

frain from all sallies of imagination, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the cause of science and truth.

Be it known, then, to all men by these presents, that this is a work worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Hunter, Glasse, Rundell, and Kitchener. We are confident that the Doctor will be delighted with it, and if any purchaser is known to give a bad dinner, after it has been a fortnight in his possession, the case may be given up as hopeless. The individual who has ingeniously personated Meg Dods, is evidently no ordinary writer, and the book is really most excellent miscellaneous reading. There has been a good deal of affectation of humor in some culinary authors,—too much seasoning and spicery,—unnecessarily ornate garnishing of dishes that in their own native loveliness are, “when undorned, adorned the most.” But here we have twenty or thirty grave, sober, instructive, business-like pages, right on end, without one particle of wit whatever; then come as many more sprinkled with facetiæ—and then half a dozen of broad mirth and merriment. This alternation of grave and gay is exceedingly agreeable—something in the style of Blackwood's Magazine. But at the same time we are bound to say, in justice to Mrs. Dods, that the “Housekeeper's Manual” is entirely free from that personality which too frequently disgraces that celebrated work.

Mrs. Dods prefaces her work by directions for carving, most of which are, we think, judicious, although, perhaps, they smack somewhat too much of the old school. A hint is thrown out, that the rudiments of the art should be taught practically in childhood, “on plain joints and cold things,” that in after-life “provisions may not be haggled.” Mrs. Dods believes that although there are awkward grown-up persons, having, as the French say, *two left hands*, whom no labor will ever make dexterous carvers, yet that there is no difficulty in the art, which most young learn-

ers, if early initiated under the eyes of their friends, might not easily surmount. We believe this view of human nature to be just. Young persons of both sexes, of the most humble talents, provided they have ten fingers, (five on each hand,) may certainly be made fair carvers—and we have ourselves known not a few instances of boys, who were absolute dolts at the art, becoming men distinguished at the foot of the table.

The “carver's maxim” (which our readers may drink this afternoon in a bumper) is, according to Mrs. Dods, “to deal small and serve all.” No doubt at large parties it is so; and that is the fatal objection to large parties. Ten hungry men eye a small jigot “o' the black-faced” with mixed pleasure and pain, when they all know that they must be helped according to the “carver's maxim.” The best friends, so relatively placed, begin to dislike each other, and the angry wonder with them all is, why so many people of different characters and professions, perhaps countries, should agree in eating mutton? Therefore we love a *partie quarre*. No dish—unless absurdly small indeed—of which each of Us Four may not have a satisfactory portion. The “carver's maxim” is forgotten, or remembered only with a smile, and at such a board alone can liberty and equality at each side of the square preside.

At a large party, we hold that it is a physical impossibility to get any thing to eat. Eating does not consist in putting cold, greasy, animal food into your mouth. That, we repeat, is not eating. Eating consists in putting into your mouth (chewing, swallowing, &c. of course,) warm juicy, thinish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of animal food, precisely at the nick of time. A minute too soon or five minutes too late, and you may cram, but to eat is impossible. What can one waiter do among so many? And if you have six waiters, what then? Confusion worse confounded. You see a great hulking fellow, per-