

fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral, natur is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country, every thing is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is perfect.

"Sarvants keep goin' round and round in a ring, slow, but sartain, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dum show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour; when your glass is empty it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle.

"Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a "*subdued tone*." Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't