

**The school for good living; or, a literary and historical essay on the European kitchen: beginning with Cadmus the cook and king, and concluding with the union of cookery and chymistry.**

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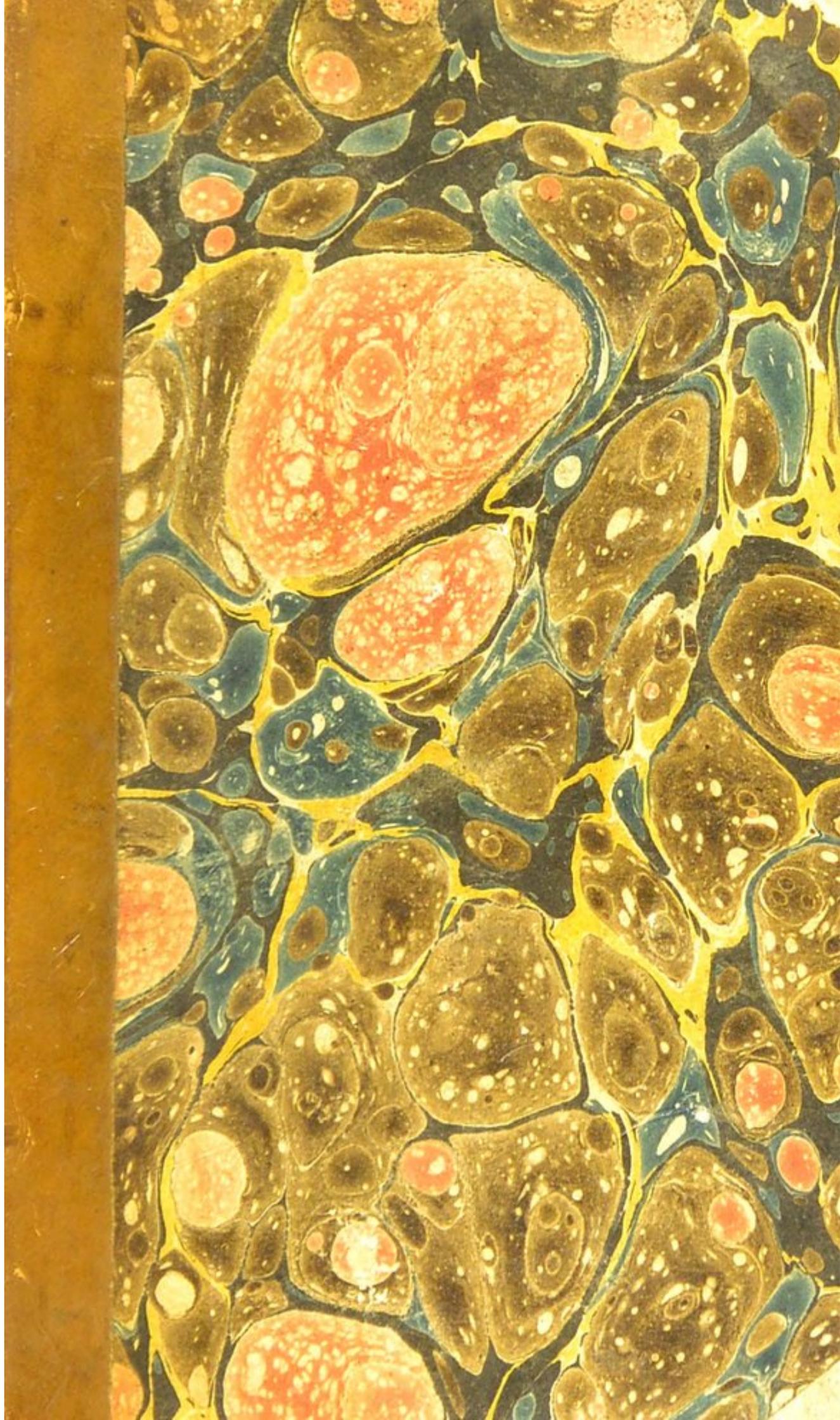
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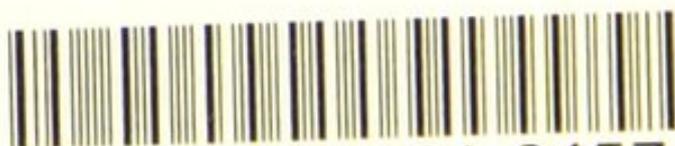


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THE SCHOOL  
FOR  
GOOD LIVING;  
OR,  
A LITERARY AND HISTORICAL  
ESSAY  
ON THE EUROPEAN KITCHEN:

BEGINNING  
WITH CADMUS THE COOK AND KING, AND CONCLUDING  
WITH THE UNION OF COOKERY AND  
CHYMISTRY.

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Ἄρχη καὶ ρίζα παντὸς ἀγαθοῦ, ἡ τῆς  
Γαστρὸς ἴδουσι.—*Athen. Deip.* l. 7. c. 5.

Sequitur sua quemque Culina. *Juv.*

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J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

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1814

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF  
GODFREY KING  
OF ENGLAND  
AND  
FRANCE  
BY  
JOHN GILBERT  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS  
LONDON  
PRINTED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY LTD  
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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS  
*AND HIGHLY DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS,*  
NATIONAL AND FOREIGN,  
PROFESSORS OF CULINARY SCIENCE,  
IN THE UNITED KINGDOM OF  
GREAT BRITAIN,  
HEALTH!

AN enlightened age having cheered mankind with its effulgent glory, and thrown open those gastropolitechnical schools which have been closed so many thousand years, it belongs to you, most noble Seigneurs, to an-

nounce to the present age the “*commencement of a new era*,”\* to exclaim in the emphatic words of the Mantuan Bard—

“*Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas!*”

It is for you to predict that Saturn will again visit the earth, the miseries of war and paper cease, and the

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\* Although this *new era* has already been announced in a famous letter some time back from his H. R. H. the P. R. to his R. Brother, the D. of Y. wherein he declared his resolution to rule, “*patris virtutibus orbem;*” yet a further promulgation seems very advisable.

*golden* age return ; that there shall in future be no distinctions of seasons—the period of fruits and delicacies have no suspension—the British lion and ox meet at the same crib—the turtle lie down at the feet of the alderman.

“ Incultisque rubens pendeat sentibus uva,

“ Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

*Virg.*

That seas of claret shall our feasts adorn,

And savoury sauces drop from every thorn.

In short, that the age of banquets has arrived, and heroes mixing with gods shall meet at the same board, and unite to form one splendid table.—  
May the spindles thus for ever move!

The education of our youth destined to effect this glorious change in the mundane system is confided, most noble Seigneurs, to your direction ; but as the studies of the laboratory and the practical business of your profession afford you little leisure to handle the pen, I have ventured, without being a member of your learned academy, to undertake this necessary office.

It is, however, with all due humility and deference, that I present you with this Literary and Historical Essay, expressly written to convey to your pupils just ideas of their divine

origin, and the high sources from which their professional science is drawn.

Most noble Seigneurs, if this humble attempt prove congenial to your tastes ; if you, who are the only competent judges, shall be satisfied of its merit, I shall feel that neither our labour nor our time has been misapplied. At all events, noble Seigneurs, I rejoice at the opportunity now afforded me of expressing my unbounded regard for you as a Body, my gratitude for the many favours you have conferred upon me, the hours of amusement you have contributed to bestow, and the many moments of extatic delight for which I

am entirely indebted to your talents;  
With this humble testimony of my  
homage, I have the honour to be,

Most noble Seigneurs,

your most devoted,

grateful,

and obliged Servant;

THE AUTHOR.

Bath, March 4, 1814.

## PREFACE.

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IT is a part of history no less curious than interesting, to observe the rise and progress of alimentary science, tracing it from the age of pounded acorns to the refinements of modern luxury. The result of this survey cannot fail to impress upon the mind one great and obvious truth; that the kitchen is the source of all the arts, that it is the prolific fountain whose savoury streams have watered the tree of knowledge, and fed it to luxuriant growth. Until the barren field was cheered by the genial rays of culinary refulgence, genius slumbered in his native clay, and talent had no birth: the canvass never started forth a living

man, nor Parian marble breathed an animated bust; the mint of fancy never issued its golden coin, nor the imagination of the bard glowed with poetic fire.

“ Nam si Virgilio puer, et tolerabile desit

“ Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus Hydri.”

*Juv. Sat. 7.\**

It is to the noble university then of pots and pans that we are indebted for all the pleasures of taste, whether they come to us in the seducing form of a finished picture, or in the more tangible exhibition of an exquisite pattée.

Under these circumstances it is natural to suppose that the professors of culinary art must have always been held in great estimation, and ranked high in society. Nor are we disap-

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\* Had Virgil been life's decent joys denied,  
His bays had wither'd, and his fancy died.

pointed in this expectation. The archmagirist, whom we may consider as the chancellor of his university, has, it is true, never been invested with the gown and hood of a doctor, but he has every where his distinguishing costume. His students and his profession are both liberal; he is acquainted with the virtues of every esculent plant: anatomy, chymistry, natural history, and philosophy; the expansive power of heat, the rise of vapours, and the force of steam, all come within the range of his erudition. He is universally courted for his intelligence, and admired for his skill; he is in fact the prime minister of the house. His bills are read with interest by every member; his levees are crowded with purveyors and contractors; numbers solicit him for *loaves and fishes*; the

greedy are enslaved by his power, and the wavering confirmed by his eloquence. He gives dinners, he entertains ambassadors, he receives presents, and dispatches messengers ; and notwithstanding his peculations are often considerable, and his perquisites never trifling, he seldom retires from service without a pension.

It is then a subject of much regret that historians should have been principally employed in sounding the praises of generals, who are no better than the destroyers of mankind, and have been totally silent respecting cooks and gastrologers, who are the true Ποιμενες λαων, the shepherds and preservers of a people ; they are the worthies who have added thousands to the population of their countries ; their arms have never been raised to let loose the streams of human life, but to

give them new vigour; they are the physicians whose kitchen physic has given health to the infirm. It is our pleasant task to record their names; to rescue their talents and their fame from that obscurity to which the ingratitude of poets and historians has long consigned them.

At the same time, however, that the kitchen has been the great patron of the arts, and the regenerator of the human species, justice must acknowledge that it has occasionally been the source of some mischief. Indiscretion may convert the greatest blessing into evil.

“Sunt certi denique fines  
 “Quos ultra citaque nequit consistere rectum.”

HORACE.

We accordingly find amongst the adorers of the kitchen a sect of fanatics, who, losing sight of all sober Theogastro-

philism, have made those altars, which ought only to smoke for the benefit of man, become instrumental to his ruin. They have not only mutilated their own bodies in the holy fane, but they have let loose the gout, the stone, and the rheumatism ; vultures that gnaw the liver, and furies that rack the joints, in the wildness of their mad devotion. Nevertheless, we must not condemn under one sweeping censure the followers of this divine worship, merely for the rage of a single sect. The purest religion is doomed to schism ; the just and impartial observer will, therefore, make due distinction between the Theogastrophilist, and the extravagant fervors of, what shall I call him, the Theogastrophilofanatic. The first is mild, social, and tolerant ; the latter, bigoted, proud, and cruel. His desires know no

bounds ; his appetite is insatiable ; he stirs up nation against nation, and brother against brother. Every thing must bow down before his idol ; seas that give the most abundant fish, islands that produce the most fragrant perfumes, and the finest spices ; countries that yield the choicest fruits and the most delicious wines are all ransacked for offerings at his shrine.— Nay, such is his avidity, that navies have been launched, and armies sent forth ; treasures spent, and rivers of blood made to flow, for the acquisition of a salted cod or a pickled herring, a hogshead of sugar and a puncheon of rum. Such melancholy details the history of culinary science will occasionally present. But we will not dwell upon the unfavourable parts of the picture. We will turn away from these disgusting scenes, and contem-

plate the kitchen as it really is, a benefit to mankind, the source of pleasure, the promoter of society, the cheerful friend that reconciles the differences of contending parties, restores good humour, cheers and animates the hungry and expecting guest, stops even the barking mouth of the cynic, and gives to acrimony itself the smiles of benevolence.

In the little Essay which the author now offers to the public, he certainly has some apology to make for a few compounds,\* as well as the imperfect manner in which he has sketched so

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\* When an eminent journalist called the speech of the French Empress to the Senate a *femino-masculine* address, the author trusts that the compound of Theogastrophilofanatic, and other "*sesquipedalia verba*," will be received as perfectly legitimate. It is by compounds that languages become copious and expressive; several roots

vast a field of science. He has, however, endeavoured to be as lively as the grave subject of history will admit.— If his table be served agreeable to public taste, and the manner in which he has dressed his materials approved, his magazine is not exhausted; his larder can afford considerable delicacies, yet untouched; and he can present some stores which, with good sauce, will offer at least variety to the literary Gourmand. The readers may rely upon the author's testimony, that he presents no unwholesome diet, no poison under a specious shew of morality, and that he draws from many sources, what even pedagogues will not despise. In short, he proposes to give

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combined in one word give that word a triple and quadruple force. The use of compounds should never therefore be checked.

all those elementary books, which, in concert with the politechnical schools at Paris, and the *Jury of Legitimation* in the *Champs Elyseés*,\* will form a complete course of Gastrology.

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\* This is the name of a well known promenade at Paris, near the entrance of which is situated the magnificent palace of the Author of *l'Almanach des Gourmands*. In this palace is established that August Tribunal, known by the name of *Jury of Legitimation*. There is confirmed without appeal, the merit and legitimacy of every piece destined to appear on the alimentary stage. There, the patents of preference are granted, the stars of culinary honors distributed. All the world at London sighs for the establishment of a similar tribunal. How long, O metropolis of England, “*quousque*,” how long will you continue to envy your Gallic rival! But what may we not hope? I will say to you, as an elegant and classical Prince said to the most distinguished General of this age,

“ Nil desperandum Teucris, duce et auspice  
Teuero.” *Hor.*

## GLOSSARY.

AGREEABLE to the rules of every writer on subjects of science, it has been found necessary to introduce into the present work, a little hellenized English, that our ideas might not be cramped by an imperfect phraseology. The unlearned reader is, therefore, humbly presented with the annexed Glossary. We do not presume to offer to the scholar etymologies or explanations, which to him would be superfluous.

*Adephagus*, Great Eater.

*Agrinomy*, Precepts for Field Culture.

*Archmagirist*, Chief Cook.

*Buphagus*, Beef-eater.

*Gastrology*, Science of Eating.

*Gastronomy*, Precepts for Eating.

*Gastrophilism*, the Love of Eating.

*Gastrophilist*, One who loves Eating.

*Gastropolitechnical*, the various arts for the gratification of the Belly.

*Gastrophilanthropic*, the Benevolent Purveyor for the Belly of others.

*Magirist*, a Cook.

*Magirological*, what treats of Cooks.

*Ænology*, the Science of Wines.

*Opsology*, the Science of Condiments.

*Opsurtytical*, the Culinary Art.

*Theogastrophilism*, Belly Worship.

*Theogastrophilist*, One who makes his Belly his God.

*Theogastrophilofanatic*, One who runs into extravagant fervours in his Belly Worship.

THE SCHOOL  
FOR  
GOOD LIVING.

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ORPHEUS,\* by the sweetness of his voice and the enchanting tones of his lyre, drew men and herds around him, and melted even flinty rocks to softness.† Amphion also, by the harmonious sounds of music, built the walls of Thebes. Melody has therefore done wonders. But after all, the delightful

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\* Saxa ferasque lyrâ movit Rhodopeius Orpheus.

*Ovid Met.*

† Dictus et Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis  
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ  
Ducere quo vellet. *Hor. Art. Poet.*

notes of the ten-stringed instruments, the cymbals or the flute, will do nothing towards the support of animal life; and even the most abstemious disciples of Pythagoras have, in this respect, considered them in no other light than slender diet. When mankind, therefore, became united, and sought for shelter and protection in towns and cities,\* it was necessary to provide for their subsistence, and teach them the great ties of social life.

It originally happened, then, that Cadmus, archmagirist † to the king of

\* *Oppida cœperunt munire, et ponere leges.*

*Hor. lib. 1, Sat. 3.*

† Archmagirist signifies chief cook; it is derived from Ἀρχιμάγειρον. Juvenal mentions this officer—

*Finxerunt pariter librarius, archimagiri.*

*Sat. 9, v. 109.*

Sidon, and in whose veins flowed the purest blood of Olympus, tired of being the chief purveyor to the palate of a single prince, aspired at becoming the general caterer and foster-father of mankind. And as he had not tied on the culinary apron, armed his side with the large knife, girded his loins with the formidable steel, or adorned his head with the white cap, exhibited himself, in short, in all the insignia of his office,\* without having previously taken the degree of master of arts, doctor of physic, law, divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry, no one was better qualified to insure the success of this great undertaking. Having once made up his mind to the project, Cadmus took his departure

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\* Athen. Deipn. lib. vii., c. xi., p. 291.

from the kitchens of his royal master, and quitted, not without tears of regret, the scenes of all his former pleasures. But where was he to bend his steps? how forward the objects which he had in view? Having learnt the unproductive prodigies of Orpheus and Amphion, and being assured that these divine harmonists had left their hearers with craving stomachs and empty mouths, he resolved to unfold the page of science, and to instruct the understandings of the Greeks, a people whom he suspected had dispositions by no means averse to good living. He thought it high time that they should be taught to renounce the use of crude vegetables and raw meat; a diet only fit for the uncivilized hunter of the forest, or the barbarous and wandering tribes of Scythia, and by no

means in character with the stationary and quiet inhabitants of a populous city.

Orpheus had *touched upon this string*,\* but he might as well have preached in a wilderness.

With the office of archmagirist was combined another of higher distinction. No victim at Sidon was ever sacrificed but by the hand of the king's Grans Queux † of the kitchen. Cadmus was, from his official situation, present at every ceremony of this kind,

\* *Sylvestres homines sacer, interpresque deorum,*

*Cædibus et victu sædo deterruit Orpheus.*

*Hor. Art. Poet.*

\* The Grans Queux was an officer of considerable dignity in the palaces of princes; all the others were subservient to him. The list may be seen, *Lib. Nig. ed. 4, p. 347.*

and initiated in all the mysteries of religion, as well as the delicate manner of seasoning the meats to be served at the banquets of the gods. The same sacred volume, containing the ceremonial to be observed in offering up the productions of the earth at their altars, explained also the best methods of rendering them savoury to the smell and delicious to the taste, a circumstance of which the religious devotees never failed to profit.

Being thus intimately acquainted with this book of divine worship and opsology, Cadmus embarked on his expedition into Greece. As he was the grandson of Neptune, he took the opportunity of paying a visit by the way to many of his marine relations. Each received him with due distinction; and all were eager to serve his

table with the best sample of their stores. Nor was their hospitality lightly regarded. He was not of a disposition to let a good dish pass by unnoticed. Thus doubly armed then for the business of the kitchen, he arrived at Thebes. Since the departure of the lyric musicians, the inhabitants of that famous city had hung their heads in a kind of silent despair, each regarding with horror the denouement of a piece, which, without the intervention of some deity, seemed to promise little more than that of leaving the actors the miserable alternative of either dying of hunger, or feeding upon each other.

Cadmus, on quitting Sidon, carried off with him a celebrated flute player belonging to the king's orchestra,

called Harmonia,\* which, by some means or other, has been since changed into Hermione. With such a companion he won all hearts, and conciliated all dispositions; but, in order to effect a perfect understanding amongst his audience, it was necessary that the belly should be in unison with the head and heart. "For a hungry belly," says the proverb, "has no ears."—The great difficulty, however, was to make it hear reason, and make it wait patiently for the hour of repast. Our literary cook had no other expedient to console the Thebans, and to keep up their spirits, than that of teaching them the alphabet.† They thus got

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\* Athen. Deipn. l. xiv., c. 22., p. 658.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. vii., c. 56.

Exclusive of the solid benefits which Cadmus

a glimpse (though, it must be acknowledged, with difficulty,) of the possibilities of tasting some pleasure, and finding some amusement, in the intervals of their meals.

From the very first banquet, Cadmus had given no bad specimen of his talent, so that they soon began to discover the sort of man they had to deal with, and the kind of stuff of which he was made: but he quickly had it in his power to shew his foster children, that he equally possessed the talent of

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procured for the Grecians, by teaching them the culinary arts and letters, they were also indebted to him for the invention of writing. This was first taught in the way called *εἰσροφηδον*, where the first line runs from left to right, and the next from right to left, and had its appellation from the manner in which the ploughman turns his steers.

preparing a banquet for the inhabitants of heaven as for the tenants of earth.

The continual journeys in which Cadmus had been engaged, had hitherto prevented the celebration of his marriage with Hermione. As this young beauty was the daughter of Mars and Venus, and scrupulously virtuous withal, he had encountered many difficulties on his route, by which the accomplishment of his wishes had been retarded. In the meantime, until a more favourable state of affairs should present themselves, she retired under the protection of Electra the Chaste,\* where she was discovered by her mother under the assumed name of Peisinöe,† and who, with the assist-

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\* Soph. Trag. Electra.

† Peisinöe, derived from *πειθειν* and *νῦς*, signifying persuasion.

ance of her friend Mercury,\* soon arranged every thing to the full content of the contracting parties.

The marriage being thus happily consummated, the bridegroom resolved to regale both his own and his wife's divine relations. He accordingly sent a very polite request, that they would all repair to Thebes, and do him the honor to taste his soups. No sooner had the cards of invitation reached Olympus, where the gods were sitting in full council, than they, sensible of the talents of their host, hastened the preparations for their descent, each with his pockets well lined with presents † for the new-married couple.

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\* Mercury, or eloquence.

† Nonn. Dionys. lib. v.—Euripides also notices this visit of the gods to celebrate the nuptials of

The arrival of such a concourse of divinities created some alarm, lest the gates of the city should be choked up with their retinues; orders were therefore immediately issued, that seven other gates should be thrown open, upon each of which, according to the direction in which it stood, was the name of a planet.

Never was there a fête more brilliant; never was there banquet more handsomely served; never did the harmony of sounds exert herself with more energy to bear away the palm from the harmony of culinary art. The first called to her aid the Muses,

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Hermione, when Amphion raised the walls of Thebes with his harp.

Ἄρμονιας δὲ ποτ' εἰς ὑμεναίους

Ἦλυθον Ὀυρανίδοι, φερμιγχι τέτεικεα Θηβῶν

Τὰς Ἀμφιῶνας τελευρᾶς, &c.

who had for once consented to be present at the entertainment, and where each played her part to admiration. Apollo, however, did not fail to perceive that the nine sisters did not produce that effect for which they were eminently qualified. It was evident that the guests were so deeply engaged with the harmony of the culinary art, that they scarcely took their eyes off the table. He, therefore, resolved to join the nine sisters; but vain was the attempt to attract the notice of the company, for all the gods, in a moment of enthusiastic rapture, arose with one accord, and confirmed to Cadmus the title of the Great Preserver of Universal Harmony.\*

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\* Jupiter had before bestowed on Cadmus this title, when by his assistance the God of

In the mean time, the Thebans considered as angels those who thus daily

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Thunder recovered the bolt which Typhon had stolen from him. “Sing,” said the Father of the Gods to Cadmus, (after that Pan, who was *constitutionally of a timid disposition*, and who had no inclination to encounter Typhon, had given to Cadmus his pipe and his cloven feet,) “sing of peace, and serenity shall be restored to the heavens; become a shepherd but for one day, that this pastoral pipe may restore liberty to the shepherd of the world, and thy services shall not pass without recompence; thou shalt become the great preserver of the harmony of the universe, and the beautiful Harmony shall be thy wife—

Ego tibi digna laboribus

Dabo duplicia munera.

Te enim salvatorem perficiam, Harmoniæ mundi, et Harmoniæ conjugem.”

What a variety of interesting events, which took place in the journeys of Cadmus and Hermione, are we obliged to pass over in silence?

contributed to their good living. They never quitted their presence but with regret, or came near their dwelling but with an anxious wish to catch their ear. Whilst they were thus occupied in obtaining culinary science, all other seemed but as a feather in the scale. They gave themselves up so entirely to the subject, that it was not long before they began to find out that there were some dishes, which no

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The obligation would be great to any writer who might give a complete history of this cooking king to the world, one whom we may boldly call the king of cooks. I know that his history is obscured by many difficulties, and more so, because every mythologist will have his god to have been a cook. But this ought not to deter the literary gastrophilist, anxious to make known the origin of that divine art, which is the true source of all the joys and all the pleasures of human life.

powers of stomach could render nutritious, nor the best gastric juices themselves concoct.\* They made such frequent and heavy complaints to Cadmus on this subject, that, sensible of their griefs, and touched by their noble perseverance in fulfilling with so much courage their manducatory functions, he determined to move heaven and earth to obtain for his convivial pupils a better digestion, and, cost what it would, to procure for them this additional benefit.

His daughter Semele was on the point of being married. Jupiter, long

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\* They seemed to have been reduced to that distressing situation which Horace so well describes when he says,

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tu-  
multum

Lenta feret pituita.

in the habit of casting his eye upon terrestrial beauties, had not lost sight of her. He had, besides, one day the good fortune to get a peep at her when bathing; and well instructed in all matters that were proceeding here below, he shortly after transported himself to the habitation of this young beauty.\* To promise her every thing she asked, and obtain her hand, was but the business of a few days; and the father of the gods, without the

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\* This account of Cadmus, Semele, and the birth of Bacchus, is taken, *mutatis mutandis*, from a publication of M. Dupuis, professor of rhetoric at the college of Lizieux, &c. A great part of it may be found in the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, art. Bacchus. Nonnus appears to have been the guide of M. Dupuis. *Vide Non. Dionys. lib. v.*

least scruple, took to wife the daughter of a cook.

We know that many attempts have been made to gloss over this marriage—but, leaving it to the ecclesiastical court to pronounce respecting its legitimacy, we shall simply state that Semele,\* when she was seven months gone with child, upon an occasion of one of those longings which women in that state are known to possess, took a fancy to amuse herself with one of her husband's firebrands, as she had often done with those of her father; but she learnt, alas! too late, that to handle the fire of heaven was no child's play, as in a single moment she was reduced to ashes. †

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\* Ovid. Met., lib. iii. v. 301.

† ———donisque jugalibus arsit.

*Ovid. Met.*

Jupiter and his son Sebasius \* were fortunately at hand, and with no little difficulty were enabled to save her child.

As it was never expected that the infant should have seen the day so soon, there was no pap ready for him, and no cradle or child linen prepared; and besides, to have obtained his full growth, he ought to have remained two months longer in his mother's womb.

The father of the gods, therefore,

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\* This son of Jupiter seems to arrive upon this occasion a day after the fair. Indeed, it appears as if it were the only exploit in which he had ever engaged. The false Orpheus is, I believe, the only author who has ever brought him upon the classic stage. There is, indeed, a Sebasius mentioned in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, but that cannot be our hero.

called to mind an operation,\* which he had seen performed with great success by his father-in-law; and instantly made a kind of slanting cut in his thigh, where he deposited the young gentleman, not without some risk of his suffocation.

From this bond of divine union, Bacchus sprung to life. He soon, however, shewed himself to be a spoilt child, and made the juice of the vine absolutely flow in rivers amongst the

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\* The operation to which Jupiter referred was probably that of crimping a fish, or cutting up some animal for the spit, or, perhaps, serving up a pudding in a pike's belly. We cannot exactly ascertain which of these might have occurred.

Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo  
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum)  
Insuitur femori, maternaque tempora complet.

*Ovid. Met., lib. iii.*

inhabitants of his native city. But the new liquor mounted so terribly into their heads, that their descendants have always been in some degree affected by it. The Greeks have reproached them for their stupidity,\* but never in the presence of Hercules the Theban, who would have dealt pretty roundly with them had they dared to take such a liberty. Strangers also stood equally in awe of this beef-eating god,† and had the same discre-

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\* This stupidity of the Thebans became quite proverbial, and obtained for them the ancient reproach of Bœotian hogs. Thus in Horace,

Bœotûm in crasso jurares aëre natum.

† Hercules was called Buphagus, a word derived from βῦς and φαγεῖν. He being accused of carrying off the ox of a countryman, and having eaten him whole for his breakfast. It has also been said that he had three rows of teeth. He got the name of Adephagus to express his appetite.

tion as the Greeks; but after his death, all the world openly declared, that the great capacity of the Bœotian stomachs had done considerable injury to their heads.

During the ages when the hands of royal wives did not disdain to knead the meal, and the hands of royal husbands to roast the meat;\* during those

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\* Abraham, who was a king and a shepherd, we are told, “entered hastily into the tent of Sarah, and said, make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, and knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.” The Roman ladies also made bread for their families; and the heroes of Homer would rather have renounced the siege of Troy, than have submitted the duties of the spit to the hands of subalterns. If some of our modern ladies acquired a few of these solid accomplishments, instead of torturing the strings of a piano, they might not make worse wives, or be less able to amuse their husbands.

ages, for ever to be celebrated, when their little princely offspring contended with each other for the honor of turning the spit, and basting the meat, the art of cooking made little progress. But with respect to war, it was far otherwise: rather by address than by force, the genius of the blood-stained plain, insensibly as it were, drew the spit from the hands of kings, and insinuated the sword into its place. It is more than probable, however, that this great business would never have terminated so prosperously, had it not been for that great undertaking of Epeus.\* No one, indeed, was a better judge of the *piercing* merit of the spit,

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\* For an account of this hero, see the notes of Ruæus in the Delphin edition of Virgil, lib. ii., Æn. See also Varro, lib. vi.

than this great engineer of the Grecian army before Troy ; and the condescension of this warrior, who was the cook of his legion,\* would have been inexcusable, and indeed inexplicable, but for those circumstances which occasioned it. Wielding with equal dexterity the chisel of the carpenter and the cleaver of the cook, he constructed that famous horse so fatal to proud Ilium ; and when he came to *stuff* it with soldiers, he found it necessary to arm them with short swords, to which he gave the name of *couteau* † or *cutlass* ; and at the same time, by an ac-

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\* Epeum fumificum qui legione nostræ habet coctum cibum.

† This instrument was a kind of cut and thrust. The dirk seems to come the nearest to it in description, and was formerly used by the highlander to carve his venison.

commodation equally just and reasonable, (and to which Ulysses, the great kitchen rival of Epëus, also lent his authority,) the long sword received the appellation of the *spit*—a name which it preserves even to this day; only that Epëus differed from the modern artist, in as much as he was not very fond of having any dealing with it afterwards—and *timid as Epeus* \* became proverbial.

This first advantage gained by the military over the devotees of the kitchen, it only remained for them to display the ensigns of their victory; and, consequently, kings and princes armed themselves with the *cutlass*. Many, however, after the example of Achilles † would never abandon the

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\* Erasm. Adag.

† Hom. II.

noble custom of making use of it as usual, to carve their meat with their own hands : and even to the present day, there are many great potentates who shew no great disinclination to amuse themselves in the same way.

In the mean time, war began to absorb entirely the time of princes, and kept them altogether alienated from the business of the kitchen ; but still, as if they felt how seriously its affairs concerned the great objects of life, they only consigned them to those in whom they could place the fullest confidence.

It has been remarked, but, perhaps, with a considerable seasoning of malice, that both prince and people owe many blessings to this cause.

The greater the waste that war made upon human life, the greater were the

efforts of the kitchen to supply the deficiency. For she shewed no evil disposition to her antagonist in this respect, but readily offered her aid to those whom fire and sword had condescended to spare.

Science however, always averse from war, could not long remain in a country of barbarians, who seemed to despise the charms of peace; she, therefore, fled from the sanguinary plains of Bœotia, and bore away with her those elementary books, and receipts of the culinary art, which Cadmus had introduced amongst her sons.

The North, inhabited by a people, who, like the Thracians,\* had a sove-

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\* See *Ælian*, lib. viii., c. vi. “*Ex veteribus Thracibus neminem aiunt literas novisse, imo turpissimum putarunt et summum dedecus inhabitantes Europam Barbaris literis uti.*”

reign contempt for literature, drove back this pacific caravan. There was then no alternative but to look southward; and accordingly, by *forced marches*, the corps reached Athens, which had already begun to call loudly for their presence, and to wait their arrival with inexpressible impatience. Happily for the Thessalians, but unhappily for the Greeks, their cavalry picked up a few stragglers from the company; under the guidance of whose talents the luxury of the Thessalian table soon spread in a manner which induced Darius to pay them a visit, as the figs \* of Athens afterwards allured Xerxes.

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\* The Attic soil abounded in figs. Some demagogue procured a law to forbid their exportation merely to gratify the people, at the expense of the land-owner. This gave rise to a numerous

It would be difficult to decide whether the philosopher or the culinary artist was most cherished by the Athenians; but upon this we may rely, that all books upon gastrological subjects were so greedily devoured by them, and multiplied so rapidly in their hands, that the library of *the Great King* \* himself would not have contained their number.

The distinctions likewise which the officers of the kitchen enjoyed must not be passed by unnoticed. To their magirists was given an appointment

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race of unprincipled informers, who got the name of sycophants: they courted the populace at the expense of truth and justice. Thus the original fig denouncer, has been applied to every mean fawner.—*Athen.*, p. 74.

\* The title of the Great King.

(*Ἀναξ ὁ μέγας*), was one which the Greeks bestowed on the King of Persia.

of culinary artists,\* who presided at all public occasions, when the people were enjoined to assist them. To their magirists were deputed the right of presiding at the sacrifices, of making libations, and performing the marriage ceremonies. To them also was entrusted the business of arranging, cutting up and dressing the animals that had been immolated. To them also was given the office of herald,† by which they were empowered to confirm the oaths of treaties over the victims they had slaughtered, in the exercise of which function they took the name of Ceryces‡.

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\* Athen. l. xiv., c. xxiii., p. 660.

† Athen. l. xiv., c. xxii.

‡ Ceryces from Ceryx, whence the heralds were called κήρυκες.

Ἐκείνη δὲ προτι ἄστυ δύο κήρυκας ἔπεμπε

καρπαλίμως ἄρνας τε φέρειν.

Hom. Il.

There is one remarkable circumstance, which, as it confers infinite honour on the kitchen, ought not to be omitted. It is, that whilst a salary was assigned to the herald, we nowhere find that the cook ever received the smallest remuneration for his services.—What noble disinterestedness! what honorable employment! what distinguished liberality! To the culinary ministers alone was it granted to live upon the applauses which a grateful country lavished upon them; to have the glory of standing forth the free and gratuitous fathers of the people.—No salary! no perquisite! no sale of offices! no kitchen grease! no cheese parings nor candle-ends!!\*—

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\* If this passage should ever meet the eye of any of his Majesty's ministers, or the Indian di-

O noble magirists! how must the ministers of modern states blush in contemplating so pure a system of administration!—From your mouths issued sentiments which none but you could have dared to utter\*—“We, we,” you exclaimed, “are the only mortals to whose prayers the gods have listened; to us they have confided the true secret of rendering human life completely happy.”

As the taste of the Athenians gradually grew more and more refined, they lost sight of that primitive frugality in their repasts which had hitherto been proverbial. No longer content with heaping favors on who-

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rectors, the author trusts that the principle it conveys will not be lost upon them.

\* Athen. Deipn. lib. xiv., ch. xxiii.

ever had procured some new source of aliment for their country, they extended their gratitude for every fresh delight of the palate, without any regard to prudence, and bestowed the rights of citizenship even on the children of its author. How many kings, and how many consuls, vied with each other in doing homage to the sons of Chæorephilus,\* in consideration of their father's merits, who first introduced the use of salted meats into their city.

Some few gastrologists and gastronomists, it must be allowed, were so intoxicated with the success of culinary science, that they lost their heads, and literally abandoned the bright and cheering *luminary* of the kitchen for

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\* Athen. lib. iii., c. xxiii., p. 119.

the *luminaries of heaven*; and made a most singular division of their time, by spending the day in seeking for noon at two o'clock, and by wearing out the night in baying at the moon. These deserters of the art were esteemed *lunatics* by many, but, agreeable to the new vocation which they exercised, assumed the titles of *Astrologers* and *Astronomers*, instead of *Gastrologers* and *Gastronomers*. They were, however, most cruelly mortified to find that they made few proselytes. There were amongst others, two things which they could not comprehend, and which, indeed, to them was a problem difficult to be solved. It was, on the one hand, the ardour with which mankind threw themselves upon terrestrial kids, goats, bucks, and bulls; and again, on the other, the extraor-

dinary indifference they shewed for these animals when translated into the celestial plains.

From the very first appearance of magirolgy in Greece, it produced effects absolutely magical; it civilized the people, it cherished the arts, it perfected the taste, it taught in what the first good, the *summum bonum* of life, consisted; it made the works of genius to be idolized.

It was shortly received as the worship of the Magi in the East, and as quickly instructed its disciples there, as in Egypt, in all the virtues of the most concealed esculent plants. Thanks to it also, as if by some supernatural power, Greece, so vain of her Seven Wise Men, became now proud of her "Seven Sages of the Kitchen;"\* and

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\* Athen. Deipn. lib. ix., c. 5.

posterity has confirmed her judgment.

In fact, the names of the first are now scarcely remembered; the detail of their mental feasts little known; their works lost to the world, and the wisdom of their laws disregarded. Those precepts which were circulated with so much pomp and such literary triumph, exist now only by tradition, while the names of the latter are echoed from tongue to tongue; their rules daily observed; their compositions ever admired; and their laws universally established, and scrupulously obeyed. And who now, without blushing up to the eyes, would venture to acknowledge his ignorance, that Agris\* of Rhodes was the first who taught the true method

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\* Athen. Deipn. lib. viii. c. 5. p. 379.

of dressing fish? that it was *Nereus*, of Chios, who made the conger a dish for the gods: that it was *Orion* who invented la sauce blanche; and *Chariades* la sauce blonde; that *Lampriadas* discovered the merits of la sauce noire; that *Atlantus* formed the most perfect restorative, and that *Euthynus* prepared legumes with such perfect art, that he was named *Lentillus*?

Sublime geniuses!—Mortal ministers of the immortal *Adephagia*! pardon the feeble homage which I render to your memories! If I have ventured to mention your illustrious names, it is only to favour some young gastrophilists, who may have had the misfortune to be reared by nurses so negligent, that they have omitted to engrave sufficiently your profound merit upon their tender minds.

As when the rosy-fingered goddess,\*  
 rising from Tithonus saffron bed,  
 awakes the busy swarms of Hymettus,  
 they, jealous to dispute with the first  
 rays of the Sun and the morning  
 breath of the Zephyr, the pearly dew-  
 drops which bespangle the flowers,  
 quit with eager flight their mountain

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\* The author trusts that he shall not be visited with severe criticism for this simile, as overcharged with poetic images for a prosaic history. It is his wish to carry on his readers without fatigue, and to present them with as many fine prospects as the country through which he has to conduct them will afford. At the same time, he feels aware of a little plagiarism, which on this, as well as on other occasions, he is ready to acknowledge.

Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura,  
 Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos  
 Educunt foetus, et cùm liquentia mella  
 Stipant, et dulci distendant nectare cellas.

*Virg.*

hives, and spread over the plains of Attica, with no other guide than the fragrant gales that emanate from the bosom of the enamelled field; so, at the first sparkling of the newly-lighted fires of Athens, troops of theogastrophilists \* from all the country round, greedy to get the first share of the culinary dainties which they promise, abandon with palpitating hearts their houses, their homes, children, and friends, to lay siege to the city gates, dispersing through every quarter of the town, without other conductor than the regaling steams which the flesh-

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\* *Theogastrophilists.* As this word may often occur, we must observe, for the sake of the ladies who may honor these pages with their fair eyes, that it means those people whose *bellies are their god*—a worship of great antiquity.—Vide Glossary.

pots and spits so deliciously and widely expanded.

The culinary scholars at Athens, reared under the most experienced instructors, soon spread abroad the *savoir vivre* or true knowledge of good living, and quickly made pupils who surpassed even their masters.

Syracuse, Tarentum, Sybaris, and Crotona, produced such consummate artists, and so superior to those of Greece, that, struck with their pre-eminence over other nations, the Athenians, instead of giving them the appellation of barbarians, were obliged to bestow upon the country in which these towns were placed, the title of *Great Greece*.

But mark, at what a refinement of wickedness those rude nations arrived, who broke down the barriers of civi-

lization. Their voracious appetites, which even the crude flesh of horses could scarcely satisfy, induced them to wage war against every thing that did not contribute to animal gratification.

Their total indifference to the cultivation of the understanding made them regardless of science, by which alone the mind is softened and improved. Being wholly immersed in objects of sensual indulgence, and the means of accelerating and augmenting pleasures, they discarded every thing in the shape of a book, or only made use of it to light their fires.

Had they but availed themselves of the works of mythology for such purposes, there would have been little to lament; they might have destroyed

them as they did the images of the gods, which they smashed like glass. They might have demolished the works of the philosophers as they did their schools; those of jurisprudence, as they overthrew their tribunals; those of the grammarians, whose pupils they enslaved; those of the poets, to whose harmony their ears were deaf, and to whose beauties their eyes were blind; or those of the historians, whose long recitals they could never digest in the short space which intervened between their meals. Had their overwhelming hand been confined to these, one might have pardoned the fault; but who will advocate their cause, when they learn that they had the barbarity to make an *auto da fè* of the works of culinary science!—subjects too which so di-

rectly came within the range of their capacity.

When we seriously reflect on this calamity, who that has a susceptible heart can refrain from melting into tears at the melancholy idea that they must go down into the grave, alas! unenlightened by so many sages who wrote for the delight of man? Science, no doubt, mourns over the loss, but the more feeling gastrophilist is plunged into a despair of grief, which not even time itself will be ever able to remove.

The privation which the world has suffered may be, in some degree, estimated by the following list of magi-rogical writers, whose revered names have happily survived the destruction of their works,

Mithæcus,<sup>1</sup> on the culinary arts, (Ὀψαρτυθικός,) who was carried off, together with his works, from a city, where nothing better issued from the kitchen than a broth as black as ink.

Parmenon<sup>2</sup> of Rhodes, author of precepts on cooking (Μαγειρικὴ διδασκαλία).

Philoxenes<sup>3</sup> of Cytherea, on suppers (περὶ δειπνῶν).

Actides<sup>4</sup> of Chios, Tyndaricus the Sicyonian, or Zoporinus, authors to whom Baton, in his comedy on Benefits, (εν ευεργέταις,) pleasantly calls celebrated and famous.

1. Athen. Deipn. l. vii., p. 325.

2. Athen. l. vii., c. xvii., p. 308.

3. Id. l. iv., c. xi., p. 146.

4. Id. l. xiv., c. xxiii., p. 662.

*Artemidorus*,<sup>5</sup> on culinary art, (*Οψαρτυλικά*,) a work full of invaluable receipts, if it has any resemblance to that of Mattys fortunately transmitted to posterity.

*Hicesius*, on aliment (*περὶ ὑλης*).

*Philotemus*,<sup>7</sup> on culinary art (*Οψαρτυλικά*).

*Mnesitheus*<sup>8</sup> of Athens, on good things to eat (*περὶ ἐδεσῶν*).

*Heraclides*<sup>9</sup> of Cumænus, on the preparations for a feast (*παρασκευασικόν*).

*Heraclides*<sup>10</sup> of Tarentum, on the banquet (*συμποσία*).

5. Athen. Deipn. l. xiv., p. 662.

6. Ib. lib. vii., c. xi., p. 294.

7. Ib. ib. c. xvii., p. 309.

8. Id. l. ii., c. xiii., p. 54.

9. Id. l. iv., c. x., p. 145.

10. Id. l. iii., c. 33., p. 120.

Philoxenus,<sup>11</sup> Numenius Heracleotes, Metreas Pitanaeus, Hegemon Thasius, surnamed the little Lentillus, and all those stores of culinary science which form the collection under the title of *Opsartuticos*, we have to deplore; and amongst others the writings of, *Acesias*,<sup>12</sup> *Acestius*, *Agis*, *Criton*, *Diocles*, *Enthydemus* of Athens, *Hegesippus* of Tarentum, *Stephanus*; *Pantalon*,<sup>13</sup> *Simonactides* of Chios; *Mnaseas*;<sup>14</sup> *Architas*<sup>15</sup> *Harmonicus*, *Sophron*, and *Dionysius*, as well as the emphatic verses of Timachidas of Rhodes, or the golden numbers of,

11. Athen. Deipn. lib. i., c. iii., p. 5.

12. Athen. l. xii., c. 13., p. 1516.

13. Poll. Œnom.

14. Columell. l. xii., c. iv.

15. Athen. l. xii., c. xiii., p. 156.

Archestratus<sup>16</sup> on Gastronomy, the very Homer of the kitchen.

Nor did the Barbarians treat the culinary classics of the Romans better than those of the Greeks; even the smallness of their number could not save them from that persecution which annihilated every thing that did not contribute to the maw. They gave no quarter to M. Ambius,\* to Manas Licinius, nor even to C. Matius, a Roman knight, the friend of Cæsar and of Cicero—men who occupied themselves in giving rules for the establishment of bakers and cooks, *traiteurs* and purveyors worthy of a city, which had become the metropolis of the world, and the center of good living.

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16. Athen. l. i., c. iii., p. 4.

\* Columell. l. xii., ch. iv.

Who would believe that even the treatise of Apicius *de irritamentis Gulæ* found no one to defend it? and, but for the devotion of some charitable souls, we should have had to deplore the loss of the little Dispensary of Cælius Apicius *de arte coquinariâ*.\*

Peace to your shades, ye noble magi-  
girologists! Farewel, ye warm and  
philanthropic patrons of the hungry!  
How gloriously were your lives con-  
secrated to the benefit of mankind!  
How nobly were your talents employ-  
ed! How vast your labours, and in-

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\* One cannot help being surprized that the French have never published a translation of this work. Lister, a physician in Queen Anne's reign, gave an excellent Latin edition of it, with a very curious and learned preface, containing a list of all the medical men who had ever written on the art of dressing food.

defatigable your industry, in succouring the needy, administering to the distresses, and relieving the wants of a gaping generation! Posterity is just to your virtues.—In the scattered fragments of your rich opsology, we trace with delight the delicacy of your taste, the transcendant powers of your invention, and the happy application of your consummate genius!

As the first man of letters in Greece was a cook, it is natural for the language which he taught to have borrowed its energy from his art. And this is curiously the fact: for we cannot but remark how much the Greek writers are indebted to the kitchen for all their most ardent expressions; for the fire and vigour of their diction. Read but Pindar the Theban, who sung with such excellence those heroes

that distinguished themselves at the Olympic games ;\* and you will find that his muse is more exalted, more fraught with poetic fire, more vehement and rapid in its course, in proportion as he has drawn from that elaborate and effulgent source.† Nor is it surprizing, when we reflect that the first man who bore away the prize at

\* Sive quos Elea domum reducit  
 Palma cœlestis, pugilemve equumve  
 Dicit, et centum potiore signis  
 Munere donat.

*Hor.* l. iv., o. ii.

\* The rapture with which the Theban Swan has been read by every one capable of feeling the force of poetry, drew from Horace that beautiful encomium —

Monte decurrens velut annis, imbris  
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,  
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.

*Pindarus ore.* *ibid.* lib. iv., o. ii.

the Olympic Games, was the first also who sang the victories of its champions.

In short, he who first had the honor of having his name enrolled at the head of the list was Corebus the cook,\* a man not less learned than modest.

Nor did the lyric poets alone avail themselves of the rich and harmonious language of magirology. From their mouths it passed into those of every bard who drew from the Castalian spring. The dramatic writers also caught the general sentiment, and cooks became the favourite characters of their *dramatis personarum*. Their presence on the stage became so po-

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\* Athen. Deipn. lib. ix., c. xvii., p. 382.

pular, the language of their dialogue so palatable, that no piece could produce any interest, none could give satisfaction to the public taste, where the cook did not make a principal figure. These delicious entertainments, stuffed with culinary dainties, soon, and justly, acquired the appellation of *farce*.\* What would Terence have been without his Sanga; † or, how insignificant his ragged regiment, had it not been headed by the general of

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\* Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, who appears to have had but a confined view of this word, derives it from the French *farcer* to play the fool, whereas it ought to belong to the family of *farcio*.

† No one can read Terence without feeling his humour. But whoever wishes to see that humour admirably represented, should go to the plays acted by the Westminster boys. They will then

the kitchen? It would have been vapid and insignificant as a modern tragedy without murders and ghosts, spectres and monsters, dogs and horses;\* or a comedy divested of the false sentiment, and sapping principles of German morality.

The inhabitants of Latium, tired at last of Sabine life, and the frugal diet of their ancestors, resolved upon a

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witness one of the most chaste and classical treats that any country can afford.

\* This lamentable departure from the chaste drama cannot be too much reprobated. The horses and the dog Gellert might be very pretty at Astley's theatre; but to see such representations on the regular classical stage, one would suppose the manager to be some "*imberbis juvenis*," who having broke loose from his tutor—"*Gaudet equis canibusque.*"

change of system. Sicily\* was at that time the cradle of culinary science, and quickly furnished them with the best instructed artists. And so rapidly did the Romans improve under their tuition, that they not only fell in love with the art itself, but even with the language that conveyed it. The Latin, consequently, fell into contempt in the kitchen, and no one ventured to speak of its concerns but in Greek.† Let us hope that the French will never experience the same fate, or that the laboratory of the kitchen, like the new nomenclature of the chymists, or the

\* Non Siculæ dapes

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem.—*Hor.* lib. iii.

† Omnia Græcè,

Cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latinè.

*Juv.* Sat. vi.

jargon of empiricism, will ever be Hellenized. For there is something in the French so delightful to the ear, so animating to the spirits, so soft, and so expressive of every thing that conveys an idea of consummate excellence in culinary art, that even the beauty of magirotological Greek must yield to it in harmony. Admiring as I do the Greek, the Latin, and the French languages, I am still desirous that each should preserve its due place in society. The kitchen has an exclusive claim to the French, but there let us keep it. "*Facit indignatio versum,*" said the great Roman satirist,\* with more bitterness than I am willing to express; but I cannot conceal that indignation first made me seize the

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\* Juvenal, Sat. i.

pen ; and I cannot contain my bile when I hear my mother tongue denationalized—

“ Non possum ferre, quirites,  
*Francam urbem.*”

*Juvenal, Sat. vi.*

Is it to be endured that all our terms of speech are to be altered, all our English phrases metamorphosed into a kind of dog French? \* Must an army suffer a demoralization? Cannot our gallant soldiers pass a bridge without running their heads against a *tête-de-pont*? May they not be allowed to sleep under the poor shelter of a few boughs without being *bivouaced*? hear unconcerned the whistling of bul-

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† Hoc sermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas.  
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta.

*Juv. Sat. vi.*

lets round their heads, but with *sang froid*; advance upon their enemy, but by a *pas de charge*; or pursue him, but with *l'épée dans les reins*? or, lastly, fall gallantly in the field without being put *hors de combat*? In the midst of my indignation, however, it is some satisfaction to know that the French can have nothing *comfortable* without us, and that even our *disappointments* have become *theirs*.\*—

This consideration gives me temper to proceed in my history. I know how necessary it is to keep myself cool where I am destined to move nowhere but in a heated laboratory; I can never quit the blazing faggot but for

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\* The French language had, for a long time, no words to convey our ideas of comfortable and disappointment, and they were constrained at last to borrow ours, and have them naturalized; and their authors now use them.

the suffocating charcoal, and where, if I fall out of the frying-pan, it must inevitably be into the fire.

The Romans having once acquired a taste for good living, soon left all their predecessors far behind them in alimentary science. Never had the culinary art more exalted masters, or more industrious scholars! No sooner were these epicurean masters of the world thoroughly initiated in the delights of the palate, than heaven, earth, and seas, were ransacked to procure them dainties. Nothing escaped their devouring lust: even snails and worms were fattened for their maws. The varieties which they contrived to collect, together with the records of their feasts, are so numerous and astonishing, that, notwithstanding the pretensions of modern gastronomy,

science looks back, absolutely dismayed, at the mass of culinary talent which that æra developed. The parks, the lepories, the aviaries, the fisheries, the snaileries, the orchards, vineyards, gardens, apiaries, theatres, baths, and various luxuries the Romans possessed, would require volumes to describe. Amongst the noble gastrologists, however, none shone more conspicuous upon the stage than the three Apicii —men as learned in the closet as they were expert in the field.

The treatise of Cælius Apicius, *de Arte Coquinariâ*, will ever remain a monument of his talent. The voyage of another to the coast of Asia in search of a lobster to improve the breed of his astacery,\* and his noble resolution to die rather than submit to starve

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\* The Romans had salt water preserves for

out the remainder of his life on the poor pittance of little more than a million pounds sterling, the miserable wreck of the once enormous fortune which he had literally *eaten up*, are instances of enterprize and magnanimity, which the modern gastrophilist cannot fail to admire. What shall we say of the little snug feasts of Mæcenas, the choice flasks of Massic and Falernian that he and his merry friend Horace \* quaffed together; or how

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feeding different kinds of sea-fish; they were called *vivaria*---

“ Non dubitaturi fugitivum dicere piscem  
Depastrumque diu *vivaria* Cæsaris.”

The fish in the ponds of Lucullus sold for 25,000*l.* sterling at his death.

\* Sume, Mecænas, cyathos amici,  
Sospitis centum, et vigiles lucernas  
Prefer in lucem, procul omnis esto  
Clamor et ira.

*Hor.* lib. iii., od. viii.

describe the “noctes cœnasque Deûm” of the Sabine Farm?

Although the Romans did not deal much with gross morsels, yet no people enjoyed more than they the supreme happiness of an insatiate appetite. But even thus enviably endowed, they were too wise to expend its strength injudiciously or unworthily. We find, therefore, that they always picked out the tit-bits of birds, the milts of fishes,\* the teats of a sow † just before she was about to farrow, and when they were turgid with the new secretion of the lacteal fluid. They delighted in the tongues of singing birds, the brains of animals, the livers of geese, and the wings of pregnant

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\* *Ilia Rhombi.*—*Hor. Sat.*

† *Mammas suminis.*—*Mart. Ep.*

hares.\* The tender kid and rumpless doves † were in high estimation, and certainly, not least, “vulvâ nil pulchrius amplâ.” The wild boar, “animal propter convivia natum,” and the oncager ‡ also made their appearance. These were the “*cænæ capita*,” to which the more craving guests, the “*latrantes stomachi*,” were constrained to have recourse. § But even such, like a

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\* Fæcundæ leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.

*Hor.* lib. ii., Sat. iv.

† —sine clune palumbes.—*Hor.* lib.

‡ The oncager, or wild ass, was much esteemed, as also their foals, which were called *lalisiones*.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. viii., c. xlv.

§ Upon particular occasions, a wild boar used to be dressed whole, and stuffed with all kinds of animals, one within another; this dish was called the *Trojan Horse*. The Christmas pie, in Yorkshire, is built upon the same plan. They had also pyramids of birds, from a peacock at the

quick-sighted alderman, who picks out of the turtle tureen the pieces of green fat, and leaves the coarser veal behind, generally got hold of a favourite cut.

Ye noble Romans! so proud of your Trojan descent, that nothing would go down with your august Emperor but that the blood of Venus and Æneas flowed in his veins, how vast were all your plans! how exquisitely refined were all your ways! With

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base to the most diminutive wren at the summit. The passion for *engastration* seems to have had its admirers in all ages. The Irish Protestants, when they met annually to celebrate King William's memory, used to construct their curse on the Stewarts upon the same principle.—“ May the Pretender be in the Pope's belly, the Pope in the Devil's, the Devil in Hell, and the keys in an Orange-man's pocket.”

what care you nurtured, and with what religious zeal you daily sacrificed the most costly victims on the altars of the *Père de Famille*,\* a deity most piously worshipped in your age, and not less reverently adored in ours!

The Romans might be said to make three or four meals a day, although Cicero (whom we can only regard as a milksop) asserted that no man ought to make more than two. The morning was generally ushered in with oysters, eggs, and other light ware; not but some of the first-rate *Helluones* contrived to have more solid furniture. Then came the *prandium*, which seemed to correspond with the modern luncheon, or early dinner.

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\* An expression for the stomach.

*Macr. Saturn, lib. vii., c. iv,*

But their principal force was reserved for the evening *cæna*, or τὸ ἀριστον of the Greeks. This serious business generally began about sun-set,\* and when some choice souls, some of the “*dulcissimæ animæ*,” met, they kept up the “feast of reason,” pretty late;† or, if the party was of a more intemperate description, they called for the “*majores calices*,” and only reeled home with the morning sun,‡ which led that arch wag Martial to observe,

“Hesterno fœtare mero qui credit Acerram  
“Fallitur, ad lucem semper Acerra bibit.”

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\* Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

*Hor. Epist.*

† ———licebit

Æstivam sermoni benigno tendere noctem.

*Hor.*

‡ Sic noctem paterâ sic ducem carmine, donec  
Injiciat radios in mea vina dies.

*Prop. l. iv., E. vi.*

The table was usually decorated with flowers.\* They were served with three courses; and the guests reclined on couches.† The *first* course generally opened the campaign, by affording some slight skirmishing with oysters, cockles, eggs, cheese, and vegetables, just to whet their appetites. The *second* soon followed. Then there was no longer child's play: "fervet opus:" fish, flesh, fowl, in endless succession, crowded upon the board, till human powers could do no more. A saving moment for breathing ensued, till the *third* arrived. This in-

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\* ——— potare, et sparsere flores  
Incipiam.—*Hor. Epist.*

† Si potes Achais conviva recumbere lectis.  
*Hor. Epist.*

Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva re-  
ponet.—*Hor. lib. ii., Sat. iv.*

roduced fruits, fresh and preserved, nuts, cakes and wines, like our deserts ; religious libations to the gods followed, and the worshippers of Bacchus never retired till they had a *skin-full*.\*

With the decline of the Roman empire, the arts perished, science decayed, gastrology lost its patrons, and the kitchen received a rude shock. We are under the necessity, therefore, of passing by these ages of ignorance : we must omit noticing the barbarism of the Franks ; and suspend upon their racks the *spits*, which so unmercifully overthrew the *seething* pots of the Gauls. We will set

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\* Whether this term arose from the skins which held the wine, or the persuasion that the skin of the religious worshipper of Bacchus could hold no more without bursting, I leave for the learned to decide.

aside the roast-worship \* of Charlemagne and his academy, where never a word of good French was spoken. †

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\* It appears by the Chronicles of St. Denis (liv. 3) that Charlemagne had a great liking for a good roast, but none for a physician; of which the following extract will shew:—“Aussi comme contre cœur (because he did not like physicians) pour ce que ils li faisoient mengier char cuite en yarc (that is boiled) et li defendoient les roz (roasted) que il mengoit volontiers comme il avoit toujours accoustume; and a little after is added: “Accoustument estoit chacun jour de quatre pair de mis (eight entries) tant seulment sans li roz dont li vencour (huntsmen) li servoient et de celui mengoit il plus volontiers qui di nul autre.

† During the era of Charlemagne, they spoke in France what was called la langue *Tyoise*, which was derived from *Teuton*, the name of the ancient Germans, and from whence comes Teutonic: but the language of the third epoch having combined with it many Latin words, was called Romans, or Romance.

Smiling at the conceits of the Knights of the round Table, and their partialities for whales, seals, porpoises, cranes,\* and

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\* The passion for all kinds of birds was very prevalent in this age, and particularly for cranes; birds which the Romans had held in estimation—

“ *Discerpta ferentes*

*Magna gruis, sparsi sale multo.*” *Hor. Sat.*

The English bills of fare formerly abounded with them also, and the Italians also considered them excellent meat, as the following little anecdote will shew :—

A rich nobleman in Florence held in great estimation the crane, a bird which is now lightly regarded. Wishing to entertain some friends, he shot one, and immediately sent it to his cook, whose name was Doribas, with orders to roast it. Whilst the crane was on the spit, a servant girl, a very intimate *friend* of Doribas's, and rather rounder than a vestal, came into the kitchen; and, attracted by the odour of the roasting bird, insisted upon having a leg of it. Doribas refused, Gonette, (for that was her name) became

bitterns ; and passing by those unproductive ages when mankind knew as

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more importunate ; and at last the poor cook, not ignorant of her condition, gave up the point. His embarrassment became great, and he was quite at a loss how to serve up the mutilated bird at his master's table. He at last turned it down upon that side where the leg was wanting : the deficiency was soon discovered—the lord grew very angry, and ordered his cook immediately into his presence. The poor man, quite at a loss for an excuse, boldly asserted that cranes never had more than one leg, and that he had seen a thousand such. His master, quite outrageous at this piece of impudence, was on the point of caning and dismissing him on the spot, when his friends interfered, and argued that it was possible the man might have seen cranes of this description ; and that, to decide the matter, it would be advisable to have a chase the next day. To this Doribas was obliged to consent, and went out quite in despair at his forlorn state. The party were not long before they found a flock of

little respecting the elegant use of a tongue as the elegant dressing of one, we will pause for a moment to contemplate St. Louis.\* This monarch was the true restorer of the House of

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cranes—Doribas first discovered them quietly reposing, as is their custom, upon one leg. The happy cook exultingly called out—“ See, gentlemen, see if what I advanced be not true; they have but *one leg*.” “ Pob!” cried his lord, “ you shall see in a minute that they have *two*.” he shouted, “ Ohe! ohe! wheu! wheu!”—The cranes flew off and distinctly shewed two long legs behind them.”—“ Pest!” cried the cook, “ if I had known the secret when I served the crane on the table, I would have shouted, ohe! ohe! wheu! wheu! too, and then my crane might have found his other leg also.” The company laughed heartily, and the cook was pardoned.

\* Louis 9, called St. Louis, mounted the throne in 1226.

Sorbonne, and the original founder of that magirollogical learning which has since contributed so much to the honor and glory of France, and to the edification and happiness of her neighbours.

This prince, so unfortunate in his campaigns beyond sea, made full reparation to his country for every disaster he brought upon it, by the initiation of a variety of artists in all the culinary secrets of the East. Though he was unable to rescue the Cross from the hands of infidels, still the sound of trumpet and beat of drum, taken from the Saracens, announced with triumph his return. Too much exultation could not be expressed, nor too much gratitude shewn, for the spices that he brought from Asia; and in comparison of which, the price of his

campaigns, the blood that had been spilt, and the treasures that had been expended, were of little moment. Every belle, and every beau, the most renowned knight, or the most rigid monk, welcomed alike the cinnamon, the nutmeg, the ginger, the pepper, and the clove: the chroniclers, romancers, and poets; historians, actors, and troubadours, joined with one accord to celebrate their praises, as the most exquisite adjuncts to the table, and yielding the most delightful sensations to the palate. The nutmeg, in particular, has ever been received with singular distinction, so that a French poet said of it—

“Aimez vous la Muscade, on en a mit partout.”

*Boil. Sat.*

The spices \* came very fortunately to the aid of the crusaders, who, in the course of their sea voyages had had frequently to contend with morsels that had set all the artillery of their jaws † at defiance. But it is surprizing to find their posterity, without being reduced to the same extremities or hardships, should preserve their bill of fare; and, as if out of respect to their memory, continue it even to the reign of John the Second,

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\* All the manuscripts which remain of this period abound in praise of the spices. The old poets compare them to the most fragrant perfumes. The facility of our intercourse with the East now has occasioned them to be treated with less veneration, although their loss would create a piercing outcry.

† L'Artillerie de Gucule, an expression of Rabelais.

called the Good.\* Surely it is not necessary, because at sea we are constrained to make acquaintance with sea-hogs and sea-dogs, that there is the smallest obligation to keep up the connection on shore.†

In the reign of Charles the Fifth,‡ says Le Sage, they began to be a little more refined in their tastes, and to become acquainted with some excellent condiments. Whilst this prince was lay-

\* John II., called le Bon, of the house of Valois, mounted the throne of France in 1350—  
v. Fawkes's Chronology.

† We find that seals and porpoises constituted a part of the bill of fare, even in the famous banquet given at the enthronement of Neville, Archbishop of York, in 1434. At present they are only retained in that of Kamchatsca.

‡ Charles V., called "le sage et riche," succeeded to the throne in 1364.

ing the *foundation* of his famous library of the kings of France, Taillevant, the chief officer of his kitchen, was sapping the *foundations* of the boiling system amongst his subjects.

As when a brisk gale precedes the approach of morn, and drives away the clouds which obscure the sky, ushering in Aurora in all her radiant smiles, and cheering us with the rays of the rising sun—so, Taillevant, the genial zephyr and harbinger of an heavenly day, shot forth, and throwing aside the veil which concealed from us the brilliant fires of an enlightened age, dazzled us with their unusual splendour. Like another Prometheus, he seemed to have stolen some of the sparks of heaven to illumine his stoves, and kindle the fires of his culinary laboratory, where this exalted genius,

solely occupied with the objects of science, or in exercising the charitable disposition of feeding the hungry, soon brought his art to the summit of perfection. He chopped, minced, hardened, softened, liquified, baked, roasted, broiled, stewed, fricaseed, braized, glazed, and new modelled, at his pleasure, every thing that came under the power of his fashioning hand, and then introduced them in all the parade of new and sumptuous apparel to the table of his master.\* There they appeared in such variety of shapes; so altered and so bedizened; so decked

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\* This patriarch of the kitchen taught his pupils the method of roasting eggs and butter upon the spit, and other secrets now lost, or of such difficult execution, that modern artists shrink from the attempt.

out with gorgeous accompaniments; some swimming in *sauce blanche*, some in *noire*, some in *sauce piquante*, *Robert*, à *l'Alose*, à *la compotte*, à *la moutarde*, à *l'ail*, à *la crème*, *chaude*, *froide*, *rouge*, *verte*, *jaune*, &c. that they were exhibited in perfect masquerade. Even vegetables were so metamorphosed, that their characters were totally altered: they appeared to have assumed a new feature; and, like the grafted tree of Virgil, each wondered at the change and novelty of its own figure.

“*Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*”

In order to shew his gratitude for these benefits, Charles bestowed a splendid livery upon all the officers of his kitchen. Indeed, he pushed his taste so far on this occasion, that

all the ministers of his household, and even the magistrates of Paris, were ordered to dress themselves like *des Poulets au Bedeau*,\* that is to say, in party-coloured robes.

Taillevant in his turn, again, sensible of his royal master's condescension, prepared his *Vivandier*† for its reception into the library of the Louvre; and, notwithstanding the care with which the press has multiplied works of this nature, it has been

\* To the English admirer of a plain roasted barn-door fowl, it may, perhaps, excite some astonishment to hear that a *poulet au bedeau* assumes a very different appearance, and is exhibited in two distinct colours. Indeed, at all the dinners of a top-rate French cook, the inexperienced will do well to have in mind "nimium ne crede colori."

† *Vivandier*, the title of Taillevant's work.

so greedily devoured, that if the book had appeared in these days, I verily believe the sheets themselves would have been swallowed up for the delicacies they contain.

The flight of Taillevant was too elevated. He soared with such eagle wings—he took such giant strides in his magirotological career, that his rivals were quite in despair, and none would venture to advance beyond the bounds which he had proscribed: all humbly followed his steps, as children who play at “*follow the leader.*”

Some time after this period, a stranger, who was by no means of the *same kidney*, dared to shew himself upon the stage with Taillevant. This was an Italian of the name of Platina: a man the best instructed of his age in all the learning of the Vatican. He ap-

peared to be completely *larded* and *stuffed* with Greek and Latin. The fear of wounding the delicate ears of the sovereign pontiff, and those of Cardinal Rovella, (that kind and *clement*\* patron under whose auspices he had made his *début*,) engaged him to alter the title of his work, so as to do away all idea that it contained any thing too luscious. He consequently gave it the appellation of the “Honest Voluptuary.”† Under this seducing form it was quickly translated from

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\* The Cardinal Rovella took the title of St. *Clement* when he became cardinal.

† Platina dedicated his work to the cardinal under the title “*Platina de honestâ Voluptate et Valetudine.*”—The French translation, *L'honeste Volupte*, by Christol, has often been printed at Lyons, as may be seen in the gastrological library.

the Italian into French ; and although the most fastidious critics allowed the production the merit of being perfectly chaste, yet they could not help finding fault, that it was more sweet than voluptuous.

The *patine* of this Italian, filled with nothing but chickens' heads and fennels, appeared so contemptible by the side of the French dishes, loaded with majestic heads of calvés and heads of brocoli, that to have opposed one to the other, would have been something like setting an Italian greyhound to fight an English bull-dog.

Platina seized a very unfavourable moment to push himself into notice. It was at the very period when the gentlemen of the hardware trade had succeeded in giving a mortal blow throughout France to the old dynasty

of earthen pots, and consolidated the reign of brass and copper, by depriving their adversaries of the whistle.\* Notwithstanding the judgment against Platina was very general, he was not without merit, and his dishes got the name of *Patina Catelonica*, or Catalonian dish. His advocates were loud in his praise, and honoured Spain for having given him birth. The same country also nurtured in her bosom *Roberto da Nola*, a magirolological artist of the most transcendent genius. His great rival, *Martino Martinez*, did not appear till the following age. Every amateur will regret that these

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\* It may be necessary to notice that these foreign braziers, in order to save their voices, used a whistle instead of crying their trade about the streets.

great artists trained up no pupils in their opsartytical schools, and that the bad taste and apathy of the Spaniards made them abandon the solid literature of the table for the empty record of feasts.

The Portuguese also, the original conquerors of the spice countries, satisfied with the laurels they had acquired, seemed to partake of the apathy of their neighbours. Nor was any attempt made to rouse them from this inglorious languor, till, in the present age, Don Lucas Rigaud published his culinary art, (*Nova Arte de Cozingha,*) a work of some merit.

Let those independent spirits who, under the protection of the triumphant flag of Great Britain, sought the shores of Brasil, return again to their native stoves. They may now repose in per-

fect safety. Lusitania demands their presence. The victorious arms of the great Wellington have left them nothing further to dread from those legions of devouring ultra-montane locusts that overran their country; drained their soup kettles to their very dregs, and ravaged every thing before them. What a brilliant moment now presents itself! what a glorious opportunity to give immortality to their retreat, and come home laden with the delicious nutriments of that vast and productive \* continent, which opened its arms to receive them!

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\* Whoever wishes to form an idea of the exquisite productions of the Brasils, may consult the natural history of that country inserted in the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, by L'Abbé Vertot, with a continuation and description of Brasil, by *Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta.*

The Italians displayed a very different taste from either the Spaniards or the Portuguese. During two centuries (as would be easy to convince any one in this enlightened age of gastronomy) the theatre of Italy displayed before an admiring people, artists of a very superior cast. Amongst these were officers of health, and doctors of physic. Such was *Michel Savanarola*, decorated with the Cross of Malta: such was *Pesanelli*, *Peravino*, and *Gallina*.—Men who instructed their patients to play with admirable address on the alimentary stage, whether they had to exhibit on days of fast or days of feast—although some severe critics accused them of *mouthng their parts*. Many of the under-strappers also were admirable professors of magirology: such were *Roselli*, *Maestro*, *Geovanne*, *Messi-*

*bargo, Scappi, Il Valente, Pandini, Robasso, Magnani, Cervio, and Stefani*, who taught the best method of garnishing and ornamenting dishes.— These students of culinary arts, had all passed their examinations, and received the graduate honors of gastronomy. Amongst which we find *Rosetti, il Cavaliere, Reale, Fusorito, Lancelotti, Colorosi, Liberati, Mattci*, and many others who have given specimens of their talents, worthy the attention of every amateur. But it is a matter of surprize to find that *Geovanne*, archmagirist of the Vatican; *Scappi*, secret cook of Pope Pius V., and *Romoli*, surnamed *Pononto*, produced works in Italy in the 16th century, which *Massialot, Marin, Menon, Le Cointre*, or even *Viard* himself, would not have been ashamed

to own, either for elegance of composition, or solidity of matter.

The description which Scappi has left us of his kitchen artillery at the holding of a conclave, is a chef-d'œuvre of taste and ingenuity in this species of *armoury*. I would here give it in detail, only I should fear that if it were in the presence, and invited a comparison with the cradle spits and hook spits, with the roasters and digesters, the stew pans, the sauce pans, and the fry pans, of the present day, that it would be considered of no more consequence than one of Manton's pistols by the side of *Queen Anne's pocket-piece*.\* But that the

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\* The name of a large piece of ordnance in the tower, respecting which the Ciceroni never fails (if there be no ladies present) to entertain his company with a little traditional wit.

reader may not be entirely in the dark on this interesting topic, and uninformed respecting this fulminating battery of the conclave, or the account which Scappi has left us, I will observe that it must have required a legion of engineers to have worked it; and a demi-brigade, at least, of the most robust braziers to have kept his park of artillery in serviceable condition.

There appears to be no doubt, but as far back as the 14th century, that the princes of Italy drew their archmagirists from the schools of France; and that, moreover, they even sent their own youth, whom they destined for the profession, to receive their education at Paris. No one can question the authority of an Italian fanatic\* who

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\* Pogge, a Florentine, born at Rome in 1380.

speaks out upon this point in plain terms.—“A Duke of Milan,” says he, “had a very excellent cook, whose studies had been completed at Paris. For a long time the prince was perfectly satisfied with the state of his kitchen. One day, however, he sent for him, and, with much anger declared, that the dinners which he had lately served, were detestable—‘Monseigneur,’ answered the cook, ‘my dinners would have been equally excellent as formerly, if, unluckily, it had not been for some troublesome fellows who spoiled my sauces:’—‘Hey! what is that you say?’ exclaimed the Duke; ‘who has had the audacity to come

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This extract is taken from his “Amusing Anecdotes.” And is to be found in “Les Mélanges tirés d’une grande Bibliothèque (tom 20, p. 87).”

into my kitchens?'—'Monseigneur,' replied the cook, 'pardon me—no one comes into your kitchens, nor even near them: the people to whom I allude, are these d——d Florentines with whom you are at war, and whose success has taken away your appetite—gain but a victory over them, and depend upon it that you will find my dishes as good as ever.'—In this anecdote it is not only gratifying to find that cooks can shew flashes of wit, like the flashes of their laboratories; but it is an additional pleasure to find great humour and transcendent professional genius united in the same person.

Let no one say that the spirit of gastrophilism never found its way within the walls of the Vatican, unless he would see, rising up as it were from

their graves, myriads of monks, prelates, and sovereign pontiffs, to give the lie to such an assertion—and above all would stand forth the venerable shades of Paul II. and Clement VII.\* who died heroically in the bed of honour, not in defending the Tarpeian *rock* against its invaders, but in a desperate affair wherein he was engaged with a *Rock Cantaleupe*. Nor let any one maintain, that the god of wine was not worshipped, and had no altar erected to him within the

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\* Clement VII was supposed to owe his death to the indigestion of a melon. It was during his pontificate that Rome was sacked by Bourbon, and soon after which it was said 8000 young women were found to be pregnant; a circumstance which gave rise to insinuations that no great resistance had been made to their robust ravishers.

private chambers of the popes, unless he would see Benedict XII. throw aside the veil, and display the libations which he made amidst the circle of his numerous courtiers—libations so abundant, that they gave rise to the proverb—“to drink like a pope.\*”—Culinary artists were no where more considered than in Italy, and particularly by the sons of the church. We are told, amongst other cardinals, that Hypolitus, belonging to the Medici family, gave a thousand ducats a year to a Portuguese archmagirist and carving esquire, together with an appointment of a carriage and horses, and the

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\* One reads in Balure's lives of the popes, that Benedict XII. was, “Potator vini maximus ab omnibus curialibus dicebatur, adeò ut versum sit in proverbium consuetum dici, *bibamus papaliter.*”

promise of a pension of 150 or 200 louis d'ors, whenever the fatigues of service should make it necessary for him to retire. Nor were they held in less esteem by the laity, who, if they had not the means of paying them so handsomely as the clergy, made up for it by the most respectful and humble deportment, never venturing to address them but by the title of *Magnifico Signor*. Alexander Vaccchi, a citizen of Venice, (a town where titles are not bestowed with too much facility,) wrote to a simple cook of Venice, one of his intimate acquaintance, whom he addressed—

*Al magnifico Signor Padron mio osservandissimo il Signor Matteo Barbini Cuoco, et Scallo celeberrimo della Citta di Venetia.*

Amongst the gastrological authors

of Italy at that period, we must not omit Massonio, who wrote a *little work*, not containing more than an hundred sheets, solely upon the manner of dressing a salad. About an hundred years after him our countryman Evelyn resumed this subject—a work not so voluminous as the former, and one which would have been excellent, had he but added a thundering philippic against those despotic squires who oblige their guests to stir up their own salad;\* an inconve-

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\* There is no question in gastronomy that has produced so much controversy as the mode of dressing a salad. A transcendent genius, whose name is, I fear, lost to science, appeared some years back on the alimentary theatre of London, and undertook to settle all difficulties by dressing salads at half-a-guinea each!!

nience which not only occasions considerable delay to the eager gastronomist, but at the same time gives a crude taste to the lettuce. In England, which has the character (as Mr. Cobbett never fails to tell his readers weekly) of being a *thinking nation*, where the people are strongly attached to their habits of life, and extremely jealous of innovation, they delayed much longer than in Italy, and in France, before they gave any attention to the delicacies of the table. Nor, perhaps, did the art lose much by their forbearance. A bill of fare, however, has been preserved, of a banquet\* given

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\* Leland relates that sixty-two cooks were employed to dress this feast, and gives an account of all the dishes, and manner in which they were served.

at the enthronement of Neville, Archbishop of York, in the 14th century, which does as great honour to the genius of his grace's archmagirist, as it does to the appetites of his guests. Thanks! immortal thanks! to the society of antiquarians who rescued from the dust of the library, "Receipts on Ancient Cookery," curious monuments of alimentary science in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. The monks, however, of the 14th century, were not so much behind hand as the laity in the great business of eating. The chief cook of a monastery was a personage of the first rate dignity; and that brother was always elected to the office who had shewn most industry and pious zeal in the attainment of gastrological excellence. The historian of Croyland Abbey tells

us that Chateris, cook of that establishment, moved by the love of God and the interests of religion, gave forty pounds (no mean sum in those days) that the convent might have orgeat on fish days to drink with their bread and honey. Nor were the secular clergy, if not equally refined, by any means backward in promoting the good cause of eating and drinking to the utmost of their power. They had even the ingenuity to make their religious ceremonies aid their gluttony. These reverend theogastrophilists established, therefore, masses five times a year, where, in praise of the holy Virgin, they met to commit the most beastly debauches. Their churches became taverns and brothels.—Clergy and laity, rolling over each other, exhibited scenes corresponding more with

Bacchic orgies, than any thing connected with Christian worship. These revels justly acquired the name of glutton masses.

From the commencement of about the year sixteen hundred, we find the English gastrologists beginning to push their acquaintance with foreign artists, and to translate their works into their own language. The most ancient that has come to my knowledge, is the Italian banquet of the Sieur Roselli, one which would now be held in no great estimation.

In Germany, where the people reason deeply upon all subjects that come before them, and where more of the primitive powers of appetite seem to prevail than in other countries, the demands of the *paunch* have always been considered of the first import-

ance. The table of the German consequently continues to offer for our observation the most enormous joints; where, if fortunately you have a stomach bomb proof, and escape explosion on the field, you must sicken out the night under a distressing load of molten grease.

When the culinary art of Apicius first found its way to the press of Germany, they added to the *Küchenmeisterey*,\* a little work of the same description. Thus the alimentary theatre in the country of the *Cimbri* and the *Teutons*, always filled with great actors, has never failed to exhibit compositors who could both write

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\* There is an edition of this work very well preserved in the library of the Royal Society at London; *Küchenmeisterey*, or Culinary Arts.

and perform ;—no less artists in theory, than mechanics in practice. There was a publication, however, in Latin, by *Vellichius*, which, considering the time it appeared, is much to be esteemed ; and another written in Italian by Giegher Bavarais, carving esquire to the German nation at Padua. This rare work not only teaches us some very pretty delicacies, but also the proper method of cutting them up : it besides tells us what is very important to know, that the young Germans who frequented the university, liked to attend to the body as well as the mind.

*Harsz-dorffern*, or *Hartdorffern*, which sweet and harmonious name, in whatever manner it may be written, or pronounced, and bearing evident marks of the country which bestowed

it. This Hartdorffern, I was going to observe, translated the work of his countryman Giegher into German, with some additions which will ensure its preservation in the memory of even ingratitude itself.

In Holland, in Denmark, Sweden,\* and Poland, where the people are generally notorious theogastrophilists, and enjoying vast capabilities of appetite,

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\* It is in vain that Linnæus has instructed his countrymen, the Swedes, in all the nutritive productions of the two worlds. It is in vain that he has attempted to teach, in his *Culina Mutata*, why the chymical kitchen has excluded from its laboratory certain aliments which would have done honour to the Apician stoves. Notwithstanding all he has said and done, the greatest part of Sweden is still plunged in the darkness of Scandinavian gastroworship—"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi."

they have but few magirolologists. The alimentary works of the Germans are, with few exceptions, the only publications to be found amongst them. And they continue to besmear with currant-jelly their haunch of venison, roasted to a rag, and generally stinking abominably into the bargain—horresco referens.

We will now return to France, and take up our history at the period where Taillevant, the great patriarch of the kitchen, closed his mortal career. Not to eulogise such a man would be unpardonable. That the gratitude of posterity may not be withheld, they should know that they owe to his clear and enlightened mind the principal happiness that they *now taste*. He lived under three monarchs. He never once quitted the service of

his legitimate sovereigns. His talents were the constant theme of their praise; and he might be said literally to die in his *master's mouth*.

The troubles which agitated France during the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII., almost proved fatal to that infant kitchen to which Taillevent had given birth. The Dukes of Burgundy lent it all the aid in their power, and that part which they transplanted into their own domains certainly flourished beyond all expectation, and Olivia de la Marche has furnished us with some descriptions of the Flemish and Burgundian banquets of this period, worthy the notice of the most difficult amateur.

The cruel Louis the Eleventh, so lean in person, that he went by the name of the walking anatomy, drew to

his court a swarm of priests for the direction of his conscience, and the salvation of his soul, and amused himself by paying in the most absurd and profuse manner the officers of health who had the care of his body. This was a disposition by no means calculated to recal the emigrants of the kitchen to the bosom of their country, or to encourage any foreign artist of merit to settle under his patronage.

The death, however, of this monarch, accompanied by a political event somewhat singular, fortunately restored good living to France, when it seemed at its very lowest ebb. The taking of Constantinople\* by a nation

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\* Constantinople was taken by the Turks under Mahomet II., in 1452. It was an event that occasioned a great sensation in the Christian

who lighted the fires which were to heat their baths with the learning of libraries, who never permitted the juice of the grape to touch their lips, and who recoiled at the very sight of a pig, caused all the Grecian artists to spread themselves over Italy. Their arrival in that country produced a complete revolution in the gastronomical horizon, and of which the French, at all times lovers of novelty, were desirous to take a nearer view.

This new crusade, without being

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world. All were called upon in defence of the Cross. Amongst others, we are told that the Duke of Burgundy swore upon the body of a roasted pheasant, and called upon his courtiers to join him, that he would march an army to dislodge the Turks. They *performed* upon the pheasant with great avidity; but he certainly *never performed* his oath.

preached up by popes and bishops had shortly plenty of followers, and the King of France soon found himself at the head of a brilliant army. Unfortunately, Charles VIII., and his companions at arms, who expected in their expedition into Italy to *have caught the bird upon her nest*, were cruelly disappointed, and brought nothing back from their conquests but a few *melons*\* and *bons Chrétiens*, together with a certain *hot †sauce* of

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\* Melons were not known in France, says the author, *des mélanges tirés d'une grande Bibliothèque* (tom. 3. p. 13.) till Charles VIII. brought them from Italy. The pears known by the name of *bons-chrétiens* were introduced about the same time.

† The disease alluded to was supposed originally to be brought into Spain by the companions of Columbus. From Spain it quickly travelled to Naples; from thence into France,

a most unsocial and irreligious nature, which they acquired at Naples, and which left the most bitter remembrances of its corrosive qualities, amongst those who had been infected with its poison.

Louis XII., who got the appellation of *le Père du Peuple*, made himself ridiculous by his rigid economy, both amongst his own subjects, and those of the kitchen; and died

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(where it was called the Neapolitan disease,) and from France into England, (where it had the appellation of the French disease.) Europe, however, in return, inflicted a still greater scourge upon America, inasmuch as the innocent and the guilty were alike the victims of its virulence. The small-pox was never known on the transatlantic continent before the European conquest. Thanks to the immortal Jenner; a million of lives are now annually saved by vaccination in New Spain!

miserably ; not because the sister of that fat monster, Henry VIII., whom he had married, whetted his appetite too much ; but because she had insisted upon changing his hour of dining.\*

His successor, Francis I, the father and restorer of letters in his dominions, was likewise the father and restorer of the kitchen. His misfortunes in Italy, like those of St. Louis in Asia,

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\* "The good King Louis XII.," says a French writer, "for the sake of his wife totally altered his manner of living. Whereas he formerly dined at eight o'clock in the morning, he now did not dine till noon. He had been accustomed to go to bed at six in the evening, and he now sat up till midnight." (Hist. de Chev. Bayard.) Louis was in his 54th year when he forgot, in the arms of his young wife, his habits of frugality and temperance, and paid the forfeit of his life in three months after his marriage.

produced the greatest benefits to gastrology.

This monarch, by his expedition to Pavia, where he lost every thing but his honour\* and his appetite, drew at the same time some advantage from his residence in Italy, where alimentary science and the other arts had been encouraged and remunerated by the Medici family. Leo X. and his successors on the papal throne made considerable progress in culinary refinement: and it happened that Francis, having once tasted a calf at the table of the pontif which had been fatted upon milk, would never after eat of any other kind of veal. The Nor-

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\* Francis, after the unfortunate battle of Pavia, wrote to his mother the following short but expressive letter:—

“All is lost but honour.”

mans, therefore, in conformity to his taste, reared their calves entirely upon milk, till they were six, nine, and even twelve months old. By these means they made those in the neighbourhood of Paris and Pontoise full as *pontifical* and *ecclesiastical* as those in the environs of Rome and Sarento. After the example of the Normans, the Flemands, under the auspices of Cardinal Louis de Bourbon, fattened sheep also to the admiration of all those who had the honor of being invited to the table of this illustrious gastrophilist of the red hat.

Of all the exquisite fruits that Italy offered to the notice of Francis, the orange was the only one from which he abstained, and this under a suspicion that Charles VIII. owed his

death to one. Every time, therefore, that this fruit was presented to him, he put it back, saying he disliked its smell. The Chancellor Du Prat, who unquestionably liked eating as well as his master, but with less delicacy of taste, shewed at this time a great partiality for the young offspring of those patiently *laboring*, and too often *be-labored* gentry with long ears. As, at the brilliant epoch of Roman literature and Roman culinary science, the first minister of Augustus regaled upon the flesh of asses: so also the minister of Francis I., at the celebrated period which restored the French language to its purity, and the French kitchen to its excellence, displayed the same taste!! In one respect, however, there was an essen-

tial difference. Mecænas made not only his *led captains*\* regale upon the young Midas's of the plains, but likewise introduced them amongst the grandees of Rome ;† whereas Du Prat could not persuade the most obsequious of his parasites, nor even the lowest clerk in his office, to touch a dish, however admirably dressed, where any suspicion might arise that it contained but the tip of that animal's ear, the abundance of which is so much the object of admiration.

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\* *Led Captains* is a term applied to a description of gentry which most great men have about them—hangers-on. The Romans called them “*umbræ.*” *Quos Mecænas abduxerat umbras.*

*Hor. l. ii. l. 8.*

† Pliny, however, tells us, that after the demise of this great descendant of the Etrurian kings, the Romans had not sufficient regard for his memory to continue the fare.

Compege, a cotemporary author, has inserted in his Album the physicians of Francis I.: and we ought to regard the man who has preserved for posterity these precious details of the King of France and his Chancellor, as one of the most profound gastrologians who has appeared in modern history. In comparison with him, the ancient Pliny was a mere child in the science of gastronomy, and Athenæus is totally eclipsed by him. This great genius dedicated his work, and all the good things in it, to the immortal Chancellor *de l'Hopital*, as a man, the capacity of whose stomach was not less known to him, than the erudition of his palate.\*

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\* Epist: ad Mich: Hosp. Gall: Cancell: ubi dicit, "novi enim stomachum ac palatum tuum eruditum."

Pidoux, a very ancient magirolological artist, flourished also at this period, and together with the incomparable author just mentioned, must be considered as the brightest gem in the crown of Francis. Nor let any one suppose that because his soups got the appellation of broths, that on that account they bore any similitude to those of the Lacedemonians, any more than the modern game of goose\* does

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\* The antiquity of this game is engraved upon all the boards that are used for playing, where it is called "revived from the Greeks." It derives its modern name of goose in consideration of the great estimation in which those birds were formerly held. The citizens used to club together in *picnic* fashion to regale upon them, and the person who won at the game had his share of the dinner scot free. It is a game of which children are very fond, as it requires little address, and affords much amusement.

to the ancient one, because it is called revived.

A king who conversed familiarly with his subjects at table, who was surrounded by the best informed men of the age, and who besides had very enlarged views and extensive plans, could not fail to be enlightened on whatever might contribute most to the benefit of his people. He judged it, therefore, essential to treat with all due distinction, and cherish by every kind regard, the foster-mother of Jupiter\* in every part of his kingdom ;

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\* The difficulties and dangers which the king of the gods experienced in his infancy are well known. Saturn, who, like a great buck rabbit, had a passion for devouring all his offspring, would have ate up the young Jupiter also, had he not been concealed from his search, where he was suckled by a sow, and fed by bees.

and foster-mother also of more than three-fourths of his subjects.\* He made on her behalf the counsellors of the king, examiners of hog's tongues, with orders also to search most minutely the tongues of every one that was the least suspected. But nothing impure ever found its way from the mouth of this ancient family; which for so many ages occupied, without impediment, and without competition, the first places of the noble house of Adephagia.† Since the time of St. Louis, no monarch had

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\* There is no animal so prolific as the sow, and in many countries they are the greatest security against famine. Francis was, therefore, not wanting in penetration when he encouraged the breed.

† Adephagia was worshipped at a temple in Sicily, where swine were sacrificed on her altars.

had a kitchen so well appointed, or so well paid, as Francis I. None had given the same attention to their establishment, or had entertained in so choice a manner. Even to this day posterity has not ceased to talk with rapture of the feasts which he made for Charles V., (who, by the bye, had not entertained him with the best fare,) as well as those with which he regaled Henry VIII.,\* the greatest and the fattest glutton of his age. We

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\* Henry VIII. was as fond of drinking as eating. For it is reported that in the 16th century, the wine d'Ay was so much esteemed, that the Emperor Charles V., the Pope Leo X., Francis I., and Henry VIII.; each purchased and cultivated a piece of land at Ay, where they kept their distinct vignerons, and made their own wines. *Melanges tirées d'une grande—Bibl. Tom.* 3. p. 66.

still delight to survey the field of Ardres, called the field *du drap d'or*, on account of its magnificence; where, in company with the King of England, he *cracked many a bottle* of excellent wine: and we cannot but applaud the address with which he *tripped up the heels* of his brother monarch, unquestionably the best wrestler and the best *two bottle man* of his kingdom.\*

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\* Fleuranges relates, that the two friendly monarchs, after witnessing the trials of strength and skill between the English and French wrestlers, retired to a tent where they drank freely. The King of England then seized the King of France by the collar, exclaiming "Brother, I must wrestle with you," and attempted to trip up his heels, but the King of France, being very expert, twisted him round and laid him on his back. Henry would have renewed the contest, but was prevented.

From the period of Francis I., one may affirm that the throne of France was always filled with kings renowned for their attachment to *those little delicate morsels*, which may be considered as some counterpoise to the heavy cares which are the inseparable concomitants of a crown.

Catherine of Medicis enriched her suite with the most distinguished culinary artists, but amongst them were found some corruptors of taste who ran down the Italian kitchen. Her officers were the first who gave the Parisians a taste for the Rossolis.\*

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\* It was about the year 1533 that the Italians who accompanied Catherine of Medicis into France introduced the Rossoli. Its name appears to be derived from *Ros solis*, the plant from which it is principally distilled—v. Hist. de la

The Hippocras,\* proud of its antiquity, and which hitherto had never

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vie privée des Franc. et Mel. d'une Grande Bibl. This liqueur (like Noyeau in Martinique) is made good no where but in Italy.

\* Soon after the introduction of the spices into France, they found their way into wine, together with sugar, which came partially into use about the same time. It was upon mixtures of this kind that the hippocras was founded, and was named in honour of Hippocrates, who merely added honey and cinnamon to wine. But it owed its modern distinction to Alexis, a Piedmontese, who made it according to the following recipe :—Cinnamon one oz.

Ginger two drachms.

Cloves two penny weights.

Nutmeg and galangal one penny weight of each.

These must be well pounded together, and infused in a pint of red or white wine, and another pint of *vin de malvoisie* : a pound of the best sugar should then be added. These are the quan-

found any liquors that had ventured to dispute precedence with it, opposed the most noble resistance to the pretensions of Italy; and Louis XIV. afterwards shewed himself its zealous defender.

Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III., according to the expression of a cotemporary, had “*leur Marmitte tantôt haute, tantôt basse;*”—sometimes their *pot boiling*, and at other times scarcely *boiling at all*. We will therefore pass by in silence this unfruitful epoch. It would be waste of words to *open our mouths* upon a

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tities for making a quart of the liquor. Louis XIV. was so fond of it, that the city of Paris made him a present every year of a certain number of bottles. A whole pipe of the Hippocras was provided for the famous feast of Archbishop Neville, in 1466.—Vide *Forme of Cury*.

subject where we should find nothing worth *opening them for*. Let us then proceed to the reign of Henry IV., who was long before he had a kitchen of any repute. This monarch, who wished that no Frenchman should be without his *poulet au pot*, at least once a week, had, however, something better than a *poulet au pot* every day himself; and his good wine of Surene was only by way of pleasantry, his favorite beverage.

The Parisians long preserved the poor diet to which he reduced them; and the artists of the kitchen were years before they could pardon him for carrying off from his sister, *Tonquet la Varenne*, who disgustingly preferred *l'emploi d'ami du Prince* to that of being the cook of an amiable Princess.

Great were the difficulties which Henry IV. had to encounter ! (as one may see in the history of France ;) vast were the projects which he had to accomplish before he could acquire the title of Great, and was enabled to shut the mouths of his numerous enemies !

Whilst he continued to be a Hugonot, he and his followers were often reduced to a very low ebb ; but as soon as he became a *good christian*, he exerted himself more to enable his subjects to put the pot upon *their* fires, than to put it upon *his own*. He was constantly dancing about with his minister Sully, from the *kitchen* to the *scullery*, from the *cellar* to the *garret*, and from the *housekeeper's room* to the *butler's pantry*, to see that every thing was well arranged through-

out his dominions. One day, having passed some laws respecting those who were employed in manufacturing vinegar, and who interfered with the compositors of sauces, he immediately founded that interesting corporation of shopkeepers in the city and faubourgs of Paris.

This monarch closed the sixteenth century by renewing the statutes respecting the chiefs of the kitchen, the cooks, the cup-bearers, the confectioners, the pastry-bakers, cake-makers, and wafer-rollers, and began the seventeenth century by establishing a guard to watch lest his gardeners used hog's dung or the sweepings of Paris to manure his grounds. He encouraged Bernard de Palissy to improve the parterre; and he employed Olivier de

Sorre, the most celebrated man of his day, to ornament the gardens of the Thuilleries with twenty thousand feet of wall.

The Cardinal de Richelieu only just deviated enough from the cookery of Louis XIII., to prevent himself from dying of hunger. Mazarin kept Louis XIV. upon *short commons* during his minority, but the *great monarch* made up for it pretty handsomely afterwards; for the public feasts during the whole of his reign were in a style of splendour and magnificence which has never been surpassed. The *warmest* partisans of those luxuries introduced by this Prince, soon, however, began to shew some degree of *coldness* in their attachments; as ices now for the first time made their

appearance.\* When this gallant monarch ordered particular feasts, as it was rather his object to make himself beloved than admired, he endeavoured to combine in them every thing the most delicate and distinguished that the kitchen could afford.

If the banquets of Louis XV.†

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\* It was towards the end of the year 1660, that *Procope Souteaux*, a Florentine, introduced the use of ices at Paris.

† The Parisians erected in a square that bore the monarch's name, a beautiful statue of Louis XV. on horseback, supported by the four cardinal virtues: it was executed by Bouchardon, and destroyed during those scenes of revolutionary horrors which took place in the years 1793 and 4. This statue produced the following severe epigram upon the king and Bouchardon.

Bouchardon est un animal,  
 Et son ouvrage fait pitié,  
 Il met le vice à cheval  
 Et les quatres virtues à pied.

did not equal in splendour those of his predecessor, the little suppers of Louis *the Beloved*, however, surpassed in refinement those of *Louis the Great*. An age of heroes has never failed to be an age of artists : that of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. produced as many of the one as the other. Under these two kings the alimentary art was carried to a point of perfection hitherto unknown to moderns : and the magi-rogologists of France shewed themselves worthy to dispute the palm with those of the ancients. Amongst the most celebrated to whom the pen of the historian has given immortality for their learned works, but whose name the modesty of the author has concealed, we must distinguish the cook of Pierre de la Varonne. This French artist studied with considerable suc-

cess, and like another *Newton*, established a system which has stood the test of ages, and confirmed to posterity the true French cookery, whose laws are to this day universally received, admired, and imitated. *Pierre de Lune* attempted in vain to eclipse by his *Nouveau Cuisinier*, (*New Cook*) the productions of his predecessor, but he had a more dangerous enemy than Pierre. L. S. R. in his "Art how to entertain," reproached Varenne most bitterly for his *Gigot au Laurier*, invented at a period of successive conquests, when nothing would go down in France but what was laurelled. We find appearing at different periods *Le Patissier François*, *Le Cuisinier methodique*, *Le Maitre d'Hotel Cuisinier*, *L'Ecole parfaite des Officiers de Bouche*, et *Le Cuisinier royal*, et

*bourgeois*, of Massialot, who, according to Voltaire, was not of the golden age, when mankind were fed on acorns. *Le Cuisinier moderne*, that which still exists by *Vincent de la Chapelle*, cook to Lord Chesterfield and the Prince of Orange; \* *Le Cuisinier Gascon*, (where every thing is not seasoned with garlic;) *Le Cuisinier familier*, (for once common;) *Le Cui-*

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\* The English have translated this work, as indeed most of the other celebrated works of the French kitchen, but often under different names, and without acknowledging their authorities. As it is but common justice that every country should have the merit which is its due, we shall endeavour to restore to France her proper literature, and to recover for her artists an acknowledgment for those divine delicacies, of which the plagiarists of other countries would so unfairly deprive her.

*sinier parfait de Menon* ; *Le Cuisinier instruit*, (sometimes learned ;) also of Menon as well as *Le Manuel des Officiers de Bouche*. *La Science du maitre d'hotel Cuisinier*, *Les soupées de la cour*, *La Cuisine d'office de santé*, *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*,\* and *L'Almanach de Cuisine*, (strangled in its birth ;) *Les dons de Comus* of the *Sieur Marin*, given to the public at no small price, together with the *Gabriel Anne Mennier de Querlon*, (a most happy combination ;) *La maison réglée d'Audiger*, better named *Maison économique* ; *La maison rustique, grande et petite*, (always rustic, certainly ;) *Le Manege des changes* of the *Sieur Liger*, (a work by no means

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\* This work also was translated into Italian under the title of *Cuoco Piemontise*.

*léger*;) *Le Dictionnaire des Aliments* de M. C. D. chief of the kitchen of \* \* \*, (in which, by the bye, there is as much about drinking as eating;) *Le Manuel Alimentaire* de Buchotz, (with which it would be difficult to have a good digestion;) *La Cuisine et Pâtisserie de Santi*, by an officer of health, *Jourdan de Cointre*; *Le Dictionnaire portatif de Cuisine d'office de distillation, &c.* The confectionary art boasted of her own men of science, so skilled in every branch of the business, that in attempting to follow them we should be obliged to exhaust an ocean of sweets—*Le Traité des Confitures*, published at the end of the 17th century, was soon buried in oblivion by *Pierre Masson*, who gloriously opened the 18th with his *Parfait Limonadier*. Jean Goulin, armed with his

*confisseur Royal*, quickly dashed to the ground the imperfect edifice of *Masson*, and shivered it to pieces like a wafer. *Gilliers* and his *Cannamliste* sweetened the residence of the King of Poland, at Nancy, and it only required the two Encyclopedias, *Alphabetique*, and *Methodique*, as well as the works of *Dubuissons*, *Macky*, and *Machet*, to prevent him from appearing in the capital of the gormandizing world. If the progress of *Ænology*\* was slower than that of cookery and confectionary, its success, however, was not less brilliant. No sooner had it mounted the *bidet*† and

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\* The science of wines.

† The *Bidet* and the *Rosier* were names successively given to wine coolers in France. *Ænology* in England is now in a very advanced state

the *rosier*, but it proceeded at its ease, and had its path strewed with roses, where it had been before choked with thorns; and through which *Gohorry*, *Paulmier*, and *Mysonnier*, had attempted in vain to open an honorable passage. One cannot deny that *Boullay*, *Herbert*, *Colas*, *Bridette*, *Barbaret*, *Beguillet*, *Maupin*, and, lastly, *Chaptal*, and others, have contributed greatly towards the glory of this important part of gastrological science.

Whilst alimentary literature took this high flight in France, neigh-

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of perfection. We have coolers, *Montief* glasses, and Ravensworth decanters, bearing the names of those noblemen who have attended to their wines. We have also the *argyle* for gravy, and the little *sandwich*, a monument "ære perennius" of the eminent gastrophilist whose skill and ingenuity it records.

bouring nations burned with ambitious desire to mount with the same lofty wing : but their efforts were not crowned with full success. Amongst those men whose pens enlightened the understandings, and whose pastry delighted the palates of their countrymen, who sought to inspire the people of Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, with a proper taste for good living, we must notice, prior to the reign of Louis XIV., *Riffi, Egelhoff, Bumpolt, Anne Weckerin, Currickers, Bekonston, Tursten*, and since that period, *Sachstedser, Suzanna Egenin, Sletten, Stalk, Burghart, Livffi, Paul Iverson, and Holdings*. Amongst the English also, (who were the great rivals of the French in every thing, and quickly *trod upon and*

*tripped up their heels*, whether pursuing them over the field of *Mars*, or revelling at the orgies of Bacchus,) an innumerable host of heroes and heroines offer themselves to notice; who alternately handled the pen, and rolled the paste; who consecrated the studies of the night to inspire their countrymen with an elegant taste; and the labours of the day to exhibit something more refined than beef-steaks and mutton-chops, greasy surloins and leaden plumb puddings.\*

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\* In speaking thus of the old English fare, we by no means intend to hold up these solidities to contempt: on the contrary, we feel inclined to congratulate such of our countrymen as can still afford to make them a part of their Sunday's banquet: but the justice of the historian must not be biassed by national partialities.

Were, indeed, all the English magi-  
rologists who have appeared in the  
last two centuries to be drawn up in  
battle array, even the accumulated  
host which the continent could mus-  
ter for ten ages past would be obliged  
to fly before so vast an army. We  
cannot, however, but blame many who  
have concealed their names, and with-  
held from us the honour of recording  
them amongst the gastrophilanthropists  
of the present age. Pardon me, then,  
ye divine pillars of the church, and  
ye counsellors of the monarch, if your  
great modesty prevents my giving to  
posterity your illustrious labours, and  
recording those who have, at the  
smoking delicacies of a bishop's ta-  
ble or a city feast, composed recipes  
for *parish broths*, and *rice soups*, have,  
in the plenitude of alimentary hap-

piness, *still remembered the poor!*\*  
 But amongst the number of gastrological editors, the name of Samuel Pegge comes to us as a man whose apotheosis all the English antiquarian gastrophilists unite to celebrate. The † preface which this divine ma-

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\* England is a country, more than any other, where the noblemen and gentry attend to the condition of the poor; and bishops and prebendaries have invented cheap soups, and ladies and ladies maids, have cooked them. But if we may judge from the poor's rate in England, it should seem, that all this *feeding* only *feeds* the evil. The *cold* system of Malthus can have no chance with the *warm* soups of these eminent divines. Let us hope, however, that the A B C of Dr. Bell and Lancaster, may aid the general cause, and that the mental feast may ultimately procure a corporeal one, without having recourse to parish soups, and other philanthropic fooleries.

† The title of the book which Dr. Pegge

girological editor gives us to the little dispensary of the culinary laboratory of Richard II., is a fountain of gastrological science. The learned writer commences, as he terms it, *ab ovo*; nor is his egg long in hatching, for, with a profundity of thought which we cannot too much admire, he observes, that it was unquestionably in autumn when man was originally created. That it is agreeable to our notions of divine benevolence, consistent with every idea that we can form of God's providence, that our

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edited is, "The forme of Cury." It may be remarked that the *cury* was a branch of medicine as well as of culinary art. It is derived from "*curare*," which signifies in Latin either to heal, or to dress victuals. This instructive little work, which contains 190 recipes, was compiled about the year 1390, by the cooks of Richard I.

first parents should have been placed in the Garden of Eden, when every bough was bending with its golden weight, and every grove presenting a rich repast for their support.\* How otherwise, asks this subtle reasoner, could they have sustained life? they must have fallen the victims of famine. Our gastrological writer hav-

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\* It is curious to observe how different authors view the same thing in different lights. Samuel Pegge, whose mind was wrapped up in gastrological subjects, sees nothing but the feasts of *autumn* as suitable to the circumstances of the creation. While Virgil, hurried away by the beauties of *Spring*, concludes that that season alone hailed the infant earth.

Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi  
 Illuxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem  
 Cr- diderim, ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat  
 Orbis, &c.—*Virg. Geo.*

ing fully satisfied himself on this simple point, and, no doubt, at the same time, all his readers, does not stop long in Paradise.\* He makes no comment upon the aliments of the antediluvians: he steps over the wide waste of waters, without throwing any light upon the diet of the ark, or satisfying us whether hard biscuit and pickled pork made a part of their naval stores; he passes with rapidity through Lydia—posts through Greece—barely takes breath at Rome to pay a visit of compliment to Apicius—and arrives at once plump in England. Here, after a short but energetic lamentation over the diet of our ancestors during the

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\* Although he begins *ab ovo*, he does not proceed *ad mala*. He throws no light on the *mala mania*, or mad gastrophilism of our first mother.

age of their idolatry,\* he launches forth in their praise, and congratulates both them and his country for having received King Gormandus† with open arms ; and he highly extols the Great Alfred for having brought back so powerful a monarch into the bosom of the church.‡ With a zeal truly religious, Dr. Pegge observes, that the

\* Dr. Pegge cites Strabo and Cæsar for his authorities.

† Gormandus, or Gormon, was a Danish king: his capabilities of appetite were such, that gluttons got from him the appellation of Gormands.—(Drake. Ebor.) vide Fawkes's Chronology for this king, epoch. 3, Table 65. This book cannot be referred to without admiring its excellent arrangement: *but every thing is well arranged at Farnley Hall.*

‡ King Alfred persuaded Gorman to be christened, when he took the name of Athelstane.

Britons found no difficulty in blending with their conquerors, and conforming to the manners of the Normans in every thing but their temperance; telling us that in this point they won over their masters to their own habits of immoderate eating and drinking; and as Lord Lyttleton, I believe, observes, with an address we cannot but admire, that the conquered thus reconquered their conquerors. How could this writer have possibly said with more delicacy or more refinement of language, that our British ancestors were by nature theogastrophilists from time immemorial? or that the climate of England is one where gastronomy might be expected to rise with unparalleled vigour and splendid luxuriance? Whilst, however, he conveys thus much in the praise of the Britons,

he by no means refuses to do strict justice to the Norman kitchen, and their well founded aversion to great half roasted pieces of meat. Nor does he attempt to suppress, that William the Conqueror had nearly broken his favorite's jaw for serving him with a crane swimming in its blood.\* After eulogizing the Norman dynasty, Dr. Pegge further tells us, that it ceased only by a great debauch upon the high seas,† and a noble and royal in-

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\* The name of this favourite, who thus dangerously excited his master's irascibility, was Fitz Osborne. Had the blow not been dexterously warded off by the King's *dapifer*, who happened to be present, the poor favourite would unquestionably never have had it in his power to exercise his grinders again.

† The eldest son of Henry I. and his two brothers, were all drowned in a gale of wind in

digestion of lampreys ; a glorious regicide which has immortalized the lampreys of Lyons.

It is difficult to say, whether the Norman kings or those of the dynasty that succeeded maintained the best table, and laid the most covers.

Richard II. fed daily ten thousand people. But all these sink into insignificance before the establishment of Cassibelan,\* who on one occasion

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crossing from France. They had sacrificed so largely to Bacchus, that they were unable to manage the ship, and thus became a sacrifice themselves to Neptune.

\* For an account of this king and Lud, (vide Nig. lib. Edw. 6,) entitled " Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, &c." Cassibelan or Cassibelanus was one of the most able chiefs that opposed the invasion of Cæsar, and combated his passage of the Thames. (Cæs. bell. Gal.)

we are told had forty thousand beeves, an hundred thousand sheep, thirty thousand bucks and other deer, besides hares, rabbits, fowls, and all kinds of game, served up at a single banquet. Nor was there ever a table served with more profusion than that of king Lud, which was covered with smoaking delicacies every day from eight in the morning till seven at night. Or where shall we find a Prince of these dynasties to compare with Hardi Canute\* in his Bacchic Martyrdom, who never flinched his glass till he fell gloriously under the table, and lay in a state of

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\* Hardie Canute, sometimes Horda Canut, or Knut, "hard knot"—v. Fawkes's Chronology.—This king was the first who established four regularly served meals a day, he only reigned about two years, and died of a drunken bout at Lambeth.—(Lib. Nig. dom. Ed. 4.)

insensibility and prostration, till he was borne away *hors de combat*—never to fight again.

Nor can I quit this subject of our gastrological authors without pleading for pardon before the manes of the Rev. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore,\* for having omitted to do him justice amongst the writers in this noble science. If any thing can excuse me for an apparent neglect, it must be that this divine Magirologist has confined

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\*The manuscript of the book which Dr Percy edited was written in the year 1512, and bore the title of “Regulations and the Establishment of the Household of Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, &c. The work has always been held in great estimation, and referred to on all subjects of ancient gastrology. It was re-printed in London, in 1770.

his accounts to the dishes that were served, and tells us nothing of the sauces with which they were flavoured. For of what moment is it to us to know that our ancestors fed on birds and beasts, unless we are told by what means they were made inviting to the palate, and salubrious to the stomach?

As we have already remarked, that the English are a *most thinking nation*, so they seem to have *thought twice* before they could be induced to change the diet of their ancestors, and allow foreign artists to settle amongst them; but Theogastrophilism has at last prevailed, and the artist of France has established his empire in the British Isles.

In the first years of Henry VIII. neither cabbage, carrots, nor any escu-

lent\* root grew in England; and it has been remarked that queen Catherine could not even have a sallad for her dinner till her royal husband had imported a gardener from the *pays bas*.† Artichokes, apricots, and plumbs appeared also about the same time. Nor till

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\* Potatoes, the great support of the lower orders of people, were not known at this period. They were first introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, and were said to be brought by a Captain Hawkins from Sante Fè. Mr. Cobbett, who often abuses things that are good, has lately branded the potatoe with the appellation of the "*root of misery*."

† Horticulture had been very little attended to in England at this period. It however advanced rapidly in the reign of Elizabeth. The rackets and tortures of the Duke of Alva, drove the gardeners of the low countries into England in the year 1567, and under their tuition our gardens soon acquired great distinction.

after the year 1524 did the turkey\* smoke on the Christmas board, the carp swim in claret, or hops† add to the fragrance of *strong October*.

The currant was only brought from the Isle of Xanthe in 1533, and the

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\* This bird so much admired by every gastrophilist is by some said to be a native of China, by others of America. It is to be lamented that this point has not been more thoroughly investigated. If the cocks be caponized they may be stuffed to fifty pounds weight.

† Hops were much cultivated in England soon after their introduction. Thomas Tuffer a lively poet of the 16th century, who published several books called "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," recommends hop planting thus:

"The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,

"It strengtheneth drink and it savoureth malt."

Notwithstanding the partiality of the English for hops, the Italians consider them as poison, and call the plant *cativa erba*.

Flemings bestowed the cherry on us in 1540. Notwithstanding the many things which were yet wanting to complete the English kitchen, artists found the means of committing the most glorious regicide known in the gastronomical annals of their history, a history by no means deficient in Regicidal Martyrdom. They fed Henry VIII. to such an enormous size, that he might literally be said to have died of kitchen fat.

His successor Edward VI., although of tender age, shewed a most happy disposition for good eating and drinking; and often feelingly lamented, that it was his misfortune to be the king of a people, where the alimentary arts were so little advanced. In order to cheer his young mind under this weight of woe, Henry II. sent him an

embassy from France, composed of all the most scientific gourmands, that his kingdom could produce. At the head of them was the Marechal de St. Andro, a man highly distinguished for his talent of gustation, and who was ably seconded in this gastrodipomatic mission by La Vielleville, indisputably the first Gastronomist of his age. On their arrival at London they opened a table of such exquisite dainties and such delicate meats, all brought from France, that the English lords turned up their eyes with astonishment, and began to rail at their own climate and soil for being destitute of such delightful rarities. Nor can we wonder at their feelings, when we learn that there were constant relays of twelve horses each stationed along the roads ; where they travelled day and night, loaded

with every thing that France could produce for the supply of the ambassador's table. But that which is the most remarkable in this history, and what covers with immortal glory the artists who conducted it, is, that they so managed their banquets, that neither beef, mutton nor veal ever appeared, but to give strength to their soups, and flavour to their sauces.

In viewing this splendour of the ambassador, there is no intention of reflecting upon young Edward's hospitality. He did every thing in his power for their entertainment. His *Maitres d'hotels* had brought them on their arrival, as an eye witness has assured us, such substantial fare, that the least delicate articles served, consisted of water fowl, and cyncets, which were instantaneously sent away untouched.

The day being at last fixed for this famous embassy to take leave, they repaired to court, where young Edward appeared like an angel : “ *velut inter ignes Luna minores,*” and received them with angelic smiles. The little monarch inquired anxiously if M. de la Vielleville was to remain in London, and on receiving an answer in the negative, the prince seemed sensibly touched at the loss of so perfect a gastrophilist. At the same time recovering himself he requested that the gentleman who was destined to remain at his court might be introduced. As the minister approached him, however, he turned suddenly away, and began conversing apart with Messrs. Gyè and Vielleville, saying in a low tone of voice and laughing, “ You will bring me into disgrace with this ambassador,

for not finding in my kingdom the same delicacies as in France, he will pine and grow thin." They laughed heartily at the prince's humour on looking over their shoulders, and seeing a man of uncommon height, bulk, and obesity. This gentleman was called, Renè de Laval, Seigneur de Bois Dauphin. His size and corpulence were such, that they made it necessary for him to have a coach, and he was the first Frenchman who brought that description of carriage into use. But it was not until the year 1580 that any coach was seen in England. The first was introduced by Arundel, and was drawn by two horses; in 1619 Buckingham drove six. Elizabeth appeared at her public ceremonies mounted on horseback behind her chamberlain, and till after the

third year of her reign, this princess, so magnificent in her retinue, so nice in the adjustments of her toilet, and so splendid in her apparel, (that at her death, Henzner tells us, 3000 different dresses were found in her wardrobe, all of which had adorned her person,) wore nothing but cloth stockings.\*

Whatever changes the fashions of Elizabeth's court might undergo, her table underwent none, it remained during her whole reign nearly upon the footing that she found it. Knives† were,

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\* Mrs. Montague, who was tire-woman to Queen Elizabeth, first presented her with a pair of black silk stockings in 1560; and she was so much pleased with them, that after that she never would wear cloth any more.

† Knives were first used in London, 1563, under the auspices of Thomas Mathews of Fleet Bridge. Sheffield was, however, famous for its cutlery in the

however, then first introduced. A picture which Hollingshed gives of the

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days of Chaucer. So late as just previous to the French Revolution, there were many tables in France where no knives were laid: every guest was obliged to furnish his own. The Revolution may have made them more common, as during its sanguinary scenes the people seemed tolerably expert in the use of them. It does not appear, however, that forks were introduced in England before the reign of James I. Coryat was the first man who exhibited them, for which he got the name of "Furcifer." In the inventory, however, which Charles V. king of France made of his plate in 1319, a fork is mentioned, but forks were not common, even in that country at his period. For many years after they were generally introduced they had only two prongs, the knife was accordingly made broad and round at the end, and employed to carry the meat and gravy to the mouth, a practice which the four pronged fork has totally exploded, and it would now be esteemed such a mark of ill-breeding, that rather than venture it, the

little progress which the arts had made in the preceding generation, is too striking to be passed over in silence. There were very few chimneys, says this writer, in the large towns. The fire was generally made in the corner of the room, and the smoke found its way out through the roof, or at the door or window. The floors were made of cement, and the house utensils of wood. The inhabitants slept on straw, and a faggot made their pillow. Wine was only to be got at the apothecary's shop, where it was sold as a drug.

After such a view of the state, we can form no favourable opinion of the

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polished gastrophilist must forego his gravy. An improvement however might be effected to remedy this, by having the centre of the four pronged fork entire, and a little hollowed, so as to prevent any liquid from escaping.

alimentary art. We accordingly find that when Elizabeth received ambassadors from France, conscious of the inferiority of her kitchen, she endeavoured to make up by her gracious manners for the want of more substantial entertainment. One day\* when Messrs de Foix and de Castellan were dining at her table, she drank to the health of their king and the queen mother, and then most graciously sent them her own cup that they might pledge her. She at another time provoked Mons. de Sancy to a piece of very singular gallantry. Luckily she had to do with a knight of as much courtesy as intrepidity. After he had been pressing her with very much earnestness to espouse Henry IV.

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\* Mem. past, pour servir à l'histoire de France.

“ Let us say no more,” she replied, “ on that subject, my Gendarme (for by that appellation she always spoke of Henry) is not a man for me, nor am I at all suited to him. Not that I think myself by any means incapable of affording a husband every pleasure he could wish, but I have other reasons, &c.”\* She at the same time lifted up her lower garments and shewed more than a leg. Sancy fell upon his knees and impressed an enraptured kiss. The Queen was angry at his presumption, or perhaps feigned to be so: she alleged that there was a want of respect in the act. The dexterous

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\* This anecdote of Queen Elizabeth may be found in several publications, but particularly in “*Les Memoirs Historiques et Politiques d’Amecol de la Houssaye*, tom. i., p. 78.

Knight, however, quickly did away all appearance of displeasure by saying, "Pardon me, Madam, but if my master himself had been here he would have done the same."

Whilst the Queen of England was thus endeavouring to shine before her court, and with unparalleled effrontery shewed that which ought not to have been shewn, and which she, if she had had any regard for herself, ought above most women to have concealed,\* the Queen of Scotland, not less attentive also to the business of the toilet, but

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\* Elizabeth was not very young at this time, and that she had at no period of her life any charms of person, has been generally allowed. Hentzner relates, that when he saw Queen Elizabeth in her 67th year, she wore false red hair, and her bosom uncovered, as was usual with all unmarried women.

much more so to that of the table, modestly concealed what her vanity might have induced her to expose, without any offence to decency. And yet, perhaps, she shewed too much for her own happiness, or for the happiness of those with whom she has been accused of having had nothing to conceal.

The taste of Mary Stewart was highly delicate, notwithstanding she owed her origin to a race somewhat rude till it was ennobled by the table.\* Reared in the lap of luxury, an object of general admiration, amidst the flat-

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\* The genealogy of the Stewarts has been ably illustrated by Charles Stewart, Esq. M. P. published in 1798: he commences with Walter, son of Alan, *dapifer* of the King of Scotland, in the 12th century; Mary, therefore, owed her name and her origin to the table.

teries and caresses of a court, at that time the centre of whatever was polished and refined in Europe, she had eminently acquired every elegant accomplishment and every female grace. It is no wonder, then, that she quitted the shores of France with such deep regret, and shed so many tears at leaving the gay scenes of Parisian mirth, and the animated halls of festive joy which every day offered for her amusement. What a contrast did the banquets of her native country exhibit ! what a people for her companions ! we cannot be surprised at the disgust she felt, or that she turned away with horror from the *crowdies* and *whisky* of Scotland, to the inviting *pattès* and *rossolis* of Italy. The man, alas ! with whom she thus regaled, was bar-

barously murdered by her side; and the floor of her chamber stained with his blood, whilst in social converse, and even in the moment of actual meal.

Twenty years of imprisonment, and twenty years of affliction, notwithstanding the severity of the lesson, were insufficient to correct the natural levity, or destroy the constitutional gaiety of her temper: possessed at all times of vanity, on many occasions it supplied the place of courage: for in the chamber of mourning she could be dissipated, and amidst the preparations for death, she could become convivial. The end of Mary Stewart celebrated by a thousand interesting circumstances, offers one for consideration which shews how well the un-

fortunate queen was versed in festival manners, and how much also she was their slave.

When the fatal warrant arrived, and she found herself at last condemned to lose her head upon a scaffold, by a rival who had neither her beauty nor her address, she sat down at table with her usual complacency, and having finished her repast, filled her cup to the brim, and with a voice as firm as it was melodious, exclaimed in an elevated tone :—“ Here, my friends, is to the last moment, that when it comes my heart may not fail.” She then drank, and called upon her attendants to pledge her. They, ever ready to shew their obedience and affection, went on their knees, and mingling tears with their wine, drank to their mistress.—“ *Quis talia fando*

temperet à lacrymis ?” Who, though they feel it impossible to admire the unhappy Mary, under the load of crime with which she was, perhaps, but too justly charged, can yet withhold a tear of sorrow for the fate of a queen, or of pity for the failings of a woman? It seems to have been her principal error, that she mistook the wayward passions of a deluded heart for the sensibilities of a refined nature; and that yielding to the soft impulse of their dominion, she not only lost sight of every principle of duty, but even outraged every feeling of humanity—*Hei mihi qualis erat!* Such was Mary Stewart: a woman formed for happiness and society; who infused mirth and festivity into all around her; who began life with so many blessings, and who lost them all by so many faults!

\* The misfortunes which through many generations overwhelmed the

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\* The illustrious house of Stewart furnishes us with a melancholy example of eleven sovereigns in succession all unfortunate. Robert, the third of his name, and second of it King of Scotland, died of grief in 1406, at seeing his son a prisoner in England; and this son, James I., could not obtain his liberty till he married, 18 years afterwards, an English lady, whose fortune paid his ransom. He was ultimately assassinated in his bed, in the year 1436.—James II. was killed by a canon ball in 1460.—James III., his son, fell in a battle which he lost in 1488.—James IV. had a similar fate in 1513.—James V. died of grief in 1542, at seeing his subjects abandoned to revolt and heresy: and Mary Stewart, his daughter, after a life crowded with misfortunes, perished on a scaffold by order of Queen Elizabeth.—Her son, James VI., who succeeded to the British throne, died certainly in his bed; but he was never esteemed, and had scarcely a friend. His son, Charles I., of England, perished also on a scaffold

house of Stewart, were very unfavourable to the alimentary art in England. Charles II. had alone paid any attention, and that with difficulty, to the

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in the midst of his subjects, and before all his court.—Charles II. led a life of banishment from his kingdom, sacrificing his honour to his safety. James II. was dragged with indignation from his throne, and died in 1720, after having passed a life in exile, and preserved nothing but the shadow of a crown.—James III., as he called himself, had neither kingdom nor subjects. The race is now extinct. The last of them died receiving private bounty from the benevolence and charity of George III. Though we cannot sympathize with the misfortunes of the latter Stewarts, yet England is much indebted to their folly, their obstinacy, and their bigotry, for her civil and religious liberties. It is to be hoped she will long continue to remember that the same era gave birth to each, and that if either falls, it is probable that the other will not long survive!

subject. At his elevation to the throne, the contrast between the alimentary and the tragic theatre was truly ludicrous. The first was entirely in the hands of women, the latter exhibited only men. It happened one evening at the play, that Charles being impatient for the drawing up of the curtain, sent to know the cause of so much delay. The manager waited upon his majesty in person, and with due apology excused himself upon the ground, that *the queen was not yet shaved!*

Patrick Lamb (a name by no means ill suited to his part) was amongst the most distinguished actors in the royal kitchens during the reign of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne. His book called *Royal*

*Cookery*, contains so many good things that one is not inclined to look much into the works of his predecessors. If amongst the magirological artists and literary gastrologists of the nation, who have run the same glorious career, and have been the most distinguished in the race, we give the following list of names in alphabetical order, it may afford a tolerable coup d'œil of the magnitude of the imposing mass. Bennet, Bradley, Carter Charles, Carter Susanna, Clarke, Leoland Elizabeth, Eales Mary, Frayer, Glasse, Hall, Henderson, Honeywood, Hazlemon, Howard, Jacken Jenks, Lambe May, Macdonald, Mayern, Melroye, Middleton, Murelle, Nott, Perry, Raffold, Salmon, Skeat, Simpson, Smith, Taylor, Wir-

ner, Wooley.\* And to these we must not omit to add Dr. Hunter of York, †

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\* The works of all these learned gastrological pens might be easily collected, as well as those of foreign countries, and formed into a complete *Bibliotheca culinaria*. Is it not a national shame that there is not a single profession labouring for its bread, that has not its distinct library? and behold! that profession which actually feeds and supports every other, is left to the mercy of the wide world.

O vanæ hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!

† There were few things either in physics or metaphysics that escaped this indefatigable officer of health. Amongst the many instances which he gave of curious examination into the laws of nature, he discovered that blades of wheat, when injured and obstructed in their delivery, *performed for themselves the Cæsarean operation!* He gave his observations on this curious subject to the world in a little pamphlet with illustrative drawings. The doctor was no accoucheur.

a man not more known for his Georgics than for his renowned *Culina famulatrix Medicinæ*. Equally skilled in agronomy and gastronomy, in the cultivation of the field, or in the adaptation of its produce; he shone with unrivalled splendour both in the illustrations to Ceres, or at the libations of Bacchus. Peace to his manes!—Whatever might have been his own practice, we cannot bend to that doctrine which would make the kitchen subservient to physic. Nor are we disposed to yield to him his *Ænology* of British wines, with which he proposes to regale us, in preference to the fragrant Burgundy, or the sparkling Champagne; but we bow down with this gastrological officer of health and taste before the brewers of London, when they present us with a pot

of porter in the presence of the best *double Bièrre de Mars des Gobelins*, that France ever saw.

If the ages of heroes have been also those of arts and of learning, they have likewise been those of amateurs and connoisseurs. During the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., all the princes of the blood in France, encouraged by the example of their august chief patronized the artists of the table. The regent in particular contributed greatly to the improvement of the science. It was under his auspices that the *Cuisine chymique* rose to notice, and to his exertions, that its connection with the *Cuisine savante* was so closely drawn that they formed only one.

Thus consolidated, it quickly became the rage, nor was there a grandée

in the kingdom, not even Peter the first himself, who did not delight to dip their fingers in its sauces; but not at the table of the regent, of whose *chemical recipes* they had considerable dread.\*

It is in reading what Marmontel says of the appetite, and the ordinary habits of this philosophical legislator, that we may judge if there were many in a condition to figure away better than him at the table.—“ He dined,” says this author, “ at eleven o’clock, and supped at eight; an astonishing eater and drinker—two bottles of beer, the same quantity of wine, half a bottle, and sometimes a whole one, of brandy, at each of his two meals, were

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\* Vide Régence du Duc D’Orleans who was suspected of having dealt a little in poison.

scarcely sufficient for him, without reckoning the liquors and refreshments which he swallowed in the intervals."

The Czar, to whom every thing bowed from the sea of Kamschatka to the gulph of Finland, who obliged the son of a simple pastry-cook (Manchioff,) to handle the *sword*, as his father had handled the roller, who attached to his person the principal minister of the most despotic monarch that ever reigned, and who drew his naval officers from a country the most jealous of its freedom. Yet this commanding hero completely failed in an attempt to establish a colony of a few oysters on the shores of the Baltic. These little creatures so delicately formed,\*

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\* The oysters of England were in great estimation even in the age of Roman luxury. The Colchester and natives have the preference.

so faithful to their *native beds*; as exquisite in their own taste, as they are allowed to be to the taste of others, could never accommodate themselves to the brackish waters,† which the Czar had alone to offer for their entertainment. All that were unfortunately plunged into his sea, were quickly poisoned by the unwholesome beverage, or frozen by his *frightful climate*. The god of wine, for the most part so complaisant to the fair sex, was as uncourteous to the Empresses Anne, Elizabeth, and Catherine, as the god of the sea had been to Peter. Not all the altars which had been reared to him at the new capital of the empire,

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\* The waters of the Baltic do not contain one eighth part of the salt of the ocean, and may be drank without any unpleasant effect.

nor the frequent and copious libations of the *Tartars*, who daily sacrifice at his shrine, could induce the deity to grant them the growth of the vine; although in some of the southern provinces a few scattered clusters afforded an ordinary liquor:

Catherine, too delicate in her nature to be a glutton, but too refined in her taste not to be choice in her selections, had an Italian artist at the head of her kitchen, who published a work entitled, *L'Apicio Moderno*, which proves that he was not only well acquainted with the French style of cooking, but that he was fully instructed in the delicacies *du Cuisinier moderne François*.

The elector of Brandenburg, more successful than Peter or his successors on the throne of the Russians,

colonized several foreign productions in his kingdoms. The passion of this royal legislator for *great men* and *little turnips* is well known. The latter never failed to be constant guests at his own table, and his neighbours too often found the former guests at theirs.

The decided preference which this literary prince shewed for the French language, the French kitchen and French liqueurs soon established a rich nursery of academicians, artists, and liquorists, at Berlin. The consideration with which the royal philosopher treated them, was such, that he indiscriminately addressed his poems to his professors of science, to the generals of his army, and the artists of his kitchen. His verses to *Noel*, his cook, constitute a perfect master-piece of its kind ; it has immortalized *Noel*

as completely as the smack upon the breech of Turenne\* has immortalized the name of Master George. One cannot, however, but lament over the faded glory of the great Frederic, no doubt one of the most eminent theologastrophilists that ever filled a throne, when we learn that on his death bed

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\* The Marchal de Turenne, breathing the fresh air one morning at the window, in nothing but his white dressing jacket, one of his servants, mistaking him in this costume for his comrade, Master George, the cook, came gently behind him, and, with the full force of his arm, gave him a tremendous smack upon the breech. The Marechal, little accustomed to such mode of salutation, turned suddenly round, and was astonished at seeing a man, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, fall down at his feet, and protest that he had mistaken him for Master George. Turenne, although smarting considerably under the rude assault, only said, "Well, friend, and if it had been Master George, you needed not to have bit so hard."

*Rams Hist. of Turenne.*

he betrayed unworthy fears lest posterity should rank him amongst those noble characters whose gormandizing fame has filled the page of history. Yet the benevolent gastrophilist will not judge him too hastily for such "compunctious visitings," but will make allowance for the weakness of human nature in the last moments of existence. It is besides due to the royal gourmand to record, that no such degrading thoughts presented themselves to his noble imagination, till the villous coats of his aged stomach, like the tattered tapestry of his palace, were decayed with service.

But at that fleeting moment they had lost, alas ! all tone and all elasticity, and were ready to desert those colours, under which they had fought so many brilliant campaigns, and been

led to so many glorious victories. Their spirit was then gone, their strength wasted. The period had arrived when they were no more to be rallied—they had fled broken and discomfited on every side—the voice of fame, and the allurements of pleasure, had alike lost their imposing charms—all the gaudy scenes of former grandeur and delight had vanished; and the disconsolate monarch was left abandoned on the field, a prey to unavailing sorrow, without appetite, without taste, and without religion!

The Saxons who piqued themselves upon being the Athenians of Germany, claimed precedence amongst those artists of the spit, the gridiron, the oven, and the stove, whose fame for augmenting the delights of the palate, was best established. But they held in no

estimation the artists of the pen, the pencil, the burin, or the chisel. These were not according with their *taste*. They carried, indeed, their aversion for them to such an extreme, that they swore like troopers against every thing that had the appearance of paper, canvass, copper, or marble, whenever any demands for such things were made upon their purses. And they looked upon their king to be absolutely mad, when informed he had given thirty-thousand Venetian sequins for a Corregio.

It was well for the electors of Saxony, however, that their kitchens were amply furnished and their cellars well stored, or they never would have been crowned by the Dicts and Dictines of Poland.

Noble Poles ! You, before you were

dismembered and divided into three shares like a cake, knew nothing of great and little diets but by name. Where is the man, amongst those who boasted of having only made a breakfast of your kingdom, that could have extinguished your gastronomical fame in the days of your corporate integrity? Where is the man, who would have dared to measure his strength with Staroste Malakowski, whose ordinary draught of liquor was never less than two bottles of wine? Or, where is he who would have ventured to enter the lists with the primate of Poland, who sat at table four days and four nights in succession, drinking indiscriminately wine, beer, mead, and brandy, and that without any intermission of rest, neither losing the

gaiety of his humour, nor experiencing any abatement of his appetite?

Gaudeant bene nati!

Noble Poles! is there a man amongst your devourers, who would order himself to be awakened precisely at midnight, without regard to the time he went to bed, to be presented with a bucket of hot ale and sugar? Or is there one of them who can carry off three dozen of Hungarian wine from a sitting, when ten or twelve bottles only, would lay prostrate the stoutest Fox-hunter in England, or the wettest \* double chinned Canon in her whole Church establishment?

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\* The author uses this word in the same sense with Horace, when he says,

———“*dicimus uvidi*

Cum sol oceano subest.”—

L. 4. Od. 5.

The Saxons under the reign of their august King of Poland \* became as distinguished for their gallantry as for their love of the kitchen. They accordingly invited a number of light heeled artists into their country, to instruct them in the elegant use of their legs, but the artists of the spit agreed so ill with these gentry, that upon every attempt they made to give them a better method of cutting *capers*, they either got a terrible rap on the knuckles, or had their heels tripped up on the spot. But it was very different with the Duke of Wirtemburgh; for

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\* There is a book with the title of "Saxe Galante," which contains many curious accounts of the feasts which this Prince gave at Dresden. There were three Electors of Saxony, Kings of Poland, in succession, all by the names of Frederic Augustus.

although he was himself esteemed a man of gallantry, his subjects were decidedly theogastro-philanthropic.— There were consequently times when this Prince did not know very well, not only upon what leg to dance, but even upon what leg to stand: for on one side the women were crying up to the skies \* Noverre, and the pleasures of a bull, and on the other his subjects were ringing in his ears,

“ *La pause avant la danse.*”

As on a great former contest of this nature, the members were forced to yield to the belly, so on this occasion the paunch carried the day; and these troops of skipping gentry who threat-

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\* All the world knows the enormous expense that this Artist drew the Duke of W. into, and the representation which his subjects made upon the occasion.

ened to devour every thing before them, were driven out of the country like so many grasshoppers. Vermin, which by way of parenthesis, having once foolishly invaded Germany,\* met with their match in a way they little ex-

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\* This account is taken from *Les Melanges d'une Grande Bibliotheque*, tom. 20. It is thus related "In the year 1542, Germany was subject to a most afflicting scourge. A cloud of locusts spread over the country and destroyed every thing before them, those, however, who could bring themselves to eat them quite fresh and broiled, found them good and wholesome diet." Locusts are frequently eaten on the Red Sea, and sailors navigating it, think themselves fortunate if a swarm rest upon their rigging. John the Baptist fed upon locusts\* and wild honey; Masconville when he treats on the locusts, he adds, that in his time they ate silk-worms in Germany, and that Albert le Grand, had known a girl at Cologne, who had lived on spiders and snails from the age of 14, till she died an old woman."

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\* Some suppose that these locusts were beans.

pected. No sooner was the tocsin of alarm sounded, than men, women, and children fell upon these devourers, and completely turned the tables upon them; as instead of being made the victims themselves of their devastating appetites, they treated their little prisoners after the fashion of St. Lawrence; or in other words, they indulged them with a taste of the gridiron, and then made them contribute towards the support of that life which they came to destroy.

In Bavaria the cry was general in favour of the French kitchen, and effectually drowned the voices of some Italian artists, who thought to carry every thing in favour of music *with a high tone*.\* Who would believe that

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\* The Bavarians used to call out, "*Chansons, Chansons*," whenever the Italian artists appeared and these knights of the *Bravura* not understanding

the Germanic body could not meet to deliberate at Ratisbon, without collecting with the greatest industry French cooks from every quarter. And that there was a table in the antechamber of their hall, covered from morning till night with every delicacy? Nor were strangers visiting the city suffered to pass by, without their Ciceroni, or more humbly speaking their Valet de Place, directing their attention towards these tempting objects. Who is there that must not mourn over the dissolution of such an establishment? Rash and inconsiderate Frenchmen! how many noble institutions have you overthrown! and how many of your best

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French very well at first, mistook the term for an expression of encouragement, till experience taught them that it was one of contempt.

artists have lost their bread for this outrage upon the *German diet*!

Ye Hanseatic towns! let us not pass by unnoticed your alimentary fame! Who is there can cast an eye over the prostration of your ancient league, and not heave a sigh for thee, O Hamburg! who can behold without indignation, too great for the bile of a gastrophilist, thy wide and extended waste of woes? Thy once hospitable gates closed against every delicacy! thy cannon pointed against every inviting charm, every foreign produce! Thy kitchens, once so savoury that thou wast esteemed the very *Palais royal*\* of Germany, all deserted, all

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\* The Palais Royal at Paris is the principal residence of the *Traiteurs*: as Hamburg grew opulent, culinary science advanced rapidly. The

desolate! Alas! the Harpies of France  
smelt out thy soup kettles,

“Diripiuntque dapes, contactuq; omnia fœdant  
“Immundo.” ———

Thy sons enslaved, thy daughters  
threatened with the whip—thy patriots  
proscribed—thy merchants plundered  
—Von Hesse has fled—Parish is driven  
from his hospitable domain. And all  
thy splendid train of culinary glory is  
set like Lucifer to rise no more! Now  
mayest thou exclaim as the Dutch did

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*Schwarz-sauer*, and *Weiss-sauer* gave way to the  
delicate French sauces; Gastrophilism flourished.  
At the season of Leipsic larks, a flight of them  
arrived with every carrier to give zest to the  
banquets of the merchants. These charming  
songsters at “Heaven’s gate,” are so exquisitely  
fat, that they actually melt in the mouth like a  
sugar-plumb, they are generally eaten with apple  
sauce. O larks, more than ever to be esteemed!

for the amiable and lamented Henry  
Hope,

Occidit, occidit,

*Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri*

Nominis!

In Austria, not improperly called the Bœotia of Germany, a delicate young lady will within half an hour after she has risen from a splendid diplomatic dinner, (which generally lasts four or five hours, and where each guest is presented with at least three score different dishes), devour a plate full of "*petits poulets frits*;" or after a most plentiful supper more splendid than even the dinners, swallow a cup of chocolate so thick that you may cut it with a knife, and cram down a load of pastry besides. Upon a moderate calculation, from thirty to forty thousand *petits poulets frits* are consumed every

summer's evening, by these devourers on the Prater at Vienna. It should seem as if these feasters never arrived at that period, when

“*Iratum ventrem placaverit esca—*”

With them also the adage,

“*Regis ad exemplar totus componitur orbis,*”

is completely belied. For neither the sobriety of Maria Theresa, nor the laws of her son to exclude the wines of France from his dominions, have had the least effect in making their subjects more temperate. Indeed, all the efforts of sovereigns in these respects are like the labours of the husbandman,

“*Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usq; recurrit.*”

The French Culincœmania raged so much at Vienna, that the principal

topics of enquiry every morning, after the first salutations had passed, were, what new graduates had arrived from the magirollogical schools of Paris. In imitation of the ancient Germans,\* nothing of consequence was ever undertaken without a feast. Not a single little pleasure party was ever planned, and certainly never executed, where Champagne and Burgundy did not flow in rivers. O kitchens of Paris! O wines of Rheims and Baume, how much is your country indebted to you! What services have you often rendered to France when she appeared on the

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\* Tacitus tells us, that the ancient Germans never undertook any thing without a feast, and that those who made the greatest, were always the most popular, and had the largest number of followers. The moderns cannot say in this respect—'Tempora mutantur!'

very brink of ruin ! Where is the man, who does not remember what prince Eugene said on the arrival of a minister from Queen Anne, who came to rescue Louis XIV. from the great embarrassments that the Succession War in Spain had occasioned ? After having spoken of the Marechal de Tallard, who was at that time a prisoner in England, and observed upon his insinuating manners, he added, “ His presents of Champagne and Burgundy to the honourable members of Parliament, who are great lovers of these wines, have entirely changed the affairs of Europe.”\* This great rival of the great Marlborough, who had more penetration than most men, candidly allowed that the dinners and entertain-

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\* Vide Memoires of Prince Eugène.

ments of Marechal Villars, at the negotiation of Radstadt, were much superior to his own. He thus expresses himself, "During the period that we remained at Radstadt, I gave balls and suppers, but he (the Marechal) much surpassed me in these things; mine were too much in the German fashion, but I knew no better." What a confession! We should be inclined to lament it if, on reading his verses, the hostility of his views towards France were not sufficiently evident. The lines have too much point not to merit being transcribed:

"Eugène entrant en campagne,  
Assuroit d'un air hautain,  
Qu'il iroit droit en campagne,  
Pour y gourmer du bon vin;  
L'Hollandois pour ce voyage,  
Fit apporter son fromage  
Dans Marchienne et dans Denain ;

Mais Villars piqué de gloire,  
 Leur cria, Messieurs, tout beau :  
 Pour vous c'est assez de boire,  
 L'eau bourbeuse de l'Escaut."\*

After these acknowledgments of Eugene, no one can doubt of his conviction respecting the power of feasts, nor that the hardy soldier himself had

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\* That the elegance of these doggrels may not be entirely lost to the mere English reader, the Author gives a doggrel imitation :—

Eugène prepared to take the field,  
 Swore that no force should make him yield,  
 'Till he had reach'd the Gallic plain,  
 And quaff'd a glass of good champagne.  
 The Hollander to live at ease,  
 Took for his march a store of cheese,  
 But Villars nobly piqued at last,  
 Cry'd, " Gently Messieurs, not so fast :  
 " Scheldt's muddy waters, I should think,  
 Are good enough for you to drink.

any objection to them. Have we not also upon record, that a French wine even turned a head, that was defended by a triple crown? And did not Petrarch express his fears, lest the Pope and the whole sacred college, allured by the juice *des treilles de Baume* should entirely abandon Italy?\* Should a congress ever be again opened for peace on the Continent, our English ambassadors, and our Russian allies, (all fine drinkers,) it is to be hoped will be upon their guard against the Frenchmen, “*dona ferentes,*” negotiating

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\* Petrarch writing in 1366, to Pope Urban V. in order to persuade him to return to Rome, and stating the different causes which seem to detain the Cardinals on the other side of the mountains, says, I have heard them allege that there is no *wine de bècume in Italy.*

with wines, and tying the tongues of their opponents.

“Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam.”

We find both in France and in England, that as the alimentary science advanced, and wealth became more generally diffused, many opulent individuals began to rival their superiors in gastronomical refinement. They carried the matter still further, they even disputed the doctrines of science with the most able professors of the age. It is easy to believe, that the sublime discoveries which they made were *seasoned* with the most profound reflections, and expressed in the richest language.

Of late years the advancement of opsartytical knowledge has been so great, that the deliberations of every dinner-table afford the most professed

culinary lecture. There, every thing is impartially weighed and scientifically discussed. The abilities of every actor who makes his debüt upon the alimentary stage is nicely canvassed. His powers are examined, his taste criticized, and the rank which he is calculated to hold duly assigned him. There is scarcely a noble youth in the united kingdom now, whose education has been neglected in this essential branch of science, this first and necessary acquirement of self-preservation. Whilst we reflect with much satisfaction upon this subject, it is not at the same time without a mixture of fear, however, lest in the universal competition that the science excites, and amid the prevalent rage for national feasts, the culinary system should undergo some serious revolution. The

triumphs of conquest, and the piety of the theogastrophilist know no bounds. The fêtes of Louis XIV. dressed up every thing *au laurier*, till the laurels themselves grew sick and faded. The miserable club banquet of Vittoria at Vauxhall was, however, only so far of the same description that nothing would go down with the enthusiastic gourmand but what was heightened also with laurel sauce. To see 250 buckets of turtle crowned with bays was certainly no mean sight; but against the introduction of a new dish, such as no artist ever before ventured to serve, we must enter our protest. This was nothing less than the *staff* of a French Mareschal garnished with such splendid accompaniments, that although it looked like any thing but the *staff* of *life*, and seemed to be of

rather crusty materials for royal jaws ; yet such was the eagerness to get at it, that princes of the blood, privy counsellors, lords, generals, and admirals, had in a moment *their mouths full of it*. Nor did they appear to pay any regard to the many injuries it had done to *foreign constitutions*, to the noxious qualities it possessed, or the numerous deaths it had occasioned. Much as we must ever be alive to the prowess of our arms, and the triumphs of our country, yet this avidity for *Bâton* dressing seems, “ *Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus,*” and is highly injurious to the true interests of gastronomy. It is a vile corruption of taste, and might lead to a renewal of those savage customs which our ancestors are said to have practised in *banqueting upon their prisoners*.

Ye learned gastrophilists of our two universities ! Ye protectors of science in all its branches ! Why have you no professor of gastronomy ? Is the culinary art of less importance than anatomy and chymistry ? On the contrary, does it not combine both ? The Romans had carving schools\* to instruct their youth in the proper dissection of birds and beasts, whilst you confine them, to dissever the limbs of a human body ; and were it not for their own industry and the love of science, they might leave your academic shades to-

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\* These schools, called Pergula, were in the street *Suburra*, which was the *Strand* of Rome. There is an account of them in Pliny, lib. 10, cap. 50.

Also in juvenal,

Cæditur, et tota sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.—

Sat. 11. l. 141.

tally ignorant of the Doctor Trypherus,\* the rise of vapours, the force of steam, and the due employment of them in the culinary laboratory.

Besides, learned Sirs, the science is one which may be of infinite importance in all the objects of life. Your members, for instance, may ere long go forth as missionaries to the east, to rescue the Hindoos from the horrid obscenities of the Phallic worship, and save their infatuated widows, not only from fire in this world, but, as a *fervent* member of the house of commons† feelingly exclaimed, from hell-fire in the next. Now, what arguments can they use, what means of conversion can they more effectually employ, than

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\* Trypherus was the master who taught the art of carving in Rome.—Juvenal, sat. 12. v. 137.

† Mr. W\*\*\*b\*\*\*f\*\*\*e.

by setting before these poor unsophisticated rice eaters the superior excellencies of the European kitchen, and the captivating dainties of christian diet? \* Even the Persian when he sees the indefatigable missionary so busy about the *fire*, may discover some similarity to his own worship, and be caught in the trap before he is aware of having at all apostatized from the worship of his ancestors. “ *C’est le premier pas qui coute.*” Having once got the young convert into a good dis-

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\* The author knew a Hindoo boy who had expressed a great desire to become a christian, and gave as a reason that he might eat pork. The author believes that this boy is now as good a christian as if pork had had no instrumentality in his conversion: he had this account from a very respectable gentleman who introduced the boy to him in this country.

position, the rest will be all smooth and easy. Amid the discrepancy of opinions, the instrumentality of gastrology appears to me the surest and the safest means of conversion.\* But above all a thorough knowledge of the alimentary art may be absolutely necessary for those members at home, who after the fatigues of tutorship look forward to rustic indolence, and uxorious ease; who contemplate a happy retirement to livings annually augmented by the bounty of Parliament, or to the more solid benefices of their collegeliberally bestowed perhaps upon their curates. The magnitude of the first will not be found to do away the

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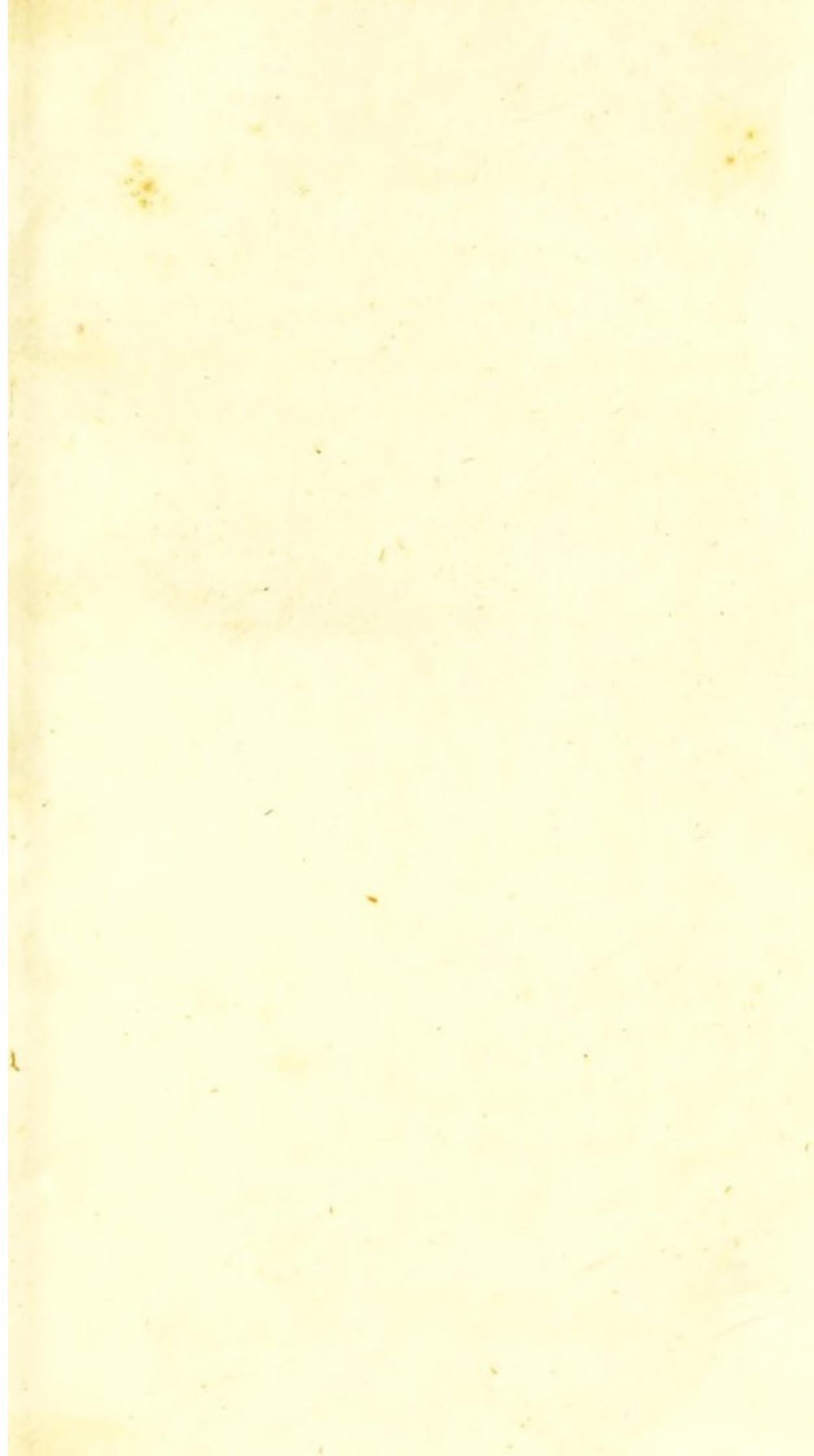
\* The author hopes that should Messrs. *B.* or *Dr. C. B.* cast their eyes on this page, it may obviate many difficulties.

necessity of culinary art and domestic economy, though the surplus of the latter may possibly leave them no means to call it into practice.

Ye learned body ! despise not these hints which I have ventured to throw out with all due humility at the close of this history. If any of you are inclined to quarrel with the justice of the legislature, you will do well to recollect “ *half a loaf is better than no bread,*” and that the ingenuity so many excellent financiers have shewn in taking from *Peter to pay Paul* is neither new nor uncommon. Were I to hazard any advice it might now be deemed no better than “ *moutarde apres diner.*” And yet, “ *stricto pane tacetis ?*” It may be worthy of reflection, that as the honourable house has got its *finger in the pye*, it may soon think that the

old dynasty of tithes has reigned long enough, and leave you no bread with your Living, justly concluding that the "living bread" will last you to all eternity.

FINIS.





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