

But to return to an Indian Feast, of which you may re-  
 quest a Bill of Fare, before you go ; and if you dislike it, you may  
 stay at Home. The Ingredients are Fish, Flesh, or Indian Food.  
 Corn and Beans boil'd together—, or Hasty-Pudden made  
 of pounded Corn : Whenever and as often as the e are  
 plenty ; an Indian boils four or five large Kettles full, and  
 sends a Messenger to each Wigwam-Door ; who exclaims,  
*Kub Men, coorebab !* i. e. *I come to conduct you to a Feast :*  
 The Man within demands whether he must take, a Spoon,  
 or a Knife in his Dish which he always carries with him.  
 They appoint two or three Young Men to Meis it out, to  
 each Man his Portion according to the number of his Fa-  
 mily at Home ; which is done with the utmost exactness\*.  
 When they have done eating, a young Fellow stands with-  
 out the Door, and cries aloud *Men Commook*, Come & fetch !  
 Immediately each Squaw goes to her Husband and takes  
 what he has left, which she carries Home and eats with her  
 Children. For neither married Women nor any Youth  
 under twenty Years of Age are allowed to be present :  
 but old Widow-Squaws and Captive Men may set by the  
 Door. The Indian Men continue in the Wigwam, some re-  
 lating their Warlike Exploits ; others something Comical ;  
 others give a Narrative of their Hunting ; the Seniors give  
 maxims of Prudence and grave Counsels to the Young Men :  
 tho' every ones Speech be agreeable to the run of his own  
 Fancy, yet they confine themselves to Rule, and but one  
 speaks at a Time. After every Man has told his Story, One  
 rises up, Sings a Feast-Song, and others succeed alternately  
 as the Company see fit.

SECT. VI.  
 Their extra-  
 ordinary  
 ways of get-  
 ting Fire and  
 boiling their  
 Food.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention. If an Indian have  
 lost his Fire-Work, he can presently take two Sticks, the

\* What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,  
 Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Cavare ?  
 Or would our thrum Capp'd Ancestors find fault  
 For want of Sugar Tong, or Spoons for Salt ? —  
 Where e'ry thing that ev'ry Soldier got,  
 Fowl; Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what nor,  
 Was all thrown into Bank, and went to Pot.

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 Art of Cookery.

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