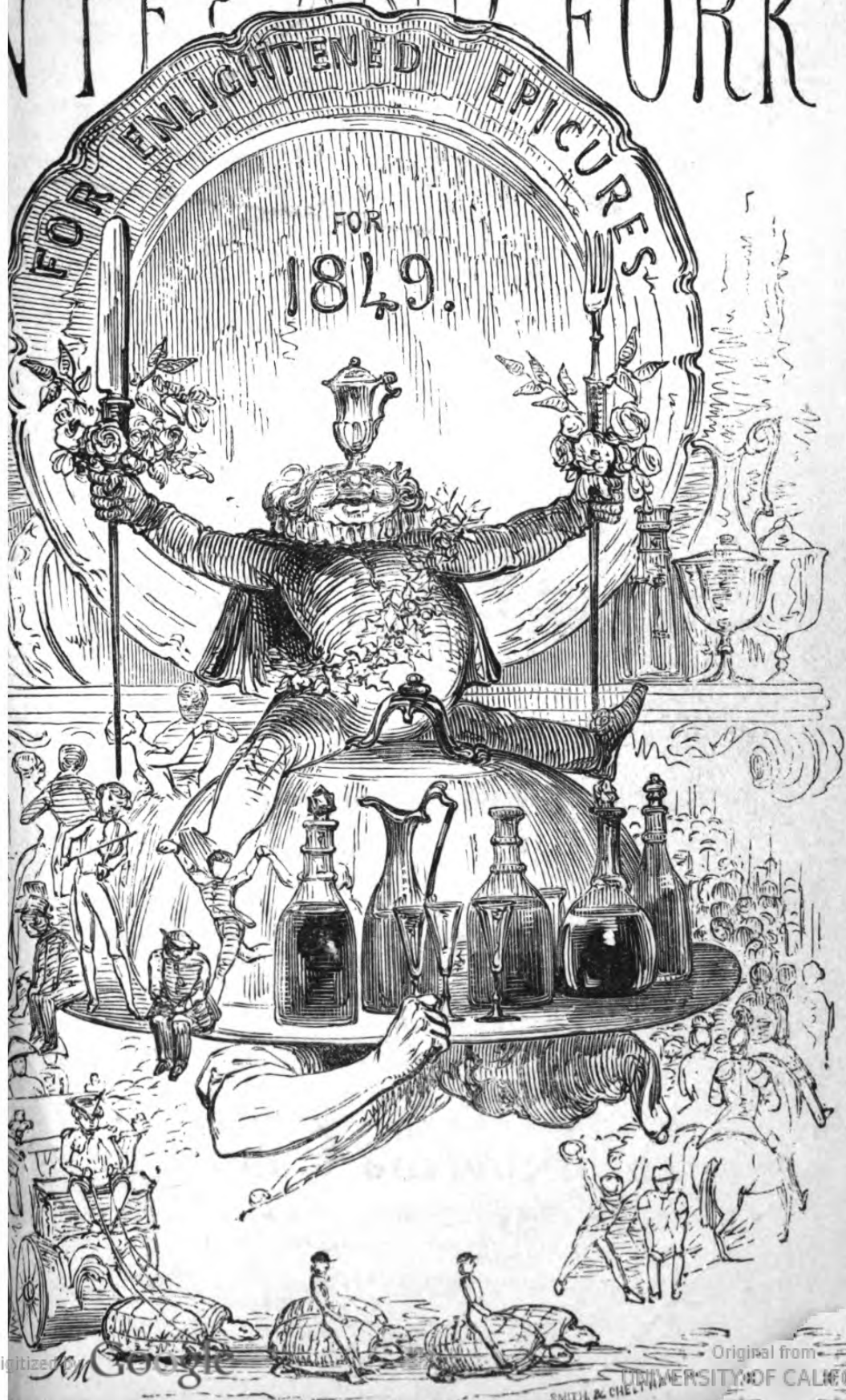


THE
KNIVES AND FORK



GASTRONOMIC RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

My rambles about London have not, let me assure the young and inexperienced epicure, been made in vain. I have visited every nook and cranny of this vast metropolis, and brought to light many of its obscure wonders. Nor has my attention been altogether confined to the gastronomic beauties of our capital, certainly not. I have made a point of exploring the colossal marts of the Moses and Hyams of this wonderful city; I have peered into the gigantic establishments of NUMBER ONE (the celebrated Number One); of Loader of Finsbury, Rippon and Burton, and of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, and I have made delightful journies in the Pannus Corium of Messrs. Hall, of Wellington Street; but till now I have refrained from making my experience public. It has, however, been suggested to me, that a work like the present would be incomplete if it did not include a guide to the notable gastronomic establishments with which London abounds.

First on my list comes Soyer with his sauce—his piquant sauce for ladies, and his finely flavoured, full (if we may be allowed the expression) sauce for men! Nor are these sauces the only offerings this celebrated follower of Ude and Savarin has to make to an epicurean public: who has not borne delighted testimony to his Nectar? Have you, fellow epicure, ever mingled a little sherry with Soyer's nectar? if so, you have tasted the most delightful beverage ever presented, on a summer's day, to a thirsting mortal. Well, these offerings may be had in Rupert Street, Haymarket, at M. Soyer and Co.'s establishment; then, a short walk from Rupert Street, led me, one bright day, to Morel's, where I secured some splendid Curaçoa from Amsterdam, and some very fine Maraschino of Zara; and where the student may, let me assure him, always get liquors in perfection. Being in the neighbourhood I sauntered to the offices of the Cadiz Wine Company, in St. James's Street, where I sipped some very excellent sherry, which, as the managing director informed me, was marked at a very moderate figure. I was in a fit of gastronomic

enthusiasm on the day in question; and was determined to test the excellencies of the various wines offered for sale by London dealers; but before leaving St. James's Street, I took care (as I was about to visit my country cottage for a week or so) to order a few dozen of Bass's excellent India Pale Ale, of Messrs. Berry and Co. I then directed my steps towards the premises of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, in Regent Street. Here I was delighted with a few choice samples of some exquisite wine. Among others, let me recommend their Chateau Margeaux, Lafitte, Beaune, Johannisberger, and Assmanhausen—(a fine red Hoek). In Piccadilly (as we are in the neighbourhood) let not the epicure neglect to pay a visit to Messrs. Gillat and Son, who have some splendid old Cognac Brandy; or, if he happen to stroll so far west, let him test the quality of the Marsala, kept by J. Jones, of Knightsbridge.

Epicures who have appetites for breakfast, or whose palate demands at this hour a savoury, yet not a rich dish, should try Townes' Rolled Ox Tongues, which may be bought at Townes' Establishment, Shaftesbury Terrace, Pimlico: I can cordially recommend them.

In Regent Street, the epicure may well pause to take into consideration the advantages of Lipscombe's Patent Filter; it is certainly the most effectual I have yet seen. Let the student pass on with me into Vere Street, Oxford Street, and note particularly the emporium where Lea and Perring's celebrated Worcestershire Sauce is made, and where the exquisite essence of coffee, and the dandelion coffee, are sold in great quantities. Or, if he be that way inclined—especially if he be of the City of London, he will go straightway to Berners Street—to the house of Messrs. Rannie and Co., to secure a jar of their Essence of Turtle.

I cannot accompany the student further; I am old, and cannot trudge onward with the briskness of youth; so I must e'en ask of an indulgent public to allow me to chronicle in due order, a few of the establishments whose scientific endeavours in promoting gastronomy, and adding to the refinements of the table, entitle them to the respectful attention of the epicure. For the year 1850 I promise a complete and well-digested tour.