

**LETTRES
HISTORIQUES
E T
GALANTES.**

*De deux Dames de Condition, dont l'une
étoit à Paris, & l'autre en Province.*

OUVRAGE CURIEUX.

**Nouvelle Edition, revüe, corrigée, augmentée
& enrichie de Figures.**

*Par M A D A M E de C****

TOME SECOND.



AVA 1948

**A AMSTERDAM,
Chez PIERRE BRUNEL, sur le Dam-**

M. DCC. XX.

mais à *Liège*, vous n'aurez qu'à demander le *Casse* de Monsieur *Dallemand*. Je croi qu'il doit être bien bon chez eux; car c'est des *Turcs* que nous en tenons l'usage. Des personnes qui viennent de ce Pais-là m'ont dit, que Monsieur & Madame *Dallemand* s'aiment encore tout comme le premier jour; qu'ils sont les plus contens du monde, malgré le médiocre état de leur condition, & que jamais il n'y eut une plus belle union, Voila qui peut faire paroître à Monsieur & Madame de *Bellisle*! Votre remede contre les tentations me paroît un peu cavalier: & comme vous dites fort bien, il est de ceux qu'on peut apeller pires que le mal. Je n'ai pas non plus grande envie de la Soupe aux chandelles de Monsieur de *Verforis*; & je souhaite que nous ne soions point réduits à la cruelle nécessité d'en goûter! J'aimerois encore mieux celle que les bons Peres *Jesuites* ont trouvé le secret de faire avec un caillou. On me contoit l'autre jour que ces deux *Reverens*, passant dans un Village de *Normandie*, entrèrent à l'heure du dîner dans la maison d'un *Païsan*. Ils n'y trouverent point de cuisine; le Pere & la Mere étoient aux champs, & les *Enfans* qui étoient de garde au logis, ne pouvoient pas être d'un grand secours à nos *Religieux*. Ils leur allumèrent pourtant bon feu, leur presenterent du cidre, & puis c'étoit tout. Cela ne suffisoit pas, les *Enfans* d'*Ignace* avoient envie de dîner; mais de peur d'effraier ceux du *Païsan*, ils n'osèrent pas demander tout d'un coup ce dont ils auroient eu besoin; & pour commencer par un bout, ils proposerent d'abord une Soupe, On leur répondit qu'il

n'y avoit rien pour la faire. Quoi ! dirent les Peres , vous ne sçavez donc pas que nous faisons nos Soupes avec un caillou ? Un caillou ! répondirent ces pauvres Enfans , cela doit être curieux ! Vraiment sans doute , dirent les Peres , & très-curieux : si vous voulez nous vous enseignerons nôtre secret : vous n'avez pour cela qu'à nous donner de l'eau & un caillou bien propre. Ce qui fut dit fut fait. On leur porta des cailloux à choisir ; & après qu'on en eut bien lavé un , & mis dans une marmite pleine d'eau , & que la marmite eut été posée sur le feu , on s'assit pour attendre qu'il fut cuit. La marmite bouilloit à force , & le caillou ne cuisoit point : ces Enfans y regardoient à tous momens de la meilleure foi du monde. Enfin nos Religieux , que la faim pressoit , commencèrent à s'impatier : ils accuserent l'eau de ce retardement , & dirent qu'il falloit qu'elle ne fût pas bonne , & qu'on ne pouvoit y remédier qu'en jettant du sel dedans. On leur en donna : mais comme l'effet n'en fut pas assez prompt , ils crurent qu'il seroit à propos d'y joindre aussi du beure. Ces Enfans , attentifs à cette nouvelle maniere de Soupe , donnoient tout ce qu'on leur demandoit ; si-bien que nos Jesuites après avoir obtenu le sel & le beure , les envoièrent au Jardin cueillir des choux , des oignons , & toutes sortes de légumes , qui furent plutôt cuites que le caillou. C'est assez , dirent-ils alors , il n'y a plus qu'à dresser le potage. On leur apporta du pain ; ils firent une Soupe excellente ; le caillou fut servi dessus en guise de chapon , un peu dur à la verité ; aussi n'y tou-

cha-t-on point, les Peres dirent qu'il falloit l'enfermer bien proprement, & qu'on pourroit encore en faire une autre soupe. Cependant celle-là fut trouvée très-bonne. Les pauvres Enfans avoient apellé leurs Voisins, qui vinrent tous admirer cette Soupe au Caillou. Le bruit s'en répandit dans tout le Village; & les plus dévots crièrent miracle là-dessus; & sans faite d'attention au sel, au beurre, ni aux choux, ils crurent qu'il falloit que le bon S. Ignace eût operé là dedans, & que sans son secours on n'auroit jamais pû faire du bouillon avec un caillou; puis que selon le Proverbe on ne scauroit tirer du suc d'une pierre. Voilà, ce me semble, une Soupe moins dégoûtante que celle dont vous m'avez parlé. J'admire avec vous la fermeté de Messieurs *Languaran & Cottin*! Je doute qu'on en puisse trouver d'aussi intrépides ailleurs que dans ce Pais-là; & il faut être *Gascon* pour imaginer une pareille faillie! Encore tous les *Gascons* ne s'en tirent-ils pas si bien, témoin le Cordelier de *Toulouse*. Je savois déjà cette Histoire-là; mais celle de ces deux débauchez de *Nîmes* a eu toute la grace de la nouveauté chez moi, aussi bien que l'Avanture du Sieur de *Kecolin*. Je ne saurois y penser encore que je n'en rie! Il me semble voir ces deux figures à peu près semblables à Monsieur & Madame *Sotenville*, cherchant leur maison à tâtons, & faisant des lamentations ridicules là-dessus. Une pareille scène auroit pû, si elle avoit été scûe de feu *Moliere*, fournir matière à quelque jolie Pièce. Monsieur de la *Cassagne* devoit être un aimable Homme, de n'avoir se réjouir ainsi à peu de frais;

& des petites malices de cette nature, qui n'en veulent ni au bien, ni à la réputation du prochain, ne sçauois, je croi, être criminelles ! Je m'imagine que ces bons mots devoient avoit leur mérite ; & vous m'aurez fait plaisir de m'en apprendre quelques-uns. La vivacité du País aide beaucoup à l'esprit, & donne un nouveau sel aux choses. Quoi-que l'on sache ici tout son *Roque-laure* par cœur, je n'avois pas pourtant encore entendu parler de la réponse qu'il fit à Monseigneur. Je la trouve un peu hardie ; mais il y a des gens qui risquent des choses que d'autres n'oseroient pas hasarder, & auxquels on pardonne à cause de l'invention ; mais je croi que vous auriez de la peine à me pardonner, si je ne faisois dans cette Lettre que récapituler la vôtre. Vous voulez des nouvelles, en voici. Vous connoissez du... Capitaine dans le Régiment de T... vous sçavez que bien loin d'être riche, il s'en faut plus de dix mille francs qu'il n'ait un sou : il vient pourtant d'épouser une Fille de condition, jeune & jolie, qui ne manque pas d'esprit, avec cinquante mille écus de bien, & une Pension du Roi d'environ cent pistoles. Voyez si ce n'est pas être heureux ! J'en suis ravie, car il est bon enfant ; mais je ne l'aurois jamais crû assez habile pour faire un coup comme celui-là : car il ne doit cette bonne fortune qu'à lui seul. La petite Personne étoit, pour cause de Religion dans la Communauté des filles de... elle avoit un Amant qui étoit Ami de du... & qui étoit au service. Du... eut occasion de voir cette Demoiselle, par rapport à son bon Ami elle étoit

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FABLES
ET CONTES
PHILOSOPHIQUES.

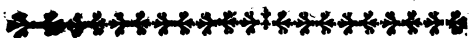
Par M. BARBE.



A PARIS,
Chez DELALAIN, rue & à côté de la
Comédie Française.

M. DCC. LXXI.

AVEC APPROBATION, ET PRIVILEGE DU ROI.



F A B L E I I I.

LA SOUPE AU CAILLOU *.

Deux Voyageurs, mourans & de soif & de faim,
 Entrent dans une ferme, & demandent en vain
 De quoi fortifier leur estomac débile...
 Messieurs, dit le Fermier, d'ici jusqu'à la Ville
 On compte tout au plus six heures de chemin.
 Partez, car nous n'avons ni viande, ni pain. —
 N'aurez-vous pas au moins un Caillou? — Pour
 quoi faire? —
 Pour faire de la soupe. — Oh! tant qu'il vous plaira
 Cette cour vous en fournira.

Ramassez-en, leur répond la Fermière.
 Mais fait-on de la soupe aux Cailloux? — Oui
 vraiment.

Vous l'allez voir. — Dans la cour promptement
 Un des deux Etrangers va chercher une pierre,
 La dégrasse d'abord, la frotte promptement,
 La jette ensuite au fond d'une chaudière,
 Qu'il fait remplir d'eau de rivière...
 Déjà l'eau bout... Goûtez, mes chers amis.
 N'a-t-elle pas un goût exquis? —

* Ce Conte est rapporté dans les Lettres de
 Madame Desnoyers, mais un peu différemment.

Elle n'a point de goût. -- Qu'y manque-t-il ? -- Du
beurre

Et du sel. -- Mettez-en , pour la rendre meilleure :

Est-ce fait ? -- Oui. -- Goûtez présentement :

La Soupe est-elle bonne ? -- Elle est assez passable. --

Elle doit l'être assurément.

Mais vous la trouveriez excellente , admirable ;

Si vous vouliez y mettre un chou.

Car enfin le jus de Caillou ,

Quoique délicieux , quoique très-salutaire ;

Quand il est seul ne nourrit guere. --

Le maître du logis s'empresse de plonger

Dans le sein creux de la chaudiere ;

Un chou pris dans le potager...

Maintenant , chers amis , ajoûte l'Etranger ,

La seule chose nécessaire ,

C'est de couper quelques tranches de pain ;

Pour recevoir ce suc divin ,

Comme s'il s'agissoit d'une Soupe ordinaire. --

TOUT est prêt , & le jus est versé dans un plat ;

Avec le gros Caillou , qui tient lieu de volaille...

Que cette soupe est d'un goût délicat !

S'écrie alors la rustique canaille. --

Je vous l'avois bien dit. Nous en ferons souvent :

Ah ! que George sera content !

Lorsque revenu du Village ,

Des pierres qu'il néglige , il connoitra l'usage !

Il ne sçait pas qu'on fait , en ajoûtant un chou ;

Du beurre, un peu de sel, de la soupe au Caillou. †

DANS mille occasions, pour se tirer d'affaire,

Un peu d'esprit est nécessaire.



F A B L E I V.

L'ASTROLOGUE *.

DANS un lieu découvert, éloigné de la Ville,
Sidrophil, Astrologue, avoit son domicile,

Il alléguoit pour ses raisons,

Que des Clochers la hauteur importune,

Les branches d'arbres, les maisons,

L'empêchoient d'observer les Phases de la Lune **.

D'étudier le Ciel, de régler les saisons.

Ainsi notre Docteur, au milieu d'une plaine;

Même quand les vents froids sortis de leurs prisons,

Changeoient par leur piquante haleine

L'eau rapide en épais glaçons,

Contemploit le Bélier, le Verseau, les Poissons.

* Ce Conte est imité du Poème Anglois, intitulé *Hudibras*, chant sixième. Ce Poème roule sur les guerres civiles du tems de Charles Ier. La secte des Puritains y estournée en ridicule. M. de

Voltaire regarde cet Ouvrage comme intraduisible, & il a bien raison.

** On appelle Phases de la Lune les différentes manieres dont cette Planete nous paroît éclairée du Soleil.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

AND

London Review,

Containing

Portraits, Views, (Biography, Anecdotes)

Literature HISTORY Politics

Arts. Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

BY THE

Philological Society of London

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1806

wall of the Exchequer, that so long stood across and impeded the way betwixt the Old and New Palace Yards, and which at last was near overturning his Majesty's state coach? He might also have been commissioned to eat through the flint stones which we know were penetrated with infinite labour, in order to make a new door and passage to the Treasury, and by which the way has been, of late, rendered much *more easy*. He might have swallowed Temple-bar, nibbled a bit of the south corner of St. Clement's Church, and devoured Exeter 'Change. But instead of saying what he might have done, if the interest of the metropolis had been properly considered, we shall close this notice by merely stating what he did, or rather what he was supposed to do.

About sixteen or seventeen years since, this genius, so celebrated for eating stones, had apartments in Cockspur-street. His whole length portrait was displayed on the outside, with a table and plate of stones before him. We believe his residence in a brick house to have been an act of necessity, as no landlord would have deemed it *safe* to have let him a lodging in one of *stone*, as he might literally have been ate "out of house and home." In this place he used to make many *public meals* in a day; at which, like the public dinners that were formerly at court, he was frequently favoured with a good deal of company. His visitors, although they did not *board*, or rather *sous* with him, paid first half-a-crown; and when he, or, more properly speaking, the town, had almost a *bellyfull*, a shilling for their ordinary.

The stones, which were generally smooth pebbles, (for upon these common occasions he only *fiddled* as one does with a lark at supper, or a few oysters before dinner,) were brought from the *cold larder*, served up in plates, and swallowed by him with great decorum. However, the company generally departed satisfied with this sight of A FEAST, as passengers have been said to lose their appetites by inhaling the steam from a cook's shop.

Many meals of this nature were made by this genius, who is to be honoured for having by a *short process* discovered the philosopher's stone, with which he is said to have retired per-

fectly satisfied to enjoy his *Otium cum dignitate*.

RECIPE TO MAKE STONE SOUP.

A traveller, apparently wearied, arrived one morning at a small village that lies to the north of Schaffhausen, on the road to Zurich, in Switzerland. A good woman sat spinning and singing at the door of her cottage; he came up to her; talked first about the roughness of the roads, and then of the prospect of a luxuriant vintage along the banks of the Rhine: at last he asked her if she had any fire?

"To be sure I have! How should I dress my dinner else?"

"Oh, then," said the Traveller, "as your pot is on, you can give me a little warm water."

"To be sure I can! But what do you want with warm water?"

"If you will lend me a small pot," said the Traveller, "I'll show you."

"Well! you shall have a pot. There, now what do you want with it?"

"I want," said the Traveller, "to make a mess of stone soup?"

"Stone soup!" cried the woman, "I never heard of that before. Of what will you make it?"

"I will show you in an instant," said the man. So untying his wallet, he produced a large smooth pebble. "Here," he cried, "is the *principal ingredient*. Now toast me a large slice of bread, hard and brown. Well, now, attend to me."

The stone was infused in warm water; the bread was toasted, and put into the pot with it. "Now," said the Traveller, "let me have a bit of bacon, a small quantity of sour kroust, pepper, and salt, onions, celery, thyme." In short, he demanded all the necessary materials. The good woman had a store cupboard and a well cropped garden; so that these were procured in an instant, and the cookery proceeded with great success.

When it was finished, the kind hostess, who had watched the operation with some anxiety, and from time to time longed to taste the soup, was indulged. She found it excellent. She had never before tasted any that was so good. She produced all the edibles that her cottage afforded; and spreading her table, she, with the Traveller, made a hearty meal, of which the stone soup formed a principal part.

When he took his leave, he told the

good woman, who had carefully washed the stone, that as she had been so benevolent to him, he would, in return, make her a present of it.

"Where did you get it?" said she.

"Oh," he replied, "I have brought it a considerable way; and it is a stone of that nature, that if it be kept clean, its virtue will never be exhausted, but, with the same ingredients, it will always make *as good soup* as that which we have this day eaten."

The poor woman could hardly fet any bounds to her gratitude; and she and the Traveller parted highly satisfied with each other.

Proud of this discovery, she, in general terms, mentioned it to her neighbours. By this means the recipe was promulgated; and it was in the course of many experiments at length found, that other pebbles would make as good soup as that in her possession. The viand now became fashionable through the Canton, and was indeed so generally approved, as to find its way to most of the peasants' tables, where *stone soup* used frequently to be served as the first dish.

Alii diutius Imperium tenuerunt, Nemo tam fortiter reliquit.

TACIT. HIST. Lib. 1.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

LOOKING into the XLVth Volume of the European Magazine, (April, 1804,) I observe an attack upon the quality of King Charles the 1st, made in two instances of the jurisprudence of that excellent Monarch, by a Correspondent signing himself X. Y.; and as I do not find that any answer thereto has ever been published, I have thought it particularly requisite, in the passing times, to endeavour to vindicate the character and memory of a Sovereign who certainly had the good of all his subjects at heart as much as any of his predecessors.

That the epithets "excellent and amiable" are not misapplied when speaking of that Monarch, I imagine will be very readily and generally admitted; for let it be recollected, that he was a pattern of fidelity in all respects to his subjects; or if too much conjugal affection be accounted a foible, remember that it was held out

as a sign of contrast, or antidote, to the reigning and prominent foibles of the pseudo-reforming, revolutionary, and rebellious times in which he was educated, and to which he fell a martyr: the just to the cruel and unjust!

If any one wishes to know the character of this Monarch, let him consult that incomparable work of his, the "Εικων Βασιλικη," or Royal Image of His Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings, particularly the twentieth number or chapter, and then judge whether the following passage of Samuel Butler's *Hudibras*, (two distinct works, of their respective authors, that are now, in our times, rarely mentioned,) may not very aptly be quoted, where he says, in the second canto of the third part,

"For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter."

Let any one think on the Constitutions of the different States of Europe, and so find, by the evidence of past events, if those subjects were not fairly presumed the happiest where they least interfere with their Monarch; and thence infer the rectitude of the conduct of King Charles the 1st as to the case of ship-money; and whether his subjects, by disputing his authority, were benefited by such means, or whether they did not submit and pay a tax to their demagogue rulers of 120,000l. per month in lieu of it, being ten times greater than that of Ship-money.

It is always commendable, when convinced of error, to shift to the right side, or, as the phrase is, to become a turncoat, when in a just cause, and so publicly to acknowledge it; but blindly to permit against the light of reason and experience, or to turn from right to wrong, must appear abominable;—and I do not think it very creditable to the equanimity of Judge Croke, (or Crooke, as spelt by most historians,) nor his brother Hutton, to have given their opinions two ways upon the same subject, and that such a serious matter as taxation;—but there can be no doubt that from a King's Bench Judge

By Billmeyer

THE
AMERICAN
MAGAZINE OF WIT ;

A COLLECTION OF
ANECDOTES, STORIES, AND NARRATIVES,

HUMOROUS, : QUEER,
MARVELLOUS, : REMARKABLE, AND
WITTY, : INTERESTING.

PARTLY SELECTED, AND PARTLY ORIGINAL ;
WITH PLATES.

By A JUDGE

*Of the Convivial Court of Dover, aided by a Jury of
Odd Fellows !*

“ Every time a man laughs, he draws a nail out of his
coffin.” Sterne.

“ Hither haste, and bring with thee
“ Jest and youthful Jollity,
“ Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
“ Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
“ Such as dwell on HEBE’s cheek,
“ And love to live in dimples sleek.
“ Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
“ And Laughter holding both his sides. Milton.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY H. C. SOUTHWICK,
No. 2, Wall-Street.

.....
1808.

ANECDOTE OF FONTENELLE.

THE following trait in the private life of this celebrated philosopher, and averred as a fact, is not very consistent with the character which his works have so generally obtained him for humanity. Having entertained his brother philosopher, Abbe Lubos, *tete-a-tete*, at dinner, Fontenelle, who was himself not deprived of appetite by his philosophy, placed before his friend a dish of young asparagus in the early part of the season. Not agreeing in their taste, the Abbe liking them with oil, and Fontenelle with sauce, they made a fair partition, and gave directions to the cook, that the two bunches should be brought up to their different liking. The order was no sooner given than the Abbe fell back in an apoplectic fit, and was consigned to the care of the servants; while Fontenelle ran down stairs, crying out to the cook, "bring up *all* the asparagus with *sauce*, bring *all* with *sauce*!" He then sat down to it with all the *sang froid* of philosophy, and sustaining with admirable fortitude the misfortune of his friend!—This anecdote is related by Mr. Linguet, in his *Miscellaneous Tracts*.



STONE SOUP.

TWO travellers, ready to die with hunger and thirst, came to a churlish farmer's, begging some little matter to satisfy their stomachs. The mistress of the house, some servants, and children only were at home. 'Good people,' said the dame, (who was as churlish as her hus-

band) 'it is six miles to the next town, where you may get every thing you want, and we have neither bread nor victuals in the house.' Said one of the travellers, 'As for your bread and victuals, we want neither; can you only oblige us with a tolerably large flint stone?' 'What for?' 'To make us some soup.' 'Oh! if that be all,' said the ill-natured Jezebel, 'there are flints enough in the yard, but who the deuce told you that soup was made out of stones?' 'If you will have patience,' said the traveller, 'and only assist us with a little water, you shall see.' 'How much water do you want?' 'About a gallon.' The maid was immediately ordered to put it on the fire. The traveller then went into the yard, and having, with great seeming circumspection, picked up a stone, washed it as clean as possible, and as soon as the water boiled, soused it into the pot. After it had lain about a quarter of an hour, he gets a spoon, and tasting it, calls the landlady: 'Here, madam, only take a drop, has it not a most excellent flavour?' 'A flavour!' cries she, 'the water is just as it was before.' The other traveller now put in his word; 'you have forgot to put in the pot-herbs.' 'Faith, so I did,' cries his comrade, 'I thought it wanted something.' 'Prythee, good dame, let us have a few pot-herbs out of the garden, and (as the maid was going for them) bring also, added he, a cabbage, some onions, and two or three carrots; I know I never failed of making soup out of a stone in my life.' 'I'll be shot,' says the farmer's wife, 'if you'll make it now.' 'You shall see.

Come let me have a little salt and pepper.' He now seasoned the water, and after the garden stuff had boiled some time, he tasted the soup again, handing the spoon a second time to the farmer's wife. 'How is it at present?' 'Why,' said she, 'it is something better; but you'll never make soup of it.' 'Faith!' says he, smacking his lips, 'I think it is excellent already: have you ever a bit of beef in the house?' 'I dont know but there is,' said she, 'about two or three pounds of a neck.' 'Nothing better—let me have it directly, with half a dozen burnt crusts of bread.' These ingredients were allowed him like the rest. After a proper time he declared the soup was ready, and calling for a dish, poured it out, the stone appearing in the middle: Every one tasted, and declared it was excellent. 'Heaven bless you!' cried the farmer's wife, 'let me have a receipt—my good man will be so pleased.' 'Give me a piece of paper' (said the traveller) and I'll write it down for you,' which he did as follows:—*A receipt to make Stone Soup.* 'Take a large stone, put it into a sufficient quantity of boiling water; properly season it with pepper and salt; add three or four pounds of good beef, a handful of pot-herbs, some onions, a cabbage, and three or four carrots. When the soup is made the stone may be thrown away.'

OF THE ANCIENT TYRINTHIANS.

THE inhabitants of Tyrinthus had contracted such a habit for jesting on every occasion, that they were no longer able to discuss, seriously, the most important