left, and so on alternately. Every one remains served in his turn, without passing the plate. It is the same in every other respect with the dishes served by the Amphitryon. With respect to the side-dishes, every one helps himself, or asks his neighbours who are in proximity with those of which he wishes to partake; but, be it observed, always in silence, and *sans cérémonie*.

The common wines, if such a liquid be used at table, are either placed on the table, or are served by dumb-waiters; on this point no compliments are necessary—every one helps himself according to his thirst: all, at most, that is permitted, is to offer to serve one's neighbour.* It is well understood that water is never proposed. The *coup de milieu*, the wine which accompanies the *entremets*, and those of the dessert, are always served by the master of the house in the same order as the soup, &c.

It is the same with respect to punch, wine, coffee, liqueurs, &c., if they be upon the table; in any other place, as in the *salon*, these are served, without distinction, to all who present

* It should, however, be remarked, that it is not consistent with politeness to force or excite others to drink; this privilege belongs only to the master of the table; and if he does not do it, it is to be supposed that he has reason for dispensing with it.

their cup; and, as regards liqueurs, every one helps himself as he likes.

Two or three hours after dinner, the guests, silently and furtively, escape, one by one. It would be as impolite to take your leave in a formal manner, as not, in the course of eight days afterwards, at least, to pay what is called a visit of digestion.

As regards these regulations, the presence of ladies makes no difference. Every where else, their sway is acknowledged; but at table they are subjects, and, consequently, amenable to all the laws of gastronomy.

The custom of singing at table is still observed among all ranks of society; and where this harmless relaxation is confined within proper rules, and regulated by good taste, such harmonical *winds-up* of a good dinner has nothing censurable in it; and, as such, will always be more or less tolerated. Here the Amphytrion should direct the taste of his guests, by giving two or three stanzas of some popular or peculiar air, which in a manner will decide the consequences.

ANECDOTE OF THE ABBÉ COSSON.

In the year 1786, M. Delille being at dinner with Marmontel, a brother author, whose *contes*

are universally admired, related the following circumstances, as connected with what is necessary to be observed at table. They were speaking of the multiplicity of trifling things which a civil man is obliged, in the world, to be acquainted with, not to run the risk of being hooted in society. "They are," says Delille, "innumerable; and what is most to be lamented is, that all the wit in the world would not be sufficient to guess at these important trifles. Latterly," added he, "the Abbot Cosson, Professor of Belles-lettres at Mazarin College, spoke to me concerning a dinner at which he was present, some days before, with some of the nobility, different orders of knighthood, and marshals of France, given by the Abbé de Radou-villiers, at Versailles. 'I'll bet,' said I to him, 'that you committed a hundred incongruities there.' 'How?' replied Cosson, rather uneasy? 'It appears that I have done no more than every one else would do.' 'What presumption! I'll lay that you have done nothing like any other person. But let us see. I shall confine myself to the dinner; and, in the first place, what did you do with your napkin?' 'With my napkin? I did as other people do—I unfolded it—I spread it out, and fastened it to the button-hole of my coat.' 'Very well,

Sir, you are the first that ever did the same thing ; people do not spread out their napkin ; it is left upon one's knees. And how did you act when you took your soup ?' ' Like every one else, I suppose. I took my spoon in one hand, and my fork in the other.' ' Your fork ; good God ! no one uses a fork when they take soup : but come, let us proceed. After soup, what did you eat ?' ' A new laid egg.' ' And what did you do with the shell ?' ' Like everybody else, I left it for the lackey who served me.' ' Without breaking it ?' ' Without breaking it.' ' Very well, Sir ! a new laid egg is never eaten without breaking the shell ;—and after your egg, what then ?' ' I asked for some *bouilli*,' (hash or stew). ' *Some bouilli !* no one makes use of that expression ; beef, and not *bouilli* is asked for ; and after that ?' ' I begged the Abbé Radouvilliers to send me some fine poultry.' ' The devil ! poultry !—a capon, a chicken, or a duck, is asked for ; people never speak of poultry but at the barn door. But you say nothing about the manner in which you asked for drink.' ' I asked like other people, for *du vin Champagne, du vin Bordeaux*, from those before whom they were placed.' ' But you should know, that every body asks for *vin de Champagne*, and *vin de*

Bordeaux. But tell me something about the way in which you eat your bread.' 'Certainly; as every body else did: I cut it properly with my knife.' 'What!—people break their bread, never cut it! Let us go on. How did you take your coffee?' 'Why as every body else did; it was scalding hot; I poured it out in small quantities into my saucer.' 'Very well!—you just did as no one else would do. Every one drinks coffee out of the cup, and never out of the saucer. You see, then, my dear Cosson, that you have not said a word, nor made one single motion, that was not contrary to custom.' The Abbé was confounded, (says Delille). During six weeks he inquired of every one he met concerning some of the customs on which I had criticised him." M. Delille had them himself from the servant of one of his friends, and for a length of time he had appeared ridiculous in the eyes of every one, because he knew not how to eat or drink according to established rules.

No less ridiculous are the would-be great and fashionable folks, who attempt a show-off occasionally, to make themselves look large in the eyes of little people, or even of people above their own rank and opulence, with whom they may gain either a chance, or partial

introduction : this empty foolery, or rather expensive mimicry of their superiors, consists in giving a dinner far above either their manners, education, or actual circumstances. Such, however, is the flimsiness of these appearances, that it requires no connoisseur to detect and pity, if not to despise them. It is, certainly, a laughable, though no less a painful sight, to see people, who in reality are little better than common beggars, pretending themselves people of consequence, and, for the sake of appearing to keep up this fallacious idea, fasting for a month afterwards, for having consumed, at one meal, unnecessarily and uncalled for, what would have supported them and their craving families during the whole of that time in comparative plenty.

Continuing our illustrations, as regards keeping up what are termed ‘appearances,’ nothing more appropriate on this subject can be added than the following extract from “The Art of Cookery :”—

“ Your betters will despise you if they see
Things that are far surpassing your degree ;
Therefore, beyond your substance never treat,
'Tis plenty in small fortune to be neat.
'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
An entertainment equal to his lord.
Old age is frugal—gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.

A widow has cold pie—nurse gives you cake—
From gen'rous merchants ham or sturgeon take ;
The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May:
Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings,
And Lei'ster beans and bacon, food for kings !”

CHAPTER VII.

MUTUAL AND CONVIVIAL RULES, &c., TO BE OBSERVED BETWEEN THE INVITER AND INVITEE.

RECIPROCAL want being the bond by which men are most strictly united, and a breakfast or a dinner not being easily got over without some persons being invited, or others to invite them, both have a real interest in respectively regulating themselves, so as always to live upon a good understanding with each other.

Guests, truly amiable, are rather *raræ aves*, even in London, to take much trouble of making any distinction in seeking for them, and collecting them; and it is more particularly in this sense that we apply the proverb which says “that there are, in a large capital, *more dinners than diners.*”

Inasmuch as a generous host ought to keep

aloof from him the dinner hunters, and silly parasites, which are the “tag, rag, and bobtail” of society, so much the more ought he to endeavour to draw to his house that crowd of artists, men of letters, and people of amiable disposition, whose wit, talents, and conversation constitute real pleasure, and to whom nothing worse can be said than that they are not in house-keeping, and consequently do not always know where to dine. Very well!—such people will never be at a loss on this subject, if they will but practice the precepts which are included in this little treatise. In the mean time, we shall endeavour to instruct them with the extent of the duties and obligations which they will be forced to contract, at the risk of being charged with the blackest ingratitude. From this knowledge will spring that fraternity and harmony between the *inviter* and the *invited*, which alone can be the means of procuring lasting happiness to the one, and certain breakfasts and dinners to the other.

1. All invitations, either to breakfast, or dinner, ought to be given by word of mouth, or in writing; to which an answer ought be returned, as you have the liberty to refuse or accept, within twenty-four hours. In the first case,

(although it ought not to occur, unless under extremely serious circumstances,) you ought to soften down, and give a sufficient motive for the refusal. Silence being considered as an acceptance, at the end of twenty-four hours your refusal would be no longer admissible, and your absence would be looked upon in the light of an insult.

2. Having once engaged, or accepted the invitation, it no longer belongs to you to decline or put it off. Should you act so, you would expose yourself never to be invited again by the same person to whom you had forfeited your word.

3. The person who invites is as strictly bound as the invited; and under no pretext can he decline the invitation—cases of imprisonment, or sudden indisposition, being alone admissible under similar circumstances, &c.

4. The first of all qualities with the guest being punctuality, he should arrive at the house of his host precisely at the hour, properly dressed, and in possession of an appetite proportionate to the rank of the latter—in a word, with a disposition of the heart, stomach, and mind, necessary to contribute to the entire consummation—the charms and *agrémens* of the dinner.

5. Never take any other place than that assigned to you, whether it be by the master or the mistress of the house, or by the written card placed upon the cover destined for you.

6. During the first service, never drink any thing but water, slightly diluted with wine; if not, you run the risk of sacrificing to the present the enjoyments of the future.

7. Whenever it happens that you have the misfortune of being placed by the side of a little girl, or what is still worse, between two little boys, the best means to be employed to get rid of them, is to make them tipsy as soon as possible, that papa or mamma may send them to bed.

8. It is a most shocking inconvenience to leave any liquid behind in your glass, or any thing solid on your plate.

9. At a long meal, steer by your nose. (*Prenez votre nez pour boussole.*)

10. It would be a great want of civility to refuse the first wine, whether it be the *vin d'entremets*, or that of the dessert, when it is offered to you by the master or mistress of the house; though nothing can compel you to accept it a second time.

11. To mix water with wine of a good quality, is not only offering an affront to your

host, but is also an act of impoliteness to yourself.

12. An animated conversation, during the repast, is not less salutary than agreeable; it favours and accelerates digestion, in the same manner as it keeps up joy of the heart and serenity of mind. It is then, under the moral as under the physical relation, a double benefit. The best meal taken in silence can neither do good to soul nor body.*

13. There is another consideration much more important—namely, a guest who knows, through the medium of a conversation, as original as decent and humorous, how to captivate the attention of the numerous guests who surround and listen to him, may assure himself that he will always be sought after, and consequently invited by the host, for whom he becomes a powerful auxiliary at dinners which he may be pleased to offer to his friends.

14. It belongs to the person at whose house you dine to avail himself of the advantages afforded

* The greatest injury you can do to a *gourmand* is to interrupt him in the exercise of his masticators. It is then a breach of custom, and of a knowledge of the world, to visit people at meal-time. It is interrupting their enjoyment, and preventing them from reasoning upon each mouthful, and causing them the most sorrowful distractions.—*Almanach des Gourmands*, 2nd Année.

him by such a guest, to turn adroitly the conversation upon subjects which are favourable to his species of wit. The *commensal* may, without failing to please, or chilling the susceptible self-love of the other guests, broach any of the questions relative to literature, the sciences, the arts, gallantry, the drama, &c. without ever touching upon political ground.

It is during the dessert that the conversation usually takes a more general turn, as it is at this particular period that some scope is given to the acquaintance previously scraped. It is then that conversation ought to give way to a song, a glee, a catch, or even a pun, although great care must be taken never to touch upon any *smutty* subject, particularly if there be any ladies present.

15. In recommending a song during the dessert, it is advisable to select one, the words of which are witty, gay, and distinctly articulated. None of your semi-demi-quavers, and *ha-ha-ha-ha-ing*, for an unlimited space of time, like an eunuch panting for breath. Give it mouth in the true English style—suit the action to the words, and manage the muscles of the lips in a natural and unaffected manner, or the best voice will lose its effect, and be heard with an indifference bordering on disgust. A good old

stave à la Dibdin, such as—Tom Tough—The Arethusa,—Black-eyed Susan,—The Chesapeake and the Shannon,—The Le Pique and the Blanche,—although in the mouth of every hardy tar, might, through the organ of some of our native singers, be better received than the unmeaning effusions of ‘Love among the Roses,’ and other such couplets, adapted well enough for the female voice, or coxcombs of the first water, but which, in the mouth of a grenadier, a boatswain’s mate, or a Whitechapel butcher, would be as ridiculous as to hear them chaunt a lullaby, or an Anacreon in the original. Manly singing will always find its advocates; the song of times gone by,—the deeds of heroes,—exploits of the brave, the defenders of our country,—are subjects worthy of the poet’s fancy, whether they be attuned in the form of a ballad, or an epic poem; and will invariably find their way to the heart, sooner than ditties on love-sick maidens, and other airs of equally small pretensions.

This agreeable hilarity on the part of a constant visitor will produce over the whole of the guests a double *épanchement* which will give rise to an increase of gratitude on the part of the host. He will be indebted to you for it; and however little gratitude he may possess, he will

be in a condition to prove it by multiplying his invitations as far as regards you.

16. A guest, whoever or whatever he may be, ought, on his arrival, to be civil; polite, during the first service; gallant, in the second; tender at the dessert; and discreet, on going away.

17. It is not enough to dine and breakfast at people's houses; you ought to visit them often, and prove to them, that it is not their kitchen alone, which draws you to their houses, though, without mincing the matter, it must be acknowledged that the table is the only chain which connects every branch of society. These calls, which we shall designate *provocative visits*, consist of an obligation so rigorous, that it would be impossible, without unpoliteness, to evade this duty.

A *provocative visit*, or one of *entertainment*, ought to be made in person to the inviter, within at least three, and, at most, eight days, after the last time you dined with him.

When politeness might not dictate a visit of this description, gratitude will teach it you as a duty. It is the very least one can do to thank the person who has been instrumental to your passing an agreeable day, by causing you to make an excellent dinner with him, where he

pays in person, both in care and purse, and who is in a condition to repeat the same, with the hope of causing you to repay him by the agreeableness and vivacity of your disposition. Consequently, you should pitch upon the hour and moment when you might be nearly sure of meeting with your host, without deranging his occupations, should he have any,—and, after having dressed yourself as quickly as possible, according to your means, and, as much as in you lies, to flatter the eye of the person by whom you expect to be invited, present yourself at his house with confidence and respect.

It is considered, we conceive, superfluous, to recommend to you to let your linen be always fresh and clean, because, whatever be the dinner he may have given you, it was well worth a shirt: and if you have not a clean shirt,—a clean *dickey*, or, what is less, a false collar, will go off *passablement bien*, on such occasions.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD ADVICE FOR GOOD DINNERS.

Happy indeed shall we be, if the manner, perhaps a little too concise, in which we further propose to treat the subjects connected with these pages, do not tire our readers; and more particularly so, should it dispose them faithfully to fulfil the indispensable functions to which they are called, as much by their bad fortune as their good appetite.

I. On your first introduction to any house of respectability, make it your business to sift the character of the host, or master of the house, so that you may be upon your guard not to utter any thing offensive either towards his affections or sentiments; and you may, on the other hand, be assured that he will be careful to avoid every thing that is likely to come in contact with yours, either directly or indirectly; unless it be his intention to get rid of you altogether.

II. It is inconsistent with the spirit and duty of a person invited, to be low and cringing towards those by whom he has been invited; this, indeed, would be the surest way to make your company obnoxious to a man brought up in the great school of the world; for nothing is more opposite to true politeness, to the usages dictated by the *bon ton*, than servile adulation. We would wish you then to dispute sometimes with the master of the house,—(we say nothing about the mistress, because women are never in the wrong, if not *de facto*, at least *de jure*). You must contend with your host in such a manner, that the apparent contradiction may ultimately tend to place both your own wit and his in a more exalted point of view. Nothing will give him greater pleasure than a contradiction on your part, which in fact will be nothing less than a well-timed compliment.

III. As, at a great feast, the conversation cannot be general, we would advise you never to raise your voice, otherwise you will place yourself in a very ridiculous situation by pretending to engage the attention of thirty or forty different guests, the greater number of whom scarcely know each other. You must content yourself by chattering with those who, either by chance or your own address, are placed by

the side of you, should they be civil enough to make you any reply. This brings to our mind a little anecdote, which, with permission of our readers, we will here relate.

Mr. Eatingtown (see Plate I.) was once invited to dine with Mrs. B——, who, on this occasion, had collected together a numerous and fashionable company. Mr. Eatingtown hitherto had not opened his mouth, but had remained satisfied with listening, and profiting by the observations of others, when, for the first time, he addressed himself to his left hand neighbour, at the moment the dessert was placed on the table; it was not long before he had reason to regret having so thoughtlessly taken it into his head, at so unseasonable a time, to have endeavoured to make himself so agreeable. Never was the confidence of folly seen in a more comic cast, or with features more in keeping with a material soul, than shone forth in his countenance. Liston, in his most inimitable and burlesque character, would have fallen short of such an original. A single specimen of his left hand friend's conversation will suffice. He spoke of the grief which the marriage of his *rascally nephew* had caused him. "You must know," added he, "that the girl which this simpleton has taken it into his head to marry, has nothing; what I mean by

nothing, is to be taken both physically and morally; for physically she is ugly, and morally speaking she is not worth a farthing." Besides, this good-natured man, who, it was afterwards understood, held some important office under government, ate and drank heartily. It is said he is not now such a novice as he then was, doubtless in consequence of giving good dinners; of this, however, we are unable to judge, since he has not yet invited us.

IV. There has always existed, both in London and Paris, a number of apparently very decent houses, where the produce of the kitchen depends upon the success of card-playing, or some similar *projet de vivre*. Here you only dine with the prospect of paying ultimately very dear for your dinner. These houses are usually kept by blacklegs, old dowagers, *chevaliers d'industrie*, who know how to pitch upon the unwary — *ladies of fashion*, who have changed their modes of living, but who, nevertheless, have always at hand, to assist them in their Alcmenic* functions, some young, beauti-

* Alcmena was the mother of Hercules, by Amphitruon, a Theban prince, whom she espoused, on condition that he would revenge the death of her brother. Whilst he was in the war for this purpose, Jupiter paid her a visit in the shape of Amphitruon; and, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of her company longer, without discovery, he made that night longer than any other.

ful, and tender-hearted women, particularly should you by any means have been successful at the table, and if they have either lost their own money, or other people's. A man of principle, and desirous of deserving the invitation of people of respectability, ought never to cross the threshold of such houses; but if he has gone so far as to accept an invitation to dinner, he cannot well refuse a hand at cards. In any other respect, it would be assimilating you with those vagabonds, who make their escape from a public-house without paying their reckoning.

V. When you are invited to breakfast, or to dine in town, never take dogs with you. It is only the common people, and *les dames à la mode* who take such liberties—which, indeed, at all times, would be better tolerated in the country. A dog, how well soever he may have been brought up, spoils the furniture, and produces no small embarrassment, should he think proper to do his “little jobs” before you; but his presence is still worse at table, where he is continually among your legs, or eyeing your plate.

VI. It was formerly a custom, after each meal, to wash out one's mouth. For this purpose, and just as they were about to leave the table, each

turned his back upon the company ; a lackey presented a glass of water, a mouthful of which was taken, and after having gargled it about in the mouth for a short time, it was rejected into a proper receiver, which was instantly removed by the valet. This operation, owing to the manner and address with which it was done, was scarcely perceived. At the present day, however, every thing is changed. In those houses where they pique themselves on taste and custom, as at the most fashionable restaurateurs, where the saloons are frequented by the first quality, the servant, or a boy, towards the end of the dessert, brings you a basin full of cold water, in the middle of which is a glass of lukewarm water. There, in the presence of each other, you dip your fingers into the cold water, then drink the warm, with which, in a corresponding noise, you gargle your mouth, and then vomit it back again into the basin or goblet. This innovation is as useless as it is disgusting ; for with those who know how to take care of their mouth and teeth, the last mouthful you drink at the dessert, sufficiently cleanses them. Besides, in eating, one ought not to grease or dirty one's fingers to that degree as to require water to clean them : the napkin alone ought to suffice. Such, however,

is the ridiculous position in which we have been placed by an affectation of pretended cleanliness, which, so far from being worthy of imitation, ought, on the contrary, to be carefully avoided by every guest who is at all a little as he ought to be.

VII. When once you have been received and welcomed at the house of a rich Amphitriion of the metropolis, whether it be at his town or country house, or even at a simple farm house, in the manner which we shall hereafter point out, be careful how you give an imprudent extension to the familiarity which has been accorded to you by the mistress of the house, or the host of a place; as by so doing you may estrange them from you, and, then, adieu to all future invitations.

If your stomach can take in every thing, your heart, at least, ought to know how to be abstemious.

It will sometimes happen that the wife of your generous host will not be disagreeable, and then every thing is natural; but if the daughter should be handsome, then it is quite different. You should always bear in mind the episode of Joseph with Potiphar's wife, as nothing gives such a high relish to sentiment as the country solitude, &c. Besides, it is

very seldom that a man and a woman, who are alone, or almost so, for eight days, do not upon the ninth feel the pernicious effects of the difference of the sexes. Judge, then, if an amiable guest, who already is in possession of both board and lodging, can yield. We owe this advice to our readers, because it commonly happens that one says things to the mistress of the house out of pure gallantry, which of themselves mean nothing; and it no less frequently happens that certain mistresses of the house, consider these many things as if they were nothing.

VIII. If the devil, at length, tired of having so unprofitably lain at your door, should make way for the good luck which you have so long expected, and consequently to the rank to which it will all at once raise you in society—that is, from an *invitee*, you should become an *inviter*, or at least, one of the favourite appendages of a minister, or any other great dinner giver—never forget the *general rules* here laid down for *your conduct*, and the *salutary advice* pointed out under the preceding heads; for it is by these means you will secure yourself a table for six months, and which, during this time, ought never to be removed. You ought to know the secret of changing a *ball* for a veal *côtelette*,

and of pouring an opinion into a glass of champagne. To one, you will blow a vote in handing over a dish of truffles ; to another, you will force the secret of amendment by drowning him in generous Bordeaux wine : you will enchant the latter by the address with which you handle the *fork* ; you will seduce and beguile others with the harmonious combination and jingling of glasses. It is you who will preside over the minutiae of a breakfast for the *majority*, and over all the dinners of the *privy council* : you will regulate the meals of *indemnity*, by the bumpers of *reduction*. In this bill of fare will always be found the political *truffle*, and the ministerial *champignon*, the diplomatic *ortolan*, with the *pie* in the centre, and the *sweetmeats* of the opposition. Upon an elegant buffet, will be arranged by your careful hands a heap of dainties, fit to attack and carry every opinion ; in short, you will render yourself so irresistible, as *almost* to carry Catholic Emancipation through both houses, with comparatively few dissenting voices.

CHAPTER X.

TO PROCURE TOWN INVITATIONS.

VANITY, which acts so principal a part in societies, extends even to the denominations which they have attained. In every town, the union of some men and women of the privileged class, is called *the world*. In all great cities, *the world*, in this sense, is divided into what is called the *beau monde*, or fashionable world, and the *grand monde*, or great folks. Wit, fashion, and an easy intercourse, are the rules of the one; etiquette, ignorance, and falsehood, are those of the other: besides, with some few trifling exceptions, the customs are the same.

Parties and dinners at Paris occupy the greatest half of human life. For many, the recreations are composed of *days of invitation*, and days of *custom* or *habit*: in the latter, liberty and confidence are commonly the ex-

pences of a meal, where acquaintances meet periodically at the same table. These dinners have nothing in common with those meals upon fixed days, where the master of the house, whose name and quality, frequently, are all that is known, receives, as at the dinner of an inn, people who, not knowing where to pass the evening, come and begin it at his house, precisely at the dinner hour.

Dinners by invitation are, at the present day, what they have always been—a kind of lottery, where the favourable chances are not the most common; and of which those complain the most who risk nothing, and those who formerly made a fortune by them. Besides, it is not at dinners by special invitation, that we ought principally to aim at, but at those established quotidian dinners, given by an individual too happy if any one will have the goodness to come and help him to eat and drink his fortune, and to kill time for him into the bargain. The day you intend to make yourself the guest of such a person, in order to amuse you in your turn, your host might not be pleased to dine, because he appears to have placed his appetite in your stomach. In order perfectly to obtain this object, make friends with the ladies, rather than with the gentlemen; for, through the

medium of the women every thing that can be wished for from the men is to be obtained. Even though the latter are, for the most part, so much preoccupied with their personal affairs as to neglect yours ; nevertheless the ladies think of them incessantly, were it even from indolence itself.

Speak, the preceding evening, to a lady, who takes any interest in your affairs, about an invitation that would please you ; the next day, at her piano, or upon her sofa, her favourite romance in her hand, you will find her ruminating upon the means of obtaining for you the desired invitation. But with those whom you believe able to serve you, take care how you seek to be any thing else than a friend ; for, to be lovers, as soon as there are any suspicions, quarrels, and fallings-out, all is lost. Good by invitations—consequently dinners.

Be, then, towards the women, assiduous, complaisant,—yea, even gallant, if you wish it ; but nothing more, mind ye.

At Paris, an Amphitriton of the east we have just been speaking, and of whom I could wish any of our qualified readers to be the perpetual guest, reckons in his *salle à manger* upwards of a hundred seats of different kinds, indepen-

dent of half a dozen small cushions and canopies, for the use of the dogs and cats belonging to the house, when they want to sleep, and on which an honest man should take good care not to sit. Only once accustom the proprietor of this establishment to see your irresistible physiognomy upon one of these hundred seats, and by your tardy loco-motion, you become one of the obliging ornaments of the saloon; you, in fact, wriggle yourself into a niche that ever afterwards secures you against the cravings of your appetite.

There are some faces so felicitously constructed that they are equal to any piece of furniture in an apartment, and who ultimately supersede an arm-chair, where the eye has contracted the habit of looking at them. Have you, for instance, ever been in an apartment where pompous curtains display their double fringes? Let all these ornaments be suddenly removed, your eyes will become sorrowful, and will experience, for some time, a kind of widowhood. Become, then, a curtain—make yourself a fringe—metamorphose yourself, if you can, into an arm-chair of this person's dining-room; for this purpose, a little perseverance is all that is necessary, in order to get yourself considered as constituting a part

of his rich furniture. You will see that he will become attached to you in the same manner and degree as he would to some fancy article of his household, or to some precious stone; in short, he will no longer be able to do without you. Good by, on your side, with *a pleasure or an honour of seeing you again*—a simple *good night*, in fact, a simple departing salutation, would produce the effect upon him, the same as a sudden breaking up of his establishment.

There is, then, only one means left for you to parry this, which he will be more afraid of than thunder and lightning; that will be to inform you that from that moment a knife and fork will every day be laid for you at his table, and that he must understand you will always be there at the precise hour. Consequently, you will thenceforward so arrange matters, that, on his return from the Exchange, or any other place, you are the first object that meets his eyes, the first individual which this worthy inviter sees in his dining-room, at *five o'clock precisely*. You must always take care to occupy the same place at table, sit upon the same seat, to unfold and place your napkin in the same invariable manner, and to say grace, should you be requested to do so, as

loud as a dissenting clergyman. Always break your bread on the same side, lay hold of the bottle with the same hand; do not touch the decanter, if the host himself does not drink water; and let your jaws and masticators keep pace with his, and go through the same evolutions which they do; in a word, execute, whether it be in asking, offering, or receiving, the same movements, the same gestures, the same thanks as his; the whole for the better identifying yourself with his person, so that your habits, classifying themselves symmetrically in his brain, may become, in some measure, his own.

Should any serious indisposition cause you for only once to absent yourself at the appointed hour, (for no other motive could possibly justify you, as you interfere with no other business,) you will be informed on the following day, when you return, what a vacuum you made in the looks of your Amphitryon, accustomed as he is to see your figure sitting opposite to him. Be persuaded, then, of one thing: he must have been peevish with his wife; he must have scolded his servants, and have found every thing detestable about him; the meat must have been underdone; the sauces badly made; the wine stale, the coffee

cold—it must, in short, have been impossible for him to dine ; he must have kicked his dog, and given a —— to his cook ; it is even probable, that the following morning you might yourself feel the counter shock.—Why?—because you were not there the preceding evening.

But all this is nothing, in comparison with the power which you will be able to acquire over him, if you have, at dinner time, the talent or ingenuity to take upon yourself some special functions ; it will then be no longer a habit which he has of seeing you at his house ; it will be a necessity or want of the first kind.

How comfortable it is to be a functionary at a splendid table ! There an employment costs no sacrifice of conscience, no mean-spirited concession. A *capon* has no opinion ; *hams* have never denounced any-one. After having made a noble use of the knife and *truel* you will be able nobly to lay down your spoon and fork, and, without fearing to place your hand upon that part which separates the belly from the breast, you will only find it, at most, loaded with one liver of a stuffed goose. Who would dare to reproach a similar meal with the delicacy of an honest mess-mate ? Every one pays in his own way : the latter, with money, because he cannot do

otherwise; the former, with a "long yarn," which he causes to be told by another; but you, when any one gives you a dinner, acquit yourself more nobly, and in a more useful manner for the public good carve.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTRY INVITATIONS.

BOILEAU, a satirical and humorous French poet, says—

“Paris est pour le riche un pays de cocagne—
Sans sortir de la ville, il trouve la campagne.”

Poetical exaggeration aside, the poet only meant to say, that at Paris, with a large fortune, one may inclose between two parallel streets and four walls, a certain number of ornamental trees, a green sward, two plots of flowers, and sprinkle the whole through the medium of a little stream, daily supplied by means of filtrated waters, which take upon themselves to make it run in a straight line in a bituminous tract: such is the country which may be found without going out of Paris.

With respect to those which are composed of vast plains, meadows covered with flocks, woods watered with rivulets of limpid water, mountains where rustic labour and rural pleasures are only known—with respect to this kind of country, however powerful or rich one may be, you must make up your mind to extend beyond the environs, and even a little farther, if you wish to taste the pleasures of a country dinner.

During winter, and without losing any of the pleasures of this brilliant season, ladies of fashion and men of fortune of the capital, long for the return of spring; they only dream of walks by moonlight, breakfasts in the dairy, dinners in the shade, and rural balls under the wide spreading oak. At length the month of May arrives; still, fine weather is uncertain; the mornings are too cool, (particularly when one does not rise before mid-day.) Besides, one cannot dispense with such and such an invitation, so long given; one cannot lose the last exercises of the conservatory, which, after all, are well worth the first songs of the nightingale. Then the workmen have not yet erected the new billiard table, which is even to be got up in the dining-room, for the greater convenience of conversation and seeing.

In short, towards the early part of June, a

resolution to set out is made; every thing is ready by the end of the month: the travelling carriage, already eight days upon the road, is loaded with gaming tables, *tric-trac*, *écarté*, chess boards, &c., with a couple of packs of cards. A choice collection of novels has been made for the ladies. The wife has given orders to her milliner; and the husband pretends that he has left a world of business of importance behind him. Arrived at their country house, the first moments are delightful; before the next day, all they think of is to forget the country, and to call back to their minds the amusements of the town.

At eleven o'clock the breakfast bell rings, but it is very seldom indeed that the ladies attend. One has passed a very restless night—another is at her toilette—a third has a romance to finish, and so on. During the greater part of the time, there is only one single reason for all this, namely, that in the morning one is not so pretty; and this is just the very reason one should be careful not to give—even though it should not be agreed that, on arriving, the most entire liberty should be the privilege of the country, and that it should be made use of only to do that which is agreeable.

At five o'clock, the first peal of the dinner

bell informs the men that it is time to think of dressing; for, whatever may be the extent of the liberty enjoyed in the country, woe to him who should suffer himself to be seduced by the charms of a promenade so far as to forget the time of dining! He could not decently sit down with splashed pantaloons, and a hunting jacket; he is forced to lose, in dressing himself, a time which his appetite claims for another employment. At six o'clock, every one is assembled in the saloon, dressed as in a winter evening. Madam is informed that dinner is on the table; they then pass into the dining-room, where the marble wainscoats, and sideboards of artificial flowers, strike the eye in splendid magnificence. But at the dessert, the natural beauty of the fruits calls down the most flattering eulogia on the country, about which every one is preparing to say the finest thing in the world, when the master of the house, who does not pass for a bad sort of a fellow, unravels every pretension by informing his guests that these magnificent fruits were bought at Covent-garden Market, and that in his kitchen garden there are only fruit trees with double flowers.

The afternoon is passed, or rather the evening, in drinking the best your host can afford, at whist, or in conversation of a general descrip-

tion, according to his quality and pretensions. All the conveniences of his house are at your service; and when the time arrives that you are about to quit this hospitable habitation, after having led, for a greater or less time, the most agreeable life, you take away with you the benedictions of your hosts, who only suffer you to depart on condition of a speedy return—a promise which opulent landlords do not always exact without distinction from their guests.

CHAPTER XI.

INVITATIONS TO THE RESTAURATEUR'S, *alias*
AN EATING-HOUSE.

IT is extremely convenient for travellers, strangers, bachelors, for those whose families reside temporarily in the country, and for all those, in short, who have no kitchen of their own, to invite people to an eating-house. They are always certain of not exceeding the sum which they think proper to fix for their meals, since they know, before-hand, the price of each article they may choose to call for. The amount having been once calculated, the inviter can command for the person whom he invites, a comfortable, solid, and delicate or dainty meal, which he can moisten with wines of the best quality, according to his circumstances; and with all kinds of liqueurs from the new world.

The first *restaurateurs* were established in Paris towards the end of the year 1774. We regret it is not in our power at the moment to recollect, for the benefit of modern gastronomers, the name of the founder of these institutions, where you dine *à la carte*; all we know is, that the bases of this useful institution were laid in the *rue de Pêcheurs*, and upon the sign of this father of restorer's house, was formerly read the following inscription in culinary Latin:—

“O vos qui stomacho laboratis, accurite; et ego vos restaurabo.”

During the reign of Louis XIV. the people of quality frequently invited their friends to dine at a public-house. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, literary men, and artists brought into fashion dining at the *cook's shop*; since then, it is usually at the *restaurateur's*, where men of every description, who are not in house-keeping themselves, dine and invite their friends.

If indifferent company occasionally be met with at the restaurateur's, it is at least in a pretty place; and as much may be said of some splendid saloons, which are not quite so public. The life of a restaurateur is tedious, for those who make a necessity of it: and it is not without its

little pleasures for those who are not accustomed to it. The ease which is there met with, supersedes the etiquette of invitations ; and the dinner which you make at one of these places, is seldom lost upon him who has availed himself of this medium of dining or of inviting a friend.

Are you going, for instance, to the *Cadran Bleu* (blue dial) ? The waiters, surprised to see you arrive alone, will ask you at first if you are waiting for any one ? On replying that you are waiting for *a friend*, one of them will show you, without taking you, a hall or dining room, which will admit of a hundred to dine, where you find people : you will there be warmed, served, and lighted, like any other commoner ; but should you ask for a private room, what activity prevails ! All the bells in the house are put in motion ; the waiters are scudding through the staircases twenty times in a minute, loaded with the most rare viands, the most exquisite wines ; but that which is not upon *the carte à manger*, is still that for which the most is paid. At the first glance of these apartments, it is guessed that it is not customary to dine alone at the restaurateur's on the Boulevard of the Temple, and that generally one only goes there with *a friend*.

Should you have it in contemplation to give

a dinner to strangers or country people, on whom you would wish to impress a high idea of the establishments of this kind in the capital, and where you are yourself to do the honours of the table, you must take them to the *Café de Paris*. How you will enjoy their astonishment at the sight of those brilliant saloons, where every thing seems arranged to please the eye! Tables of granite, chandeliers of gilded bronze, those vases of flowers, which are multiplied by the panes of glass with which the walls are lined, commence an enchantment, which the whiteness of the porcelain, the polish of the crystals, and the vermilion and splendour support, with the art of the cook, during the repast, but which, for the most part, is destroyed, the moment the waiter comes in with the bill; for the sight of these kind of prodigies costs dear.

Do you wish to form an idea how students of different classes, or those of limited incomes, live at Paris upon twelve hundred francs (£50.) per annum? It is at the restaurateur's in the *Rue St. Jacques*, where you must go for this information precisely at four o'clock. You will neither find upon the bill of fare (*carte à manger*), *potage à la camerany*, nor *suprêmes au coulis de perdreaux*, nor *karis à l'Indienne*;

but an abundant potage, soup, or stew, containing every possible combination of beef, roasted, boiled, and fricasseed; the inexhaustible *gigot aux haricots*, and the eternal *fricandeau*. Burgundy and Medoc have never poured the produce of their rich vintages into the cellars of the restaurateurs of the Latin land; but to make good this defect, La Brie, Orleans, Gascony, shower down torrents of a wine, *coupé* and generously baptized, with which, indeed, neither reason, nor health have ever found fault. Taking every thing into consideration, there is much less difference between the quality of the wines and the meats, at the most moderate, or most celebrated eating house, than between the prices marked upon their cards respectively.

The inviters who may be pleased to take up their residence at the most eminent *restaurateurs* of the capital, as well as the guests they often invite there, will not be sorry to know to what the greater number of these establishments are indebted for the fashion which has already inscribed their names in letters of gold in the great book of Gastronomy. Let them know, then, that the *Provincial Brothers* owe their reputation to the *brandade de morue*, (a cod-fish stuffed, or rather seasoned with garlic);

Very, to his *entrées truffées* ; Henneven, to the mysterious *boudoirs*, upon his third floor ; and Châtelin, to the *finesse* of his wines.

A PEEP INTO CHATELIN'S.

The double saloons of this learned patrician, examined with a little tact, present to the eye of the observing guest, a picture worthy of his interest, from the variety of objects which are there assembled.

In the first place, the bottom of the saloon is occupied by a young lady, who unites the most perfect grace to the most tender solicitude ; her anticipations are equal to all the guests who come, without distinction, to make a stay, shorter or longer, in this kind of temple ; she seems also to possess the gift of second-sight, for, with a commanding glance of the eye, the meats which you have most desired in silence upon the card, are brought and laid before you by one of the waiters, even before you have given the smallest intimation of that which you intend to take ; just as if it were done by enchantment ; and more than one consumer, were he put to the test, would confess that he has not with impunity been seated in a certain place, without having experienced the effects of this species of sorcery on his going away.

The fore-part of the saloon is usually occupied with solitary eaters, who never invite anybody, because they are never invited themselves by any one; for this reason, they call loudly for what they want, wait impatiently, eat precipitately, and pay slowly, even on going away.

The lower sides of the saloon are usually furnished with travelling families, who, satisfied with a modest meal, sharpen it with one of those meats which is unknown to them; and they seem to enjoy with pleasure a sight entirely new to their eyes.

In the centre of the saloon, and in some measure concealed by a stove, laden with the richest gifts of Flora and Pomona, stands a small table, for the most part occupied with old customers, who frequently obtain a very considerable reduction by the care and delicacy of the *little dishes* which are presented to them by the hand of the master of the house. Here, then, is the place in question.

The saloon, upon the first floor, is usually occupied with two lovers; to judge of them by the eagerness of the one, the small faces of the other, and the sensuality of both, pleasure sparkles in their eyes; and by the choice which presides over the composition of their meal, one may guess the past, and foresee the future.

Lastly, in one of the particular cabinets, are two married people of the same stamp. One may judge, by the shawl which the lady has kept on her shoulders, and the respectable distance which the gentleman observes, that a long time has passed since they had any thing new to say to each other; they had, nevertheless, made up their minds to go to the play *en loge grillée*. They went in at half-past four, and it is now half-past eight. Not seeing them come down, though they had asked for nothing during three hours, *Henri* ventures to go into their cabinet—after, however, having tapped at the door with his forefinger.... They are both asleep.

O, ye, who have the good fortune to be invited to dine by a connoisseur at Chatelin's, do not go so high; remain below, and place yourself at the above-mentioned table near the stove, christened in the house by the name of the 8, for two reasons: the first, because—but you know them both already!

Chatelin now advances, and presents himself to your *inviter*, (for he knows well how to distinguish the *inviter* from the *invitee*), his *carte à manger* bound in *veau de Pontoise*, with gilt edges. His eyes are seeking to read in your's to what meats you intend to give the

preference. But as this card, from its shape and bulk, might be taken for the supplement to the *Dictionnaire de l'Academie*, Monsieur Chatelin relieves you from the embarrassment, in which you are suspended, the first course and the *entremets*, by telling you, in a modest tone, to the tune of the "*King of Prussia's March*," in the following lines, which, as they would lose considerably by any translation, we shall give our readers in the original :—

“ A bon titre je suis
Renommé dans Paris,
Pour les morceaux exquis
Que je fournis ;

“ Mon salon est toujours garni,
Et mon buffet bien assorti,
Des mets qui sont les mieux choisis ;
Dans tous les tems, au même prix,
On peut trouver réuni
Des alimens de tout pays.

“ On vante mon clablis,
Mes huîtres, mes radis,
Ainsi que mes salmis
De perdrix.

Mes godiveaux au ris ;
Mes tourtes, mes hachis ;
Fameux pâtés, gros et petits,
Bien dorés et bien arrondis ;
Bœuf au naturel, au coulis ;
Mouton aux navets bien roussis.”

As the uncertainty of the inviter is always the same, and, moreover, as it is impossible for you to eat of all these articles, Chatelin, who perceives this, continues to excite your sensuality, by giving you, in a higher key, the following short cut:—

“ Papillotes,
Poulets rôtis,
Gibelotes,
Macaronis,
Matelotes,
Salsifis,
Frits,
Fines compotes,
De puits,
Cuits.

Je conserve dindons farcis
Pour les maris,
Excellent thon pour les impolis,
Cervelle pour les étourdis.”

Know, then, that once seated in this place, you have under your controul, as the elements of the dinner that is offered to you, to choose between :

11 Stews,
29 Hørs d'œuvres, cold and hot,
25 Entrées of beef,
27 Ditto of veal,
35 Ditto of poultry,
12 Ditto of game,
9 Ditto of pastry,
26 Ditto of fish,
29 Ditto of dessert.

The whole of which you may moisten with—

- 27 Kinds of red wine,
- 17 Ditto of white,
- 7 Ditto of vins de liqueur,
- 33 Ditto of liqueurs.

Without reckoning the coffee, and other mixtures, such as *gloria*, *punch*, *bishop*, &c. &c.

Happy, indeed, is he who can every day verify the exactitude of this description, made to stimulate the curiosity and emulation of those who reflect on the surest means of putting the theories here taught in practice.

But with all this French frippery and elegance, (though we do not mean to say by any means the French live upon *soup-maigre*,) could Monsieur Chatelin, or any other *chief* of the kitchen, turn out such a bill of fare as the following, which we have the honour to record, as a specimen of a modern civic feast, where the *batterie de cuisine* raged with its most destructive violence? This memorable affair signalized the entry of Alderman Thompson upon the duties of his mayoralty on the 10th of November, (the 9th falling on a Sunday,) for the present year. It may fairly be questioned, indeed, whether, in point of substantiability, any other city in Europe could turn out such a choice and ponderous table. It is truly John

Bull, cut and come again, of the best sort ; this was the intention of the Amphitrion who gave it ; and all we can say more is, that the man who is a generous host, possesses many more good qualities with which he is equally profuse.

We were favoured with the following bill of fare, for the

LORD MAYOR'S DINNER, AT GUILDHALL,
Nov. 10th, 1829.

and we can vouch for its accuracy, viz. :—

200 tureens of turtle, 60 dishes of fowls, 35 roasted capons, 35 roasted pullets, 30 pigeon pies, 10 sirloins of beef, 50 hams, (ornamented), 40 tongues, 2 barons of beef, 10 rounds of beef, 50 raised French pies, 60 dishes mince-pies, 40 marrow-puddings, 25 tourtes of preserves, 25 apple and damson tarts, 90 marbree jellies, 50 blanc-manges, 10 chantilly baskets, 4 fruit-baskets, 36 dishes shell-fish, 4 ditto prawns, 4 lobster salads, 60 dishes of vegetables, 60 salads.

Remove—50 roasted turkeys, 30 leverets, 50 pheasants, 2 dishes pea-fowl, 24 geese, 30 dishes of partridges.

Dessert—200lb. of pine-apples, 100 dishes of hot-house grapes, 200 ice-creams, 60 dishes of apples, 60 dishes of pears, 50 Savoy cakes (ornamented), 30 dishes of walnuts, 75 ditto dried fruit and preserves, 55 ditto rout cakes, 20 ditto filberts, 20 ditto preserved ginger, 4 ditto brandy-cherries.

HUSTINGS TABLE,

(At which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presides.)

7 tureens of turtle, 2 dishes of fowls, 2 roasted capons, 2 hams (ornamented), 1 tongue, 2 raised French pies, 1 pigeon-pie, 1 dish shell-fish, 1 ditto prawns, 1 roasted pullet, 2 dishes mince

pies, 2 tourtes, 2 marrow puddings, 3 marbré jellies, 3 blanc-manges, 4 dishes of potatoes, 2 salads, 2 chantilly baskets.

Remove—2 roasted turkeys, 2 pheasants, 1 goose, 1 dish of partridges, 1 dish wild fowl, 1 leveret, 2 dishes pea-fowl.

Dessert—6 pine-apples, 6 dishes of grapes, 2 dishes apples, 8 ice-creams, 2 ditto pears, 1 dish dried fruit, 2 ditto walnuts, 2 ditto brandy cherries, 2 dishes Savoy cakes, 2 ditto rout cakes, 2 ditto filberts, 2 ditto preserved ginger.

THE FIVE LONG TABLES ON THE HUSTINGS.

45 tureens of turtle, 15 dishes of fowls, 10 roasted pullets, 10 roasted capons, 10 hams (ornamented), 10 tongues, 12 raised French pies, 12 pigeon pies, 12 dishes shell fish, 2 sirloins of beef, 15 dishes mince pies, 10 marrow puddings, 15 tourtes and tarts, 23 marbree jellies, 5 blanc-manges, 15 dishes potatoes, 20 salads, 5 lobster salads.

Remove—15 roasted turkeys, 10 leverets, 5 geese, 10 pheasants, 10 dishes partridges, 10 dishes wild fowl.

Dessert—25 pine apples, 40 dishes grapes, 15 dishes apples, 15 dishes pears, 45 ice creams, 15 Savoy cakes (ornamented), 20 dishes dried fruit, 15 dishes rout cakes, 15 dishes walnuts.

THE FOUR SHORT TABLES IN THE HALL NEXT THE HUSTINGS.

16 tureens of turtle, 4 dishes chickens, 2 roasted capons, 6 roasted pullets, 4 hams (ornamented), 4 tongues, 4 raised French pies, 4 dishes shell fish, 4 pigeon pies, 4 dishes mince pies, 4 tourtes and tarts, 4 marrow puddings, 8 marbree jellies, 4 blanc-manges, 4 dishes potatoes, 4 salads.

Remove—4 turkeys, 4 pheasants, 2 geese, 1 leveret, 4 dishes partridges, 4 dishes wild fowl.

Dessert—8 pine apples, 12 ice-creams, 12 dishes grapes, 4 dishes apples, 4 dishes pears, 4 dishes walnuts, 4 Savoy cakes (ornamented), 4 dishes dried fruit, 4 dishes rout cakes.

THE FOUR TABLES IN THE BODY OF THE HALL.

52 tureens of turtle, 12 dishes chickens, 8 roasted capons, 8 roasted pullets, 16 hams (ornamented), 12 tongues, 16 raised French pies, 8 pigeon pies, 16 dishes mince pies, 8 dishes shell fish, 8 marrow puddings, 12 tourtes and tarts, 20 marbree jellies, 8 blanc-manges, 12 dishes potatoes, 16 salads.

Remove—12 turkeys, 12 pheasants, 8 geese, 8 leverets, 12 dishes partridges, 4 dishes wild fowl.

Dessert—24 pine-apples, 40 ice-creams, 36 dishes grapes, 12 dishes apples, 12 dishes pears, 16 dishes walnuts, 12 Savoy cakes (ornamented), 12 dishes dried fruit, 12 dishes *rout cakes*, 12 dishes preserved ginger.

FIVE SIDE-TABLES IN THE HALL.

15 tureens of turtle, 8 dishes fowls, 3 roasted capons, 2 roasted pullets, 4 hams (ornamented), 2 tongues, 5 raised French pies, 5 dishes shell fish, 5 dishes mince pies, 5 tourtes and tartes, 10 marbree jellies, 5 marrow puddings, 5 dishes potatoes, 5 salads.

Remove—4 turkeys, 3 pheasants, 2 geese, 1 leveret, 5 dishes partridges, 1 ditto wild fowl.

Dessert—9 pine-apples, 14 dishes grapes, 11 ice creams, 5 dishes apples, 5 ditto pears, 5 ditto walnuts, 5 ditto dried fruits, 5 ditto Savoy cakes, 5 ditto preserved ginger.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

30 tureens of turtle, 9 dishes of chickens, 4 roasted capons, 5 roasted pullets, 6 hams (ornamented), 6 tongues, 6 raised French pies, 6 pigeon pies, 6 dishes shell fish, 9 ditto mince pies, 6 marrow puddings, 6 tourtes and tarts, 18 marbree jellies, 3 blanc-manges, 9 dishes potatoes, 9 salads.

Remove—6 roasted turkeys, 3 leverets, 3 geese, 6 pheasants, 3 dishes wild fowl, 6 dishes partridges.

Dessert—15 pine-apples, 21 ice creams, 21 dishes grapes, 6

dishes apples, 6 dishes pears, 5 Savoy cakes (ornamented), 12 dishes dried fruit, 9 ditto rout cakes, 9 ditto walnuts.

Wines—Champagne, hock, claret, Maderia, port, sherry.

Compared with the fare of our continental neighbours, we hesitate not to say, that the greatest, nay, the most refined gourmand, or the most slovenly glutton, could not fail to be gratified here.

The “Alderman’s wish,”* we are sure, might on this occasion be more than realized :

I hate French cooks, but love their wine ;
 On fricassee I scorn to dine ;
 And bad’s the best ragout :
 Let me of claret have my fill !
 Let me have turtle at my will,
 In one large mighty stew !

A napkin let my temples bind,
 In night-gown free and unconfined,
 And undisturbed by women !
 All boons in one, I ask of fate—
 At city feasts, to eat my weight,
 And drink enough to swim in.

Naturally fond ourselves of eating and drinking, when it comes honestly before us, either of our own, or other people’s, with a hearty welcome, we feel no reluctance in offering some allusions, inuendoes, or whatever else they may be called, on this savoury subject,

* See *Gent. Mag.*

whenever we can throw out a beneficial hint to a fellow-traveller in the high road of this eating and drinking life ; but, unfortunately, so remarkably prevalent is the love of gluttony and feasting, that we are almost inclined to believe that man is endowed with an immortal mind only to invent high-flavoured meats, and to consult what dishes are most pleasing to his palate ; a luxury of invention is employed to banish plain viands from their tables, and the most pernicious compositions of strong wines and destructive spices substituted in their stead.

Old England for ever !—thou country of *véritable* eating and drinking,—how shall we describe thee ? What encomium shall we not bestow upon thee, for thy all and ever-consuming powers ?—for, let it be but the business of a parish that is to be settled,—a public feast, at the expense of the parish, is provided. Should the boundaries of a district require to be determined, or the key stone of a bridge to be laid, a public feast is ordered ;—when the livery attend upon the Lord Mayor, an eating and drinking match is appointed, and the Island of Ascension, so remarkable for turtle, wafts its groans across the Atlantic to Guildhall, where, as if by magic, upwards of three hundred and fifty tureens of piping-hot turtle soup, stand

smoking before you. And when the governors of public charities meet together, dainties are prepared, over which public benevolence may be properly digested; in short, nothing is celebrated, nothing is performed, nothing is said, whistled, or sung—there is neither loyalty nor patriotism, public spirit, charity nor harmony, unless the table be plentifully and substantially decorated with eatables and drinkables of the choicest kind, the produce of every climate. At births, marriages, and burials, (Catholic meetings not even now excepted,) there is always something for the *ventre*. After all, we confess there is something peculiarly grateful, whatever be the topic, in sitting down to a good English dinner, with an agreeable Amphitriton; but we strenuously oppose the idea of a man's philanthropy being measured by the capacity of his stomach.

CHAPTER XII.

ACCIDENTAL, OR RURAL INVITATIONS.

A PHILOSOPHER of the nineteenth century has very judiciously observed that, in society, it is necessary to know how to avoid three things—namely, a civic comedy, a concert of amateurs, and a dinner without ceremony.

As regards the two first, the evil resulting from them is not without a remedy ; all that is necessary is to stop your eyes and ears with your hands. It is different, however, with respect to the third ; as one cannot stop the appetite unless by means of a good meal, we ought in charity to put our readers on their guard against an abuse, or rather a calamity, which, in Egypt, and in the time of good Master Potiphar, would have passed for an eighth plague, if it had been known. The question is simply of those kinds of impromptu dinners, known commonly by the name of *pot-luck*, *dinners without ceremony*, kind of *make-*

shift dinners, rural dinners, and what the French call *repas sur le pouce*, &c. which are frequently neither more nor less than a real friendly mystification.

We might still class in the list of *accidental invitations*,—wedding dinners, christenings, breakfasts, burial suppers;—but we shall confine ourselves here solely to those invitations truly unexpected, which are made in the country, and which it is agreed upon to call *rural meals*.

It is not when the sun, running through the scorching signs of Leo and Virgo, darts upon you his absorbent rays, that you ought to look for invitations, where a dinner upon the grass is the only object. The excessive heat would then do away with the pleasures which you propose to enjoy:—those of enjoying all the delights of the promenade, and of tasting, in the most unlimited sense, the pleasures of the country,—the less so, as you might be able to do this, were you even living in a town, and from which you could only absent yourself but seldom, and then only for a short time.

It is only in the months of June and July that such an invitation, under every consideration, is truly agreeable; earlier, the verdure of the fields is not sufficiently developed; later, it begins to grow yellow; whilst, at that time, it is

in the highest splendour of vegetable beauty. The leaves, even those of the most tardy trees, have taken their increase, and afford a cool and agreeable shade ; the grass, which has reached its greatest height, will never present us with a softer or better furnished carpet ; the greater part of the flowers are reigning in all their lustre ; and the rose, which is known as the queen of all, is never more fresh, nor is its vermilion red in greater splendour and perfection.

Try all you can, then, to get invited, during the months of June and July, to those rural dinners, you, who, tired with being pent up in dark dining-rooms, or at obscure eating houses, breathe, during your meals, no other atmosphere than that of the kitchen, if you wish to renovate nature, and particularly the appetite by a salutary exercise, and to refresh in some measure your organs by drawing in those beneficent emanations which are exhaled from vegetables, at this season of the year, which is truly that of happiness and pleasure. But in order to enjoy all these advantages, it is not necessary that you should get yourself dragged thither in a travelling box, and almost hermetically closed, from about some hundred paces from the outskirts of the town, where the air

is more unwholesome than in the centre of the capital, from being, as it is, composed of the most putrid exhalations, from various causes; besides, travelling in an overloaded coach is not changing air, and is at most but changing place.

The appetite, the first of blessings here below, for an individual accustomed to be invited, must be purchased at some trouble, and would even deserve to be so at some sacrifice. The rich man scarcely knows what appetite is, because he does not give it time to grow, and he does nothing to recal it; if he excites it, it is by artificial means, often prejudicial to his health, for which, Nature, almost always, sooner or later, punishes him, for having encroached upon her rights by endeavouring to walk in her footsteps.

It is not, therefore, in a hackney coach, a cabriolet, or a chaise-cart, nor even in an elegant landau, that you ought to repair to the place of invitation for a rural dinner, but on foot, unless the distance be too great. Ladies alone, and the provisions, have the privilege of being carried to the appointed place. A veritable rural repast ought to take place in the open air, where there should be no other table than the rich verdure of nature; no other seats

than the turf, enamelled with flowers; no other shelter than the trees, whose verdant branches ought to be so interwoven, as not to deprive you of daylight, but at the same time sufficiently so to protect you from the scorching rays of the sun. It is then in the midst of a forest or wood, with thickly tufted trees, where a rural feast ought to be held; every thing ought to be transported thither in large baskets, which we will suppose is a cold dinner, but which, the fire of good wine, your amiable pleasantries, and Anacreontique couplets will not be long in warming. The zest of your enjoyment and your wit ought to be allied to every thing, to render the dinner exquisite, though even in itself it should not be worth much.

The Amphytrion, or father of the feast, ought, nevertheless, not to depend too much upon you; he should, beforehand, make an abundant provision of well-selected articles, so that the cold pies, ham, and poultry, dried tongues, Westphalia sausages, pastry, &c. be all packed up in a safe manner; that the wines, such as Burgundy, Roussillon, and Champagne, which give courage to the most timid, and love to the most indifferent, arrive upon the spot safe and sound; that cheering and beneficent Mocha, which facilitates the most

laborious digestion, and that half-a-dozen of the best and most fashionable liqueurs, still more powerful, arrive with the guests; and that they be immediately placed in cold water, to keep them cool in the mean time, till they are ready to disappear in the stomachs of the party. Mirth and cheerfulness will not be long in following them; animating conversation, and declarations still more tender, will still be listened to with more eagerness and attention.

A little *bal champêtre*, at the expense of folly, will doubtless succeed this rural entertainment, over which simple Nature has presided; and you will afterwards return home, replete with the sentiment of happiness, esteeming yourself well rewarded at having so joyfully satisfied your appetite, and in the firm resolution of devising other means of getting yourself invited to similar entertainments in the months of June and July.

We shall conclude this chapter with the following admonitions to every host who would render himself agreeable, according to his means, in a plain, economical, John Bull sort of a way. His guests, we are sure, would always find more satisfaction and pleasure at such a table than at the most splendid profu-

sion, at the expense either of his or his family's happiness :—

1. If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.
2. Crowd not your table—let your numbers be
Not more than sev'n, and never less than three.
3. *Next, let your discretion moderate your cost,
And when you treat, three courses be the most.*
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by— }
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie.
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare ;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the guild pursue with joyful cries.
4. Clog not your constant meals, for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Even they who will extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for excess.
5. The fundamental principle of all,
Is what ingenious* cooks the relish call ;

* I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits that I call my cooks by the title of *ingenious* ; for I cannot imagine why cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their apprentices, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement ; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely ; they have been very serviceable, both to *spit* and *oven* ; and, for these twelve months past, whilst Dr. Wotton and his *modern learning* was defending *pie-crust* from scorching, his dear

For when the market sends in loads of food,
 They are all tasteless till that makes them good.
 Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
 To know for whom it is you would prepare :
 You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother ;
 A testy father, or a haughty mother :
 Would mollify a judge, wou'd cram a squire,
 Or else some smiles from court you may desire :
 Or would perhaps some hasty supper give,
 To shew the splendid state in which you live.
 Pursuant to that interest you propose,
 Must all your wines and all your meats be chose.
 Let men and manners every dish adapt,
 Who'd force his pepper where his guests art cl—pt?

6. When straighten'd in your time, and servants few,
 You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue*.^{*}
 When first and second course, and your dessert,
 All in one single table have their part ;
 From such a vast confusion, 'tis delight
 To find the jarring elements unite,
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight.
7. 'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast,
 For an ill end disparages the rest :
 A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
 Defaces obligation by that blot.

friend, Dr. Bentley, with his Phalaris, has been singing of capons. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity, or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations ; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the labours of the two Doctors, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.—*Art of Cookery*, 2d edit.

Make your transparent sweet-meats timely rise,
 With Indian sugar and Arabian spice ;
 And let your various creams enriched be,
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
 Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
 The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursued :
 The cheerful master, midst his jovial friends,
 His glass to their best wishes recommends.
 The grace cup follows to his sovereign's health,
 And to his country peace and wealth.
 Performing then the piety of grace,
 Each man that pleases re-assumes his place ;
 While at his gate from such abundant store,
 He show'rs his godlike blessings on the poor.

And, as a further wind up to this chapter, we annex the following extract, from the same source ; let those appreciate it who may. It contains some excellent practical truths, which it would be well for some people to turn to some practical account. They would guard many an honest and generous heart—not less so because there may be a native weakness, and inherent *bonhomie*, which exposes it to imposition, deceit, and insult—from being deceived by flattery and want of sincerity. It will also serve as a check to vanity and ambition on the other side ; and show the fulsomeness of aspiring to a morbid reputation for qualities which might

be acquired through more praiseworthy and lasting channels :—

Some do abound with such a plenteous store,
 That if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more ;
 And, 'tis the vast ambition of the soul,
 To see their port admir'd and table full.
 But then, amidst that cringing, fawning crowd,
 Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
 Who with such grace his honour's actions praise ;
 How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays ;
 Tell him his liv'ry's rich, his chariot fine ;
 How choice his meat—how delicate his wine.
 Surrouded thus, how should the youth descry
 The happiness of friendship from a lie ?
 Friends eat with caution when sincere,
 But flattering impudence is void of care ;
 So at an Irish funeral appears,
 A train of drabs with mercenary tears,
 Who, wringing of their hands with hideous moan,
 Know not his name for whom they seem to groan ;
 While real grief with silent step proceeds,
 And love unfeigned with inward passion bleeds.
 HARD FATE OF WEALTH ! were lords, as butchers, wise,
 They from their meat would *banish all the flies ?*
 The Persian kings, with wine and massy bowl,
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul :
 That so laid open, no one might pretend,
 Unless a man of worth, to be their friend ;
 But now the guests their patrons undermine,
 And slander them for giving them their wine.
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought ;
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
 They spread the net, and will themselves be caught. }

HORACE'S INVITATION OF TORQUATUS TO
SUPPER, IMITATED.*

(*From Dr. King to Dr. Lister.*)

Conceiving this to be the most proper place to introduce this appropriate *morceau*, we shall give it, with some trifling orthographical exceptions, as we find it in the original :—

If Belville can his generous soul confine,
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
I shall expect my happiness at nine. }
Two bottles of smooth *palm*, or *Angou* white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight.
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask,
But the champagne is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field,
And if you can exceed it, speak—I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glitt'ring salvers on the sideboard laid.
Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
The genral's counsels, and the statesman's fears;
Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious sight,
Sacred to British worth on Blenheim's fight.
The blessings of good fortune seem refus'd,
Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
A vast excess of wealth for squand'ring heirs.
Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Lest the censorious world should call me rake?

* Epist 5, lib. I.

Who, unacquainted with the gen'rous wine,
 E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design ?
 That makes us fancy every face has charms ;
 That gives us courage, and that finds us arms :
 See care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
 The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free ;
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on ;
 Or when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone :
 For all things ready, nothing more to fetch ;
 Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
 Then for the company, I'll see it chose,
 Their emblematic signal is the ROSE.
 If you of *Freeman's* raillery approve,
 Of *Cotton's* laugh, and *Warner's* tales of love,
 And *Ballar's* charming voice may be allowed,
 What can you hope for better from a crowd ?
 But I shall not prescribe, consult your ease,
 Write back your men, and number as you please ;
 Try your back stairs, and let the lobby wait,
 A stratagem in war is no deceit.

§

A TALE OF THE TABLE.

The passion for imitation, for doing as other people do, however foolish, or even contemptible, it may be, is so prevalent, that there is hardly a single person who mixes in the world capable of resisting the impulse he feels to make himself completely ridiculous upon particular occasions. There are a thou-

sand ways in which men may expose themselves by *imitation*; and few exhibit themselves in a more laughable light than those who are fond of giving *entertainments*, especially to people who figure in a superior style of life.

The author went, a few days ago, to spend his Christmas holidays with a friend at his house, in a village not many miles from London. The master of this villa—for every dwelling removed from the metropolis but half a mile, is dignified with that appellation—is a tradesman, and actually keeps a retail shop in town; but as his wife and family are too *genteel* to breathe the vulgar air of the city, he hired this house, and fitted it up in a tasty manner, (as he calls it), that he might enjoy his friends out of the smoke and bustle of London. Among these friends (as they stand in his catalogue), is a man of family, with a title, who is very distantly related to his wife, and who now and then sends for *her* and the children to dine with him and his lady, when they are denied to every body else—these cousins of theirs not being fit, in their opinion, to be introduced to their company. They do not look upon my shopkeeper as any body, though they always treat him with two courses and

a dessert, to keep up their *consequence*, and to lord it over him, hoping to make him ready to expire with envy at the sight of such a number of elegant dishes and exquisite wines which they had to set before him. Now and then, however, the housekeeper, knowing that no person of rank could possibly be admitted when a man just come from behind the counter was at table, ordered a cold dish, left on the preceding day untouched, or something very common, to fill up a vacant corner on the table.

While they were endeavouring to confound our cousins one day with their grandeur, and to make them stare, they were extremely disappointed; for they had not only the astonishing impudence to sit *quite at their ease* in their presence, but even *presumed* to invite them to dinner with *them*. At first they hesitated, in consequence of their surprise at the freedom which my tradesman took to put himself upon an equality with people of their rank; but, upon his being entirely unembarrassed by the refusal, and repeatedly pressing them, they began to impute the apparent vanity in him to its true motive, the want of being better acquainted with the rules of *propriety*, and thought they might enjoy some diverting

scenes by complying with his entreaties, from the exposure of his *vulgarities*, as the town was *empty*, and nothing going forward capitally ridiculous in their *own line*.

In compliance, therefore, with their cousin's invitation, these people of fashion agreed to eat a *bit of mutton* with them in the Christmas week, as they had then few elegant visits to make, and as few elegant diversions that excited their attention. This prodigious favour being granted, the mistress of the villa, as soon as she was informed that such guests were to dine with her, began to make preparations for their reception; and finding that the village did not afford variety enough for an entertainment fit for such personages, the husband was commissioned to send down from London fish, purchased at an exorbitant price, a turkey and chine, rein-deer tongues, and several other costly things for the palate; while Mrs. Busy and her family set themselves to make jellies, syllabubs, cakes, and sweet-meats, &c. in such abundance, that one would have imagined they were preparing a Lord Mayor's feast: and so eager were they to have every thing *right*, that from the excess of their anxiety on this extraordinary occasion, almost every thing was *wrong*. When they

had procured a sufficient number of *eatables*, their next care was concerning the place in which they were to be eaten. A warm debate ensued, that lasted near two hours and a half, in which the disputants could not determine upon the apartment that would be most eligible for the occasion, the parlour or the dining-room.

This debate, between *man* and *wife*, was carried on with such vigour and volubility, that we may safely say, with Mrs. Mincing, "I really thought they would have fought!" They did not indeed absolutely come to blows, but I am not sure whether the conjugal conflict of that day will not lay the basis of a *separation*.

Mrs. Busy insisted upon the parlour as being the most proper room to *dine* in. On the other hand, Mr. Busy strenuously contended for the *dining-room* as the fittest place, from the very name, by which it is distinguished from every other room in the house, as well as from its *size*. The parlour, he affirmed, was not large enough to afford them elbow-room. The lady, however, by mere dint of vociferation, gained her point; the cloth, therefore, was ordered to be laid in the parlour.

Upon reckoning up the dishes which were

to make the first course, the belligerents found, after all, that they had not a table large enough for the purpose. Mrs. Busy was for having one purchased immediately in London, and sent down; but Mr. Busy, who began to feel the expense of *entertaining* great people, said that a couple of small tables set close together would not be noticed when they were covered with the cloth. This proposal being assented to, though with great reluctance, no cloth was found of sufficient size. Mr. Busy then proposed the junction of two cloths, to which Mrs. B. strongly objected, as a mean and shabby mode of proceeding; declaring that a tablecloth could be no loss, and might be wanted on other occasions; a new cloth, was, therefore procured. But new difficulties arose; they soon found that they had not knives and forks enough for so many changes; they also found that they wanted a few dozen more plates; the wine-glasses were pronounced old-fashioned, and an additional number of bottle-stands were to be provided, which, with mugs, jugs, trays, and tankards, required almost as much money as the new-furnishing their house.

While these expensive necessaries were being sent backwards and forwards, the operations within doors went on very indifferently; the jel-

lies were not clear, the creams turned to curds and whey, the sweetmeats were ropy, from the present badness of the sugar; in short, the wines were cloudy, the ale was muddy, and there was nothing but finding fault and disputing for a whole week, in every part of the family; so that the quarrels alone, setting aside the enormous sums appropriated to the projected *entertainment*, made every body exceedingly uncomfortable.

The long-expected day at length arrived; a day of dressing, cookery, hurry, and confusion—every body concerned in it seemed to be out of his element. As great people never dine early, the dinner was ordered *at four o'clock*, that is, two hours later than usual. This new regulation affected the subterraneous part of the family in a very sensible manner—their *hunger* produced *anger*, and this anger was not a little increased, as they waited full three quarters of an hour after the time appointed; they were obliged to put back the spits, and to take the saucepans off the fire, while the *fricandeaux*, *ragouts*, and *mock-turtle*, &c. were stewing till they lost all their flavour.

At length, when the whole dinner was completely spoiled, Sir John, my Lady, and Miss P., an honourable friend of her ladyship's,

with Captain S., a creature of the baronet, arrived in a *vis-à-vis*, and a chariot, attended by such a retinue, that Mrs. Busy's maid and boy, with the people they had hired to assist in the kitchen, soon found there would not be victuals enough for the lower gentry, and sent out for a large leg of mutton, to be roasted, with potatoes, for the servants; at which they all turned up their noses, while the great folks, in the parlour, sniffed in their turn.—My lady exclaimed,—“*Lard*, Mr. Busy! how came you to put yourself to so much trouble and expense:” declaring, at the same time, she could never make a tolerable dinner, without half a dozen things at least; making all the while signs of disgust at Miss P., and calling for brandy and water every third mouthful. Sir John and the captain, tossed down half-pint bumpers of Madeira, till their ‘wit began to burn;’ and from the brisk circulation of the spirituous liquors before them, they soon drank themselves into an inflamed state.

No sooner had the ladies endeavoured to settle their heads with a dish of coffee, (which they freely declared, had not the *least flavour in the world*); they ordered their carriages; and having sufficiently convinced their *entertainers*, by indubitable tokens of contempt,

that they heartily despised them for pretending *to make a dinner for them*, drove off, laughing loudly, at the bustle they had occasioned in the tradesman's family; saying, and very justly, that such people deserved all the ridicule they brought upon themselves, by attempting things so entirely out of their sphere—so totally out of the reach of their abilities.

When their fashionable guests were gone, Mr. and Mrs. Busy began to reproach each other for the depredations which the entertainment of the day had occasioned, and for the sums expended in support of it. However, as they had not been able to eat much at dinner, in consequence of their attention to Sir John and my Lady, (the latter of whom, declared more than once, that it made her sick to see the mistress of the house thrust her great, red, greasy fist into the dish; and, that for her part, she always helped every body with a spoon, and in her gloves,) they unanimously agreed to collect the fragments of the feast together, and to make the most of them at supper. As for myself, being surfeited with the over-acted delicacy of the baronet and his *corps*, and sorry to see my foolish friends attempt to put themselves on a footing with people whom they should have

most cordially despised, I returned to my own apartment, with the determination never to give the *greatest* friend I had in the world any thing better than a beef-steak, or a mutton-chop, with a hearty welcome—or none at all.

CHAPTER XII.

NUTRITIVE VARIETIES.

*Maxims,—Reflections,—Anecdotes,—and
Epicurean Whims.*

AN epicure (gourmand), really worthy of this name, so often usurped, distinguishes himself when he sits down to table, and when he rises from it, by always taking his soup and coffee boiling hot.

It is a generally received maxim, that iron ought never to touch fish from the moment it appears on the table; gold and silver are the only metals worthy of coming in contact with it during the course of carving.

Every host, who knows the world, asks his guests, as often as three times, to eat of the

same dish. His first duty is, to fly to the assistance of those who are timid at table, to give them courage, to stimulate their appetite, and to spare nothing to satisfy them.

The greatest pain which you can give an epicure, is to interrupt him during the exercise of his jaws. *It is a breach of custom, as well as of politeness, to pay a visit to people at feeding time.* It is interrupting their enjoyments, preventing them from philosophizing their mouthfuls, and causing them great uneasiness.

It is no less a want of politeness to arrive, as a guest, after dinner has commenced ; thus, when people are at table, the guests who arrive ought to refrain from entering, even should they fast the remainder of the day, as a punishment for their want of punctuality.

A true epicure never suffers himself to be waited for.

Stale wine, a friendly dinner, and the music of amateurs, are three things equally to be feared.

The method of serving dish after dish is the very essence of the art of good living. It is

the way to eat hot, long, and plenty ; each dish being then a single centre, towards which every appetite inclines.

Nothing paralyses a good appetite so much as the presence of valets or *Johns*, at table. They ought only to enter when they bring fresh dishes ; after that immediately to retire ; the female servants necessary to the course, running with plates. It would still be better to bring in each dish in its turn, one of the guests, at the same time, getting up to go and take it from the bearer at the door. But there are mechanical means which save that trouble : e.g. a dumb-waiter.

It is essential that a dining-room be warmed in every part. A stove effects this purpose very well ; but the precaution should never be forgotten, to shelter the legs of the guests from the external air.

It is no less necessary to preserve the feet warm during the time of eating. This may be effected by various means, according to convenience, which every gourmand who has the well-being of his guests at heart will know how to contrive : the ladies—that's enough, the cold seldom strikes downwards.

Nor is it less essential that the dining-table be well lighted, without crowding the service, or endangering the sauces. This may easily be effected, by means of a lamp with two or more branches.

The master of the house ought to know how to carve all kinds of meats and fish. This formerly constituted the integral part of a good education, and in the old school there were carving-masters, the same as dancing-masters. In this respect, the Germans are very superior. With them, it is the butler who carves. He removes each piece as soon as it appears, and returns it cut up in the most expert manner. It then goes round the table, and each serves himself, according to his rank or taste. This is what we should term a knowledge of serving up a good dinner as it ought to be

The principal study of every Amphytrion, at table, is to keep his eye incessantly upon the plate of his guest; this is the star by which he ought to steer; his first duty, then, is, to keep it always well supplied, as well as his glass full. In these he ought to hold a *vacuum* in horror.

Digestion is the business of the stomach, and indigestion that of physicians.

The valets ought never to remove a service without being ordered to do so by the master; and the master ought never to give his order without being certain that his guests have *renounced* every dish.

The most delicate morsel of a roast duck is the wing. The best part of a boiled fowl is the thigh, particularly if it be fat, plump, and white. For some years past, the ladies have become very fond of the rumps of fowls; and, if it be a partridge, the stomach.

To leave any thing for manners on your plate, is rather a breach, than an observance, of common politeness towards your host. Empty glasses and empty plates.

In a leg of beef, two things are distinguished—namely, the parish-priest's piece, and the parish-clerk's. The last is the least tender; as, indeed, it ought to be, for there is scarcely any thing so tuff as an old humbug of this *caste*.

The tail of a rabbit, or of a hare, is the most

delicate morsel ; and is always offered to the most distinguished guest.

Geese, ducks, widgeons, and, generally, all aquatic birds, are all carved upon the different principles of poultry ; and are served up accordingly.

AMENDES HONORABLES.

According to the famous rules of the celebrated Monsieur Aze, strictly observed in some Parisian societies, to neglect coming after having accepted an invitation to dinner, incurred a forfeit of five hundred francs. This forfeit is reduced to three hundred, if forty-eight hours' notice be given that the party will not be able to come. Later than this, the whole penalty is enforced.

This regulation has appeared frivolous, or too severe, to many people ; but, upon reflection, it will be admitted that the absence of a guest, on whom one had depended, and for whom the company had been arranged, and the dishes combined, not unfrequently paralyses a whole dinner. Young people, who think they may do every thing they like, when they are in a particular humour, stand in great need of discovering this truth ; for we all know those who

are so deficient of politeness and knowledge of the world, as to imagine they can dissolve an engagement, by a note written in the morning—a gross and fatal error, into which a *véritable* gourmand would never fall.

This identical M. Aze said, that it was better to get merry with wine, than with ink,* as the former was not so black as the other. This was one of his best sayings; and the greatest honour has invariably been done to it.

All ceremonies, when once you are at table, turn always to the disadvantage of the dinner. The great points are to eat hot, *comme il faut*, long, and *beaucoup*.

Real epicures have always done dinner before the dessert. What they eat in addition to, or over and above the roast, is only the result of pure politeness; but they are, generally, in this respect, remarkably polite.

It would be an insult offered to the master of the house, to leave any thing eatable on your plate, or any wine in your glass.

The manner in which you fold your napkin,

* Qu'il vaut mieux se griser avec du vin que de l'encre, parce que c'est moins noir.

will ensure you another invitation ; but this is never done in London or Paris, unless you are very familiar in the house.

Every time you receive a general invitation, without the day being fixed, is but, at best, doing you a very insignificant kind of politeness ; and one might often be duped to be taken at the word. The only acceptable invitations are given for an appointed day, and this in writing ; because, in every instance, the written document constitutes your title. This observation is very important, and for want of having observed it, more than one provincialist has been indifferently received, and made but a very poor dinner into the bargain. In all things, one cannot be too discreet or reserved, as regards an invitation, general or limited.

Of all the affairs of the day, to a gourmand, the dinner is the most important, (the more so since suppers are no longer in fashion,) nor can one be too scrupulously attentive as regards every thing connected with it.

It is considered almost as uncivil to arrive too soon to dinner, as too late—above all, at the

tables of the middling classes, where the mistress of the house has the good sense to take upon herself the affairs of the kitchen.

To delay the dinner beyond the appointed time is a serious injury to the whole service. For this reason, at the house of a *véritable* gourmand, they sit down to table just as the clock strikes, and then the door is shut against *all* intruders.

It is convenient to dine late, as then one may concentrate all their thoughts upon one's plate, forget business, only think of eating, and going to bed.

A real gourmand would rather fast, than be obliged to eat a good dinner in a hurry.

Five hours at the dinner-table are a reasonable latitude, when the company is numerous, and no lack of good cheer.

Some are terribly frightened at seeing the salt-cellar upset, and thirteen people at table. There may be occasion for alarm at the number thirteen, when there is only enough for twelve: and, as regards the salt being spilt, the principal consideration is, to take care

that it has not fallen into, and spoiled some good dish, or sauce.

Every thing has its proper price in this nether world—much more so a good dinner. If then, such or such a guest cannot pay for one in purse, he must in some other manner. The ordinary way is, to loll out your tongue, instead of pulling out your purse, and to amuse the company with a song, draw the long bow, tell them a tough yarn, twenty fathoms long, when you have not the means of regaling them at your own house: this is what a Frenchman calls, paying “*en monnoie de singe*,” a species of coin very current both in London and Paris.

Women, who, every where else, constitute the delight of society, are out of place at an epicure's dinner, where the attention, which cannot be divided, is solely directed to the furniture of the table, and not to that by which it is surrounded. Also, on these important occasions, the most stupid goose has an advantage over the most amiable woman; but after the *nuptial wine* and the coffee, the fair sex resume all their rights.

The *visit of digestion* is a sacred duty, in which

every man, who knows the world, and has not lost his appetite for another occasion, never fails. The extent of this visit is regulated in some countries, by the quality of the repast; some have lasted as long as three hours. There are many Amphitrions who would gladly dispense with so long a mark of gratitude.

There is an article in the famous regulations, already mentioned, of M. Aze, strictly obligatory, which forbids us to slander the man at whose table we dine; and that for a time commensurate with the quality of the dinner: for an ordinary dinner, the term is eight days; but it never can exceed six months; after that, M. Aze allows the tongue its full play. Though it is always in the power of the Amphitrion to tie it up again, by an appropriate and timely invitation. Hence it is unanimously agreed, among gourmands, that of all the ways of preventing any one from speaking ill of another, this is by no means the least amiable.

The extreme levity of the manners of the present day, is the reason why so little importance is frequently attached to what are called nutritive invitations. Leaving behind us the time when there were more dinners than diners, it was then thought that acknowledgments of the

kind ought to be reciprocal; and to justify this species of ingratitude, it is asked, what would the Amphitrion do with such a large dinner? Bad logic! the reasoning of a false and corrupt heart!—for this identical great dinner would not have existed had he invited no one; and it is only to fatten his guests that he expects them, and for which he has put himself to such expense. The gratitude of a real gourmand is of more consequence; and, as it has its origin in the belly, no one can doubt his sincerity.

In many places, a large dinner is a state affair; it is spoken of three months before hand, and it takes nearly as long to digest it after it is over.

EPICUREAN PARALLEL, &c.

A celebrated gourmand, who was dining in company, where some profane subjects, as they are called, were present,—namely, some young, sober persons, were engaged in a discussion, the consequences of which brought him to establish a parallel between women and good cheer. It may be readily conceived that, in his capacity of a gourmand, he gave the preference to the table. The following is the manner in which he undertook to establish and prove his opinion.

“Let us lay down the principles,” says he;

“ you will agree in the first place, gentlemen, that the pleasures which good cheer procures, are those which are soonest known, latest relinquished, and which one may taste the oftenest. Now, can you say as much of the others ?

“ Is there a woman, as handsome as you may suppose her to be, even had she the head of Miss A——, the majestic air of Mrs. B——, the enchanting graces of Miss C——, the splendour, and killing embonpoint of Mrs. D——, the mouth and smile of Miss E——, &c. who would be worth those admirable partridges, the odour of which is superior to the perfumes of Arabia ? Would you put her upon a parallel with these pies, made of the livers of geese and ducks, to which the towns of Strasburgh, Toulouse, and Auch, owe the greater part of their celebrity ? What is she then by the side of Yorkshire hams, Epsom sausages, Stilton, Gloucester and Cheshire cheeses, for which Old England is so much renowned ; and those morsels which have acquired so much glory in the person of the hog ?—or can you compare her with all the luxuries of the table, brought far and near, from every quarter of the habitable globe. Where, in fact, is the gourmand so depraved as to prefer a silly meagre beauty, to those enormous and succulent rounds of

English beef, which inundate those who carve them, and which throw into a swoon those who eat them? Incomparable pieces of roast beef! O the roast beef of Old England! It is from your vast loins, the source of every vital principle and true sensation, that the gourmand inhales his existence, the musician his talent, the lover his tenderness, and the poet his creative genius!*

Having drawn an endless comparison with every good thing, solid and fluid, in this world, prepared by the cooks of England and New France, torrifed by the roasters of the London Tavern, carved, in fact, by British butlers, our gourmands call upon us to agree with him, that the enjoyments which good cheer procure for a rich epicure, ought to be placed in the first rank; that, quite differently prolonged than those which are tasted by breaking the sixth commandment, they bring on neither languor, disgust, fear, nor remorse; that the source

* "The things we eat by various juice controul
 The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
 Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep,
 The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;
 Eat beef or pie-crust, if you'd serious be;
 Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea.
 For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
 Still nourishes our passions by our food."

or spring, whence they incessantly rise, never dries; that far from enervating the constitution or weakening the brain, they become the happy principle of firm health, brilliant ideas, and more vigorous sensations. Thus, far from begetting regret, disposing to hypochondriasm, and ultimately rendering a man insupportable to himself, and to others, we are, on the contrary, indebted to them for that merry-making face, the distinctive mark of all the children of Comus—very different from the pale and squalid visage, the common mark of decrepit love, and dessicated manhood.

Such, in fine, was the discourse of our celebrated gourmand. We are not aware that he made many proselytes; but what we positively know is, that the next morning were reckoned in that society, more than *one* Ariana, and *five* or *six* indigestions.

BENEDICTINE MONKS, OR L'ABBÉ D'UN JOUR.

In the department De la Creuse, in France, there still exists an abbey formerly inhabited by those good monks of the order of St. Bernard, the name of which still recalls to mind some illustrious gourmands. It is situated upon the

Taurior, a small river which deserves to be better known, for it supplies some excellent trout : the Bernardines knew how to do justice to it, and they frequently worked this inexhaustible mine. There, only two in number, and under the direction of a venerable abbot, who could eat as much as three, they led a quiet and delicious life, forgetting the world and its pleasures, their daily occupation alone they made to uses in completing their embonpoint. Indeed it is supposed that had the 'Almanach des Gourmands' existed at that time, they would, *sans doute*, have been fonder of turning over its leaves than the pages of their breviary.

However this may be, the order only named to the abbot of the palace, a subject distinguished for the discoveries he had made in every thing which could flatter a nice and well-exercised palate, and truly worthy of belonging to a gourmand. The abbot at length died; several candidates solicited this dignity, and it was conferred upon Father Eutraphis. He sets out immediately, and arrives the following evening at the palace. The farmers wish to give him an account of everything; his brother monks wish to amuse him with the affairs of the house, &c.—He listens to nothing; all he asks for is trout. One was served up for his supper

that weighed twenty pounds. Father Eutraphis attacks it, finds it excellent, and congratulates himself upon an appointment, which placed it in his power to do every day the same thing. But alas ! man proposes, and God disposes; scarcely were three-parts of the fish consumed, before old Eutraphis was choked ; assistance is in vain ; he makes useless attempts to swallow, and dies with the tail of the trout in his mouth. The order to which he belonged learned at the same time his installation and his decease; they gave him a splendid interment, and occupied themselves in naming a successor, who also, it was hoped, might probably die of indigestion ;—a death truly worthy of one of the order of Saint Bernard, and of a *véritable* gourmand,—two names, at one time, nearly synonymous.

This anecdote is told by M. Dolo, who vouches for its authenticity. We are almost tempted to believe that Fontaine was acquainted with the same fact, when he composed his pretty story of the glutton, and that he had, at the time he composed the following stanza, the *abbé d'un jour* in his eye :

“ Et, puisqu’il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu’on m’apporte tout-à-l’heure
Le reste de mon poisson.”

THE USELESS SOP ; OR, THE CONVALESCENT
GOURMAND OUTWITTED.

Mons. De L. B., in his time, was the most illustrious gourmand in all Paris. He was exceedingly rich, and only had his appetite to satisfy, when he could find one. His house was abundantly stocked with every article of luxury that could be procured, far and near, for either love or money ; in which he enjoyed himself with the most exquisite sensibility. But his wife, who no doubt was afraid of becoming a widow too soon, was incessantly opposing him in his various tastes, so that he was compelled, in order to luxuriate with ease and satisfaction, to shut himself up in a private room. At length he fell sick, and the first remedy which the physicians prescribe for a gourmand is abstinence. This was, for ours, the worst of all ; and doubtless it would have been very differently observed by him, had he not been watched by his wife, who, having taken possession of all the keys, and established herself as a nurse, took him under her tutorship, in the same manner as any other person forced to keep his bed. The remedies operate, and our gourmand becomes convalescent ; he is at length permitted to eat ; and

the physician who knew his weak side, scrupulously prescribed the quantum of food he was to eat; which, for the first time, consisted of a new laid egg, and one small morsel of bread for him to sop in it. Mons. de L. B. could heartily have wished that this egg had been laid by an ostrich, rather than a hen; but he made good this disparity by the sop of bread: he caused the longest loaf that could be formed in all Paris to be bought, so that his sop was about an ell in length, and weighed nearly a pound. His wife was going to quarrel with him, about going against the doctor's orders; but what could she do, since he had followed the prescription to the letter. The egg was brought in, in grand style; the cloth spread upon his bed, and he got ready to dine, as one truly convalescent: but in sucking the white of the egg, he inhaled so strongly, that he swallowed the yolk at the same time!—an unfortunate accident—most deplorable precipitation! which rendered his sop entirely useless! so much so, that Madame de L. B. very gravely caused it to be taken away, with the shell of the egg; at the thought of which, our gourmand had nearly fallen sick again with despair.

THE GUINEA-HEN.

It is the same person alluded to in the preceding anecdote, to whom, on a similar occasion, his physician having given him leave, and always in writing, to take the thigh of a fowl, added to the end of the word fowl, 'of the Indies,' which is in fact, a guinea-hen, (*Le poule d'Inde*,) which, as may be perceived, solidly changed the state of things.

THE CUNNING CURATE.

The ladies who lived in the Castle of * * * wishing to take some little innocent revenge of the curate of the place, (a man renowned in the whole country for his gormandizing qualities), to amuse themselves at his expense, thought to play him the following trick. This curate, rather peculiar in his taste, was fond of fine and delicate cheer, in preference to gross materials of any kind. Nevertheless, as he was a great eater, the only difficulty that ever occurred with him, was when there was nothing to choose; and on this circumstance the ladies planned their joke. The curate being invited to the castle, found the table loaded with gross and common viands, and nothing more. He gave full scope

to his appetite, taking every thing, just as it came, and consoling himself in the absence of ortolans with the presence of rounds of beef. The ladies scarcely ate any thing, and that did not give him much trouble; but what was his surprise, when instead of a dessert, he saw a second dinner placed upon the table, composed of the most delicate *entrées*, beautiful game, with every accompaniment, accommodated according to the grand principles of the art. Our curate, who was nearly as full as he could well hold, becomes furious at the sight, severely apostrophises the lady, rises from the table, and goes out in a rage, without listening to any thing. The ladies now began to think that they had pushed the joke a little too far, when the curate all at once made his appearance again, feigns to be appeased, satisfies himself, and eats as much as would satisfy four. They guessed what he had been about during his absence; but what is equally sure, is, that the mystifiers, mystified in their turn, learnt by their joke that a real gourmand is never to be attacked on the score of good cheer.

THE DIFFICULT POINT.

M. Leblanc, whose ham pies (*pâtés de jambons*)

bon), are so much extolled in the Almanach des Gourmands, and who formerly lived in the Rue de la Harpe, where he kept one of the best ovens in Paris, had been head cook to the Count de Flavigny, the French minister at Parma. This noble, being on leave of absence, often ate *des garbures*, and found them much better at the Hôtel de Noailles than at home; he complained to M. Leblanc, and sent him to the marshal's cook, to learn what constituted the superiority of his *garbures*. This cook acknowledged to his brother of the kitchen, that on the Thursday evening he collected the gravies of the week to make his *garbures* of them on Friday; it was not then very surprising that they were much more succulent than those made by the scrupulous M. Leblanc according to the commands of the church. He nevertheless followed the recipe thus set down, and M. de Flavigny now found his *garbures* as good as those of the Hôtel de Noailles.

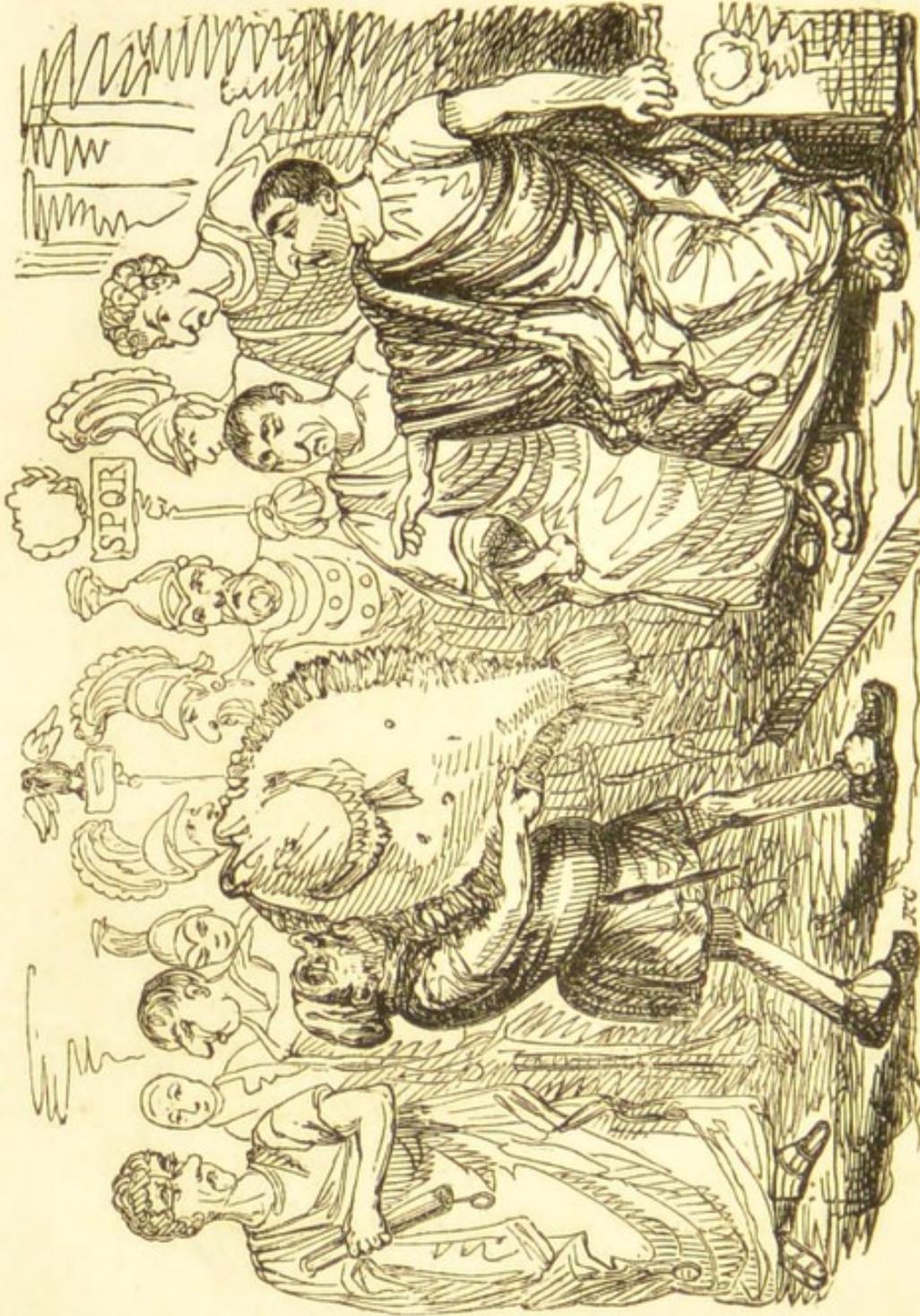
Some time afterwards he went to his estate in the country, where M. Leblanc continued to make his *garbures* for him, which the curate of the place found so excellent, that he begged Leblanc to give his housekeeper the receipt for making them; he depended so much the more on the complaisance of this cook, from

his having already given him the secret for making several ragôuts. Judge then of the embarrassment of Leblanc, who would neither compromise his talent nor his conscience. He made at first several excuses, which our pastor would not accept; pressed at last to grant his request—"Mister Curate, (said Leblanc to him), I will give you the receipt for making my *garbures* when you are a bishop."

THE CUNNING CAPUCHIN.

Some rather waggish young men wished one day to amuse themselves at the expense of an old Capuchin friar. A nice roasted sucking pig was served up, which they begged the friar to carve; and just as he was about to commence, the most robust of the company spoke to the following effect, and said to him: "My very reverend father, take care what you are going to do! for we have made up our minds to treat you absolutely in the same manner as you do the animal; and you may depend upon it, that if you cut one limb of the sucking pig, that moment will you be deprived of one yourself." The friar, without betraying the smallest symptom of fear, did to the pig, what people usually do when they try the

sweetness of poultry, and to see it is not turned, or tainted; then addressing his young messmates, he said, "Gentlemen, I beg you will now all do the same to me, in the terms of your threat; you see it does not frighten me." Who was the greatest fool now? The knowing ones, no doubt; and thus will be treated every one who attempts to make fun at the expense of a gourmand.



THE ROMAN SENATE DEBATING ON THE TURBOT.—See p. 263.

CHAPTER XIII.

IMPERIAL GOURMANDS.

THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS AND OTHERS.

THIS emperor had a strong predilection for mushrooms; he was poisoned with them by Agrippina, his niece and fourth wife; but as the poison only made him sick, he sent for Xenophon, his physician, who, pretending to give him one of the emetics he commonly used after his debauches, caused a poisoned pen to be passed into his throat.

Nero used to call mushrooms *the relish of the gods*; because Claudius, his predecessor, having been, as was supposed, poisoned by them, was, after his death, ranked among the gods.

Domitian one day convoked the senate to know in what fish-kettle they should cook a monstrous turbot which had been presented to him. The

senators gravely weighed the matter. (*see plate.*) But as there was no utensil of this kind big enough, it was proposed to cut the fish in pieces: this advice was rejected. After much argument and deliberation, it was resolved that a proper utensil should be made for the purpose; and it was decided that, whenever the emperor went to war, a great number of potters should accompany him. The most pleasing part of the story is that a blind senator appeared to be in ecstasy at the sight of the turbot, by continually praising it, at the same time, looking in the very opposite direction.

Julius Cæsar sometimes eat at a meal the revenue of several provinces.

Vitellius made four meals a day; and, at all those he took with his friends, they never cost less than ten thousand crowns. That which was given to him by his brother was most magnificent. Two thousand select fishes were served up, seven thousand fat birds, and every delicacy which the ocean and Mediterranean Sea could furnish.

Nero sat at table from mid-day till midnight, amidst the most monstrous profusion.

Geta had all sorts of meat served up to him in alphabetical order.

Heliogabalus regaled twelve of his friends in the

most incredible manner. He gave to each guest animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away all the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank; and it is remarkable that he supplied each with new ones every time they asked to drink. He placed on the head of each a crown interwoven with foliage of gold, and gave them each a superbly ornamented and well-yolked car to return home with. He never eat fish but when he was near the sea; and when he was at a distance from it, he had them served up to him in sea water.

Towards the latter time of the republic, people were not satisfied if, in the midst of winter, roses were not seen floating on the Falernian wine; and if, in summer, it was not cooled in golden vases. It was necessary, amidst the dangers of the sea, to go and find the rarest birds. After the conquest of Asia, female singers and *baladines* were introduced.

In point of profusion, nothing was equal to that which reigned at the banquet of Ahasuerus, who regaled, during sixteen months, all the princes and governors of his state, and kept open house, for seven entire days, for all the people of the great town of Suza.

Excesses of this kind are of more modern date. According to Pius III., Sindrigile, Duke of Lithuania, never made a meal at which less than thirty different kinds of meat were present; and he sat six hours at his table. Cardinal S. Sixtus entertained, at a most incredible expense, the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Naples. Precious odours were given to wash in at the change of every course; and, by means of the diversity and the arrangement of the meats, the Labours of Hercules, and part of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were seen represented on the table.

“I have seen,” says Montaigne, “one of those great artists who had served the Cardinal Caraffe. He gave the discourse upon the *science of the mouth*, with a gravity of countenance quite magisterial, as if he had been discussing some great and important point of theology. He deciphered the differences of appetite. But when fasting, that after the second and third courses; the means of pleasing it, sometimes to rouse, at others to excite it; the police of sauces, first in general, and then in particular, and afterwards particularizing the qualities of the ingredients, and their effects; the difference of salads, according as they are wanted, the means of ornamenting and embellishing them to

render them still more pleasing to the sight. He afterwards broached the order of serving the courses, full of fine and important considerations, and the whole inflated with rich and magnificent words; and even with those which are diplomatically used in treating for the government of a country." Such a man, in fine, may be recognized in the following couplet:—

Hoc salsum est, hoc adustum est, hoc lautum est parum;
Illud recte, iterum sic memento.

TERENCE. *Adelph.*

ONE REASON FOR EPICURISM.

This one reason for epicurism, and the sophistication of food, is the facility with which the most wholesome aliment is procured—from the erroneous notion, that that which is dearest and scarcest must assuredly be the best; and there are instances of enormous sums being spent in the purchase of a single dish, which, if economically expended, would supply several families for a year.

“————— a lavish slave,
Six thousand pieces for a barbel gave;
For his own gut he bought the stately fish,
And spent his fortune on a single dish.”*

* This enormous expense caused Cato to say that he doubted much of the safety of a town, when a fish was sold for more than an ox.

Even at the present day, every thing that is cheap is scorned ; and, as observed by Seneca, “ the glorious light of Nature is loathed at our meals, and banished from our presence, only because it comes free, and at no expense.” The merit, in truth, of modern times, directs all its rays, *ad gulam* ; and the only inducement to study is to please the palate, and to satisfy the stomach.

“ Invite a lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave ;
Still if it be on oaken table set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat.
Something’s amiss—he knows not what to think ;
Either your ven’son’s rank, or sauces stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expense, and latest wrought ;
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv’d in rich pedestals of ivory !
He finds no more of that offensive smell ;
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.”

BURTON.

A GOOD APPETITE THE BEST SAUCE.

This proverb is incontestible in the annals of eating and drinking. The artificial palate of the gourmand, how keen soever it may be, stands far aloof from the nice sensation of the natural stimulus.

The black broth of Lacedemon has long con-

tinued to excite the wonder of the philosopher, and the disgust of the epicure. What the ingredients of this sable composition were, have never been exactly ascertained. Julius Pollux says it was *blood*, thickened in a certain way. Dr. Lister supposes it to have been hog's blood: if so, this celebrated Spartan diet bore no very distant resemblance to the black puddings of our day. At all events it does not appear to have been a very tempting dish, since a citizen of Sybaris, who tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him why the Spartans were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die, than exist on such execrable food.*

When Dionysius the tyrant had tasted the black broth, he exclaimed against it as miserable stuff. The cook replied, "it was no wonder, for the sauce was wanting." "What sauce?" asked Dionysius: the answer was "*labour and exercise*, hunger and thirst; these are the sauces we Lacedemonians use, and they render the coarsest fare agreeable."

STOMACHIC INSANITY.

The most insane stomach, or if the term please better, the greatest gourmand, of whom,

* Vide Athenæum, lib. ix. c. 3.

perhaps, we have any modern account, was Louis, Count Zinzendorf, who was no less distinguished by all the modern memoir writers of the last century, from the solemn Marquis de Lamberti, down to the ingenious Baron de Pollnitz; the latter of whom remarked, that he kept the noblest and most elegant table at Vienna. With all his shining talents, and profound abilities, which had rendered him admired in so many different courts, the count was less zealous of his reputation in the cabinet, than of his honour in displaying the most exquisite and most splendid table that perhaps was ever kept in that or any other capital. His magnificence in this point would have been truly wonderful if it had not been eclipsed by various excellences of a superior kind. His skill was so great, that he was equally acquainted with Asiatic and Indian luxury. His olios exceeded those of Spain; his pastry was much more delicate than that of Naples; his Perigord pies were truly brought from thence; his sausages were made at Bologna; his macaroni at the grand duke's court; and as for his wines, no country that produced grapes of any repute—but a sample of it, for the honour of his vineyard, was to be found at his all-capacious side-board. His kitchen was an epitome of the

universe ; for there were cooks in it of all nations ; and in the adjacent numerous and spacious apartments were to be found rarities collected from every quarter of the globe. He had, in order to collect these, his agents for provisions in every country ; the carriages on which they were laden came quicker and more regular than the posts, and those who were well informed believed that the expenses of his entertainments ran higher than that for secret correspondence, though very possibly they might be rendered subservient or useful to each other.

In order to display his superior learning, he would discourse at large, and deliver the most curious as well as the most copious lectures on all his domestic and exotic delicacies. In these he shewed a true spirit of justice ; no man was ever less a plagiary.

“ This pillau,” he would observe, “ he had from Prince Eugene, who had it from the Bashaw of Buda ; the egg soup was made after the mode of the Marchioness de Prie ; the roan ducks were stewed in the style of the Cardinal du Bois ; and the lampreys came ready dressed from a great minister in England.”

His dishes furnished him with a kind of chronology ; his water *souchy* was borrowed from Marshal D’Auvergne’s table when he was first

in Holland ; the pheasant *tourte* was a discovery he made in Spain, where he was so lucky as to pick up a man who as a purveyor, had been in the service of that prince of *bons-vivans*, the Duc de Vendôme ; but he always allowed that the grand school of cookery was the Congress of Soissons, where the political conferences proved ineffectual, but the entertainments of the several ministers were splendid beyond description.

In a word, with a true Apician eloquence he generously instructed all the novices in good living ; and, as Solomon discussed 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 !!!

On his public days, there was half an hour or nearly a whole one, when he was altogether inaccessible ; and with respect to his employment on these occasions, as is ever the case as regards the privacies of prime ministers, there was a great variety of diet, as well as different speculations. An inquisitive foreigner, however, resolved to be at the bottom, cost what it would ; and by a gratification to one of his pages, which might have procured a greater secret, he was

let into this, when he beheld from his recess the following scene.

The count, seated in his elbow-chair, gave the signal for being ready for the important business; when, preceded by a page, with a cloth on his arm, and a drinking glass, one of his principal domestics appeared, who presented a silver salver, with many little pieces of bread, elegantly disposed; he was immediately followed by the first cook, who, on another salver, had a number of small vessels filled with so many different kinds of gravy; his excellency then, tucking up his napkin into his cravat, first washed and gargled his mouth, and having wiped it, dipped a piece of bread into each kind of sauce, and having tasted, with much deliberation, rinsing his palate, to avoid confusion, after every piece, at length, with inexpressible sagacity, decided as to the destination of them all. These grand instruments of luxury, with their attendants, were then dismissed; and the long expected minister having fully discussed this interesting affair, found himself at liberty to discharge the next duties of his political functions. This proves, that the science of eating, after all, is no liberal science, and that such formal nicety, and such studious deference to pamper the palate, is more noxious

than beneficial ; for, let us only draw a comparison between the plainest livers, and the most refined *bons vivants*, and it will be found, upon an average, that the lives of the latter rarely number above half the years of the former.

A FRAGMENT FROM PLUTARCH.

“Thou askest me,” said Plutarch, “why Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of beasts ; but I, on the contrary, ask thee what kind of courage that man had, who first lifted to his mouth a piece of murdered flesh ? who broke with his teeth the bones of an expiring beast ? who caused to be served up before him dead bodies, carcasses, and swallowed into his stomach, limbs, which the moment before, bleated, lowed, walked, saw, and licked his hand ? How could his hand strike the iron into the body of so sensible a being ? how could his eyes support a murder ? how could he behold a poor defenceless animal lie bleeding, deprived of its skin, and dismembered ? how could he bear the sight of its palpitating flesh ? Why did not its smell turn his stomach ? why was he not disgusted, repulsed, horror-struck, when he was handling the filth of its wounds, cleaning

the black and clotted blood with which it was covered !!! ?”

THE GREAT CONDÉ.

During one of the military courses of this prince, (says Gourville in his Memoirs,) the whole stock of Condé's provisions consisted of a few baskets-full of bread, to which I had caused some wine, hard eggs, nuts, and cheese, to be added. With these provisions we made considerable head-way during the night, and entered a village, where there was an inn. We remained there three or four hours; and finding nothing but eggs, the great Condé took great credit to himself for being an excellent pancake-maker; the landlady wishing to direct him, told him to turn it, that it might be better done, and having shown him how to go about it, in making the attempt, he threw it slap into the fire the first time he tried. I begged the landlady to make another, and not to trust to this skilful cook.

§

GOURMAND TRAITS OF THE CELEBRATED M. MONTMAUR.

Among modern gourmands, may also be

quoted, M. Montmaur, who was well known to have been the most famous parasite* of his time. He was born at Limougin, in the department des Vosges, in 1576, and died at Paris, in 1648. He was a rich, but avaricious man; he used to say to his friends—“*You find the meats and wine, and I will find salt.*” Indeed, he used to strew it by handfuls at the best tables where he went. His satirical humour acknowledged no bounds; he was Lucian every where; and he was particularly vindictive against bad poets. One day, at M. de Mesme’s, a poet of this character recited, in a loud voice, some verses he had composed in *praise of rabbit*. Montmaur, tired with his rhapsody, said to him, rather coarsely, “*This rabbit is not from the warren, serve us up another.*” On another occasion, being at table with a great number of friends, who were singing, speaking, and laughing, all at once—“*Ah! gentlemen,*” said he, “keep a little quiet, one does not know of what one is eating.” Furetière made the following epigram against him:—

“ Montmaur ne trouvoit dans la Bible
Rien d’incroyable ou d’impossible,
Sinon, quand il voit que cinq pains
Rassasièrent tant d’humains,

* See pp. 94 and 285.

Et que, pour comble de merveilles,
 Il en resta douze corbeilles.
 Bon Dieu ! dit-il, pardonnez-moi,
 Le miracle excède ma foi.
 Sans doute le texte en ajoute,
 Que n'étois-je là pour le voir ?
 Je ne crois pas que ton pouvoir
 En eut fait rester une croûte."

Literal Translation.

"Montmaur found nothing in the Bible, either incredible or impossible, except where the five loaves are represented to have satisfied so many beings, and that twelve baskets full remained. 'Good God!' said he, 'forgive me; the miracle exceeds my faith.' The text, doubtless adds, why was I not there to see it? I do not think, that, with all thy power, a single crumb would have been left!"

Of all the pieces of humour which were directed against Montmaur, the following are the most pointed :

A CATALOGUE of the Books belonging to M. Montmaur, Counsellor to the King, Gentleman of his Kitchen, and Comptroller General of the Feasts of France.

Panegyric of the Saint Martin and of Kings.

Examination and Refutation of the Book of St. François Xavier, Satis est, Domine, satis est.

Physical Demonstration, or proofs that the people of the north are no stronger than those of the south; and that the reason for the former having so often conquered the latter, was, in consequence of eating more.

A Treatise upon Four Meals a-Day, with their origin, or etymology; together with a curious investigation of the manner of eating of the ancients, where it is proved that they eat lying in their beds, purely to shew that it is necessary to eat both night and day, and that those who eat, sleep,—or, that real rest is only to be found at table.

A Commentary upon the Fifth Aphorism of Hippocrates, where it is said, that it is much more dangerous to eat little than much; together with a *summary refutation* of the passage which declares, that every kind of repletion is bad.

A Non-Sceptical little Work, against that common way of speaking—*The first morsels hurt the last.*

A Mathematical Demonstration, in which, the author shews, by the frequent experience of his own belly, that there is a *vacuum* in Nature.

An Invective against the man who first suggested the means of taking a town by famine.

The Apology of Father Glutton.

A Prayer to St. Lawrence for the tooth-ache.

Apotheosis of Apicius.

A Treatise upon every kind of merchandize which people taste before they buy.

A Commentary upon the laws of the twelve tables.

On the praiseworthy custom introduced into the Church, of eating meat from Christmas to Candlemas; with a very humble supplication to our lord and father (N. S. P.) the Pope, to transpose Candlemas after Easter.

A request to M. le Lieutenant-civil, that he would be so kind, as to prohibit innkeepers from keeping plates with convex bottoms, which is evidently an imposition.

Another request to the house of parliament, entreating them to forbid almanack-makers to predict a famine, which is enough of itself to make one die with fear.

§

Under the name of M. Montmaur the following pieces of advice were published:—

Advice to ministers and other religious orders, to sham sick often, that they may be sent to

Infirmary, where they will be allowed to eat meat.

Advice to Physicians, to give a dispensation from fasting to all who may ask them.

Advice to rich and opulent People, always to keep a good table, and rather to feed men than dogs.

Advice to Members of Parliament, to take the name of *cenators** (senators), because it is demonstrated that the Romans only triumphed through the merit of those who bore this name.

Advice to Curates, to be always present at christenings and weddings.

Advice to those to whom any thing is given, never to choose, lest, through civility, they may be obliged to take the worst.

Advice to those who attend at table, to change often the plates of simpletons, which are carried away by civility, and particularly at the time when the dish is pretty well loaded.

§

The following problems were also attributed to Montmaur :—

It is asked,—

I. Ought physic to be taken or not?

* Supper-eaters, from *cæna* : vide p. 48.

Yes, because it is swallowing.

No, because physic empties the stomach.

II. Ought people to pick their teeth?

Yes, to prevent them from decaying.

No, because it takes something out of the mouth.

III. Ought people to chew their meat?

Yes, because by that means you enjoy longer the pleasure of eating.

No, because during the process of mastication one loses some other mouthfulls, which, during that time, might have been swallowed.

IV. Ought one to marry or not?

Yes, because at that ceremony there is a feast.

No, because you then take a woman who, for the remainder of her life, eats the half of the dinner.

V. Is it better to have a tongue, or to be without one?

Yes, because with the tongue you ask for meat and drink.

No, because it fills the mouth, and causes you to lose time at table, in talking.

VI. Ought sauces to be made or not?

Yes, because they savour the meat.

No, because they make other people eat that which would be very well eaten without sauce.

VII. Which is best, to dance or sing ?

Ans. It is best to eat.

VIII. Which is best, to dine or sup ?

Neither one nor the other are good ; you ought only to make one meal a day, and that should last from morning till night.

§

The following collection of Apothegms, were also circulated under his name :—

He said that an egg was better than a prune ; a thrush worth both ; a pigeon, the whole three ; a chicken, the four ; a capon, the entire five : and so on in proportion.

One day, when he was thirsty, and no other vessel could be found for him to drink out of than a bucket, full of wine, he drank it off at a draught, *et negavit se unquam jucundius bibesse*, alluding to that king, who said the same, when he was forced to drink out of the hollow of his hand, for the want of a better mug.

Speaking one day of a great mortality, “ *So much the better,*” cried he ; “ *the more deaths the fewer eaters.*” He acknowledged no other enemies.

Going one day to dine with a bishop—“ *Pastoris est pascere,*” said he to him.—“ *Monseigneur, I am come to dine with you.*”

He was, on one occasion, reproached for his

eyes being larger than his stomach. “*Not at all,*” replied he, “even though I had as many as Argus.”

He used to say that Easter and Christmas were the two best days in the year—Easter, because it is farthest from Lent; and Christmas, because you then breakfast at midnight.

He used often to say that it was consistent with the majesty of a king to eat at all his tables.

He compared courtezans to the dishes which the master of a hotel placed upon his table, where some are sometimes first and sometimes last, and which are all in confusion when they are going to be washed.

He called eructating (*ructus*) conveniences of the table.

To one who reproached him with eating as much as two people, he replied, that “*at Sparta it was the mark of kings.*”

Being asked, one day, what was necessary to be done to preserve health, he replied, “*Eat well, eat hearty, and eat long.*”

One day, when he was eating hot broth, some one having observed that he doubtless must scald his throat—“*Yes, I do,*” said he, “*but at the same time, mind ye, I am eating.*”

He was once told that he ought to sit at table without moving about, or taking any thing but what was set before him; he answered, that “*If the Spaniards had never travelled, they would not have met with the gold of Peru.*”

He said, that in order to make the days of winter appear as long as those of summer, “*It was only necessary to fast from morning till night.*”

Being asked why he was always hunting after dinners, he replied that it was “*Because dinners did not hunt after him.*” He added, that our fore-fathers called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, (to make haste,) to demonstrate that one should always be in a hurry to get to them.

He was once very sick, and like to die; and on being reprimanded for drinking too much at such a time, he answered, “that he only drank so much *pour faire jambes de vin.*”

One day his confessor was pointing out to him the great trouble the saints had to go fasting to Paradise; “*I can easily believe it,*” replied he, “*it is a great distance to go without eating.*”

DEFINITION OF THE WORD PARASITE.*

Before concluding these observations on M. Montmaur, it is important here to put you in mind of the different meanings which, in former times, were applied to the word *parasite*, as well as its signification at the present day. The title of *parasite* was, at one time, considered very honourable; it had the same fate as that of *philosopher*: the bad use that was made of both brought them into disrepute. The Romans called parasites *epulones*; they were appointed to receive the offerings of the first fruits in the Temple; to distribute them among the people, and to preserve some of them for the feasts consecrated to the gods. Almost all the gods had their *parasites*, which, say the historians, made also certain sacrifices with the women who had only had one husband. It is quite natural that men who eat at the table of the gods, and who were in such favour with the god Hymen, that the guests of Jupiter, Bacchus, and Apollo should be held in the highest consideration among the people; but it was soon observed that these gentlemen had excellent appetites, and that they consumed the fruit of their divine hosts. They at length degraded

* See also pp. 94 and 276.

themselves, by appropriating, under pretext of the service of the gods, the entrance of the great houses; they conducted themselves there as in the temple; and, while praising the master of the house, in the same manner as they would have done Jupiter or Hercules, they devoured the food reserved for the family. It was then that the flatterers and fawners were styled parasites, who, to procure themselves a good dinner, shamelessly made a sacrifice there of both delicacy and probity. The Romans, when they received them at their table, used the privilege they had of laughing at them, mocking them, and even beating them—a privilege, however, which has not found its way down to the present time; for now-a-days a parasite is the *friend of the house*; and the praises he bestows are taken for good money. They are very amusing, and many people who eat their fortune without appetite, are much pleased with having such guests at their table, who sometimes dissipate that species of ennui which riches so often promote. Moreover, parasites have been among us true mediators between opposite parties. Some upstart, who had been despised and disdained by the public, was at first visited by parasites, who invariably have a great fund of indulgence

for every man at whose house they dine ; and the wonders of the kitchen are so much buzzed about, by this means, that, now-a-days, people seem to think that dinner-hunters are very fashionable, that they have received a finished education, and that they even begin to speak English.

Notwithstanding the encouragement which is given to the kitchen, we cannot refrain, in finishing this notice, from lamenting the decadence of this precious art ; the kitchen, which is chemistry itself, *par excellence*, ought nevertheless to be cultivated with more success in an age where such important improvements and discoveries have been made by the chemists. In one winter, we have, God knows how many *débutantes* at the theatres ; we have candidates of all kinds, from a county member down to a vestry clerk ; but few aspire to such real perfection as that which the culinary art is capable of. This, indeed, would seem to contradict the boasted march of intellect, so much talked of at the present day.

CURIUS DENTATUS.

It was not peas, as was supposed, which

Dentatus cooked, but positively radishes. We have the following facts from history:—

Curius Dentatus was three times consul, and twice enjoyed the honours of triumph. The ambassadors of the senate having found him cooking peas in an earthen pot, in that part of the country to which he had retired after his victories, offered him vases made of gold to engage him to espouse their interests. The Roman refused them, by telling them haughtily, “I prefer my earthen ware to your golden vases—I will not be rich, contented in my poverty to command those who are so.”

Here we find the truth happily re-established. History ought never to be altered, even though it should only be concerning boiled radishes.

Macrobius says, that at the time the *la famia* existed, which had been published to repress the debauchery of the people, several senators came to the senate drunk to give their vote for the safety of the republic. That law, among other things, permitted no one to spend more than an hundred *asses* at one meal, *centenos asses*. The law *orchia* regulated the number of guests which might be invited.

Read, to improve your mind, and enable you to speak learnedly on matters of gastronomy, the description which Perron has given of the feasts of Trimalcion, that is, of Nero. Read the moral works of Plutarch, his *Propos* of the Table. Martial's Epigrams *Julius Cæsar*, *Bullengerus*, *juliadimensis e soc. Jesus de Conviviis*, *Guidoni Panciroli rerum perditarum, cum Commentariis Salmuhl, titulum de cibi Capiendi modo veteribus usitato*. The small volume 12mo. which former writers of the lives of the popes dedicated to Cardinal Roverella under the following titles:—*Bap. Platinae cremonensis de honesta Voluptate et Valetudine, libri decem*. In this work Platina describes the art of preparing food in a manner which he calls agreeable and useful to health.

EXPLOITS OF GREAT EATERS.

Surtout si vous voulez charmer vos auditeurs,
Racontez les exploits de quelques gros mangeurs.

The following are some of the most striking examples that can possibly be quoted. Maximinus eat sixty pounds of meat per day; Albinus swallowed in one morning three hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds

of muscat, one hundred becfigues, and forty oysters. Phagon devoured before Aurelius a wild boar, a hog, a sheep, and one hundred loaves, and drank a pipe of wine. Domitius, an African, and Audebonte, King of England, died at table from eating too much.

Roman history furnishes us with several examples of extraordinary drinkers, which it is amusing to quote at table. Women even addicted themselves to wine; and there have been those who, at every health they drank, drank as many draughts as there were letters in their names. Peson was made Prætor by Tiberius for having drank for three nights running. Flaccus obtained the province of Syria for a similar exploit. Novellus took down at one draught three large measures of wine, in presence of the same emperor.

Marshal Villiers had a Swiss soldier under him who was an enormous eater. The Marshal one day had him brought before him, and asked him, how many rounds of beef he could eat? "Ah! Monseigneur, I can eat a great many, five or six at least." "And how many legs of mutton?" "Legs of mutton! not many, seven or eight." "And ducks?" "Oh! ducks, not many—a dozen." "And pigeons?" "Oh! as regards pigeons, Monseigneur, not many,

forty, perhaps fifty, according to appetite.”
 “And larks—how many of them can you eat?”
 “Larks, Monseigneur,” replied the Swiss, “for ever.”

RUSE DE GUERRE GOURMANDE.

M. Bailli de Suffrein being at Achem, in India, a deputation from the town came to ask an audience of him at the very moment he had begun to dine. As he was a genuine gourmand and did not like to be troubled at his meals, he had recourse to the following pleasantry to get rid of the deputation. He sent a messenger to announce to it, that there was an article of the Christian religion which expressly prohibited all Christians, during the time they were at table, to do any thing but eat, that function itself being of the greatest importance. The deputation, on receiving this intelligence, retired very respectfully, admiring, in very high sounding terms, the extreme devotion of the French general.

TRAGIC DEATH OF A CELEBRATED GOURMAND.

*Ainsi finit Vatel, victime déplorable,
 Dont parleront long-tems les fastes de la table.*

The following letter from Madame Sévigné

to Madame Grignan gives an account of this event :—

“ The king arrived on Thursday evening. The promenade, the collation in a place studded with jonquilles—every thing was as could be wished. They supped ; there were some tables where roasted meats were absent, in consequence of several dinners being wanting which had not been attended to. This affected Vatel. He repeated several times, “ I have lost my honour ; this I can never get over.” He said to Gourville, “ My head turns, I have not slept for the last twelve nights ; assist me in giving orders.” Gourville comforted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the twenty-fifth, was always uppermost in his mind. Gourville told this to the prince. They even went into Vatel’s apartment, and said to him, “ Vatel, all’s right ; nothing could be more magnificent than the king’s supper.” He replied, “ Monseigneur, your kindness overcomes me. I know that the *rôti* was wanting at two tables.” “ Not at all,” said the prince ; “ don’t be uneasy, every thing goes on well.” Midnight arrives. The *feu d’artifice* does not succeed ; it was covered with a cloud ; it cost sixteen thousand francs. About four o’clock

in the morning Vatel goes all over the house, and finds every one asleep. He meets a little purveyor, who only brings him two loads of *marée*; he asks him, "Is that all?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply. He was not aware that Vatel had sent to every seaport town. Vatel waits a little—the other purveyors do not arrive—he gets in a rage—he thought there was no other *marée*. He goes to Gourville, and says to him, "Sir, I shall never survive this affront." Gourville laughed at him. Vatel goes up to his room, places his sword against the door, and passes it in that manner through his heart; but it was only on the third attempt that he succeeded, for he gave himself two wounds which were not mortal. He fell down dead. At length the *marée* arrives from all quarters, and Vatel is sought for every where to distribute it. They go to his room, knock, break in the door, and find him swimming in his blood. They run to the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was upon Vatel that the journey to Bourgogne entirely depended. The prince in tears informs the king. It was attributed to the force of his peculiar honour. He was much praised—and his courage was both lauded and blamed.

OLD CHEESE.

“ On a senti de loin cet énorme fromage,
Qui doit tout son mérite aux outrages du temps.”

A German named Martin Schookins wrote a work on this kind of cheese, entitled *De Aversione Casœi*. We have not been able to procure this book, which to us would have been very acceptable. This brings to our memory another German of whom we have read, who had written a large book on citron zest. This, indeed, is the very essence of art and talent. “ *Le fromage,*” says the French proverb, “ *est le biscuit des ivrognes.*”

Rotten cheese toasted is the *ne plus ultra* of a refined taste—those who eat it are not without a *maggot* in their head. Those who like it may use it.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERSONAL VEXATIONS ; OR, THE MISERIES OF
DINING ABROAD, AS WELL AS AT HOME.

O YE unfortunate eaters and drinkers, who neither breakfast nor dine every day regularly ! whoever, *misérables diables*, you may be, or whatever may be your sufferings ; you who arrogate to yourselves a species of sovereignty of pain, because you have an ever craving appetite—do you imagine that all the throbs or palpitations of torture, and all the anguish of despair, belong exclusively to yourselves ? It seems as if you were so fatigued with the unequal struggle that you have to sustain against the storms of life, and the grumblings of your stomach, that one even sees you shudder at the representation alone of those simulated outrages, which wring your hearts with sorrow, and cause you

to shed as many tears as would inundate a theatre from the pit to the gallery. Well—read the following lesson attentively, and you will see a spectacle still more afflicting; or, rather, put on all your courage to view with a dry eye this imposing mass of calamities, which falls at once upon a class of individuals accustomed to make at least three regular meals a day.

Forced, as it were, to renounce the monopoly of affliction which you had portioned out to yourselves for such a length of time, you will impartially put your misfortunes into the same balance with theirs. You will reproach them with those I am about to submit to your judgment, and by distilling from the comparison a healing balm to cauterize your deepest wounds, you will at last learn to know the mildness of your destiny, compared with the racking pains daily experienced by your adversaries, those martyrs of the industrious caprice of misfortunes of every kind. Read, reflect, and shudder.

I. You are a bachelor; you return home to dress to go to town to dine; you find out you have lost the key of the street door, and then are obliged to call in the aid of the locksmith, or to break in the *porte*.

II. To wash and shave with cold water, when the thermometer stands at the freezing point.

III. Dressing by candlelight—at the moment you are tying your cravat, out goes the last inch of candle in the house, and to be obliged to finish dressing in the dark.

IV. To be obliged to pass by the servant at the moment she is sweeping the staircase, and to get all over dust, because you have not time to wait.

V. To take a hackney-coach, that you may keep yourself clean, and on getting out of the coach, to place your foot in a heap of mud, which covers your shoes, and then to be reduced to the necessity of wiping them with your pocket handkerchief.

VI. Having arrived in a hurry, although a little too late, and as hungry as a hunter, in the expectation of finding the guests already seated at table, to pass the dining-room, and see that the cloth is not even laid.

VII. On arriving in the saloon, where all the guests are assembled, you salute the host, and, after paying a well-turned compliment to the mistress of the house, you sit down precipitately upon an arm chair, and almost kill the cat she but a few minutes before had been smothering with caresses.

VIII. To have forgotten your snuff-box, when one cannot do without it, and no one present takes snuff.

IX. To come out without a pocket handkerchief, on a cold winter's day, when you have a violent cold in the head.

X. At table, to be placed at one end between two little boys, about the age of ten, whilst the most cheerful guests are sitting at the other end, among beautiful ladies.

XI. To be regaled during the dinner with the agreeable and polite noise of the master and the mistress of the house alternately scolding their servants, calling them names, and being called upon to be the judge between them.

XII. After having been as hungry as a hawk the whole morning, you perceive, as you are about to sit down to table, that your appetite has all at once disappeared.

XIII. To be forced to eat potatoes, or pie-crust, when you are no longer hungry.

XIV. To be suddenly informed, by your palate, instead of owing the discovery to the olfactory nerves, that the last oyster you swallowed was *rather too far gone* to recal it.

XV. To eat too fast, and without thinking to use the knife instead of the fork (*à l'Anglaise*), lose the road to your mouth, and

wound your cheek with a sharp-pointed knife (*à la Française*).

XVI. To break a tumbler or wine glass, with the end of the bottle or decanter, while you are in the act of replacing the latter.

XVII. In taking soup, to feel a hair in your mouth, which, in proportion as you draw it out, it lengthens, and tickles your lips.

XVIII. Eating a poached egg, feel your bread meet with a certain resistance in the interior of the shell, in consequence of its containing a little half-formed and half-cooked chicken.

XIX. To detect, in a mouthful of leg of mutton, a clove of garlic, when you loathe this vegetable.

XX. A small pebble having got itself incruled in a piece of soft bread, and which you have not perceived, to cranch it between your teeth with so much violence, that it causes the most excruciating pain, and extorts from you, at the same time, some horrid oath.

XXI. The small bone of a herring, or of a carp, sticking in your palate, you try all you can to get it up by coughing and spitting; at length your stomach revolts, and you serve up your dinner again in rather an unusual way.

XXII. After having officiously offered to carve a fowl, to see yourself obliged to acknowledge that you don't know how, and that before twenty witnesses, whose eyes, during your awkward efforts, are continually fixed upon you.

XXIII. After having eaten, if not swallowed, a cherry, a black-heart, or a strawberry, to discover by the taste that you have unfortunately been unintentionally the death of some poor unhappy maggot that had been shut up in it.

XXIV. A pear, which, after being peeled, seems as if it would melt in your mouth, deceives you, and breaks one of your teeth, because you did not take the necessary precaution to prelude upon it with a knife, instead of biting it.

XXV. Having discoursed during dinner with well-informed people, and to recollect, at tea-time, that you made two grammatical errors in combatting their assertions.

XXVI. After having risen from table, to stoop with too much precipitancy to pick up a lady's glove, you knock your head against the arm of the chair, on which she is seated; and, on getting up again, you give another a blow on the stomach with your head, after having felt

your tight pantaloons give way, when you have no drawers on.

XXVII. To point an epigram against a lady who dances, by addressing one's self to a gentleman whom we are, too late, informed is her brother, her husband, or her lover.

XXVIII. To dance a country-dance with shoes that hurt you, or with shoes too large, and to leave one in the middle of the saloon, and at the same time to discover that your stockings are full of holes.

XXIX. During the first quadrille, or country dance, with a young and pretty dancer, (the mistress of the house, for instance,) to be taken with a severe and unyielding cholic, the tardy and unexpected effect of some purgative pills, which you now recollect to have taken in the morning.

XXX. Being very hot, to wipe your face with your pocket handkerchief, without recollecting the accident in the hackney-coach, and to perceive, on approaching a glass, two abreast, that one of your eyes is full of dirt, which you wipe off with your kid gloves, and with which you soil those of your partner, when you take her by the hand.

XXXI. To disturb your false collar in raising up your cravat; to be forced to do

penance at some innocent game, to take off your coat, and to expose a coarse dirty shirt, full of holes about the shoulders.

XXXII. To excuse one's self from taking the hand of another who plays at loo, and upon a reiterated and pressing invitation, to see one's self forced to acknowledge, quite loud, that you have left your purse at home upon the chimney-piece.

XXXIII. Wanting to go away, but cannot find your *chapeau*.

XXXIV. Lastly, to return home at two o'clock in the morning, wet and dirty, because you have not been able to procure a coach; to find you have got the devil's own appetite, in consequence of coming away before supper; to be obliged to wait a quarter of an hour at the street door, before you are let in; when you do get in, there is no light, and you break the wash-hand basin, with all its appurtenances, which are upset: you can't find your night-shirt; the bed is not made; the blankets are too short, and leave your shoulders uncovered; being thus exposed to the cold, you pull up the clothes, and uncover your feet; you then knock and kick about, trying to put things to right, and, hooking in the curtains, pull down the top of the bed upon your head; lose your

equilibrium, and tumble out in the middle of the floor, with the mattrass, bed clothes, &c. and upset the table with your watch upon it; at length you succeed, by dint of groping, to lay your hand upon the tinder-box, you strike a light, but find no matches; get into bed again, as well as you can, in the dark, and during the remainder of the night, never once close your eyes for cold, and a violent head-ach; at the same time, you are agreeably charmed with a neighbour in the adjoining room, ‘driving his pigs to market,*’ who has gone to sleep upon a hearty supper.

XXXV. A half-pay officer, short of the *mopusses*, and expecting your agent to discount you a bill, or advance you a sum of money on Saturday, and *no misake*, you meet an old friend on the Friday, whom you invite to dine on the Sunday. Your agent, for reasons best known to himself, and not unknown probably to you, thinks proper to leave town on Friday evening, not to return till the beginning of the week. Your credit being exhausted, you are unable to raise the wind. Sunday comes—the hour appointed arrives—you have only a scrag of mutton, or a piece of musty bacon: a rat-tat announces your friend, wife, and probably a

* Snoring.

son or daughter accompanying them, anticipating the pleasures and comforts of your hospitality. You have told the servant, if you keep one, or the char-woman, should she have been retained for the purpose, to say that, late the preceding evening, both yourself and amiable consort were unexpectedly summoned to the country, at the earnest solicitation of a much beloved and dying relation. Surprised at this intelligence, not so much on account of the disappointment, as at the sorrowful tidings, your friend casts his eyes upwards, as if in sympathy with your *materially* distressed feelings, when, to the most mortifying chagrin it could be possible for you or any one else, under similar circumstances, to experience, he twigs you full in the face, looking through the curtain at an angle of the window—while, at the very same moment, his little girl, about six or seven years of age, who happens to be coming in at the back door, sees you, and, as loud as her little lungs will allow her, she vociferates—“O Ma! O Pa! here’s Mr. and Mrs. *Thingummy* come to see us!”

CHAPTER XV.

COMPENSATIONS.—CONSOLATIONS, AND
OBLIGATIONS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many miseries to which our *convives* are liable to be exposed, as may be seen by a brief enumeration of some of the principal ones laid down in our last and preceding chapters, there is always, thank our stars, some mode of being compensated.

The fate of individuals who have sufficient wit and talent to get themselves daily invited to dinner is not quite so agreeable as at first sight may appear; since they are frequently forced to put up with the foolery and caprices of those with whom they dine without grumbling. *But* (as one of the most celebrated wits of the seventeenth century has said) *they get accustomed to it at last.*

Besides, people of middling circumstances become weary only for the most part, because they themselves habitually get tired. Ennui is a contagion; it is either caught, or communicated like a pestilence. Amuse them then when you dine at their table: it is your province. Entertain them with fooleries; put yourself on a level with them—you will give them neither wit nor understanding, because miracles have long ceased—but you will be able to persuade them that they have both, and they will not have much trouble in believing you. In short, should they not become friendly, you will see it in the long run; by the assistance of their dinners, which, if not agreeable, may at least be supportable. It is then, that, astonished at their own metamorphosis, they will perceive that they owe all their gaiety to their hosts, in consequence of the new charm of existence you have communicated to them. They will no longer be able to do without you; you will become as necessary to them as the air they breathe. Invitations will shower down upon you from all quarters, and the inviters will be obliged to say to the invited, “*you and us, we cannot do without each other—it is impossible for us to live apart.*”

THE BOTTLE IMPS,

A COLLECTION OF GOURMAND RECEIPTS.

Epicurism is not confined to solids alone ; it is indeed more exquisitely mixed up for the palate in the fluid form : for in this shape how many choice products may not be chemically blended, to steep the senses in joyful oblivion, or to rouse the brow of care from its loathed melancholy ! Let us now *mitre* a

BISHOP.

Among the “Oxford night-caps,” *bishop* appears to be one of the oldest winter beverages on record, and to this very day is preferred to every other, not only by the youthful votary of Bacchus, at his evening revelry, but also by the grave Don by way of a night-cap. It is not improbable that this celebrated drink, equally known to our continental neighbours under the somewhat similar name of *bischof*, derived its name from the circumstance of ancient dignitaries of the church, when they honoured the university with a visit, being regaled with spiced wine.

From a work published some years ago, and entitled “Oxoniana, or Anecdotes of the University of Oxford,” it appears that, in the rolls or accounts of some colleges of ancient foundation,

a sum of money is frequently met with charged “*pro speciebus*,” that is, for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days, as well as the present, spiced wine was a very fashionable beverage.

In the *computus* of Magstoke Priory, anno 1447, is the following curious entry:—“*Item pro vino cretico cum speciebus et confectis datis diversis generosis in die sancti Domjsii quando le fole domini Montfordes erat hic, et facerat jocositates, suas in camera orioli.*” “*Vinum creticum*,” is supposed to be raisin wine, or wine made of dried grapes, and the meaning of the whole seems to be this:—

“*Paid for raisin wine, with comfits and spices, when Sir S. Monford’s fool was here and exhibited his merriments in the oriel chamber.*”

RECEIPT, OR RECIPE, TO MAKE BISHOP.

Make several incisions into the rind of a lemon; stick cloves in these incisions, and roast the said lemon by the fire. Put small but equal quantities of cinnamon, mace, cloves, and allspice, and a *race* of ginger, into a saucepan, with half a pint of water; let it boil until it be reduced one half. Boil one bottle of port wine;

burn a portion of the spirit out of it, by applying a lighted paper to the saucepan which contains it. Put the roasted lemons and spice into the wine; stir it up well, and let it stand near the fire ten minutes. Rub a few nobs of sugar on the rind of a lemon; put the sugar into a bowl or jug, with the juice of half a lemon, (not roasted) pour the wine upon it, sweeten it to your taste, and serve it up with the lemon and spice floating in it.

Oranges, although not used in *bishop*, at Oxford, are, as will appear by the following lines, written by Swift, sometimes introduced into that beverage:—

“ Fine oranges,
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.”

When this is put upon the table, there are few, we imagine, who would be found to say, “*Nolo episcopari*,” not even the Bishop of London himself.

SIR FLEETWOOD FLETCHER'S SACK POSSET.

From fam'd Barbadoes, on the western main,
Fetch sugar, ounces four; fetch sack from Spain,
A pint; and from the eastern coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of our northern toast;

O'er flaming coals let them together heat,
 Till the all-conquering sack dissolve the sweet.
 O'er such another fire put eggs just ten,
 New born from tread of cock and rump of hen ;
 Stir them with steady hand, and conscience pricking,
 To see the untimely end of ten fine chicken ;
 From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet ;
 A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it ;
 When boiled and cold, put milk and sack to eggs,
 Unite them firmly, like the triple leagues ;
 And on the fire let them together dwell,
 Till miss sing twice—you must not kiss and tell :
 Each lad and lass take up a silver spoon,
 And fall on fiercely like a starved dragoon.

PUNCH.

Of punch* we shall say nothing further, than, as the chaplain in Jonathan Wild observes, it is a much better orthodox liquor than wine, for there is not a word spoken against it in the Scriptures.

SWIG.

The wassail bowl, or swig, as it is termed at Jesus College, in the university of Oxford, is of considerable antiquity, and up to this time it is a great favourite with the sons of Cambria ; so much so, indeed, that a party seldom dines or sups in that college without its forming part

* Dr. Cheyne was the only man cruel enough to anathematize it—*quere*—the reason ?

of their entertainment. On the festival of St. David's, Cambria's tutelary saint, an immense silver gilt bowl, containing ten gallons, and which was presented to Jesus College by Sir Watkin William Wynne, in 1732, is filled with swig, and handed round to those who are invited on that occasion to sit at their festive and hospitable board.

It is manufactured at that college as follows:—

Put half a pound of Lisbon sugar into a bowl; pour on it one pint of warm beer; grate a nutmeg, and some ginger into it; add four glasses of sherry, and five additional pints of beer; stir it well; sweeten it to your taste; let it stand covered up two or three hours; then put three or four slices of bread, cut thin and roasted brown, into it, and it is fit for use.

Sometimes a couple or three slices of lemon, and a few lumps of loaf sugar, rubbed on the peeling of a lemon, are introduced.

Bottle off this mixture, and in a few days it may be drank in a state of effervescence.

THE WASSAIL-BOWL, OR CUP.

This was formerly prepared in nearly the same manner as at present, excepting that

roasted apples, or crab-apples, were introduced, instead of toasted bread. And up to the present period, in some parts of this kingdom, there are persons who keep up the ancient custom of regaling their friends and neighbours on Christmas Eve and Twelfth Eve with a wassail-bowl, with roasted apples floating in it; and which is generally ushered in with great ceremony. Shakespeare alludes to the wassail-bowl, when he says, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—

“ Sometimes I lurk in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.”

MASTER RUDSTONE'S POSSET.

We can recommend this posset as a cheap and pleasant beverage, equally nutritious and light, and calculated to sit well on delicate stomachs.

Take sack (says the original, but we say *brandy*) one pint, a quarter of a pint of ale, three quarters of a pound of sugar; boil all these well together. (If brandy be used instead of sack, act accordingly); take two yolks of eggs, and sixteen whites, very well beaten;

add these, and mix them well with the boiling liquor; then take three pints of milk or cream, being boiled to a quart: let it now stand and cool, till the eggs thicken; put it to your sack and eggs, and stir them well together; then cover it with a plate, and so serve it.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S SACK POSSET.

Boil a quart of cream, with a *quantum sufficit* of sugar, mace, and nutmeg; take half a pint of sack, and the same quantity of ale, and boil them well together, adding sugar; these being boiled separately, are now to be added. Heat a pewter dish very hot, and cover your bason with it, and let it stand by the fire for two or three hours.—*Prob. est.*

LADY MALLET'S SACK POSSET, WITHOUT MILK
OR CREAM.

Take eighteen eggs, whites and all, removing the *treads*; let them be well beaten together; then take a pint of cold, and a quart of boiled sack, which, being skimmed, three quarters of a pound of sugar, and a little nutmeg; boil them all together a little; then remove them from the fire, stirring them all the while; add the fluid to the eggs gradually, then mix

all together ; keep stirring it on the fire till it becomes sufficiently thick to serve.—*Ditto*.

LADY MALLET'S CORDIAL WATER.

Take a pound of fine sugar, and beat it up with a quart of running water ; strain it three or four times through a bag, then add to it a pint of damask rose water, which must be passed through the strainer ; then add clove water and rosa-solis water, of each half a pint ; one pint of cinnamon water, or three pints and a half of aqua-vitæ (brandy), according to your taste ; strain all these three or four times ; then take half an ounce of good *muskallis*, and cut them crossly, and put them into a glass, and fill them with water.

THE ALE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH, BY
THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

Take Sassafras	$\frac{3}{4}$ ounce
Sarsaparilla	3 ounces
White Saunders	1 ounce
Chamapition	1 ounce
Mace	$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce

Cut the woods as thin as possible with a knife, and bruise them in a mortar ; then add the following herbs :—

Cowslip-flowers, Roman wormwood, of each

a handful ; sage, rosemary, betony, mugwort, balm, sweet marjoram, of each a handful ; boil all these in six gallons of ale till reduced to four ; then put the wood and herbs into six gallons of ale of the second wort, and boil down to four ; let it run from the dregs, and put your ale all together, and turn it, as other ale that works. *e. g. x. z.*

DR. KITCHINER'S CORDIAL.

It would be an injustice to the memory of one of the most ambitious Amphitrions of our own day, were we, in a work that treats upon and extols good living to the skies, not to say something of good Master Kitchiner and his *warm heart (requiescat in pace)*.

Dr. Kitchiner's practice, it is well known, never extended beyond the precincts of his dining-room and much *vaunted* kitchen ; he ransacked, *en théorie*, the *Almanach des Gourmands* from beginning to end, and back again. This was the *oracle* he consulted, and which gave some popularity to his shop works ; but for his best productions, everything, in fact, either ingenious or witty in them, he owes to the metamorphosed pages of this French periodical. The *Cook's Oracle*

is the gleanings and revivifications of obsolete extravagant and burlesqued cookery, which, like *Monsieur Ude's olla-podrida* translation of "LA CUISINIÈRE BOURGEOISE," God knows how old; there never was the least occasion to supersede. Yet his heart was warm enough; he was a *bon*, though a short, *vivant*, a boon companion, and whose belly, to use the words of Persius,* appeared to be the fountain of his genius. Still it is surprising that a man of his long declining state of health, should have assumed so much punctilio on the order and variety of dishes, as he is said to have done, the plurality of which, it is well known, are *outré*-seasoned and extremely *piquants*; as well as in his drinks, which are extravagant and *capiteux*, if we may take, what he has ycleped his "*warm heart*" as a specimen:—or rather as a fac-simile,—*en gros*:—

	s.	d.
9 Lemons.....	1	6
4 Quarts of Milk	1	4
1 Pint of Proof Spirit.....	3	6
1 Quart of Syrup	4	0
3 Bottles of Brandy	18	0
3 Bottles of Rum.....	9	0
2 Ditto Wine	9	2
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* "Ingenii largitor venter!"

“ These ingredients should yield about fifteen common sized wine bottles, the cost of which is computed as above ; at which rate, it costs little more than three shillings a bottle : it is made in two days, after which it is ready to go down the ‘ *red lane*,’ and will keep good for several months ; but liquors impregnated with lemon-peel do not improve by age, as the fine taste given by lemon-peel, flies off, the flavour of them fades. We cannot, therefore, in justice recommend Kitchiner’s *Ollapodrida*, and would, therefore, with submission, to the ‘ Committee of Taste,’ propose the following, as a substitute in preference, as a fit occasional ‘ *cheerer* :’—

Brandy	1½ quartern
Rum	½ quartern
Boiling water	1 pint
Juice of one lemon	
Refined sugar	2 ounces

M.F. two glasses of punch, *viz.*—Dissolve the sugar in the water—to which add the lemon-juice, then the spirits. A wine-glassful of port, may not be an unpleasant addition—this will just keep long enough for use—and may be repeated on the spot, as often as necessary.”

The preceding and such like recipes for *cordials*, are as numerous as they are *heady*, unsalutary,

and expensive. Their inventors have little posthumous merit for them. They are only disguised potions at best—delusive in the use, and expensive in procuring them. Simple mixtures are preferable, more pleasing, most salutary, and least expensive. Liquor that stands in need of so many auxiliaries or *aides-de-camp*, to make it *go down* the ‘*main-hatchway*,’ must, ‘as it may be,’ have something very suspicious ‘or rotten at the bottom,’—that is to say,—there is ‘*a screw loose*,’ “in the state of Denmark;” or, to use a nautical phrase, “it is either out of its latitude,” or at best, wants “a pilot to carry it over the bar.” Give us then, *plain grog*,—made from the real stuff,—i.e. old Jamaica—ditto Cogniac—ditto Whiskey—ditto any thing else of the same sort o’thing that’s good:

For grog is the liquor of life,
The delight of each bold British tar;
It banishes sorrow and strife,
And softens the hardships of war.

Old Song.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOURMAND MAXIMS AND MEDICINES.

THE best constructed machines, and even those that work the most regular, will occasionally become deranged: when this is the case, they must be put in immediate repair. We shall further premise this chapter, by the following statical observations on diet, from which every gourmand may draw his own inference.

1. It has been discovered that the body perspires but little, while the stomach is too full, or too empty; that full diet is prejudicial to those who use little exercise, but indispensably necessary to those who labour much: that food, the weight of which is not felt in the stomach, nourishes best and most freely.

2. That he who goes to bed without being hungry, will perspire but little; and, if he does so often, will be apt to fall into a fever.—

Doubtful.

3. That the flesh of young animals, good mutton, and bread well baked, are the best food.—*Where are they always to be had?*

4. That the body feels heavier after four ounces of strong food that nourishes much, such as pork, eels, salt-fish, or flesh, than after six ounces of food that nourishes little, such as fresh fish, chickens, and small birds; for, where the digestion is difficult, the perspiration is slow.—*Try mutton chops.*

5. That *unusual feasting*, frequently repeated, brings on a bad state of health.

6. That the body is more uneasy and heavy after *six pounds* taken in at one meal, than after *eight* taken in at three.—*Bon.*

7. That he destroys himself slowly who eats but once a-day, let him eat much or little.—*Fudge!*

8. That he who eats more than he can digest, is nourished less than he ought to be, and so becomes emaciated.—*Quere.*

9. That to eat immediately after excessive exercise, either of body or mind, is bad; for a body fatigued, perspires but little.—*N'importe.*

10. People of gross habits and feverish constitutions should eat sparingly.

11. Food highly seasoned with pungent condiments corrupts the humours.

12. Wine, moderately used, induces sleep, and increases perspiration; when drunk to excess, it lessens both.

Provocatives, of the aperient kind, may rouse a dormant appetite, that has been lulled by repletion and a gross habit of body. By provocatives we would not be understood to mean excitants, but provocatives, as we have stated, of the aperient kind; such, for instance, may be termed those medicines, which unload the bowels from their contents, when too long retained. For this purpose any gentle purge will answer the purpose, provided the effect be produced; and it does not leave a tendency to costiveness behind, which is usually the case when cathartics or over doses of aperient medicines are taken. The following pills,* which are strongly recommended by an eminent physician, will answer this purpose effectually:—

Take—Fine Turkey Rhubarb	$\frac{1}{2}$ drachm
Ginger in powder	6 grains
Oil of Cassia	2 drops

Make into six pills; take two upon an empty stomach—they will operate gently in the forenoon, and leave you with an appetite fit to

* See a valuable little work on Nervous Affections, &c. by Dr. Stevenson.

do justice to anything set before it:—one after a hearty, or gross meal, greatly assists digestion. One constantly restores the tone, and invigorates the tenor of the stomach and bowels. In these cases, rhubarb stands pre-eminent. Its praises have long been sung; and in justice to its merits we will sing them over again, in the following *strains*, long metre.*

“ For two nights past I’ve prov’d the fate
 And various turns that oft affect a state.
 This moment all is calm, like *April* morn:
 The next with war intestine I am torn;
 My belly’s pregnant with an armed force,
 And groans and labours like the Trojan horse.
 I rise, and call my legions to my aid;
 They come—but lo! of some I am afraid:
 In General *Jalap*, I can put no hope;
 He’s quick ’tis true, but ’tis to run like Cope;
Picra is staunch, but then he’s old and slow,
 May flag, perhaps, like *Wade*, intrenched in snow;
 Or turn, like Bath’s good Earl, and wheel about,
 And add more force to what we went to rout.
Senna, though *Alexandria* gave thee birth,
 Though we all own and reverence thy worth,
 Unless with thee some kind corrector goes,
 Thou’rt apt to wound thy friends as well as foes.
 RHUBARB! of all my troops, I’ve chosen you,
 Go forth! extirpate the rebellious crew!
 See with what haste he hies him to the field;
 When powerful, he descends, the rebels yield;

* Supposed to have been written by Dr. Redman, in the year 1745.

Mark how they fly ! at what amazing rate
They scour before him to the *postern gate*,
Thence rushing headlong, like the herd of swine,
Thy victims fall at Cloacina's shrine !
Hail root of Turkey ! how my bowels yearn
To vent their grateful thanks from stem to stern !
Victorious rhubarb ! thy exploits in *colon*,
From age to age shall never fail to roll on,
And to reward, and do thy business right-a,
We'll vote a higher price *durate vita.*"

Among the admirable medicinal inventions of the day, none, we apprehend, are more likely to stamp itself with more permanent fame than the following, which it would be an injustice not to notice in these pages ; particularly after such decided proofs have been afforded us of its efficacy :—we mean, Dr. Stevenson's Imperial Marine Tincture and Pills ; specifics for the prevention and cure of sea-sickness, intoxication, vomiting, and morning sickness of pregnant ladies ; morning retchings and sick head-ache, caused by the intemperate use of malt and spirituous liquors ; bilious vomitings, indigestions, nervous complaints, &c. Such are the boasted properties of these medicines, though in a manner scarcely known to the public ; still, ample, well-authenticated, and respectable testimony is afforded of the decided efficacy of the tincture in sea-sickness, intoxication, morning

sickness of ladies, and sick head-ache ; because it produces its effect in a few minutes. To gourmands of the bottle, and those who like a drop *on the sly*, a preparation of this nature must possess considerable attractions, in various points of view ; since “ ‘ The Imperial Marine Tincture,’ possesses the astonishing power of removing (sobering) the unpleasant and often dangerous effects of excessive intoxication, in the course of a few minutes, by utterly destroying and rendering inert the inebriating qualities of spirituous liquors—the very smell of which, however large the quantity taken, it completely dissipates.” And it is the only immediate cure for sea-sickness, which has hitherto baffled every attempt, even at palliation. Indeed, there is not, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of the diseases to which the “flesh is heir,” for the time it continues, a more distressing affection, and one less liable to commiseration, than sea-sickness ; how many fatal instances have occurred from the violence with which both sexes have been attacked by it ; and how many have been, and continue to be deterred from travelling on the water, either for business, health, or pleasure, under the just apprehension of being beset by this loathsome intruder ; who will now be enabled to participate in all the delights of

sailing on the water, without dread, fear, or inconvenience.

And, should an extra cup or two, at the festive board, have insidiously seized either the head, stomach, or legs, and produce any of those symptoms of uneasiness, that are usual on such occasions,—it is a pleasure that they may be relieved by the same elegant preparation, and that, with impunity, they may begin *de novo*.—The following, which we copy verbatim from the instructions, will do the needful :—

IMPERIAL SOBERING DRAUGHT.

Take—Imperial Marine Tincture..... 2 tea-spoonfuls
Spring Water 1 wine-glassful

Mix and drink.—Repeat the dose every ten minutes.

The same quantity of the Tincture with half a bottle of soda water, in a state of effervescence.

This is the usual way in which it is prescribed in intoxication and sea sickness.

IMPERIAL MORNING DRAUGHT.

Take—Cinnamon Water 4 ounces
Imperial Marine Tincture 3 tea-spoonfuls
Brandy 1 table-spoonful
Fine Sugar size of a nutmeg

Mix and drink.

This draught is ordered to in sick head-ache, sickness and craving at the stomach, nervous tremors, vomiting, from any cause, and especially that to which ladies are frequently subject in the early stages of pregnancy. Hark ye! gourmands, also, that

“ One box of these pills, and one bottle of the tincture, are a cure for indigestion; by restoring the tone of the stomach, and promoting a healthy secretion of bile.”

All we can further say of these singular medicines, to use a hacknied phrase of the nostrum mongers of the day, is, that we are sure, “ a single trial will convince the most sceptical” of their just pretensions to the attributes they assume. We speak feelingly,—nay, from actual experience; and, as far as our knowledge at present extends, these celebrated gourmand medicines, (tincture and pills,) are sold by Messrs. Knaggs, druggists, Piccadilly; at No. 6, Bartholomew Square, St. Luke’s; No. 85, Goswell Road, near the Angel, Islington; and, perhaps, if not already, by every respectable chemist and druggist, and patent medicine vender, all over the world:

“ Per totam terram videmus,
Grandam vogam ubi sumus.

Et quod grandis et petiti,
 Sunt de nobis infatuti :
 Totus mundus currens ad nostros remedios
 Nos regardat sicut deos ;
 Et nostris ordinanciis
 Principes et regis soumisos videtis.”

In costiveness, and nervous and sick headache, from intemperance, Dr. Stevenson's Marine Pills, are the most speedy in removing unpleasant symptoms, and regulating the bowels. They operate without griping, in proportion to the dose, either as an aperient, deobstruent, or alterative.

For wind on the stomach, nausea or heartburn :—

Take—‘Imperial Marine Tincture,’* 60 drops, or one tea-spoonful, in a wine glassful of spring water—sweetened to the taste with a small piece of lump sugar.

This will expel the wind and vapours from the head and stomach, and produce a pleasant sensation ; as well as symptoms of returning appetite.

* The ‘Imperial Marine Tincture,’ is sold with the above-mentioned pill. Notwithstanding our aversion to quacks and quack medicine, we cannot in justice withhold the due meed of praise to these preparations, whose effects we have had so many opportunities of witnessing.—*Med. Review*. See also BUCHAN'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE, 22d Edit. p. 591, 592. ‘House-Book,’ or Family Chronicle of Useful Knowledge, p. 578, &c.

A PILL IN HABITUAL COSTIVENESS.

Take—Comp. Extract of Bitter Apples 10 grains
 Calomel 3 grains

Make a pill.—To be taken in the morning or before breakfast,
 as an occasional purge.

STOMACHIC AND GENTLY APERIENT PILLS.

Take—Socotrine Aloes 1 drachm
 Myrrh $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm
 Assafœtida $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm

Make the mass into twenty pills.—Dose, two or three occasion-
 ally.

TONIC AND GENTLY APERIENT PILLS, TO
 CREATE AN APPETITE.

Take—Ammoniated Iron 1 drachm
 Extract of Gentian $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm
 Extract of Aloes 1 drachm

Mix, and divide the mass into thirty pills, of which, take two,
 three times a day.

As the food and drink which we daily con-
 sume for the support of our body, necessarily
 must deposit much useless matter, which might
 prove injurious were it not removed, a daily
 motion of the bowels is extremely salutary,
 particularly in persons subject to costiveness;
 and the many unpleasant consequences arising
 from such a habit of body;—such, for instance,

as head-aches — difficult breathing — wind — spasms, &c., which produce peevishness of temper, general lassitude, and ultimately, if not obviated, hypochondriasm; the abdomen of such persons feels tumid; the circulation of the blood in the intestinal vessels is impeded, and consequently the general circulation is interrupted. These are the complaints that usually attend people of a costive habit of body. We would recommend, therefore, any of the preceding or following prescriptions to remove this condition.

STOMACHIC AND LAXATIVE PILLS.*

Take—Turkey Rhubarb	15 grains.
Myrrh, in powder	15 grains.
Extract of common Aloes.....	6 grains.
Extract of Camomile	$\frac{1}{2}$ drachm.
Oil of Cloves.....	8 drops.

Mix, and divide into twenty pills—two to be taken about an hour before dinner.

These pills are well adapted to gourmands, whose bowels are inclined to be indolent, when, necessarily the appetite must sympathise. When taken moderately and regularly with the necessary degree of exercise, they will always keep the digestive organs in condition, and fit them at all

* See Dr. Stevenson, p. 143, before quoted.

times for the discharge of their duty, whether at home or abroad.

We would recommend our travelling *convives* to carry a box of *regulators* in their pocket; and to use the 'Imperial Marine Pill' in preference to all others, as the cheapest, safest, and neatest, as well as the most numerous for the money, whenever they think they have occasion for an extra move on the board.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF INDIGESTIONS OCCASIONED BY INEBRIETY,
AND OTHER CAUSES, &c.

LIKE a young girl, who suffers herself to be seduced by some gay deceiver, a guest who suffers from indigestion, is more to be pitied than blamed. In short, those who are unfortunate enough, after having done homage to a respectable meal, to find themselves, before having taken coffee, forced to leave the table, independent of the sorrow they ought to feel, and to experience the accidents, more or less serious, which result from intemperance, or rather from their want of method, in the manner of eating, are much to be pitied. A skilful guest never gets intoxicated, or suffers from indigestion, unless from some accidental cause, and independent of his will, such as a *bad habit of body*.

Among the means of avoiding indigestion, there is one, quite simple ; namely, to eat very moderately of some dishes, and to know how to pay proper respect to others. But this prescription has nothing caustic in it. In proposing it, we assume the air of Doctor Sangrado, in his government of Baratraria, extending his long wand over each dish, which instantly disappears.

Do not imagine, my good readers, that we wish to preach you a sermon on abstinence. On the contrary, this long lesson is intended to always secure you an appetite, and to point out to you the means of never losing it ; for we do not write for those who, having no appetite, have it no less in their power to satisfy it, but for those who, having always hunger at their command, do not know where to appease it. We shall limit ourselves here to trace out in a summary manner the art of eating well, and of digesting well, whenever an opportunity presents itself.

The means of avoiding indigestion are the result both of theory and practice. The first consist in examining well the nature of the food, and the strength of the stomach destined to receive it. It is in some measure the action of the

one, and the reaction of the other, which constitute a good or bad digestion.

Besides, there are antipathies of the stomach, of which no account can be rendered; but you must keep an exact account in order not to expose this useful servant from receiving lodgers with which it cannot agree.

It has been said that a man at forty is either a fool or a physician; the meaning of which is, that the experience that he has acquired up to that time, ought to inform him whether or not the stomach stands in need of a heavy, a tenacious, or a light kind of nourishment—one of an aromatic, a vegetable, or animal nature. There are stomachs which must be ballasted at the same time they are fed; and those honest deputies, sent yearly from Limoges to Paris, to build passages and palaces, will tell you that they prefer rye bread, because it *sticks* to the ribs.

A young, delicate lady, on the contrary, lives only on wings of poultry, and other dainty morsels; and the reason for this difference of regimen is founded on the different course of their lives. The one rises with the sun, fatigued by continual exercise, devours, at meal-time, which is impatiently expected, a coarse bread, watered by the sweat of his brow, and exhales a part of his

digestion by means of the insensible perspiration: the other, sleeps till mid-day, and gets up weary with the very means of rest, and reposes herself from her past state of inaction by a new species of indolence; she neither knows the pleasures of fatigue, nor the delights of hunger; and even digestion itself, every thing, with her, is the result of art.

Do you wish then to prepare your digestion? Take a walk in dry weather, when exercise is indispensable with you; do not fatigue yourself; the fresh air, combined with loco-motion, will furnish you with muscular energy, and fortify the whole system, by giving it that oscillatory movement, which mixes and purifies the fluids, invigorates the solids, raises the appetite, and prepares it to be well satisfied. The celebrated Tronchin prescribed to the young noblemen of his day, to scrub their apartment, and more than one incurable indigestion yielded to this active recipe.

Such people have many means of taking exercise; tennis, billiards, riding, fencing, &c.; so have the poor, such as walking, running, dancing, skipping, and those connected with their trade or calling. Why then should not the rich and the poor make a temporary exchange, by which they would reciprocally be benefited?

Let the rich man relieve the wants of the poor, who will teach him the value of exercise. Would the former blush, indeed, to dig the earth which supports him, or to cut down and saw the wood that warms him? And if, after having, for his health and amusement, executed a part of the task of the indigent, who would repose himself by his side, pouring out his blessings upon him, if he were not to quit him without slipping a piece of money into his hand; he would soon acknowledge that he sat down to his dinner with that loyal appetite which always results from useful fatigue; at the same time he would be actuated with the pleasing recollection of having done a good action. Such, then, are the only means of avoiding indigestion. We shall now say something on the means of curing this modern bugbear.

Notwithstanding all the preceding precautions, it frequently happens, either from neglecting these rules, particular disposition, antipathy for certain meats, or, indeed, from excesses or the bad quality of the food, the stomach, too much distended, or tormented with cholic or remorse, can no longer re-act upon itself: a painful sense of oppression succeeds that hilarity which animated the coloured face of a guest who has sufficiently satisfied himself; the

fumes of the viands excite nausea; wine itself, by means of which one endeavours to promote digestion, only inspires disgust; vapours arise from the over-heated stomach, and threaten a speedy eruption——; the lava runs: it is now time to throw water on the flames; but take care how you use tea; this fatal and favourite potion (with the English in particular) sets the nerves on edge, and irritates the whole animal economy. Here it is the remedy you employ which aggravates the disease.

As regards intoxication, it would be a delicate subject indeed for us to handle, for the very simple reason that few people are really acquainted with its causes, effects, and results, which one is almost always disposed to confound with drunkenness.* If intoxication were to produce no other effect than that of depriving one momentarily of their reason, of exciting a temporary effervescence, and afterwards of provoking sleep, the inconvenience would be trifling; but serious accidents are the ordinary consequences of such a state. Not only does it absorb and attack all the intellectual faculties, but it paralyses the

* We hope not to promote this vice, by the information our readers have received relative to the “Imperial Marine Tincture,” which absolutely, in the course of a few minutes, disintoxicates any individual labouring under the excessive influence of spirits.

most solid physical qualities. The head becomes heavy, memory flies, the sight is troubled, the legs totter, the hands shake; an internal fire lacerates and devours them; they are incapacitated for any thing; they are plunged, as it were, into the most uncomfortable condition that can be possibly imagined—they are, in short, completely paralysed both in body and mind: and God knows to what a pitiful plight such a condition may lead to after an excellent dinner, where many amiable ladies may be present. Guests never get fuddled!

We do not here mean to reprehend those little indulgences granted to the rosy god which, seldom permitted, reanimate the play of the system; but their re-action only suits those vigorous stomachs whose energies are, at least, equal to those of the healthy labourer.

The ancients, who, in affairs of the kitchen, as in those of literature, in gluttony as in sobriety, have left us great examples and useful lessons, thought that the establishment of a *vomitorium* (or vomitory) entered into the plan of the places where they held their feasts, and it was not considered extraordinary, with this sensual people, to see a guest descend from his *triclinium* (or bed, where he lay and ate) to lighten his stomach, to gargle his mouth with perfumed

water, and resume the sitting *ab ovo*. For us, cold parodists of these hot governors of nations, we are far from recommending any such culinary refinements.

If indigestion be only felt some hours after a meal, it is then more dangerous, because the work of digestion is stopped. It is in proportion to the advance this process has made, that we ought to decide whether or not an emetic ought to be given. An emetic, injudiciously prescribed here, might be attended with dangerous consequences, as well as an useless convulsion of the whole system. The essential point in this case is to accelerate the mechanical action of the stomach, and nothing adds more to its energy of dissolution than warm water—water alone; for if any other substance be added to this fluid, it loses, by acting upon it, a part of its property. After the first draught, second the dissolving action of the water by means of an aperient clyster, (we hope our readers will pardon the word, for the sake of its utility,) composed of a little common salt and linseed tea. On a little chicken broth, seasoned with cinnamon, and a little orange-flower water, betake yourself to bed; and a renovating sleep, may happily close this disagreeable scene, both by the commotion it impresses upon the organism,

and by the assumption of weakness and avidity which it leaves upon the unfortunate patient.

The subsequent regimen ought to be regulated by the accident; if, for instance, it has been caused by taking too much fish, or game, the patient should abstain from these articles for some time, and he ought to use that kind of food which influences the digestion of the first. It is thus that milk soup is the appropriate digestive of oysters, as a piece of good Gloucester cheese is that of fish, which, *en passant*, always stands in need, in order to be easily digested, to be associated with some more solid aliment; such, for example, as ham, in order that we may finish the quotation as we began it.

It is very frequently less owing to excess than to the quality of the food, which produces indigestion. One man shall eat ten times as much as another without any inconvenience; and another shall be grievously incommoded for having used a single substance which does not agree with him. It is for a gourmand to study the nature of his stomach, and to see that it be supplied with only homogeneous articles. Milk pottage, hot pastry, &c. which agree pretty generally with women, do not always succeed with robust feeders, who would digest an ox,

and probably turn pale at the sight of a little blanc-manger.

But when, by repeated experience, you have a perfect knowledge of the caprices of your stomach, one may then fearlessly give way to the appetite. There is one essential difference between a gourmand and a voracious man. The former chews his food more and better ; because the act of mastication is a real pleasure, and the longer the food remains on the palate the greater is the enjoyment. Again, mastication constitutes the first digestion ; in this manner the saturated food reaches the gullet, and is fitter to undergo the subsequent processes which ought to assimilate a part of it with our proper substance.

It is necessary then to chew long and well ; to divide the compact substances, such as tough meats, pie-crusts, &c. by mixing them frequently with good stale bread, to swallow only small mouthfuls, and quaff small draughts.* With these precautions one will rarely be incommoded, even after the largest and most solid dinner.

Moderate exercise (or at least a vertical posi-

* King Hardicanute, midst Dane and Saxon stout,
Caroused on nut-brown ale, and din'd on *grout* ;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And when each prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

tion after a meal) is a good means of favouring and even of hastening digestion. Nothing can be more contrary to this disposition, than lolling in an arm-chair, and, particularly after dinner, to sit in a bent position, which, by compressing the viscera, must necessarily stop the work of digestion. For this reason, people who are obliged to write after a meal, would do well to stand instead of sit. It is also most essential to favour the heat of the stomach at that time, by securing it from external cold, which, in people of delicate health, is often enough to suspend its functions. A flannel waistcoat, which ought not to be inconsiderately relinquished when it has become habitual, is very beneficial to weak stomachs.

By adopting these precautions, one will be enabled to eat more and longer without any inconvenience—precisely what, above all other things, a gourmand ought to have most at heart; for a disease which requires several days of abstinence is, for him, more than any thing else, a truly sorrowful case; it is so much, in fact, taken from his existence; and whose existence is that which can be compared with a gourmand's? It is, upon earth, a true image of Mahomet's paradise.

The pleasures of the table, when the stomach is debilitated, should not be so freely indulged in. The gourmand connoisseur will know how to lay a judicious and well-timed embargo on his appetite, by early relinquishing his seat, and not prolonging his banquet beyond the possibility of enjoyment. This, however, is not at all times an easy sacrifice—good old customs are not either soon abolished or restrained—a specimen of which may be gathered from the following lines :—

“ As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
Good humour reign'd, and pleasure found increase.
'Twas usual, then, the banquet to prolong
By music's charms and some delightful song :
When every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of love ;
How some successful were, how others crost ;
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast :
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the music and the wine !”

THE ULTIMATUM, OR CHAPTER LAST.

A TRIO :

The Cook, the Author, and the Bookseller.

THE resemblance between cooks and authors has been started by several ingenious writers : and as there are continual variations in the *culinary* as well as the *literary* arts, new traits of similitude between them may be pointed out, from time to time, by means of a sagacious investigation, from the *garret* to the *kitchen* ; that is, from the *author* to the *cook*.

Cooks are often *inflamed* ; so are *authors*. *Cooks* sometimes *burn their fingers* ; so do *authors*, especially when they take it into their heads, engaged in a *hot service*, to *roast a prime minister*, and spit a *courtier*. *Cooks live upon the fat of the land*—here, indeed, the progress

of *resemblance* is interrupted, as *authors* may think themselves very well off to get as much of the *lean of the land* as will just serve to support existence—Cooks, that is, *cooks of condition*, are perpetually employed in *disguising nature*; and by how many authors in this merry, miserable, and moping metropolis, is nature every day most absurdly and abominably *disguised*?

Cooks generally garnish their dishes with *natural*, and authors decorate their dramas with *artificial* flowers. And yet, with all the pains which our *literary cooks* take to please the *public taste*, they find it extremely difficult to make certain fastidious *critics*, with very nice *palates*, heartily relish the *banquet* of the *night*. If all the *ingredients*, be they ever so well *mixed up*, are, upon the whole, not highly seasoned, the *composition is damned*, and the poor *garretteer*, perhaps, is doomed to sup with the *devil*, in the shape of a bailiff, watching for the fate of his farce.

Surely, of all the trades in which men are engaged to provide for themselves and their families a subsistence, undoubtedly that of a man of letters is the worst. His whole stock in trade is confined and huddled together within the narrow boundaries of his own head, and from thence he spins out his scanty materials, as

spiders work their webs. The market he carries his work to, is always overstocked; and, consequently, he is frequently obliged to place his dependence in the generosity and magnanimity of his bookseller. This is not the case of the present times only. It has always been so. Homer, poor and blind, used to wander up and down the streets and squares, and repeat his verses to get bread. Plautus, the comic poet, got his livelihood by turning a mill; and it is within our recollection of a German count and a French baron being reduced to the humble necessity of turning a spit for the same purpose. Aldus Manutius was so poor, that he became insolvent, and was obliged to borrow money to transport his valuable library to Rome, where it was sent for. Archbishop Usher, and a multitude of the literati, died poor. Agrippa breathed his last in a hospital; and Miguel Cervantes, the celebrated author of *Don Quixote*, is said to have died for want. Tasso was reduced so low as to entreat his cat, in a pretty sonnet, to lend him the light of her eyes in the night for him to compose his verses by; and the condition of our countryman, Dryden, is sufficiently well known. A scholar, therefore, who depends on his writings for his support, is the arrant slave of the public, whose

understandings are enlightened, and, in the present instance, whose palates are roused, from the miserable wrecks of his brain, and the yearnings of his empty bowels. It must, nevertheless, be confessed, that the poverty of scholars frequently arises from their attaching themselves solely to one particular branch of science, which, perhaps, few but themselves understand, and which still less they are inclined to read. Hence, a literary man should, in some measure, resemble a good cook, who, knowing the palates of his different masters, seasons their dishes accordingly, cautiously avoiding either to pall the appetite or clog the stomach. Such a literary cook, perhaps, might succeed something better than many of his predecessors.

It is a common complaint amongst the learned, that booksellers love to print trifling productions in preference to works of real value. They should not, however, complain of the booksellers, but of their readers; for, if the publishing of valuable books was as lucrative as that of those insignificant scrawls, no doubt the booksellers would prefer good works to bad ones.

The greatest admirer of a great writer is hardly ever one whose admiration pleases most. He is generally some friend, of no extraordinary parts himself, whose zeal, and, sometimes, his

vanity, make him enthusiastic in admiring what he does not always *taste* or understand. But, indeed, the greatest admirer of a great writer is, commonly, himself. He has a greater interest than any other person in such admiration; to which interest is a powerful seducer. He sees, perhaps, better than the alert critic or connoisseur, his own defects, and failings; but then he does not judge of them as they do; and to see and judge are, in every case, widely different, more especially when one's own faults are under consideration. In counting them right we wish them wrong; and thus it is that self-love is at once both enlightened and indulgent. Too much wit, say the people of taste, is a fault in a work; and perhaps they are in the right; but it is remarkable that many of these people of *taste* have themselves but very little wit. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, to say the least. The artificial reputation which some authors acquire, first with the '*trade*' (a cant phrase to denote the booksellers), then with the public, in spite of his ignorance in the most essential sciences; the numerous errors and inconsistencies in their writings and character; and the loathsome turgidity and quaintness both of their temper and style, is one of those paradoxes which are

exhibited as it were to puzzle us in every stage of history. The *trade* is not always deceived; for it is common to hear the most sensible men (*raræ aves*) among the booksellers exclaim, “What, in the name of goodness, is there in such a one? he is a mere gatherer of other people’s stuff—a collector of shreds and patches! but the book sells, certainly—that’s all we want.” Thus the cook may dress up his finest flavoured dishes, and thus they may go down; but whose are the ingredients, whose the art that deceives the palate and pleases the eye? They are not his own—they nevertheless swallow well, and better than if they had been of his pure invention. Books, then, like dishes, are of various complexions and dimensions, suited to as various tastes and caprices. The imitation of the one is compatible with the resemblance of the other: and happy is the cook, happy the author, and most happy the bookseller, when they can mutually and sympathetically put their hands in their pockets, and calmly say

OPUS CORONAT FINIS.

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