

## BEEF AND POTATOES.

A DIETETIC DITTY.

*AIR—Potatoes grow in Limerick.*

“POTATOES grow in Limerick and beef in Bal-  
limore;”

Use the two together, and of strength you'll have a store:  
Beef supplies the fibre, while the *taties* feed the fire;  
And a little glass of good poteen will merriment inspire.

Every muscle as it moves some tear and wear sustains;  
And thus set free, the old debris find out their several  
drains:

Howe'er sad the thought may seem, the fact is very  
clear,

That day by day we waste away, and soon should dis-  
appear.

But food is sent, with kind intent, the fabric to restore;  
The pot that boils our bit of beef rebuilds us as before;

Or should we take, for England's sake, her roast beef so  
renowned,  
You would not wish a nobler dish, with pudding duly  
browned.

A round of beef in winter time is found a joyous treat,  
When pickled with a mixture where both salt and sugar  
meet ;  
But salting needs correction, and Old Custom tells the  
means,  
That the round should be encircled with a lively wreath  
of *greens*.

As some relief, when tired of beef, you'll find that mut-  
ton's good ;        \*  
With turnips and with caper-sauce, it makes a pleasant  
food :  
Mutton old and claret good were Caledonia's forte,  
Before the Southron taxed her drink and poisoned her  
with port.

If fowl or veal should be your meal, then have a slice of  
ham,  
Where fat and lean, together seen, may save an extra  
dram :

But let your ham be duly boiled, and don't eat pork  
that's raw,  
For fear that Trichiniasis should clutch you in its claw.

Some, *veluti in speculum*, survey their loss and gain,  
And try by weight and measure nice a medium to main-  
tain :

So when of all their goings-out they've found the just  
amount,  
They eat, or starve, as best may serve to balance the  
account.\*

But, sooth to say, a simpler way will do the job as well ;  
Your appetite, if tight and right, will be your dinner-bell ;  
Eat when'er you're hungry, and when hunger ceases—  
stop ;  
And drink for love and friendship's sake a not immo-  
derate drop.

O happy he, from doctors free, who thus adjusts his fare,  
As true and pat as if he sat in great Santorio's chair !  
He doesn't take too little, and he doesn't take too much,  
And a heart more sound will not be found, "from  
Canada to Cutch."

\* See 'Spectator,' No. 25.