

But I have made one discovery, which I will not impart till my dying scene is over, perhaps it will be my last mouthful in this world, delicious thought, enough to sweeten (or rather make savoury) the hour of death. It is a little square bit about this size in or near the huckle bone of a

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near

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9596

fried joint of + + + + + fat I can't call it, nor lean neither altogether, it is that beautiful compound which Nature must have made in Paradise Park venison, before she separated the two substances, the dry & the oleaginous, to punish sinful mankind; Adam ate them ^{entire} & inseparable, and this little taste of Eden in the huckle bone of a fried + + + + + seems the only relique of a Paradiacal state. When I die, an exact description of its topography shall be left in a cupboard with a key, inscribed on which these words, C. Lamb dying imparts this to C. Chambers as the only worthy depository of such a secret!! You'd drop a tear -

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with regard to a John Dory, which you desire to be particularly informed about - I honour the fish, but it is rather on account of Quiri who patronized it, and whose taste (of a dead man) I had as lieve go by as any body's - (Apicius and Helio-gabalus excepted - this latter started nightingales brains and peacocks tongues as a garnish -)

Else, in itself, and trusting to my own poor single judgment, it hath not that moist mellow oleaginous gliding smooth descent from the tongue to the palate, thence to the stomach &c. as your Brighton Turbot hath, which I take to be the most friendly and familiar flavor of any that swims - most generally at home to the palate -

not has it on the other hand that fine falling off flakiness, that obsequious peeling off (as it were like a sea onion) which endears your cold head & shoulders to some appetites, that manly firmness combined with a sort of womanish coming-in-pieces which ^{the same} ~~is the~~ cold head & shoulders hath - where the whole is easily separable, pliant to a knife or a spoon, but each individual flake presents a pleasing resistance to the opposed tooth - you understand me - These delicate subjects are necessarily obscure -

but it has a third flavor of its own, totally distinct from Cod or Turbot, which it must be owned may

To some not injudicious palates render it acceptable - but to my unpractised tooth, it presented rather a crude river-fish-flavor, like your Pike or Carp, and perhaps like them should have been tamed & corrected by some laborious & well chosen sauce. Still, I always suspect a fish which requires ~~so~~ so much of artificial settings off your choicest relishes (like native Lovelings) need not the foreign aid of ornament, but are when unadorned (that is, with nothing but a little plain anchovy & a squeeze of lemon) are then adorned the most. However, I shall go to Brighton again, next Summer, and shall have an opportunity of correcting my judgment, if it is not sufficiently informed. I can only say that when Nature was pleased to make the John Dory so notoriously deficient in outward graces (as to be sure he is the very Rhinoceros of fishes, the ugliest dog that swims, except perhaps the Sea Satyr which I never saw, but which they say is terrible) when she formed him with so few external advantages, she might have bestowed a more elaborate finish on his parts internal, & have given him a relish, a sapor, to recommend him; as she made Pope a Poet to make up for making him crooked.

I am sorry to find that you have got a knack of saying things which are not true, to shew your wit. If I had no wit, but what I must shew at the expense of my virtue or my modesty, I had as lieve be as stupid as + + + at the Tea Warehouse. Depend upon it, Mr. Chambers, that an ounce of integrity at our death ~~test~~ bed will stand us in more avail than all the wit of Congress or + + +. For instance you tell me a fine story about Trufo, and his playing at Beccanington, which I know to be false, because I have advice from Derby that he was whipt through the Town on that very day you say he appeared in some character or other, for robbing an old woman at church of a seal ring. And St. Parr has been two months dead. So it wont do to scatter these random stories about among people that know any thing. Besides your fault is not invention. It is judgment, particularly shewn in your choice of dishes. We seem in that instance born under one star. I like you for liking hare. I esteem you for disrelishing minced veal. Liking is too cold a word, I love you for your noble attachment to the fat unctuous juices of deers flesh & the green unspeakable of turtle. I honor you for your endeavors to esteem and approve of my favorite which I ventured to recommend to you, as substitute for hare, bullocks heart; and I am not offended that you cannot taste it with my palate. A true son of Epicurus should reserve one taste peculiar to himself. For a long time I kept the secret about the exceeding deliciousness of the marrow of bulled knuckle of veal, till my tongue weakly run out in its praises, and now it is prostitute & common.