

aps with the ties of his neckcloth a
ard long, powdered highly, and in a
awnbroker's coat, carrying off *your*
ate to a greedy Whig on the oppo-
e side of the table, who devours
e Pope's Eye before your face, in
l the bitterness of party-spirit. A
urdy, squat, broad shouldered, red-
eaded scoundrel serves you the same
ick, with an insolent leer, in favor
f a Tory, a man of the same politi-
al principles with yourself, a mem-
er of the Pitt Club, and an occasion-
minor writer in Blackwood, who
akes a show of sending the rich-
eighted trencher round to you, its
awful owner, but, at the same mo-
ent, lets drop into the dark-hued
ravy a plash of yellow beaten tur-
ips, destined to his own maw. A
rave-looking man, like a minister,
omes solemnly behind your chair,
nd stretching forward a plate, which
ou doubt not is to make you happy
at last, asks, in solemn accents, for a
well-browned potatoe, and then
odges the deposit in the hands of
ine host's accommodating banker.
A spruce, dapper, little tarrier, who,
during forenoons, officiates as a bar-
ber, absolutely lifts up, with irresisti-
ble dexterity, your plate the moment
after he has put it down before you,
and making apology for the mistake,
carries it off to a red-faced woman of
a certain age, who calls for bread
with the lungs of a Stentor. Then
will an aged man, with a bald head,
blind and deaf as a dog in his teens,
but still employed at good men's
feasts on account of character, which
saving almost constant drunkenness,
is unexceptionable, totter past with
your plate, supported against his
breast with feeble fingers; and un-
awakenable by the roar of cannon,
in spite of all your vociferation, he
delivers up the largest prize in the
lottery to a lout whom you hope, in
no distant day, to see hanged. By
this time anger has quelled appetite,
—and when by some miraculous in-
terposition of providence in your
favor, you find yourself in posses-
sion of the fee-simple of a slice of

mutton at last, it is a short, round,
thick squab of a piece, at once fat
and bloody, inspiring deep and per-
manent disgust, and sickening you
into aversion to the whole dinner.

When the party is large, therefore,
adopt the following advice, and you
may be far from unhappy, although
one of twenty-four. Look out for a
dish neither illustrious nor obscure—
a dish of unpretending modest merit,
which may be overlooked by the
greedy multitude, and which the man
of judgment can only descry—a dish
of decent dimensions, and finding,
although not seeking, concealment
under the dazzle of the epergne—a
dish rather broad than high—a dish
which thus but one of many, and in
its unambitious humbleness almost
lost in the crowd, might nevertheless
be in its single self a dinner to a man
and his wife at the guestless board—
select we say, such a dish—if such a
dish there be—and draw in your
chair quietly opposite to it, however
ugly may be the women on either
side of you, yea even if the lady of
the house insist on your sitting high-
er up the table. Be absolute and
determined—your legs are under the
mahogany—rise not—pay a compli-
ment to the fearsome dear on your
right hand, and to the no less alarm-
ing spinster on the left—and, with-
out any thoughts of soup or fish, help
yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to
your own chosen dish, and *Da Capo*.
Don't betray yourself by any over-
heard demonstrations of delight, but,
if possible, eat with an air of indiffer-
ence and non-chalance. Lay down
your knife and fork now and then, if
you can bring your mind to submit to
a moment's delay, and look about
you with a smile, as if dedicated to
agreeable conversation, badinage, and
repartee. Should any one suspect
your doings, and ask what is that dish
before you, shake your head, and
make a face, putting your hand at the
same time to your stomach, and then,
with a mischievous eye, offering to
send some of the nameless stew. All
this time there are people at the