

King
on
Peter Hartopp

by Sam King

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FROM
THE LIBRARY
OF
SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BART.
OXFORD

5020. The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry. With some Letters to Dr. Lister, and Others: occasion'd principally by the Title of a Book publish'd by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Cœlius . . . To which is added, Horace's Art of Poetry, in Latin. By the Author of the Journey to London . . . 8°. Lond., B. Lintott, [1709].

160 pp.; the date is from the B. M. and Bodleian catal. A 'Second edition', also undated [1710?] and with the same title, has 112 pp. The B. M. Catal. has two eds. of the 'Art of Cookery' alone, one in fol., 1708, the other in 8°, undated [1708?]; both have 'By the author of a Tale of a Tub' on the title-page. Lister's Apicius is no. 1823.

"In Feb. 1708 Lintot paid him [King] £32. 5. for the 'Art of Cookery' . . . It was published the following month without date . . . Two spurious editions of this amusing poem, perhaps his best work, appeared, and it was coarsely attacked in 'A Letter to Dr. W. King, occasioned by his Art of Cookery'." (D. N. B.) [W. O.]

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THE
ART of COOKERY

In Imitation of

Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

THE
ART OF COOKERY

In London &c

Flourace's Art of Poetry

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THE
Art of Cookery,
In Imitation of
Horace's Art of Poetry.

WITH SOME
LETTERS
TO

Dr. *LISTER*, and Others:
Occasion'd principally by the Title of
a Book publish'd by the Doctor, being the
Works of *Apicius Caelius*,
Concerning the Soups and Sauces of the
Antients.

With an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contain'd
in that Book.

To which is added,

HORACE'S Art of Poetry, in *Latin*.

By the Author of the Journey to LONDON.

Humbly inscrib'd to the Honourable BEEF
STEAK CLUB.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Cross-Keys* between the two *Temple* Gates in *Fleet-street*.

Art of Cookery

James Art of Cookery
written 1700

J. ART OF COOKERY

By James Art of Cookery

London Printed by J. Sturges
in the Strand 1700

Printed by J. Sturges

London Printed by J. Sturges

in the Strand 1700


Printed by J. Sturges

LONDON

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THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

 *T* is now a Days the hard Fate of such as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be Masters of their own Works; for if such Papers (however imperfect) as may be called a Copy of them, either by a Servant or any other Means come to the Hands of a Bookseller, he ne'er considers whether it be for the Person's Reputation

The PUBLISHER to the READER.

Reputation to come into the World, whether 'tis agreeable to his Sentiments, whether to his Stile or Correctness, or whether he has for some time look'd over it; nor doth he care what Name or Character he puts to it, so he imagin's he may get by it.

It was the Fate of the following Poem to be so us'd, and Printed with as much Imperfection, and as many Mistakes as a Bookseller that has common Sense cou'd imagine shou'd pass upon the Town, especially in an Age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the Press some time before the other Paper pretending to the same Title was crept out: And they had else, as the Learned say, groan'd under the Press till such time as the Sheets had one by one been perus'd and corrected, not only by the Author, but his Friends, whose Judgment as he is sensible he wants, so he is proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

The PUBLISHER to the READER.

For many Faults that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable Errors, and the Number of the Verse turns upon the Harshness of a Syllable, and the laying Stress upon improper Words, will make the most correct Piece ridiculous: False Concord, Tenses and Grammar, Nonsense, Impropriety and Confusion, may go down with some Persons, but it should not be in the Power of a Bookseller to lampoon an Author, and tell him you did write all this, I have got it, and you shall stand to the Scandal, and I will have the Benefit: Yet this is the present Case, notwithstanding there are above three score Faults of this nature, Verses transpos'd, some added, others alter'd, or rather that should have been alter'd, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himself upon the whole, but if he shews his Esteem for Honesty, and can by any means provoke Persons to read so useful a Treatise; if he shews his Aversion to the Introduction of Luxury, which may lead to the Corruption of Manners, and declare his Love to the old British Hospitality, Charities and Valour, when the Arms of the Family,

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The PUBLISHER to the READER.

the old Pikes, Muskets and Halberds hung up in the Hall over the long Table, and the Marrow Bones lay on the Floor, and Chivey Chase and the Old Courtier of the Queen's were plac'd over the Carv'd Mantle Piece, and the Beef and Brown Bread were carried every Day to the Poor, he desires little farther than that the Reader would for the future give all such Booksellers as are before spoke of no manner of Encouragement.



remote, and are fit only for the Closets of the Curious. How blest are you at *London*, where you have new Books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such Improvements, must content our selves with the old Store, and thumb the *Classicks*, as if we were never to get higher than our *Tully* or our *Virgil*.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious *Dr. Lister*, which you say is a Treatise *De Condimentis & Opsonis Veterum, Of the Sauces and Soups of the Antients*, as I take it. Give me leave to use an Expression, which, tho' vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just, and proper, you have made my Mouth Water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my Appetite.

I have rais'd a thousand Notions to my self only from the Title: Where could such a Treasure lye hid? What Manuscripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it wrote? Might it not have been in the Reign

of *Heliogabalus*, who, tho' vicious, and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand Affair of *Eating*?

Consider, dear Sir, in what Uncertainties we must remain at present; you know my Neighbour Mr. *Greatorex* is a learned Antiquary, I shew'd him your Letter, which threw him into such a Dubiousness, and indeed Perplexity of Mind, that the next Day he durst not put any *Catchup* in his *Fish Sauce*, nor have his beloved *Pepper*, *Oyl* and *Limon* with his *Partridge*, lest before he had seen Dr. *Lister's* Book he might transgress in using something not common to the *Antients*.

Dispatch it therefore to us with all Speed, for I expect Wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the Barbarity of our present Education: For what hopes can there be of any Progress in Learning, whilst our Gentlemen suffer their Sons at *Westminster*, *Eaton*, and *Winchester* to eat nothing but *Salt* with their *Mutton*, and *Vinegar* with

their *Roast Beef* upon Holidays? What Extensiveness can there be in their Souls? Especially when upon their going thence to the University, their Knowledge in *Culinary Matters* is seldom enlarg'd, and their Diet continues very much the same; and as to *Sauces* they are in profound Ignorance.

It were to be wish'd therefore, that every Family had a *French Tutor*; for besides his being Groom, Gardiner, Butler, and Valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater Accomplishment; for according to an antient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, As many *Frenchmen* as you have, so many *Cooks* you may depend upon; which is very useful where there is a numerous Issue: And I doubt not, but with such Tutors; and good Housekeepers, to provide Cake and Sweet-meats; together with the tender Care of an indulgent Mother, to see that the Children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a Warlike and Frugal Gentry, a Temperate and Austere Clergy; and such Persons of Quality, in all Stations,

tions, as may best undergo the *Fatigues* of our *Fleet* and *Armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly, for I am going to *Monsieur d'Avaux*, a Person famous for easing the *Tooth-ach* by *Avulsion*; he has promis'd to shew me how to strike a *Lancet* into the *Jugular* of a *Carp*, so as the *Blood* may issue thence with the greatest *Effusion*, and then will instantly perform the *Operation* of stewing it in its own *Blood*, in the presence of my self, and several more *Virtuosi*: But let him use what *Claret* he will in the *Performance*, I will secure enough to drink your *Health*, and the rest of your *Friends*.

I remain, Sir, &c.

To Mr. -----

SIR,

I Shall make bold to claim your Promise, in your last obliging Letter, to obtain the Happiness of my Correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the enclos'd, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

To Dr. Lister, present.

SIR,

I Am a plain Man, and therefore never use Compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great Ambition to hold a Correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your Remarks from the *Antients*, concerning *Dentiscalps*, vulgarly call'd Tooth-picks. I take the use of them

to

to have been of great Antiquity, and the Original to come from the Instinct of Nature, which is the best Mistress upon all occasions. The *Egyptians* were a People excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical Observations, they search'd into all the Springs of Action; and tho' I must condemn their Superstition, I cannot but applaud their Inventions. This People had a vast District that worshipp'd the *Crocodile*, which is an Animal, whose Jaws being very oblong, give him the Opportunity of having a great many Teeth; and his Habitation and Business lying most in the Water, he, like our modern *Dutch-whitsters* in *Southwark*, had a very good Stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the Water of *Nile* always ready, and consequently the Opportunity of washing his Mouth after Meals; yet he had farther occasion for other Instruments to cleanse his Teeth, which are ferrate, or like a Saw. To this end Nature has provided an Animal call'd the *Ichneumon*, which performs this Office, and is so maintain'd by the Product of its own Labour.

The *Egyptians* seeing such an useful Sagacity in the *Crocodile* which they so much revere'd, soon began to imitate it: Great Examples easily drawing the Multitude, so that it became their constant Custom, to pick their Teeth, and wash their Mouths after eating. I cannot find in *Marsham's Dynasties*, nor in the *Fragments of Manethon*, what Year of the Moon, (for I hold the *Egyptian* Years to have been *Lunar*, that is, but of a Month's continuance) so venerable an Usage first began: For it is the fault of great Philologers to omit such things as are most material. Whether *Sesostris* in his large Conquests might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious Actions of those Ages lie very much in the dark: It is very probable that the publick use of them came in about the same time that the *Egyptians* made use of *Juries*. I find, in the Preface to the *Third Part of Modern Reports*, " That the *Chaldees*
 " had a great Esteem for the number *Twelve*,
 " because there were so many Signs of the
 " *Zodiack*; from them this Number came to
 " the *Egyptians*, and so to *Greece*, where
 " *Mars*

“ *Mars* himself was try'd for a Murther, and
“ was acquitted. Now it does not appear
upon *Record*, nor any *Stone*, that I have seen,
whether the *Jury* club'd, or whether *Mars*
treated them at Dinner, tho' it is most likely
that he did; for he was but a quarrelsome sort
of Person, and probably, tho' acquitted,
might be as guilty as *Count Coningsmark*.
Now the Custom of *Juries* dining at an
Eating-house, and having *Glasses of Water*
brought them with *Tooth-picks*, ting'd with
Vermillion swimming at the top, being still
continued; why may we not imagine, That
the *Tooth-picks* were as antient as the *Dinner*,
the *Dinner* as the *Juries*, and the *Juries* at
least as the *Grandchildren of Mitzraim*? *Ho-*
mer makes his Heroes feed so grossly, that
they seem to have had more occasion for
Scewers than *Goosequills*. He is very tedious
in describing a Smith's Forge, and an Anvil;
whereas he might have been more polite in
setting out the *Tooth-pick-case* or painted *Snuff-*
Box of *Achilles*, if that Age had not been so
barbarous as to want them. And here I can-
not but consider, that *Athens* in the time of
Pericles,

Pericles, when it flourish'd most in sumptuous Buildings, and *Rome* in its Height of Empire from *Augustus* down to *Adrian*, had nothing that equal'd the *Royal* or *New Exchange*, or *Pope's-head Alley* for Curiosities and *Toy-shops*; neither had their *Senate* any thing to alleviate their Debates concerning the Affairs of the Universe like *Raffling* sometimes at *Gollonel Parsons's*. Although the *Egyptians* often extended their Conquests into *Africa* and *Ethiopia*, and tho' the *Casre Blacks* have very fine Teeth; yet I cannot find that they make use of any such Instrument; nor does *Ludolfus*, tho' very exact as to the *Abyssine* Empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my *Treatise of Forks and Napkins*, of which I shall send you an *Essay* with all Expedition. I shall in that *Treatise* fully illustrate, or confute this Passage of *Dr. Heylin*, in the third Book of his *Cosmography*, where he says of the *Chinese*, *That they eat their Meat with two Sticks of Ivory, Ebony, or the like; not touching it with their Hands at all, and therefore no great Foulers of Linnen.*

The

The use of Silver Forks with us, by some of our spruce Gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England. I cannot agree with this Learned Doctor in many of these Particulars. For first the use of these Sticks is not so much to save Linen, as out of pure Necessity, which arises from the length of their Nails, which Persons of great Quality in those Countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those Claws; and I have very good Authority that in the East, and especially in Japan, the Princes have the Meat put into their Mouths by their Attendants. Besides, these Sticks are of no use but for their sort of Meat, which being *Pilau*, is all boil'd to Rags. But what would those Sticks signify to carve a Turkey-cock, or a Chine of Beef? Therefore our Forks are of quite different Shape, the Steel ones are *Bidental*, and the Silver generally resembling *Tridents*; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the
Saturnian

Saturnian Race, where the former is appropriated to *Pluto*, and the latter to *Neptune*. It is certain that *Pedro Della Valle*, that famous *Italian Traveller*, carried his Knife and Fork into the *East Indies*, and he gives a large Account how at the Court of an *Indian Prince* he was admired for his Neatness in that particular, and his Care in wiping that, and his Knife, before he return'd them to their respective Repositories. I could wish *Dr. Wotton*, in the next Edition of his *Modern Learning*, would shew us how much we are improv'd since *Dr. Heylin's* time, and tell us the Original of *Ivory Knives*, with which young Heirs are suffer'd to mangle their own *Pudding*; as likewise of *Silver and Gold Knives*, brought in with the Desert for Carving *Fel-lies* and *Orange-Butter*; and the indispensable Necessity of a *Silver Knife*, at the Side-Board to mingle Sallads with, as is with great Learning made out in a Treatise call'd *Acetaria*, concerning *Dressing of Sallads*. A noble Work! But I transgress -----

And

And yet pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the World, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive from this Verse of *Juvenal*, where he speaks of the *Egyptians*,

*Porum & cape nefas violare, & frangere
morsu,*

That it was *Sacrilege* to chop a *Leek*, or bite an *Onion*: Nay, I believe that it amounts to a *Demonstration*, That *Pharaoh-Necho* could have no true *Lenten Porridge*, nor any *Carrier's Sauce* to his *Mutton*; the true Receipt of making which Sauce I have from an antient MS. remaining at the *Bull Inn* in *Bishopsgate-street*, which Runs thus: " Take seven
" Spoonfuls of Spring Water, slice two
" Onions of moderate Size into a large Sau-
" cer, and put in as much Salt as you can
" hold at thrice betwixt your Fore-finger and
" Thumb, if large, and serve it up. *Pro-
batum est, Hobson Carrier* to the University of
Cambridge.

The

The Effigies of that worthy Person remains still at that Inn; and I dare say, that not only *Hobson*, but old *Birch*, and many others of that musical and delightful Profession, would rather have been Labourers at the Pyramids with that *Regale*, than to have reign'd at *Memphis*, and have been debarr'd of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an Admirer of your Worth, and a Follower of your Methods towards the encrease of Learning, and more especially

Your, &c.

To Mr. -----

SIR,

I Am now very seriously employ'd in a Work that, I hope, may be useful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the *Art of Cookery*, in Imitation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, inscrib'd to *Dr. Lister*, as hoping it may be in time read

read as a preliminary to his Works : but I have not Vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the mean time sent you an Imitation of *Horace* his Invitation of *Torquatus* to Supper, which is the 5th Epistle of his first Book. Perhaps you will find so many Faults in this, that you may save me the Trouble of my other Proposal, but however take it as it is.

If *Bellwill* can his gen'rous Soul confine
To a small Room, few Dishes, and some Wine,
I shall expect my Happiness at Nine.

Two Bottles of smooth *Palm*, or *Anjou* white,
Shall give a Welcome, and prepare Delight.

Then for the *Bordeaux* you may freely ask,
But the *Champaigne* is to each Man his Flask.

I tell you with what Force I keep the Field,
And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.

The Snow-white *Damask* Ensigns are display'd,
And glitt'ring *Salvers* on the Side-board laid.

Thus

Thus we'll disperse all busie Thoughts and Cares,
 The General's Counsels, and the Statesman's Fears :
 Nor shall Sleep reign in that precedent Night,
 Whose joyful Hours lead on the glorious Light,
 Sacred to *British* Worth in *Blenheim's* Fight.

The Blessings of Good Fortune seem refus'd,
 Unless sometimes with generous Freedom us'd.
 'Tis Madness, not Frugality, prepares
 A vast Excess of Wealth for squandering Heirs.
 Must I of neither Wine, nor Mirth partake,
 Lest the censorious World should call me Rake ?
 Who unacquainted with the gen'rous Wine,
 E'er spoke bold Truths, or fram'd a great Design ?
 That makes us fancy ev'ry Face has Charms ;
 That gives us Courage, and then finds us Arms :
 Sees Care disburthen'd, and each Tongue employ'd,
 The Poor grown Rich, and ev'ry Wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see,
A Cleanliness, from Affectation free :
No Noise, no Hurry, when the Meat's set on,
Or when the Dish is chang'd, the Servants gone :
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
What e'er you want is in the Master's Reach.
Then for the Company I'll see it chose,
Their Emblematick Signal is the *Rose*.
If you of *Freeman's* Raillery approve,
Of *Cotton's* Laugh, and *Winner's* Tales of Love,
And *Bellair's* charming Voice may be allow'd,
What can you hope for better from a Crowd ?
But I shall not prescribe, consult your Ease,
Write back your Men, and number as you please :
Try your Back-stairs, and let the Lobby wait,
A Stratagem in War is no Deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

To Mr. -----

I Here send you what I promis'd, a *Discourse of Cookery*, after the Method which *Horace* has taken in his *Art of Poetry*, which I have all along kept in my View; for *Horace* certainly is an Author to be imitated in the Delivery of *Precepts*, for any Art or Science: He is indeed severe upon our sort of Learning in some of his *Satyrs*; but even there he instructs, as in the fourth Satyr of the second Book;

*Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melioris, & ut magis alba rotundis,
Ponere; namque Marem cohibent callosa
vitellum.*

“ Choose Eggs oblong, remember they'll
“ be found

“ Of sweeter tast, and whiter than the
“ Round;

“ The Firmness of that Shell includes the
Male.

I am

I am much of his Opinion, and could only wish that the World was throughly inform'd of two other Truths concerning Eggs: One is, how incomparably better *Roasted Eggs* are than boil'd; the other, never to eat any Butter with Eggs in the *Shell*: You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their Flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your Stomach. The worthy Person who recommended it to me made many Profelytes; and I have the Vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem us'd a plain, easie, familiar Stile, as most fit for Precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of *Horace*, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his Translators, neither Mr *Oldham*, whose Copiousness runs into Paraphrase; nor *Ben Johnson*, who is admirable for his close following of the Original; nor yet the Lord *Roscommon*, so excellent for the Beauty of his Language, and his Penetration into the very Design, and Soul of that Author. I consider'd that I went upon a new Undertaking,

king, and tho' I don't value my self upon it as much as *Lucretius* did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes when *Horace's* Rules come too thick, and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the Nature and Temper of *Cooks*, who are not of the most patient Disposition, as their under Servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their Passions, which will be the greater Conquest, seeing a continual Heat is added to their native Fire.

Amidst the variety of Directions which *Horace* gives us in his *Art of Poetry*, that is one of the most accurate Pieces that he or any other Author has wrote, there is a secret Connection in reality, though he does not express it too plainly, and therefore this *Imitation* of it has many Breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this *Poem*, would at the same time consult *Horace's* original *Latin*, which is here affix'd, or some of the

†

foremen-

foremention'd *Translators*, they would find at least this Benefit, that they would recollect those excellent Instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant Language.

I could wish the *Master* and *Wardens* of the *Cooks Company* would order this *Poem* to be read with due Consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful Instructions for Humane Life. It is true, that some of these Rules may seem more principally to respect the *Steward*, *Clerk* of the *Kitchen*, *Caterer*, or perhaps the *Butler*. But the *Cook* being the principal Person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him, and the Work being design'd for the universal Good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of People will improve by it.

It may happen in this as in all Works of Art, that there may be some Terms not obvious to common Readers, but they are not many. The Reader may not have a just Idea of a *swol'd Mutton*, which is a Sheep roasted

roasted in its Wool, to save the Labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *Filbert Tarts* are something unusual, but since *Sprout Tarts* and *Pistachio Tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in *Dr. Salmon's Family Dictionary*; those Persons who have a desire for them, may easily find the way to make them. As for *Grout* it is an old *Danish Dish*, and it is claim'd as an Honour to the ancient Family of _____ to carry a Dish of it up at the Coronation. A *Dwarf Pye* was prepar'd for King *James* the First, when *Jeffrey* his Dwarf rose out of one arm'd with a Sword and Buckler, and is so recorded in History, that there are few but know it. Tho' *Marinated Fish*, *Hippocras* and *Ambigues* are known to all that deal in Cookery, yet *Terrenes* are not so usual, being a Silver Vessel fill'd with the most costly Dainties after the manner of an *Ooglio*. A *Surprize* is likewise a Dish not so very common, which promising little from its first Appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of Variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our Modern Comedies. *Lest Monteth, Vinegar, Thaliesen,*

Thaliesfen, and *Bossu* should be taken for Dishes of Rarities, it may be known that *Monteth* was a Gentleman with a scallop'd Coat, that *Vinegar* keeps the Ring at *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, *Thaliesfen* was one of the most antient Bards amongst the *Britains*, and *Bossu* one of the most certain Instructors of Criticism that this latter Age has produc'd.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits that I call my *Cooks* by the Title of *Ingenious*; for I cannot imagine why *Cooks* may not be as well read as any other Persons: I am sure their *Apprentices*, of late Years, have had very great Opportunities of Improvement; and Men of the first Pretences to Literature have been very liberal, and sent in their Contributions very largely: They have been very serviceable both to *Spit* and *Oven*, and for these twelve Months past, whilst *Dr. Wotton* with his *modern Learning* was defending *Pye-crust* from scorching, his dear Friend *Dr. Bently*, with his *Phalaris*, has been sinning of *Capons*. Not that this was occasion'd by

any Superfluity, or Tediouſneſs of their Writings, or mutual Commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy Patriots, to make the *Labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as poſſible, to become *uſeful* to the *Publick*.

Indeed *Cookery* has an Influence upon Mens Actions even in the higheſt Stations of human Life. The great Philoſopher *Pythagoras*, in his *Golden Verſes*, ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in Eating, when he makes it one of his chief Principles of Morality to abſtain from *Beans*. The nobleſt Foundations of Honour, Juſtice and Integrity were found to lye hid in *Turnips*, as appears in that great *Dictator*, *Cincinnatus*, who went from the Plough to the Command of the *Roman Army*; and having brought home Victory, retir'd to his Cottage: For when the *Sannite* Ambaſſadors came thither to him, with a large Bribe, and found him dreſſing *Turnips* for his Repaſt, they immediately return'd with this Sentence,
 “ That it was impoſſible to prevail upon
 “ him that could be contented with ſuch a
 “ *Supper*. In ſhort, there are no honorary
 Appel-

Appellations but what may be made use of to *Cooks*; for I find throughout the whole Race of *Charlemain*, that the *Great Cook* of the *Palace* was one of the prime Ministers of State, and Conductor of Armies: So true is that Maxim of *Paulus Æmilius* after his glorious Expedition into *Greece*, when he was to entertain the *Roman People*: “ That there
 “ was equal Skill required to bring an Army
 “ into the Field, and to set forth a magni-
 “ ficent Entertainment; since the one was as
 “ far as possibly to annoy your Enemy, and
 “ the other to pleasure your Friend. In short, as for all Persons that have not a due Regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike Profession of *Cookery*, may they live as the antient Inhabitants of *Puerte Ventura*, one of the *Canary Islands*, where they being so barbarous as to make the most contemptible Person to be their *Butcher*, they had likewise their *Meat* serv'd up *raw*, because they had no Fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all Conscience.

As this small Effay finds Acceptance, I shall be encourag'd to pursue a great Design I have in hand of publishing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or the *Cook's Compleat Library*, which shall begin with a *Translation*, or at least an *Epitome* of *Athenæus*, who Treats of all things belonging to a *Grecian Feast*: He shall be publish'd with all his *Comments*, *useful Glosses*, and *Indexes* of a vast Copiousness, with *Cuts* of the *Basting Ladles*, *Dripping Pans*, and *Drudging Boxes*, &c. lately dug up at *Rome* out of an *old subterranean Skillery*. I design to have all Authors in all Languages upon that Subject; therefore pray consult what *Oriental Manuscripts* you have: I remember *Erpenius*, in his Notes upon *Locman's Fables* (whom I take to be the same Person with *Æsop*) gives us an admirable Receipt for making the *sowre Milk*, that is, the *Bonny-Clabber* of the *Arabians*. I should be glad to know how *Mahomet* us'd to have his *Shoulder of Mutton* dress'd; I have heard he was a great Lover of that Joint, and that a *Maid of an Inn* poyson'd him with one, saying, If

he is a Prophet he will discover it, if he is an Impostor, no matter what becomes of him. I shall have occasion for the Assistance of all my Friends in this great Work. I some Posts ago desired a Friend to enquire what Manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his Executors several admirable Bills of Fare for Aristotle-Suppers, and Entertainments of Country Strangers, with certain Prizes according to their several Seasons; he says some Pages have large black Crosses drawn over them, but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks Hall, what Manuscripts they may have in their Archives: See what in Guild-Hall: What Account of Custard in the Sword-bearers Office, How many Tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt may eat in their Life-time. But I transgress the Bounds of a Letter, and have stray'd from my Subject, which should have been to beg you to read the following Lines, when you are inclin'd to be most favourable

favourable to your Friend, for else they will never be able to endure your just Censure; I rely upon your good Nature, and I am

Your most oblig'd, &c.

To Mr. -----

DEAR SIR,

I Have reflected upon the Discourse I had with you the other Day, and upon serious Consideration find, that the true understanding of the whole *Art of Cookery*, will be useful to all Persons that pretend to the *Belles Lettres*, and especially to *Poets*.

I do not find it proceeds from any Enmity of the *Cooks*, but it is rather the fault of their *Masters*, that *Poets* are not so well acquainted with good Eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited: However, even in Mr. *D'Urfey's* Presence, this I would be bound

bound to say, That a good Dinner is Brother to a good Poem; only it is something more substantial; and between two and three a Clock more agreeable.

I have known a Supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy: Mr. *Betterton* in the *Libertine* has sat very gravely with the Leg of a Chicken, but I have seen *Jacomo* very merry, and eat very heartily of Pease, and butter'd Eggs under the Table. The *Host* in the *Villain*, who carries Tables, Stools, Furniture and Provisions all about him, gives great Content to the Spectators, when from the Crown of his Hat he produces his cold Capon; so *Armarillis* (or rather *Parthenope*, as I take it) in the *Rehearsal*, with her Wine in her Spear, and her Pye in her Helmet; and the *Cook* that flobbers his Beard with Sack Poffet, in the *Man's the Master*, have, in my Opinion, made the most diverting part of the Action. These Embelishments we have receiv'd from our Imitation of the antient Poets: *Horace*, in his Satyrs, makes *Mecænas* very merry with the Recollection of
the

the unusual Entertainment and Dishes given him by *Nasidiennus*; and with his Raillery upon Garlick in his third *Epode*. The Supper of *Petronius* with all its Machines and Contrivances, gives us the most lively Description of *Nero's* Luxury. *Juvenal* spends a whole Satyr about the Price and Dressing of a single Fish, with the Judgment of the *Roman Senate* concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good Eating is made the Subject and Ingredient of Poetical Entertainments.

I think all *Poets* agree that *Episodes* are to be interwove in their Poems with the greatest Nicety of Art; and so it is the same thing at a good Table, and yet I have seen a very good *Episode* (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the Leg of a Goose, or the Gizzard of a Turkey to be broil'd: Tho' I know that Criticks, with a good Stomach, have been offended that the Unity of Action shou'd be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common Tables, many *Episodes* are allow'd, as slicing of Cucumbers,

cumbers, dressing of Sallads, seasoning the inside of a Sirloyn of Beef, breaking Lobsters Claws, stewing Wild Ducks, toasting of Cheese, Legs of Larks, and several others.

A Poet, who by proper Expressions, and pleasing Images is to lead us into the Knowledge of necessary Truth, may delude his Audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some Knowledge of this *Art of Cookery*, and the Progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear *Alexander the Great* to command his *Cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red hot Bullets out of his *Mortar-pieces*? Or to have *Statira* talk of *Tapestry Hangings*, which all the Learned know, were many Years after her Death, first hung up in the Hall of King *Attalus*? Should Sir *John Falstaffe* complain of having durty'd his *Silk Stockings*, or *Anne of Bolen* call for her *Coach*, would an Audience endure it? When all the World knows that *Queen Elizabeth* was the first that had her *Coach*, or wore *Silk Stockings*: Neither can a Poet put Hops in an
English.

Englishman's Drink before *Heresy* came in: Nor can he serve him with a *Dish of Carps* before that time: He might as well give *King James* the First a *Dish of Asparagus* upon his first coming to *London*, which were not brought into *England* till many Years after: Or make *Owen Tudor* present *Queen Catherine* with a *Sugar-Loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a *Diamond* as large: Seeing the *Iceing of Cakes* at *Woodstreet Corner*, and the *Refining of Sugar*, was but an *Invention* of Two hundred Years standing, and before that time our *Ancestors* sweetened and garnish'd all with *Honey*, of which there are some *Remains*: In *Windsor Bowls*, *Baron Bracks* and large *Simmels* sent for *Presents* from *Litchfield*.

But now on the contrary it would shew his *Reading*, if the *Poet* put a *Hen-Turkey* upon the *Table* in a *Tragedy*; and therefore I would advise it in *Hamlet*, instead of their painted *Trifles*; and I believe it would give more *Satisfaction* to the *Actors*. For *Diodorus Siculus* reports, how the *Sisters of Meleager*, or *Dio-*
medes

medes mourning for their Brother, were turn'd into *Hen-Turkeys*; from whence proceeds their Stateliness of Gate, Reservedness in Conversation, and melancholy in the Tone of their Voice, and all their Actions. But this would be the most improper Meat in the World for a Comedy; for Melancholy, and Distress require a different sort of Diet, as well as Language: and I have heard of a fair Lady, that was pleas'd to say, that if she was upon a strange Road, and driven to great Necessity, she believ'd she might for once, be able to sup upon a *Sack Posset* and a *fat Capon*.

I am sure *Poets*, as well as *Cooks*, are for having all Words nicely chosen, and properly adapted; and therefore I believe they would shew the same Regret that I do, to hear Persons of some Rank, and Quality, say, *Pray cut up that Goose: Help me to some of that Chicken, Hen, or Capon, or half that Plover*, not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *Men of Art*, whose proper Terms are, *Break that Goose, frust that Chicken:*
D
spoil

spoil that Hen : sauce that Capon : mince that Plover : If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *Bitterns, Herons, Cranes, and Peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the Faults and Errors of the World, unless we lend our helping Hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest Author of Dramatick Poetry, Mr. *Dryden*, has made use of the Mysteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy, in which he has shew'd his greatest Art, and prov'd most successful. I had not seen the Play for some Years, before I hit upon almost the same Words that he has in the following Prologue to *All for Love*.

Fops may have leave to level all they can,
 As Pigmies wou'd be glad to top a Man.
 Half-Wits are Fleas, so little and so light,
 We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.

But,

But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,
For change become their next poor Tenant's Guests :
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals :
So you retiring from much better Cheer,
For once may venture to do Penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your Taft,
Take in good part from our poor Poet's Board,
Such shrivel'd Fruit as Winter can afford.

How Fops and Fleas shou'd come together
I cannot easily account for ; but I doubt not
but his Ale, Rasher, Grapes, Peaches, and
shrivel'd Apples might Pit---- Box---- and Gal-
lery--it well enough. His Prologue to *Sir Mar-
tin Mar-all* is such an exquisite Poem, taken
from the same Art, that I could wish it tran-
slated into *Latin*, to be prefixt to *Dr. Lister's*
Work : The whole is as follows.

P R O L O G U E.

Fools which each Man meets in his Dish each Day,
 Are yet the great Regalia's of a Play :
 In which to Poets you but just appear,
 To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
 Fops in the Town more easily will pass,
 One Story makes a statutable Ass :
 But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
 Like Yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
 Observing Poets all their Walks invade,
 As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade.
 And when they have enough for Comedy,
 They 'stow their several Bodies in a Pye.
 The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
 For, Gallants, you your selves have found the Wit.
 To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong.
 None welcome those who bring their * Cheer along.

* Some Criticks read it Chair.

The Image (which is the great Perfection of a Poet) is so extreme lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole Audience with a Dish of Butter'd Eggs in one hand, and a Woodcock Pye in the other. I hope I may be excus'd after so great an Example, for I declare I have no Design but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any Designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy Gentleman who said that the Journey to *London* ought to be burnt by the common Hangman, as a Book, that if receiv'd, would discourage Ingenuity, would be pleas'd not to make his Burnfire at the upper end of *Ludgate-street*, for fear of endangering the Booksellers Shops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these Subjects, but I am afraid my first Course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second Course and the Desert, and call for Pipes, and a Candle; but consider the Papers came from an old Friend, and spare them out of Compassion to,

SIR, &c.

D 3

To

To Mr. -----

SIR,

I Am no great Lover of Writing more than I am forc'd to, and therefore have not troubl'd you with my Letters to congratulate your good Fortune in *London*, or to bemoan our Unhappinefs in the losf of you here. The occasion of this is to desire your Assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the Advice of some Friends; but unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the Misfortune to ---- write; but what is worse, I have never consider'd whether any one would read: Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print, but then a wicked Thought came across me with *Who will buy?* For if I tell you the Title, you will be of my Mind, that the very Name will destroy it: *The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others*, occasion'd principally by the Title of a Book
 publish'd

publish'd by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Antients. To this a Beau will cry, *Phough! what have I to do with Kitchin-stuff?* To which I answer, *Buy it and then give it to your Servants:* For I hope to live to see the Day when every Mistress of a Family, and every Steward shall call up their Children and Servants with, *Come Miss Betty, how much have you got of your Art of Cookery? Where did you leave off, Miss Isbel? Miss Katty, are you no farther than King Henry and the Miller?* Yes, Madam, I am come to

-----*His Name shall be enroll'd*
In Estcourt's Book, whose Gridiron's Frame
of Gold.

Pray Mother, is that our Master *Estcourt*? Well, Child, if you mind this you shan't be put to your Assemblies Catechism next Saturday: What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great Family, to see the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Skullery Maid exerting her Memory

far beyond the mumping House-keeper. I am told that if a Book is any thing useful, the Printers have a way of pirating one another, and printing other Persons Copies, which is very barbarous: And then shall I be forc'd to come out with *The True Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's a Patent-Maker's under St. Dunstan's Church*, with the Author's Seal at the Title Page, being Three Sauce Pans in a Bend Proper on a Cooks Apron Argent: Beware of Counterfeits. And be forc'd to put out Advertisements with Strops for Razors. And the best Spectacles are to be had only at the *Archimedes, &c.*

I design Proposals which I must get deliver'd to the Cooks Company, for the making an Order that every Prentice shall have the Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he shall say by Heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. *Lister's* Book of Soups and Sauces deliver'd to him for his future Practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the Kindness you may shew

shew me I shall always endeavour to make what Returns lye in my Power. I am

Your, &c.

To Mr. -----

DEAR SIR,

I Cannot but recommend to your Perusal a late exquisite Comedy call'd *The Lawyer's Fortune*, or, *Love in a Hollow Tree*; which Piece has its peculiar Embelishments, and is a Poem carefully fram'd according to the nicest Rules of the Art of Cookery: For the Play opens with a Scene of good Huswifry, where *Favourite* the House-keeper makes this Complaint to the Lady *Bonona*.

Fav. The last Mutton kill'd was lean, Madam, should not some fat Sheep be bought in?

Bon. What

Bon. What say you, *Let-Acre* to it ?

Let. This is the worst time of the Year for Sheep, the fresh Grass makes 'em fall away, and they begin to taste of the Wool; they must be spar'd a while, and *Favourite* must cast to spend some salt Meat, and Fish; I hope we shall have some fat Calves shortly.

What can be more agreeable than this to the Art of Cookery, where the Author says,

But tho' my Edge be not too nicely set,

Yet I another's Appetite may whet ;

May teach him when to buy, when Season past,

What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what
wast,

And lead him through the various maze of Taste.

In the second Act *Valentine*, Mrs. *Bonona's* Son, the consummate Character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his Way, *benighted and lost,*
and

and seeing a Light in a distant House, comes to the thrifty Widow Furiosa's, [which is exactly according to the Rule, A Prince who in a Forest rides astray] Where he finds the old Gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida, her Daughter, working on a Parchment, whilst the Maid is spinning. Peg reaches a Chair, Sack is call'd for, and in the mean time the good old Gentlewoman complains so of Rogues, that she can scarce keep a Goose or a Turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white Bottle about a Pint, and an old Fashion'd Glass, fills and gives her Mother, she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the Table. After a small time the old Lady cries, Well 'tis my Bed-time, but my Daughter will shew you the way to yours, for I know you would willingly be in it. This was extremely kind! Now upon her Retirement; see the great Judgment of the Poets, she being an old Gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following Regale according to the Age of the Person; had Boys been put to bed it had been proper to have laid the Goose

to the Fire, but here 'tis otherwise: For after some intermediate Discourse he is invited to a Repast, when he modestly excuses himself with, *Truly, Madam, I have no Stomach to any Meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertain'd me with all that's desirable already. The Lady tells him a cold Supper is better than none, so he sits at the Table, offers to eat but can't.* I am sure *Horace* himself could not have prepar'd himself more exactly, for [according to the Rule, *A Widow has cold Pye,*] tho' *Valentine* being Love-sick could not eat, yet it was his Fault and not the Poets. But when *Valentine* is to return the Civility, and to invite *Madam Furiosa* and *Madam Florida*, with other good Company, to his Mother the hospitable *Lady Bonona's*, [who by the by had call'd for two Bottles of Wine for *Latitat* her Attorney,] then Affluence and Dainties are to appear [according to this Verse, *Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Casveare,*] And *Mrs. Favourite* the House-keeper makes these most important Enquiries.

Fav. Mistress, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons into the Sallad ?

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

Fav. Shall I use Ketchop or Anchovies in the Gravy ?

Bon. What you will.

But however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. *Bonona*, as the manner of some Persons is, makes her Excuse for it with, *Well, Gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short Dinner? I promise you it shan't be long.* It is very probable, tho' the Author does not make any of the Guests give a relation of it, that *Valentine* being a great Sportsman, might furnish the Table with Game and Wildfowl. There was at least one Pheasant in the House, which *Valentine* told his Mother of the Morning before. “ Madam, I had a good Flight
“ of a Pheasant Cock, that after my Hawk
“ seiz'd made Head as if he would have
“ fought, but my Hawk plum'd her present-
“ ly. Now it is not reasonable to suppose
that *Vally* lying abroad that Night, the old
Gentle-

Gentlewoman under that Concern would have any Stomach to it for her own Supper. However, to see the Fate of things there is nothing permanent, for one Mrs. *Candia* making (tho' innocently) a Present of an Hawk to *Valentine*, *Florida* his Mistress grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of Fellow, one Major *Sly*: *Valentine* to appease her sends a Message to her by a Boy, who tells her, His Master to shew the Trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible Tokens, the Hawk torn to pieces with his own Hands; and then pulls out of the Basket the Wings and Legs of a Fowl. So we see the poor Bird demolish'd, and all Hopes of Wildfowl destroy'd for the future: And happy were it if Misfortunes would stop here. But the cruel Beauty refusing to be pleas'd, *Valentine* takes a sudden Resolution, which he communicates to *Let-Acre* the Steward, to brush off, and quit his Habitation. However it was, whether *Let-Acre* did not think his young Master real, and *Val.* having threaten'd the House-keeper to kick her immediately before, for being too fond of him,
and

and his Boy being raw and unexperienc'd in Travelling, it seems they made but slender Provision for their Expedition; for there is but one Scene interpos'd before we find distress'd *Valentine* in the most miserable condition that the joint Arts of *Poetry* and *Cookery* are able to represent him. There is a Scene of the greatest Horror, and most moving to Compassion of any thing I have seen amongst the Moderns; *Talks of no Pyramids of Fowl, or Bisks of Fish* is nothing to it, for here we see an innocent Person, unless punish'd for his Mother's and House-keeper's Extravagancy, as was said before, in their Mushrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduc'd to the Extremity of Eating his *Cheese without Bread*, and having no other Drink but Water. For he and his Boy, with two Saddles on his Back and Wallet, come into a Walk of confus'd Trees, where an Owl hollows, a Bear and Leopard walk across the Desert, at a distance, and yet they venture in, where *Valentine* accosts his Boy with these Lines, which would draw Tears from any thing that is not Marble.

Hang

Hang up thy Wallet on that Tree,
 And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
 Let's here repose our wearied Limbs till they
 more wearied be.

Boy. There's nothing left in the Wallet
 but one Piece of Cheese, what shall we do
 for Bread?

Val. When we have slept we will seek out
 some Roots that shall supply that Doubt.

Boy. But no Drink, Master?

Val. Under that Rock a Spring I see
 Which shall refresh my Thirst and thee.

So the Act closes, and it is dismal for the
 Audience to consider how *Valentine* and the
 poor Boy, who it seems had a coming Sto-
 mach, should continue there all the time the
 Musick was playing and longer. But to ease
 them of their Pain by an Invention which the
 Poets call *Catastrophe*, *Valentine*, tho' with a
long Beard, and very *weak* with fasting, is re-
 concil'd to *Florida*, who embracing him, says,
I doubt

I doubt I have offended him too much; but I'll attend him home, cherish him with Cordials, make him Broths [Poor good natur'd Creature, I wish she had Dr. Lister's Book to help her] anoint his Limbs, and be a Nurse, a tender Nurse to him. Nor do Blessings come alone, for the good Mother having refresh'd him with warm Baths, and kept him tenderly in the House, orders Favourite with repeated Injunctions, To get the best Entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has, and what she wants, and to get all ready in few Hours: And so this most regular Work is concluded with a Dance and a Wedding Dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a Piece than this Comedy; some Persons may admire your meagre Tragedies, but give me a Play where there is a Prospect of good Meat or good Wine stirring in every Act of it.

Tho' I am confident the Author had wrote this Play, and printed it long before the Art of Cookery was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very near
 E perfected,

perfected, yet it is admirable to see how a true Rule will be adapted to a good Work, or a good Work to a true Rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the Publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an Example. I doubt not but whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it. I have just now met with a surprizing Happines, a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one *De Buccinis Fluviatilibus & Marinis Exercitatio*, An Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish. In which he says some of the chiefest Rarities are the Pisse and Spermatick Vessels of a *Snail*, delineated by a *Microscope*, the *Omentum* or *Caul* of its Throat, its *Fallopian Tube*, and its *Subcrocean Testicle*; which are things *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Fernelius* and *Harvey* were never Masters of. The other Curiosity is the admirable Piece of *Caelius Apicius*, *De Opsoniis, sive Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem*, being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor; who in this so important Affair is not sufficiently

communicative. My Friend says he has a Promise of Leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most Humble Servant, &c.





Q U I N T I
H O R A T I I F L A C C I

De ARTE POETICA

L I B E R .

Ad P I S O N E S .



Umāno capiti cervicem pictor equinam

Jungere si velit, & varias inducere

plumas,

Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici ?

†

Credite,



The Art of Cookery,

In Imitation of

HORACE's Art of Poetry.

To Dr. Lister.



ingenious *L*— were a Picture drawn
 With *Cynthia's* Face, but with a Neck
 like Brawn ;

With Wings of Turkey, and with Feet of Calf,
 Tho' drawn by *Kneller*, it would make you laugh !
 Such is (good Sir) the Figure of a Feast,
 By some rich Farmer's Wife and Sister dress'd.

Credite, Pifones, isti tabulæ fore librum
 Perfimilem, cujus, velit ægri fomnia, vanæ
 Fingentur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
 Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vi-
 cissim:

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia; non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis,
 Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter
 Assuitur pannus; cùm lucus, & ara Dianæ,
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit

Institui:

Which, were it not for Plenty and for Steam,
Might be resembled to a sick Man's Dream,
Where all Ideas huddling run so fast,
That Syllibubs come first, and Soups the last.
Not but that Cooks and Poets still were free,
To use their Pow'r in nice Variety ;
Hence Mac'rel seem delightful to the Eyes,
Tho' dress'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters are with Fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that Herb till they were dead ;
Yet no Man lards salt Pork with Orange Peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcockt Eel.

A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two Dishes nicely dress'd,
What signifie Scotcht-Collops to a Feast ?
Or you can make whip'd Cream! Pray what Relief
Will that be to a Saylor who wants Beef ?

Institui : currente rotâ cur urceus exit ?

Denique fit quod vis simplex duntaxat & unum.

Maxima pars vatum (pater, & juvenes patre
digni)

Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,

Obscûrus fio : sectantem lævia, nervi

Deficiunt animique : professus grandia, turget :

Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ :

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,

Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues

Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos ;

Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum

Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,

Who, lately, ship-wreckt, never can have Ease,
Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease.
When once begun let Industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one Piece :
At your Desert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your first Course was all serv'd up in Plate.

Most knowing Sir ! the greatest part of Cooks
Searching for Truth, are couzen'd by its Looks.
One wou'd have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey Poults fresh, from th' Egg in Batter fry'd :
Others, to shew the largeness of their Soul,
Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the same things some think is Art.
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon Tart,
The Taft is now to that Perfection brought,
That Care, when wanting Skill, creates the Fault.

Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recufent,
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, & præfens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amat, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis,
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis

Continget,

In *Covent-Gardon* did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own Hell :
Give him a single Coat to make, he'd do't ;
A Vest, or Breeches singly, but the Brute
Cou'd ne'er contrive all three to make a Suit :
Rather than frame a Supper like such Cloaths,
I'd have fine Eyes and Teeth without my Nose.

You that from pliant PASTE wou'd Fabricks raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal Praise,
Your Knuckles try, and let your Sinews know
Their Power to knead, and give the Form to Dough,
Chuse your Materials right, your seas'ning fix,
And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix :
From thence of course the Figure will arise,
And Elegance adorn the Surface of your Pies.

Continget, dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter :
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadent, parcè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademtum
Virgilio Varioque ? ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor ; cum lingua Catonis & Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit ? licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsentè notâ producere nomen.
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos ;
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque : sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus ; sterilisque diu palus, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum :
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius, mortalia facta peribunt :

Nedum

Beauty from Order springs, the judging Eye
Will tell you if one single Plate's awry,
The Cook must still regard the present time,
T'omit what's just in Season is a Crime.
Your infant Pease to Sparrowgrafs prefer,
Which to the Supper you may best defer.

Be cautious how you change old Bills of Fare,
Such Alterations shou'd at least be rare ;
Yet Credit to the Artift will accrue,
Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.
Fresh Dainties are by *Britain's* Traffick known,
And now by constant Use familiar grown ;
What Lord of old wou'd bid his Cook prepare,
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Cavare ?
Or wou'd our thrum-cap'd Ancestors find fault
For want of Sugar-Tongs, or Spoons for Salt.

Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
 Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
 Quem penès arbitrium est, & jus, & norma lo-
 quendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,
 Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm,
 Pòst etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
 Hunc focci cepere pedem grandæque cothurni,
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares
 Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

New things produce new words, and thus *Monteth*
Has by one Vessel fav'd his Name from Death.
The Seasons change us all, by Autumn's Frost
The shady Leaves of Trees and Fruit are lost.
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh Supplies,
And from the teeming Earth new Buds arise.
So stubble Geese at *Michaelmas* are seen
Upon the Spit, next *May* produces green.
The Fate of things lies always in the dark,
What Cavalier wou'd know *St. James's Park* ?
For *Locket's* stands where Garden's once did spring,
And Wild-Ducks quack where Grass-hoppers did sing.
A Princely Palace on that Space does rise,
Where *Sidley's* noble Muse found Mulberries.
Since Places alter thus, what constant Thought
Of filling various Dishes can be taught ?
For he pretends too much, or is a Fcol,
Who'd fix those things where Fashion is the Rule.

King

Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
 Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
 Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

Descriptos servare vices operumque colores,
 Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco
 Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
 Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet fermone pedestri.
 Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
 Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba;

King *Hardicnute* midst *Danes* and *Saxons* stout,
Carous'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on *Grout* :
Which Dish its pristine Honour still retains,
And when each Prince is crown'd, in Splendor reigns.

By Northern Custom, Duty was express'd
To Friends departed by their Fun'ral Feast.
Tho' I've consult'd *Hollingshead* and *Stow*,
I find it very difficult to know
Who to refresh th' Attendants to a Grave,
Burnt-Claret first, or *Naples-Bisket* gave.

Trotter from *Quince*, and Apples first did frame
A Pye which still retains his proper Name,
Tho' common grown, yet with white Sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its Goodness is allow'd.

The Art of Learning

King Edward with Lewis and John
Chancellor in his brown robe, and the Lord
which Bishop of Exeter Hobbes still retains
And when each Prince is crown'd in splendor reign

By Northern Oceans, But we are not
To friends beloved by their familiar care
The five continued following years and years
I find it very difficult to know

It is to refresh in Attendants to a Court
From Court life, or Wishes better give

Years from Quince, and Violets and the same
A Eye which still retains his former flame
The common crowd, yet will be the same from
And butted with its Conduct is allow'd

15

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty sprang from
Peace,
Good Humour reign'd, and Pleasures found encrease.
'Twas usual then the Banquet to prolong,
By Musick's Charm, and some delightful Song:
Where ev'ry Youth in pleasing Accents strove,
To tell the Stratagems and Cares of Love.
How some successful were, how others cross:
Then to the sparkling Glass wou'd give his Toast;
Whose Bloom did most in his Opinion shine,
To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I stil'd a Cook, if I'm so loth
To marinate my Fish, or season Broth,
Or send up what I rost with pleasing Froth;
If I my Master's Gusto won't discern,
But thro' my bashful Folly scorn to learn?

The Art of Learning

As Wealth flows in, and Plenty flows down

Peace

Good Honour is sought, and Pleasure found

It was usual then the Bard to sing

By Munk's Chair, and some delightful Song

Where every Youth is playing Acoustic

To tell the Strangers and Court of Love

How some accidental words have done

Them to the shining Circle of the Sun

Whose Bloom did melt in the Ocean's Blue

To relish both the Muck and the Mud

Why am I still a Coe, 'Tis to be told

To marinate my Tale, or rather told

Or send up what I tell with pleasing Friends

If I my Master's Cause were I discern

But thro' my selfish Folly love to learn

When I . . .

When among Friends good Humour takes its Birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feast prolongs the Mirth ;
But 'tis not reason therefore you shou'd spare,
When as their future Burghefs you prepare,
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor. }
All things shou'd find their room in proper place,
And what adorns this Treat, wou'd that disgrace.
Sometimes the Vulgar will of Mirth partake,
And have excessive Doings at their Wake :
Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feasts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
A Prince who in a Forest rides astray,
And weary to some Cottage finds the way,
Talks of no Pyramids of Fowl or Bisks of Fish,
But hungry sups his Cream serv'd up in Earthen Dish :
Quenches his Thirst with Ale in nut-brown Bowls,
And takes the hafty Rasher from the Coals :

Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

Non fatis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia funto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita fientibus adfunt

Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent,

Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loqueris,

Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo, tristia mæstum

Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;

Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.

Format enim natura priùs nos intus ad omnem

Fortunarum habitum ; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,

Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit :

Pòst effert animi motus interprete linguâ.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absfona dicta,

Pleas'd as King *Henry* with the Miller free,
Who thought himself as good a Man as He.

Unless some Sweetness at the Bottom lye,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?

If you wou'd have me merry with your Cheer,
Be so your self, or so at least appear.

The things we eat by various Juice controul,
The Narrowness or Largeness of our Soul.
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettice brings on softer Sleep.
Eat Beef or Pye-crust if you'd serious be:
Your Shell-fish raises *Venus* from the Sea :
For Nature that inclines to Ill or Good,
Still nourishes our Passions by our Food.

Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros ;
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
 Fervidus ; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix ;
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli ;
 Colchus, an Assyrius ; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Happy the Man that has each Fortune try'd,
To whom she much has giv'n, and much deny'd:
With Abstinence all Delicates he sees,
And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese.

Your Betters will despise you if they see,
Things that are far surpassing your degree;
Therefore beyond your Substance never treat,
'Tis Plenty in small Fortune to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An Entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old Age is frugal, gay Youth will abound
With Heat, and see the flowing Cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye, Nurse gives you Cake,
From gen'rous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as fresh as Day,
And Butter fragrant as the Dew of *May*.

Cornwall

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
Personam formare novam; fervetur ad imum

Cornwal Squab-Pye, and *Devon White-Pot* brings,
And *Leister Beans* and *Bacon*, Food of Kings!

At Christmas time be careful of your Fame,
See the old Tenant's Table be the same;
Then if you wou'd send up the Brawner's Head,
Sweet *Rosemary* and *Bays* around it spread:
His foaming Tusks let some large *Pippin* grace,
Or midst those thund'ring *Spears* an *Orange* place;
Sauce like himself, offensive to its Foes,
The *Roguish Mustard*, dang'rous to the Nose,
Sack and the well-spiced *Hippocras* the Wine
Wassail the Bowl with antient Ribbands fine,
Porridge with *Plumbs*, and *Turkeys* with the *Chine*.

If you perhaps wou'd try some Dish unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,

Like

Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.
 Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
 Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
 Publica materies, privati juris erit, si
 Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
 Parturient Montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quanto rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:

Like antient Sailors still regard the Coast,
By ven'tring out too far you may be lost.
By roasting that which our Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roasted much is spoil'd.
That Cook to *British* Palates is complete
Whose fav'ry Hand gives Turns to common Meat.

Tho' Cooks are often Men of pregnant Wit,
Through Niceness of their Subject, few have writ.
In what an awkward Sound that antient Ballad ran,
Which with this blust'ring Paragraph began ?

There was a Prince of Lubberland,
A Potentate of high Command,
Ten thousand Bakers did attend him,
Ten thousand Brewers did befriend him,
These brought him kissing Crusts, and those
Brought him small Beer, before he rose.

The

*Dic mihi, Musa, virum, capta post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbes.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Cha-
rybdim.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,*

The Author raises Mountains seeming full,
But all the Cry produces little Wool :
So if you sue a Beggar for a House,
And have a Verdict, what d'ye gain? a Louse.
Homer more modest, if we search his Books,
Will shew us that his Heroes all were Cooks :
How lov'd *Patroclus* with *Achilles* joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and spit the Loins.
Oh cou'd that Poet live ! cou'd he rehearse
Thy Journey, L—— in immortal Verse!

Muse, sing the Man that did to Paris go,
That he might taste their Soups, and Mushrooms
know.

Oh how would *Homer* praise their Dancing Dogs,
Their stinking Cheese, and Fricasie of Frogs!

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo :
Semper ad eventum festinat ; & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit : & quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit :
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usque
Cessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat ;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, & annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum ; gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.

He'd raise no Fables, sing no flagrant Lye,
Of Boys with Custard choak'd at *Newberry*;
But their whole Courses you'd entirely see,
How all their Parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of Persons wou'd engage,
Suit well your Eatables to ev'ry Age.

The Fav'rite Child that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humorfome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-Meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.

Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis, canibusque, & aprici gramine campi;
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.

Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
 Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori;
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa fenem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;

The smooth fac'd Youth that has new Guardians
chose,
From Play-House steps to Supper at the *Rose*,
Where he a Main or two at Random throws:
Squan'dring of Wealth, impatient of Advice,
His eating must be Little, Costly, Nice.

Maturer Age to this Delight grown strange,
Each Night frequents his Club behind the *Change*,
Expecting there Frugality and Health,
And Honour rising from a Sheriff's Wealth:
Unless he some Insurance Dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents *Pontacks*.

But then old Age, by still intruding Years,
Torments the feeble Heart with anxious Fears:

Vel quòd res omnes timidè gelidéque miniftrat,
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
 Se puero, castigato cenforque minorum.
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt, Ne fortè seniles
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles ;
 Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.

Segniùs irritant animos demiffa per aurem,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit fpectator. Non tamen intus
 Digna geri, promes in scenam: multa que tolles
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præfens.
 Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,

Morose, perverse in Humor, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content,
His Larder and his Kitchin too observes,
And now, lest he shou'd want hereafter, starves;
Thinks Scorn of all the present Age can give,
And none these threescore Years knew how to live.
But now the Cook must pass thro' all degrees,
And by his Art discordant Tempers please,
And minister to Health and to Disease.

Far from the Parlor have your Kitchin plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their slimy Substance wipe,
Let cruel Offices be done by Night,
For they who like the Thing abhor the Sight.

Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus ;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu fit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Next let Discretion moderate your Cost,
And when you treat, three Courses be the most.
Let never fresh Machines your Pastry try,
Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by,
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Pasty lodge a living Hare ;
Then midst their gravest Furs shall Mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful Cries.

Crowd not your Table, let your Number be
Not more than sev'n, and never less than three.

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat, & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatque & consilietur amicè,
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes ;
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis :
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur, & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

'Tis the Defert that graces all the Feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest :
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces Obligation by that Blot.
Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With *Indian Sugar* and *Arabian Spice* :
And let your various Creams incircl'd be
With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the Tree.
Let Plates and Dishes be from *China* brought,
With lively Paint and Earth transparent wrought.
The Feast now done Discourses are renew'd,
And witty Arguments with Mirth pursu'd :
The cheerful Master midst his jovial Friends,
His Glafs to their best Wishes recommends.
The Grace Cup follows to his Sovereign's Health,
And to his Country Plenty, Peace and Wealth.

Perform-

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubæque
Æmula ; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine paucò
Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere fedilia flatu :
Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque, verecundusque coibat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latioꝝ amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus ;
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?
Sic priscaæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti

Tibicen,

Performing then the Piety of Grace,
Each Man that pleases re-assumes his place:
While at his Gate from such abundant Store,
He show'rs his God-like Blessings on the Poor.

In Days of old our Fathers went to War,
Expecting sturdy Blows, and hardy Fare:
Their Beef they often in their Murrions stew'd,
And in their Basket-Hilts their Bev'rage brew'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give Consent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his Tent,
Where ev'ry thing that ev'ry Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into Bank, and went to Pot.
But when our Conquests were extensive grown,
And thro' the World our *British* Worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign sparkl'd equal with their Lace:

Quails,

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem :

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps :

Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuri,

Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carminè qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,

Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper

Incolùm gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd

Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus

Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex,

Verùm ita riores, ita commendare dicaces

Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere feria ludo,

Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros.

Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,

Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas;

Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus :

Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,

Intererit

Quails, Beccoficos, Ortelans were sent
To grace the Levee of a Gen'ral's Tent.
In their gilt Plate all Delicates were seen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.

When the young Players get to *Islington*,
They fondly think that all the World's their own :
Prentices, Parish-Clerks, and Hectors meet,
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their Talk is loose, and o'er their bouncing Ale,
At Constables and Justices they rail,¹
Not thinking Custard such a serious thing,
That Common Council Men 'twill thither bring,
Where many a Man at variance with his Wife,
With soft'ning Mead and Cheefe-Cake ends the
Strife.

Intererit Satyris paulùm pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina solùm,
Verbaque, Pifones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo :
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, & audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum ;
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar : ut sibi quis
Speret idem ; sudet multùm, frustra que laboret
Ausus idem. Tantùm series juncturaque pollet :
Tantum de medio fumtis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosa que dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res :
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.

Ev'n Squires come there, and with their mean
Discourse,

Render the Kitchin, which they sit in, worse.

Midwives demure, and Chamber-Maids most gay,

Foremen that pick the Box and come to play,

Here find their Entertainment at the Height,

In Cream and Codlings rev'ling with Delight.

What these approve the great Men will dislike,

But here's the Art, if you the Palate strike

By Management of common things so well,

That what was thought the meanest, shall excel ;

While others strive in vain, all Persons own

Such Dishes cou'd be dress'd by you alone.

When

Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
 Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi. Non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
 Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit
 Commodus & patiens; non ut de fede secundâ
 Cederet aut quartâ socialiter. Hic & in Acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni:
 In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut operæ celestis nimium, curâque carentis,
 Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
 Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex:
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
 Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, & intra
 Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,

When straiten'd in your time, and Servants few,
You'll rightly then compose an *Ambigue* :
Where first and second Course, and your Desert
All in our single Table have their part ;
From such a vast Confusion 'tis Delight,
To find the jarring Elements unite,
And raise a Structure grateful to the Sight.

Be not too far by old Example led,
With Caution now we in their Footsteps tread :
The *French* our Relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by Decency.

Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurna.

At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &

Laudavere sales; nimiùm patienter utrumque,

Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modo ego & vos

Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,

Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, & aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camenæ

Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

Post hunc personæ Pallæque repertor honestæ

Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

Successit vetus his Comœdia, non sine multâ

Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim

Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta, chorusque

Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat ;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal bestow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin Honey strew'd.
Insipid Taſt, old Friend, to them who *Paris* know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick
grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the Strolling Mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a Cart :
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens wou'd please,
And from the same Machine fell Pecks of Pease.
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimsy-boards went round.
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a Stall ;
Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing Gold of Ginger-bread :

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Ausu deferere, & celebrare domestica facta,
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere rogatas.
Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis.
Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet unum-
Quemque poetarum limæ labor, & mora, vos, ô
Pompilius fanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers were cry'd,
And ev'ry Sound, and ev'ry Voice was try'd.
At last the Law this hideous Din suppress,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest,
And that no Nymph her noisy Food should sell,
Except it were new Milk or Maccarel.

There is no Dish but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a Charter by their Trade.
Not *French* Kick-shaws, or *Oglio's* brought from *Spain*,
Alone have found Improvement from their Brain ;
But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots own'd to be
Th' Effects of Native Ingenuity.

Our *British* Fleet which now commands the Main
Might glorious Wreaths of Victory obtain

Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
Credidit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus ; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam : secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim precium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Antyciris caput insanabile, nunquam
Tonfori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,
Qui purgo bilem, sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata : verùm
Nil tanti est. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi :

Wou'd they take time : Wou'd they with Leifure
work,

With Care wou'd falt their Beef, and cure their Pork ;
Wou'd boil their Liquor well whene'er they brew,
Their Conquest half is to the Victualler due.

Because that Thrift and Abstinence are good,
As many things if rightly understood,
Old *Cross* condemns all Persons to be Fops
That can't regale themselves with Mutton-Chops.
He often for stult Beef to *Bedlam* runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Pest House, shuns.
Sometimes poor Jack and Onions are his Dish,
And then he faints those Fryars who stink of Fish.
As for my self I take him to abstain,
Who has good Meat, with Decency, tho' plain :
But tho' my Edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's Appetite may whet ;

Munus & Officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo ;
 Unde parentur opes ; quid alat formetque poetam ;
 Quid deceat, quid non ; quò virtus, quò ferat
 error.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ ;
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
 Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes,
 Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium, quæ
 Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profectò
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.
 Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte,

May teach him when to buy, when Season's past,
What's stale, what's choice, what plentiful, what
wast,
And lead him thro' the various Maze of Taste.

The fundamental Principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks the Relish call ;
For when the Market sends in Loads of Food,
They all are tasteless till that makes them good.
Besides 'tis no ignoble piece of Care,
To know for whom it is you wou'd prepare :
You'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A testy Father, or a haughty Mother :
Wou'd mollifie a Judge, wou'd cram a Squire,
Or else some Smiles from Court you may desire :
Or wou'd perhaps some hasty Supper give,
To shew the splendid State in which you live.

Pursuant

Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùsque moratur,
 Quàm versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus affem
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat.
 Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse—Triens. Eu!
 Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
 Semis. Ad hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi

Pursuant to that Int'rest you propose,
Must all your Wines, and all your Meat be chose.
Let Men and Manners ev'ry Dish adapt,
Who'd force his Pepper where his Guests are clapt?
A Caldron of fat Beef and Stoop of Ale,
On the huzzaing Mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest Art
Ragoufts of Peacocks Brains, or Filbert Tart.

The *French* by Soups and Haut-goufts Glory raise,
And their Desires all terminate in Praise.
The thrifty Maxim of the wary *Dutch*,
Is to save all the Money they can touch:
Hans, crys the Father, *see a Pin lies there*,
A Pin a Day will fetch a Groat a Year.
To your five Farthings join three Farthings more,
And they, if added, make your half Pence four.

Thus

Cùm semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Possè linenda cedro, & lêvi servanda cupresso ?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ ;
Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis : ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris :
Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi :
Neu pransæ Lamiaë vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis :
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosis ; hic & mare transit,

Thus may your Stock by Management encrease,
Your Wars shall gain you more than *Britain's* Peace.
Where Love of Wealth and rusty Coin prevail,
What hopes of fugar'd Cakes or butter'd Ale?

Cooks garnish out some Tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent Mixture shew their Skill :
Clog not your constant Meals, for Dishes few
Encrease the Appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they who will Extravagance profess,
Have still an inward Hatred for Excess.
Meat forc'd too much, untouch'd at Table lies,
Few care for carving Trifles in Disguise,
Or that fantastick Dish, some call *Surprise*.
When Pleasures to the Eye and Palate meet,
That Cook has rendred his great Work complete :
His glory far, like Sir-Loins, Knighthood flies,
Immortal made as *Kit-cat* by his Pies.

Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :

Nam neque corda sonum reddit quem vult manus
& mens,

Postentique gravem per sæpe remittit acutum ;

Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.

Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo ?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,

Quamvis est monitus, veniã caret ; & citharædus

Ridetur, cordâ qui semper oberrat eadem :

Sic mihi qui multùm cessat, fit Choerilus ille,

Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror ; & idem

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Good Nature must some Failings overlook,
Not Wilfulness, but Errors of the Cook.
A String won't always give the Sound design'd
By the Musitian's Touch, and Heav'nly Mind :
Nor will an Arrow from the Parthian Bow
Still to the destin'd Point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the Dish,
Or no fry'd Parsley scatter'd on the Fish ;
Shall I in Passion from my Dinner fly,
And hopes of Pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which Carelesness might oversee,
And all Mankind commit as well as he ?
I with Compassion once may overlook
A Scower sent to Table by my Cook :

But

Ut pictura, poësis : erit, quæ, si propiùs ftes,
Te capiat magis ; & quædam, si longiùs abstes :
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen :

†

Hæc

But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he shou'd daily the same Fault commit,
For fear the Rascal fend me up the Spit.



Poor *Roger Fowler* had a gen'rous Mind
Nor would submit to have his Hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all, yet never cou'd excel
In any thing but stuffing of his Veal :
But when that Dish was in Perfection seen,
And that alone, wou'd it not move your Spleen?
,Tis true, in a long Work soft Slumbers creep,
And gently sink the Artist into Sleep.
Even *Lamb* himself, at the most solemn Feast
Might have some Chargers not exactly drest.

Tables shou'd be like Pictures to the Sight,
Some Dishes cast in Shade, some spread in Light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where Ease may all their Delicace command :

Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapi; hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor : certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi: consultus juris, & actor
 Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus;
 Sed tamen in precio est: mediocribus esse poetis,
 Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ.
 Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
 Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver
 Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:
 Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
 Si paulùm summo decessit, vergit ad inum.

Some shou'd be mov'd when broken, others last
Thro' the whole Treat, incentive to the Taste.

Locket by many Labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchin call'd his eldest Son :
“ Tho' wise thy self (says he) tho' taught by me,
“ Yet fix this Sentence in thy Memory,
“ There are some certain things that don't excel,
“ And yet we say are tolerably well :
“ There's many worthy Men a Lawyer prize,
“ Whom they distinguish as of middle size,
“ For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books,
“ But this is not (my Son) the Fate of Cooks,
“ From whose mysterious Art true Pleasure springs,
“ To *Stall of Garter*, and to *Throne* of Kings,
“ A simple Scene, a disobliging Song,
“ Which no way to the main Design belong,

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit ;
Ne spissæ rifum tollant impunè coronæ :
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni ?
Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ :
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens. Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Meti descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, & nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris : nescit vos missa reverti.

“ Or were they absent never wou'd be mis'd,
“ Have made a well-wrought Comedy be his'd :
“ So in a Feast, no intermediate Fault
“ Will be allow'd, but if not best 'tis naught.

He that of feeble Nerves and Joints complains
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,
Lest *Vinegar* resounds his loud Disgrace.

But ev'ry one to Cookery pretends,
Nor Maid, or Mistres e'er consult their Friends.

But, Sir, if you wou'd roast a Pig, be free :
Why not with *Brawn*, with *Locket*, or with me ?
We'll see when 'tis enough, when both Eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout.

But if it lies too long the Crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drudging Box to be recall'd.

Sylvestres homines facer interpretesque Deorum
 Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus ;
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones ;
 Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blandâ
 Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
 Publica privatis fecernere, sacra profanis ;
 Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;
 Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
 Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrtæusque Mares animos in Martia bella
 Versibus exacuit. Dictæ per Carmina fortes,
 Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis : ne fortè pudori,
 Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

Our *Cambrian* Fathers sparing in their Food,
First broil'd their hunted Goats on Bars of Wood.
Sharp Hunger was their Seas'ning, or they took
Such Salt as issu'd from the native Rock.
Their fallading was never far to seek,
The poynant Water-grafs or fav'ry Leek ;
Until the *British* Bards adorn'd this Isle,
And taught them how to rost, and how to boil :
Then *Thaliessen* rose and sweetly strung
His *British* Harp, instructing whilst he sung:
Taught them that Honesty they still possess,
Their Truth, their open Heart, their modest Dress,
Duty to Kindred, Constancy to Friends,
And inward Worth, which always recommends.
Contempt of Wealth and Pleasure to appear
To all Mankind with hospitable Cheer.

Our Coward's Tale, which is the first
 that shows their proud hearts on the
 sharp thorns, which they have
 made for themselves from the
 their follies was never
 the poynne of sorrow or the
 Until the King's death
 And taught them how to
 When I was first
 His first heart
 I taught them how
 Their first heart
 Day to King
 And inward
 Contempt of
 To all Mankind

In after Ages *Arthur* taught his Knights
At his round Table to record their Fights,
Cities eraz'd, Encampments forc'd in Field,
Monsters subdu'd, and hideous Tyrants quell'd,
Inspir'd that *Cambrian* Soul which ne'er can yield. }
Then *Guy*, the Pride of *Warwick*, truly great,
To future Heroes due Example set,
By his capacious Cauldron made appear,
From whence the Spirits rise, and Strength of War.
The present Age to Gallantry enclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast Improvements of the Mind.
He that of Honour, Wit and Mirth partakes,
May be a fit Companion o'er Beef-steaks ;
His Name may be to future Times enroll'd
In *Estcourt's* Book, whose Gridir'n's fram'd of Gold.
Scorn not these Lines design'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium : alterius sic
Altera pœscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit & alfit,
Abstinuit venere & vino : qui Pythia cantat,
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque Magistrum,
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango :
Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et, quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.

'Tis a sage Question, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books :
That Man will never frame a noble Treat
Whose whole Dependance lies on some Receipt,
Then by pure Nature ev'ry thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, rost and
boyl'd.

When Art and Nature join th' Effect will be
Some nice Ragouft, or charming Fricafy.

The Lad that wou'd his Genius fo advance,
That on the Rope he might fe curely dance,
From tender Years inures himfelf to Pains,
To Summer's parching Heat, and Winter Rains,
And from the Fire of Wine and Love abftains,
No Artift can his Haut-boys Stops command,
Unlefs fome skilful Master form his Hand ;

But.

Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas ;
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta
Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
Si verò est unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
Tu seu donâris, seu quid donare voles cui ;
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ : clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, rectè ;
Pallefcet super his ; etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem ; saliet ; tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt

Et

But Gent'ry take their Cooks, tho' never try'd,
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a Fool
That dreads a Parent's Check, or Rods at School.

Ox Cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd some cry,
But 'tis with an Intention Men shou'd buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous Store,
That if you'll let them treat they'll ask no more :
And 'tis the vast Ambition of their Soul,
To see their Port admir'd, and Table full.
But then amidst that cringing fawning Crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such Grace his Honour's Actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings and plays ;
Tell him his Liv'ry's rich, his Chariot's fine,
How choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine,

Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: sic

Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,

Et torquere mero, quem perpexisse laborent;

An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Surrounded thus, how shou'd the Youth descry
The Happiness of Friendship from a Lye.
Friends act with cautious Temper when sincere,
But flatt'ring Impudence is void of Care :
So at an *Irish* Funeral appears
A Train of Drabs with mercenary Tears ;
Who wringing of their Hands with hideous Moan,
Know not his Name for whom they seem to groan,
While real Grief with silent Steps proceeds,
And Love unfeign'd with inward Passion bleeds.
Hard Fate of Wealth! were Lords, as Butchers wife,
They from their Meat wou'd banish all the Flies !
The *Persian* Kings with Wine and massy Bowl
Search'd to the dark Recesses of the Soul :
That so laid Open no one might pretend,
Unless a Man of Worth, to be their Friend.
But now the Guests their Patrons undermine,
And slander them for giving them their Wine.

Great

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, fodes,
Hoc, aiebat, & hoc: meliùs te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus:
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere, malle;
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam infumebat
 inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomtis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;

Great Men have dearly thus Companions bought,
Unless by these Instructions they'll be taught,
They spread the Net, and will themselves be caught.

Were *Horace*, that great Master, now alive,
A Feast with Wit and Judgment he'd contrive.
As thus — supposing that you wou'd rehearse
A labour'd Work, and every Dish a Verse.
He'd say, mend this, and t'other Line, and this ;
If after Tryal it were still amiss,
He'd bid you give it a new Turn of Face,
Or set some Dish more curious in its place.
If you persist he wou'd not strive to move
A Passion so delightful as Self-love.

We shou'd submit our Treats to Criticks View,
And ev'ry prudent Cook shou'd read *Bossu*.

Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæc nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque finistre.

Judgment provides the Meat in Season fit,
Which by the Genius drest, its Sauce is Wit.
Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the Decorum of the Stage.

The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the Butler chips his Crust.

Poets and Pastry Cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their Images m^ust frame.

Chimera's from the Poet's Fancy flow,
The Cook contrives his Shapes in real Dough.

When Truth commands there's no Man can offend.
That with a modest Love corrects his Friend.
Tho' 'tis in toasting Bread, or butt'ring Pease,
So the Reproof has Temper, Kindness, Ease.
But why shou'd we reprove when Faults are small?
Because 'tis better to have none at all.

Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;
 Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
 Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
 Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, & errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum
 Clamat, io cives; non sit qui tollere curet.
 Si qui curet opem ferre, & demittere funem;
 Quis scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ
 Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Infiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit, jam

There's often Weight in Things that seem the least,
And our most trifling Follies raise the Jest:

'Tis by his Cleanliness a Cook must please,
A Kitchin will admit of no Disease:

The Fowler and the Huntsman both may run;
Amidst that Dirt which he must nicely shun.

Empedocles a Sage of old would raise,

A Name immortal by unusual ways ;

At last his Fancies grew so very odd,

He thought by roasting to be made a God:

Tho' fat he leapt with his unwieldy Stuff

In *Aetna's* Flames, so to have Fire enough.

Were my Cook fat and I a stander by,

I'd rather than himself his Fish shou'd fry.

There are some Persons so excessive rude,
That to your private Table they'll intrude.

Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec fati's apparet, cur versus facitet ; utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus : certè furit, ac velit urfus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

FINIS.



In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,
Turn like a Fox they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since Bars and Doors are no Defence,
Ev'n quit your House as in a Pestilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach
And as you're scamp'ring stop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your, Sins and you will see
How right your Guilt and Punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender Pity cou'd prevail,
But you would throw some Debtor into Jail.
Now mark th' Effect of his prevailing Curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.
Were it in my Election I shou'd choose,
To meet a rav'nous Wolf or Bear got loose:
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No Quarter from the Parasite you'll get;
But like a Leech well fix'd he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfy'd with Blood.

FINIS.

To



To Mr. -----

DEAR SIR,



Must communicate my Happiness to you, because you are so much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I some Days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious Person, of whom I enquir'd if he had seen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces; he told me he had, but that he had but a very slight View of it, the Person who was Master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a Rarity out of his Closet. I desir'd him to give me what account he could of it. He says, That it is a very handsome *Octavo*; for ever since the Days of *Ogilby*, good Paper, and good Print,
and

and fine Cuts make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author strangely. That there is a copious *Index*, and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works concerning Cockles, *English* Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the Air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monster vomited up by a Baker, and such like; which, if carefully perus'd, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no Manuscript of it in *England*, nor any other Country that can be heard of; so that this Impression is from one of *Humbelbergius*, who, as my Friend says, he does not believe contriv'd it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned Man would set himself seriously to work to invent 'em. He tells me of this ingenious Remark made by the Editor, *That whatever Manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vitious and corrupt, as being writ out by the Cooks themselves, or some of their Friends or Servants, who are not always the most accurate.* And then, as my Friend observ'd, if the Cook had us'd it much, it might be sullied; the

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Cook

Cook perhaps not always licking his Fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the State to order a select *Scrivener* to transcribe *Receipts*, lest ignorant Women and House-keepers should impose upon future Ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect Receipts for Potting of Lobsters, or Pickling of Turkeys. *Cælius Apicius*, it seems, passes for the Author of this Treatise, whose *Science*, *Learning* and *Discipline* were extremely contemn'd, and almost abhorr'd by *Seneca* and the *Stoicks*, as introducing *Luxury*, and infecting the Manners of the *Romans*; and so lay neglected till the inferior Ages, but then were introduc'd as being a help to *Physick*, to which a learned Author, call'd *Donatus*, says, that *the Kitchen is a Handmaid*. I remember in our Days, tho' we cannot in every respect come up to the Antients, that by a very good Author an old Gentleman is introduc'd as making use of three Doctors, *Dr. Diet*, *Dr. Quiet*, and *Dr. Merriman*. They are reported to be excellent *Physitians*, and if kept at a constant Pension, their Fees will not be very costly.

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It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two Persons that bore the Name of *Apicius*, one under the Republick, the other in the time of *Tiberius*, who is recorded by *Pliny*, To have had a great deal of Wit and Judgment in all Affairs that related to Eating, and consequently has his Name affix'd to many sorts of Amulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors less Contributors to so great an Undertaking, as *Vitellius*, *Commodus*, *Didius Julianus*, and *Varinus Heliogabalus*, whose Imperial Names are prefix'd to manifold Receipts. The last of which Emperors had the peculiar Glory of first making Sausages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oysters, Sprawns, and Lobsters. And these Sausages being mention'd by the Author which the Editor publishes, from that and many other Arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcrib'd till after the time of *Heliogabalus*, who gloried in the Titles of *Apicius* and *Vitellius*, more than *Antoninus*, who had gain'd his Reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid Virtue. And, it seems, under his Ad-
mini-

ministration a Person that found out a new Soup might have as great a Reward as *Drake* or *Dampier* might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend says the Editor tells us of unheard of Dainties; how *Æsopus* had a Supper of the Tongues of Birds that could speak; and that his Daughter regal'd on Pearls, tho' he does not tell us how she dress'd 'em; how *Hortensius* left ten thousand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar for his Heirs drinking; how *Vedius Pollio* fed his Fish-ponds with Man's Flesh, and how *Cæsar* bought six thousand Weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper. He says the Editor proves equally to a Demonstration, by the Proportions and Quantities set down, and the Nauseousness of the Ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were order'd by their Physicians, and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills to a Modern Apothecary, and that this Custom was taken from the *Egyptians*, and that this Method continued till the *Goths* and *Vandals* over-ran the *Western* Empire, and that they by Use, Exercise, and Necessity of Abstinence, introduc'd
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the eating of Cheefe and Venifon without those additional Sauces, which the Physitians of old found out to restore the deprav'd Appetites of such great Men as had lost their Stomachs by an Excess of Luxury. Out of the Ruins of *Erasistratus* his Book of *Endive*, *Glaucus Lorrensis* of *Cow-beel*, *Mithæcus* of *Hot-pots*, *Dionysius* of *Sugar Sops*, *Agis* of *Pickled Broom-buds*, *Epinetus* of *Sack-possset*, *Euthedemus* of *Apple-dumplings*, *Hegesippus* of *Black-pudding*, *Crito* of *Sow'd Maccarel*, *Stephanus* of *Limon Cream*, *Archytes* of *Hogs Harflet*, *Acestius* of *Quince Marmalade*, *Hicesius* of *Potted Pidgeons*, *Diocles* of *Sweet-breads*, and *Philistion* of *Oat Cakes*, and several other such Authors, the great *Hamelbergius* compos'd his Annotations upon *Apicius*, whose Receipts when part of *Tully*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* have been neglected and lost, were preserv'd in the utmost Parts of *Transilvania*, for the peculiar Palate of the ingenious Editor. *Latinus Latinus* finds fault with several Dishes of *Apicius*, and is pleas'd to say they are nau-seous, but our Editor defends that great Person by shewing the difference of our Customs,
how

how *Plutarch* says the Antients us'd no Pepper, whereas all, or at least five or six hundred of *Apicius's* Delicates were season'd with it. For we may as well admire that some *West Indians* should abstain from Salt, as that we should be able to bear the Bitterness of Hops in our common Drink; and therefore we shou'd not be averse to Rue, Cummin, Parsley Seed, Marsh-mallows, or Nettles with our common Meat, or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raisons, Mustard, and Oyl, Rue, Mastick, and Cardamums strown promiscuously over our Dinner when it comes to Table. My Friend tells me of some short Observations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his Memory, and therefore begs Pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as that *Papirius Petus* was the great Patron of Custard: That the *Tetrapharmacoon*, a Dish much admired by the Emperors *Adrian* and *Alexander Severus* was made of Pheasant, Peacock, a wild Sow's Hock, and Udder, with a Bread Pudding over it, and that the Name and Reason of so odd a Dish are to be sought for amongst the Physitians.

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The Work is divided into Ten Books, of which the first treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that Sauce Pans were tinn'd before the time of *Pliny*. That *Gordian* used a Glass of Bitter in a Morning. That the Ancients scalded their Wine; and that burnt Claret, as now practis'd with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious. That the Adulteration of Wine was as antient as *Cato*. That *Brawn* was a Roman Dish, which *Apicius* commends as *Wonderful*; its Sauce then was Mustard and Honey, before the frequent use of Sugar. Nor were sowc'd Hogs Feet, Cheeks and Ears unknown to those Ages. 'Tis very probable they were not so superstitious as to have so great a Delicate only at *Christmas*. It were worth a Dissertation between two Learned Persons, so it were manag'd with Temper and Candour, to know whether the *Britains* taught it to the *Romans*, or whether *Cæsar* introduc'd it into *Britain*, and 'tis strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's Flesh, that the Antients us'd to *Marinate* their Fish by frying them in Oyl, and the Moment they

were taken out pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the Liquor in Oysters is by laying the deep Shell downwards, and that by this means *Apicius* convey'd Oysters to *Tiberius* when in *Parthia*. A noble Invention since made use of at *Colchester* with most admirable Success. What Estates might *Brawn* or *Locket* have got in those Days, when *Apicius* only for boiling of Sprouts after a new Fashion, deservedly came into the good Graces of *Drusus* who then commanded the *Roman* Armies.

The first Book having treated of Sauces or standing Pickles for Relish, which are us'd in most of the succeeding Receipts. The second has a glorious Subject of Sausages, both with Skins and without, which contains Matters no less remarkable than the former. The Antients that were delicate in their eating prepar'd their own Mushrooms with an Amber or at least a Silver Knife; where the Annotator shews elegantly against *Hardoinus*, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, lest the Rustiness of an ordinary Knife might

might prove infectious. This is a Nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the *Britains*, tho' not very forward in Inventions, yet are out-done by no Nations in Imitation or Improvements.

The third Book is of such Edibles as are produc'd in Gardens. The *Romans* us'd *Nitre* to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator shews our Salt-Peter at present to differ from the antient *Nitre*. *Apicius* had a way of mincing them first with Oil and Salt, and so boiling 'em, which *Pliny* commends. But the present Receipt is to let the Water boil well, throw in Salt, and a bit of Butter, and so not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary Observation of the Editors, to which I cannot but agree, That it is a vulgar Error that Walnut Trees, like *Russian* Wives, thrive the better for being beaten, and that long Poles and Stones are us'd by Boys and others to get the Fruit down, the Walnut-Tree being so very high they cou'd not otherwise reach it, rather out of Kindness to themselves, than any Regard to the Tree that bears it. As for *Asparagus* there is an

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excellent Remark, that according to *Pliny* they were the great Care of the antient Gardeners, and that at *Ravenna* three weigh'd a Pound; but that in *England* it was thought a Rarity when 100 of them weigh'd thirty. That Cucumbers are apt to rise in the Stomach, unless par'd or boil'd with Oyl, Vinegar and Honey. That the *Egyptians* wou'd drink hard without any Disturbance, because it was a Rule for them to have always boil'd Cabbage for their first Dish at Supper. That the best way to roast Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning 'em. That Beets are good for Smiths, because they working at the Fire are generally costive. That *Petronius* has recorded a little old Woman who sold the *Agreste Olus* of the Antients, which Honour I take to be as much due to those who in our Days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in Spring time very wholesome.

The fourth Book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As *Mathæus Sylvaticus* compos'd the Pandects of Physick, and *Justinian* those of Law, so *Apicius* has done the Pandects of his Art in this Book which bears that Inscription. The
first

first Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of *Apicius*. Bruise in a Mortar Parsley Seed, dry'd Peneryal, dry'd Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raisons ston'd, Honey, Vinegar, Oyl and Wine, put 'em into a *Cacabulum*, three Crusts of Pycentine Bread, the Flesh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Vestine Cheese, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dry'd Onions minc'd small; pour a Soup over it, garnish it with Snow, and send it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unusual Vessel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where finding an odd Interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded from the Whimsicalness of the Composition, and the Fantasticalness of Snow for its Garniture, that the properest Vessel for a Physitian to prescribe to send to Table upon that occasion might be a Bed Pan. There are some admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the second Chapter concerning the Dialogue of *Asellius Sabinus*, who introduces a Combat between Mushrooms, *Chats* or *Beccofico's*, Oysters, and Redwings, a Work that ought to be publish'd. For the same Annotator observes, that this Island is not destitute of Redwings, tho'

coming to us only in the hardest Weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our Tables. That the *Chats* come to us in *April* and breed, and about Autumn return to *Africk*. That Experience shews us they may be kept in Cages fed with Beef or Weather Mutton, Figs, Grapes and minc'd Filberds, being Dainties not unworthy the Care of such as wou'd preserve our *British* Hospitality. There is a curious Observation concerning the diversity of *Roman* and *British* Dishes, the first delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forc'd Meats, Jussels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines, and Barons; and thence our Terms of Art, both as to Dressing and Carving become very different; for they lying upon a sort of Couch cou'd not have carv'd those Dishes which our Ancestors, when they set upon Formes us'd to do. But since the use of Cushions and Elbow Chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hop'd in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame, and I believe few of us have seen a Dish of Capon Stones at Table:

(Lamb Stones is acknowledg'd by the Learned Annotator that we have) For the Art of making Capons has long been buried in Oblivion. *Varro* the great *Roman* Antiquary tells us how to do it by burning of their Spurs, which occasioning their Sterility, makes them Capons in effect, tho' those Parts thereby became more large and tender.

The fifth Book is of Pease Porridge, under which are included Frumentary, Watergruel, Milk Porridge, Rice Milk, Flumary, Stir about, and the like. The *Latin*, or rather *Greek* Name is *Ausprios*, but my Friend was pleas'd to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name us'd by *Rablais* an eminent Physitian. There are some very remarkable things in it as the Emperor *Julianus* had seldom any thing but Spoon-Meat at Supper. That the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oyl and Wine was a *Roman* Dainty; upon which the Annotator observes, that it is not us'd in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful Bitterness that it has, and that it is plainly a Physical Dyet that will give a Stool, and that mix'd with Oats, it's the best Purge for Horses. An excellent In-

vention for Frugality, that nothing might be lost, for what the Lord did not eat he might send to his Stable.

The sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl, how to dress Ostridges; the biggest, grossest and most difficult of Digestion of any Bird, Phe-nicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The seventh Book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*, in which the *Romans* came to that Excess, that the Laws forbad the Usage of Hogs Harlet, Sweetbreads, Cheeks, &c. at their publick Suppers. And *Cato*, when *Censor* sought to restrain the extravagant Use of Brawn by several of his Orations; so much Regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the Thoughts of the wisest Men, and bore a part in their most impertant Councils. But alas! the Degeneracy of our present Age is such, that I believe few besides the Annotator know the Excellency of a Virgin Sow, especially of the black Kind brought from *China*; and how to make the most of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pet-titoes; and to vary her into those fifty Dishes
which

which *Pliny* says were usually made of that delicious Creature. Besides, *Galen* tells us more of its Excellencies, *That Fellow that eats Bacon for two or three Days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he shou'd eat the best Rost Beef or Bag Pudding in the Parish.*

The eighth Book treats of such Dainties as *Four-footed Beasts* afford us; as, 1st, the *Wild Boar*, which they us'd to boil with all its Bristles on. 2^{dly}, The *Deer*, dress'd with Broth made with *Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oyl,* and stew'd *Damsons, &c.* 3^{dly}, The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are innumerable in the *Mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland* that will let nobody handle 'em; but if they are caught they are to be sent up with an elegant Sauce prescrib'd after a *Physical manner*, in form of an *Electuary*; made of *Pepper, Rue, Parsley Seed, Juniper, Time dried, Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c.* with which any Apothecary in that Country can furnish you. 4^{thly}, *Beef*, with *Onion Sauce*, and commended by *Celsus*, but not much approv'd by *Hippocrates*, because the *Greeks* scarce knew how to make

Oxen, and *Powdering Tubs* were in very few Families; for Physicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all Ages; otherwise *Galen* would scarce have found out that young Foxes were in Season in Autumn. 5^{thly}, The *Sucking Pig*, boil'd in Paper. 6^{thly}, The *Hare*, the chief of the *Roman Dainties*, its Blood being the sweetest of any Animal, its Natural Fear contributing to that Excellency. Tho' the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fat them in, yet in the time of *Didius Julianus*, if any one had sent him one, or a Pig, he would make it last him three Days, whereas *Alexander Severus* had one every Meal, which must have been a great Expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite Animal was reserv'd for the last Chapter, and that was the *Dormouse*, a harmless Creature, whose Innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and Physicians. But *Apicius* found out an odd sort of Fate for those poor Creatures, some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd Ingredients, into *Hogs Guts*, and so boil'd for Sausages. In ancient Times People made it their Business to fatten

fatten them: *Aristotle* rightly observes that Sleep fatten'd them, and *Martial* from thence too poetically tells us that Sleep was their only Nourishment: But the Annotator has clear'd that Point; he, good Man, has tenderly observ'd one of 'em for many Years, and finds that it does not sleep all the Winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at Meals, and after its Repast then rolls it self up in a Ball to Sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not drink in three Years time, but whether other Dormise do so I cannot tell, because *Bamboufelbergius* his Treatise of Fatning Dormise is lost. Tho' very costly they became a common Dish at great Entertainments; *Petronius* delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing 'em, and serving 'em up with Poppies and Honey, which must be a very soporiferous Dainty, and as good as Owl Pye to such as want a Nap after Dinner. The Fondness of the *Romans* came to be so excessive towards 'em, that, as *Pliny* says, the Censorian Laws and *Marcus Scaurus* in his Consulship got them prohibited from Publick Entertainments. But *Nero*, *Commodus*, and *Heliogabalus* would

not

not deny the Liberty, and indeed Property of their Subjects in so reasonable an Enjoyment, and therefore we find them long after brought to Table in the Times of *Ammianus Marcellinus*, who tells us likewise, that *Scales were brought to Table in those Ages to weigh curious Fishes, Birds and Dormise*, to see whether they were at the Standard of Excellence and Perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other Pretenders to Magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occasion to shew of *how great Use Scales would be at the Tables of our Nobility*, especially upon the bringing up of a Dish of Wild-fowl: *For if twelve Larks (says he) should weigh below twelve Ounces they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if twelve and down Weight they would be very well; but if thirteen they would be fat to Perfection.* We see upon how nice and exact a Balance the Happiness of Eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse of such Exactness and such Dainties, and told my Friend that those *Scales* would be of extraordinary Use at *Dunstable*, and that if
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the Annotator had not prescrib'd his Dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting Days and Hours, so as not to disturb it.

My Friend said there remain'd but two Books more, one of Sea, and the other of River Fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his Memory began to fail him almost as much as my Patience.

*'Tis true in a long Work soft Slumbers creep,
And gently sink the Artist into Sleep;
Especially when treating of Dormice.*

The ninth Book is concerning Sea Fish, where, amongst other Learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of *Apicius*, who having spent many Millions, and being retir'd into *Campania*, heard that there were Lobsters of a vast and unusual Bigness in *Africa*, and thereupon impatiently got on Shipboard the same Day, and having suffer'd much at Sea, came at last to the Coast. But the Fame of so great a Man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fishermen sail'd out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest Lobsters.

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He ask'd if they had no larger, they answer'd, their Sea produc'd nothing more excellent than what they brought. This honest Freedom of theirs, with his Disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bad the Master return Home again immediately: And so, it seems, *Africa* lost the Breed of one Monster more than it had before. There are many Receipts in the Book to dress Cramp-fish that numb the Hands of those that touch 'em; the Cuttle-fish, whose Blood is like Ink; the Pourcontrol or Many-feet; the Sea Urchin or Hedge-hog; with several others whose Sauces are agreeable to their Natures. But to the Comfort of us Moderns, the Antients often eat their Oysters alive, and spread hard Eggs minc'd over their Sprats, as we do now over our Salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It seems the Antients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another; so at *Petronius's* Supper the Cook sent up a fat Goose, Fish, and Wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several Parts of one single Porker. The great *Nicomedes*, King of *Bythinia*, had
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a very delightful Deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook; the King was extremely affected with fresh Herrings (as indeed who is not!) but being far up in *Asia* from the Sea Coast, his whole Wealth could not have purchas'd one, but his Cook contriv'd some sort of Meat, which put into a Frame so resembled a Herring that it was extremely satisfactory both to his Prince's Eyes and Gusto. My Friend told me that to the Honour of the City of *London* he had seen a thing of this nature there, that is, a Herring, or rather a *Salmogundy*, with the Head and Tail so neatly laid that it surpriz'd him. He says many of the *Species* may be found at the *Sugar Loaf* in *Bell Yard*, as giving an excellent Relish to *Burton-Ale*, and not costing above Sixpence; an inconsiderable Price for so Imperial a Dainty.

The tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fish Sauces*, which consist of variety of Ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of Frumenty. But it is not to be forgot by any Person who would boil Fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the Water, which at present is said to be a *Dutch Receipt*,
but

but was derived from the *Romans*. It seems *Seneca* the Philosopher (a Man from whose morose Temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected) in his third Book of Natural Questions, correcting the Luxury of the Times, says, the *Romans* were come to that Daintiness, that they would not eat a Fish unless upon the same Day it was taken, that it might taste of the Sea, as they exprest it; and therefore had 'em brought by Persons who rode Post, and made a great Out-cry, whereupon all other People were oblig'd to give them the Road. It was an usual Expression for a *Roman* to say, *In other matters I may confide in you, but in a thing of this Weight it is not consistent with my Gravity and Prudence, I will trust nothing but my own Eyes, bring the Fish hither, let me see him breath his last.* And when the poor Fish was brought to Table swimming and gasping, would cry out, *Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!* My Friend says, the Annotator looks upon these as *Fests* made by the Stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond Nature; tho' the Annotator at the same time tells us that it was a Law at *Athens* that the Fishermen

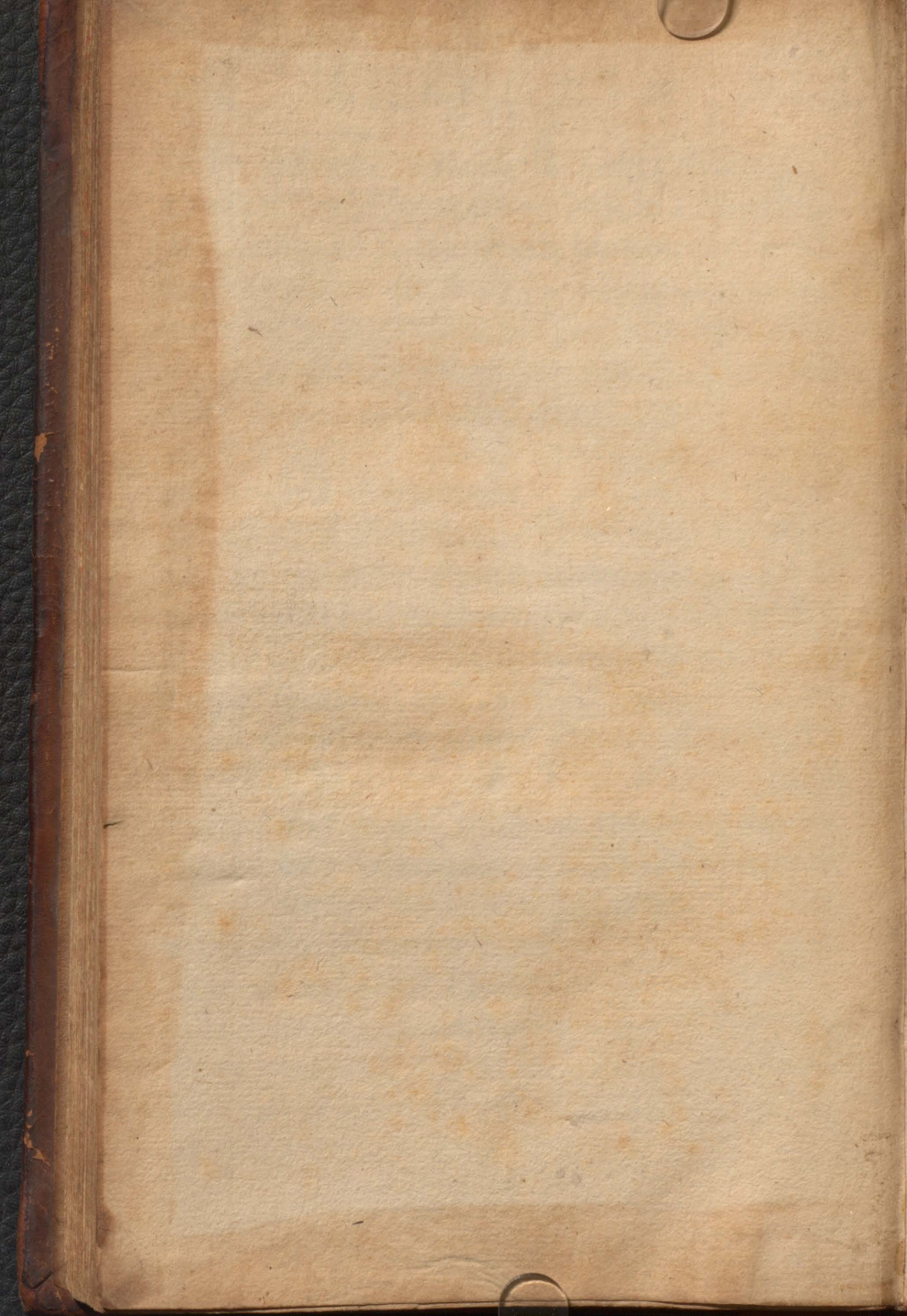
men should not wash their Fish, but bring them as they came out of the Sea. Happy were the *Athenians* in good Laws, and the *Romans* in great Examples; but I believe our *Britains* need wish their Friends no longer Life than till they see *London* serv'd with live Herring and gasping Maccarel. 'Tis true we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into scalding Water, and tye our Lobsters to the Spit to hear them squeek when they are roasted; our Eels use the same peristaltick Motion upon the Gridiron, when their Skin is off, and their Guts are out as they did before; and our Gudgeons taking opportunity of jumping after they are flower'd, give occasion to the admirable Remark of some Persons Folly, when to avoid the Danger of the Frying-pan they leap into the Fire. My Friend said that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding Remark of the Annotator, That they who amongst the *Sybarites* would fish for Eels, or sell them, should be free from all Taxes. I was glad to hear of the word *Conclude*, and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the *Sybarites*, of whom I shortly intended

ded a History, shewing how they deservedly banish'd Cocks for waking them in a Morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cry'd out because one of the Rose Leaves he lay on was rump'd; how they taught their Horses to dance, and so their Enemies coming against 'em with Guitars and Harpsichords, set them so upon their round O's and Minuets, that the Form of their Battel was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as *Goldman*, *Littleton*, and several other good Authors affirm. I told my Friend I had much overstaid my Hour, but if at any time he would find *Dick Humelbergius*, *Caspar Barthius*, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to Dinner of a few, but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which except they would think of any thing better, should be a *Salacacaby*, a Dish of Fenugreek, a wild Sheeps Head, and Appurtenance, with a suitable Electuary, a Ragoust of Capons Stones, and some Dormouse Saufages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison Pasty, you shou'd send for a Plate, you know you may command it, for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

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