

beef steak at a chop house is a preferable meal, even though you are driven to it by the event of washing day at home, or from the fact of your house being occupied by painters, whitewashers, or wet nurses. I will pass over all these together with dinner whilst travelling per stage, steam, or steamboat; dinners at boarding houses, and dinners at inns, considering them all as merely means to an end, and that end, existence.

I come now to a description of "*Dining Out*," with which I am myself very intimate, that is "*dining with the duke*," or rather going without any dinner at all. Gentle reader, did you ever try that meal? It does not involve indigestion, or cause obesity. You do not wait long over wine, nor does it take much money to settle the bill, and give the waiter his gratuity,—there is no ceremony, no occasion to dress, etiquette does not even require that you should wash your hands. You exist like the chameleon, and rather grudge a turnip to the sheep you watch munching at its leisure, whilst you