Kettner's book of the table : a manual of cookery, practical, theoretical, historical.

Contributors

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Kettner's

BOOK OF THE TABLE.



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COOKERY

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THE ORIGIN OF KETTNER'S RESTAURANT.

THE author of this book was M. Auguste Kettner, the noted Chef who, having held remunerative appointments in some of the leading Restaurants of the Continent, accumulated enough capital to come to London in 1867 and start a Restaurant of his own in Church Street, Soho, W. Soho in those days was quite a different locality to what it is at the present time, for then Shaftesbury Avenue did not exist and the Palace Theatre was a place of the future. Notwithstanding its geographical disadvantages Kettner's Restaurant quickly became the rendezvous of all the bon-viveurs of London, and in a very short time the single house at 29, Church Street proved inadequate to accommodate the rapidly increasing clientele. The excellence of the cuisine and wines rapidly attracted the leading members of Society, the Stage and the Literary World, and M. Kettner was compelled to enlarge the Restaurant in order to cope with the ever increasing demand on his accommodation.

In 1877 M. Kettner was persuaded by his good friends and clients, Mr. Geo. Augustus Sala and Mr. J. J. Dallas, to give the benefit of his skill and knowledge of cookery to the English-speaking people, and there is no doubt that those two gentlemen well-known in the literary world of the day rendered him invaluable assistance in the compilation of this book, as in addition to a superlative culinary knowledge, it exhibits, literary ability of the highest order.

In the same year M. Kettner, after a very short illness, was called from the region where he had so well catered for the alimentary requirements of his fellow mortals, leaving his business, then firmly established as one of the institutions of London, to Madame Kettner.

Madame Kettner ere long took another partner both in the business and matrimonial sense in the person of M. Giovanni Sangiorgi who, with his vast experience in both Hemispheres, was equally as well qualified as his predecessor to cater for the requirements of an ever increasingly discriminating and fastidious public. Under his guiding hand Kettner's Restaurant grew in popularity, additional houses were acquired, parts of the premises rebuilt, and ultimately the Restaurant as it is now known by all who appreciate good food in preference to elaborate decoration, was completed.

Specimen Menu of TABLE D'HÔTE LUNCHEON.

As served in Restaurant.

Price 3/6.

Kettner's Restaurant.

TELEPHONE: No. 5436 GERRARD.

TELEGRAMS: "KETTNERS, LONDON."

Menu.

Hors d'œuvre Variés.

—

Potage Parmentier.

—

Blanchailles Diablées.

—

Sauté d'agneau Printanier.

Pommes nature.

—

Poulet Grillé à l'anglaise.

Salade.

—

Compôte de fruits.

—

Glacé.

Suppers after the Theatres.

Table d'Hôte Luncheons from 1 till 3 O'Clock.

Specimen Menu of TABLE D'HÔTE DINNER.

As served in Restaurant.

Price 7/6

Kettner's Restaurant.

TELEPHONE: No. 5436 GERRARD.

TELEGRAMS: "KETTNERS, LONDON."

Menu.

Hors d'œuvre.

—

Petite Marmite.
Bisque d'Ecrevisses.

—

Saumon Souchet.
Blanchailles.

—

Caille à la Diane.
Peti Chateau Marion Delorme.
Pommes nouvelles.

—

Sorbet au kirsch.

—

Poulet de Printemps Rôti.
Salade.

—

Asperges en branche.

—

Bombe Alexandra.
Friandises.
Canapé Moderne.

Suppers after the Theatres.
Table d'Hôte Luncheons from 1 till 3 O'Clock.

Specimen Menu of TABLE D'HÔTE DINNER.

As served in Restaurant. **Price 5/-**

Kettner's Restaurant.

TELEPHONE: No. 5436 GERRARD. TELEGRAMS: "KETTNERS, LONDON."

Menu.

Hors d'œuvre.

—

Consommé Beaulieu.
Crême Mirabeau.

—

Filets de Sole Mathilde
or
Blanchailles.

—

Mousse de Jambon Choiseuil.
Noisette de Pré Salé Rachel.
Pommes Persillées.

—

Canard Sauvage à la Presse.
Salade

—

Biscuit glacé Kettner.

Suppers after the Theatres.
Table d'Hôte Luncheons from 1 till 3 O'Clock.

Specimen Menu of "THEATRE" DINNER.

As served in Grill Room. **Price 3/6**

Kettner's Restaurant.

TELEPHONE: No. 5436 GERRARD. TELEGRAMS: "KETTNERS, LONDON."

Menu.

Hors d'œuvre.

—

Consommé Xavier.

Crême Georgette.

—

Turbot crême au gratin.

—

Filet piqué Japonaise.

Pommes Château.

—

Caille de vigne rôtie.
Salade.

—

Glacé panachée.

Suppers after the Theatres.
Table d'Hôte Luncheons from 1 till 3 O'Clock.

Specimen Menu of SPECIAL GRILL SUPPER.

As served in Restaurant.

Price 3/-

Kettner's Restaurant.

TELEPHONE: No. 5436 GERRARD.

TELEGRAMS: "KETTNERS, LONDON."

Menu.

Consommé double.

—

Filets de sole frite Sauce Tartare.

—

Côtelette d'agneau grillée.
Pommes allumettes.

—

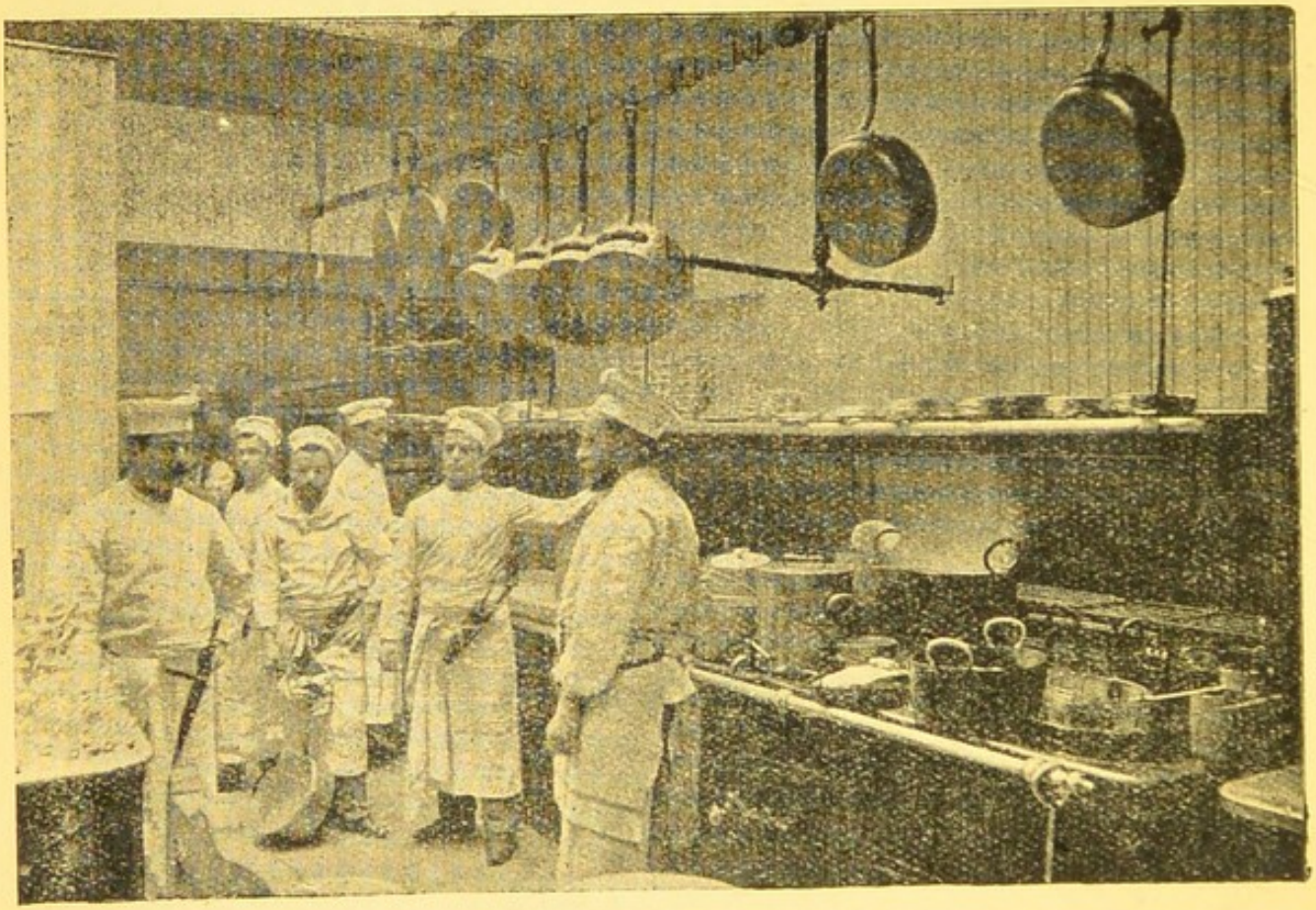
Biscuit glacé Kettner
or
Rapée de Haddock.

Suppers after the Theatres.
Table d'Hôte Luncheons from 1 till 3 O'Clock.

One of the Special Features of . .

Kettner's Restaurant

is that its Kitchens are on the Ground Floor, immediately opposite the main entrance. Inspection is always invited.



A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN.

Some dishes described in **Kettner's Book of the Table** may present difficulties to the ordinary cook.

The Chef of Kettner's Restaurant will at any time be pleased to explain and demonstrate the preparation of them to any patrons of the Restaurant.

Kettner's Restaurant.

In addition to the spacious Restaurants, Lounge and Grill Room on the ground floor, and Ladies' Dining Room on the first floor, Kettner's have extensive accommodation for private parties.

The Tudor Room,

which was constructed at the time of the last extension of the premises, is a very handsome apartment completely panelled in fumed oak, and is an ideal place for the accommodation of parties up to a number of forty. It has adjoining reception rooms and is in every way adapted for the purpose for which it was built. It is used extensively for political, literary and masonic dinners, and much appreciated for its privacy and cosiness.

There are many other rooms suitable for similar parties,

The Pink Suite

in particular being a most charming rendezvous for twelve to fifteen people.

The management are always prepared to give quotations and suggested special menus for this class of party.

THE BOOK OF THE TABLE.

ALAS! HOW SIMPLE TO THESE CATES COMPARED
WAS THAT CRUDE APPLE THAT DIVERTED EVE.

Paradise Regained

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KETTNER'S

BOOK OF THE TABLE

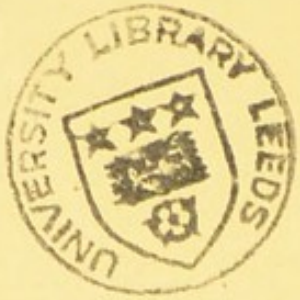
A MANUAL OF COOKERY

PRACTICAL
THEORETICAL
HISTORICAL

These are not fruits forbidden: no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.

Paradise Regained.

LONDON
KETTNERS LTD., CHURCH STREET, W.
ORIGINAL EDITION, 1877
REPRINTED, 1912



S. 14649.

DEDICATION

TO FIRST EDITION.

TO

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

One of the most accomplished men of his time, the readiest of writers, the rarest of humourists, a most winning orator, a most cunning draughtsman, laden with a learning which would crush most men, and blest with a heart which is almost that of a woman; he probably knows more about the history of cookery in all countries of the world than any man alive, and to him therefore these pages are inscribed with sincere admiration.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

Years have rolled by since **Kettner's Book of the Table** *first saw the light. The moment it made its* DEBUT *in the world of letters its success was assured. It came,* WAS READ, *and conquered. A loud, a unanimous, and a rapturous chorus of approval welcomed its appearance. To it might with justice have been applied the words in which the greatest of lexicographers expressed his appreciation of another immortal work.* "It satisfies the critics and delights mankind." The heads of the culinary profession accepted it as the last word,* LE DERNIER CRI, *as our neighbours on the other side of the Channel would say, upon their art. The "plain cook" who was fortunate enough to secure a copy found in its simple but scientific* FORMULÆ *a guide at once infallible and easy to follow. The demand for it exceeded the wildest anticipations. Like the apple-pie of the nursery legend it was "longed for," even "fought for," and when "got" or "had" was not, so to speak, merely "bit" or "ate," but devoured, while when lost or mislaid it was deeply "mourned for." It made its way equally into the regal palace, the ancient hall, and the lowly cottage* —PAUPERUM TABERNAS, REGUMQUE TURRES—*the splendid town mansion, the luxurious club, the hunting-box, and the batchelor's bungalow.*

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*Milton's *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.*

Wherever it entered **Kettner's Book of the Table** *brought with it happiness, domestic peace, content. The reader may ask how and why? The explanation is simple.*

"Feed the brute!" was the advice given to the youthful bride by the experienced matron, when consulted as to the best way of managing a husband. Excellent advice, although the terms in which it was conveyed leave something to be desired. But how was the gentleman to be alimented, to use a Scottish expression? Ay, there was the rub! In ancient times the daughters of the house were initiated into the mysteries of boiling and stewing, baking and roasting, grilling and frying. The secret of making soup or RAGOUT, *pastry or preserve, and omelet, sweet or savoury, yes, and how they should be served too, was taught to the fair* DEMOISELLES *who lived in the days of the Crusaders and the Barons' Wars. But times have changed,* AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS. *The kitchen and the larder know not the society lady, and know too seldom the wife of the ordinary well-to-do citizen. Indeed, the entry of either into such sacred precincts would be resented as an intrusion. The modern wife, alas! has not learned how to cater for her mate, whether he happens, or does not happen, to be a "brute," which, in the matter of eating, at all events, he most frequently is not.* AU CONTRAIRE *he is often very much the reverse, requiring to have his meals properly cooked, sufficiently diversified, and served with neatness, taste, and elegance. What a difference do such things make, especially the first-named! Like true wit, good cooking*

"Is nature to advantage DRESSED."

"To-night," writes Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese philosopher and statesman, in his diary now in course of publication in the OBSERVER, *"To-night I am to attend another banquet given by the Tsar, which, I hope, will not continue as long as the one last night. It is true that they prepare foods especially for me, but," he adds pathetically, "they do not taste like the foods at home, or those of our own cooks which we have brought along." By the way, he does*

not tell us how he dressed those two ducks which he admits he stole, cooked and ate, and for which his father could not pay and therefore received two hundred sound strokes of the bamboo. In China they appear to visit the sins of the children on the parents. It is lucky for some of us that the same law does not prevail here. We might otherwise have to cultivate an upright rather than a sedentary attitude. But this is a digression. REVENONS A NOS MOUTONS. *As we were saying when the Chinese gentleman interrupted us, a man of refinement, even though married, requires his food properly cooked, frequently varied, and served with neatness, taste and elegance. To this surely he is entitled. It costs no more to provide such a repast than it does to dish up an insipid or ill-savoured mass of badly cooked victuals,* CRUDIS INDIGESTAQUE MOLES, *perhaps also*

"Overdone or come tardy off,"

as Shakespeare—or was it Bacon?—said through the lips of the melancholy Dane. Besides, it is a well established physiological fact that the very appearance and aroma of a dish promote an appetite.

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,"

to quote again from the same author, whom we forbear to name lest we should rekindle in some reader's mind the flames of a controversy now, it is to be hoped, dying out. It is moreover equally well established that what is partaken of with relish is all the more easily digested and all the more perfectly assimilated.

Now here it is that **Kettner's Book of the Table** *comes in so usefully. When the "brute," as he has been designated, returns home after an anxious day—a day in the course of which, being perchance a lawyer, he has lost a heavy case; or being a doctor, has stood beside the death-bed of a respected (and lucrative) patient; or being a financier, has seen a promising deal fall through—and sits down disconsolately to that awful infliction and affliction, a bad dinner, it is the*

last straw. Can one wonder if he curses his hard fate, the cook, and LAMENTABILE DICTU, *even the wife of his bosom? If on the other hand he is presented with a really good dinner, well chosen, well cooked, well served, tempting, the cloud on his brow disappears gradually with each successive course, and by the time he has had a fragrant cup of coffee, and a liqueur, and has lighted a good cigar, he finds himself taking a different and brighter view of life.*

Then again, there is that announcement which strikes terror into an unprepared hostess: "I am bringing a friend home to dinner!" Or, what is worse still, a friend brought hom to dinner without previous warning, "to take pot luck!" How is the poor lady to break the news to an irascible cook of whom under the most favorable circumstances she stands in profound awe? But to the most autocratic tyrant of the kitchen such an emergency presents no difficulty and therefore constitutes no CASUS BELLI *if she is armed with* **Kettner's Book of the Table.** *She knows that with its aid she can, out of unconsidered trifles, add something to a* MENU *which will transform what was a frugal meal for two into a feast for three.*

Of course it is not only when a man is down in his luck that the boon of a nice little dinner is appreciated. When his affairs are prospering it adds to his happiness and caps the climax. Then his heart expands, and his purse-strings relax. How many a smart frock, and how many a costly ornament, owe their existence to the gratification which a hungry but discriminating spouse derives from a nice little dinner!

The numerous copies of the first edition of **Kettner's Book of the Table** *which were struck off have been long since exhausted. The work has been for a lengthy period out of print. Was there any motive to reproduce it? The name and fame of* **Kettner's** *were established. Nothing could increase them or put them on a firmer foundation. Personal motive, therefore, there was none. But what of the Public? Was the present generation to be deprived of a priceless boon which their predecessors had enjoyed and had so highly appreciated?*

No! **Kettner's Book of the Table** *must be republished, and it is.*

But it is time to bring this preface to a close, otherwise some ill-natured person might perhaps harbour a vague suspicion that there was an intention to praise the work; than which, needless to say, there is nothing further from our minds. We shall therefore now conclude by saying to the reader, and to all those for whose benefit **Kettner's Book of the Table** *is now republished,*

"May good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both."

November, 1912.

INTRODUCTION

TO FIRST EDITION.

WHOEVER writes a new book on cookery has to begin with an apology—there are so many, and most of them so bad. All contain good ideas, original or borrowed; but most of them are chaotic and overlaid with rubbish,—the wildest confusion of receipts, distinctions without differences, and endless repetitions,—the result of stupidity, of vanity, and of slavish deference to authority. A trifling variation is given to a well-known dish; a new name is bestowed upon it to flatter somebody's vanity; and then follows another and another receipt to choke up the cookery books and to bewilder their readers. People run after novelties which are not novelties at all, and in the turmoil of details lose sight of the central idea which ought to govern the composition. Much as the folly of new names and the slavishness of imitation may have to do in producing such intolerable confusion, the worst part of it unhappily is due to sheer ignorance and stupidity, as a few examples will show.

In the first place, we find a multitude of receipts where one is enough. There is a well-known soup which appears in cookery books under nine or ten different names—Brunoise, Jardinière, Printanier, Chiffonnade, Macédoine, Julienne, Faubonne, Paysanne, Flamande, Mitonnage, Croûte au Pot. The same book may not use all these names, but it is puzzling to find one book using one name and another another. One of them, the

Julienne, is peculiar, but the peculiarity is nearly lost in modern cookery; and we may say that practically all ten are one and the same soup, with differences which are wholly accidental. Put into the soup a variety of vegetables such as a gardener's wife might filch in her apron, and there is the soup à la Jardinière. It is also the soup à la Macédoine. Put into it the early spring vegetables, and there is the spring soup. Put into it the modest assortment, the onion and the cabbage, which a peasant's wife might command, and which corresponds very much to the limited supply of any winter garden, and there is the soup à la Paysanne. Put in crusts of bread, either because vegetables are scarce, or because you are afraid of them, and there is Croûte au Pot. Put in Brussels sprouts, and there is something to suggest a new name—Flemish soup—because Brussels is the capital of the Flemish country. There is nothing scientific in this. It is a mere senseless heaping up of names and receipts, to the ruin of cooks and to the incessant disappointment of the dinner-table.

In other cases we have a single receipt where we might well have half a dozen—as witness aspic jelly. The science of the kitchen is so proud of its achievement in this one receipt, that it rests in its triumph, makes no attempt at variety, and afflicts us with one eternal cold meat sauce. The English have been often satirised for their one sauce—the so-called melted butter. But French cookery, with all its pretensions, ought to be ashamed of the monotony produced by aspic. In England especially, where cold meats are in great request, the monotony of aspic is too palpable. The dinner of Englishmen, far more than of foreigners, implies a large joint of meat which has afterwards to be eaten cold. There is cold meat at breakfast, cold meat at luncheon, cold meat at supper, cold meat all the day—which is eaten with pickles for lack of good sauce. Here was a great opportunity

for cooks to provide appropriate sauces. The most appropriate sauce for cold meat is a jelly, or half jelly, of some sort; and the French have invented one jellied sauce to go with cold viands—aspic. It is not to be supposed that one and the same sauce will suit every meat alike, every taste alike, or even the same taste at different times. We cannot take the same everlasting aspic with cold meat all the year round. But the cookery books, with scarcely an exception, give one single receipt for savoury jelly, and they call it aspic, though it does not contain a particle of aspic in it. What aspic is will be explained in its proper place. Here it must be enough to point out that, be it what it may, it is absurd to use this one precious jelly with a false name, morning, noon, and night, and all the year through, with fish, flesh, and fowl, in season and out of season. Francatelli —and he may be taken as a type of all the great French cooks—gives a most elaborate receipt for aspic jelly; and he is so satisfied with it that, having to prepare a cold supper for 300 people, he works it up in every one of his fifty-six dishes which are not sweet nor hot. At the end of his great work, now in its twenty-third edition, and of such authority that many of the best people swear by it, he gives a great many bills of fare which are set forth as models for imitation. Most of these are for hot dinners; but in two of them he shows what modern cookery can do in the way of a cold refection. It will be enough to quote his bill for the cold viands of his supper:—

"BALL SUPPER FOR 300 PERSONS—Summer.

8 Grosses Pièces on ornamental stands.

2 Raised pies of fowls and ham with truffles, garnished with aspic jelly.
2 Galantines of poulards, with aspic jelly.
2 Hams ornamented with aspic jelly.
2 Boars' heads ornamented with aspic jelly.

48 Cold Entrées, dished up on silver plates.

6 Groups of plovers' eggs, garnished with aspic jelly.
6 Plates of cold roast fowls with aspic jelly (cut up).
6 Plates of tongue in slices, garnished with aspic jelly.
6 Lobster salads.
6 Mayonnaises of fowl.
6 Mayonnaises of fillets of salmon.
6 Entrées of lamb cutlets à la Bellevue.
6 Entrées of chaud-froid fricassé of chicken.

36 cold roast fowls and 4 tongues, to be kept in reserve for the purpose of replenishing these entrées as they are eaten."

It may be observed that in some of the dishes thus enumerated there is no appearance of the ubiquitous aspic; but in turning to the receipts for their preparation, even to that for lobster salad, it will be found that they all call in the aid of aspic jelly. And this is the result of science—this the height of art. It produces, with such elaborate forms and majestic ceremonies, an aspic jelly without aspic, that, exhausted in the effort, it can proceed no further, and seems to think that here at last, in this supreme sauce, we have a sure resting-place—the true blessedness—the *ewigkeit*.

Too much art in cookery may be as fatal as too little; and it is impossible to read some of the receipts of the master-cooks without wishing that they could forget high art and come down to common sense. For an odd illustration, take the sauce which is called Robert—originally a Roebuck sauce, now a sauce for broiled or roasted pork and for goose. Its history will be found under its proper name. English taste has long since found out what are the proper adjuncts for roasted or broiled pork—namely, onion, apple, and mustard. The onions, combined sometimes with sage, are presented in a mash; there is apple sauce with a gentle acidity; there is the pungent bitter of the mustard; and each of these flavouring elements is kept apart upon the plate. The old French cooks determined on a similar combination;

but the ingredients were mixed together in the kitchen, and served up as Sauce Robert. It was simply a mash of onions well browned in butter, with the addition of some French mustard, containing, it is needless to say, tarragon vinegar, the acid of which takes the place of the apple in the parallel English arrangement. Simple as it is, it would be difficult, by the most elaborate devices, to concoct a sauce better suited for its purpose and more relished. The receipt for it will be found, in all its simplicity, in the classical work of Beauvilliers—the first cookery book which had any pretension to scientific accuracy.

But ask for the Sauce Robert at clubs and restaurants, whether in Paris or London: it is impossible to recognise it in the liquid which is now served under its name. The great chefs cannot rest content with the simplicity of the old receipt. They glory in high art and all the wonders of science; and they have improved upon the sauce until its fine gusto is lost in a weak civilisation. The Sauce Robert was bountiful in its onions—indeed, illimitable. In the sauce of the modern Boulevards the quantity is reduced: onions are not polite enough—and sometimes they are intermingled with chopped gherkins. In the Sauce Robert there was no thought of wine or ketchup, nor any thought of vinegar beyond the little tarragon vinegar involved in French mustard. But one set of artists (Bernard, Dubois, and Gouffé at their head) now load it with wine, and even ketchup; another set (Francatelli at their head) drench it with vinegar, making it a kind of Sharp sauce; while there are cookery books whose writers think that they cannot have too much of a good thing, and drown the sauce in wine and ketchup as well as vinegar. If cooks wish to invent a new sauce, let them give it a new name; and if diners want to have with their pork-chops a sharp sauce like that served on the Boulevards, let them have it—the taste is intelligible.

But if they want Sauce Robert, they surely ought to get it in the simplicity of the old receipt, which is perfect in its way. It is absurd to spoil a good sauce in the name of high art, and to muddle our cookery books by a vainglorious falsification of the receipts.

Take another example of mystification, and it must be added, of exceeding folly—to use no stronger epithet. It is connected with the illustrious name of Châteaubriand. One of the foremost clubs in London one day changed its cook; and its members were astonished to find that the steak which had formerly been served to them under the name of *filet de bœuf* was now always announced as a Châteaubriand. The cook was called to account. What was the meaning of the new name? Why should plain Englishmen be puzzled with a new name—the slang of the kitchen? Why should they not, as of old, get the fillet to which they were accustomed? The cook had really nothing to say. He could only tell that a Châteaubriand was the fashionable name in Paris for a steak cut from the best part of the fillet, and that it was thicker than the ordinary fillet-steaks—nearly two inches. The members of the club were not satisfied with this explanation; and to the great disgust of the chef, who felt the sublimity of the name of Châteaubriand, the order was given that henceforth a steak from the fillet should be announced as before on the bills under the time-honoured name of *filet de bœuf*.

They were quite right; and even if the cook, better informed, had been able to give them the true history and meaning of a Châteaubriand, there can be little doubt that they would have still arrived at the same decision. He was correct in stating that a Châteaubriand is cut from the best part of the fillet, and is nearly twice the ordinary thickness of a steak: but is this all? is this enough to suggest the name of Châteaubriand? The thickness of the steak involves a peculiar method of

cooking it. It is so thick that by the ordinary method it might be burnt on the surface when quite raw inside; and therefore—though the new method is neglected and is even forgotten very much—it was put upon the fire between two other slices of beef, which, if burnt upon the grill, could be thrown away. It may still be asked, what has this to do with Châteaubriand, that his name should be attached to a steak so prepared? Here we come into a region of culpable levity. Châteaubriand published his most famous work under the name of *Le Génie du Christianisme*. The profane wits of the kitchen thought that a good steak sent to the fire between two malefactor steaks was a fair parody of the *Génie du Christianisme*. If I remember rightly it was at Champeaux' in the Place de la Bourse that this eccentric idea took form and burst upon Paris. As to the amount of sense or of folly displayed in the selection of a name, it is needless to say a word; as to the good sense of the mode of cooking the steak, judgment is pronounced in the fact that, though the Châteaubriand still remains as thick as ever, it is rare now to see it grilled between two other steaks—that being too extravagant. Indeed, in Gouffé's great works on cookery, which must always be mentioned with respect for the good sense and good taste which pervade it, there is not a hint given that the Châteaubriand is to be cooked, or was ever cooked, between the two robber steaks. Most cookery books say not one word of the Châteaubriand, which ranks now as the prime steak of the French table, and which appears in Parisian dinner bills to bewilder the benighted Englishman with a magnificent but unintelligible name.

It is scarcely worth while to speak of minor follies. When we find in the most popular cookery books of France that roast mutton and lamb are designated Rosbif de mouton, and Rosbif d'agneau, we recognise that no great harm is done, and only laugh at the awkwardness

of a people who cannot detect their own word *bœuf* when they see it in a different spelling. Or again, when in English cookery books we find that Palestine soup is not what we should expect—a soup common in the Holy Land,—but one made of tubers derived from America, and called, by corruption of Girasole, Jerusalem artichokes, we may rejoice over a jest, and need not complain of practical injury. The disease of the cookery books goes very much deeper than this. Dr. Johnson hit the truth a century ago. "I could write," he says, "a better book of cookery than has yet been written. It should be a book upon philosophical principles. Pharmacy is now made much more simple. Cookery may be made so too. A prescription which is now compounded of five ingredients formerly had fifty in it. So in cookery. If the nature of the ingredients be well known, much fewer will do." There is no need to talk here of philosophy: all that is wanted is common sense. And one thing is pretty evident—that whereas in the laboratory of the chemist elements are minimised and processes are simplified to the last degree, in the laboratory of the kitchen we see the very reverse, and it is considered the height of science and of art to multiply ingredients and to make processes as intricate and ceremonious as possible. An artistic chef seems to be ashamed of a simple receipt; although it should be the pride of science to reduce labour and to aim at unity. The preparation of a French sauce will soon be as full of forms and ceremonies as the dances and incantations round the witches' cauldron, with its

> Eye of newt and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.

The multiplication of ingredients and processes with a long tedious ritual, more than half of which is idle, leads

directly to the multiplication of receipts—one scarcely differing from another. There is an old saying that too many cooks spoil the broth; and much the same is true of cookery books. The multiplication of receipts destroys their usefulness and drives the reader to despair. It is the ambition of an author to make his book as complete as possible and to neglect nothing of value. But he soon finds that every one who starts a new receipt is fanatical over it: there is nothing like it, nothing to be compared with it—a new light has dawned upon the world since it was discovered—and whoever has not got his pet secret is in outer darkness. The pet secret may turn upon a detail which is of no importance—but all the same, his fancy has vivified it; and whoever uses black pepper where he would use cayenne, or should venture on claret where he declares for port, is a miserable ass bereft of understanding. The author having to choose a receipt is overwhelmed by the resounding asseverations of enthusiastic gastronomers; and unable to pick and choose among them, or to assert his independence of judgment, determines to be on the right side, and puts down higgledy-piggledy all the applauded receipts that come in his way. There has scarcely ever been a cookery book written of which the most cursory reader could not say that from this cause alone—the multiplicity of uncertain receipts—it contains an immense amount of surplusage. It is a garden full of weeds and good plants run to seed. The prescriptions confuse and sometimes confute one another, and not one-half of them are convincing. The last new cookery book published in this country proclaims as its recommendation that it contains 10,000 receipts; and nearly all the popular handbooks in the same strain advertise the immense number of their nostrums. Who wants 10,000 prescriptions in a country where most of us get on all our lives with a few dozen good dishes, and where even the fancies of an epicure

are limited to a few scores? It has been calculated that there are something like 500 soups; and Carême used to boast that he had turned out about 300. By far the greater number of these he probably prepared but once in his life; and it is quite certain that the great majority of them were trifling repetitions one of another. How soups can be multiplied we have already seen in the various forms of garden soups, where clear gravy is used.

After all, it is probable that receipts would not be so multiplied in the books but for a great practical fallacy. It is always assumed that a cookery book will make a cook. Nothing can be more false. If a man or a woman has not the soul of a cook, the most minute receipts will only end in failure. Sganarelle is made to say by Molière—"Rôti, bouilli—même chose;" and it is a literal verity that there are persons pretending to be cooks who are as ignorant as Sganarelle, and who cannot tell what is the essential peculiarity of roasting, or why some meats are to be roasted and others only stewed. If on the other hand the soul of the cook is there, it is almost always enough to give general rules and leading principles, and to leave the cook to make variations according to his taste or his means. Lord Byron, in Italy, gave the most minute directions for his plum-pudding; it came out like a broth, and was served in a tureen. There are cooks in the best kitchens who have been shown ever so often how to clarify broth; yet they fail, and have to try over and over again before they can succeed. The great thing, it cannot be too often repeated, is to teach a principle, and then its application to special cases follows as a matter of course. He who has learnt to broil a steak properly does not require a special receipt for broiling a mutton chop; and he who can make half a dozen sauces has really learnt how to make half a hundred without extra receipts.

It is well to be particular in receipts; but it is idle to

put out of sight the fact that particulars vary every day, in every country, and in every household. The sugar of England is a good deal sweeter than the sugar of France. The salt of France is much more salt than that of England. The quantities to be used therefore must continually vary. Again, everybody knows that vegetables are not alike in flavour. Some apples are comparatively tasteless; so are some carrots; and one lemon is sharper than another. Therefore in one kitchen a lemon, an apple, or a couple of carrots will go further to flavour a sauce than double the number in another kitchen. Carême praised the beef of England: he said it was perfectly beautiful, tender, delicious to taste, pleasant to behold; but he also said that it wanted the unctuosity of the French beef, and would not lend itself to sauces and rich consommés without using up far more than would be required in France. What does this mean, but that the quantities of beef used for soup in one country will not do for the same soup in another country? It depends on the butcher. It is the same with ham,—the flavour of which is not to be measured by weight. A hundred pounds of French ham will not yield the flavour contained in ten pounds of Spanish, German, or English hams. It would be easy to multiply such examples, showing that quantities are deceptive, because they are unintelligible apart from quality. When the reader comes to the article on Soups, he will find that the very highest authorities differ widely on the grand point as to the quantity of water with which beef broth should be made. Some tell us to make it with equal quantities of beef and water; others tell us to us four times as much water as beef. The broth which results varies prodigiously in strength; so that the simple broth of one cook is often as good as the double broth or consommé of another. Add to this the uncertainty of the heat of fires, on which some flavours greatly depend, and it must

be evident that the attempt to attain precision of detail in receipts is wholly illusive. We can at best give indications and approximations, but numerical accuracy is out of the question.

In one point, however, accuracy is well within our reach; and nearly all the cookery books—even those produced under the eyes of great artists—make a mock of it: we can be accurate in language. In the whole range of literature and science, there is nothing to be found comparable to the inaccuracy and corruption of culinary language. It is something astounding. It seems as if all the ignorances in the world had conspired together to darken speech and to stupefy cooks. There is no science of cookery possible without a correct phraseology. Science is but another name for clear and classified knowledge; and the first step to it is precision of speech. It is for this reason that in the following pages the reader will find more than usual attention paid to the naming of dishes and to their history. At the present moment the vocabulary of dinner is a mass of confusion and ridiculous mistakes, which is every day becoming worse and worse through the ignorant importation of French names (originally themselves bad enough) into English bills of fare. It comes of abominable pretension. A leg of good English mutton—the best in the world—will be entered as a Gigot of Pré Salé. What on earth has become of the English Southdowns that they should be described as a French Salt Marsh? I have seen a fillet-steak served with tomatos entered as "Filet de Bœuf à l'Orientale," under a notion that tomatos came originally from the East and not from the West, and that the people of the East are given to beef. This is not merely pretension: it is perfidy. You order the Oriental fillet expecting one thing, and you get something quite different.

Some people may innocently argue,—"What harm is

there in a wrong word so long as the dish is good? We eat the food and not the name." But this is to mistake human nature. A hungry taste is apt to be querulous, and resents disappointment. Also there is a peculiar fastidiousness in what has never yet been thoroughly analyzed—that peculiar condition known as Acquired taste. Perhaps there is no such thing in persons who are grown up as a perfectly pure and natural taste. The taste may be sound and even fine, but it is always more or less influenced by custom and by association, until it breeds an Acquired taste which is not to be reasoned with and which will not be denied. The Greenlander takes to tallow; the southern Frenchman glories in garlic; the East Indian is mighty in pepper. No force of reasoning can prove to them that other tastes are better; they have an Acquired taste which insists on being pampered. And precisely the same phenomenon occurs, though in a less marked way, when we get a dish which we know, which we expect, and which does not correspond to its name. A very pleasant Julienne soup can be made without sorrel; but those who look for the sorrel always feel that without it the Julienne is a failure. An acquired taste has been created, which suffers under disappointment as cruelly as when the Greenlander is deprived of his whale-blubber, the Gascon of his garlic, and the East Indian of his curry.

Bad as it is, however, it is not on the perfidy or the pretension of wrong names that it is most necessary to insist. The great wrong about them is that they are a bar to all chance of science and of progress in cookery. An idea has got abroad and has been much fostered by French authorities, that cookery as practised by the great artists is perfect, and that there is nothing more to be done except to ring the changes on what these artists have achieved. It is probable enough that we shall not get many more new foods or combinations of savour;

but it is quite certain that with the progress of science we ought to attain our results by simpler and shorter processes, with aim more precise and with success more assured. But nothing at all is possible until we first of all understand each other by agreeing upon terms about which there shall be no mistake. It is for this reason that in the following pages I have dwelt so much upon the mere grammar and vocabulary of the kitchen. Till we have settled our definitions there is no use in talking. And therefore, while in the receipts which are to follow I have done my utmost to simplify processes, to discard mere subtleties and variations, and to cut down useless expenses and tedious labour, I have gone first and foremost on the principle that the greatest waste of all in the kitchen is the waste of words. It is a simple fact of which I undertake to produce overwhelming evidence, that the language of the kitchen is a language "not understanded of the people." There are scores upon scores of its terms in daily use which are little understood and not at all fixed; and there is not upon the face of this earth an occupation which is carried on with so much of unintelligible jargon and chattering of apes as that of preparing food. Not only cooks but also the most learned men in France have given up a great part of the language of the kitchen as beyond all comprehension. We sorely want Cadmus among the cooks. All the world remembers that he taught the Greeks their alphabet. It is well-nigh forgotten that he was cook to the king of Sidon. I cannot help thinking that cooks would do well to combine with their cookery, like Cadmus, a little attention to the alphabet.

Although cookery is not to be excused for its want of science and still less for its deficiency in letters, it is essential to add that the chemistry of food is, at least in point of science, nearly as backward as its cookery. Of course the chemists are extremely scientific in their

methods and dogmatic in their conclusions; but if the object of science be knowledge, and not mere show, I should like to ask, what has chemistry with all its paraphernalia done for the science of food? Here is its last result, embodied in a little table, which is borrowed from Dr. Henry Letheby's book *On Food*. It is a table of what is called "Nutritive Equivalents—calculated according to the amounts of Nitrogen in the dry substances—human milk being 100." There never was a greater farce than the following table of Nutritive Values:—

VEGETABLE

Rice	81	Oats	138
Potatoes	84	White Bread	142
Maize	100	Black Bread	166
Rye	106	Peas	239
Radish	106	Lentils	276
Wheat	119	Haricots	283
Barley	125	Beans	320

ANIMAL

Human Milk	100	Lamb	833
Cow's Milk	237	White of Egg	845
Yolk of Egg	305	Lobster	859
Oysters	305	Skate	859
Cheese	331	Veal	873
Eel	434	Beef	880
Mussel	528	Pork	893
Ox liver	570	Turbot	898
Pigeon	756	Ham	910
Mutton	773	Herring	914
Salmon	776		

It appears from this that white of egg is more than twice as nourishing as the yolk, and that a red herring is more than nine times as nourishing as mother's milk. What can be the worth of a science that works out such incredible results? Dr. Letheby has himself pointed out, results—even if they were trustworthy—be valueless,

with his wonted candour, that not only would these since they take no account of the digestive labour required to utilise the different substances, but also that they cast doubt on the received chemical doctrine that the nitrogenous elements of food are the most nutritious. In another part of the same work he is driven to confess that, much as physicians talk about our livers and the secretion of bile, their true function in the digestion of food is at present unknown. It is notorious, too, that not one creature in the universe knows what is the use of the spleen; and the anatomists and physiologists are still discussing what means the pancreas or sweetbread. When thus, upon the simplest of all questions in the science of food, chemists and physicians are alike at fault and impotent, we need not be too hard upon the cooks because they also are weak in science and lisp much folly.

BOOK OF THE TABLE

BOOK OF THE TABLE.

ABSINTHE.—There are two terrible verses in the Revelation of St. John. "And the third angel sounded his trumpet, and there fell a great star from the heavens, burning like a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters. And the name of the star was called Absinthe; and the third part of the waters became Absinthe, and many men died of the waters because they were made bitter." Of all the liqueurs, absinthe has the reputation of being the most pernicious. It is harmless enough in a small or occasional dose; but the French army got into the way of drinking it largely and constantly in the Algerian campaigns of 1844-7; from them it spread to the boulevards of Paris, where it became so much a favourite that the five o'clock gossip at the cafés every day came to be named the hour of absinthe; and Switzerland, which is supposed to make the best sort, imports into France yearly more than 2,000,000 gallons of it. When taken in excess, or when taken regularly, it is found to be so hurtful that it is now forbidden in the French army and navy. The Swiss absinthe, which is so much admired and which is so baneful, is, it may be added, not made entirely from wormwood proper, but from plants related to it—such as southernwood, and another which takes its name from the invulnerable Achilles.

Achilles, named the godlike, a wonderful grill-cook. The most famous of the poets made an epic of his wrath, and describes how he cooked a steak. Achilles is more than an individual—he is a type. He is the type of a great chief unbending from the cares of state to luxuriate in art. It is a matter of history that Abraham, the father of the faithful, could cook a veal cutlet. Louis XVIII. (Louis le Désiré) has the credit of a great discovery in cookery—a dish of truffles to be eaten with a purée of ortolans. He not only invented this dish, but kept it a secret of his cabinet, and invariably prepared it with his own hands It is fair to add that all great chiefs have not shown such discernment. A statue of Achilles is raised in Hyde Park to the honour of the Duke of Wellington, who was indifferent to the triumphs of the table. His cook, Félix, could not stay with him, and came with tears in his eyes to Lord Seaford, begging that he would engage him at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. "Has the Duke been finding fault?" asked Lord Seaford. "Oh no," said poor Félix; "I would stay if he had: he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he say nutting; I go out, and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the kitchen-maid, and he say nutting. Dat hurt my feelings."

Acqua d'Oro.—There are many names for this liqueur, French, German, and English; but if we are to be just we shall always hold to the Italian name, which every one understands. It is the Italians who invented the liqueur in the thirteenth century, and they brought it with them into France when Catherine of Medici (1533) joined the French court as wife of Henry II. There was at first no gold in it—only a golden colour, like that which we now see in Chartreuse. But as the chemists of

the middle ages, and even of the renascence, nursed their dreams of golden transmutations; as there was much talk of the sovereign virtues of the king of metals; and as it was supposed that the grandest of all elixirs must be "aurum potabile," the makers of the liqueur determined to justify its name in the most palpable manner. They put chips of gold-leaf into it; and so there could be no doubt of the fact that to drink acqua d'oro was to drink gold. A change then became necessary in the appearance of the liqueur. Gold-leaf would not show in a gold-coloured liquid; and therefore the liquid, which had before been yellow, was rendered colourless, to display the gold better. It is possible that Dantzic may have led the way in perfecting some such change of colour, and may thus have succeeded in giving its name to the liqueur. Its real character, however, was due, as above said, to the Italians, who brought with them into France at least two liqueurs—this acqua d'oro, with a predominant flavour of rosemary; and rossolis, with a predominant flavour of sundew.

Brillat-Savarin mentions it as a well-known fact that liqueurs were first invented to soothe the old age of Louis XIV., and on his authority the story has been widely accepted. Any one who thinks for a moment must doubt that it was reserved for so late a period as the old age of Louis XIV. to invent the combination of spirits with highly-perfumed syrups; and the history of acqua d'oro is a positive proof to the contrary.

Albert Pudding.—It would be a misfortune if the great and good Prince had not been commemorated at our tables. He has been commemorated in a pudding which is as simple as it is agreeable, which the poor man may enjoy, and which the most opulent and fastidious cannot resist. It is sometimes called Albert pudding; sometimes the Great and Good. An angry Welshman

may say that long before Prince Albert was born this pudding was known in Taffy-land as a Snowdon one—giving much fame to the hotel at the foot of Snowdon hill. It may be so; but the Welshman should be proud that his pudding has now been raised to the throne.

Beat half a pound of butter into a cream, and stir into it the yolks of five eggs, half a pound of flour, six ounces of sifted sugar, half a pound of sultana raisins, and the zest of a lemon. Last of all add the whites of the eggs well whisked. Have ready a mould, first well buttered and then (for the Prince had an artistic eye) gracefully lined with threads and slices, stars and lozenges of citron and orange peel and angelica, in geometrical figures worthy of the South Kensington school of design—which the Prince fostered, and which glories in its geometrical drawing. Pour the mixture into this mould, cover it with oiled paper and a cloth, and steam it for three hours. Turn out the mould, and serve it with English butter sauce, sweetened with a little sugar and flavoured with lemon and a glass of sherry.

ALDERMAN'S WALK.—An interesting name given to the long incision on a haunch of mutton or venison, where the most delicate slices are to be found.

ALDRICH.—Dean Aldrich was a Doctor of Divinity, and the great master of logic at Oxford. His name is attached to the following verses, which are however only a translation:—

> There are, if I do rightly think,
> Five reasons why a man should drink:
> Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
> Or lest you should be by-and-by,
> Or any other reason why.

The real author was a Romish priest, who wrote in Latin,—

> Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
> Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis; atque futura;
> Aut vini bonitas; aut quælibet altera causa.

It is something to know that such cogent reasons for drinking are sanctioned by masters of logic and of theology.

ALEXANDER or ALISANDER.—This plant is almost forgotten, though it may still be found in Covent Garden. It belongs to the parsley and celery order, and was at one time much used as a salad, but it fell into neglect when the Italians brought celery into vogue towards the end of the seventeenth century. The French called it "persil de Macédoine," because it was supposed to have come from Macedon. For this reason alone it is mentioned here. The French authorities are much puzzled to explain how a medley of vegetables or of fruits should now be called a Macedon—"une Macédoine." Their explanations are conjectural, are wholly insufficient; and even if nothing better could be substituted for them must be discarded as much too ridiculous and far-fetched. Amid these guesses it is well to keep hold of fact, even though the fact may not seem to give us any assistance. And the fact is that 200 years ago the word Macédoine in French cookery meant not what we now understand—a medley, but simply the parsley of Macedon, or, in English, the Alexander. In a cookery book entitled *Le Cuisinier Méthodique*, and published in 1662, the eighth chapter is devoted to salads. One of the receipts is headed "Persil de Macédoine;" another "De Macédoine cuit;" a third "De racines de Macédoine." The next is for celery, and is dismissed with this one direction—"De mesme façon que la Macédoine." This is the oldest use of the word I can find. The book is in the British Museum.

ALLEMANDE—that is, Sauce Allemande, or Sauce of Almayne. In old English and in old French cookery there was always a broth of Almayne, but it gives one no idea of what is now understood by the Almayne sauce, which is nothing else than Velvet-down thickened with

yolks of eggs, say four to a pint, smoothed with a pat of the freshest butter, and flavoured with lemon-juice; sometimes also, but not always, with essence of mushrooms.

How this sauce got its name is not quite clear; but it is plain that, not only have the Hollander and the German long been more or less confounded together as Dutchmen (Deutsch), but also that the sauce Allemande or sauce of Almayne is of the same character as the well-known Dutch sauce or sauce Hollandaise, and is probably an attempt to improve upon it. Now, Dutch sauce has a reputation among epicures of being at once the best and the most useful of all the sauces, while at the same time it has all the simplicity for which Mynheer is renowned. It is nothing but butter and eggs, with a little water. Suddenly, no doubt, it entered into some Frenchman's brain to improve upon this simplicity, and to refine upon the Dutch. He dismissed the water, and put Velvet-down instead of it, and, finding the result too rich, he reduced the quantity of butter. Make a note of this therefore: that Dutch and Almayne sauce are but different forms of the same idea. In Dutch or Holland sauce there is good water; in German or Almayne sauce there is the finest Velvet-down.

Note another point: the Poulette sauce is another form of the same idea. If the Almayne may be described as an attempt to improve upon Holland sauce, the Poulette may be described as a mock Almayne. In true Holland sauce there is no flour. But the mock Almayne, known as Poulette, attempts by means of flour to simulate the effects of the Velvet-down introduced into true Almayne.

ALLSPICE.—A name of great distinction given to pimento, because it is supposed to combine the flavour of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.

ALMOND.—There is no fruit that touches the fancy so quickly and at so many points as the almond. It we can-

not say that it is the most useful of fruits—a title which it disputes with the apple—it is the most versatile and the most poetical. The very form of the almond is delightful, and there are phrases in which we liken to it things so diverse as the eyes and finger-nails of beautiful women. There is something startling to the imagination also in the knowledge that this fruit, so fine of shape, so sweet and soft to the palate, so soothing and medicinal in its influence, contains within itself the most potent and rapid of poisons—hydrocyanic acid. It is another striking fact that the almond blossoms before its leaves come out. When "thro' wild March the throstle calls," "the sunlit almond blossom shakes" not only round the Queen's palace walls, but in thousands of gardens throughout the land; and it is one of the joys of early spring about London—indeed, all over England—to see this, about the earliest of the flowering shrubs, with its pink blossoms upon bare branches, suggesting images of hope in sorrow and triumph in desolation. Strange, too, that the almond is a peach and a nectarine at the same time. It is not only the parent of these fruit trees, but there are almond trees in which almonds will be found in a state of transition to peaches, and with both peaches and nectarines on the same branch. Another curious point is the caprice of the almond in bitterness. There are not only bitter almond trees, but a number of bitter almonds will be found growing on sweet almond trees, and no one can be absolutely certain whether the kernel he is about to taste will be sweet or bitter. To all this is to be added that the almond goes to form the most tempting sweetmeats of children, who revel in nougat and macaroons, in hardbake, in sugared almonds or pralines and in the fond union of almonds and raisins, happy pairs of bride and bridegroom, entering into that rosy chamber of bliss—the pearl-barred mouth of a red-lipped child.

The usefulness of the almond is wonderful. The physician knows this well. Mention has already been made

of the most rapid of poisons derived from it—prussic acid—which in weak doses holds a great place in the pharmacopœia. The almond provides an admirable salve for the skin, and either cures or relieves a variety of cutaneous diseases. A few almonds eaten after dinner have been known to give instant relief from heartburn. Almond paste or emulsion forms a first-rate medium for the combination and presentation of drugs; and almond milk—that is, almond triturated with sugar and water—has many of the characteristics of animal milk, and forms a very soothing beverage in fever, as well as a pleasant summer drink.

To the perfumer the almond is a perfect treasure. Its oil is the basis of Rowland's Kalydor, the still more celebrated Macassar Oil, and Gowland's Lotion; the flour which remains after the oil has been extracted goes to form what the French beautifiers call Pâte d'Amandes; and the husks are so rich in alkaline matter that their yield is turned into soap.

To the cook it is not less valuable; for the almond cream will smooth and improve some of his white soups, and in the preparation of his sweet entremets its uses are illimitable, whether preserved whole and employed in decoration, or pounded and lost to view to reappear in flavour. Blancmanger was originally a white chicken soup with a cream of almonds added; it is now a sweet entremet of almond cream, without soup or chicken, but isinglass instead, and allowed to cool in a mould. So it was that almond milk was originally orgeate—a barley water. Almonds were added to it to enrich it; and they have been found so all-sufficient by themselves that they are used alone without barley, and the drink is still called orgeate. For most of the good things of which almonds are the chief ingredient, it is best to go to the confectioner; for those in which they play a subordinate part, or appear under new names—as orgeate and blancmanger—

the receipts will be found under special heading. Here it must be enough to describe almond cream or milk, and the almond pudding.

Almond Milk, Cream, or Paste.—Sweet almonds are brayed in a mortar with a slight sprinkling of bitter ones, and from time to time, to prevent oiling, with a few drops of cold water. According to the quantity of water, this is either a paste, a cream, or milk. Add sugar or syrup to taste. For orgeate, or almond milk to drink, it used to be the rule to let the water and pounded almonds infuse for several hours on cinders or on the angle of the stove. Now it is considered enough to let it rest in a cool place for about a couple of hours. When the flavour of the almonds is extracted, the infusion is to be strained through a napkin, to have a dash of orange-flower water added to it, to be diluted to the thinness of a drink, and to be kept in ice or in a very cold place, lest it should like milk turn sour. It is very refreshing in fever or in hot weather; and is considered especially good for orators and all who have to use the throat much. In his great speech of 1860, when he lost his voice, and the country was kept waiting a week for his famous wine budget, Mr. Gladstone might be seen drinking small glassfuls of what had all the appearance of almond cream—though whether it was so or not I cannot say.

Almond Cream Sauce.—Blanch an ounce of Jordan almonds and four or five bitter ones. Pound them with four ounces of sugar and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, and then add a gill of cream and two raw yolks of eggs. Take this to the angle of the stove in a saucepan or enamelled bowl; whisk it into a thickish froth, and it will become a very pretty sauce for puddings.

Almond Pudding.—Take half a pound of sweet almonds with half a dozen bitter ones, and having blanched them, bray them to a smooth paste with a little orange-flower water to prevent their oiling. Mix this

gradually with the beaten yolks of eight and the whites of four eggs, with four ounces of clarified butter, and with sugar to taste—say from six to eight ounces. The next step is not necessary, but it is advisable in order to secure the consistency of the pudding throughout. Put it into a saucepan and stir it constantly over a slow fire till it begins to thicken. Then add to it a wineglassful of sherry or a liqueur-glass of noyau—some say curaçoa. Next pour it either into a pie-dish which has been lined with a thin puff paste, or into one which has been rubbed with oil of sweet almonds, in order that it may afterwards turn out, and put it into the oven to bake for half an hour. Serve it with a fruit syrup.

The best almonds are those called the tender-shelled—the best of these the Jordan—and the best Jordan almonds come not from the Jordan but from Malaga. There is no doubt, however, that this variety came originally from Palestine. Every reader of the Bible must know that the Hebrews rejoiced in their almond trees. Aaron's rod that blossomed yielded almonds, and Hebrew poetry abounds in allusions to the almond. Needless to say, that almonds go admirably after dinner with the wine. They may be pleasantly varied by a little roasting. Plutarch describes how a Roman physician, who was expected by his host to drink largely, warded off drunkenness by eating bitter almonds between his cups.

AMBIGU.—A convenient French name for a repast of one course—all the dishes, hot and cold, together with the dessert, being on the table at once—as at a ball supper.

AMERICA.—There is a great defect in this volume, nothing being said in it of American cookery, though much has to be said in every cookery book of food which we owe to America—as the turkey, the potato, the tomato, vanilla, red pepper. Let us hope that in a future edition there will be no such gap.

Amphitryon.—Few names are more highly honoured than this; yet none is more ambiguous nor more curiously linked with shame and ridicule. The true Amphitryon was thoroughly befooled and dishonoured. He was thus injured by the king of gods, who took his name and his form, entered his house, and made love to his wife. When the two Amphitryons were brought face to face, and each claimed against the other to be the true one, the false Amphitryon—Jupiter—invited the assembled company to dine, whereupon his friend Mercury exclaimed that this settled the question and resolved all doubts—

Le véritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine.

It is a good story to laugh at. Molière brought out all its humour with superlative gaiety, and with sly allusion to Louis XIV. and the husband of Madame de Montespan: but what a tribute it is to the genius of the comedian that no one now objects to the name, and it is always accepted as a title of honour! The one Amphitryon is dishonoured, the other dishonours him. No matter: dishonoured or dishonouring, he is the true Amphitryon who gives a dinner, and everybody is proud of deserving the name.

Anchovy is the most renowned herring in the world, and is the foundation of the celebrated sauces of classical times—garum and alec. Dr. Badham says, with perfect truth, that the anchovy "was to the ancient world what the herring is to the modern—compensating in some degree for its inferiority to the last while fresh by surpassing when cured the very herring itself as a relish; and furnishing the materials for the finest fish sauce either on record or in use." The best that come to England hail from Gorgona.

Anchovy Butter is made with any quantity of butter from half an ounce to an ounce for each anchovy. The

half-ounce scale is the best for ordinary use. Skin and bone the anchovies; pound them in a mortar with a little of the butter; rub them through a sieve with the back of a wooden spoon; mix the rest of the butter with them; and if they are to be served at table cold, tint them with rose pink and mould them into shape.

Anchovy Essence.—The essence of anchovies sold in shops is so often adulterated that it is wise to know how to be independent of it. Clean six anchovies, and pound them in a mortar with a tablespoonful of capers, two shalots, and two red chillies. Put them in a small stew-pan, with thyme, bayleaf, mace, and a wineglassful of mushroom ketchup, and let them simmer gently for five minutes. Then add two wineglassfuls of good broth and reduce it rapidly. Press it through a sieve, and finish it with a small piece of glaze and a little lemon-juice. Never mind the want of colour, which in the essence of the shops is too often the result of baneful minerals.

Anchovy Sauce is the English sauce—made with anchovy butter instead of ordinary butter; or otherwise, English sauce made in the ordinary way and flavoured with essence of anchovies.

Anchovy Toast.—Cut slices of bread as for sandwiches, and fry them in clarified butter till they become brown without becoming hard and crisp; spread them with anchovy butter, upon this lay fillets of anchovies, and serve them hot.

ANDOUILLETTE is the name of a sausage made from *andouille*—the French name for chitterlings. *Andouille* itself originally meant a sausage, being no other than the Latin *inductilis*—a duct into which minced meat has been inducted. We know little of the andouillette in England. In France it is a great favourite; but it can be had in perfection at Dumas', 55, Prince's Street, Leicester Square. It is to be grilled and eaten very hot.

Angelica is not only thus gloriously called in ordinary speech: its scientific name is *Angelica Archangelica;* and its virtues were supposed to be so wonderful that it has also been called The Holy Ghost, while the Carthusian monks of the monastery at Grenoble have appropriated the sacred plant to themselves, and made of it a liqueur—Chartreuse—the name of which they stoutly defend in the law courts as their monopoly. The great virtues of this angelic drink, which the holy fathers claim to be alone possessed of, are sudorific, diuretic, and carminative. It is interesting to think of the angelic plant, and the holy fathers who cultivate it, being so kindly to the bowels of the human race, and ever intent on defeating the wind and coaxing perspiration. The plant has a fine pungent flavour; and the holy fathers know how to allure the senses, for they invest their distillation with lovely tints, making a green as well as a yellow or golden Chartreuse. In the olden time angelica used to be blanched for salad like celery. In this respect it has shared the fate of the alisander or parsley of Macedon: it is no longer used for salad. The stems, however, the stalks, and the midribs of the leaves, are candied, and are used like candied orange and citron peel to flavour and ornament sweet dishes. The Laplanders, however, to this day roast the stalks, and eat them for hoarseness, for coughs, and to produce perspiration. This shows that if the plant be indeed worthy of the celestial personages whose names it has received, they must be very favourable to copious perspiration and to diuretics.

Anise-seed, Anisette.—Anise belongs to a class of plants, including carraway or carvy, cumin, dill, and coriander, which are supposed to have a carminative virtue. It is therefore much prized in nurseries where the infants suffer from flatulence. It is also supposed to increase the supply of milk in mothers. The French seem to prize greatly the liqueur known as Anisette of Bor-

deaux. Doubtless it has its virtues, but it has a sickly taste, and may well be left among the medicine bottles of the nursery.

The most admirable employment of anise-seed in England is in simulating the odour of a fox. To vary the amusement of foxhunting and to make sure of a good run, the huntsman goes forth in the morning dragging after him a bag of anise-seed, and choosing the best line across country for an exhilarating and not too easy ride. The hounds are afterwards put upon the scent, and follow it as a genuine fox to the finish.

Appetite.—The place of appetite at the dinner-table cannot be more happily described than by Carême. He was for a time chef to the Prince Regent in England, who devoted about an hour every day to a philosophical discourse with the great artist on dinners past and dinners to come. One day said the Prince, "Carême, you will make me die of indigestion. I want to eat everything you send to table, and the temptation is too great—*en vérité*." The last two words are no doubt the French way of rendering the Regent's double-shotted language. "Sir," answered Carême truly, "my business is to provoke your appetite; it is not for me to regulate it."

Apple is the best known and most useful fruit in England. The crab or wild apple is indigenous; the cultivated kinds have been introduced at different times, beginning with the Romans, who were fond of them, and had a proverb founded on the fact that a Roman meal set out with eggs and ended with apples—"ab ovo usque ad mala." There has long been a theory current to account for the scarcity of certain kinds of apples—and it is sure to live for ages among the fruiterers, although it is now quite exploded among scientific gardeners—that an apple lasts no longer than its original tree. Say that the tree lasts for 200 years: at the end of that time the slips and grafts

which have been taken, at ever so many removes, from this tree will cease to bear, though themselves quite recent. If there is a scarcity of any kind of apple, it is through neglect. The redstreak, which Sir Isaac Newton loved, and which was our most popular apple in the seventeenth century, is dying out, simply because it is not sufficiently prized : it is replaced by better varieties everywhere, except in the cider counties, where it is found useful. The oldest apple of which we have any record in England is the pearmain : it dates many centuries back, and it shows no sign of decay. It is a curious fact, however, with regard to the old winter pearmain, which is supposed to be the father of all the other varieties of pearmain, that it ripens in December. Now, the earliest record of the pearmain occurs in a tenure in the county of Norfolk, which bears the date 1200, and requires that 200 pearmains and four hogsheads of pearmain cider should be paid into the Exchequer yearly at Michaelmas. This surely implies that the pearmain was ripe before Michaelmas,—and there is indeed a pearmain, by some called the summer, by others the autumn pearmain, which ripens early in September. Dr. Hogg, however, who is the chief authority on apples in this country, has decided that the old pearmain is the winter variety. He has also explained that the last syllable of the name is the same as in the old spelling of Charlemaine. Pearmain therefore means an apple like a great pear.

There are about 1,500 varieties of apple named. It will be enough here to give the names of about fifty of the best, in the order of the months in which they ripen. The names of the months mentioned after them show the length of time they ought to keep if well looked after. It is curious to note that, unlike other fruits, the best apples, and those which keep the longest, are those which ripen latest.

Dessert Apples.

June—**Joannetting** (August.) This is commonly called June-eating, and the dictionaries spell it jenneting. It really means "little John," after John the Baptist, whose day, the 24th of June, ought to see it ripe. It is the earliest of all the apples; but in England we can seldom count on it before July. It does not keep long.

July—**Early Harvest.** (August.) Of American origin. **Margaret.** (August.) A conical, green-yellow apple, named after St. Margaret's day, 20th July, when it ought to be ripe. It soon turns mealy.

August—**King of the Pippins.** (September.) Ovate or conical.

September—**Summer Pearmain.** (October.) **Gravenstein.** (October.) An apple of German origin.

October—Another **King of the Pippins,** but not the true; better called Hampshire Yellow, or Golden Winter Pearmain. Lasts till January. **Golden Reinette** (January.) **Api,** or **Lady Apple.** (April.) Named from the forest of Api, in Brittany, where first discovered.

November—**Fearn's Pippin.** (February.) **Blenheim Pippin.** (February.) **Herefordshire Pearmain.** (February.) **Ribston Pippin.** (March.) The favourite apple of England. **Golden Pippin.** (April.) One of the oldest English apples. The Empress Catherine of Russia was so fond of it that every year she had supplies of it sent from England, each apple wrapped in silver paper. **Reinette de Canada** (April.) **Bradick's Nonpareil** (April.) **Winter Pearmain** — the oldest of English apples. (April.)

December—**Dutch Mignonne.** (April.) A German apple. **Downton Nonpareil** (April.) **Newtown Pippin.** (April.) Named after Newtown, Long Island.

This apple is imported from America. For more than a hundred years the English gardeners have tried to reproduce it, but they cannot reach the flavour of the American stock. Send to Liverpool for a barrel of them. They are cheap enough.

January—**Nonpareil.** (May.) A Jesuit brought this over from France. **Boston Russet.** (May.) With a Ribston flavour.

February—**Sturmer Pippin.** (June.) The last of the Mohicans.

Kitchen Apples.

Most of these are called codlings—from the old verb to coddle, to boil a little, stew or simmer. The peculiar virtue of a kitchen apple is expressed in a phrase which is a constant reminder of the Garden of Eden—to fall. An apple is said to fall when on being cooked it forms a pulpy mass of equal consistence. Some of the dessert apples—as the Wormsley pippin, summer pearmain, golden winter pearmain, Fearn's, Blenheim and Ribston pippins, Herefordshire pearman, reinette de Canada, Dutch mignonne, Downton nonpareil—have this falling virtue, and may therefore be used in the kitchen. The following are said to be unfit for dessert, and are used only for cooking. But all depends on taste, and a lady of very good taste has been heard to say that Sops-in-wine is the most heavenly of the apples, and might well tempt an innocent in Paradise or reward a goddess on Mount Ida.

August—**Keswick Codling.** (September.) **Carlisle Codling** (December.)

October—**Hawthornden Codling.** (December.) An apple found in the poetical garden of Drummond of Hawthornden. **Beauty of Kent.** (February.) **Sops-in-Wine.** (February.) A very ancient English culinary and cider apple.

November — **Newtown Spitzemberg.** (February.) Named by William Cobbett "the matchless." **Bedfordshire Foundling.** (March.)

December—**Norfolk Beefing.** (June.)

Pleasant as the apple is by itself, it needs assistance in cooking. Its taste requires nearly always to be heightened by other fruity flavours, to be crossed with spices, to be enriched with butter, or to be magnified in contrast with sugars and creams. For the fruity flavour it mixes best with apricots or quinces; a mash or marmalade of either of these is excellent in any of the cooked preparations; and the addition of lemon-juice is almost imperative. For spicy additions the old English way was to add cloves to every form of baked apple; but especially to apple-pie; now it is more usual to employ ground cinnamon; and nutmeg, and the zest of either lemons or oranges, are also in favour. Butter, in combination with sugar, gives a peculiar richness to cooked apples; but for the most part it should not be added till the last moment—and not at all if the apples are to be eaten cold. Sugar helps the apple much—even a sweet one—in the cooking; but if it is necessary to add sugar at table, there is more of a flavour that goes well with the apple in some of the best brown sorts than in pounded loaf-sugar. Cream also is generally added at the table, and all the world knows how its blandness contrasts with and brings into relief the fine acid of the fruit. Which of these helps shall be chosen for the apple must be left to individual taste and to the accidents of time and place. They are more or less required for every form of cooked apple, and the reader will understand this if no further mention should be made of their necessity in some of the following receipts.

Two words more. The first—that apples, as fast as they are peeled and cut, must be thrown into cold water to keep

them white; and lemon-juice will recover their whiteness if they should happen to lose it. The second—that it is always good to follow the Continental plan of dividing cooked apples into two portions: the one to be cooked longer than the other, and reduced to a mash or marmalade. In a pie, for example, place a mash or marmalade of apples at the bottom of the dish, and heap on this the raw slices, which are to be baked enough, but not so much as to lose their solidity.

Black Caps.—This is the primitive form. When Eve cooked apples for Adam, she must have baked them in their skins. The form is kept up when its meaning has departed. Apples were baked in their skins upon ashes, or under or before a fire from which there was danger of ashes. The skins were often burnt on one side, and made black caps. But now what do we do? We punch out the cores, and the apples have no longer a protection from ashes. We therefore bake them in an oven or in a casserole; and then, to make believe that we cooked them before the fire, we pass a salamander over them, to produce the primæval black caps. Some people would imagine that it was time to seek another world if black caps were abolished. They are essential to the existence of the human race.

Baked Apples.—The apples are peeled, cored, and arranged on a dish. The hollows are filled with sugar and sprinkled with cinnamon. Some sugar may be placed round them, with a spoonful or two or water. They are then baked in the oven.

Buttered Apples.—The same as the foregoing, with this difference—that the hollows of the apples are filled with butter as well as sugar; and that, instead of putting water in the dish, there is a mash or marmalade of apples, or it may be of apricots.

Stewed Apples or Compôte.—Simmer the apples, peeled and cored, with clarified sugar and lemon-juice; also a

scrape of the lemon-rind. Serve them with custard or cream.

Apples and Rice.—Either proceed as for buttered apples, but placing them in a bed of sweetened and buttered rice instead of the apple marmadade; or else take stewed apples and arrange them on rice which has been cooked in sugar, milk and salt, with lemon-peel. In either case finish them in the oven.

Apples and Bread.—This is one of the most perfect of the apple combinations. In its most refined form it is called a Charlotte, and will be found described under that name, which equally applies to apricots and other fruits. A more rough and ready receipt goes by the name of Brown Betty, whose name may be also consulted.

Apple Pie.—This English pie is famous all over the world. Prepare the apples according to the general direction given above. Put them in a pie-dish with quinces, for which the preparation will be found under the proper name, with sugar and with whatever spice may be preferred. Make a paste—either No. 4, a puff paste, or No. 7, a short paste. Cover the pie with this paste, first placing a band of it round the wetted edge of the dish; trim it nicely; decorate it with leaves of paste: egg it over, and bake it in the oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Apple Tart.—Sufficiently described once for all under the head of tart, which is not to be confounded with pie. Pies are covered; tarts open.

Apple Turnover.—Roll out a short paste, and cut it in rounds. Put some stewed apples, with proper seasoning, on one side of the round; turn over the paste so as to make a semicircle. Close the edges, trim them, and bake them in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Apple Pudding.—Cut a dozen apples in quarters, toss them with an ounce of butter, sugar and spices, over a slow

fire till they begin to soften, and then let them get cold. Line a pudding-basin with paste No. 8; put in the apples, cover all over, tie it in a cloth, and boil it for an hour and a half.

Apple Pudding of Nottingham.—Arrange the apples in a pie-dish as for baking—the hollows filled with sugar and sprinkled with cinnamon. Pour over them a light batter—the best is described among the fritters, No. 1—and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Apple Fritters.—Steep the apples for an hour beforehand in brandy and sugar, and then proceed as for other fritters.

Apple Sauce may be made by stewing the apples; but best by baking or roasting them. When they have fallen, beat them smooth with a wooden spoon, pass them through a sieve, and add to them a very little sugar. Nearly all the receipts recommend a tiny bit of butter; but the quantity is so small as to be inappreciable, and is only mentioned because cooks are afraid of simplicity. No butter, therefore.

Apricot.—The old form of the name is apricock, and this is nearer the right word. The last two syllables are the first two of *precocious,* with the same meaning. It is a Latin word which went to Arabia, which was there used with the definite article—Al-precoc, like Al-koran and Algebra—which thence passed to Spain as Albarcoque, and came over to England as Apricock. We owe the fruit in England to a Catholic priest, named Wolfe, who became gardener to King Henry VIII. But the best of all our apricots, the Moorpark variety, came over much later. It was at one time called the Temple apricot, from an idea that we owe to Sir William Temple. It was also called the Anson, because Lord Anson was supposed to have introduced it; but the probability is that it came over to Moorpark much later, when Lord Dunmore resided there.

There is a great controversy, which is still undecided among the gardeners, whether it is or is not identical with the peach-apricot. It has a peculiarity in this—that the stone is perforated, so that a pin can be passed through it. The aperture is not easy to find. It is in a small groove on the thin side, near the base. A very fine fruit, it scarcely deserves the name of Apricock—the early ripe—for it does not ripen till the beginning or middle of August.

The apricot is cooked in all the ways prescribed for apples. There is the Charlotte of apricots with bread; there is the beignet, or fritter, of apricots with batter; there is the Condé of apricots with rice; and there is the pie or tart of apricots with pastry. Of all the English fruit pies or tarts, a green apricot one has long been deemed by far the finest; but Mr. Hayward will have it that a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. Of marmalades and compôtes it is needless to speak.

Carême took a great deal of pains to describe how apricots and other fruits may be boiled, passed through a hair sieve, and worked into a Bavarois—or Bavarian cheese. It is better, however, to keep the cream separate, according to one of Francatelli's receipts :—

Apricot Jelly with Cream.—Put eighteen ripe apricots, from which the stones have been removed, into a preserving pan, with a pound of loaf sugar and a gill of spring water. Stir this on a brisk stove fire until all the fruit is dissolved. Rub it through a hair sieve, mix two ounces of clarified isinglass with it, and fill a jelly mould with it. When the jelly has set firm, turn it out on a dish, and fill the centre with whipped cream. So with pears, apples and quinces.

Architecture of the Table.—This is a department of the art of cookery which has given rise to the grandest enthusiasm and to the gravest discussions. A dish should look tempting and a table should look brilliant; but when

we peer into a kaleidoscope we have no desire to eat the variegated patterns; and it is not to be supposed that food will be more relished for being arranged as a landscape or a garden, or for being built into picturesque ruins and handsome statuary. There is something childish in this desire to make our edibles pictorial. It may be left to children to eat gingerbread kings and saccharine horses. Nevertheless a great cook, perhaps the greatest of this century—Carême, though he had other titles to our gratitude, is most of all famous for his picturesque pastry; and some of his structures may still be seen in the storerooms of the Tuilleries, if they were not burnt in 1871. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Carême originated this kind of ornament. Horace Walpole describes how in the last century the Intendant of Gascony gave a magnificent banquet on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. The centrepiece was covered with wax figures moved by clockwork, which at the conclusion of the feast were set in motion, and gave a representation of the labour of the Dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy. He also tells an anecdote of Lord Albemarle's cook in this country, who prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, and complained bitterly because Lord Albemarle would not demolish the ceiling of his dining-room to make room for the gorgeous structure. In the previous century an English cook, Robert May, contrived an astonishing trophy—a ship with guns charged with veritable powder, and a castle of pies full of live frogs and birds. After the guns were fired the ladies were directed to take eggshells full of perfume and throw them at each other, "to sweeten the stink of powder." Then the lids were to be removed from the castle of pies; the frogs would jump out, making the ladies shriek ;the birds would fly forth, putting out the candles; and nobody knows what kisses and struggles and pretty adventures might happen when the lights were out. When the candles were lit again,

the company might proceed to the more serious business of mastication.

ARROWROOT is nothing but starch; and it has the same nutritive value as expressed in chemical symbols, however and wherever it is obtained. It contains, that is to say, in a hundred parts, eighteen of water and eighty-two of starch. This is a great fact for grocers who sell one kind of arrowroot for another. There is absolutely no difference that can as yet be detected in the chemical constitution of the starch in each. There is another difference, however. It is clear to the microscopic eye in the size and form of granules belonging to one starch and to another. Still more, there is a marked difference in the taste and in the digestibility of the different kinds. An invalid can take the Bermuda and Jamaica arrowroots, made from the root of the *Maranta arundinacea,* when he can take no other. The other arrowroots—East Indian, Brazilian, Tahitan, British—may be wholesome enough, but they are made from different roots (British from potatoes), which are not to be compared with the true West Indian arrowroot, obtained from a root that was in close alliance, if not identical, with some supposed remedy for poisoned arrows.

Arrowroot Sauce is a lemon sauce, thickened with arrowroot.

ARTICHOKE.—It is good for a man to eat thistles, and to remember that he is an ass. But an artichoke is the best of thistles, and the man who enjoys it has the satisfaction of feeling that he is an ass of taste. There are several elaborate ways of dressing the artichoke—the Barigoule way and the Lyonnese way, for example, which have little to recommend them but their elaboration. Each is a mountain of labour for a mouse of result. The result is not bad, but it is always melancholy to see waste—and in art especially the pleasure of it is destroyed when we are made

conscious of effort. The Barigoule and Lyonnese receipts are frantic attempts to paint the lily and to perfume the violet. When a great cook brings the whole battery of his kitchen to bear upon a simple artichoke bottom, one is reminded of Victor Hugo's comparison: "It is as if the Deity were to bombard a lettuce with a thunderbolt." Depend upon it that the simplest way of dressing the artichoke is the best. Trim it, boil it in salt and water, and let it be eaten with oil and vinegar, with English sauce or with Holland sauce. There is a special receipt for these sauces when served with vegetables. Some French cooks, before sending the artichoke to table, are careful to remove the choke, or as they call it, the hay. For this purpose the artichoke must either be allowed to cook, or must be dipped in cold water, and heated again after the removal of the hay—which might too vividly remind us how much we are asses. That hay in the artichoke certainly raises a delicate question, and it must be left to the good feeling of cooks whether they will or will not send it up to table.

ASCALON.—Ever to be remembered as the place where the Crusaders found the loveliest of onions, which they brought back to Western Europe and named after the place of its nativity. The name is now corrupted into eschalot, shalot, and scallion. The giant Philistines who founded Ascalon are no more. The tiny onions of Ascalon live for ever.

ASPARAGUS.—There is no cooked vegetable which raises expectation and lures the fancy so much as the asparagus. We are attracted to it, as to the chief salad-plants, by something more than the craving for food,—it is a charm. When we know that it is a lily, near of kin to the lily-of-the-valley, we are not surprised at its power over us. When we hear that it is ranked with the asphodels, we are ready to believe that the fields of asphodel in which the blessed roam in Elysium must be beds of asparagus. It is

gratifying to know that this truly Elysian lily—though it does not look like a lily when it comes to table—is a native of England. Of kindred plants, besides the lily-of-the-valley, there are also in England Solomon's seal and butcher's broom. Both of these have young shoots which may be eaten like asparagus; and the latter is a great curiosity, having a flower which grows out of the leaf. All these plants have a certain narcotic and soothing influence, which is due to a peculiar principle named by the chemists, after their wont, asparagin. It is a pretty name, but it does not tell us much. We have banished asparagus from the British pharmacopœia, but the French still hold to it—chiefly, however, making use of the root. It is supposed to still and soothe the action of the heart, like foxglove; it is also supposed to act as a lithic in preventing gravel; and it is known to have a marked and very rapid action on the kidneys. Whatever may be its medical virtues, we in England know them only through the charm of the vegetable when it comes to the table. And certainly nowhere is it cultivated to such an extent as in the neighbourhood of London. It grows wild near the seaside. At Kynance Cove, in Cornwall, there is an island called Asparagus Island, because of its abundance there. London, who ought to know, declares that nowhere, unless in Holland, is the plant brought to such perfection as in England; and he adds—without any exception whatever—that the asparagus beds of Mortlake and Deptford are the most extensive in the world.

The greatest defect of the English arrangement of dinner is that almost always vegetables are of no account save as adjuncts. It is not understood, except in the dinners of the poor, that a vegetable may make an excellent dish to be eaten by itself alone. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions made—in favour of artichokes and asparagus. It is a question whether this exception is due to a pure admiration of the vegetable, or to the circumstance that,

having to be eaten with the fingers, it is necessary to put down either knife or fork in order to seize the vegetable. The probability is, that if the Creator had thought fit, in His wisdom, to endow the Englishman with three or four hands, he would never be seen eating the artichoke or the asparagus alone, but always in conjunction with some other food.

Asparagus in Stalks.—After washing and trimming the stalks, tie them in a bundle, or bundles, of about a score in each, and cut the white ends even. Put them in hot water with a small handful of salt, and boil them for twenty minutes. Drain them then on a napkin, and serve them on toasted bread which has been dipped in the water they have boiled in. Send them to table with English butter sauce, for which there is a special direction. Some, however, prefer to eat them with oil and vinegar. In this case they are, as the French say, to be *refreshed* with cold water.

Fontenelle was passionately fond of asparagus, but he liked them with oil. His friend, the Cardinal Dubois, liked them not less fervently, but he preferred them with a butter sauce; Fontenelle had a great bundle of asparagus sent to him; he told the Cardinal of it, invited him to dinner, and promised faithfully that half should be served with oil and half with sauce. The Cardinal accepted; but just upon the dinner-hour came a message to his host that he had fallen in a fit, and was dead, or dying. Fontenelle rushed towards the kitchen: "All with oil! all with oil!" he cried, fearing that the cook would not send up enough of his favourite sauce to eat with all; and then, having paid this honour to the asparagus, he returned to his dining-room to lament over his friend. So great is the influence which asparagus, with oil, has been known to evert over the human soul.

Asparagus Peas.—These are the points of young green

asparagus cut into peas, and served, like peas, along with fricandeaux, sweetbreads, or cutlèts. They are also served separately, as an entremet, and are then prepared exactly as peas in the French fashion.

Asparagus Soup.—Cut all that is tender from a bundle of asparagus, and boil it with some salt in about half a gallon of water. Spinach may be added for colour, and parsley and spring onions for flavour. When boiled enough, strain off the liquor and keep it in reserve—at the same time separating the asparagus from the other vegetables, and braying it in a mortar. Then take about two ounces of flour, the same quantity of butter, and a spoonful of white sugar. Pass this for five or six minutes over the fire, to make a white roux. Mix the pounded asparagus with it, add a little of the liquor, let it boil for a few minutes, and pass it through a tammy, or a fine strainer, back into the pan which contains the chief portion of liquor. Finally, mix two yolks of eggs with half a tumbler of cream, a little melted butter, and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Stir this into the hot soup, and it is then ready to be served, with some fried crusts apart.

There is no broth in the foregoing, and it is not needed. But those who wish it can use chicken broth in place of the water.

Asparagus with Eggs.—One of the most distinguished of omelets is made by cooking asparagus in the usual way, cutting the ends into peas, and mixing them with pepper and salt in the omelet. In the same way they are excellent mingled with scrambled eggs (*œufs brouillés*).

Aspic.—There are most elaborate receipts for making aspic jelly, and on great occasions let these receipts be followed. But as it comes constantly into use, and ought to be ever at hand, it is necessary to make the preparation as simple and easy as possible. Boil down calves' feet with a faggot of potherbs (Faggot, No. 6). When this is

ready, add to it for final flavour sherry or Marsala, and some tarragon vinegar in which a faggot of ravigote herbs have boiled. Test the strength of the jelly, clarify it with white of egg, and strain it through a jelly bag.

And now it may be asked: Why is it called aspic? There is upon this point the most curious ignorance, although the explanation lies upon the surface. Most Englishmen think it must have to do with the asp, and the more readily since they remember the question of Cleopatra, bitten by the snake—"Have I the aspic in my lips?" Even Frenchmen, who ought to be better informed, make a similar mistake. The great lexicographer, M. Littré, who has produced the standard dictionary of the French Language—a monument of learning—says that aspic is so called because it is cold as a snake, which is proverbially cold! The absurdity of this must be evident if it is remembered that aspic is sometimes served hot; and yet one way or another all the dictionaries connect it with the asp. It has in truth nothing to do with anything so venomous. It means lavender—in old French, espic or spic; in good old English, spike, lavender-spike, and spikenard. Lavender-spike is to be found in the sauces of Roman cookery; it is mentioned among the pot-herbs used in France five hundred years ago; one of the spikes—the spikenard of Spain—is in English books of the same period mentioned as a flavouring ingredient of Hippocras; and a couple of centuries ago Parkinson, the botanist, describes a decoction of lavender, horehound, fennel, and asparagus, which was considered a wonderful tonic—a stomachic, a cure for the toothache, for epilepsy, for faintness, but most of all potent in the maladies of women. To come down still later, at the time of the French Revolution the great master in the art of distillation was Dejean, who wrote a book on the subject. His thirty-second chapter is devoted to the preparation of waters, spirits, and extracts of aspic, thyme, basil, and sage. Later still, Grimod de la Reynière, in one

of the volumes of his *Almanach des Gourmands,* has a chapter on sauces and their names. He comes to the sauces named from vegetables—à la ciboule, à l'aspic, à la ravigote, au fenouil. He, the most learned authority of his time on cookery, has no notion that aspic is other than the well-known plant. Lavender, however, is not a good seasoning, and it dropped out of account while still the name remained. In the present day the French cooks, when they propose to *aspiquer* a sauce, mean only to put lemon-juice or reduced vinegar into it. And so in the course of time it has come about that aspic belongs to the long list of things which, like houses dispossessed of their first owners, retain names no longer their own—cervelas without brains, orgeate without barley, blancmanger without fowl, galantine without galingale, cheesecakes without curd, pomatum without apple, Julienne without wood-sorrel, bisque without wood-pigeon, marmalade without quince, vinegar without wine. Many times in the following pages it will be necessary to refer to this curious list.

Ass.—Few persons are aware that this excellent animal contributes of its flesh to the sausages of Bologna and of Lyons, which they enjoy so much. Such unobtrusive merit ought to raise him high in the opinion of mankind. It is said that Lyonnese and Bolognese, coming to London, have been known to rush to the City, to Ironmonger Lane, to extend their acquaintance with the good little beast. They read the name of the street Irons manger l'âne. The lower classes of the French are so assured of the excellent qualities of the ass, that, knowing the marvellous properties of laudanum for soothing and setting to sleep, they ask the chemists for it under the name of "l'eau d'ânon."

Aurora sauce appears in many books, and must be mentioned here because it will be looked for; but it is useless and has no meaning beyond its name.

Like a lobster boiled the morn
From black to red begins to turn.

The coral of lobster added to English sauce makes Aurora —something pretty to look at; but what is it to taste? The taste of coral is so insipid that it must be helped out with essence of shrimps or of anchovies: in which case, however, the sauce were much better called after the shrimp or the anchovy.

BABA, or Polish Cake. Use paste No. 9, mixed with two glasses of rum instead of water and tinted with saffron.

BACON, to be boiled, must be put into plenty of cold water and brought slowly to the boiling point. It is then to be simmered, and it takes a long time—say an hour and a half for a couple of pounds. Remove the rind when it is cooked and sprinkle it with bread-raspings. Those who dislike to eat this when cold can have it cut into rashers, sprinkled with bread-crumb, and toasted in a Dutch-oven, or by means of a wire toaster. Raw bacon can be either grilled or toasted in rashers—it is best toasted. To fry good bacon is to show ingratitude to the generous animal that lived and died for your benefit in the hope that feeding on his flitch you might one day become another Lope de Vega. See further on about Lope and his devotion to the flitch.

BADMINTON must have a word here, because the name is exceptional. There are crowds of French dishes named after the titles and country houses of the French nobility. In England the Earl of Sandwich in the last century gave his name to a well-known article of food—and that is all,

if we except Badminton, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, which calls up a vision not of food but of drink—claret cup without the sugar and the curaçoa. Attempts no doubt have been made to immortalise great English names in the preparations of the table; but not one has achieved a universal renown except the Sandwich and possibly Badminton. If any English peer in this century could have had his name written in comestibles, we should have expected it might have been the late Duke of Beaufort, who gloried in a Neapolitan cook named Raffaelle. This great artist went one night to hear the opera of *L'Elisir d'Amore*. In the middle of the night the Duke was roused from sleep by a knock at his bedroom door. "Who's there?" he cried. "It's only me, Signor Duc," said Raffaelle, opening the door. "I have been to the opera; I have been dreaming of the music; and *I* have an idea. I have invented a sorbet—I have named it the sorbet à la Donizetti; and I could not resist coming to tell your Grace." Surely the Duke who showed his appreciation of a cook so enthusiastic deserved to have his good taste recorded in the breast of a partridge or on a neck of venison.

Bain Marie (Mary's Bath).—This Mary was a Jewess who lived in the fourth century of our era, and was devoted to alchemy. She required a bath that would retain heat long at an equable temperature for the metals and vessels upon which she made her experiments. To this end she heated sand and plunged her vessels into it. The modern Mary bath is an imitation in hot water, which is not so good as sand, since it has no special aptitude for retaining heat, but has the advantage of being easily kept hot by connection with the boiler—and kept thus hot at a temperature which can never exceed 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Transferred with this change of sand into water from the laboratory to the kitchen, the Mary-bath is exceedingly

useful as a means of keeping things hot with no danger of their being too hot. Practically, however, this heat is a good way below the boiling point; and it is a mistake to suppose that the same bain marie will at once do for cooking and for keeping things hot. In the language of the French kitchen, to cook *au bain marie* means simply to cook in a double saucepan—the water in the outer saucepan being kept continuously at boiling point. This should be remembered by English people, who are disappointed when they find that the grand new bain marie they have ordered for their kitchens, though good for keeping things hot after they are cooked, will not at the same time cook like a double saucepan. The fault is probably with the French, who give a more extended use to the name of Mary's bath than that ingenious Jewess thought of. A bain marie in her view, and as commonly understood, is but a means of retaining heat. To cook *au bain marie* is to create a heat by means of a double saucepan which, rising to 212 degrees of Fahrenheit, shall have no chance of getting beyond that temperature. Let there be no mistake, therefore, as to a fact so elementary. A bain marie cannot have water in it which is both at boiling point for cooking purposes and below boiling point for keeping things hot.

BAKE.—The chemist who will tell us what is the precise difference between baking and roasting will confer a benefit on mankind. We all see, or fancy that we see, a difference in the results; but what it is nobody has yet been able to define. The difference in the process is clear enough. In roasting, the meat is swinging or turning in free air before a bright fire. In baking, the meat is motionless in a confined space, and whatever heat comes to it is dark. The degrees of heat as marked by the thermometer may be the same in either case. Is there any difference in taste due to the fact that in the one case the rays of heat are bright and act in a free current of air, while in the other the rays

of heat are dark and act upon a surface from which currents of air are excluded? If chemists were practical, they would work out this problem, which is of more interest to mankind than all their researches into the nature of elementary nothings with names longer than the titles of a Spanish grandee.

It will be observed that baking is here understood in a peculiar sense. By rights, we can speak of baking in the sun, or of baking anything before a clear fire. In common parlance, however, to bake meat is to put it on a baking-dish into a closed oven. A good oven can be made out of a common saucepan. This is an important point for those who are interested in impromptu cookery—for the campaigner who wishes to roast his game at a doubtful fire—for the kitchenmaid who is suddenly called upon for a nice hot supper when the fire has gone down. Rub your bird with butter, and put it with more butter into a good copper-pan on the doubtful fire. The pan becomes, when tight closed, a small oven, which can be occasionally opened to give the bird a turn and a baste. Such a pan has many and many a time baked a partridge in twenty minutes, a woodcock in fifteen; and no one has guessed that it has not been roasted before a brilliant fire.

BAKEWELL PUDDING is the glory of Derbyshire. One might have expected some miracle of excellence for the palate from the ducal residence of Chatsworth, with all its fame and its splendour, and the highest fountain jet in the world. But, although a Duchess of Devonshire once kissed a butcher, the great house of Cavendish has done nothing for our tables which can compare with the humble achievement of some unknown genius in the small town of Bakewell, nigh to the prodigious Chatsworth.

Line a pie-dish with a light paste. Place on this a thickish layer of any preserved fruit from the most common to the most refined—let us say peaches or apricots. The

Bakewellians are in the habit of intermingling this with candied citron or orange-peel cut into thin strips—a part of the ceremony which may be safely omitted. Make a custard of six yolks and three whites of eggs, from four to five ounces of clarified butter, six ounces of sifted sugar, and three spoonfuls of what the Bakewellians call lemon-brandy—that is, brandy which has been flavoured by long maceration with the zest of lemons. A little of the zest of a lemon may be used instead, or any other flavour that may be preferred. Pour the custard over and among the apricot jam, and bake the pudding in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Banting.—The following is the diet of Mr. Banting, by which in a year—fifty-two weeks—he reduced himself in weight 52 lbs., to his great advantage. He began with 202 lbs., and to his joy and comfort he came down to 150 lbs. "For breakfast," he says, "at nine a.m., I take five or six ounces of either beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish or cold meat of any kind excepting pork or veal; a large cup of tea or coffee without milk or sugar; a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast, making together six ounces of solid and nine of liquid. For dinner, at two p.m., five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, herrings or eels; any meat except pork or veal; any vegetable except potato, parsnip, beet-root, turnip or carrot; one ounce of dry toast; fruit out of a pudding, not sweetened; any kind of poultry or game; and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry or Madeira—champagne, port and beer forbidden, making together ten or twelve ounces solid and ten liquid. For tea, at six p.m., two or three ounces of cooked fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar; making together two to four ounces of solid and nine liquid. For supper, at nine p.m., three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret or sherry and water; making together four ounces

solid and seven liquid. For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky, brandy, without sugar), or a glass or two of claret or sherry."

BARBEL is hardly ever eaten in England. Our anglers either throw it away, or keep it for the cat. This is probably because its roe is pernicious. But the French speak well of the little carp, and have a special admiration for its head and its tongue, or the sort of palate which is called the tongue in carps. They sometimes admit, however, that the body of the fish is insipid, and requires a good sauce.

BARD is an old English as well as an old French word, of origin uncertain, for horse-armour. It was also used for armour in general. Thus the chronicler Stowe speaks of 1,500 men "barded and richly trapped." Noun or verb, the word is not now used save in the language of the kitchen, where it refers to the thin slices of bacon in which any kind of flesh likely to dry up in cooking, but more especially in roasting, is swathed. The metaphor has been as far as this particular word is concerned borrowed from the French kitchen. In England in the time of Chaucer, and in the kitchen of Richard II., a bird coated in this way with bacon was said to be armed or enarmed. The learned and reverend editors of the cookery-books which remain to us from that time seem to be not a little puzzled when they read of cranes and herons being "armed or enarmed with lards of swyne," and fancy it must mean *larded* in the modern acceptation. It means *barded;* and if one could recover the old MS. of *The Forme of Cury,* the receipt-book of Richard's court, it would probably be found that in many instances in which the editor, Dr. Pegge, read lard, the scribe wrote bard.

BARLEY BROTH.—Any soup with barley in it may be called barley broth. The French make it by simply boiling

barley and adding it to a clear gravy-soup, or to any of the vegetable soups. The name in this country is almost always confined to what is otherwise called Scotch broth or mutton broth, the principle of which is in England but half understood. One of the most important and practical questions in cookery turns upon it, and it will be found explained under the head of Scotch Broth.

Barley-Cream.—The soup which the French call Crême d'orge. Wash and blanch half a pound of pearl barley, and boil it either with water or with broth—about a quart. When thoroughly well done, rub it through a sieve and add it to chicken broth. Sometimes there may be added also a purée of chicken or of veal. Sometimes chickens newly roasted are cut to pieces and served in this soup.

Basil, or sweet Basil, is a plant belonging to the labiate family, which abounds in pot-herbs—mint, marjoram, savory, and the rest. Its leaves have a strong flavour of cloves, and are sometimes used in salads as well as in the pot. Basil is an annual which grows in English gardens, but we have nearly always to send to Italy for the seeds.

Bath Bun.—Use paste No. 9.

Batter, for fritters and for frying meat and vegetables. Take equal quantities of flour and of liquid. Say there are ten ounces of flour—the liquid will be represented by two ounces of melted butter and half a pint (eight ounces) of lukewarm water. Mix these well together with a little salt, which will be increased in quantity if the batter is to be used for meat or vegetables. According to the purpose to be served, some part of the water may be replaced by milk, by wine, by brandy or by beer. In the German batter there is beer. Whether yolks of eggs should be added is a moot point. For a rich cream add two yolks,

but also in this case add somewhat to the quantity of water, and indeed it must be remembered as modifying the above measurements that some kinds of flour require more water than others. Work the mixture perfectly smooth. When wanted for the fire add to it two or three whites of eggs which have been whisked into a firm froth.

Italian Batter.—The peculiarity of this is that there is no water in it and no butter. The liquid part is formed of oil, of yolks of eggs and of milk. Those who are disposed to play pranks may leave out the milk and put white wine or cider instead. The batter is finished as usual with frothed whites of eggs.

Batter Pudding.—There are several varieties of it—as the Batter Pudding, the Hasty Pudding, and the Yorkshire Pudding; but none is to be commended except the last.

Bavarois.—Bavarian Cheese. Boil as much of the best milk as will half fill the mould or moulds to be used. Sugar it, and add whatever flavour may be chosen—coffee, vanilla, fruit syrups, or aught else. Mix in (say for a quart of milk) eight yolks of eggs; and let the mixture thicken with a low heat on the corner of the stove, stirring it well. Add an ounce of dissolved isinglass; then pass it through a tammy and let it cool. Being cool, it is to be mixed well with some whipt cream, poured as swiftly as possible into a mould which has been rubbed with oil of sweet almonds, and given over to the ice-box. Above all things let there be no delay between the mixing in of the whipt cream and the chilling with ice. It will take an hour and a half for the cheese to set well, and then it can be turned out.

Bay Leaf.—This is indeed poetry in the pot—Daphne at our lips. There is scarcely a savoury dish made which is not perfumed with a faggot of herbs and one of these

herbs is a bay leaf. It is the only use to which we now put our laurels. The Greeks had their crowns of laurel and of parsley. We with all humility cast our crowns of laurel and of parsley into the pot. What a glorious thing it would be if the bays we have given over to our cooks would bring them the inspiration of great Apollo and ensure to us dinners worthy of the gods!

Beans are more than beans, good for food and pleasant to the taste: they are a moral lesson. The priests of Egypt held it a crime even to look at beans—the very sight of them unclean. Lucian introduces a philosopher in hell declaring that it would be difficult to say which were the greater crime—to eat beans, or to eat one's father's head. Pythagoras forbade his disciples to eat beans, because they are formed of the rotten ooze out of which man was created. The Romans ate beans at funerals with awe, from the idea that the souls of the dead were in them. Two thousand years pass by, and here are we now eating beans with the most thorough enjoyment and the most perfect unconcern. Moral—Get rid of prejudice and call nothing unclean.

Windsor beans are the best—so called because this variety was first cultivated at Windsor by Dutch gardeners. There is still a garden near Eton called the Dutchman's Garden. Whether for a garnish or for a dish by themselves, they are to be simply boiled with salt and served with a Maître d'Hôtel or a Poulette sauce. It is a question whether in being sent to table they are to be skinned or not. The skins are troublesome—therefore skin them. The skins, although not swallowed, have an agreeable bitter—therefore leave them on. Each one must choose for himself.

The kidney or French bean is of a different species, and it is in every way most convenient to call it by the well-known name of haricot, accepted throughout Europe.

Béarnaise.—Filet à la Béarnaise. This is not a local dish, as the name seems to indicate. It is a mode of

serving the fillet steak invented by the great chef who left the service of the Duchess of Berri to preside over the Hôtel Henri Quatre at St. Germains, which is to Paris what the Star and Garter at Richmond is to London. In honour of Henri IV. he named the sauce for his steak (equally good for a mutton chop)—Béarnaise. It is a butter-sauce, and may be described shortly as a hot mayonnaise. Many cooks make a fuss about this sauce, and pretend that it requires a long preparation. It is very simple, as will be seen from the receipt, and can be produced perfectly in a quarter of an hour. The only difficulty about it is, that it requires the addition of chopped tarragon, which is not always in season.

Béarnaise Sauce is made with yolks of eggs and ounces of butter in equal numbers—say four—as follows. Put the yolks of eggs with one ounce of butter and a little salt and pepper on the fire, and stir them till they begin to thicken. Take them off the fire, add a second ounce of butter, and stir them over the fire for two minutes more. Take them off again for the third ounce, and yet again for the fourth ounce, and proceed as before. Lastly, add a tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, or one of ravigote and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar.

BEAUVILLIERS, starting in 1782, was for many years the most famous restaurateur in Paris. He was the first to make the restaurant perfect in every detail as we have it now, with an elegant dining-room, with well-appointed tables, with waiters properly attired, in addition to a first-rate cellar and a perfect kitchen. He made and lost his fortune several times over, so that his success was variable; but when he was at his best no one ever surpassed him in his profession. As he spoke many languages, he was in special favour with foreigners, and he had a rare tact in entertaining his guests. In the latter part of his career (1814) he published in two volumes *L'Art du Cuisinier.*

It was the best cookery book that had ever been published—simple, methodical and exact. It is now out of date, but it may still be consulted with advantage. Carême was very jealous of the book, and he and his following were fond of pointing out that its author was no great cook. Beauvilliers, though an admirable manager, may not have been a great cook, but still his work is of immense authority. Nestor Roqueplan has asserted, but I know not on what grounds, that he was assisted in its preparation by Brillat-Savarin. The book is a great landmark in the history of the kitchen. Its receipts are classical, and show precisely the position of the art on the fall of the French Empire. Beauvilliers and Carême may be taken as representative men at the head of two opposite schools of cookery, which have been playfully described by Mr. Hayward as the classical and the romantic. "Having spoken," says Mr. Hayward, "of Beauvilliers and Carême as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally be expected to distinguish them. We should say that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment and Carême for invention—that Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art and Carême discovered a new one—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities and Carême snatched a grace beyond them—that there was more *aplomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers, more curious felicity in Carême's—that Beauvilliers was great in an entré and Carême sublime in an entremet—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a rôt; but should wish Carême to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant or our grandfather."

Becafico.—The fig-pecker, a small bird something like a nightingale which feeds on figs and grapes, that give to its flesh in the autumn a peculiar delicacy. It has been said that if the becafico were only as big as a pheasant it would be worth an acre of land. As it is rarely to be seen

at an English table, it belongs to the category of pleasures to be dreamt of. Bacon said that some books are to be read thoroughly, some are to be tasted only, and others may be read by deputy. Unfortunately for us, the becafico has to be eaten by deputy and enjoyed in a reverie.

Béchamel is a sauce which takes its name from Louis de Béchameil or Béchamel, Marquis de Nointel, who is described as a financier, but is chiefly known as Maître d'Hôtel (Lord Steward of the Household) of Louis XIV. He died in Paris in 1703, and must have been a poor sort of creature if the story which St. Simon tells of him be true. He fancied that he resembled the Comte de Grammont, and being too proud of it, did all he could by dress and manner to nurse the illusion. One day Grammont saw him walking in the Tuileries, and determined to make sport of him. He asked the bystanders what they would bet against his giving a kick to the Marquis de Nointel in what is commonly considered the most honourable part of the body, and against the kick being received as a compliment. Bets were made and the kick was given. Béchamel turned round astonished. Grammont hastened to explain that the kick was intended for his nephew—he really fancied that it was his nephew he saw before him. Béchamel was instantly appeased, and strolled away arm-in-arm with Grammont, to his own great delight, and amid the laughter of the court. A prodigy of meanness, a gigantic parasite, an inspired idiot, this Béchamel invented a sauce which will shed a halo round his name through endless ages. Nothing can be more simple. When once it is described we wonder that it was never thought of before. The white sauce known as Velvet-down is mixed with an equal quantity of cream—that is all, and there is Béchamel. The learnedest of men and the cunningest of cooks had been compassing heaven and earth to find out a new and perfect sauce. It was left for the most fortunate of ninnies

and the most superfluous of puppies to hit upon a combination which has every day since then, for one hour out of the twenty-four, contributed more to the peace and satisfaction of mankind than any other relish in the range of cookery. In presence of such a fact as this one half understands and sympathises with those races of men who worship their idiots. It is difficult to venerate fools, but at least henceforth let us not despise them. One is always inclined to kick a sublime puppy, forgetting that to him also, as to another Béchamel, may be revealed in vision secrets of art which are concealed from the wise and good.

Béchamel, as above mentioned, is composed of Velvet-down and cream in equal proportions. Cream, however, is a wide word, and may mean almost anything from milk to the richest double cream. There are some dairies whose milk is as good as the cream of others. This accounts for the fact that in some of the receipts for Béchamel we are told to take cream, to reduce it to half its volume by rapid boiling, and then to mix it in equal quantities with Velvet-down.

Cold Béchamel—for cold chicken, turbot and other viands. Mix with the Béchamel, so as to siffen it when cold, a few spoonfuls of any clear white stock that has turned to jelly—as the jelly of chicken broth, veal broth, or calves' feet.

Mock Béchamel.—Put into a saucepan four ounces of butter, with a sliced onion, a sliced carrot, a faggot of parsley, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt. Let them stew slowly for twenty minutes or half an hour. Then stir in about four ounces of flour and a pint of new milk, a little at a time. Boil this gently for half an hour till the milk is well reduced, taking every care to avoid burning. Lastly pass it through a strainer. Some cooks when they find the sauce too thin, through the thinness of the milk, choose to

thicken it with yolks of egg. This may be very nice, but it destroys the character of the Béchamel.

Beef.—The influence of the ox on human society, and more especially on the temperament of Mr. John Bull, deserves a chapter to itself. There is room for but a word. No animal has been so often taken for a god as the bull, or for a goddess as the cow; and though we may not allow them so much honour, it cannot be denied that those races of men who own the best of them and partake the most of them have attained the highest civilisation. From the age of myth to these ages of doubt, Europa in her most perfect form has been borne on the back of Jupiter Bos.

Roast Beef.—The French and the English kitchens have long been at variance as to the best mode of utilising beef. The French are loud in their praises of beef broth, and stick with wonderful devotion to boiled beef. In England the value of beef broth is fully admitted; but boiled beef is a byword; and "The Roast Beef of Old England" is known all over the world. It is served with the simplest of meat gravies, nothing like what the French call by that name, which is a thick cullis—a strong and extravagant decoction of beef, veal and ham, boiled down to a glaze. The only other sauce which is much used with it is horse-radish sauce; but it is excellent also with a Béarnaise sauce, or with Robert. It is nearly always accompanied by Yorkshire pudding, and potatoes in some form or other; but it would be well to popularise also, as an attendant, the white haricot bean, either plain or worked up in the Breton way.

There is an odd disagreement about the fillet of beef. Many people seem to regard it as the best part of the sirloin. Perhaps they do so because of its tenderness; but its taste is such that when the French roast a whole fillet, as they often do by itself, they lard it with bacon,

they steep it for twenty-four hours in wine, oil, salt, pepper and onions, to give it a flavour; they anoint it with thick meat gravy, and they serve it with sharp sauce. This is not saying much for the fillet, which the French, however, delight to honour in the form of steaks.

Beefsteak is even more popular in England than roast beef, and there is a common saying that the dinner which the Englishman most enjoys is just such a dinner as the Beefsteak Club—composed of very choice feeders—was started to ensure. There is more variety, too, in a beefsteak than many people imagine. The favourite in this country appears to be a rump-steak. What the French understand by a bifteck is cut from the sirloin. Besides which there is the rib-steak or entrecôte, cut from the ribs of beef; and also that which is perhaps most prized of all —certainly it commands the highest price—the fillet-steak. Needless to say that the steak which has attained preeminence in England is always grilled (see Grill), is served as hot as possible, with the taste of the fire on it, and is eaten for the most part plain, in the juice that oozes from it, or with a pat of fresh butter upon it.

Beefsteak with Oyster Sauce.—When an Englishman takes a sauce with his steak, this is what he first thinks of. But there is a particular way of making the sauce for broiled meat, which is not the same as for fish.

Beefsteak à la Maître d'Hôtel.—This is the best known of the French steaks. It is cut usually from the sirloin, and is served with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter melting upon it in the dish.

Beefsteak with Anchovy Butter.—Served with a piece of anchovy butter melting upon it, as it is taken from the fire.

Beefsteak aux Fines Herbes.—A steak with some ravigote butter melting upon it.

Beefsteak of Bordeaux (Entrecôte à la Bordelaise).—A rib-steak with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter, into which has been worked a chopped shalot. See Bordeaux.

Beefsteak à la Béarnaise.—A fillet-steak with a Béarnaise sauce poured over it.

Beefsteak à la Châteaubriand.—See Châteaubriand. It is twice the thickness of ordinary steaks.

For a garnish to any of these steaks potatoes hold the first place—cooked in various ways. Sometimes fried onions are in request, but in this case it would be much better to order potatoes done up with onions in the Lyonnese way. Grilled mushrooms or tomatoes are among the best garnishes for beefsteak; after which may rank cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, haricot pods and haricot beans.

Beefsteak Pie.—Take two or three pounds of rump-steak, clear it of fat, and cut it into collops two or three inches in diameter. Put them into a pie-dish, layer upon layer, dredged with a little flour, and duly seasoned with pepper, salt, and chopped onion or shalot. Pour over them some good gravy or broth—good enough when the pie is cold to turn to jelly. Most cooks are content with water, but as the pie is very often eaten cold, the result is an odious watery sauce. Cover the pie up in the usual way, and let it bake for an hour or so. The pie is mightily improved by the addition of a dozen oysters and their liquor for every pound of beef.

Beefsteak pudding contains either the same ingredients as the foregoing, or the same as kidney pudding.

Beefsteak Tossed—in French, *sauté*. These are steaks either of the usual size, or cut up into thin collops about two or three inches in diameter. English cooks frequently do their steaks in the frying-pan when they have not got a fire good enough to broil them. In that case they should

do so frankly, and not make a pretence of broiling. Put the steak or the collops with a piece of butter into the pan, and fry them briskly on each side, but take care not to burn the butter. When the meat is done take it out. Then dredge in a little flour into the pan, and add a ladleful of gravy or broth, which after being stirred on the fire for a minute or two may be strained into a saucepan; into which also put a quantity of olives, or of mushrooms, or of oysters, which have been previously prepared, and heat them up in the sauce. A glass of sherry or Marsala may go with them, or may take their place. This is not a very brilliant substitute for a good grilled steak; but the French take to it—in the form of the Filet sauté aux olives, aux champignons, aux truffes, au vin de Madère.

Beefsteak Stewed.—Have a large and thick rump-steak,—even more than may be necessary, for this is a dish which, if the sauce be good and plentiful, seems to surpass itself when cold, and comes in graciously at breakfast and at supper. Put the steak with butter into an oblong pan that will hold it nicely laid out at length; brown it on both sides, dredging it lightly with flour; and when it has taken colour pour over it broth enough to cover it and more than cover it. Sometimes water is used; but this is a mistake, as it is important that the sauce when cold should be almost a jelly. Set the steak to boil, skim it, add to it a Mirepoix of red wine, and let it simmer gently for two or even three hours. A quarter of an hour before it ought to be ready, see how the sauce is in consistence and in taste. This is especially necessary for those cooks who moisten the steak with water or with broth which is too thin. The sauce should be a cullis, and if it is not so it may be well to stir into it a little corn-flour. As for taste it is perilous to attempt to improve upon a good Mirepoix; but mushroom ketchup sometimes comes in well if used with discretion; pepper may be needed; and

all mention of salt has been hitherto omitted because of the bacon and the ham in the Mirepoix.

Beef à la mode.—Take some of the veiny piece, the thick flank or the rump, and let it be five inches thick. Cut some bacon fat for larding, and let the lardoons be of considerable size—say half an inch thick. Dip them first into vinegar, and then into a mixed powder made up of pepper, salt, thyme, bayleaf and parsley, very finely chopped. Lard the beef with them through and through. Melt some fat in a large brazier or stewpan; put the beef into it and fry it for a quarter of an hour. Next add to it two calf's feet, half a pint of white wine, half a pint of broth and half a pint of water, together with salt. Let it boil and skim it. Then add two or three carrots, two or three onions, two or three cloves, and a faggot of sweet herbs. Cover up the brazier or the stewpan tight, so that there may be no evaporation, and let it stew very gently for five or six hours. The beef is to be served with the calf's feet cut up and the carrots. The gravy is to be strained, freed from fat, reduced to half, and poured over the beef. In addition to the pieces of calf's feet and the carrots for a garnish, it is usual to provide a quantity of small onions browned and cooked apart.

Salted and Spiced Beef.—The salting and spicing may for the most part be left to the butcher who provides the meat—round, edgebone, silverside, brisket, or whatever it be. The following, however, are the usual quantities :—

For salting—reduce to a fine powder one ounce of saltpetre with three of sugar, and rub this well into the meat, then rub in three-quarters of a pound of salt, also powdered. Rubbing and turning every day, a piece of beef—say sixteen pounds—should be ready in nine or ten days. Observe that there are sixteen ounces of pickle for sixteen pounds of meat.

For spicing—say a good-sized Round. Rub into the

beef half a pound of brown sugar, and leave it for two days. Then make a powder consisting of one pound of salt, two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of black pepper, two ounces of allspice, two ounces of juniper berries—well mixed together. Rub this into the beef and turn it daily; it will be ready in three weeks.

For cooking—the usual way is to wash off the salt and spice; to boil the ordinary salt beef in water, and to serve it with some of its liquor; also with a garnish of greens, carrots, and sometimes dumplings. But if people take for three weeks the trouble to get up a Round of beer—one of the boasts of English cookery—they may as well cook it in the best way, which is to place it, with a very little water—a cupful will do—in a pot of its own size, metal or earthen, to surround it and cover it with beef-fat chopped, and to bake it in the oven for five or six hours. The difference is incredible between the tenderness and succulence of a Round boiled in water, at a temperature below 212°, and one baked in beef-fat at 300° or 400°. The Miniature round of beef—that is, ribs of beef, boned and rolled—may be done in the same way with admirable effect, though of course the measurements must vary. The larger round of beef may be reckoned at twenty-five pounds. What is called Pressed Beef is nothing but the brisket, pickled as above with salt, sugar, saltpetre and mixed spices—left in this pickle for a week, boiled till tender, and pressed under a heavy weight until cold.

Beetroot.—The Greeks held the beet in such esteem that they used to offer it to Apollo at Delphi on silver, and they preferred its leaves to lettuce. The leaves are hardly ever used now unless they may be so in Brabant, where in Flemish cookery—and these Flemings were good judges—they took the place of spinach, which belongs to the same family. We make use only of the root now, and that

but little save for the manufacture of sugar. After the potato it is the most nourishing of all the roots, but its taste is mawkish when cooked, and it is not valued except for salads. Beetroot and Spanish onion make a capital winter salad; so also beetroot and celery or beetroot and celeriac. Even to green salads, as the cabbage lettuce, a slice or two is a welcome addition.

BEIGNET is one of those words—abounding in the French kitchen, and more there than in the kitchen of any other country—which seem to defy explanation. All we can say of it is that it means a fritter.

BENTLEY, Richard, one of the greatest scholars of modern times, and certainly the most learned man of his day. He made this incisive observation to one of his pupils,—"Sir, if you drink ale you will think ale," which Brillat-Savarin has refined and generalised into the aphorism: "Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es."

BETSY PRIG helped herself too often from the teapot which contained not tea but rum. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own and said with great feeling,—"No, Betsy. Drink fair, whatever you do!" And this supreme rule has therefore in history been associated indissolubly with the name of the forgetful Betsy.

BIGARADE SAUCE.—Bigarade is the French name for a Seville orange, and the sauce is described under its English name of Orange Gravy Sauce.

BISQUE is one of those words which when he has the clue to them become the delight of a philologer. It presents as pretty a puzzle as exists in any language. The French lexicographers have given it up as insoluble. Brachet and Littré say frankly that its origin is unknown; the German Scheler follows suit. And, after all, a very little research

might have led the learned Frenchmen to the true meaning of the word. They have been put off the scent by trusting to modern usage. Littré defines a bisque as a soup of crayfish, and that is what it usually means in our day. He has failed however to observe that purists in France never call the soup of crayfish a bisque—they always say a *bisque d'écrevisses,* implying that there may be a bisque of something else. In some of the old French cookery books the crayfish soup is described perfectly as Potage aux écrivisses en façon de bisque. The word is now employed exactly as we employ such words as marmalade, wine, pomatum, orgeat, saveloy. Marmalade is a conserve of quinces—we give the name to a conserve of oranges. Wine is the juice of the grape; but we speak of cowslip and gooseberry wine. Pomatum is a cosmetic of apples, and never now does an apple enter into it. Orgeat ought to be no other than barley-water—it is now made of almonds without a grain of barley. Saveloy, from the French *cervelas,* formerly *cervelat,* is a sausage made of brains, and now there are no brains in it. Precisely in the same way, bisque was a soup of wood-pigeons, and it is now never made of wood-pigeons, but nearly always of crayfish.

> Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo
> Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis.

Any one who will go back to the French cookery books of the seventeenth century will find invariably that the bisque is made of pigeons, or else of small birds such as quails or partridges, which may be supposed superior to them. It was not merely a soup: one of the books describes it accurately as a soup with a ragout in it; and for the precise meaning of Ragout in the French turn to the word. La Varenne, the greatest cook of the seventeenth century before Vatel, gives two receipts for pigeon soup, neither of which he denotes by the name of bisque; but he also gives two, and only two, receipts for bisque, and they

are both soups of pigeon with a ragout or rich garniture added—something between the Financial and the Turtle Relish. If the reader goes on turning the pages of La Varenne's book he will come to a receipt for roasting wood-pigeons; he will find that they are called *bisets;* and he will there at once detect the origin of the bisque or wood-pigeon broth. The bisque was a soup of the biset—with the biset added to it in the tureen together with a ragout or relish.

Having reached this point, the discussion might fairly come to an end. The explanation of the bisque is there, even if we can go no further. There is a detail, however, which it would be well to account for. How are we to account for the fourth letter in bisque, which does not appear in biset? This involves the further question, How does the wood-pigeon come to be called biset? And here, if we go to the Frenchmen for assistance, we find that they are all wrong—or if not absolutely wrong, helpless. They say that biset comes from the adjective of colour, bis—brown or whitey-brown; and they candidly confess that they know not whence bis in this sense comes. It is impossible to mention the name of Littré without respect for his extraordinary merits as a lexicographer, and yet he too seems to be infected with the Frenchman's wildness in etymology. The real root of biset is to be found in *bois,* and the root of *bois* is the Low Latin *boscus,* which in English survives in *bosk, busk, and bush,* and which turns up in French as *bisque, bois, buis,* and *buisson.* Just as the Latin *discus* dropt the *k* sound and was transformed into *daïs,* while at the same time there survived a doublet retaining it —*disque;* so the Latin *boscus* has survived with the *k* sound in *bisque,* and without it in *bois* and *biset.* I find in my notes a statement which I am unable for the moment to verify—that Humboldt has derived the name of Basque, or Biscay, from Basoa, a forest, and Baso-coa, belonging to a forest. It would be curious if this should turn out to be the same word, but it is immaterial to the argument. Enough

has been stated to show that a consonant has dropped out of biset, and that the word is by rights bisquet. It does not follow from this that the French etymologists are absolutely wrong in connecting biset with the colour bis—light-brown; but if there is any justification for them, it is not because the wood-pigeon is of a light-brown colour, but because light-brown is the colour of wood, and it is not impossible that the colour as well as the pigeon may be named from the wood. Neither, again, does it follow that, taken literally and by themselves, bisque and biset mean anything more than wood or belonging to a wood. Just as tree came to signify the cross, and iron fetters, the name of the wood might easily pass to the pigeon, and the name of the pigeon to the soup. It is still in the French idiom to add the word pigeon to biset,—saying pigeon biset.

The reader will probably expect to find here the old receipt for Bisque, and I give him with pleasure the receipt of La Varenne, which runs as follows :—" Bisque of Young Pigeons. Take young pigeons, cleanse them well and truss them up, which you shall do in making a hole with a knife below the stomach, and thrusting the legs through it. Whiten them; then put them in the pot with a small faggot of fine herbs, and fill the pot with the best broth you have, and have a special care that it may not become black." The grand object was to make it red—to produce a bisque rouge; and in fact it was to develop redness that the crayfish came into play and in the end displaced the pigeon. " Then dry your bread and stew it (mitonnez) in the pigeon broth. Then take it up (dressez), after it is well seasoned with salt, pepper and cloves, garnish it (that is the bisque) with the young pigeons, cockscombs, sweet-breads, mushrooms, mutton-juice, pistachios. Serve, and garnish the rims of the dish with slices of lemon."

This, it will be observed, is a soup of pigeons with the pigeons and a Ragout (see Ragout) in it. What is now called Bisque is neither a soup of pigeons, nor is it a soup

of any kind with what is properly called a Ragout in it. For the crayfish soup of fame we must go to the pages allotted to the crayfish, and not seek for it in the nest of the wood-pigeon.

Black Butter.—See Butter.

Black Cock is a kind of Grouse and to be treated as such.

Black Puddings (Boudins Noirs) are made of pig's blood. This sounds gross enough, not to say offensive and horrible. Nevertheless, with the gore of the unclean beast there is mingled an adorable onion flavour which redeems it from odium, and seduces mortals like another Circe. The human beings who have been able to resist the sanguinolent puddings of the hog are few indeed. In France, among the middle classes, it is considered a sacred duty to eat them on Christmas eve, after returning from the midnight mass. The English do not make much of Christmas eve, but these black puddings are a fair excuse for making more of it. Only it is best to eat them not in the French but in the Flemish style. The French eat them as they are; the Flemings with a companion dish of baked apples. It corresponds to the English plan of taking apple sauce with pork or goose.

Blanc.—See the Faggot of Pot-herbs.

Blanch.—To scald vegetables (but sometimes also meat) by placing them for a few minutes with salt in boiling water, after which they are passed into cold water. This, in the case of vegetables, is to tone down too strong a taste, and in the case of meat (as calf's head and feet) to soften it.

Blancmanger.—It is needless to give the old receipt for this, because nobody would eat it. In the days of the English king Richard II. it was a fowl first roasted, then

cut to pieces and served in syrup which was whitened with milk, rice and almond paste. As late as the days of Madame de Maintenon—that is, at the end of the reign of Louis XIV.—the court physician, Fagon, ordered it to be prepared of the breasts of fowls and almond milk for consumptive patients; and later on, when we come to the article Gallimawfrey, it will be seen that the title of the dish implies a fowl.

For the modern receipt, the best and simplest is that of Carême, and depend upon it when Carême is simple he has right upon his side. He is loud in his praise of it, and hazards the prophecy that Blancmanger prepared in his simple way will always be preferred to other creams, and even to the most beautiful jellies, because of the pleasant, nourishing, and soothing qualities of the almond. Unhappily for his renown as a prophet, Blancmanger is losing its popularity, because although the almonds may be as good and as loved as ever, the world has ceased to believe in isinglass, and laughs to scorn the gelatine which is too often used instead of it.

Blanch a pound of sweet almonds and twenty bitter ones. Pound them in a mortar, moistening them from time to time with half a spoonful of water to keep them from turning to oil. When they are pounded quite smooth, pass them into a bowl, and mix them with five wineglassfuls of filtered water. Then arrange a napkin over an oval dish, so that the almond milk may be poured into it and strained through it by twisting it at either end. Add twelve ounces of sifted sugar, and when this is dissolved pass the Blancmanger a second time through the napkin. Next mix into it, somewhat more than warm, an ounce of clarified isinglass. Last of all pour it into a mould which has been rubbed with sweet oil of almonds, and which has been settled on ice. The Blancmanger thus prepared will be delightful in itself, but any flavour wished for may be added to it—as rum, lemon, vanilla, coffee, chocolate, strawberry.

Blanquette is as good a name as one could get for a white sauce, and it is a name which might well be adopted in England, where it would be thoroughly understood. There is absolutely no difference between a Blanquette sauce and the so-called Allemande or German sauce, unless it be this—that occasionally there is chopped parsley put into the former. A Blanquette of fowls, of sweetbreads, or of veal, means simply the serving of these things in the white Allemande. The white parsley and butter sauce which is so common in England with boiled chickens is but a rough and ready Blanquette. The Poulette sauce is the same thing, with sometimes chopped mushrooms added and with a squeeze of lemon.

Bleu (au bleu).—A phrase of the French kitchen for the simplest method of cooking fish. It means cooking it either in plain salt and water, or in white wine with parsley and onions. Originally the wine was red; and hence the name blue (petit bleu), as we say small beer in England. What with the old style and the new, however, there is an odd medley of colours, white, red, and blue.

Blonde de Veau is described at length in the article on Soup. It is a double veal broth, which is much in request for mixing with soups and sauces for its smooth gelatinous texture, and also for its fine colour and flavour, which are brought out by making it fall to a glaze at an early stage of its preparation. Perhaps it is overrated; it certainly was at one time. Early in the last century it became all the rage in France. There is a letter of Voltaire's in which he invites St. Lambert to visit him at Cirey. "Come to Cirey," he says. "There Madame du Châtelet will not poison you. There is not a spoonful of beef gravy (jus) in her kitchen; everything is done with blond de veau: we shall live a hundred years, and you will never die."

Boarshead, even as a Christmas dish, has gone so completely out of use, that it is needless to give any receipt for its preparation. But one thing about it deserves to be remembered. We all more or less, while the edge of hunger is upon us, look forward to our food with some eagerness. But what approach can we make to the lusty feeling of our forefathers, who when they brought on the boarshead honoured it with a procession from the kitchen, and made merry before and after with a song? Imagine the frankness of the feeling which breathes in the following stanzas; and let us ask ourselves—Are we better than our fathers because we should be rather ashamed to lead a procession of the boarshead and to give utterance to their jolly anticipations of the coming feast?

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary ;
I pray you all sing merrily,
Qui estis in convivio

The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land ;
Look wherever it be found,
Servite cum cantico.

Be glad, both more and less,
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas—
The boar's head and mustard !
Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. There is more gluttony now in the world than ever there was, and none the less because we are quiet over it—and pretend to think a great deal more of the *ewigkeit*. Perhaps our dinners would agree with us better and we should have less of that dyspepsia which distresses modern civilisation if we could

go to our food with singing like our ancestors, and if we could render thanks for it to God with a sense of enjoyment as lusty as theirs.

Boiling.—If one might judge by the use of the word, there is no mode of cookery so common as boiling. As a matter of fact, however, true boiling is extremely rare, and is nearly always of short duration. Boiling in the strict sense is a word of the widest and vaguest meaning. Milk will boil at a comparatively low temperature; so will spirits; on the other hand, fats and oils have their boiling point at a prodigious heat; but in common parlance, and in the language of the kitchen, to boil means to produce the temperature of boiling water—that is, 212° Fahrenheit. Now, we may speak of boiling as much as we like; but in point of fact there is very little cooking performed at this heat of 212°. Nearly all cooking is done either a little below this degree or very much above it. The cooking which is done above the boiling point (as broiling, baking, frying, roasting) develops the peculiar roast flavours at a temperature of 400° and upwards. The cooking which is done below the boiling point, and is known as stewing, simmering, seething, slow-boiling, works itself out often as low as 170°, but always below 212°. If all cookery is performed either a little below the boiling point of water or very high above it, the question may be asked—Is there any good in boiling proper, and what is the object of it? Boiling heat is required almost solely for two purposes, and no more. 1. In the first place, for rapid reduction. One wants to evaporate the water from a sauce, an infusion, or a decoction, from vinegar, from wine, from milk. For this purpose of reduction, the cook resorts to the most brisk and violent ebullition within his means. 2. Violent boiling has also its use as a preliminary step in the cooking of meat and of most vegetables. Let us say that a leg of mutton is to be boiled: it will not really be boiled except

for the first few minutes. All depends on the question whether a piece of meat is going to be eaten or not. If it is not to be eaten, and we only want to get all the goodness out of it in the form of a broth or stock, the meat is put into cold water which is gradually heated, and then only seethed or simmered or slow-boiled considerably below the degree of 212. If the meat is to be eaten, however, it is a great and most important object to keep the juices within it. The leg of mutton is therefore at once plunged into the hottest boiling water, which coagulates the albumen on the surface, and produces a thin but perfect coat of mail all round the meat, through which the juices cannot escape. Five minutes of quick boiling at the outset, or even less, having produced this coat of mail, there is no further need of so great a heat. The quick boiling is, by the addition of cold water, brought down to slow boiling or simmering; and though we still speak of the leg of mutton as boiled, it is really not boiled at all, but only simmered, save in the first five minutes.

It will thus be seen that boiling, as distinct from slow-boiling, simmering or seething, is an operation of very limited scope in cookery. It may be described as the middle, not to say neutral point of culinary heat. It is notorious that the kitchen produces two kinds of cookery —the brown and the white, or, as the French sometimes express it, the brunette beauty and the blonde. The one comes of intense heat, far above the boiling point, producing the roast savours and the brown appearance; the other comes of gentle heat, a little below the boiling point, producing mild decoctions, pale of tint and with natural flavours. But genuine boiling at a temperature of 212° yields no such characteristic results. It is a temporary process, of short duration and of limited use, being chiefly available, as above mentioned, for two things—to coagulate and harden the surfaces of food, and to reduce liquids by evaporation.

When meat begins to boil a scum rises to the surface of the water and continues to do so for some little time. This must be carefully removed as fast as it rises, for it soon sinks again, rendering it difficult afterwards to clarify the liquor. Salt helps the scum to rise.

Time-table for Boiling.

It must be clearly understood that in the following table boiling means, for the most part, under-boiling or simmering. In some cases also, chiefly in vegetables, now and then also in fish, any time-table is insufficient, and it is possible to ascertain whether the cooking is enough only by probing. The following figures therefore are to be taken with a certain latitude:—

	Hours.
Round of beef, 20 lbs.	5
Edgebone, 14 lbs.	3
Brisket, 10 lbs	3
Ham, 12 lbs	4
Leg of pork, 8 lbs.	3
Hand, 6 lbs	2½
Bacon, 2 lbs.	1½
Pig's cheek	2½
Pig's feet	3
Ox tongues, fresh	2
Leg of mutton, 9 lbs	2 to 3
Neck, 7 lbs	2
Breast of veal, 7 lbs.	2½
Neck of veal, 5 lbs.	2
Knuckle, 7 lbs.	2½
Calf's head	3
Calves' feet	3
Tripe	8
Turkey, small	1½
Ditto, large	2
Fowl, large	1 to 1½
Chicken	½ to ½
Partridge	½
Pigeon	½
Rabbits	¾

	Minutes.
Greens, quick boiling	25
Cabbage ,,	25
Asparagus	25
Artichokes	35
Green peas	15 to 20
Carrots	15 to 50
Turnips	15 to 50
French beans	30
Broccoli	15 to 20
Cauliflower	15 to 20
Brussels sprouts	10 to 15
Beetroot	150
Parsnips	35
Spinach	12
Girasole artichokes	30
Onions, whole	60
Turbot, 15 lbs	30
Cod's head and shoulders	60
Salmon	60
Slices of cod or salmon	15
Soles	6 to 12
Skate	12 to 20
Herrings	10
Mackerel	15 to 20
Lobsters or Crabs	20 to 30

Bologna has given birth to eight Popes, to Francia, Domenichino, the Caracci, Guido, Albani, and to the most magnificent and renowned of all the sausages. Who shall say that, among these mighty ones, the sausage is the least?

Bonne Femme.—The name given to a remarkable soup in which an attempt has been made to paint the character of a good woman. Why not? Beethoven in his Pastoral Symphony has by music alone set before us a landscape; and why should not a cook be able in a soup to symbolise womanhood? The two most important symbols which he selects are the acidity of sorrel and the softness of cream. There is a gracious suavity in the soup, with a subacid flavour to remind one pleasantly of the little gleams of temper without which this exquisite creation could not be a woman. There is an addition of fowl or chicken broth in memory of Dame Partlet and her sisters, who love, honour, and obey the sultan of the hen-roost. And there is a good allowance of butter, to symbolize the adulation of courtship and the praises which the poet says are the wages of the sex.

Take a pound of sorrel and cut it first into narrow ribbons; then slantwise into diamonds. Put it into a stewpan and stir it on the fire, with ½lb. of butter, with salt, and it may be with one ounce of flour. Then add five or six pints of fowl or chicken broth, and let it simmer gently for half an hour. Take it off the fire, and add a leason of six yolks of eggs and a tumblerful of good cream. Finish it with a bit of butter and serve it with crusts.

Bonne Femme Maigre.—Omit the flour, put water for broth, and use cream of rice instead of cream.

Borage.—There is an old rhyme, *Ego borago gaudia semper ago,* which has been freely translated—"I borage bring courage." It had a wonderful repute for cheering

the heart of man, and was accordingly ranked among the four cordial flowers—that is, flowers which acted upon the heart and made it merry. The four flowers were alkanet, borage, roses and violets. This is what Lord Bacon says of it: "The leaf of the borage hath an excellent spirit to repress the fuliginous vapours of dusky melancholy and so to cure madness. . . . It will make a sovereign drink for melancholy passions." The juice of the leaves abounds in nitre, and the withered stalks have been seen to burn like matchpaper. The young leaves and tender tops used to be taken in salad. Now the plant is scarcely ever used except for flavouring claret-cup. It resembles, in this respect, burnet and cucumber.

Bordeaux, Bordelese.—The famous capital of the Gascon country has given its name to a sauce, to a method of serving the entrecôte or ribstead, and to the cooking of crayfish.

Sauce Bordelaise.—Properly speaking, there is no such sauce, and very few of the books care to describe it. What is so called is a variety of the Genevese Sauce, and got its name probably because of the Bordeaux wine in it. Take a good brown sauce, Spanish if possible, boil it down with a tumblerful of red Bordeaux, with one or two shalots chopped small, and by rights also with a clove of garlic crushed.

Entrecôte à la Bordelaise.—One would imagine that this must be a ribsteak with Bordelese sauce. It is nothing of the kind—for, as we have said, there is, strictly speaking, no such sauce. It is a ribsteak grilled in the ordinary way and served with (either upon it or under it) a piece of cold maître d'hôtel butter, into which has been wrought some choped shalot. To those who love onion flavours the idea seems good, but many persons regret the order they have given for the Entrecôte à la Bordelaise, from not taking into account that the shalot is raw.

Crayfish à la Bordelaise are a passion with some people, especially in the season when game fails. They take the place of game towards the end of dinner. Chop a faggot of Mirepoix fine, pass it in butter, and add a tumblerful of white wine to it. Boil it up, put the crayfish into it alive; they are soon dead and red, although to be thoroughly cooked they must be tossed for at least twenty minutes. When done, pile them in a noble monument on the dish; take the sauce, finish it with a little fresh butter, and pour it fondly on the monument you have raised.

Given the crayfish, there comes a terrible question,—How are they to be got at? how are they to be eaten? Prigs and foolish virgins are aghast to find that knives and forks are of no use. Then comes a moment of great trial to weak nerves. What becomes of our boasted civilisation when it is known that the crayfish are to be boldly eaten with the fingers, and that when the dish is consumed finger-glasses go round?

BOTARGO—Roe of the Grey Mullet.

BOUCHÉES—Morsels.—These are small Vol-au-vents, and the way to make them is described under that heading. They are filled with a salpicon of chicken, game or fish, well moistened with a white sauce—Béchamel or Allemande.

Bouchées à la Reine.—Filled with a salpicon of chicken,—that is, a fine mince of chicken with tongue, mushrooms and truffles. The queen after whom they are named was Marie Lesczinska, the wife of Louis XV., who gave the French cooks their idea of the Baba or Polish cake and the Kromeski or Polish croquette.

Bouchées of game in the same way.

Bouchées of lobsters or of shrimps are filled with either of these cut small, but not mixed with anything else save the white sauce.

Bouillabaisse is a fish soup for which the Provençal fishing towns are famous—chiefly Marseilles. Garlic is essential to it, as to nearly all the Provençal cookery; but those who eschew garlic may still obtain from it a good idea of how to concoct a savoury fish soup. Thackeray's Ballad of Bouillabaisse has given it a great name in England, but most Englishmen find it disappointing. It is a soup to be mightily loved or to be abhorred.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Choose a variety of fish—soles, red mullets, dorys, whitings, flounders, perch—avoiding the oily sorts, as the herring and the eel. The mussels mentioned by Thackeray are a pleasant addition. Reckon from half to three quarters of a pound for each person to be served. For every pound of fish put a pint of water into a stew-pan, a quarter of a pint of white wine, and a tablespoonful of oil. Then supposing there are four or five persons to be provided for—add two sliced onions, two cloves, two bayleaves, two leeks—the white only, but chopped, four cloves of garlic, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little orange or lemon zest, half an ounce of chopped capsicums, a teaspoonful of saffron (but many tastes crave a whole tablespoonful), pepper and salt. Into this mix the fish, which have been well trimmed as well as cut into pieces, and boil them for half an hour. The Marseillese declare for rapid boiling on a brisk fire—pointing out that the name Bouillabaisse means Bouillon-abaissé—that is, broth rapidly reduced by evaporation. This rule, however, is not always followed. When the soup is to be served, drain

the fish and put them on a dish apart, making, spite of Thackeray, a pretty good clearance of herbs and spices. Strain the soup by itself into a tureen, with it may be sippets of toast in it. It is more common, but not so good, to serve soup and fish together.

Bouillon.—Why should we be expected to say Bouillon when we have the good English word broth?—for everything pertaining to which see Soup.

Bourgeois, à la Bourgeoise.—It has always been difficult to translate these phrases into English, and the attempt to do so now would be absurd. They belonged to an order of things when there was a more marked gastronomical distinction between the nobleman and the townsman than we can now find. The nobleman had a fine way of cooking, the burgess had a less refined way. It is better in the present day to contrast the set dinner or the dinner of state with the family dinner. We make greater preparation for invited guests than for every-day home use. Throughout these pages, therefore, what the French call a Bourgeois dish—or one prepared à la Bourgeoise—will be described as a family dish or one prepared in a familiar way.

Bouquet.—The technical name for this in English is a Faggot of parsley—a little bunch of parsley and spring onions. See Faggot.

Bouquet garni.—A faggot of herbs—that is, a faggot of parsley with the addition of thyme and bayleaf.

Brains.—Hath a calf, which is the emblem of stupidity, brains? It is one of the glories of cookery that it recognises good in everything—good even in a calf's organ of intelligence. It is only the cerebral matter of calves that is deemed worthy of being shaped into lordly dishes. They are first picked clean, then cooled for at least an hour.

They are then either to be boiled or fried. If boiled (this is the favourite way), they are to be simmered for thirty minutes in water with salt and vinegar, then drained, and they are to be served with Maître d'Hôtel sauce, with black butter, or with Montpellier butter. If fried, they are to be first parboiled for ten minutes in water, salt and vinegar, and they are to be served with Ravigote butter.

BRANDADE.—The first receipt for a brandade which appeared in print was written by Grimod de la Reynière, and is as follows:—"Among the provincial ragouts in most distinguished favour in Paris are the brandades of salt fish. A restaurateur of the Palais Royal is well known to have made his fortune by his method of preparing them. We give the receipt as it was communicated to us in a village of Languedoc which enjoys a reputation for this very article at once brilliant and merited. The singular name of brandade, though not found in any dictionary, is derived doubtless from the old French verb *brandir,* which means to shake; and this action, almost continual, is in fact indispensable to render the ragout what it ought to be. Soak for twenty-four hours a fine piece of salt fish. Put it on the fire in sufficient water, carefully taking it off when it begins to boil. Put butter, oil, parsley and garlic into a stewpan upon a gentle fire. In the meantime skin the fish and divide it into small bits. Put the pieces into the stewpan, and add from time to time more oil, butter or milk, as the whole is perceived to thicken. Shake the stewpan for a long time over the fire, so as to reduce the salt fish to a kind of cream. The receipt is very simple, but we do not cease to repeat that the success of the brandade depends on shaking the stewpan for a very long time. This alone can effect the extreme division or disunion of all the parts of the naturally tough fish and metamorphose it into a sort of cream."

It may be a dreadful heresy, but it is difficult not to add

that there is an effective instrument called a spoon which is not once mentioned in the foregoing sentences, and which if properly stirred would save a good deal of shaking. Let it be furthermore added, that though Grimod dwells in his usual emphatic way on the creamy nature of a brandade, it is by no means to be classed with spoon meat—it is a very thick cream to be heaped on the dish with fried crusts round it.

Brawn.—One word about brawn, not for itself so much as for its connection with galantine. It is, in fact, a galantine of pig's head. In the oldest English receipts we are told how to make a galantine with the brawn or flesh of fowls, as well as with that of swine; but in the course of ages it has come about that the galantine of pig is especially called brawn, and it is scarcely ever made in private houses. We buy it as we buy sausages, in the shops. It would save a great deal of trouble if galantine were treated in the same way. The wholesale dealers can make it better and cheaper than any private family.

Brawn Sauce.—Brawn has a sauce all to itself. Add mustard and sugar to oil and vinegar in proportions which must be left to individual taste. Some insist that the sugar must be brown. This is not necessary; but if white sugar be chosen, then the juice of a sweet orange, together with a few gratings of the zest, may be worked in with great effect. Say two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, two mustardspoonfuls of mustard, a dessertspoonful of sifted sugar, the juice of one and the rind of half a sweet orange.

Braze—to braze.—Brazing is a combination of stewing and baking. The meat, which is nearly always boned, is put into a copper stewpan with broth and vegetables, and set upon embers or upon the corner of the stove, to simmer very gently. Thus far it is the easiest-going stew that can

be imagined. It is at the same time on its upper surface subjected to another process of heat. The lid is tightly closed upon it, sometimes with clay or dough, and is in a form to hold burning embers which ought to generate upon the surface of the stew a heat that if applied below and in contact with the metal bottom might burn it. Below, there is a slow stew going on; above, the meat is in a sort of miniature oven, baking and browning. It is a favourite mode of cooking with the French, and is supposed to create unusual flavour—combining the advantages of roasting and boiling. Whether it does so is another question. Brazed meat is no doubt an improvement upon boiled; but it never reaches the flavour of roast. This, however, is a matter of opinion; and French cooks often put paper over delicate meat which is to be brazed—say a fowl or turkey—to make sure that the heat of the brazier above will not give it too much of a taste.

Braze is a common name for the ingredients which are put into the brazing-pan to stew with the meat and to give it a flavour. Obviously in this sense the braze may be as variable as the viands which are to be stewed and as the tastes which have to be consulted. The Mirepoix, mentioned later, will be found a very good braze indeed, and it does not differ much from what is commonly called a braze—that is, a few slices of bacon, some carrots, four or five onions, one of which is made a pincushion for cloves, two bayleaves, a little thyme, and a bunch of parsley. Indeed, the multiplication of names is one of the greatest follies of the kitchen; and mention is made here of braze not with approval, but only to prevent disappointment. To judge by the current receipts, it would be extremely difficult to make out a clear difference between Braze, Blanc, Poêle, and Mirepoix. Each and all are a confusion of well-favoured vegetables and herbs, one heaped upon another, with little regard to quantity and none to combination. See more upon this point under Faggot.

BREAD.—When Dr. Lister, the physician of Queen Anne, went to Paris in the beginning of last century, he declared that the French bread made in London was better than that made in Paris. It is the same now. English bread itself is not good. Even baker's bread is poor stuff; and home-made bread realizes pretty well the image of a son asking his father for bread and receiving a stone. Nevertheless, observe two things: the best bread for cooking purposes is known in the French kitchen as *pain Anglais*—it is the English pan loaf; and the best bread in the world is made in London—but it is made by French bakers from Hungarian flour. The chemists tell us that this bread is not so nourishing as the coarser kinds; but what is the worth of their analysis we have already seen at page 15. We may take the navvy as a good practical judge. He knows what suits him best, and he will always be found eating the finest bread he can get.

The English bread, as a rule, is so bad that at our dinner-tables it has been displaced by the potato. The Englishman wants a potato with every dish that comes before him—he cannot do without it, no matter what other vegetables are provided. The Frenchman, on the other hand, eats bread throughout dinner; and many have been heard to complain that at an English dinner they are quite ashamed of the number of times they have to ask for bread—they can never get enough. The bread or potato thus eaten throughout a meal serves two ends: it supplies the farinaceous element of food, and it acts upon the palate as a sponge to prepare it for a new experience. Which for the latter purpose is the more serviceable—the French or the English style—the bread or the potato? Suppose one were tasting wines: will the English wine-taster ever come to eating potatoes between his sips of the different vintages? He eats bread, which is the best thing possible for the renovation of his taste. Here is a marked point in which the French are ahead of the English in understanding the

laws of gustation. They leave the potato to Englishmen; they choose bread for themselves, and they take care to have their bread of the best.

Bread and Butter with Fruit—a favourite sweet entremet described under the name of Charlotte.

Breadcrumbs, Raspings, Crusts—much used in cookery, but scarcely needing explanation. The bread for crumbs should be stale and well sifted. A more common kind is made by baking any pieces of bread until hard, braying them in a mortar, and passing them through a sieve.

Bread Pudding.—When one is in the humour to eat bread-pudding one wants it very simple—therefore the simplest receipt is the best, and the less we say of currants and candied citron the better. The rule is to pour upon fine breadcrumbs about three times the quantity of liquid—in the form of rich milk and butter. Say there are six ounces of bread,—on this put two ounces of fresh butter, and then pour boiling hot a pint (sixteen ounces) of the creamiest milk to be obtained. Cover this over, and let it stand until the bread is well soaked—which will take about half an hour. Then mix in three ounces of sugar, the yolks of five eggs, the whites of three, and a little nutmeg. Pour it into a dish, and bake it for half an hour.

Bread Sauce.—This is a serious matter, and is rarely turned out well. Many cooks think it enough to serve up mere milk-sop, and there are very few of the receipts which allow for it more than ten minutes' preparation. The sauce is very simple, but it is worth some care. The following receipt is borrowed from Miss Acton: "Put into a sauce-pan nearly half a pint of fine breadcrumbs, the white part of a large but mild onion cut into quarters, three-quarters of a pint of new milk; and boil them very gently, keeping them often stirred until the onion is perfectly tender, which will be in from forty minutes to an hour. Press the whole

through a hair sieve; reduce the sauce by quick boiling should it be too thin; add salt, nutmeg, an ounce of butter, and four spoonfuls of cream: and when it is of proper thickness, dish and send it quickly to table." Let it be added, however, that if the onion is chopped instead of being cut into quarters, the sauce will take much less time.

BRETON.—The Celts of Brittany have immortalised themselves and their mutton by means of a few onions and haricot beans. In the first place they have invented the Breton sauce. It is the counterpart of Soubise, only that the one is brown, the other white. When these noble Bretons eat roast mutton they make a quantity of their lovely brown sauce, they boil about an equal quantity of white haricot beans, they mix the two together for a garnish, and there is the Gigot à la Bretonne. To be exact, let us say that there are two pints of garnish:—one pint should be the brown purée of onions, the other pint white haricots nestling in the brown.

Breton Sauce is to Soubise what brown is to white. Peel, trim, and mince a good quantity of onions—no stint. Pass them in butter with a little salt, perhaps also some sugar, till they are of a rich red colour, and then set them to stew in their own juice with a faggot of sweet herbs. When they are done, take out the faggot and add a brown sauce to them—the best is not too good. The books direct that after this the onions and the sauce together should be reduced to a glaze, which is quite unnecessary. The object is to develop the roast flavour of the onions, which is developed enough if they have been fried enough at first. Pass all through a tammy, and finish it with a piece of butter and a squeeze of lemon.

BRILL.—Of all good fish, brill is the most odious, because it is used, either ignorantly or maliciously, to do duty for turbot. No doubt this is proof of its goodness; it would

be impossible to pass off a bad fish for turbot. But a brill in reality is to turbot as lead is to silver, and as cider to champagne. It may seem incredible, but it is a fact that there are heathens who do not know what a turbot is, who despise its fin and its skin, who think the thick fleshy part of it the best, and who naturally, therefore, can see no great difference between brill and turbot. A brill is to them as good as a turbot, for it only wants what in their view is well wanting—the gelatinous fins and the skin. The fishmonger finds it easy to impose upon these innocents; and they in turn do not see the enormity of imposing brill upon guests who are entitled to turbot. The fish too readily lends itself to this frightful system of imposture, and has caused much cruel disappointments to those who hold the turbot in regard that it is naturally in bad odour.

There is not a word, however, to be said against brill in its own place—a very fair middle-class fish. Like a large sole, it may be fried whole or in fillets. It may be served *au gratin,* in a matelote of the ordinary kind, or a Normandy matelote. Also it may be boiled in slices, in fillets or whole, and served with Holland sauce, caper sauce, nut-brown butter, or indeed with any of the butter sauces.

Brillat-Savarin. — A French magistrate, born at Belley in 1775, dying at St. Denis in 1826. He is the most delightful and seductive of all the writers on gastronomy, though he might never have written if Grimod de la Reynière had not led the way. His work entitled *Physiologie du Goût* is a masterpiece. It was published anonymously the year before his death, so that he had not the happiness of reaping his reward and seeing his renown. He gave to the pleasures of the table a poetry little thought of before, and though his works are in prose he is to be ranked as one of the most original of poets. He has himself reported what one of his friends

said to him,—"You have but one fault: you eat too quickly." That, however, is a great fault in a gourmet, and it is a fault which is much too common in England. Napoleon lost the two great battles of Borodino and Leipsic through indigestion brought on by his habit of eating too fast. Let the frivolous pause and think of this—the chance of losing an empire through unseemly disregard of the dinner-table.

Brioche.—Nobody knows the origin of this name. It is made of paste No. 9 in any shape which may be chosen, and baked in an oven for half an hour. It forms a most estimable cake, but is still more delicious as fritters. See Fritters, No. 6; also Dauphiness.

Brocoli.—The same directions as for cauliflower.

Broil.—See Grill. Whichever the word, to both the rule of Macbeth applies:—

> If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly.

Broth.—The French appear to make some distinction between a soup and a potage, but I have never been able to define it. In England it is assumed that there must be some distinction between soup and broth, but again I have never been able to make out what is meant. This is the worst of culinary terms. They might be used with precision; but for one cook who treats his business as a science, there are a myriad who know nothing and turn everything into confusion. Although the usage in England is not certain, the tendency is to restrict the name of broth to the juice of meats more or less highly wrought before they take special form as soup. Broth, in short, is to soup what cloth is to dress.

Brown Betty is the English cousin of the Continental Charlotte. Like Charlotte, she has a taste for bread and

butter—and bakes it with fruit, chiefly apples. How Charlotte makes the combination may be seen under her name. The English receipt for Brown Betty is as follows: Pare and slice a number of apples, and prepare a quantity of breadcrumbs. Put a layer of breadcrumbs in a pie-dish; then a layer of apples; then over the apples brown sugar and pieces of butter. Put on more layers of crumbs, apples, sugar and butter, until the dish is full. Pour over all a small teacupful of water, and then cover the whole with thin slices of bread and butter, forming a good solid roof for the pie. Bake it slowly, sprinkle it with sugar, and serve it either with or without cream. The apples will not be the worse for having a clove or two among them.

Brown Betty admits of many variations. One is known in this country as Swiss pudding—pounded rusks, soaked in milk, being used for the breadcrumbs. Cover it with pounded rusks, and pour melted butter over it.

Browning.—On all occasions the best is caramel—it is the least apt to create an unlooked-for flavour. Roux and burnt onions are often enough in use, however. These brownings are admirable in soup as Robert Browning in poesy—but they are apt to be harsh.

Brunoise, Chiffonnade, Croûte au Pot, Jardinière, Julienne, Paysanne, Spring Soup.—The basis of all these soups is a brown clear broth or double broth. Vegetables are added according to the season, and they are usually cut into small fancy shapes. They may be carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, celery, peas, kidney beans, lettuce, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, asparagus, tarragon, chervil, parsley, sorrel, and woodsorrel. Do not overload the soup, but make a good selection; and when carrots, turnips, celery, leeks, or onions are used, prepare them first by frying them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, a sprinkling of salt, and a teaspoonful of pounded sugar. The other vegetables may be simply blanched. Crusts of

bread may be added, large or small, according to taste. When this soup has an abundance of vegetables and crusts in it—thus becoming almost a garbure—it is sometimes convenient to serve it in two separate tureens, one containing nothing but the clear broth, the other the vegetables and crusts, with just enough broth to float them. It is easier in this way to apportion the soup and the vegetables on each successive soup-plate.

For more about this soup and its varieties, the reader may turn to the Introductory Chapter and to the article on Julienne. As for the name Brunoise, although extremely common, it has not been adopted by any of the classical French dictionaries. Some of the cookery books call the soup Potage à la Brunoy.

Brussels Sprouts.—To be boiled like cabbages in abundance of water and a little salt for fifteen minutes, to be drained and dried, to be tossed in butter, with pepper and nutmeg. For garnish a little butter will do. For an entremet use more butter, and it may be also a veal gravy or white cullis. There is a superfluity which was once in favour—buttered toast beneath the sprouts when served as an entremet, or else sippets of toast around them.

Bubble and Squeak.—Chop some boiled white cabbage, season it with pepper and salt, and toss it in butter. Pepper and broil some slices of cold salted beef—if underdone, so much the better. Put the cabbage into a dish, lay round it the slices of beef, garnish it if you will with slices of carrot, and serve it very hot.

Bumper.—There is a fine distinction between a bumper and a brimmer which ought not to drop out of sight. A brimmer is a glass so full of wine that it touches the brim. But this may happen by force of attraction—the wine climbing up to the brim, leaving a slight hollow in the central surface. Add a few more drops of wine, and this central

depression will not only be filled up, but a bump of wine will rise like a hill in the centre of the glass, which may then be described as a bumper. The difference between a brimmer and a bumper may be tested with a small piece of cork. In a brimmer it will float to the edge of the glass; in a bumper it will remain in the centre.

BURNET, called also Salad Burnet and Garden Burnet, to distinguish it from the Great Burnet, and by the French called pimpernel,—a plant quite distinct from the English pimpernel, which is poison,—had a great reputation in the olden time. It was used chiefly, as borage now, to improve the taste of claret cup. It was also used as now in salads, to give them a finer relish. It was supposed to quicken the spirits, to lighten the heart and to make it merry. Its modern use is confined to salads and sauces. It is one of the four herbs—tarragon, burnet, chives, and chervil—which form what the French call ravigote or "pick me up." It is blanched and chopped with these herbs to be strewn on the salad; to be mingled with butter so as to form ravigote butter; or to be added to a mayonnaise to make green mayonnaise. There is one great advantage in burnet—it continues green through the winter, when most of the other salad plants are useless.

BUTTER.—On the whole it must be admitted that the English do not with all their rich pastures make good butter. All the best butter with the rich creamy taste supplied to the clubs of London comes from Ostend, from Normandy, or from Brittany. No such butter is to be got in the British Isles save in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where somehow they have learned the art of producing butter which vies with that of Ostend and Normandy. Cambridge butter, too, has this fine creamy flavour; but it is notorious that what has been called Cambridge butter is a mixture of foreign butters. The French export, chiefly to England

and Brazil, about 50,000 tons of butter a year, the produce of nearly 500,000 cows.

Most Englishmen would be appalled if they entered a French kitchen and saw the quantity of butter which the cook uses. We digest a French dinner with ease; but let people see the butter absorbed in it—all their prejudices rise, and they have a fit of dyspepsia. Butter and oil are the most delicate forms of fat, and the Englishman who fancies they are ruinous to his digestion will notwithstanding partake abundantly of the coarser fats. Beef fat and mutten fat he will eat to any extent; greasy pork with nice crackling is a great joy to him; and as for the streaky fat of bacon, he thinks it peculiarly wholesome. The French and the English consume about the same quantities of fatty matter; the chief difference between them is that the French prefer the more delicate fats and the English are content with the coarser.

Nominally and theoretically, the grand sauces of French cookery are made from reduced essences of meat. But really and truly the most popular, the most useful, and the most admired of all the sauces are the butter sauces—chief among which are the Dutch sauce and the English sauce commonly called melted butter. (See Dutch and English.) The butter sauces are the most simple of all, and require little or no preparation; yet they are very palatable, and many persons enjoy them more than the finest gravies and the most elaborate creams. They generally figure in the books under the name of Small Sauces; but they are the grand unfailing resources of cottage kitchens and impromptu cookery. They are of infinite variety, and when once the simple principles on which they are formed have been mastered, the cook, like a pianist who presents a well-known air with many variations, may show his or her ingenuity in ringing the changes upon them.

There are various preparations of butter used for sauce,—

as Maître d'Hôtel butter, Ravigote butter, Anchovy butter, Montpellier butter, which will be found described under their proper names. Here it must be enough to enumerate the three simplest preparations of butter for sauce.

1. *Oiled Butter.*—Anybody can make this; and if other sauces fail, it can be got ready in a minute. It is plain fresh butter melted, but not allowed to brown. There is sometimes a milky sediment in the butter which has to be got rid of in the strainer. Add salt in serving the oiled butter.

2. *Nut-brown Butter,* the French Beurre à la Noisette.—This is fresh butter melted in a small saucepan and allowed not to brown, but to begin to brown. A delicious and very delicate flavour is developed if the butter is whipt off the fire the moment it begins to roast. The moment the light hazel tinge shows itself, the operation is complete, and you have, especially for fish, one of the most perfect of sauces, to which in serving may be added a squeeze of lemon-juice and a dash of salt.

3. *Black Butter*—the French Beurre noir, much used for skate, for calf's brains, and the like. This is a sharp sauce. Proceed as for nut-brown butter, but let the browning go further till the butter becomes dark-brown, though without being burnt. Take the butter from the fire, and next proceed to reduce some vinegar rapidly to about two-thirds of its volume. Mix the butter and the vinegar together, add a little salt and pepper, and pass all through the pointed strainer. It is not necessary to use the best butter for this sauce. Its peculiar flavour would be destroyed in the cooking.

CABBAGE is the general name for a vegetable that presents itself in several varieties, which, putting the coleworts or wild sort out of account, may be ranged in three classes. 1. That with loose, open leaves—known as greens, kale, and borecole. 2. That which is closed up—the white, sometimes called the Milan cabbage, the red cabbage, the Savoy (distinguished from the other closed ones by its wrinkled leaves), and Brussels sprouts, which are generally ranked as a variety of the Savoy. 3. The flowering sort—namely, cauliflower and brocoli, white and purple.

In a loose way, the name of cabbage is given to all of these, except to Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and brocoli; which shall therefore be noticed under their own special names. The other varieties of cabbage do not call for much remark. Though used in soups and for garnish, they are hardly ever served as entremets, unless we make an exception in favour of sauerkraut, which however nearly always implies the accompaniment of sausages or bacon. Another apparent exception is the Chartreuse. This looks like a dish of cabbage to be eaten by itself and for itself. But the sly monks of the Grande Chartreuse taught our cooks to hide dainty morsels of partridge within the cabbage leaves.

Cabbage for Garnish.—The English way is simple enough, and applies equally to Brussels sprouts, turnip-tops, endive, and lettuce. After being carefully trimmed and washed, the cabbage—halved and quartered—is thrown into boiling water, which has not only salt in it but often a little carbonate of soda to keep it green. A large quantity of water is used, especially in the case of turnip-tops, which are to be treated as a kind of greens or open cabbage; or else several waters are used to carry off bitterness of taste and rankness of odour. The cabbage is boiled for thirty-

five or forty minutes, and being drained, it is supposed to have finished its education and to be fit for table. In this state, however, it is dry and insipid. Be it cabbage, greens, Brussels sprouts, turnip-tops, endive, or lettuce, it should be tossed with butter, pepper, and perhaps nutmeg, before ascending to the dignity of the table.

The French way of dressing cabbage is indicated in the English practice of boiling greens to take with boiled beef. These are not boiled with the beef, lest they should impart too much of their flavour to it; but they are boiled with some of the liquor of the beef and with its top fat. The French take cabbages—white ones by preference—cut them into quarters, wash them well, cast them with salt into boiling water, boil them for ten minutes, steep them for half an hour in cold water, press them and dry them well, tie them up, put them into a stewpan with a piece of bacon previously blanched, a faggot of sweet herbs, an onion stuck with two cloves, and pepper, cover them with broth, and so let them cook, till they are tender and thoroughly impregnated with the surrounding juices.

Cabbage Soup is much the same as the foregoing; but put into the stewpan, say for each cabbage half a pound of bacon, and half a pound of gravy beef, with half a gallon of water, or even three-quarters; bring it to the boiling point, skim it, and then simmer it for three hours. Finally, cut up the cabbage and serve it in its broth, keeping back the beef, the bacon, and the faggot.

Calf's Feet are for the most part boiled in salt and water alone, for the purpose of making sweet Jelly (which see); or with a faggot of pot-herbs for the purpose of making Aspic (which also see). In either case, after hours of boiling, the feet, which have parted with much of their gelatine, still remain good enough to make a very nice little dish. The best way is to heat them up in a Poulette Relish.

CALF'S HEAD. *Plain boiled.*—The English way. Take a whole or half a head. Scald it well, and let it soak for an hour or two in cold water. Then simmer it for an hour and a half in water enough to make it swim, and with a faggot of pot-herbs. Serve it with maître d'hôtel sauce (parsley and butter) poured over it; and let it be garnished with bacon or pig's cheek, with the tongue nicely trimmed, and with the brains which have been cooked apart.

The French way. The head or half-head is first boned, then blanched as above, then cut in pieces, keeping the ear apart with a good base to it, then simmered for an hour and a half with a faggot of pot-herbs. The pieces of calf's head are next drained, the tongue is trimmed, and all are served in naked simplicity on an oval dish; the ear-pieces, which are considered the tit-bits, being made conspicuous in the arrangement. It is eaten either hot or cold with a cruet sauce. As many people like to make this sauce in proportions selected by themselves, it is usual to serve with it, on a plate and in separate heaps, capers, chives and parsley—the last two chopped.

Calf's Head en Tortue.—Prepared as above in the French way, but heated up and served in a Turtle Relish.

Calf's Head â la Financière.—As before, but with the Financial Relish.

Calf's Head Soup (better known as Mock Turtle).—See Turtle.

CALIPASH AND CALIPEE.—Calipash is a corruption of carapace, the upper shell of the turtle; but it is used to signify only the green fat or gelatinous matter which adheres to the upper shell, while calipee is the name given to the yellow fat or gelatine which is attached to the under shell. The Green Fat is never to be appoached in a frivolous spirit—always with profound obeisance and thoughts that do lie too deep for words. "Sir," said an alderman at a city dinner to a loquacious companion, "let us be silent

for a moment. In listening to your discourse, and trying to answer you, I have swallowed two pieces of Green Fat without doing them justice. Pray let me enjoy my present happiness, and when it is ended you shall discourse as much as you please."

CAMBRIDGE.—The rivalry of the twin universities has extended to the table. Oxford has its sausage and its punch. Cambridge has its sausage and its punch too. But there is an originality in the Oxford preparations to which Cambridge can make no approach. The Oxford sausage is a crêpinette, can be made at home, and affords infinite scope for variety of flavour. The Cambridge sausage is always put into skins, and that is a business of itself which had better be left to the pork butcher. There is therefore a uniformity about it which is a little too suggestive of mathematics.

The Cambridge milk punch also is scarcely worthy of the great university. It is punch made without water, but with hot milk instead, and with the addition of one or two beaten eggs.

CANTERBURY.—Celebrated for its archbishops and its brawn, Primates of England and prime of pig-cheek.

CAPERS are the buds of a plant which were at one time a good deal cultivated in England—and which might well be grown in chalk pits, on cliffs and on walls. We get our chief supplies from Italy, and our sauces are so much indebted to them that it is difficult to explain why the plant is now rarely to be seen in England. Perhaps if the history of the plant were known, a greater interest would be felt in it. Dr. Royle has proved that it is the hyssop of Scripture, "which springeth out of the wall." It has long trailing branches like the bramble, and it was on one of these that the sponge filled with vinegar was offered to our Saviour on the cross. "They filled a sponge

with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop." It was with a branch of the same that the Israelites sprinkled their doorposts with blood when they ate the passover.

Caper Sauce.—English butter sauce with a tablespoonful of capers added, not forgetting a little of their vinegar. Let some of the capers be minced, so as to flavour the sauce more effectually.

CARAMEL is to soup and sauce what rice powder is to the face—it gives complexion. It is difficult to find a substance which will colour soup and yet not alter its flavour. Burnt onions are sometimes used, but they are as rouge to the countenance—not to be trusted. The most innocuous substance is caramel, or burnt sugar, which is prepared as follows: Put a pound of sifted sugar into a brass skellet or preserving pan, and melt it on a slow fire, stirring it with a wooden spoon. After it has melted let it remain on the fire till it becomes the colour of mahogany, stirring it from time to time to make the tint uniform. This may be dark or light at pleasure; but care must be taken to avoid a quick fire, which will burn the sugar and make it black. When the proper tint is gained add three tumblers of water. Then stir up the fire and reduce the caramel to a syrup. Pour it out, cool it, and bottle it for use.

CARBONADE.—If cookery is ever to be a science it must be exact in its nomenclature, and cooks must not be allowed to confuse common-sense with their ignorant use of terms. The carbonade has degenerated in France into a stew, having meant originally a grill; and attempts are made to introduce the word into England as corrupted by the French cooks. So long as Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists are prizes in England this new style will not be tolerated. The carbonade was "a rasher on the coals"; and the rasher was first of all slashed or scored, to increase the broiling surface and to permit the penetration of pepper and salt. It was in fact a devil. "He scotcht him and

notcht him like a carbonado," we read in Shakespeare; and in Beaumont and Fletcher—

> Has he bespoke? what, will he have a brace,
> Or but one partridge, or a short-legged hen
> Daintily carbonadoed?

What has this to do with stewing? In England a carbonade will always mean something which is first scored and then grilled. Only nowadays it is not usual—except for devilling—to score meat which is to be grilled, since to do so would let out the juices too freely and dry it. For further remarks turn to the Shoulder of Mutton, which is the principal piece of meat submitted to the carbonade; and to do justice to the French cooks, let us explain how it is that the carbonade of mutton has with them come to be a stew. It was because it was thought good to parboil the shoulder before sending it to the grill.

The only carbonade of beef which is much in favour is better known as broiled or grilled bones.

Carême is certainly the most celebrated cook of the present century. He had a great genius; he had rare opportunities; and he has done more than any other one man that can be named to determine the arrangements and the provisions of the dinner-table as we have it now. Mr. Hayward has done honour to his genius in a passage remarkable for its epigrammatic point, which will be found quoted in our notice of Beauvilliers. But he was a fearful egotist and coxcomb, and his national vanity is pitiful; so that it is sometimes a labour to go through his works. It is strange also to see that though he could be very simple when it pleased him, he had a perfect mania for elaboration and show; and he paid such excessive attention to the architecture of the table and the outward adorning of his dishes, that he has left an example which has perhaps done more harm than good. To succeed as he succeeded, a cook

must not only be a cook—he must be a draughtsman, a sculptor, and a colourist; and the time and taste which a cook spends on the arts of design, to prepare food for the eye, are so much time and taste diverted from the more important business of preparing food for the mouth.

CARPS are a great family, and include, besides the carp proper, tench, barbel, gudgeon, gold-fish, loach, bream, chub, roach, dace, minnow, and bleak. The carp has a remarkable tenacity of life. He not only lives to a great age—some say 200 years: he survives terrible afflictions. He has been found alive in the muddy bottoms of empty ponds; he may be taken out of the water, packed in moist moss, and with a mouthful of bread steeped in brandy, to be repeated from stage to stage, may be transported to almost any distance; both himself and his wives have been cut open for their roes, they have been sewn up again and returned to the pond, where they have afterwards, like capons and oxon, fattened amazingly and improved in flavour. Nature has provided that not only the carp shall live long, but also that he shall increase and multiply prodigiously. He abounds in roe, and one of his wives alone will produce 700,000 young in a year. The soft roe of the carp is one of the most prized of fishy delicacies, and is served by itself sometimes as an entrée or as a soup. (See Roe.) His tongue or false tongue is likewise considered a rare morsel, and for the sake of it some people will buy only carps' heads and make a dish of them.

As for the body of the carp, it is not superb, and requires all the rhetoric of the saucepan. If people choose to boil, fry, or grill him, they must take the consequences, and do the best they can with caper sauce, Holland sauce, or black butter. He should be either stewed or brazed; and however he is cooked, it is important first of all to extract from his head the gallstone, which else would impart a bitter flavour to the flesh.

For a stew, dress him either in a matelote or à la poulette. In this case he can be served either whole or in pieces, and in company with his friends—the eel, the tench, the perch, and the gudgeon. But the grand style of announcing the fish was invented at Chambord, and is known as

Carp à la Chambord.—There is a great lake in this royal demesne where carp abound. The fish is best in running water; in still water it partakes too much of mud, and needs an extraordinary effort on the part of the cook to prepare it for human association. At Chambord it was deemed necessary to make this effort, and the result was so successful that it has sometimes been applied to fish like the salmon, which it is quite impossible for art to improve upon. A great idea struck one of the cooks at Chambord —to lard the carp. It is lamentable that in our degenerate days cooks who pretend to serve a fish in the Chambord manner neglect the most important point of all—the larding, and are content to bard him with slices of bacon in the cooking. This is not enough: the larding is essential; and if a cook does not dare to lard a salmon—(where is the cook who could be guilty of such profanation?)—he must not call it saumon à la Chambord.

First of all, after being duly cleaned, the carp is to be stuffed with ordinary veal stuffing or with quenelle of whiting. The skin is then to be removed from head to tail wherever the larding needle is to be applied. This simply means that the skin may be left on his shirtfront for the better preservation of his stuffing. He is next to be larded with bacon in geometrical lines, but if the day should happen to be Friday, the strips of bacon may be replaced by strips of eel or of cooked truffles, in which case he must at least in the brazier be enfolded in slices of bacon. He is, thus attired, to be laid in state—that is, not on his side, but in the position of life—on the drainer of a fishkettle, and to be somewhat more than half immersed in a Mirepoix of white wine. He is to be covered over with buttered paper

and brazed gently. In an hour he will be fit for the dinner of a king. Fiat.

Needless to say that the carp to be treated in this royal fashion is a large one: obtain, if possible, a large Rhine carp. He can be served in his own sauce, or if this is not deemed enough, it can be finished off with Allemande. But it is always a point of honour to make the dish look well, and to give the carp à la Chambord a glorious retinue of good things. Glaze his head; diaper him with slices of truffle; and surround him in ordered masses with truffles, with crayfish and crayfish tales, with quenelles of whiting, and with regiments of soft roes furnished by himself and brethren of his tribe.

CARROTS were first introduced into England by Flemish gardeners in the time of Elizabeth; and in the reign of James I. they were still so uncommon that ladies wore branches of them on their hats and on their sleeves instead of feathers. They are now, next to the onion, the most important vegetable in all soups and sauces; but—though they are also used to garnish various dishes, especialy salt beef—they are rarely presented at table as an entremet by themselves. The only important entremet in which they appear is called after the Flemings, who first grew them for the English in Kent.

Carrots in the Flemish way.—The carrots must be young. Blanch them, slice them or turn them, and simmer them for half an hour in an ounce of butter, a wineglassful of water, and a little salt and pepper. Finish them with a leason of two yolks of eggs, a little milk or cream, a pinch of sugar, and a dash of chopped parsley.

Carrot Soup is known under the name of Crécy.

CARVING.—Wynkyn de Worde printed in the year 1508 "The Booke of Kervinge." Some of the words are curious, and throw light on the names of dishes which

have been corrupted by process of time. Where the meaning is quite plain the spelling is modernised, but not otherwise.

"The terms of a carver be as here followeth. Break that deer—lesche (leach) that brawn—rear that goose—lift that swan—sauce that capon—spoil that hen—frusche (fruss) that chicken—unbrace that mallard—unlace that coney—dismember that heron—display that crane—disfigure that peacock—unjoint that bittern—untache that curlew—alaye that felande—wing that partridge—wing that quail—mine that plover—thigh that pigeon—border that pasty—thigh that woodcock—thigh all manner of small birds—timber that fire—tire that egg—chine that salmon—string that lamprey—splat that pike—sauce that plaice—sauce that tench—splay that bream—side that haddock—tusk that barbel—culpon that trout—fin that chevin—trassene that eel—tranch that sturgeon—undertranch that porpoise—tame that crab—barb that lobster. Here endeth the goodly terms of Carving."

Cassis—the French name for black currants and for the syrup made from them. The cassis of Dijon has a great reputation throughout France as a cooling drink. There is nothing in England made from the same fruit that can approach it; but that stiff-necked generation—the Commissioners of Customs—have put a prohibitive duty upon it, so that it is impossible to import it. This is because there is a drop or two of alcohol in it. The alcohol is infinitesimal, not enough to upset the equilibrium of a fly, very much less than there is in the cheap clarets which are charged only a duty of 2d. a bottle; yet the custom-house levies a duty on it of 2s. 4d. a bottle—that is, even more than on neat brandy, the duty on which is but 1s. 9d. a bottle. It is amazing that the English manufacturers, being thus protected, are unable to do anything to rival the French in the preparation of this delicious and most

innocent liquer, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself might drink without a suspicion of the still.

CAULIFLOWER is to be had nearly all the year round, and it is at its best in England. The Dutch send to England for their cauliflower seeds, and there was at one time, if there is not still, a considerable export to France of the cauliflowers themselves.

They are to be carefully trimmed and (to eject the insects) soaked for some time in cold water and salt. They are then to be boiled in abundance of water with enough of salt for twenty minutes—more or less. The time must be ascertained by pressure. Drain them well, and send them to table with English sauce acidulated with lemon-juice or vinegar. It can be thus served either for a garnish or for an entremet. If for a garnish, the acid should be scarcely perceptible, and the cauliflower may be a little less cooked than for an entremet.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—Entremet. In this case all the green leaves are to be removed, and the cauliflowers to be boiled as above, but rather underdone. No harm if they are cut into quarters to shorten the time of boiling. Prepare an English sauce according to the receipt, only that less butter may be used, and instead of it two ounces of grated cheese—half Gruyère, half Parmesan being best. Break up some of the cauliflower, arrange it on a dish, and pour over it some of the sauce. On this bed heap up the rest of the cauliflower unbroken; pour over it the remainder of the sauce; powder it with the finest bread-crumbs or raspings, and with more grated cheese; lastly, bedew it with a spoonful of oiled butter. Put this into a hot oven till it takes a golden colour—say from ten to fifteen minutes. If the colour is imperfect, use the salamander. Serve it in the dish in which it has been cooked.

CAVIARE.—If it were not a pleasure it would be an

imperative duty to eat caviare, for reasons which will be given when we come to sturgeon, of which it is the roe. It is to be spread on toast, with a squeeze of lemon.

Cayenne Pepper would be much better called Red pepper, for it does not come exclusively from Cayenne. It is the powder of the dried pods and seeds of the capsicum. The name of Chillies is a Mexican name for the pods.

Celery and Celeriac are cultivated varieties of a wild plant common enough in England—smallage. It was the Italian gardeners who educated smallage into celery, and brought it into European notice towards the middle of the seventeenth century. Celeriac came about the same time —its distinction being that whereas in celery the gardeners brought the stalks to perfection, in celeriac they spent their skill upon the root. Unfortunately celeriac, though on the Continent much in favour, is little known in England; yet in some respects it is more useful than celery, being reared with greater ease and at less expense, being also fit for use during eight months of the year. The name of celery is derived from the Greek for parsley; and it is curious that celeri-ac contains the Latin name (*apium*) added to the Greek. Ac is to be identified with the French *ache*, and with the final syllable of smallage; and all three are transmutable into *apium* on the same principle that the Scottish Mac and the Welsh Ap are dialectical varieties of one and the same word.

Celery is most seen at table in England raw, to be eaten with cheese or sometimes in salad; but its presence at table is felt in other ways, for like parsley it is in constant demand for pot and pan to heighten soup and sauce. Also it makes a soup of itself; it makes a sauce of itself; it is excellent plain boiled, as sea-kale; it will stew to perfection; and it makes a salad which is not only good in itself,

but also doubly good because it may be had when other salads fail.

Celery Soup.—To be made on the same principle as asparagus soup.

Celery Sauce.—For poultry or game. Slice very thin four or five heads of celery, and put it into a saucepan with pepper, salt, a pinch of sugar, a sliced onion, and for every head of celery an ounce of butter. Let it stew very slowly till the celery is melted; only take care not to brown it. Then add four ounces of flour, with about a pint of milk; let it cook for twenty minutes more, and rub it through a sieve.

Purée of Celery is the same as the foregoing, but thicker. Use more celery and less milk. Finish it with a pat of butter, and serve it as a garnish for cutlets.

Celery for Garnish.—Plain boiled the same as sea-kale. Another way is to work it like endive or spinach.

Celery in Salad is excellent by itself, and may be eaten every whit as the French eat it—that is, root, branch, and leaf. For additions to it try any or all of these in slices: beet-root, Spanish onion, kidney potato.

CHAMBORD.—The name of a royal castle near Blois, built in the most florid style of the renascence by Francis I. (1526) on his return from captivity in Madrid. It was here that he wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass the couplet—

> Toute femme varie—
> Bien fol est qui s'y fie,

which his descendant, Louis XIV., put away to please Mademoiselle de la Vallière. The castle is remarkable in many ways. It is a splendid specimen of architecture, and some of the most famous scenes in French history were enacted in its precincts. But, after all, it is most widely

known throughout the world for one little detail of cookery which was first practised in its kitchen. Before the time of Francis there was no special merit in French cookery. It was no better than English or Flemish. The French, with all their strength were barbarians as compared with the Italians. It was in the Italian cities that the arts revived, and that all the refinements of wealth and commerce were best cultivated. Francis the First married his son to Catherine of Medici, who brought with her to Paris and to Chambord all the graces and muses of Florence. Through her the Italians taught the French manners, enlightened them in criticism, schooled them in art, showed them how to cook. They brought the fricandeau with them from Italy, and when they were installed in the kitchen at Chambord they applied the principle of the fricandeau to the fish which abounds in the neighbourhood. The commune of Chambord has more than a dozen considerable ponds, all abounding in carp, a fish which is sometimes poor in flavour. But veal also is apt to be insipid, though it adopts and appropriates extraneous flavours with rare docility and with beautiful results. The Italian artists determined to lard the carp as they larded the cushion of veal to make a fricandeau. The effect was so good that the method of dressing carp à la Chambord spread over France, thoroughly established itself in the French kitchen, and is celebrated over the world as among the triumphs of French art. Unhappily the later French cooks make the most dreadful blunders in the application of the Chambord method. Some are quite ignorant of what the method really is; and those who seem to be aware of it are weak enough to apply it to fish which are not of the same character as the carp and do not need to be larded. See Carp.

Chantilly Basket.—The original Chantilly basket was a Savoy cake scooped out and filled with whipt cream.

The idea thus started has been elaborated into a toy. First of all, a dish or mould has to be chosen, shaped like a basket. Next a syrup of sugar is boiled to crackling point. Then the mould is lined with delicate little cakes—ratafias the best, which are made to stick together edge to edge by being dipt in the sugar. The bottom of the dish may be lined in like manner with sponge cakes or macaroons, to absorb any liquid from the frothed cream. A basket is in this way formed which may easily be removed from the mould to a proper dish, and then filled with whipt cream.

Chantilly Cream—the French name for whipt cream; but it is very absurd to give local names to a simple preparation known to all the world. When the great ones of the earth invent a good dish let them have the credit of it; but it is mere usurpation to describe whipt cream in an epithet which represents it as the peculiar property of the House of Condé.

Chantilly Soup.—Look for Esau's Pottage of lentils.

Char is, like trout, a fish of the salmon tribe, about nine inches or a foot long. Very few come to London; but it is worth a visit to the English, the Welsh, or the Scotch lakes to enjoy them. With a char on the table and with Windermere and Rydal Mount in view, we are truly in the heart of the Lake Poetry. The char is to be treated like trout, but it is generally understood, and Francatelli insists that this fine laker—worthy associate of Wordsworth and Southey—is the best of all fish for waterzootje. This was to be expected. We all know that the Lake school of poetry is not to be surpassed in its simplicity.

The name of the fish means red—from the redness of the belly. St. Evremond, in one of his poems—an—epistle—recommends his correspondent to make a trial of a certain poisson rouge—meaning the char, which is peculiar to

England. The char is known in Scotland as the Lochleven trout—also as the cardhui, the red-black.

CHARLOTTE.—The grateful heart will always inquire—Who was this Charlotte in whose name the apple and other fruits are enchanted with a new charm, and become as it were the enchanted apples of story? I have seen English books which aver that she was Queen Charlotte, the wife of Farmer George. There is only so much truth in this that Charlotte was a German. She was at one time the most famous of her name in Europe. Napoleon read Goethe's romance of *Werther* no less than six times, and Charlotte was the heroine of the romance.

> Werther had a love for Charlotte
> Such as words could never utter.
> Would you know how first he met her?
> She was cutting bread and butter.

Her name has been given to the combination of bread and butter with apples, which can be prepared either with or without a mould. If without a mould, the Charlotte is simply a quantity of buttered apples (which see), piled upon a dish, and hedged round with sippets of bread fried in butter. If with a mould, it is the same thing reached by a different process. The Charlotte mould is a perfectly plain cylinder about five inches deep. This is lined with thin slices of bread which have been dipped in clarified butter. The great art of the composition consists in the arrangement of the lining, cutting the bread into shape, like the pieces of a wooden pail, so as either to fit exactly into the mould, or to make the staves overlap one another. When the little bread pail is formed within the mould, it is filled with buttered apples already prepared; it is covered with a round lid of bread dipped in butter; the mould is put into the oven; and it is left there for five or ten minutes, so that the bread and butter may take a fine golden tint. Then turn the Charlotte out of the mould into a dish, and

pour round it some diluted apricot jam. The same receipt applies to pears, apricots, and other fruits.

Charlotte Russe.—The Russian Charlotte is something of a libertine. As least she has much freedom of choice. She began by using finger biscuits for bread, and by choosing to have them with their contents cold, which at once put butter out of the question. A pail of finger biscuits was formed in a round mould, and filled in alternate layers with a cold marmalade of apples and apricots alone. Afterwards cream was considered a desirable addition, and it was added. The Charlotte was filled with whipt cream, or with a Bavarian cheese flavoured with fruit, or with a fruit jelly and cream such as that described at page 40. Sometimes the finger biscuits of the Charlotte concealed a blancmanger or some other simple jelly. But it is always expected that the Charlotte Russe shall be well chilled upon the ice.

CHARTREUSE.—The monks of Grande Chartreuse are very proud of this liqueur, and jealous of their exclusive right to sell it—a right which brings them in a gross return of 2,000,000 francs a year. It is curious to remember that the monastic order to which they belong was founded by Saint Bruno in order to surpass the Benedictine rule in austerity of life. The Benedictine friars chose pleasant places for their abode, in fertile valleys, amid lovely gardens, and by clear streams abounding in fish. Saint Bruno went into the desert and chose for the site of his monastery the most desolate and barren spot he could find in the mountains of Dauphiné. But these unhappy, self-denying Carthusians, who live on vegetables and are strictly forbidden the flesh of bird or beast, have made up for the misery which they have accepted as their own lot in life by the delights which they have imagined for their fellow-men. They have invented the Chartreuse of Partridge for days of fasting. The wing of a partridge is disguised in an enve-

lope of cabbage. We satisfy our consciences in apparently taking nothing but cabbage upon our plates, when—lo! a wonder—we find partridge in our mouths, the reward of merit. A still greater feat is the invention of the liqueur known as Chartreuse, the fame of which has spread to the ends of the world. It is made chiefly from a plant having the beatific name of Angelica Archangelica; gathered with an Ave, concocted nigh the fumes of burning censers, distilled amid spiritual songs, bottled by dedicated hands, corked with fervid ejaculations, labelled with the holy sign of the cross on the trade mark, packed in straw and hammered in cases to the tune of vesper-bells and matin-bells, and charged with a blessing for the entrails of the faithful, to help digestion, to spur the kidneys, and to make the soul happy after dinner. Benedicite.

It is the most precious of all the liqueurs made in France, and raises the Carthusians above every monastic order, for the benefits which in these modern times they have conferred upon Christendom. The yellow Chartreuse is the best. The green is fiery. There is a third kind—white—the mildest of all.

Chartreuse of Partridges has perhaps been sufficiently described in the foregoing paragraph. It is simply *Perdrix aux choux*—partridge and cabbage done up in a fanciful manner. The French think it so good a jest against the holy friars to conceal a carved partridge in cabbage, that they have constructed several elaborate ways of making the concealment, calling in the aid of carrots and turnips—not so much for their taste as for the contrast of colour which they afford, red against white, in fashioning ornamental vegetable moulds.

Châteaubriand.—It is not necessary to add to the account of this given in the introduction, and I am not anxious to repeat the story. The peculiarity of the steak is in its thickness, and in the way of broiling it; but

sometimes also it is served with a peculiar sauce, namely, Spanish sauce diluted with white wine, then considerably reduced and at the moment of serving enriched with a pat of maître d'hôtel butter.

CHEESECAKES.—There is a curious mistake going about —that the incomparable cheesecakes of Benreddin Hassan, which only he and his mother could make, were strewn with pepper. Sir Walter Scott, among other, makes this mistake in the "Heart of Midlothian." It is an error of precisely the same kind as one committed in regard to himself in the great encyclopædia of Larousse, where it is stated that as a boy he could not repeat his lessons unless his fingers were twirling one of the buttons of his waistcoat. The cheesecakes were strewn with grains of pomegranate and sugar; and Benreddin was beaten for a pretended fault—that he ought to have put pepper upon them, and did not.

Cheesecakes are now made with almost any kind of custard; but the following is the old orthodox method:— Take half a pound of dry curd, six ounces of sugar, six yolks of eggs, two ounces of butter, some nutmeg, salt, and the zest of two lemons. Pound all into a soft paste; distribute it into tartlet pans which have been lined with puff-paste; put citron-peel, currants, or sultanas on the top of each; and bake them in a moderate oven.

CHERRY.—There has long been wanted a good classification of cherries. The least confusing is one lately made by Dr. Robert Hogg. He first of all divides them into Geans and Griottes. In the Geans, the fruit is heart-shaped, or nearly so, and the juice is sweet: in the Griottes, it is round or oblate, though sometimes, as in the Morella, inclining a little to the heart shape, and the juice is acid or sub-acid. There is a marked difference also in the form of the trees. The Geans again are divided into those which have the flesh tender and melting and those

which have the flesh only half tender, firm, and crackling. The first of these are called Geans proper, and are sub-divided into Black Geans and Red Geans; the second are called Black Hearts and White Hearts. The Griottes are likewise divided into two kinds, according to the shapes of the trees; and these are again sub-divided into Black Dukes and Red Dukes, according to the colour of the skin, Black Morellos and Red Morellos—the last being the Kentish cherry. Thus there are eight kinds: 1 Black Geans; 2. Red Geans; 3. Black Hearts; 4. White Hearts (where it is to be observed that the word heart refers to the shape); 5. Black Dukes; 6. Red Dukes; 7. Black Morellos; 8. Red Morellos.

Cherry Brandy.—Take Black Geans or Black Morellos—but remember that the former are sweet, the latter acid and bitter, and there will be a great difference in the results. They must not be over-ripe. Take off the stalks, and if you choose prick them with a pin. Fill a bottle with them three-quarters, pour in brandy to the neck, cork it up. It will be ready in a month.

Compote of Cherries.—White Hearts boiled in syrup for three minutes. Sometimes a little noyau is put into the syrup when ready to serve.

CHESTNUTS.—If the truth were known, many persons would confess that chestnuts never look so tempting as when they are seen at the corner of a street on the rude baking contrivance of a vagabond roaster. If they only had the courage to do so in the face of day, they would gladly stop to buy a pennyworth and consent to pay a shilling. Nobody has been known to feel in the same way to boiled chestnuts, unless it be the Portuguese, and those who have learnt their style, which is to top them (that is, nip off their points) and to boil them with anise-seed—half an ounce to fifty chestnuts.

Purée of Chestnuts.—The outer and the inner skins being removed, put fifty chestnuts in a stewpan with a pint of milk, and boil them slowly over the fire till they are quite done. Next drain away the milk and rub them hot through a wire seive. Put the purée thus obtained into a stewpan with a pat of butter, a little sugar, a wine-glassful of cream, pepper and salt. Make it hot without boiling it, and serve it with cutlets, goose, duck, or turkey.

Chestnut Soup.—Make the purée as above, using broth instead of milk. Add to it three or four pints of broth, double broth, or good brown gravy.

Chestnut Forcement will be found under Forcemeat.

Chestnut Pudding.—The only very good one is the Nesselrode; but that is superb, and is described under its name.

Chicken.—There are many fine but rather useless distinctions made among fowls, according to their age and quality. There is the infant,—the spring chicken, or poulet à la Reine; the boy pullet, or poulet de grain; the young gentleman, or coq vierge; the young lady, or poularde; the capon, the hen, and the old cock. Among these the poulette, or girl chick, is rarely, if ever, mentioned; but her name is given to the Poulette sauce, which is always much favoured with boiled fowls of every description, with many other kinds of white meat, and with fish. Her brother the pullet, or poulet, gives his name to most of the preparations of fowl, young or old, male or female. It was to give honour to the pullet that Napoleon fought the battle of Marengo; it is the pullet that is always supposed to be immolated in a fricassée; and the name of chicken broth is given by courtesy to the dissolution of the toughest old cock, whose crow has many a year been heard from farm to farm, and almost from shire to shire.

Chicken Broth will be found described as Fowl Broth in the article on Soup. Add to it rice and finely chopped parsley.

The Queen's Chicken Broth (Potage à la Reine)—the queen being Marguerite of Valois. This was in the old receipt, and in the style of the sixteenth century—a fowl or fowls half-roasted first, then boiled, then boned, the flesh hacked to pieces, brayed in a mortar with rice, and diluted with milk or cream of almonds. It was a sort of blancmanger as then made, but without sugar. Modern taste will hardly now tolerate the almond milk in soup—not because it is in any way bad, but because the palate is curiously dependent on habit and association, and almonds are associated with luscious preparations overpowered with sugar, which are not to be thought of at the beginning of dinner. But whoever wishes for the true chicken broth of Queen Margaret can always add to it almond milk or cream. As for half-roasting the fowls first, that was very common in the olden time, and the roast flavour thus produced was deemed essential to fowl in almost all its forms. In modern cookery it is a principle that white soup should be white, and that it loses its character, ceasing to be white, when the roast flavour proper to brown cookery is, however slightly, added to it. In the present day, the Queen's chicken soup is to be made with a couple of chickens boiled for an hour in a gallon of beef broth, veal broth, or in simple water, with a sparing supply of vegetables—two carrots and two onions. The broth is then to be strained and freed from fat; the chickens are to be skinned, boned, their flesh (picked clear of fat) to be chopped and brayed in a mortar with half a pound of boiled rice; after which the mash of chicken and rice is to be added to the strained broth, and all passed through a tammy. Warm it up, and add to it nearly a pint of hot cream, which, according to the old receipt, should partly at least be almond cream.

Spatchcock is the name for a broiled chicken. It is precisely the same word as "spitchcock," the name for a broiled eel; and both are a corruption of "spitstuck," referring to the fact that the chicken or the eel to be broiled must, like a kidney, be stuck on a little spit or skewer, to spread it out. (See the word itself further on.) The chicken is to be split open at the back, spread upon a skewer, sprinkled with salt and pepper, rubbed with butter, and then grilled the inside surface first of all taking the fire.

Roast Chicken.—See that when the fowl is trussed the nefarious habit of keeping back the liver is departed from. The liver wing is always the best part of a roast fowl. Very young chickens being dry in flesh, are often barded; but full-sized and well-fed fowls do not require it. Let them be dusted with flower, and basted frequently with butter. A large capon takes an hour, or even more, to roast; a chicken about half the time. They are usually served with a garnish of cresses which have been sprinkled with salt and vinegar. The garnish, however, would be more welcome if it were less frequent.

Boiled Chicken or Fowl.—In the English way the fowl is boiled, or rather stewed, in plain salt and water. In the French way it is rubbed with lemon-juice, slices of lemon are laid upon its breast, slices of bacon are tied over all, it is put into the pot surrounded with carrots, onions and a faggot of sweet herbs, and it is boiled or stewed or brazed in broth or double broth. With boiled fowl the livers and gizzards are not served; but the English mode of boiling the fowl is so simple that it is always insipid unless accompanied with some salt meat—tongue or bacon—to create a contrast. The sauce that goes with it and is poured over it is a blanquette or white sauce. It may be the maître d'hôtel sauce known in England as parsley and butter sauce; it may be the poulette sauce, which is a kind of mock Allemande; or it may be Béchamel. To one and all

the name of Blanquette rightly applies, though as a rule it is not so often given to a whole fowl as to pieces of fowl served in the white sauce.

Chicken with rice (Poulet au riz).—Boil the chicken in the French way for half an hour with a faggot of pot-herbs in broth. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice apart, either in water or in broth. From the one remove the faggot; and drain the rice, which is then to be added to the chicken and cooked with it for a few minutes. Serve the rice on a dish well moistened with the liquor of the chicken; put the chicken on the top of it, and add a ladleful of the best gravy.

Chicken with tarragon (Poulet à l'estragon).—Boil the chicken as above, but with the addition of tarragon to the seasoning. When the chicken is to be served, strain and skim the liquor, and strew into it and over the chicken in the dish a spoonful of chopped tarragon.

In the foregoing receipts the chicken or fowl is supposed to be whole; in the following it is dismembered.

Chicken Cutlets.—The white parts of the fowl being often used in dishes by themselves, what is to be done with the legs? Remove the thighbone, but leave the drumstick. Let the legs thus prepared be slowly brazed in some seasoned stock; let them be taken out and pressed between two dishes until cold; they are then to be egged, breadcrumbed, fried; and serve with a Béchamel sauce, together with a vegetable garnish.

Horly of Chicken.—The fillets marinaded and fried. See Horly.

Epigram of Chicken.—See Epigrams.

Supreme of Chicken.—The fillets of several fowls are taken and separated from the minion fillets. The fillets are to be trimmed into something of a cutlet or pear shape, removing skin and nervous tissue; the minion fillets may

be contised, as the French cooks say—that is, inlaid with truffles or with tongue. They are to be lightly tossed in butter, taking care not to colour them. The butter is to be poured off, and Supreme sauce put in lieu of it, in which the fillets are to be tossed, but not allowed to boil. At the same time have as many slices of tongue as there are fillets; stamp them with a round cutter to range in size with the fillets, and heat them in some double broth. Then prepare a dish with button mushrooms heaped in the centre, with truffles, or with any other garnish which may be desired. Arrange round it alternately the fillets and the slices of tongue. On the top array the minion fillets. Pour some Supreme sauce round the dish, taking care not to mask the pieces of tongue.

Friteau of Chicken.—Cut up two fowls, and marinade them for a couple of hours in oil, lemon-juice, chopped parsley and onion, pepper and salt. Then take out the pieces, wipe them dry, dip them in milk, flour them well, fry them in hot fat to a golden colour, drain them, dish them on a napkin, garnish them with fried parsley, and serve them with tomato sauce.

Fricassée of Chicken is but a boiled chicken cut to pieces and heated up in a Poulette sauce, to which the Poulette Relish of mushrooms, and sometimes parsley, sometimes shalots or button onions, has been added. (See Poulette Sauce.) This is all that is essential to the receipt, but the dish is a favourite, and may be enriched to any extent, both in the way of taste and of ornament.

Chicken à la Marengo—the chicken after battle—the warrior's chicken. The chicken of the battle betrays hastiness of preparation, and turns the fault into victory. It is fried in oil, and this oil is afterwards worked into sauce. But whereas all other sauces must be carefully freed from the appearance of oils and fats which have not incorporated with them—and this is often a tedious process

—the chicken of the battle is sent to table with the superfluous oil floating loose about the dish and on the surface of the sauce. It is not everyone who can stand this, but those who have their appetites and digestions prepared for it by a great field day, declare that the battle of Marengo was well fought as a preliminary to the chicken of the name. This chicken is cut up as for fricassée, and is fried for twenty minutes or thereabouts, until it takes a good colour, in half a tumblerful of oil seasoned with pepper and salt. Those who object to oil may use clarified butter instead. When the chickens are nearly cooked, add to them a clove of garlic, a couple of shalots, and a faggot of sweet-herbs. At the end of twenty or twenty-five minutes, take out the pieces of chicken and keep them hot. Add to the sauce a tablespoonful of tomato purée, a ladleful of Spanish sauce or good gravy, and a very small pinch of sugar. Stir it boiling over the fire for a few minutes, pass it through the pointed strainer, and finish it with a little lemon-juice. Arrange the chicken in a dish, pour the sauce over it, and add a garnish of fried bread and of eggs fried in oil.

Chicken Sauté or Tossed is in principle the same as the foregoing. Cut up the chicken, and fry it in butter, pepper, and salt for twenty or twenty-five minutes, till it becomes of a golden tint. The legs may be cooked for a few minutes before the other pieces are put into the pan, as they take longer time. Add at the last, as for the chicken à la Marengo, a clove of garlic, two shalots, and a faggot of sweet-herbs. Then stir into the pan a spoonful of flour, together with a glass of Marsala and a little broth, and toss it on the fire till it boils. Arrange the chicken on a dish, strain the sauce over it, and add to it a garnish of mushrooms with a sprinkling of lemon-juice.

CHICORY.—See under Endive and Salad.

CHIFFONNADE.—The word is scarcely classical, and, meaning Odds and Ends, is not too exalted for so refined a soup

as that which we know better under the name of Spring Soup. In what is perhaps the most popular cookery book in France—that of Viard—it is set down as *Potage Printanier ou Chiffonnade*. In the present work it is described under the name of Brunoise. It usually means a selection of vegetables, nicely cut, served in a good consommé; but sometimes, instead of the consommé, the French serve them in a green-pea soup.

Chives (anciently *cive*, but in modern French *ciboulette* and *civette*), the smallest and finest of the onion tribe—*Allium schœnoprasum*. It is a very hardy perennial plant, and said to be a native of the British soil. The Spaniards call it *cibollino de Inglaterra*—the little wee onion of England. Its bulbs are slender and not worth speaking of; it is the leaves and young tops of the plant that are used as a pot-herb and for salads. When the leaves are gathered for use and cut close, others will grow in succession, and a bed will thus last three or four years. It is the chive or cive that gives its name to what the French call civet of hare or of roebuck.

Cibol, in French *ciboule*, in Latin *cipulla*, a little onion. —There will come a time when, under the fostering care of Sir Henry Cole, who succeeds in all that he undertakes, and under the tutorship of Mr. Buckmaster, who has carved out a great place for himself as in point of time the first Professor of Cookery, those who aspire to a name as cooks will have to pass through an examination and receive a diploma; and one of the foremost questions to be put to the candidates for a degree will be—What is a cibol? what do the French cooks mean by the ciboule which they so often prescribe? It is a simple thing to answer that it is the *Allium fistulosum*—best known in England as the Welsh onion—a hardy perennial of strong flavour, with no bulbs, and used only in the stalks, like leeks. That answer is correct; but it is apt to be confused by the fact

that the cibol or Welsh onion is often called by country people Scallion—a name which is also given to all sorts of onions that do not produce bulbs. The word scallion comes from Ascalon, and belong of right to the shalot or onion of Ascalon. The name was afterwards given to a hollow leek grown in South Wales, with roots in clusters like those of shalots. It was then transferred by mistake to the Welsh onion or cibol; then again to all spring onions, as they are called—that is, the strong green tops of onions which do not bulb, or the shoots from bulbs of the preceding year.

Cider.—White wine is much used in French cookery, but especially in the cooking of fish. Cider is an excellent substitute for it in English kitchens; and indeed the white wine in which a French cook boils his fish is often so thin and acid that it may well cost less than a bottle of good cider and also be less wholesome. Pray remember that good cider is better than vile wine.

Cinnamon is about the oldest known spice in the world, and comes from the bark of a species of laurel. In America and on the continent of Europe it is often confounded with cassia, which goes by the name of Chinese cinnamon. The true cinnamon is the cinnamon of Ceylon; but it also comes from Madras, Bombay, and Java, though of inferior quality. The Cassia or Cassia lignea, which comes chiefly from China, has the appearance and the qualities of cinnamon; but it is coarser in flavour and not so sweet. It is in great request, however, in Turkey, in Russia, and in Germany, where the true cinnamon is not deemed strong enough. Pereira speaks of a merchant who sent cinnamon worth 3s. 6d. a pound to Constantinople, and found it unsaleable, while his cassia at 6d. a pound was in great request. The chief consumers of cinnamon are the chocolate makers of Spain, Italy, and France, and they are not to be put off with cassia when they can get the true bark. When the Dutch

held possession of Ceylon, they were known at times to burn the cinnamon, in order to limit the supply and to keep up the price. But the supply is limited in any case, for though the bark grows again upon the cinnamon trees, it takes three years to do so; and a crop which comes but once in three years cannot be considered abundant. Moreover the tree is otherwise exhausted, for the Cingalese express from the root a juice that hardens into camphor, the medical virtues of which are nearly as famous as those of the cinnamon bark.

There are points of interest about cinnamon in connection with old cookery; and three of these may be noted. The first is that when we hear of sweet powder, or poudre douce, in the dainty dishes of our ancestors, this means a mixture of cinnamon and sugar. Some recent writers have seen this powder mentioned as pulvis dulcis, have misread it pulvis ducis, and have rendered it Poudre de Duc, and Duke's powder.

The second. There was a Cameline sauce used in the middle ages the name of which is a terrible puzzle to the French. According to French accounts, the sauce was composed of cinnamon, ginger, cloves, paradise grains (that is, cardamums), bread, and vinegar. According to old English receipts, dating from the time of Chaucer, it was made of currants, kernels of nuts, crusts of bread, ginger, cloves, flour of cinnamon, and salt brayed well and mixed with vinegar. Littré says that the sauce must have been called Cameline because of some supposed resemblance to camelot or camlet—a tunic made originally of camel's hair! It is true that we have a modern sauce called Velvet-down from its smoothness; but to derive cameline from camelot is too big a camel to swallow. The origin of the term is not far to seek. It was usual in those days to name a dish from one of its many ingredients, and we are surprised to find that the ingredient selected for the name is often by no means the most prominent. There was a mus-

tard soup, in which the mustard was a very small part. There was a galantine in which the galingale was as modest as the pistachio is now. And so here the sauce is named from the cinnamon, which the French named canelle. It will be asked, How came the *n* to be transformed into *m*? It is especially noted in the English receipt that the canelle —spelt canel—is to be in flour, and the old French name for this must have been canelmine. Large salt, what we call rock salt, was salgrenu or saugrenu (hence our word *corned* beef); small, fine salt was salmenu or salmine On the same principle they must have said for fine flour of cinnamon canelmine, which was no doubt transposed and corrupted into cameline.

The third. There was another sauce known at the English court of Richard II. as Cyne, Cynee, Syne, Synee, and Sené. If this was not mustard (sinapis), which was formerly called senvy, the name most probably had to do with cinnamon, which appears sometimes, though not always, in the sauce. Note, however, that in this case the name would be derived not from the first syllable of cinnamon, but from China or Sina. To this day the French know cassia as the Chinese cinnamon; and the name of China in connection with cinnamon goes so far back that three hundred years ago we find Scaliger sneering at those learned men who seemed to confound the name of cinnamon or kinnamon with China or Sina. It is possible, therefore, that here we have the origin of the Cynee or Synee which has so much puzzled antiquarians; and if this conjecture should prove to be correct, then Cynee and Cameline are but varieties of one and the same sauce. The chief objection to the explanation is that cinnamon is not always present in Cynee. On the other hand, the readers of this dictionary will have evidence enough before them of names being retained when that which they signified is no more. There is cervelas without brains, orgeat without barley, bisque without pigeons,

galantine without galingale, cheesecakes without curd, pomatum without apple, vinegar without wine, blanc-manger without fowl, marmalade without quince, capillaire without maidenhair, and vinegar without wine. And why not cynee now and then without cinnamon?

CIVET (*civet de lièvre*) is one of the last remains of a very old way of naming dishes. The literal English of it is chives of hare; the meaning is hare stewed with chives or tiny onions. It is a variation of jugged hare: which see.

CLARIFY, TO—is to render a liquid transparent, be it juice of meat, dissolved isinglass, dissolved gelatine, syrup, or melted butter. The juices of meat are clarified with white of egg and by use of the tammy; isinglass or gelatine with white of egg and lemon-juice; sugar also with egg; and melted butter by passing it through a cloth.

CLAUDE, the great landscape painter. It is sad to think that he failed as a cook, though his very name was Jelly——in French, Gelée. The pastry-cook to whom he was apprenticed turned him away for his stupidity. One cannot excel in all arts alike, and I feel as I contemplate the mellow landscapes of this master that he lacked but little to have reached a still greater position in creating the serene enjoyments for which a Laguipierre and a Carême were afterwards renowned.

CLEANLINESS.—There are few satires on modern civilisation which bite deeper than the incessant inculcation of cleanliness in the cookery books. It appears not to be enough to insist in general terms on this virtue, and to take for granted that it will be observed. It would be possible to quote hundreds of receipts in which the writers cannot mention a single utensil of the kitchen without on each occasion stipulating in an adjective that it shall be clean. This is to be put into a clean saucepan, that shall be passed through a clean napkin. Here care must be taken that the

spoon shall be perfectly clean; there it is necessary that the mortar shall be free from all impurity. There are some books in which the word clean is repeated so often with a severe injunction, that if all these phrases were cut out and collected together into an appendix, they might make up a chapter of thirty or forty pages. What a satire on our ways of living if these reiterated injunctions are really needed! Let it be enough here to repeat once for all the fine old saying that Cleanliness is next to goodliness. This has been exaggerated into Cleanliness is next to godliness; and if it includes a clean heart as well as clean hands it is no exaggeration at all.

CLEOPATRA'S SUPPER.—"Two only pearles there were together, the fairest and richest that ever have been known in the world; and those possessed at one time by Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, which came into her hands by the means of the great kings of the East, and were left unto her by descent. This princesse, when M. Anthony had strained himself to doo her all the pleasure he possibly could, and had feasted her day by day most sumptuously, and spared for no cost, in the height of her pride and wanton travesie (as being a noble curtesan and queene withal), began to debase the expense and provision of Anthony, and make no reckoning of his costly fare. When he demanded again how it was possible to go beyond this magnificence of his, she answered again that she should spend upon him in one supper 100 hundred thousand sestertii (10 millions).* Anthony, who would needs know how that might be (for he thought it was impossible), laid a great wager with her about it, and she bound it again and made it good. The morrow after, when this was to be tried, and the wager to be either won or lost, Cleopatra made Anthony a supper (because she could not make default and let the day appointed to passe) which was

* Ten million sestertii are equal to twenty million pence

sumptuous and royal enough; howbeit there was no extraordinary service seen upon the board: whereat Anthony laughed her to scorne, and by way of mockerie, required to see a bill with the account of the particulars. She againe said, that whatsoever had been served up already was but the overplus above the rate and proportion in question, affirming still that shee would yet in that supper make up the full summe that she was seezed at; yea, herself alone would eat above that reckoning, and her own supper should cost 600 hundred thousand sestertii (60 millions), and with that commanded the second service to be brought in. The servitours that waited at her trencher (as they had in charge before) set before her one only cruet of sharpe vinegar, the strength whereof is able to dissolve pearles. Now she had at her eares hanging those two most precious pearles, the singular and onely jewels of the world, and even nature's wonder. As Anthony looked wistfully upon and expected what shee would do, shee took one of them from her eare, steeped it in vinegar, and so soon as it was liquefied, dranke it off. And as she was about to do the like by the other, L. Plancus, the judge of that wager, laid fast hold upon it with his hand, and pronounced withal that Anthony had lost the wager. Whereat the man fell into a passion of anger. There was an end of one pearle; but the fame of the fellow thereof may go with it; for after that this brave Queene, the winner of so great a wager, was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal estate, that other pearle was cut in twaine, that in memorial of that one half supper of theirs it should remaine unto posteritie, hanging at both eares of Venus at Rome in the temple Pantheon."

Clove.—There is little to be said of the clove which is not perfectly well known. Suffice it to say that, belonging to the order of myrtles, and best cultivated in the Moluccas, the clove tree is singular in its thirstiness. It so absorbs

moisture that nothing will grow under it; and the cloves themselves—that is, the unexpanded flowers of the clove tree, which looked drier than the driest teetotaler—will, if water is placed near them, miraculously increase their weight in a few hours. Hence a good amount of cheating on the part both of growers and dealers.

It is a pity that the meaning of this word is lost in English. It conveys the most vivid description of the spice to which it refers, for the word is no other than the French clou de girofle—that is, a *nail* of the caryophyllum. One of the charms of gastronomy is in its names and the interesting associations which they awaken. It is always to be regretted, therefore, when on the one hand, as too often happens, names are multiplied without reason, and when on the other hand happy names are forgotten or lost in corruption.

It may be added that a clove of garlic does not mean a nail; it means something cloven.

Cock-a-leekie is the modern and Scottish version of a very old English dish that went by the name of Malachi in the fourteenth century—*ma* being the old name for a fowl, as will be seen by reference to the article on Gallimawfrey. The old receipt for Malachi has not come down to us, but it is easy to gather what it was from parallel receipts with corresponding names. These receipts were nearly all alike. The fowl was roasted, or half roasted, and then boiled in broth; it was next hacked to pieces; and it was served in a pottage with a variety of vegetables, onions predominating, sometimes with syrup, always with spices, and often with raisins and currants.

The Scottish version. Put a capon in broth, and when the broth boils add to it half the quantity of the white of leeks which it is intended to use, cut in lengths of an inch. Skim the liquor carefully, and after half an hour's boiling cut the fowl to pieces, removing bones. Put it back into

the pot with the remaining half of the leeks, with pepper and salt, and with prunes and raisins free from stones. In another half-hour or so it ought to be ready.

The name of the soup takes its rise in Scotland from an idea which was once prevalent that there was nothing so good for soup as an old cock. This ancient bird has given way to a capon, and sometimes it never appears in the soup. It will also be observed that extraordinary stress is laid upon the leeks—too great a stress, indeed, for most tastes. It is due to a misreading of the name, which was at first malachi, or maleachi—meaning fowl sliced. Sawney failed to catch the true meaning, thought it had something to do with leeks, and forthwith magnified leeks beyond everything in the soup. Latterly the Scotch cooks have been inclined to dispense with the prunes. Talleyrand greatly enjoyed the soup, and recommended that the prunes should be stewed in it but not served. Soyer writes:—"With all due respect to Scotch cookery, I will always give the preference in the way of soup to their cock-a-leekie, even before their inimitable hotch-potch."

COCKLE is the same as the French *coquille,* a littie shell; so that the phrase "cockleshell" is a pleonasm. The name is given to a well-known shell which pilgrims were in the habit of wearing in their hats to show that they were going to sea or had been seafaring. The sign of travel ensured them consideration; and moreover the shell, as having often a rude drawing of the Virgin or the Crucifixion on it, or as having been blessed by the priest, was supposed to protect them like a charm. Were it for these associations alone, the cockle ought not to be allowed to pass out of public regard. In point of fact, it makes an excellent fish sauce, which may agreeably take the place of oyster, mussel or shrimp sauce at any time, but more especially in those months when oysters and mussels are unseasonable; or it may be used with great effect in the garniture of mate-

lotes and other fish stews. What is it to Europe if some of the pompous French names which are used to glorify certain dishes should be utterly forgotten? We might well afford to forget many of them; but it is something to remember the Crusades and all the interesting details of modern civilization which are bound up with the pilgrimages of holy palmers. Why should we forget that these holy palmers brought the shalot from Ascalon, and that the cockle must ever live in history as the badge they wore after they had devoured its inmate?

> How should I your true love know,
> From another one?
> By his cockle hat and staff,
> And his sandal shoon.

It is to Francatelli's credit that he alone of the great cooks in our day has a word to say in favour of cockles. He recommends them scolloped like oysters. They are very good with a Poulette sauce.

Cod.—Of all the fish we eat, the cod is perhaps the most voracious. It has been calculated that the cod which come to market eat as many millions of herring as all the people of these islands manage to consume in a year. They not only devour herrings; they will digest crabs. A cod has been caught with no less than thirty-five crabs in his stomach, none less than a half-crown piece. If a haddock be left on a line for a tide over a codbank, it will disappear, and a cod be found to occupy its place on the hook. Its gastric juice is so potent that it will turn a lobster red as if boiled in the stomach of the cod. Gifted with so good an appetite, it sublimes inferior fish into a very delicate edible of the most easy digestion: at least, this is the case from October to Christmas—the whole of the family, from the ling to the whiting, being at their best in the colder months. London, too, is fortunate in being well supplied with this dainty. On the Continent it is scarce. The cod

—caught chiefly on the Doggerbank—are brought alive to the Thames in well-boats, so that there is no excuse for stale fish at the fishmongers'. These well-boats were first built at Harwich in 1712, so that the system is of long standing; the fish are kept in store at Gravesend, where the Thames water is sufficiently salt; and they are brought up to Billingsgate as occasion requires.

Boiled Cod.—If the fish is perfectly fresh, there is no way of preparing it so good as boiling. It is seldom that a whole cod has to be boiled, and it is almost impossible to do it successfully without dividing the tail part from the shoulders, and afterwards making a pretence of joining them on the dish. By the time the tail part is cooked, the upper part will be underdone. It is well that the fish submits nobly to the operation of being sliced. In this case choose the slices for boiling as near the shoulder as possible. The tail part is best fried. The boiling takes place in plain salt and water—nothing else. A whole cod will take half an hour to boil—slices from ten to fifteen minutes. When the cod is served it should be garnished with some of the liver; but this should be boiled separately, for the superfluous oil escapes and would affect the flavour of the cod. The sauces that may be served with it are oyster sauce, plain English sauce, egg sauce, mustard sauce, or simply oiled butter. Boiled cod is one of the few fish with which potatoes may be served as a garnish.

Cod's Head and Shoulders.—The Scotch way, described by Meg Dods:—"This was a great affair in its day. It is still a formidable, nay, even a respectable-looking dish, with a kind of bulky magnificence, which, at Christmastide, appears imposing at the head of a long board. Have a quart of good stock ready for the sauce, made of beef or veal, seasoned with onion, carrot, and turnip. Rub the fish (a deep-sea or rock cod) with salt over night, taking off the scales, but do not wash it. When to be dressed, wash

it clean, then quickly dash hot water over the upper side, and with a blunt knife remove the slime which will ooze out, taking care not to break the skin. Do the same to the other side of the fish; then place it on the drainer, wipe it clean, and plunge it into a fish-kettle of boiling water, with a handful of salt and a half-pint of vinegar. It must be entirely covered, and will take from thirty to forty minutes' slow boiling. Set it to drain, slide it carefully on a deep dish, and glaze with beaten eggs, over which strew fine breadcrumbs, grated lemon-peel, pepper and salt. Stick numerous bits of butter over the fish, and place it before a clear fire, strewing more crumbs, grated lemon-peel, and minced parsley over it, and basting with the butter. In the meanwhile thicken the stock with butter kneaded in flour, and strain it, adding to it half a hundred oysters nicely picked and bearded, and a glassful of their liquor, two glasses of Madeira or sherry, the juice of a lemon, the hard meat of a boiled lobster cut down, and the soft part pounded. Simmer this sauce for five minutes, and skim it well; wipe clean the edges of the dish in which the fish is crisping, and pour the half of the sauce around it, serving the rest in a tureen." It will be found, however, that French white wine is better for a fish sauce than sherry or Madeira. And the lobster added to the oysters is a superfluity.

Baked Cod.—This in reality is but a variation of the foregoing, and is known in France as Cabillaud à la St. Ménehould. In the first place, the cod is stuffed with Forcemeat No. 5, commonly called veal stuffing, and sewed up; the fish in its thick part being at the same time scored and slashed with a sharp knife. It is then placed on a baking dish; half a pound of oiled butter is poured over it; pepper and salt are sprinkled on it; and it is put into the oven with some oyster liquor, which mingling with the oiled butter is to be used for frequent basting. It will take

an hour and a half to cook in this way in a moderate oven; but when it is about half done it is to be dredged several times at intervals with fine raspings of breadcrust alternated with basting. The same sauce as for the foregoing, omitting the lobster.

Fried Cod.—The middle or tail part cut in slices may be best done in this way. When the French fry fish they dip it in milk and dredge it with flour. The English way is to smear it with egg and roll it in fine breadcrumbs mixed with a seasoning of pepper and salt—sometimes also of minced herbs. Either way is good.

Fried Cod à la Dieppoise.—Dieppe is one of the chief fishing towns of Normandy, and gives its name to fried cod served with the relish of the Normandy matelote all round it. See Relish No. 7.

Grilled Cod.—This was a favourite dish of the Duke of Wellington's. Slices of cod half an inch thick, dipped in oil or oiled butter, dredged with flour, pepper and salt, and broiled over a clear fire. Serve them with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter under each slice, and perhaps—with some maître d'hôtel sauce in a boat apart.

Cod à la Religieuse.—Take a small piece of cod and boil it, or use some cold cod. Break it into flakes and toss it in a stewpan with Béchamel, oyster or egg sauce. Garnish it when served with boiled parsnips.

Cod with Cream au gratin.—The remains of turbot are most commonly served in this way, and the receipt will be found under the name of that fish.

Salt Cod.—To be soaked for twelve hours at least; to be put into the fish-kettle with plenty of cold water; to be heated very slowly; to be simmered but never boiled for close upon an hour; to be skimmed very carefully from time to time; to be garnished with parsnips, and to be served with egg sauce.

Brandade of Cod.—This is a more elaborate method of dressing salt fish. It is a Provençal dish, and is described under the name of Brandade.

COLBERT'S SOLE.—The great French minister who organised the financial system under which, to a very large extent, France still exists, would seem to have a surer title to fame in the soup and the fish which he admired than in all his toils of office. So it has been from time immemorial, to the frustration of human effort. A man's greatest works, in which he took pride, perish, and he lives by some trifle of which he thought nothing; for the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. What is great indeed and what is little we know not; and times makes wonderful havoc in our estimate of magnitudes. The sole of Colbert is now of a surety more to mankind than all his statesmanship.

It is a fried sole, which after being cooked is boned and then filled with maître d'hôtel butter and with lemon-juice. Trim the sole well, removing the head, a good part of the tail, and the black skin. On the side from which the skin has been removed make a slit down the backbone; slide the knife in so as to sever as much as possible the flesh from the ribs, and with the handle of the knife break the backbone in several places, so as to render it easy of removal after the fish is cooked. The sole is then to be fried in the ordinary way; when fried and drained the bones will come away without trouble; the inside of the fish is to be filled with maître d'hôtel butter into which lemon-juice has been worked; and it is to be sent to table with slices of lemon and fried parsley. The sole of Colbert typified his taxes. He ate his fish without bones, and the Government devoured his taxes without a thought of the groans which had been wrung out of them.

COLBERT'S SOUP.—A clear broth or double broth with poached eggs in it. Sometimes a few of the more delicate

vegetables are added—as peas or asparagus points. The soup is named in honour of the same great French minister of finance who gave his name to the Sole à la Colbert, just described.

Coligny.—The great Admiral. There truly was a man with an appetite. He ate his toothpicks: we are not told, however, what his toothpicks were composed of. There was a time when they were made of fennel root and appeared at table making porcupines of the preserved fruits. To eat fennel root was said to be good for the sight.

Collop.—This word is too plain and too simple for cooks to use. They have transformed it into scollop. Let them read the Bible: it will do them good in many ways. Last and least, it will enlighten them as to the nature of a collop. (Job xv. 27.)

Columbus.—To him the modern table owes more than to any other that can be named. The discovery of America has enriched our tables with the turkey, the canvas-backed duck, the potato, the tomato, cocoa, vanilla, the Jerusalem artichoke, the sugar-cane, red pepper, and a host of good things. Yet the master-cooks of Europe, who lavish their honours on nobodies and confuse their cookery books with a mob of ridiculous names, have not thought it worth their while to consecrate a single dish to his memory—not even the humble egg which he taught his friends to set on end.

Condé.—It is only necessary to note here that this is the fanciful name given to a soup and to a sweet. The soup is a purée of red haricot beans. The sweet is the combination of apricots with rice, more or less elaborated. There is no particular reason why we should cherish the name of Condé. The name of Condé's castle, Chantilly, is given to Esau's pottage of lentils. It would be much better to call it Esau's soup.

Consommé.—This is a fine word, and worthy to rank with the "mobled queen" in Hamlet. "That's good," says Polonius; "mobled queen is good." So is consommé. To the innocent English mind it suggests something consummate. It really means broth, which by boiling has been consumed away till it has become very strong. The best English rendering of it is Double Broth. It will be found further on, in the article on Soup, that though there might be many kinds of consommé, there are in fact but two—namely, Consommé and Blonde de Veau. What is called Consommé de Volaille is not distinctive enough to justify the new name.

Contise.—There are words in the French kitchen which have a precarious existence in the dictionary, and this is one of them. *Contiser* means to inlay with truffles or tongue cut into nice shapes any kind of viands, but chiefly white meat, as the fillets of fowl. It comes from an old Provençal verb, *cointir*, to adorn. From this came a noun, *cointise*, adornment, which has budded forth into a second verb, *cointiser*, or as we have it now, *contiser*. The root of the word exists in English as *quaint*, nice and neat, with a prim sort of elegance. So that *contiser* is in English to make quaint or neat looking. Carême appears not to have liked the word, and fancying that it had something to do with *conte*, a tale, invented *historier* in place of it, which is very quaint indeed. A dish adorned with geometrical or other figures worked into or upon it by means of truffles, tongue, jelly, sugar or anything else, was in his language—*historied*.

Cook.—The truest alchymist and the best physician. M. Henrion de Pensey, formerly President of the Court of Cassation, made an observation worthy of a great judge: he made it to Laplace, the great astronomer. "I regard the discovery of a new dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have

always stars enough. I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured nor appropriately represented among us, so long as I do not see a cook in the first class of the Institute."

Cool.—The French say Rafraîchir. To cool is to put vegetables in cold water after blanching them, in order to preserve their colour. One cools calf's head in the same way and for the same purpose, though without first scalding it.

Corned Beef.—Many people ask, What is corned as distinct from salt beef? It is the same thing. Salt is either coarse or fine. The small salt was said to be in powder—the French salmenu or salmine. The large salt with which beef was pickled was said to be in grains or corns—the French saugrenu. And hence the term corned.

Cornwall.—It is said that the devil never goes to Cornwall, because they put everything into a pie there, and he is afraid of being put into one too. For the great Cornish pie see Irish Stew.

Court-Bouillon.—This is a favourite term of the French kitchen for which we have no corresponding term in English. More than two hundred years ago an English cook tried to translate it, and he rendered it *short broth*! (See a translation of La Varenne's "French Cook," 1653.) It would be better English after the analogy of small beer to say "small broth." But anyway the phrase has an odd sound. It really means the thin liquor in which fish is boiled, made up of water, vinegar or white wine, which has been seasoned with pepper, salt, onions, carrots, and a faggot of herbs. But the term is by no means exact. There is a Court-Bouillon called after the town of Nantes—à la Nantaise—which is half water, half milk, with pepper and salt. And often to cook fish in a Court-Bouillon means

no more than to cook it *au bleu*. If the reader will turn to see what is meant by cooking fish in the blue, he will find that it *may mean* nothing but vinegar and water. For a fair example of Court-Bouillon, see the Sole au Vin Blanc.

Crab.—It is a wise provision of nature that crabs and lobsters should come into season when oysters and mussels go out. They are in perfection from April to October. There is a difference between the male and the female crab. The female has smaller claws and a wider flap of tail. Those who like claws best, therefore, give their preference to the male. But the female makes up for the smallness of her claws by the largeness of her liver and the creamy fat which surrounds it. The liver is the soft yellow substance which fills the body of the crab. Those who enjoy liver, therefore, prefer the female.

Cold Crab.—Pick out all the meat from the claws and the breastplate, and shred it. Reserve a little of this, but mix the chief part of it with the liver and cream of the back, with vinegar, mustard, cayenne and salt. Put it back in the shell—the substance of two crabs may indeed be heaped on one shell—and strew over it the meat of the claws which has been reserved.

Hot Crab.—The same as the foregoing, only that bread-crumbs are added (one-fourth to three-fourths of crab) and with them little pieces of butter or else some oil. To be thoroughly heated in the oven.

Crayfish.—There are two kinds so called: one huge, belonging to the sea; the other small, belonging to rivers. The former, sometimes also called crawfish, and in French langouste, are larger and coarser than lobsters; they are not prized in England; but the French seem to cherish them and to prefer them, even to lobsters, though they lack the large claws which glorify the last. No one ever

sees a salt-water crayfish at a first-class London table; but in Paris enter a shop like Chevet's or a restaurant like Bignon's, and the horrible monster will be seen in the windows of the one or on the tables of the other, offered among the most tempting delicacies of the season. There is much more to be said for the French love of the river crayfish, which it would be much more accurate to call the river lobster. The crayfish of English rivers are not very abundant, and being rather small, are more for ornament than food. The best crayfish in London come in a curious roundabout way from Berlin. They are not to be found in London shops—and one has to send to Paris express for a hamper of two or three hundred, which will be delivered all alive. The French rivers are not equal to the demands of the Paris market. The German rivers are therefore laid under contribution, and 10,000 at a time are sent from Berlin. An immense number of the smaller crayfish are used in Paris for the mere decoration of dishes; but apart from this use of them the crayfish are chiefly consumed in two ways. They are eaten bodily with a rich sauce which is described under the name of Bordeaux, the dish being known as *Ecrevisses à la Bordelaise;* and they are worked into a soup which is commonly called Bisque (see that word), and which shall here be called more simply—

Crayfish Soup.—Heat up to boiling point a plentiful Mirepoix of white wine, and cook two dozen crayfish in it for from twenty to twenty-five minutes, tossing them from time to time. When they are perfectly red take them off the fire and let them cool. Then shell them, all but the claws. The shells and the claws go into the mortar to make crayfish butter; the flesh of the tails is reserved to be put into the soup at the last; the body part goes back into the Mirepoix, to which two quarts of water (or broth) may now be added, together with four ounces of blanched rice. In the meantime it is necessary to prepare the cray-

fish butter. Remove the black eyes, and pound shells and claws in a mortar with about an ounce of butter. When thoroughly pounded they are to be added to the Mirepoix, and all is to be simmered for an hour and a half, after which it is to be passed through a sieve, heated up, and finished with a piece of butter. Add now the crayfish tails nicely trimmed and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Add also, it may be, quenelles of whiting prepared with some of the crayfish butter.

CREAM.—There are so many things called cream that it is difficult to know what we are talking about when the name is mentioned. Almost anything with the consistence, even without the colour, of cream, is called by its name; and nobody seems to remember the rightful name of cullis. Putting genuine cream, however, out of account, the chief thing known in the French kitchen by that name is what in England is known as a custard. The most common name in France for a custard is English cream; and it was so called almost universally until Carême put a stop to it. He was indignant that England should get the credit of the custard; and now it is known by his followers simply as Crème au bain-marie. Carême, however, who refused petulantly to give the name of Crème Anglaise to the custard, put a little bit of isinglass into it and then insisted that it should be called Crème Française! A bit of stiffening makes all the difference between French and English. There are dozens of these creams all with a separate name according to the flavour—vanilla, coffee, orange, maraschino, apricot; and if whipt cream should be added, that makes another long series, each with a separate name. The receipt for Custards will be found in alphabetical order.

CRÉCY—is the name which the French have given to their best carrot soup, because the most famous of their

carrots are grown there; and the English accept the name because they like to remember the great battle of the 26th August, 1346, when they watered the carrots of Crécy with the best French blood. The French were to the English in the battle as five to one; and it was on this occasion that the Black Prince, a boy of sixteen, won his spurs. To commemorate the event he took the crest of the slain Bohemian king—three ostrich feathers with the motto of Ich Dien—which has ever since been the crest and the motto of the Princes of Wales. It follows that on the 26th of August the Prince of Wales and all his friends invariably eat two platefuls of Crécy.

Take a plentiful Mirepoix, and after it has passed, put a quantity of carrots cut slanting on the top of it. Moisten it with broth, and keep it moist and simmering till the carrots are done. The length of time will depend on the size to which the carrots have been cut. Then take all, pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a tammy or fine sieve. It ought to be at this stage a thick purée. Thin it down with broth; sugar it—the proportion is generally a tablespoonful of sugar to two gallons; put it on the fire to heat; finish it with some fresh butter; and in serving it add either crusts or rice.

Crêpe.—The French for pancake, at root the same as crape and crisp. In the English of Chaucer's time a pancake was called a crisp or a cresp.

Crêpinette.—A flat sausage enveloped in pig's caul. Buy it ready made at Dumas', 55, Prince's Street, Leicester Square.

Cress.—It is ungrateful to say a word against cresses, but it may be as well to remember that in England at least they have come to mean curses. "I don't care a curse" really means, "I don't care a cress." Perhaps we have too much of them. They are (putting asparagus out

of account, which has a short season and a dear price) the one vegetable eaten by rich and poor in England, for health even more than for food. The Greeks had a proverb —"Eat cress and gain wit." If this were only true, how clever must those good people be who are always eating cresses for breakfast! On the contrary, their lives are a stupid routine. In a stupid routine also live those French cooks who insist upon sending to table a bunch of cresses with roast fowl—even when there is a salad besides.

To those who have a passion for watercresses, the Flemish soup of them will not be unpleasing. It is usually reserved for meagre days. Take a large bunch of cresses, wash them, cut them up, and set them to boil with water, salt, and it may be a thought of vinegar. Add to them a quantity of peeled potatoes of the mealy sort. When these have broken into a mash, the soup is ready, and may be finished with butter.

CROQUETTES are made of chicken, game, sweetbreads, fat livers, oysters, shrimps—and generally the lighter kinds of meat. The meat (most commonly chicken) is finely minced; it is mixed with a seasoning of minced truffles, mushrooms, shalots or chives, as also of nutmeg pepper and salt; it is bound together with a stiff Allemande sauce; it is turned into shapes of cork or ball; it is dipped into egg and rolled in breadcrumbs; it is fried crisp of a golden hue; it is sprinkled with salt, and served on a napkin with a garnish of fried parsley. It is also served in a dish with a surrounding of tomato sauce. When the croquette is finished differently—that is, when, instead of being dipped in egg and rolled in breadcrumb, it is wrapped in a thin puff paste—it is called a Rissole; and when it is wrapped in a thin sheet of veal udder or of bacon fat, it is called a Kromeski.

Milanese Croquettes.—A mince of chicken, tongue, truffles, and macaroni, with a seasoning of grated Parmesan. All the rest as before.

CROÛTE-AU-POT.—A clear soup which may have nothing but crusts in it, but generally has an assortment of the more homely vegetables. See Brunoise.

CRUET is a better word than the French *vinaigrette,* to express what the French mean by that term—a vinegar and oil sauce, in which the oil predominates. Cruet is a little cruise—it may be for oil or vinegar or anything else; but to most English ears the word cruise will instantly suggest the widow's cruise of oil which was always full—and that is the sort of cruise most needed for the sauce which the French name Vinaigrette. Mix well in a bowl or saucer three tablespoonfuls of oil, not more than one of vinegar—perhaps less, a pinch of salt, and a little pepper, black or white. We call this the French salad mixture, but it is much better known in connection with the Spanish proverb which says that we ought to be spendthrifts of the oil, misers of the vinegar, counsellors in regard to salt—and which is silent as to pepper. The Italians are so chary of salt in this mixture that they have a proverb—"insalata ben salata." The worth of the sauce turns chiefly on the proportion of oil to vinegar, and this must depend a good deal on the nature of the vinegar selected—whether of malt, of wine or of tarragon.

Judiciously made, the cruet sauce is delicious without any further addition, and goes magnificently with salmon hot or cold, turbot, calf's head, and other viands, as well as with salads. But it is usual to add a garniture. For salads the garniture is a chopped ravigote, or else spring onions and parsley chopped. For calf's head add mustard with a garniture of chopped parsley, capers, and shalots. For fish, chopped parsley.

CUCUMBER.—*Raw.*—The cucumber is peeled, sliced, and served in a cruet sauce. But on the Continent it is usual, before the sauce is poured on the slices, to sprinkle them well with salt, and to let them lie in this pickle for two

or three hours. This is supposed to render them more digestible; and one rarely sees abroad the crisp, fresh-cut cucumber common enough in England.

Brown Cucumber Garnish or Entremet.—The French call this the English fashion. The cucumbers are peeled, split into quarters, and freed from their pips; they are next floured, peppered, and fried lightly in butter; some broth or gravy is then added, and they are stewed slowly for twenty minutes. The sauce, thickened with flour and butter, and seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar or lemon-juice, is to be poured over the pieces of cucumber when they are dished.

White Cucumber Garnish or Entremet.—This is the French fashion—the cucumber being boiled till tender in salt and water, and served in a Béchamel or a plain English sauce.

Cullis is a word which at root means something smoothly gliding. Thus the sliding scenes of a theatre, that slip along in grooves, are called coulisses; and a liquid which is thick enough and smooth enough to slide is called coulis in French, cullis in English. Spanish sauce is often described as a brown cullis; and Velvet-down as a white one. The French also give the name of coulis to what they call otherwise English cream—that is, a custard. In England a cullis generally means a white cullis; and a white cullis is any rich juice of meat which has been reduced to a certain thickness without being in any way browned. A dissolved jelly is a cullis. Unhappily the word is going out of use now, being replaced very much by the word cream, which has quite enough duty to perform in its own proper sense. We speak of a crême d'orge or barley cream, meaning a cullis of barley.

Curaçoa, as made at Amsterdam by Wynand Fockink, is certainly a liqueur of the first class. It is so perfect and

so valuable that there are many imitations of it; but all are far behind the great original, which is made from the peel of an orange very difficult to obtain. It is a bitter orange which grows in the island of Curaçoa, and falls from the tree before it is ripe. The peel of this is dried, and is known in commerce as the Curaçoa of Holland, to distinguish it from other Curaçoas which have not the same property, though they are often sold in place of it. The Dutch distillers naturally keep their process a secret, but the French ones declare the Dutch secret to be simply this—that five kilogrammes of dried peel of the Curaçoa of Holland, and the zests of eighty fresh oranges are submitted to the action of sixty litres of very strong alcohol (85°, French measurement); and that there is no real difference between white curaçoa and brown.

CURRANTS—properly, Corinths.—These are a small stoneless grape, which now come chiefly from Zante, but originally from Corinth, whence the name. There are more of these currants used in England than in all the world besides. It is a question whether the English partiality for them is reasonable, for they are very indigestible, though cheap and in moderation pleasant. The Zantiotes scarcely understand what we do with them—they fancy we must use them for a dye; and they tread them in barrels with their feet so hard, that sometimes the mass of currants can only be broken with a mattock. No doubt the feet of these illustrious Greeks enhance the relish of the fruit, and add an unsuspected joy to our puddings and cakes.

CURRANTS—properly, Currans.—We are now speaking of the berry which botanists call Ribes, and which is known in England in three leading families—the gooseberry, red and green; the red currant with a white variety; and the black currant; the first being large and prickly, the other two small and smooth. They are said to derive their name from their resemblance to the currants of the Levant; but

this is a mistake which is the more provoking because it has led to a theory that these currants, having a foreign name, cannot be natives of the British soil. It is quite well known that they are indigenous in these islands; and we must therefore look out for an indigenous name. Now, it is remarkable that most of the old writers, and good ones too, when they speak of currants, write currans. English custom evidently taught them to drop the *t* when speaking of the familiar currant-bush. We are confirmed in this view when we discover that in our provincial dialects the name for a gooseberry is carberry; we are settled in this view if we remember that belonging to a different family there is the cranberry, and if we know why it is so called.

The dictionaries declare that it is called after the crane, "because its slender stalk has been compared to the long legs and neck of a crane." It is really so called because *cran* means red, and it has nothing whatever to do with the crane, unless that bird is so called from its red eyes. There is a flower called cranebill, which has just as much to do with the crane, though we are told that it has an appendage to the seed-vessel which resembles the beak of a crane or stalk. The word is really a corruption of cran-bell—a red bell as distinct from a blue bell. Those who take an interest in the herring fishery may have read of boats catching so many crans of fish. These are baskets of the red osier. We find the root *car*, red, spreading far away through many European languages—in Greek, in Latin and its later dialects, in Gaelic, in Welsh, in Old German, and in Old English. We have it in the first syllables of carnation (flesh colour), carmine, crimson, cramoisie, carrot—which in Gaelic is curran, cargoose—an old name for the grebe which has a chestnut-red kind of head, a brown-red back and red eyes—carbon, carbuncle, char (the verb—to burn), char, the fish which has a red belly, and I will add cherry, in spite of the etymologists, who go to some long-forgotten place, Kerasos in Asia

Minor, for the name of this ruddy fruit. The list might be multiplied—I have said nothing of coral or crocus—but examples enough have been given to enable the reader to return with his eyes open to the spelling of the currant —curran, and to the provincial English name of the gooseberry—the carberry. It ought to be clear that in the olden time the currant and the cranberry were both called by the same name or names, as similar as dialectical varieties permit—the red berry, and that the term red curran is a reduplication—the red red.

All this about words—in order to prove that the British currant has a British name, however much it may be twisted about. As for the currant itself there is little to be said. Its praise is in all our mouths. The gooseberry or carberry shall have a paragraph to itself. The black currant has little to do with cookery, except as the faithful attendant of Roly Poly, but its grandest title to fame is trumpeted forth under the name of Cassis. For the red currant let the roast mutton, hare, and venison, prove how much it is in demand.

Curry.—There are few dishes which it is so difficult to get well done as a curry. In France, under the name of Kari, it is always bad. In England the vulgar theory is that, with the addition of some curry-powder, any good stew becomes a good curry. It is a great mistake. First of all, a curry differs from other stews in being always eaten with a dessert-spoon and fork—never, when rightly understood, with a knife and fork. This implies that it is exceedingly well done, and is cut or shred small. Secondly, it has no other accompaniment than the rice. Curry is never to be eaten at a house where the host offers you a potato with the rice. It is a sign that there is no garnish in his curry—no onions, no apples, no cocoanut: else he would not overlay all these with potatoes in addition to rice. On the difficulty of procuring a good curry-powder it is

useless to insist—indeed, few people see the difficulty. There are good curry-powders at the shops, and that is enough for them. They have not grasped the fact that curry-powder is like salad dressing—a compound; and that as in the salad dressing some people like plenty of vinegar and little oil, while others wish for plenty of oil and very little vinegar, so in the curry-powder there are ingredients which should be increased or decreased to suit different tastes, and to combine with the different meats which are to be curried. All over India there is a curry for almost every province: at Madras one kind of curry; in Bengal another. In Ceylon they would never dream of taking curry-powder out of a bottle. The curry mixture is there made fresh on the day it is to be used in cooking; and it consists of a piece of green ginger, a few coriander and cumin seeds, two cloves of garlic, six small onions, one chili, eight peppercorns, a small piece of turmeric, a teaspoonful of butter, half a cocoanut, and half a lime. In England, the ginger of this receipt, the coriander and cumin seeds, the chili and the turmeric, are powdered, and sold in bottles under the name of curry-powder; and this is supposed to be all that is wanted—the English cook, for the most part, ignoring the garlic and onion, the cocoanut and the lime; and expecting that, if any other flavour is needed, it will be supplied at table from the bottle of Bengal Chutney. Supposing a good powder is at hand—say Halford's—it is to be used in the following manner, which is a modification of a well-known receipt.

Take the white heart of a cabbage or a lettuce peeled down to the size of an egg; chop it fine, and add to it two apples in thin slices, the juice of a lemon, a saltspoonful of black pepper, and a tablespoonful of curry-powder—to be all well mixed together. Then take six onions that have been chopped fine and fried brown, a clove of garlic minced small, two ounces of fresh butter, two of flour, and one pint of beef gravy; boil them up, and when boiling add to them

the other set of ingredients containing the acids and spices. Let all be well stewed, and then add to it—cut or shred—the fish, flesh or fowl for which this savoury mess has been prepared. Serve it with abundance of rice—every grain of which should be separate. It is the rice in this combination that is the great attraction for many people. But in following this receipt the cook must use some discretion; first in regard to the acids, second in regard to the onions. One apple may contain as much acid as two; and onions are of all sizes. So that here the receipt is very indefinite, and the cook has to be cautious.

CUSTARDS.—These have been known for some time on the Continent as English creams; but latterly simply as creams—vanilla cream, lemon cream, chocolate cream, according to the flavour. One receipt will be enough.

Lemon Custard.—Beat up the yolks of eight eggs to a strong white cream. Mix into this very slowly a pint of boiling hot cream, together with the zest and juice of two lemons, and sugar to taste. Stir this on the fire till it thickens—but do not boil it. Add also, when nearly ready, a wineglassful of sherry and a tablespoonful of brandy. Keep stirring it till it cools, and serve it in cups with grated nutmeg.

A wonderful flavour is given to these creams or custards by boiling the cream or milk with which they are made a laurel-leaf—that is, not a bay-leaf, but a leaf of the cherry laurel. Great care, however, must be used; for the cherry laurel is poisonous.



AB.—Who ever heard of dab at a fashionable dinner or in a fine bill of fare? Nevertheless a dab—the French limande—is better than any flounder; and as Mr. Bugg changed his name to Norfolk Howard, the poor little dab aspires to fame under the name of a Thames flounder, which is the best of all flounders. Let us give dab his due. His name is as plebeian as Snooks or Blogg; but he is an honest fish, with a good taste and a faculty of making himself agreeable in society which his friends with great names might well envy.

Damson, the small plum of Damascus, to be used in the ordinary way for fruit pies, with no end of sugar. Take it for praise, or take it for blame, the damson has a tart resemblance to "the perfect woman" described by the poet as—

not too good
For human nature's daily food.

Dantzic.—Not much of a town for beauty, but it has one great title to fame in the world of art: it has produced the liqueur which is the most beautiful of all to look at—gold-water, a bright colourless liquid like water, with chips of gold-leaf floating in it. Unfortunately, as made in Dantzic this beautiful drink is somewhat fiery, and ladies, who in general love the liqueurs, rarely touch it, preferring the sweeter and softer imitations made in Amsterdam and elsewhere. The fact is, that though the liqueur is nearly always to-day associated with the name of Dantzic, it is of Italian origin, and is perhaps the oldest extant liqueur in Europe. The Italians brought it into France in the time of Catherine de Medici. See Acqua d'Oro.

Dariole is one of the most interesting words in the

English language, and it is a pity to see it going out of use because it is not understood. It is much more used in France than in England, but the French authorities declare that it is a perfect mystery to them—its origin utterly unknown. In England it seems to be regarded as a new-fangled French name for a cheesecake, and too foreign as well as too new for common use. It is in fact one of the oldest words in the English language, and is frequently to be found in the cookery books of Chaucer's time. It means as nearly as possible a maid of honour; and it is curious to imagine how the word dariole should survive for more than five centuries in a kind of lost language, its meaning unknown, and how it should turn up on Richmond Hill correctly translated into maid of honour. The clue to the meaning of the word is given by Junius under the word dairy, the first syllable of which he declares to be identical with the first syllable of Dariole. Now we get puzzled, and have to ask, What is the first syllable, and how do we account for the succeeding ones? All the information given by Junius is that a dairy means a milk-house, and that a dariole means something made of milk. There we are left hanging in the air, and have to find solid earth for ourselves.

It is well known that in the West of England a dairy is or was till lately called a dey-house; and it has been supposed that dey must mean milk. Even those who see in the word a different meaning—namely, maid—confess that through some links which have not clearly been traced out it may have some connection with Swedish and Danish words which mean suckling, as well as with the English *dug* which yields the milk. That however is obscure, and we may dismiss it to dwell upon what is clear.

We are dealing with one of the most venerable words in human speech, which has been singularly preserved in languages far apart. The English child born in India has

a nurse called a da'i. Some who read this page may remember Mrs. Sherwood's nursery tale of *Lucy and her Daye*. If any one will look into Shakespear's Hindustani dictionary he will see that while in one dialect this word means a nursemaid, in another it means more generally a maidservant. In the Northern dialects of Europe—in Swedish, in Danish, in Icelandic—it will be found that the cognate word means sometimes generally a maid, sometimes more particularly a milkmaid or a nursemaid. In the Scotch dialect a dey is a milkmaid. In old English the word meant either a maid or a milkmaid. In the wide sense of maid or woman it remains to this hour in the second syllable of la-dy—the bread-maid. How the same word should mean properly a maid, and yet in some cases should be applied particularly now to a milkmaid and now to a nurse, will be apparent in the history of another word—say groom, which means a young man, a lad, and is recognised as such in bridegroom, but which is also applied specially to a stable-lad, on board ship to a cabin-boy (grommet), and in French to a wine-merchant's man (gourmet). A dairy or deyry is the place for the deys or maids, as faery is the place of the fays and eyrie is the nest for the eggs.

Let us now return to Dariole, which Junius identifies with dairy, and declares to mean something made of milk—laitiron. As a matter of fact it is made of milk—it is a cheesecake; but this is not necessarily expressed in the word. The root is *da* or *dey,* a maid—the final syllable of lady. And what is the rest of the word? The old spelling is Daryol or Daryal, and it means Da-royal, a maid of honour. If any one should be surprised at the application in those early times of so fanciful a name to a cheesecake, he has only to look into any cookery book of the period—that of Chaucer—and he will find in close proximity to Maids of honour, a Douce âme, which is after all but a stewed fowl.

There is a curious fact about this word which has yet to be explained, and which raises it into something like a literary landmark. The French have a word Dariolette, the name for a lady's maid, and they profess to derive it from the lady's maid of the Princess Elisene in the romance of *Amadis of Gaul*, who was called Dariolette. Now this romance, which was spared from the flames by the licentiate in *Don Quixote*, is generally considered as of either Spanish or Portuguese origin. Southey insists on the Portuguese knight Vasco Lobeira, who died 1403, being its author. How came from the pen of a Portuguese writer the Anglo-Norman word Dariolette? A French writer, the Comte de Tressan, has attempted to prove that the romance was originally written in French, that it was translated from the French into Portuguese, and thence into Castilian, in which language we have the oldest version that remains to us. He has not proved his point, and Southey ridicules his theory. It is quite certain that the Comte de Tressan attempted to prove too much; but, on the other hand, permit us to quote from what we have written elsewhere. "Southey has not allowed weight enough to the fact that the *Amadis of Gaul* is the first work of romance which appeared in the Portuguese and Castilian languages; that it was preceded for more than a century by other romances of Anglo-Norman origin; and that in its idea, in the character of its incidents, and in much of its geography, it belongs to the world of Anglo-Norman romance. What though we cannot lay our hands on the French original from which Lobeira translated, any more than we can lay our hands on Lobeira's own work from which the Castilian version has been made? We still know that all the ideas and materials, all the design, all the machinery of *Amadis of Gaul*, belong to the Anglo-Norman cycle of romance which was in vogue before Lobeira was born." To this it is now to be added, that here is the name Darioleta of the Castilian or Portuguese

romance, borrowed directly from the Anglo-Norman dialect to be the proper name for the Princess Elisene's maid of honour.

The old receipt for the Dariole is as follows. It bears the date of 1381. All the words are given here in modern spelling. "Take cream of almonds or of cow-milk, and beat them well together; and make small coffins [that is, cases of pastry], and do it [put it] therein; and do [put] thereto sugar and good powders. Or take good fat cheese and eggs and make them of divers colours, green, red or yellow, and bake them or serve them forth."

Modern receipt.—Put into a spouted basin two table-spoonfuls of flour, two of sifted sugar, one-and-a-half of melted butter, one whole egg, three yolks of eggs, a pinch of salt, and whatever flavouring, of almonds or lemons, orange, vanilla or coffee, may be liked best. Mix these well together and then add to them a tumblerful of cream. When the batter is ready pour it into pattypans which have been lined with light puff paste, and top them with candied orange-flowers; place the pattypans upon a baking-sheet and set them in a quiet oven. When the darioles are ready they are lightly strewed with sugar and served hot.

There is an immense consumption of these in Paris. In 1856 there were 128 darioleurs and darioleuses—that is, makers of darioles, who hawked them about, using up annually 3,000,000 lbs. of flour.

DAUPHINESS—Beignets à la Dauphine. This is a French name given to a German invention,—the Dauphiness being Marie Antoinette. Throughout Germany they are known as Berliner Pfannkuchen; throughout Austria as Wiener Krapfen. In plain English they are Brioche Fritters, and will be found among the Fritters, No. 6.

DEVONSHIRE—famous for its butter, its cream, its cider, and its pie. The butter is the best English butter that comes

into London; but it is not so good as that of Brittany, Normandy, and Ostend. The clubs are chiefly supplied with Ostend butter. The cream, called clotted cream, is the richest cream there is, short of butter. New milk is strained into shallow metal pans, which after standing for twelve hours are passed on to a hot plate with a fire below, to heat the milk to scalding without boiling or even simmering it. The pans are then carried back to the dairy, allowed to stand for another twelve hours, and the cream is drained off. This is Devonshire or clotted cream. Devonshire cider is simply the finest in the world. Devonshire pie, called also Squab pie, is made of Devonshire apples and of Devonshire (that is Dartmoor) mutton, or else of pork. See Irish Stew.

DEVILS.—It is the great fault of all devilry that it knows no bounds. A moderate devil is almost a contradiction in terms; and yet it is quite certain that if a devil is not moderate he destroys the palate, and ought to have no place in cookery, the business of which is to tickle, not to annihilate, the sense of taste. Devils are of two kinds —the dry and the wet. The dry devil is a Carbonade, scored, peppered, salted, mustarded or otherwise spiced; the wet devil is a Bernardine Salmi. See Salmi.

Sauce à la Diable.—The French cooks' idea of the devil is that he has a passion for shalots. Mr. Masson has written an essay on the Three Devils—namely, Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's. There is room for yet another essay, yea, a volume, on the Frenchman's idea of the devil, much given to the onions of Ascalon. Take three or four shalots, and mince them well with a clove of garlic, a fagot of sweet herbs, and as much pepper as may be dared; simmer all for half an hour in brown sauce and red wine, pass it through a tammy, and know of a surety that this will much rejoice all French devils.

Dill is a plant which, like anise, caraway and coriander, was supposed to be a good stomachic. Dill-water is still to be found among the bottles of the apothecary. It was also, like fennel, a good deal used in soups and sauces. That we should now make very little use of it in the kitchen is probably no great loss to us; but it is certainly a mystery. It is impossible to tell many a time how reputations grow and how they pass away. By all the rules of human conduct dill ought to be the most prized herb in the English kitchen garden; and yet it is of the smallest account. William the Conqueror had a cook named Tezelin, who one day served him with a white soup called dillegrout. The monarch was so pleased with its exquisite flavour that he sent for the cook and made him for his dill soup Lord of the Manor of Addington. When a great work of art is thus rewarded we might expect that the fame of it would live for ever, that all the cooks of England would bear it in mind, and that it would still be fashionable. But such is the caprice of fame and fortune, there is probably not a living creature in England who has ever tasted dill broth, and the name of Tezelin is known but to a very few. There are monuments in Westminster Abbey to heroes who have achieved less than the Lord of the Manor of Addington.

Dinner.—There are two theories as to what this means. The first maintains that dinner is to déjeûner what priest is to presbyter; and we all know by this time that presbyter is but priest writ large. Dinner, therefore, according to this view is breakfast.

The other theory is that it is a contraction for dixiéme heure, ten o'clock, the ancient time of dining. There is an old French rhyme to this effect:—

> Lever à six, diner à dix,
> Souper à six, coucher à dix,
> Vous feront vivre dix fois dix.

It is evident that we are fast returning to the ancient

dinner-hour. A fashionable dinner is at full tide not far from ten o'clock—only it is now ten at night instead of, as formerly, ten in the morning.

Dory.—This is a fish regarded by many as the most delicious of all. The ancients named him after the king of gods—Zeus. The moderns have honoured him with the patronage of no less than three saints—Peter, Christopher and Martin. St. Peter found the tribute-money in a dory, and left thumb-marks upon him for ever afterwards; so that he is known to be the fish of St. Peter, who as the gate-keeper of heaven—in Italian *janitore*—provided for him the name which has been corrupted into John Dory. Other learned authorities deny that the dory exists in the fresh-water lake of Galilee, and maintain that the marks upon his body came from the fingers of St. Christopher, who took hold of the fish in order to amuse the infant Jesus when he was carrying Him upon his shoulders across the sea. And others yet again declare that the dory is best appropriated to St. Martin, because although he is good at all seasons he is most perfect at Martinmas. Anyhow, we have a good excuse for making acquaintance with the fish on the days of all three saints. His name comes really from the colour of his skin, which is dorée or gilded; and we may be grateful in the knowledge that the best dorys in the world are caught upon our southern shores, off Plymouth and off Brighton.

Clear away his excessive finery of fins; fill him with veal stuffing or oyster stuffing, boil him in salt and water, and serve him with nut-brown butter, English sauce or Holland sauce. Quin, the actor, was a great lover of this fish, and would travel to Devonshire expressly to eat him. He insisted that the fish should be boiled in sea-water and that the best sauce was one which brought Miss Ann Chovy into union with Mr. John Dory. John is at his best from September to January.

Duck.—The French notion of the tame duck is perfectly given by Grimod de la Reynière. "He appears rarely in a roast at refined tables. His modesty adapts itself better to a couch of turnips after he has been cooked in a succulent braze." The general order is, that the wild duck is to be roasted; the tame duck or duckling either stewed or brazed. If ever the latter is allowed the honours of the spit, he must be barded. In England the duck brazed in turnips is rarely seen, and the roast duck or duckling is in great favour.

Roast Duck or Duckling.—A duck should always be stuffed; a duckling may, or may not. The stuffing is the same as for geese, and will be found among the force-meats. Also duck or duckling should be well done. Perhaps one of the reasons for the dissatisfaction which the roast duck gives in France is that it is roasted, if roasted at all, like the wild duck—very much underdone. Gouffé allows only sixteen minutes for roasting a duck. A duckling will take at least half an hour of a brisk fire; a duck perhaps an hour. When the time comes for serving these birds, let them have a good brown gravy not upon them but around them, and in a boat apart; or else one made from their necks, gizzards and livers stewed down with some browned onions, sweet-herbs and spice. The most common vegetable garnish is green peas or sometimes cresses; but try also cooked endive or celery, turnips browned in butter, and almost any kind of salad. As for potatoes with duck—never.

Brazed Duck.—The name is given not merely to duck brazed in the ordinary way, but to any arrangement by which it may be both stewed and roasted, which is the object of brazing. Let the duck be half roasted and then stewed; or let it be baked slowly in a stewpan and two or three ounces of butter till it is well browned, and then let it be stewed. This last is the simplest of the methods. Between the baking and the stewing, dredge in two table-spoonfuls of flour, and stir it until well mixed with the

butter. Then pour in with salt, pepper, and a faggot of pot-herbs, stock enough to cover the duck; let it boil up, let it be skimmed, and let it simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Twenty or twenty-five minutes before the duck is ready, turnips are to be put in with it, which have been cut to shapes and browned in butter. At last strain the sauce, remove the grease, see that the seasoning is right, and if the sauce should be too thin, boil it down. Send the duck to table with the turnips. This combination of duck and turnip is supposed in France to belong as surely to the eternal fitness of things as in England it is held that the pre-established harmonies of the universe reach their acme in roast duck and green peas.

There is an immense deal of nonsense talked, chiefly in France, about the superlative qualities of the Rouen duck—as if Rouen meant the place. It is a corruption of roan; and the Roan duck is simply the tame duck which has preserved the ruddy plumage of the wild one. The French in a fine burst of patriotism vow that all the ducks of empurpled hue come from Rouen.

DUMPLINGS.—Half a pound of beef fat finely chopped; half a pound of flour; half a pound of breadcrumbs, three eggs, a tumblerful of milk, with salt and pimento are to be mixed well together, divided into balls the size of a turkey's egg, tied in cloths, and boiled three-quarters of an hour.

Norfolk Dumplings.—A tumbler of milk, three eggs, salt, and as much flour as will make a stiff batter. Drop the batter in spoonfuls into boiling water, and let them boil for ten minutes.

Fruit Dumplings.—Fruit enveloped in paste No. 4. Line a basin with the paste, put in the fruit, cover it over, tie it in a cloth, and boil it for a couple of hours.

DUTCH schools of painting and of cookery have been fond of the sea and of fish. Their fish sauce is pre-eminent

in Europe, producing so much goodness of result by such simplicity of means, that it is perhaps the most useful of all the sauces. Pray always bear in mind the precise difference between the Dutch or Holland and the English sauce. Whereas the English use flour to make the vehicle of their melted butter, the Dutch use yolk of egg; in the one no egg, in the other no flour.

Dutch or Holland Sauce.—Sauce Hollandaise.—Heat to the boiling point two tablespoonfuls of water with pepper, nutmeg and salt. Stir well into this two yolks of eggs, but do not let it boil again. Melt gradually into it four ounces of fresh butter with a whisk. It ought to be a smooth, thick cream, and should be finished with lemon-juice. It is an admirable sauce for fish, but when served with vegetables (as asparagus, artichoke, cauliflower), it is usual to increase the quantity of acid.

An easier way for beginners.—Put all the above-named ingredients together into a saucepan, which is to be placed in a second saucepan half filled with cold water. Put it on a moderate fire, stirring the inner saucepan continually. As soon as the water in the outer one boils the sauce is ready.

DUXELLES is the name given to a combination of mushrooms, parsley, and shalots, which are chopped together finely and used for flavouring. It is convenient to have a short name by which to refer to such combinations. Others of the same order will be found, along with Duxelles, in the article on Faggots. But as Duxelles is to most persons a word perfectly unintelligible—Beauvilliers wrote it Ducelle, Viard Durcelle—it has been proposed by the later authorities, Dubois, Bernard and Gouffé, to change the name to that of Fine Herbs, which is even more objectionable, as expressing too much. The mushroom is, strictly speaking, a herb, but it would not obviously be understood as such; and the mushroom is the central figure of the Duxelles. Then, again, the epithet of fine,

which has reference not to flavour, but to the mincing, can scarcely be claimed for the Duxelles as against other faggots—the Ravigote, for example. The name of Duxelles will probably hold, because it commemorates, though indirectly, the name of the artist who first brought the combination into prominence. La Varenne was the first great French cook of modern times; and his cookery book, published in Paris about 1650, may be described as, on paper at least, the starting-point of modern cookery. He was lord of the kitchen of the Marquis d'Uxelles; and he describes himself on the title-page of his book as "Escuyer de Cuisine de M. le Marquis d'Uxelles." It was not he, however, who gave the name of Duxelles to his mushrooms: he called them Champignons à l'olivier. What is the meaning of this name is not quite clear, but the successors of La Varenne brushed it aside, and adopted Duxelles instead, which did at least this much honour to La Varenne—that it connected the mushroom alliance which he favoured with the kitchen where it originated.

The original receipt for the Mushrooms à l'olivier is worth quoting, for it will serve to show how the more recent Duxelles differs from it. "Cut them (that is, the mushrooms) in quarters, and wash them in several waters. Place them between two plates, with an onion and salt, and then upon the chafing-dish that they may get rid of their moisture. Press them between two plates. Then take fresh butter with parsley and cibol, and fry (fricassez) them. After that, set them to stew, and when they are well done, you may add cream to them or blancmanger."

In the course of time this receipt became developed into what is now known as Duxelles—which is composed of equal weights of mushrooms, parsley and shalots. These are chopped very fine, and fried for five minutes in a saucepan, with rasped bacon, pepper and salt. That is the receipt of Beauvilliers, and it has been followed ever since, though one may have leave to doubt whether it

is altogether satisfactory. The parsley and the shalots, being each of equal weight with the mushrooms, overlay them and rob them of the importance which La Varenne gave to them. The mushrooms become still further dwarfed in the composition if an equal weight of truffles or truffle trimmings should be added. It would be much better in taste, and more respectful to La Varenne, to reduce the quantity of parsley and shalots.

Duxelles Sauce is made by adding Duxelles to about six times as much of Brown or Spanish sauce, and letting it simmer for a little. In the receipt of Beauvilliers the sauce is finished with yolks of eggs well beaten, but not allowed to boil, and with lemon. These additions are not necessary, and tend to load the sauce.

EEL.—"The eel," says Badham, "is found in the East and West Indies, wriggling under the ice of Greenland, and winding his way without let or hindrance through the very heart of the Celestial Empire: enjoying every temperate latitude, and ubiquitous over the globe as man himself. The all but universal spread of this species makes its absence from some waters the more remarkable and difficult to explain. Sometimes physical obstructions seem sufficient to account for this,—as for instance for its absence from the lake of Geneva, there being no inlet hitherward up the Rhine: but neither is it found in the Danube, where no such difficulty occurs, and into which, had eels the will, they might easily like other fish find a way." But eels are mysterious in their ways; and how little we know of them may be gathered from a single fact—that far and wide as they are spread, and long as they have been loved by the races of mankind, we know next to nothing of their matrimonial arrangements and their

manner of birth. If there are births and marriages among them, they certainly take care not to announce it in the newspapers. No male, no female has ever been found in roe. All we know is that there happens to be an everlasting supply of infant eels; that the full-grown eels have a suspicious way of not being very well in the months of April, May and June; and that ever since the time of Aristotle they have been observed to be pushing their snouts up the rivers in spring and downwards in autumn. Never has a secret been so well kept; never have clandestine marriages been so successful.

The London market is chiefly supplied with eels from Holland; but there are none so good as those caught in the Thames, which are the most silvery of all. There are four kinds: the snig, the grig, the broad-nosed and the sharp-nosed. The broad-nosed are the darkest and least valued; the sharp-nosed are the brightest and best; and those caught in the Thames, besides being remarkable for their silvery appearance, surpass the Dutch eels in sweetness of taste.

Skinning eels alive is a needless barbarity. Kill the eel by piercing the spinal marrow just behind the head with a skewer; but take care not to cut off the head, or the eel will wriggle as if it were alive.

When a fish is naturally rich the simplest way of cooking it ought always to be the best. There are excellent judges who prefer the eel plain-boiled in salt and water, sprinkled in the dish with parsley and sage, and served with English butter-sauce, sharpened with lemon-juice. Some, indeed, enjoy it waterzootje. Strange to say, however, this very rich fish is most appreciated when it is most disguised. Take for example

Collared Eels.—This is the most approved method of boiling the eel, if he is to be boiled at all. Skin, split and bone a large Thames eel. Season it well, by rubbing it with chopped parsley, sage, a sprig of lemon-thyme, and

mixed spices finely pounded. Roll it up, collar it with tape, and boil it in salt and water. Serve it with a sharp sauce—or say English sauce with plenty of lemon-juice.

Spitchcock.—The name for a broiled eel; though it might be applied to anything else done in the same way. The word is so corrupt that it has come to be used ignorantly. It is a corruption of spitstuck, and is equivalent to the French *en brochette.* Anything done en brochette, or on a skewer, might be called spitstuck or spitchcock. It is really broiled; and the following is the receipt for broiled eels. Slit up the eel and bone it; wash and dry it; cut it in pieces about three or four inches long; dredge these with flour, which is to be wiped off so as to leave all dry. Dip the pieces in a thick batter made of melted butter, yolk of eggs, minced parsley, sage, shalot (very little shalot), pepper and salt. Roll them next in fine breadcrumbs or in pounded biscuit. Dip them in the batter again, and roll them again on the bread-crumbs. The pieces may now, to justify the name of spitchcock, be impaled on small spits, or as the French say, en brochette. But whether thus impaled or not, they are to be broiled on or before a clear fire to a light-brown tint. Eels may thus, too, be broiled whole, or they may be roasted in a Dutch oven. Let them be sent to table garnished with parsley fried crisp, and with a sauceboat of English butter-sauce sharpened with lemon-juice.

Fried Eels, or Eels à la Tartare.—Cut the eels in pieces three or four inches long, and let them cook for twenty minutes in a Mirepoix of red wine; let them also cool in the liquor, which ought to be nearly a jelly when cold. Take out the pieces, and roll them in fine breadcrumbs, dip them in two or three yolks of eggs which have been beaten up in the liquor. Roll them again in the bread-crumbs, and fry them. Serve them with Tartar sauce. The English way is much more simple. If they are to be

boiled at all beforehand, it is enough to do so in water, salt and vinegar. But this preliminary process is often dispensed with. The eels are cut in pieces and boned, rubbed with salt, pepper, and mixed spices, brushed with egg, and rolled in crumbs. They are then fried, and sent to table with fried parsley and Tartar sauce. Fried eels come to be expensive inasmuch as the fat in which they are fried will not serve for other fish.

Stewed Eels.—Chop small two shalots and pass them in a little butter for five or six minutes. Add some red wine and a faggot of parsley, together with a spoonful of vinegar, nutmeg, pepper and salt. Put the pieces of eel into this, and let them stew for twenty-five or thirty minutes. Take the eel out and keep it hot till its sauce is ready, which sauce will be made in the following manner: —Add butter and flour to the liquor in which the eel has stewed, together with a little essence of anchovies. Cook this for about ten minutes. Then dish the eel and strain the sauce over it. Stewed eels may also take the form of a matelote with any amount of garniture; or they may be served in a poulette sauce.

Eel Pie.—This used to be a famous pie, but we hear little of it now. The following is the Richmond receipt:— Skin, cleanse, and bone two Thames eels. Cut them in pieces and chop two small shalots. Pass the shalots in a little butter for five or six minutes, and then add to them a small faggot of parsley chopped, with nutmeg, pepper, salt, and two glasses of sherry. In the midst of this deposit the eels, add enough water to cover them, and set them on the fire to boil. When the boiling point is reached, take out the pieces of eel and arrange them in a pie-dish. In the meantime add to the sauce two ounces of butter kneaded with two ounces of flour, and let them incorporate by stirring over the fire. Finish the sauce with the juice of a whole lemon, and pour it

among and over the pieces of eel in the pie-dish. Some slices of hard-boiled egg may be cunningly arranged on the top and in among the lower strata. Roof the whole with puff-paste; bake it for an hour; and lo! a pie worthy of Eel-pie Island. It is a great question, debated for ages on Richmond Hill, whether this pie is best hot or cold. It is perfect either way.

Eggs.—There is an old philosophic question—Which was produced first, the egg or the hen? Theologians might perhaps decide for the egg, on the ground that all birds' eggs are innocent and good for food, but all the birds themselves are not. It is difficult, however, to imagine how the world got on before the barndoor fowl was tamed and taught to lay regularly. The culture of the egg is one of the great events of civilisation, and has yielded an aliment of the rarest delicacy, of unfailing resource, and of magical variety. Nothing in the way of food more simple than an egg, and nothing so quick and marvellous in its manifold uses and transformations. There are said to be about 600 ways of serving an egg, over and above the uses to which it may be put in creams, custards, leasons, sauces, and cakes. Here it is possible to enumerate only a few of the most popular receipts, omitting the pancake and the omelette, which will be described under their proper names. In general, it will be found that the simpler preparations are the most in favour. The egg may be said to come ready cooked from the hand of nature—a masterpiece not easily to be improved by mortal cooks.

Boiled Eggs.—These are, like the egg of Columbus, simplicity itself. But a word may be useful on the way to cook eggs at table in a bowl. Pour boiling water over a couple of them in a bowl, and cover them with a plate. In from twelve to fifteen minutes they are ready. The delicious little eggs of the guinea-fowl are ready in ten minutes.

Poached Eggs.—Have water with a little salt and a dash of vinegar in it simmering in a shallow saucepan. Break each egg into a teacup, and quickly turn the cup over into the saucepan, so as to stand bottom upwards in the water with the egg inside. In a few seconds the egg will be set, and the cup can be removed. Proceed in like manner with the other eggs, and let them simmer till done enough. Serve the eggs when done on buttered toast, on spinach, in soup, or on the top of minced meat.

Fried Eggs, according to the English way, are not to be thought of: they are a villainy. The egg is fried with a very little butter or bacon fat, in a large frying-pan—spreads out, and becomes on its edges thin and hard as parchment. There are but two ways of frying an egg properly. One is the Provençal method of poaching it in hot oil or fat; the other is known by the odd name of

Eggs on the Dish, or *Buttered Eggs*—because they are generally served on the dish in which they are cooked. This dish is a small flat saucer, which used to be of tinned iron, but is now made of earthenware to stand the fire. It may be of any size—to hold a single egg or any number—the wall of the dish hemming the egg or eggs round so as to prevent too much spreading. Melt a little butter in the dish, sprinkle it with salt, break into it the required number of eggs, fry them for a couple of minutes on a spirit-lamp or on the top of the stove, shake salt and pepper over them, and they are ready.

Eggs in Black Butter.—Use somewhat more butter than for the foregoing, and before putting the eggs in let the butter become a rich brown. Put in the eggs; let them fry for a couple of minutes; and at the last pour over them a small spoonful of hot vinegar.

Eggs in sunshine (Œufs au soleil)—called by the Italians Eggs in purgatory. Take some eggs on the dish, and when they are finished pour over them some tomato sauce.

Eggs in moonshine take their name from the well-known fact that the moon is made of green cheese. Prepare some eggs on the dish as above, and sprinkle them with grated cheese—Parmesan or Gruyère. Also some cheese may be melted with the butter in the bottom of the dish before it receives the eggs.

Scrambled Eggs (Œufs brouillés).—Six eggs, two ounces of butter, a wineglassful of milk, with pepper, salt, and, if liked, a little nutmeg. Whip these in a saucepan over the fire with a wire whisk till the eggs begin to set: then take the saucepan off, but keep on stirring for a couple of minutes more. Serve it with fried crusts or with buttered toast. Variety is given to these eggs by mixing them with asparagus points, or chopped parsley, or truffles, or mushrooms, or bacon, according to taste.

Fondue is a name given to scrambled eggs intermingled with grated Gruyère—but there is a difference in the proportion used. Weigh the eggs—an egg is supposed to weigh from one-and-a-half to two ounces. Take one-third of their weight of grated Gruyére, and one-sixth of their weight of butter. Stir all in a saucepan on the fire, and then off the fire, as directed for scrambled eggs, and add pepper. Why the name Fondue (melted)—and Fondue in the feminine, too—should be reserved for this, and this alone, is not quite clear.

Eggs and Onions—sometimes called Eggs à la tripe.—Cut some onions in slices, blanch them, drain them, pass them in butter, add a spoonful of flour with pepper and salt, and moisten them with a tumblerful of milk or of broth. Stew them slowly in this for half an hour. Then take six hard-boiled eggs, cut the white in slices, mix them with the onion, and serve them, placing the hard yolks on the top uncut.

The Monster Egg.—Break a dozen or two of eggs, separating the whites from the yolks.— Tie up the yolks in

a pig's bladder, boil them hard, and take them out again. In a still larger bladder place the whites; into the midst of this put the yolk; tie up the bladder tight; and boil the whole till the white hardens. Uncover the monster egg, and serve it on a bed of spinach or other vegetable. This is a French jest in imitation of the great Madagascar eggs of the Epiornis Maximus, which would contain about twelve dozen hens' eggs.

Egg Sauce.—Boil three or four eggs for a quarter of an hour, chill them in cold water, remove the shells, cut them into dice, stir all into a boatful of English sauce, and serve hot. The best egg sauce is made with turkey's eggs; and perhaps a better way of presenting the eggs is to cut only the whites into dice, but to press the yolks through a wire sieve, in which case they will come out like vermicelli.

ENDIVE, as known at our tables, is of three kinds, one of which may be dismissed with a word. It is the wild endive or succory, called in France Barbe de Capucin, and excellent as a salad in the winter time. The other two kinds are the curly-leaved endive, often called chicory, and the broad-leaved or Batavian endive, always known in France as the escarole. Many persons in England when they eat this last never know that it is endive—it looks so like a cabbage-lettuce.

Endive for garnish.—Boil it like cabbage for twenty-five minutes; cool it, drain it, and press out the water. Then chop it very fine, salt it, and toss it in a stewpan with an ounce of butter and one of flour. Add to it gradually about half a pint of broth, still tossing and stirring. Last of all, finish it with another ounce of butter and some grated nutmeg.

Endive Salad.—When the French prepare this salad, they always like to have with it, as what they call *fourniture*, giving an accessory flavour, a *chapon*. This is the name

by which a crust of bread rubbed with garlic is known. The chapon, thrown into the salad and mixed with it vigorously, imparts its garlic flavour to the endive. Many people may not enjoy this garlic. Let them try instead slices of a raw tomato intermingled with the endive.

English Sauce—the so-called melted butter, said to be the one English sauce. We might expect the one English sauce to be always made in perfection, and especially as nothing can be more simple. On the contrary, it is proverbial for its villainy and its resemblance to bill-stickers' paste, which is the result not only of carelessness but very often of stinginess. People who will go to great expense for fish will, to save twopence-halfpenny, stint the quantity of butter necessary for a good sauce. The sauce is the result of two processes which are quite distinct; and all the many failures of it are due, even where there is no stint of butter, to the fact that as commonly made it is the result of but one process.

Act First. Knead an ounce of fresh butter into a paste with an equal quantity of sifted flour, some salt, nutmeg and mignonette pepper; dilute it with a gill, or even a gill and a half, of warm water; stir it on the fire till it boils; let it boil for three minutes—that is, till the flour is cooked—and then pass it through the pointed strainer. This is what many people call melted butter: they think that with the first act there is an end of the business. But even if four times the quantity of butter were used it would not produce a good sauce, for butter cooked in this way loses much of its flavour. The first act makes no melted butter; it only makes a vehicle for the melted butter which is to come.

Act Second. The vehicle being boiling hot, mix in at the last, when the sauce is to be served, three more ounces of butter, stirring it quickly with a wire whisk. This butter is not to be cooked—only melted, as its name indi-

cates; and in order to melt it quickly without cooking it, the butter, which should be of the best, is often divided into small pieces before being thrown in. Take it off the fire in the moment of melting, add to it a few drops of lemon-juice, and serve it at once. Act First may be performed at any time, hours before the sauce, which may be kept hot in the bain marie, is wanted. Act Second is to be deferred till the last moment.

When this sauce is served with asparagus or cauliflower add a tablespoonful of cream to it, and either increase the lemon-juice or use a teaspoonful of white-wine vinegar.

ENTRECÔTE.—A rib-steak. This is prized in France as next to the fillet-steak. There are good judges in England who declare that the rib-steak of English or Scotch beef is the best of all steaks.

ENTRÉES and ENTREMETS.—Few English people have a clear idea what is the difference between entrées and entremets, and yet upon this hangs the whole significance of the French arrangement of dinner, which has certainly been thought out with great care and with the finest artistic feeling. The same cannot be said of the English dinner: good as it is, the arrangement is not good, and comes down as an evil legacy from ancestors who were undoubtedly giants in their powers of mastication and digestion. It is one of the rules of English life that, after the soup, a dinner must always begin with fish, which is never to appear later on, unless perhaps in the form of crab pie or lobster salad when game fails. The rule, in its first part of ancient standing, belonged also to the old French service of the table; and Carême, when he undertook to rearrange the order of the dinner, did not dare to put it aside for great occasions, though for small dinner parties of six or nine he invariably rejected it. The aphorism of Brillat-Savarin is not to be disputed, that the progression of dishes should be from the more sub-

stantial to the light and delicate. Fish is usually considered more delicate and less substantial than meat; but always in an English dinner it is attacked first, when the appetite is most robust, and it would be an appalling breach of good manners to ask for it in the later stages of the repast, when the appetite is satisfied, declines all serious business, and will only play with food. The theory of the English dinner is that we are to work up by slow degrees to the grand event of the dinner—the Joint. The fish and the side-dishes are but the walk and the canter before the race. This is all very well as a metaphor, but metaphors are misleading. There are two great objections to the system. The first is that it makes no provision for persons of weak digestion, who come faint to a late dinner, who resolve to content themselves with the joint, and who have to wait for it an hour or more while the side dishes are being devoured. The second is that whereas the order of dishes lead up to the joint, this joint is nearly always a roast, and immediately afterwards the second course begins with another roast—namely of game. These two roasts, one upon the heels of another, are surely a mistake, and extremely inartistic.

The French service of the table, as remodelled by Carême, is better devised, and proceeds upon the principle already mentioned of a progression from the more solid and plain dishes to the lighter and more curious. The dinner has two courses and two only, which are signalised by the two names of entrées and entremets. The first course consists of entrées with a joint to begin with. The second course consists of entremets with a roast to begin with.

First Course.—The soup is served with the first course, but it is, properly speaking, no part of it, and is rather a natural preface to the whole dinner. We sit down tired, and want a few mouthfuls of something to set us up. We imbibe the soup, our spirits are restored, and we are then ready to begin the dinner in its first course—the entrées.

These are of two kinds, the great and the small. The small ones we all know; the large ones are not always reckoned as such, because they are known by other names—Relevés in French, Removes in English, so called simply because they take the place of the soup tureens. And here the Englishman begins to get confused. These removes or large entrées do not seem to him to have the character of entrées at all. Perhaps one of them is a fish; probably the other is what the French call an entrée de broche—what he would call a joint. One of the removes being a fish, he is willing to discuss it at once, though he would be gravely scandalised at the nation of calling it an entrée—a name which he always associates with made dishes; but the other being a joint, and probably a roasted or brazed one, he thinks it ought to be postponed to the place in the dinner which is especially allotted to the roast, so that he may eat all his roasts together. In the French, or at least in the original idea, the removes are entrées not less than the little dishes which are commonly so called, though it must be allowed that in later practice it is usual to class them as something distinct from entrées. But be the name what it may, if people must have a joint, or remove, or pièce de resistance to fall upon, then the proper place for it, in the French idea, is at the beginning of the first course and not at the end. There are only two limitations as to the nature of these joints, removes or large entrées, and neither of these is very strict. The first is that to give them the character of an entrée they should be accompanied by a good sauce or dainty vegetable garnish; the second that they should not include fowl or winged game, which are best reserved for the roast proper.

Second Course.—As the first course began with substantial and rather plain dishes, the removes, tapering off into the more delicate entrées, it is assumed that the dinner is now prepared to run a second race of entremets, beginning with something plain and substantial in the form of a

little roast. But in France, the word Roast has a wider signification than in England—it includes a Friture. Frying is indeed but a mode of roasting, and it would be orthodox in France, though not too common, to begin the second course with a fried fish. If a choice of several roasts were offered, one of them might well be a fried fish, and the list of roasts in France would include a baked haddock, an eel from the spit, and all manner of pies. Try and imagine the countenance of an Englishman aghast at the sight of fried gudgeons offered to him for a roast at the commencement of the second course. And yet—for all depends on the previous selection—fried gudgeons may at this point of the dinner be perfectly artistic. There is truly no reason in the Englishman's hard-and-fast rule of eating fried gudgeons only at the beginning of dinner. It is to be presumed that when the second course has come most persons want only to nibble: and the French service of the dinner keeps this wish clearly in view and ministers to it. The roast to begin with is not too solid, and the entremets in succession are as light as possible, confined for the most part to vegetable dishes, delicate pastry, eggs, cakes, creams, tarts, and sweets. By way of example, take the minutes of two of Câreme's dinners—the first for February, the second for November.

FEVRIER: Menu de six à neuf couverts.

Un potage - - - Le potage au céleri.

I.

Une grosse pièce - La pièce de bœuf à la Flamande.
Deux entrées - - Les papillotes de filets de carpe à la Duxelles.
Les perdreaux à la Périgord.

II.

Un plat de rôt - - Le chapon au cresson.
Deux entremets - - Les œufs à la Dauphine.
Le gelée de fraises (conserve).
Pour extra - - - Les darioles à l'orange.

Here it is to be observed that the dinner begins with the joint, and that the fish is among the entrées—the game also.

NOVEMBRE : Menu de six à neuf couverts.

Un potage - - -	Le potage de semoule au consommé.
	I.
Une grosse pièce -	La pièce de bœuf à la Maréchale.
Deux entrées - -	Les perdreaux à la Périgueux.
	Les poulets dépecés à l'Italienne.
	II.
Un plat de rôt -	Les merlans frits panés à l'Anglaise.
Deux entremets -	Les épinards au velouté.
	La gelée au vin de Madère.
Pour extra - - -	Les manons d'abricots.

Here, again, it will be seen that the grosse pièce, or joint, comes first; and see what the roast is—fried whitings with their tails in their mouths and breadcrumbed after the English fashion.

In 1856 Dubois and Bernard published their great work, *La Cuisine Classique,* and laid down clearly the law of the French table as regards roasts and joints: and there has been no change since then. They give a list of forty-five roasts—of which nine are different sorts of fish—whitings, cod, smelts, carp, mullets, trout, etc.—to be fried or grilled; all the rest being fowl or game. They point out that in some countries lamb appears among the roasts, but insist that this is an infraction of the good rule that joints of butcher's meat should be eaten at the beginning of dinner—an infraction which would never be tolerated except in a repast without ceremony, what the French call a bourgeois and the English a family dinner.

EPICURE.—The name of Epicurus is a standing proof of the irony and bitterness of life. A philosopher who magnified the pleasures of the mind, his name is appropriated to those who cultivate the pleasures of the body. Happi-

ness for him lay in calm, in content, in contemplation; happiness for all those who take his name lies in the restless titillation of appetite and the ceaseless ministering to insatiable desire. No doubt the philosopher went too far in the exaltation of spirit; but that is no reason why those who usurp his name should go still further in the exaltation of the senses. We are not all mind, neither are we all body; but the master was much nearer the truth than his so-called disciples who reverse his doctrines. Appetite is a mean thing by itself alone, and though we cannot get rid of it, the less we say of it the better. Call it hunger or thirst or lust, there is in it by itself something mean and unlovely; it is not until it rises out of itself, inspired with wit and imagination, with romance and remembrance, with kindness of heart and all the tenderness, it may sometimes be folly, which link us to each other and make up the delight of life and the courtesies of society, that love turns to poetry, and hunger and thirst, as at a banquet of the gods, compel the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Epigram.—"I have been dining," said a French nobleman to one of those wealthy but often ignorant tax-farmers who used to be called financiers in France—"I have been dining with a poet who regaled us at dessert with a choice epigram." The financier went home to his cook, and asked him, "How comes it that you never send any epigrams to my table?" The next day the cook sent to table an

Epigram of Lamb.—Poetical epigrams are generally written in alternate verse; and epigrams of lamb consist of alternate cutlets. One set of cutlets are of the ordinary kind, cut from the neck, and fried plain in clarified butter: the other kind are made out of the breast of lamb, which is brazed, boned, pressed between two dishes, and when cold carved into cutlet shapes, with a bit of bone stuck into each at one end to complete the likeness. These cutlets

are breadcrumbed before they are fried. To serve them, pile in the centre of the dish a garnish of asparagus points, of peas, or of Macedon; arrange round it alternately the plain cutlets and the breadcrumbed ones, and let them be convoyed to table by a boatful of Béchamel.

Epigram of Fowl.—Here the fillets of fowl supply the place of the plain cutlets; the legs, boned and brazed, are made into breadcrumbed ones, and the sauce is Supreme, with the same garnish as for Lamb; or else the Toulouse relish supplies the place of garnish and sauce.

Esau's Pottage.—The soup of lentils—commonly called Chantilly. The same process as for pea soup.

Escalopes.—English cooks are bad enough in their corruptions, but the French ones beat them hollow, and then the English ones, to show off their learning, take up the absurd French names and flourish them as titles of nobility. The sandwich has gone over to France, and has been transformed into a Snit mich; the veal cutlet has passed into a Wil cotelette; the mince-pies are Miss Paës: and whisky, or rather usquebagh, has become Scubac. I expect every day to see the Snit mich, the Wil cotelette, the Scubac, and Miss Paës come back to England. So there are many cooks here who now begin to speak of escalopes of veal and of other meat. The man who says escalope when he means collop deserves a whipping. I am reminded of two lines in Shakespeare—

> God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
> And for thy sake I have shed many a tear.

Espagnole.—See Spanish.

Essence.—There is something of humbug in this. We have essence of ham, essence of truffles, essence of chicken, essence of game. These are decoctions or purées containing as much as possible of the flavours which the cook, by

his processes, can concentrate into a little space—and that much is very little indeed. It is the old story of Bertrand, cook to the Prince of Soubise, pretending to put a whole ham into a scent-bottle. It is a jest which Charles Lamb imagined when, in describing the manner of Munden the actor, he said that it seemed as if he could see a leg of mutton in its quiddity.

FAGGOTS are to the kitchen garden what bouquets or nosegays are to the flower garden, and the French indeed use the word bouquet to designate some of the combinations which are here called faggots in extension of a well-known phrase. It is useful to be able by a word to name at once a constantly recurring assortment of vegetables or herbs used for seasoning. When we speak of a faggot of parsley, a faggot of herbs, a faggot of ravigote, it is at once known what sort of a posy we want to make up. The term, however, is here extended to any other known and useful collection of pot-herbs—such as the Duxelles and the Mirepoix. But it is important in fixing upon a name to be sure that it is distinctive. Any inexperienced person looking through the cookery books will be sorely puzzled to make out the difference between the faggots peculiar to Braze, White Braze, Blanc, Poële, and Mirepoix. Where one cook makes a difference, another makes none. All the highly-flavoured vegetables, herbs and spices seem to be amassed in every combination, as if it would be improper to leave any of them out. There is not only seldom a marked difference between one and other—there is never any general agreement as to what the difference shall be. The reader must accept the following enumeration not as perfect nor as

universally received, but as an attempt to make out a list which shall be at once clear and free from useless repetition :—

1. *Faggot of Parsley.*—This is a little bunch of parsley tied up with cibols or spring onions. It is in French called a bouquet.

2. *Faggot of Sweet-herbs.*—What the French call a *bouquet garni.* This used to be described as a faggot of parsley with the addition of a bayleaf and a sprig of thyme. As in practice, however, when this faggot is used, there are onions or shalots besides, the cibols or spring onions of the parsley faggot come to be of small account. It is better, therefore, to leave out the cibols, and to describe it as made up of parsley, bayleaf and thyme.

3. *Faggot of Ravigote.*—Tarragon, chervil, burnet, and chives. Sometimes there is parsley, but it is quite unnecessary besides the tarragon and the chervil; and it is a good illustration of the indiscriminate fashion in which cooks throw in one good thing after another. It is the old story of the artist who could paint a cypress and therefore put a cypress into all his pictures, no matter what the subject. Parsley is a good thing, and therefore cooks will strew it everywhere. See the article on Ravigote—only here note that for the most part this faggot is got together to be chopped.

4. *Faggot of Duxelles.*—Dubois and Bernard have called this Fine Herbs; and Gouffé, without adopting the name, has given his opinion in favour of it. There are reasons why we should still keep to the old French name of Duxelles—which see. Ever since Beauvilliers laid down the law, the faggot of Duxelles has consisted of equal weights of mushrooms, parsley, and shalots, minced finely together and fried for five minutes with rasped bacon, pepper and salt. In later times, those who can get it add an equal weight of truffles. It is a question, however,

whether the quantity of parsley and of shalots is not excessive. In the mind of the inventor the mushrooms were intended to predominate. But if to half a pound of mushrooms you put half a pound of parsley, and on the top of that half a pound of shalots, it scarcely stands to reason that the mushrooms should have much the best of it.

5. *Faggot of Mirepoix.*—Two carrots, two onions, two shalots, two bayleaves, a sprig of thyme, a clove of garlic, half a pound of fat bacon, and possibly half a pound of ham. Chop these finely and pass them in butter for five minutes, with pepper and salt. For further explanation see Mirepoix.

6. *Faggot of Pot-Herbs.*—The following receipt is nearly identical with what the French cooks call Poële, only that it wants veal and ham for reasons which will be found in the article Mirepoix. Take two carrots, two onions, two cloves, and a faggot of sweet-herbs; mince all finely with half a pound of beef fat, and melt it on a slow fire with a little broth and salt, and the juice of at least one lemon. It will be observed that the chief difference between this and the Mirepoix is that it has less of the onion tribe in it, that it has a quantity of lemon-juice, and that fresh fat is substituted for the smoky bacon fat. If this faggot be put into a saucepan with no broth, but plenty of water (say three quarts), together with some flour, and if it be then boiled for half an hour and strained, the resulting liquor is what the French cooks call Blanc.

Fawn—to be stuffed and roasted like a hare, barded with bacon.

Feast.—"The Great Feast at the enthronisation of the Reverend Father in God, George Neville, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England, in the sixth year of the

reign of King Edward IV. (1466). And first, the goodly provision made for the same:—

Wheat	qrs.	300	
Ale	tuns	300	
Wine	tuns	100	
Hippocras	pipe	1	
Oxen		104	
Wild Bulls		6	
Muttons		1000	
Veals		304	
Porks		304	
Swans		400	
Geese		2000	
Capons		1000	
Pigs		2000	
Plovers		400	
Quails		1200	
Of the fowls called Reeves		2400	
In peacocks		104	
Mallards and teals		4000	
In cranes		204	
In kids		204	
In chickens		2000	
Pigeons		4000	
Coneys		4000	
In bitterns		204	
Heronshaws		400	
Pheasants		200	
Partridges		500	
Woodcocks		400	
Curlews		100	
Egrettes		1000	
Stags, bucks and roes		500 & more	
Pasties of venison cold		4000	
"Parted" dishes of jelly		1000	
Plain dishes of jelly		3000	
Cold tarts baked		4000	
Hot pasties of venison		1500	
Hot custards		2000	
Pikes and breams		608	
Porpoises and seals		12	
Spices, sugared delicates and wafers		Plenty."	

FENNEL SAUCE.—Fennel blanched, chopped, and added to English butter sauce. Generally reserved for boiled mackerel.

FEUILLETAGE.—Puff paste.

FINANCE, to which French cookery paid homage, meant taxes; and the FINANCIERS were tax-farmers, who filled the coffers of the state, and made their own fortunes too, amid the groans and execrations of the people. The words have a larger meaning now; but still financing has from age to age the same characteristics, and the money-making class the same tastes and foibles. Newly rolling in wealth, the financiers are apt to be gaudy in their tastes and luxurious in their lives. The cooks have done them the honour to invent for their especial behoof the Financiers'

Ragout or Relish. The receipt for it is given among the Relishes (No. 1). It abounds in mushrooms to remind them of their upstart origin; in truffles to signify by the fragrant fruits of earth-grubbing the precious results of money-grubbing; in cocks' combs emblematic of conceit; in quenelles, a delicate transformation of chicken, hinting at the transfiguring influence of wealth; and in collops of sweetbread to melt in the mouth, and make the financier, though his heart be hard, feel the softness of life. These and other dainties are bathed in the

Financiers' Sauce, which is the finest Spanish sauce mingled with essences of mushrooms, truffles, and chicken, exhilarated with Madeira wine and reduced to a cullis.

Fine-Herbs.—Dubois, Bernard, and Gouffé, the chief recent authorities in France, have proposed to give this name to a Duxelles—that is, a mince of mushrooms, parsley and shalots. Have they any right to disturb the more ancient meaning of the phrase? Everybody has heard of the omelet with fine-herbs. Are we to understand this henceforth as an omelet with minced mushrooms in it as well as minced parsley and onions? If not, what is the use of confusing terms? Fine-herbs are indefinite: in the omelet they mean one combination; in the beefsteak they may mean another, for they often include tarragon; and there is something arbitrary in proposing to confine them to the Duxelles assortment.

Fish is one of the greatest luxuries of the table, and is so abundant, at least near the seaboard, that it ought to be within reach of the poorest. Unfortunately it is, after game, the dearest of all food, and it is not easy to understand why. The Irish died of starvation in their famine of potatoes; they had an inexhaustible supply of fine fish about their coasts, which were of little or no use to them. No one can say that fish is undervalued in London: we

are all eager for it; but it is excessively dear, whereas it ought to be excessively cheap. If it were the fishermen who demanded the big price, we could sympathise with them; they risk their lives for our good, and they should be well paid. But a first-class trawler considers himself well paid if he can 3d. a pound for the best of his fish. Why are we to pay in London and all over England 1s. and 1s. 6d. a pound for fish which the trawlers deliver on the shore to the salesmen at 2½d. and 3d. a pound? There is no great trade in the world which is allowed to make such profit as that of the fish salesmen; and there is no trade with which co-operative societies could interfere more advantageously for the benefit of families.

For cooking fish—one thing is clear: if it is of the first order and perfectly fresh, do not give too much heed to French directions. The only safe guides are the English and the Dutch. The French, when they settled their methods of cooking fish, did not get it so fresh as it was to be had in England and in Holland—it was generally a day older. When a noble fish—a salmon or a turbot—is quite fresh, the simplest way of cooking it is the best, and it is impossible to improve upon the English and Dutch methods. On the other hand, when the fish is poor, or a day older than need be, the French cooks can give many a good hint, and their rich sauces and garnishings, their marinades and matelotes have a magical effect. There are few dishes more worthy of honour than a carp à la Chambord, a sole in a Normandy matelote, the remains of a turbot in a cream au gratin, or the tasteless little river crayfish done up à la Bordelaise.

With regard to the freshness of fish, however, there is a remarkable difference to be noted. Some fish will keep perfectly sweet and fresh longer than others; and we can even detect a law in this distinction. Divide fish into those which keep to the surface of the water and those which hold to the ground. It may be presumed that the

former require more air than the latter, and that when they cease to breathe freely they deteriorate. As a matter of fact we find that those fish which disport near the surface of the water—mackerel, salmon, trout, herring—die and decay soon. They cannot be cooked too fresh. On the other hand, fish that haunt the bottom of the sea or of rivers—carp, eels, skate, and all the flat fish—are tenacious of life, and may be kept quite fresh for some time after they have left the water.

Fish Broth.—There are the most elaborate soups of fish. Gouffé gives one which he calls a consommé, and which requires among other ingredients a kilogramme of turbot-heads. Where is one to get a kilogramme of the heads of a fish which singly costs in the season from 15s. to 30s.? In general a fish broth is very simple. Take almost any kind of fish, removing the skin from those which may be too fishy, and stew them down with vegetables in the same way as for beef broth. Some people choose to add white French wine; some add beef broth; and one of the charms of a fish soup is to have pieces of fish served in it. The grand point is first of all to get the fish broth good, clear, and free from fat. In France and the Channel Islands the conger eel—skinned and sliced—is much used for boiling down to broth, which when clarified is served with rice and minced parsley, together with flakes of cod, haddock or salmon, fillets of sole, whiting or flounder, pieces of crab or lobster, or with oysters, mussels, prawns, shrimps.

Flounder.—The best of all the flounders is not a flounder, but a dab. As, however, it would be impossible for any respectable person to eat a fish with the name of dab, it has been agreed that the dab shall be called a Thames flounder. These flounders are the fish most favoured at Greenwich for waterzootje, and when they are small and plump, they are sweet and melt in the mouth. If a flounder is to be fried, it is best to fry it in

fillets. The true flounder may be distinguished from all other flat fish by having on his upper side a row of sharp little spines along the junction of his fins with his body.

FONTENELLE must always be remembered at table because he said a very stupid thing which he fancied was wise—"Let men," he said, "reason from this and from that about my present existence: I am only a stomach: it is very little, but I am content with it." Magnify the pleasures of the table as we may, he is a poor wretch who is content with his stomach, and thinks it all in all. Fontenelle also said that the secret of happiness is to have the heart cold and the stomach warm. This is not well said; neither is it what one should expect from a gourmet. The nature of the gourmet is to be genial, not cynical. The stomach and the heart are the Damon and the Pythias of the human frame, and when the heart is wretched the stomach will often console it. Henry Beauclerc was never known to smile after the death of his son, but he found solace in lampreys, and died from a surfeit of them. The Marshal de Mouchy discovered that pigeons were consolatory. When a friend or relative died, he would say to his cook—"Roast pigeons to-day. I notice that when I have eaten two pigeons, I rise from table comforted."

FORCEMEAT.—The French name for it is *farce*, and their use of it tends to farce—a display of the prowess of Jack-pudding. They swell out their viands, and surround them with farce, quenelles of whiting, quenelles of chicken, godiveau plain, godiveau with herbs, boudin, gratin, forcemeat shaped into balls, shaped into eggs, shaped into corks, farce inside the meat, farce coating it and masking it, farce swimming around it; so that often the dish professing to be solid meat proves to be mainly farce. When a French cook stuffs a carp, he takes every morsel of the fish except the head and the tail, he pounds it with other ingredients into stuffing, which he moulds into the likeness

of the dear departed, putting the head at one end and the tail at the other to look like nature. Certainly the French make excellent farce; but a little of it goes a long way, especially with people who are not dependent upon pap, and who have not yet come to substitute the action of pestle and mortar for that of their own good grinders. We, therefore, who are in good health, and have not lost our powers of mastication, must entreat the cooks to be moderate in their farces, and to spare their stuffing.

1. *Quenelle.*—This is the finest of the French forcemeats, and will be described under its own name, both on account of its pre-eminence, and because it involves a little critical discussion.

2. *Godiveau.*—Take veal and ox-kidney fat in proportions which vary according to taste and the season of the year. The fat is never less than the veal; sometimes it is double the quantity; most commonly it is between the two —namely, half as much again as the veal: let us say, eight ounces of veal to twelve of beef fat. They are both to be picked perfectly free of skin and thready fibres, and to be chopped very small. Season them with pepper, salt, nutmeg; and, still chopping, add two whole eggs—one at a time—until they are well mixed. Then transfer all to a mortar, along with a spoonful or two of very cold water in winter, or an ounce or two of ice in the summer; and it is in summer, by the way, that the quantity of fat must be a minimum, for fear of its turning. Keeping all as chilly as possible, pound it briskly until it is mixed into a smooth paste. If there is any sign of melting, use more ice, or take the godiveau out upon a plate and chill it in the ice-box. When the godiveau has become soft and smooth, it is to be rolled on a marble slab with flour, and divided into balls or sticks lightly powdered over with flour, which are finally to be poached in water or broth, and used for a garnish of various dishes.

3. *Godiveau with herbs.*—When shalots, chives and parsley are chopped and pounded with the above, we have the Godiveau aux fines herbes, useful in various ways, but especially as an addition to pies.

4. *Oyster Forcemeat.*—Beard a dozen oysters, mince them, and mix them with four ounces of fine breadcrumbs. Add an ounce and a half of butter, the zest of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of parsley, some nutmeg, cayenne and salt; and mix all well with the yolk of an egg and a little of the oyster liquor. Divide it into balls and poach them; or put it whole in the breast of a turkey. It is also excellent as a stuffing for fish, such as John Dory. And it is mightily improved by being pounded to a smooth paste with another half-ounce of butter.

5. *Fat Forcemeat,* often called *Veal Stuffing*—not because made of veal, but because used for stuffing veal, turkey, and fish,—is made of equal quantities of fat and fine breadcrumbs. The fat is generally ox-kidney fat, but the udder of veal is to be preferred, or else butter. Take, however, six ounces of the suet which is most commonly in use, mince it finely, mix it with the breadcrumbs, add to it chopped parsley, thyme and shalot (the two latter sparingly), nutmeg, pepper and salt. Work all up with two yolks of eggs and a spoonful of milk, and pound it smooth in a mortar.

6. *Hare Stuffing* is the same as the foregoing, with the addition of the hare's liver parboiled and chopped.

7. *Sage and Onion Stuffing*—for ducks, geese, pork.—Chop (but not together) four large onions and a dozen sage-leaves. Scald them for two or three minutes, drain them, put them into a stewpan with breadcrumbs (six ounces), butter (two ounces), pepper and salt, let them simmer very slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, and then the stuffing is ready. With more cooking and with the addition of a

little brown gravy, this stuffing may be used as a sage and onion sauce, served in a boat.

8. *Chestnut Forcemeat*—chiefly used for stuffing turkeys.—Roast slowly and peel two or three dozen chestnuts, according to the size of the birds. Mix them up whole with fat forcemeat (No. 6), and stuff the turkey.

Fowl.—From times very far back there has been a controversy in France as to the comparative merits of old fowls and young chickens. The argument on either side will be found in the article on the soup called Restaurant. In these modern times the chicken seems to get the best of it; and what is to be said of older fowls in the way of culinary preparation is little else than a repetition of the directions already given for dealing with chickens.

Fricandeau is a Provençal word meaning something nice. Fricandela is a nice girl; Fric, or Frique (allied to the English freak), meant brisk; Fricaud, dainty; Fricot, a dainty dish; and here is Fricandeau belonging to the same series, and applied especially to a dainty dish of veal, which was invented by one of the cooks of Pope Leo X. The neatest receipt for it is that of Gouffé, who is peculiar, however, in selecting for the dish a piece of the fillet of veal instead of the part most commonly employed—the cushion. "Take three pounds," he says, "bone, trim and lard the outside with thin strips of bacon. Put in the glazing stewpan the trimmings of the meat, with two ounces of sliced carrot, two of onion, pepper and salt. Then lay the fricandeau on the top; add half a pint of broth; boil the broth till it is reduced and becomes thick and yellow; add a pint and a half more broth, and simmer for an hour and a quarter—the stewpan half covered; then close the stewpan and put live coals on the top; baste the fricandeau with the gravy every four minutes till it is sufficiently glazed; take out the fricandeau and put it on

a dish. Strain the gravy through the pointed strainer, skim the fat from it, and pour it over the meat." The fricandeau may be served either thus simply, or with a garnish of sorrel, endive, or spinach.

FRICASSÉE. (See Chicken).—The root of the word is supposed to be akin to that of the English *freak*. For etymology see previous article.

FRITTERS.—1. *Simple Fritters.*—Take some batter, for which see the receipt. Add a little sugar to it, and profoundly weigh whether yolks of eggs should enter into it or not. Better say yes, although the use of yolks tells with more distinct effect in the custard fritter. Drop this in spoonfuls into the frying-kettle, and serve them with sprinkled sugar.

2. *Custard Fritters.*—Make a good custard, and steam it in a pudding-dish which has been first rubbed with butter. When it is done, let it cool, cut it into squares, dip them in the batter, and fry them. They are excellent by themselves, but they may be served in a dish with jam or fruit syrup round them.

3. *Pudding Fritters.*—The remains of any kind of pudding, not forgetting plum-pudding, may be served in the same way with excellent effect.

4. *Fruit Fritters.*—For these the chief fruits used are apples, oranges, peaches or pineapples. The apples and oranges are usually steeped in a little brandy and sugar for an hour beforehand. The peaches and pineapples may go into Kirschenwasser and sugar. Needless to say anything about peeling, trimming and cutting. Dip the fruit into the batter (in which, however, there should not be any yolks), and fry it as before, dropping spoonfuls of combined fruit and batter into the kettle.

5. *Balloon Fritters* (Beignets Soufflés).—For this there is a little difference in the way of preparing the batter.

Take as for ordinary batter equal quantities of solid and liquid—say, half a pound of flour as against half a pint of water; and take three eggs and an ounce of sugar as against four ounces of butter. Put the water, butter, sugar, and a pinch of salt in a saucepan on the fire, and as soon as it boils dredge in the flour and stir it over the fire for four or five minutes. When it is removed from the fire put in a few drops of flavouring essence—as orange or almond, lemon or vanilla—or do without flavouring altogether. The three eggs are next to be broken into it and carefully mixed—one at a time. The paste should be stiff enough now to hold together; but if too stiff, break another egg into it, or half one. Make round balls the size of small walnuts, and put them on strips of buttered paper. Dip them into the frying kettle, holding on by the strip of paper, from which the balls will soon detach themselves. As the balls are frying move them about in the kettle till they reach a fine colour and puff well out. Then drain them, sprinkle them with sugar, and serve them on a napkin.

6. *Brioche Fritters.*—Take paste No. 9, using half the quantity of butter, and milk instead of water. Cool it on ice, and then roll it out thin. With a paste-cutter make circles about two inches in diameter. Put a small spoonful of apricot or other jam upon each; purse it up like a little dumpling, and drop it for ten minutes into hot fat. This is the German fashion—the dainty being of German origin. Always on New Year's Eve, or St. Silvester's night as it is called, these fritters are eaten throughout Deutschland. Marie Antoinette brought the remembrance of them with her from Vienna to Paris, and instructed the French cooks to make them for her, she being then the Dauphiness. They cut the paste as follows:—With an inch-and-a-half cutter they made circles, upon which they dropped the apricot jam —not much—the size of a cobnut. With a two-inch cutter they made large circles, which they placed above the jam.

They pinched round the edges, and then set them to swim for five or six minutes on the one side, then for five or six minutes on the other in the hot fat. They were afterwards drained, sprinkled with sugar, piled on a napkin, and dubbed Beignets à la Dauphine. The German names are —at Vienna, Wiener Krapfen; and at Berlin, Berliner Pfannkuchen.

Frogs are at their best in the spring, and therefore it is only in Lent that they are to be seen at Parisian tables. The hind-legs alone are eaten. They are skinned, they are blanched, they are boiled, and they are served either with a poulette sauce or fried in butter. The French have a theory that frogs, having a mighty power of croaking, are good for the chest and sovereign over a cough. Their final cause in fact is the cure of the consumptive.

Frying.—Because fat, oil or butter is essential to frying, the common idea is that the food cooked in this way must be rich and greasy. There cannot be a greater mistake. The fats are essential to it, not because of their richness, but because of the great heat which they can transmit. If water could be heated up to 300° or 400°, it would produce all the effect of frying. In the article on boiling it has been explained how meat plunged into boiling water (212°) has the albumen coagulated on the surface in the first five minutes—which is as it were a coat-of-mail through which the water cannot penetrate and the juices cannot escape. Much more is this coat-of-mail rapidly and decidedly formed if the food is plunged into a fluid at the temperature of 300° or 400°. That fluid is fat, and it neither penetrates into fish, flesh or vegetable, nor does it allow their juices to exude. It has not only this preservative effect on the interior of the food—it also developes the roast appearance and flavour on the exterior. The difference between roasting and boiling is not a difference

between the mediums, be it water, fat, air, or steam, which may surround the food in the process of cooking: it is a difference entirely of temperature; and frying, which by means of the fats conveys heat to the food at a temperature varying from the boiling point of water upwards to 300°, 400°, 500°, and even higher, is in fact a species of roasting. Any one who likes may try this experiment, which ought to enlighten him as to the nature of frying. If he wishes to be very accurate, he can send to E. Cetti and Co., 11, Brooke Street, Holborn, London, who will provide him with a thermometer registering up to 500° Fahrenheit for three shillings. Negretti and Zambra will charge double and four times the sum. Put a leg of mutton into a kettle of fat at the frying temperature of 400°. In 1¼ or 1½ hour (it depends on the size)—that is, in half the ordinary time—it will come out a perfectly roasted gigot, and nobody at the table who is not warned of a difference will discover any between it and a leg of mutton roasted in the ordinary way. This is a little secret for those who have to study the arts of impromptu cookery; and here it is let out only to illustrate the nature of frying, and to show that it is but a manner of roasting—the most certain and expeditious manner of safely transmitting the roasting heat.

If the reader has grasped this explanation and will superintend this experiment, he will be prepared to appreciate clearly the distinction between frying proper and the half-frying which is so often in England supposed to be the same thing as whole-frying—the distinction, in short, between a frying-kettle and a frying-pan. In the kettle the thing to be fried is completely immersed in the liquid fat, the heat is transmitted to every part alike, above and below, and a crisp unbroken surface is on every side created which excludes grease; so that whatever is thus fried will when drained appear at table without any oiliness. In the flat frying-pan, which is best known in England, it

is not so. There is so little butter, fat or oil in it, that the food—say a sole,—which is on its lower surface subjected to a very high temperature, is on its upper surface open to the air at a much lower temperature. The cooking is thus unequal; and worse than this, the sole is knocked about in the flat frying-pan, to prevent burning; the skin breaks; and while the fish is being cooked on its under side the bubbling fat splutters on to the broken upper surface, which being at a low temperature, incapable of resistance, absorbs these splutterings, so that when presented at table it is decidedly greasy. If the sole be cooked whole in a frying-kettle, instead of being half-fried in a frying-pan—that is, half at a time—there will be no such complaint of greasiness. It must not be supposed that the frying-kettle is expensive because of the large quantity of fat required for it. The fat lasts, and can be used over and over again with little waste, whereas there is great waste of fat in the frying-pan.

One of the reasons why frying is supposed to be a greasy mode of cooking is because lard is so much used for it. Lard is the very worst of fats which could be selected for frying, and invariably makes the food look greasy. Probably there is nothing so good as oil; but it is not in general suited to English tastes, it is expensive, and it requires extraordinary care—for it must be heated very slowly, and is always apt to boil over. Butter also is expensive, and requires much care and slowness of heating. The best of all the fats for frying is the cook's perquisite—the clarified dripping of roast meat and the top fat of the stockpot; but in small households there is never quite enough of it. Practically the fat which is found to be most available is beef fat. Break it to pieces, melt it slowly, and then strain it for use—taking care, however, that it is not so hot as to melt the solder of the strainer. When the strained fat is to be used, let it reach the proper heat before anything is put into it. The proper

heat is usually ascertained by throwing a small bit of bread into it. If the fat is hot enough, the bread will fizz, and give out airbells.

N.B.—There must be no salt in the fat nor in the food fried in it. The salting takes place afterwards.

GALANTINE.—About this curious word the French philologers, Littré and Brachet at their head, are in a thick fog. Everybody knows that galantine is not gelatine. These are two words for two things which are as different as possible. Nobody dreams that a fowl or anything else in a galantine means the same thing as one in a jelly or gelatine. But the French etymologists, without a shadow of misgiving, insist that because in old writings they cannot find mention of galantine, whereas they do find mention of galatine, they must both mean the same thing (which indeed they do), and that this same thing must be gelatine,—which it is not. Oddly enough, M. Brachet winds up his proofs that galantine must be gelatine by quoting from a MS. account-book of the thirteenth century this item, "De duodecim lampredis portatis in galatina," which he does not actually translate, but which he assumes with the most perfect assurance to mean—Twelve lampreys served in a jelly or gelatine. Now it so happens that in England we can lay our hands upon the receipt for doing the lampreys in a galantine, and the moment it is explained it will be seen that it has nothing whatever to do with a gelatine. It means, or rather it meant, a preparation flavoured with the powdered root of the sedge called galingale, or galangale, to which Tennyson refers when he speaks of "meadows set with slender galingale."

About the end of the fourteenth century—say 1390—the master-cooks of King Richard II., after taking counsel with the physicians and philosophers of the court, made a collection of their most approved receipts, which they put together under the name of the *Forme of Cury*, and which gives valuable information as to the dishes most in request among the courtiers of that time. The MS. has unfortunately been lost, but it has been twice reprinted by learned doctors of the Church—first the Reverend Doctor Pegge, then the Reverend Doctor Warner, who may be relied on for the accuracy of the text, though they have not been too successful in its elucidation. In this collection of 198 receipts, the galantine, or galyntyne as it was spelt, is mentioned not once but many times, and always in connection with galyngale. Here is the receipt for making galyntyne—Number 138. "Take crusts of bread and grind them small. Do [add] thereto powder of galyngale, of canel [cinnamon], gyngynes [ginger], and salt it. Temper it with vinegar and draw it up through a strainer and mess [dish] it forth." There are other receipts for making sippets of galyntine, fillets of pork in galyntine, lampreys in galyntine, lamperns in galantyne. They are all in the same strain, and always imply the powder of galyngale, generally but not always mixed with bread-crumb. The word has passed out of the modern French dictionaries, which acknowledge the plant referred to only under the name of Souchet. But that the name existed in old French as it still exists in English may be ascertained by referring to an authority which all Frenchmen respect—Cotgrave. In this Englishman's dictionary of the French language, published in 1640, he gives as the French equivalent of galingale—galange, galangue, galingal. And for the plant itself, which belongs to the family of the sedges, and is technically known as Cyperus, this is what Sowerby says of it: "The root is perennial, long, creeping, twisted, astringent, chiefly remarkable for

an agreeable spicy odour, in which it resembles the roots of some East Indian grasses that, when moistened, are used by the English to perfume their houses." In Parkinson's time—that is, about 1650—it was still used in confectionery and cookery; but he says that the use of it was then dying out, and that it was chiefly employed for the perfume of houses. He describes also the extraordinary virtues which the plant was supposed to possess for the internal organs of men and women, while for a wonder he ventures to cast a doubt on their efficacy.

Although it is perfectly clear that the galantine of old times (which, by the way, was not a solid as it is now, but a sauce with a garniture in it—what in the language of the modern kitchen is known as a ragoût) was a preparation of the galingale or galangale, it is not so clear how the word galantine came to be formed; and it is important to explain this, because it has a curious bearing on a subsequent discussion. It is the key to a whole class of words beginning with gallimawfrey. The first step is to determine the meaning of galingale. The final syllable is a generic term indicating the nature of the plant; we have something parallel in sea kale. The first two syllables (which find their kindred in gala and regale) declare that the gale in question is a galing or regaling gale, and their meaning has survived in the modern English name for the plant—the *sweet* Cyperus, in the sense in which we speak of sweet herbs, as sweet Basil and sweet Marjoram. And what then is galantine? At first sight one is staggered by the termination, which suggests a Latin origin—but it is a good English word. Tine is a generic term which here takes the place of gale. As we have an old English mistle-tine as well as mistletoe, so there was galintine as well as galingale. In the old receipts they said indifferently—powder of galingale or powder of galintine. In dictionaries of provincial and obsolete English anybody will find the root *tine* preserved in various words

that refer to brushwood, hedges and hedging, thorns and figuratively sorrow.

Galantine, as we know it, is quite a recent invention. There was a certain Marquis de Brancas, who kept a great kitchen in the end of the last century, at the head of which was a cook named Prévost. The Revolution made an end of the Marquis, extinguished his kitchen fire, and threw Prévost out of work. What was the great artist to do? Fortunately the Revolution, though it hated kings and nobles, had a great respect for cooks and loved good cheer. Prévost set his wits to work, and created the galantine of modern times—a new preparation with an old name. He took into partnership with himself Philippe, who afterwards became celebrated for his restaurant in the Rue Montorgueil. For fifteen years they made galantines together, and sold them to the Parisians under the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire. About 1805, when Nelson was sweeping the seas and culminating in Trafalgar, when Napoleon was traversing Europe and culminating the field of Austerlitz—the fame of the galantine rose to its height, and Paris was informed that it had changed its domicile. The possession of the galantine was sold to M. Perrier—a pastrycook in the Rue Montorgueil. Prévost went out of the business altogether, but it was arranged that Philippe should continue to construct the galantines which Perrier was to sell. Between them they brought the galantine into fashion, and achieved for it a great position—indeed, the very highest position among cold viands.

The reader who expects a receipt for making galantine in this place will be disappointed. One might as well give a receipt for making a Bologna sausage, a Strasborg pie, or turtle soup. These are dainties which belong to specialists, and are not fit for ordinary kitchens. To make a galantine well, you must make a business of it, and it is much the best way to go to M. Dumas, of 55, Prince's

Street, Leicester Square, and buy it. The terrines which are sold in the shops under the name of Yorkshire pies are not Yorkshire pies, but galantines in pots. Buy them if you have not near you—worthy namesake and rival of the great Alexander—a Dumas who can make a romance out of the breast of a turkey, and a scene out of the merry-thought of a chicken, raise a pheasant into a personage, put wit into a pistachio, and endue a truffle with the soul of poetry.

GALLIMAWFREY or GALIMAFRÉ, and GALIMATIAS.—For several hundred years these words have defied the learning of Europe, and so completely that not only has every etymologist, great and small, given them up in despair, but furthermore—the last theory concerning them, uttered by a competent scholar, Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, is virtually that they are nothing but gabble to signify gabble. It may therefore seem hardy for any one to pretend at this time of day to have solved the riddle. But the fact is that the solution has hitherto been withheld, for the simple reason that the literary world has not deemed cookery books worthy of much notice.

Perhaps the unsafest of all guides to take in searching for an etymon would be Ménage; yet he was quite right, and most persons have felt that he was right, in asserting that there is a connection between Galimafré and Galimatias. They have the same meaning. It is known that Galimafré or Gallimawfrey was originally a fricassee of fowl, though we hear of it afterwards as a mess of mutton and even of sheep's head. Galimatias, on the other hand, as far back as we can trace it, has always passed for a jumble of nonsense; but it has also been connected with fowls through the explanation of it contained in the cock-and-bull story of the lawyer who, having to argue his case of the stolen cock in Latin, blundered it by waxing eloquent over Galli Matthias instead of Gallus Matthiæ.

The key to both words is to be found in the *Forme of Cury*, and in the other Rolls of Cookery edited successively by the Reverend Doctors Pegge and Warner. These are a mine of wealth to the philologer, and have not received half the attention they deserve. The *Forme of Cury* is especially valuable. It was compiled by the master-cooks of Richard II., assisted by all the doctors of philosophy and men of taste who took an interest in the elaborate gastrology of that court. Let it be remembered that Richard II. stands out in the history of the world as one of the most lavish and luxurious princes that ever lived. Known throughout Europe as Richard of Bordeaux because, the English dominion then including Gascony, he was born there, and his father the Black Prince there held the seat of English Government in France, we are told by his cooks and the doctors who worked with them that he "was accounted the best and ryallest viander of all Christian kings." It is to the early part of his reign, and all the luxury of it as described in the chronicles, that the poet Gray refers in the lines which have almost passed into proverbs :

> Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
> While, proudly riding on the azure realm,
> In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm.

The common tradition is that Richard died of hunger; but while he reigned he had in his kitchen a staff of several hundred cooks; he entertained at his table 10,000 courtiers and followers, for whom were killed every day 28 oxen and 300 sheep, besides innumerable quantities of fowl and game. All the care and skill which the wealth and knowledge of the time could command were expended on the preparation of the viands. The cleverest cooks, the learnedest doctors, and the daintiest courtiers, put their heads together to range the earth for curious food, to invent new dishes, and to treasure up the most approved receipts

of old ones. The result was the *Forme of Cury*—which was the old English way of spelling Queuerie—the business of a Queux or Cook. It was a cookery book in which the most cursory reader will detect the work of many hands, repetitions, varieties, here a new receipt in the language of the period, there an old one in a corrupt or forgotten language, further on a recently-worded explanation under an antique heading, and there again another set off with foreign phrases. M. Wallon has devoted two considerable volumes to the life of Richard II. : he has not said a word in it about this book and the gastronomic rage of the court. English scholars have given it the most superficiai attention, and have strangely neglected its hints. The language has puzzled them sorely, and they have put it aside as beneath them.

Nevertheless this cookery book, and the contemporary Rolls of Cookery, some of which have been published, while others still remain in MS., chiefly among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, is to those who care to read it a mine of wealth. We can see in our own time how there still remain in the kitchen the relics of an antiquated speech unknown to books; and 500 years ago in the kitchen of the English king it was the same. There remained the fragments of a language which was not only unknown to books, but was also scarcely understood by those who employed it,—words which had passed out of general acceptance, which had become unrecognisable, and which are now to the philologist what an oyster-shell on a hillside is to the student of geology, and the bones of bear, hyæna and lion in the London clay to a palæontologist. We light upon words which do not belong to the current language, and which are foreign to it, but which must at one time have been current somewhere in an antecedent speech; and we are driven back to the conception of an extremely remote language—not Sanscrit, but perhaps a brother or a cousin to it, from which the European dialects

have sprung. We have resembling, indeed identical, fragments of words scattered more or less throughout the European languages—classical, romantic, Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian—which are not to be accounted for except on the theory of a lost antecedent language, their progenitor, transmitting through many centuries tiny details of likeness that here get broken into pieces, and there get mixed and crossed with new features. No need now, however, to lose ourselves in the contemplation of this shadowy language of far-distant ancestors; it is enough that receding only five centuries, to the days of the *Canterbury Tales,* and listening to the discourse of the cooks—not forgetting Chaucer's cook, who

> could roast and seethe and broil and fry,
> Maken mortrewës and well bake a pie,

who could make blancmanger with the best, and who travelled with the pilgrims to boil their chickens and look after the galingale—we come upon traces of a language which had passed away, but which yet retained life enough in the rotting leaves it left behind to account for forms of speech that endure to this very day, and that, without the assistance of King Richard's cook, might have remained for ever an impenetrable mystery.

In all previous inquiries into the nature of Gallimawfrey and Galimatias, the searcher has been thrown off the scent by not knowing the meaning of the first two syllables. He knew that the words referred to something about a fowl, and he looked for mention of the fowl in these early syllables. We now know, from proofs drawn out in the article on Galantine, that these two syllables, if they do not actually refer to the powdered root of the galingale which was used in flavouring the fowl, which was in great request among King Richard's cooks, which is mentioned as prominent in two or three dozen English receipts belonging to that time, and which Chaucer in the description of his cook

singles out alone among plants as belonging to his craft, must have the same force as the first two syllables of that word—the *n* in Galinmawfrey being elided before *m*. Having arrived at this point, we can go further; for it has been ascertained that the Galingale means the sweet gale, an epithet which survives in the more modern name of sweet Cyperus, and which as applied to herbs—sweet basil, sweet marjoram, and the rest—means not saccharine, but savoury. We are not unprepared, therefore, to hear of the dish—whatever it be—having a different savour, to be more fitly expressed by Sal and Sauce, which is short for Salsa. It will on this view be evident that the same explanation which

will account for Gali-ma-fré and
Gali-ma-tias

will also account for Sal -ma-gundi, the old English form,
Sal -mi-gondis, the French form, and
Sal -mi.

There are other words to follow; but in the meantime we confine our attention to this group of four; to a fifth word which contains their solution, appearing as it does many times in the old English rolls of cookery—Mawmene, or Mawmenny; and to a sixth—Malachi—which is of the same order, although not so common, and which has a still more modern interest if it should ultimately prove to be related to Cock-a-leekie, Miching Malicho and Mullagatawny.

In all these words the ma, maw, or mi, means a fowl. In proof of this point, let it be observed, to begin with, that we have the English word mew, the Scotch maw, to signify a gull; and that at the same time we have to this day preserved the usage of seamew and seamaw, implying that there are other mews besides those of the sea. Next note, that though by itself mew or maw in English and the kindred languages means always a gull, it may sometimes either in a compound or a derivative be applied to other birds. In German we come upon a pigeon—the

turbit variety—which is called möwchen. In Icelandic, the name of a gull is már (plural mavar); but a crow is ben-már and blód-mar; a raven Iggjar-már, Odin's mar. In French there is mauviette, which is supposed to mean a lark; but it has no such meaning in literary language. No French poet could by any possibility speak of a mauviette instead of an alouette singing in the sky; and M. Génin has shown that it is an old kitchen term for any little bird. It is the remains of a lost language which has survived among the pots. Again, see the number of names of birds, besides those mentioned, which begin with this syllable or a similar one: Mallard, marrot (the great auk), mavis, macreuse, machette (French for an owl), merle, merlin, martin, missel, merganser. I do not give every word in this list as coming certainly from an antecedent root—maw, ma or mi; but at least they demand a note of interrogation, and the received account of them cannot be accepted as final. It is not at all clear that mallard, for example, means, as the French etymologists will have it, a male; that the mavis is a bird bad (mal) for the vines; and that merganser is a merging or diving anser. I am not bound to explain what all these words really mean: a full and correct account of them would take too much space and time. It is enough for present purposes to make out a *primâ-facie* case for the interpretation of ma or maw as the generic name for a bird or fowl in the lost language from which the European languages have descended. That lost language might go further back even than Sanscrit, which has mayara and maruka as the name for a peacock, marala and marula for a duck, and mallika for a goose; but still, as far as we know, does not yield ma or maw as a generic name to include all three. The nearest hold we have of maw or mav as a generic word for bird or fowl is in the Latin language, if we may accept a conclusion to which all the evidence points, though it has not yet been absolutely proved—that *avis* may origi-

nally have been *mavis,* which survives in English as the name of a thrush. Let it be remembered that in Latin there was a curious tendency to get rid of the *m* sound, whether initial or final. How in Latin prosody the final *m* disappears before a vowel is one of the first metrical facts whipped into a schoolboy. As for the disappearance of the initial *m*, we are familiar enough with it in this country, where it is notorious that the ap of the Welshman is no other than the mac of the Caledonian. That this tendency to drop the initial *m* existed in Latin may be shown by two marked words. The Greek *monos* appears in Latin as *unus;* and the English milk, the Anglo-Saxon miluc, appears in Latin as lac. It is therefore strictly within the rules to suggest that the Latin avis may originally have been mavis, and was identical with the maw, ma, or mi, which has the meaning of a fowl in the language of the old English kitchen. It would be out of place here to follow up this suggestion by turning it to the elucidation of the names of birds. Still I venture upon three predictions: first, that the old name of marrot for the great auk will be found to be an exact translation of the great auk, which means a great bird (auca, avica, avis); second, that the martin, otherwise known as martelet or marrelet, will be found to derive its name, not from March, the time of its arrival, nor from Martinmas, the time of its departure, but from its being a ma with a habitation either in the sand or in the house-roof; and thirdly, that mallard, which is also spelt in old English maulard and maûdelard, has no reference whatever to gender, but implies the bird or maw which has been decoyed.

Scanty though our knowledge of the word be, there is evidence enough to show with absolute certainty that the ma or maw of mawfrey, matias, magundi, mawmene, and malachi, is a fowl. There are at least a dozen receipts for mawmene or mawmenny, and every one of them has to do with fowl minced, teased, pulled, frayed, pounded, brayed,

ground, bruised, carved, hacked to pieces, smitten to gobbets, hewed small. It is odd to see the variety and quaintness of the terms which, in the numerous receipts for mawmene, and in others of the same character not yet mentioned, are used to enjoin first the roasting or half-roasting of the fowl, and then the shredding and mincing of it. The receipts vary in their names, and have a crowd of varying ingredients, but they agree in this—that they are all such a confused and nonsensical jumble of innumerable incongruous elements, solid and liquid, animal and vegetable, sour and sweet, hot and bitter, growing at home and fetched from over the seas, as we still understand by gallimawfrey and galimatias; that it is exceedingly difficult to distinguish one from another—this one with a score of flavours and garnitures, but wanting perhaps the galingale or the vinegar, from that other with nearly the same score, but wanting the milk or the sugar; and that in one and all the fowl is pulled to pieces to be either chopped or brayed in a mortar. The constant refrain is this: "Take brawn [that is, flesh] of capons y-teased, or of pheasants teased small;" "Take the chese [that is, the chopper, from which we have the diminutive chisel] and of flesh of capons or of hens hack small in a mortar;" "Take brawn of hens or of capon and hew them small as thou may;" "Take the thighs or the flesh of capons, skin them and carve them small."

This invariable rule has found expression in the final syllables of mawmene, mawfrey, matias, magundi, and malachi. Mawmene or mawmenny is a fowl minced—menu. Mawfrey, or mafré as the French write it, is a fowl frayed—what we still call pulled chicken. Matias is a corrupt rendering of the order given in one of the above extracts to tease the fowl. Magundi, or, as the French spell it, migondis, is to the like effect, though not expressed in a form which will so readily catch the modern ear. The earliest known form of the word is in the Sanscrit *khand*,

to break, whence khanda—sugar which is broken, lump sugar, and the modern candy. But with loss of the *n* the same word still exists in French as *coter,* to break or bruise; it has relations with the first syllable of the English cudgel; and it also exists in a curious word which the French authorities profess themselves unable to explain,—Godiveau—that is, veal minced and pounded to a soft forcemeat. As for malachi, it will be intelligible to any one who will turn back to read Wynkyn de Worde's inventory of terms for carving. He says that to carve brawn is to lesche it. The word is otherwise written leach, and it is to be identified at root with lash, slash, and (in the beating sense) lick. In provincial English to malahawk is to carve awkwardly and cut to pieces. This malachi (fowl leached or licked) has had a fate different from that of mawfrey, matias, magundi, and mawmene. It survives to the present day, though in an altered form. For the name of a fowl—ma—substitute cock, and there is the Scottish dish of cock-a-leekie. They fancy in Scotland that the latter part of the word refers to the leeks which are used to flavour the pottage. This is a mistake: it refers to the fact that the cock is to be *leached* —as the French said, alachi.

But now we can go still further. If the foregoing explanation of Gallimawfrey, Galimatias, Salmagundi, Salmi, Mawmene, and Malachi be sound, it throws a new light upon certain other words, in some of which no difficulty has hitherto been suspected—Sauce Madame, Miching Malicho, Blancmanger, and Mullagatawny. Of these in their order.

Any one who will examine the old receipts, amounting to several hundreds, collected together in Dr. Warner's *Antiquitates Culinariæ,* will feel that even five centuries ago, when the cookery books were compiled, maw in the sense of fowl was altogether obsolete as a simple word, and as part of a compound was archaic, scarcely if at all understood, and easily corruptible. It was then as now

in the receipts of the kitchen: there were new-fangled names for old receipts, and there were old, unintelligible, corrupt names for receipts couched in the current language. Thus we have Douce Ame as the name for a dish of minced fowl exactly like those already described. Remembering that in those days the mute *e* had a decided pronunciation almost like an *o*, it is difficult to escape the suggestion that Douce Ame was a courtly attempt to put a pretty meaning into a phrase which, as involving the word ma or maw—let us, to be definite, say Galima—had become unintelligible and perhaps vulgar. This becomes all the more probable when we look into the Sauce Madame. Sauce Madame was a goose. Let no one be misled by the word sauce. It was not then, as now, strictly a noun; it was hovering between a noun and an adjective, being used in the sense of its original salsa, and like the first syllables of salmagundi, salmi, salpicon, saugrenu, saupiquet, etc. The word, therefore, had the force of sauced Madame, and Madame was a goose. The name was evidently invented to endue with a new and pleasant meaning some word on a par with mawfrey, matias, magundi, mawmene, and malachi, which had become stale and obscure. Probably that word was malachi, mispronounced maladi, confounded with my lady and translated madame. The following is the receipt for Sauce Madame: "Take sage, parsley, hyssop, and savory, quinces and pears, garlic and grapes, and fill the geese therewith, and sew the hole that no grease come out; and roast them well, and keep the grease that falleth thereof. Take galintine and grease and do in a posnet [porringer]. When the geese be roasted enough take and smite them in pieces. And take that that is within and do it in a posnet, and put therein wine if it be too thick. Do thereto powder of galingale, powder douce and salt, and boil the sauce and dress the geese in dishes and lay the sowe (sauce) onward." This is all fairly expressed in the language of

the time, and when we expect to read for the title of it Hashed Goose, or something equivalent, we find the enigma of Sauce Madame. Why this meaningless French title? The title first appears in a French cookery book—that of Taillevent, which was written twenty or thirty years before the cooks of Richard of Bordeaux set to work; and we may therefore conclude that it was the attempt of a Frenchman to give some appearance of sense to an older English title—Malachi—which had become dark to the English, and to Frenchmen wholly unmeaning. The same thing occurred in the case of the Sauce Robert. The English cooks had their Roebroth or Roebrewit—that is, a stew of roebuck with a peculiar sauce. The French cook Taillevent did not understand the word, determined to put a meaning into it, and made it Robert. So we have now the Sauce Robert as something distinct from Roebuck Sauce.

We have next to deal with Miching Malicho. It will be remembered that before the mimic play begins in *Hamlet*, there is a dumb show in which the spectators are treated to a revelation of the murder which had been committed and of the love which the murderer made to the dead man's wife. There occurs the following dialogue:—

> *Ophelia.*—What means this, my lord?
> *Hamlet.*—Marry, this is miching malicho: it means mischief.
> *Ophelia.*—Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ophelia answers, and answers truly, her own question: but what is the meaning of Hamlet's answer? The explanation of the commentators is far from satisfactory. They say that mich is an old English verb meaning to lurk, and that there is a Spanish word malheco meaning a crime. Hamlet's reply therefore would come to the truism—"Marry, this is hidden crime, and crime means mischief." The explanation is not so satisfactory that we are bound to accept it, and I venture to suggest another—"Marry, this is cooking the goose; it means mischief." The difficulty

in the way of this interpretation lies not with malicho, which, after the account above rendered of Malachi and Madame, ought to be plain enough, but with miching. To mich means to lie hid and to muffle up: what has this to do with cooking? It has this to do with it—that the French have a verb *mijoter* (old form, migeoter), which means to muffle up and to simmer or stew, and to this day it is the common French term for slow-boiling. A similar double meaning will be found in the English word coddle, which in the codling apple means an apple for stewing. But the word mijoter is evidently derived from a shorter one, which the French are at their wits' end to discover, and which for want of a better they take to be *mie* or *mige*, a crumb of bread. Now here is a much more likely root, the English mich or miche, which has been long known in one of the senses of the French *mijoter*—to lie hid, to nurse up, but which has not hitherto been found in the more common sense of stewing or simmering. Is it unreasonable to suggest that it had this sense? that we have indications of it in other English words, as mishmash and mess, as well as in the German *meischen*, to stir the malt in hot water? and that we have it in full bloom in Hamlet's phrase of miching malicho—cooking the goose and settling the hash?

And now for Blancmanger, a word which is as different from what it must have been originally as the thing we thus name—a jelly of isinglass, almonds, water and sugar—is from the original mess, a fowl pounded in milk, rice and syrup, or in almonds, rice, broth and sugar. It is indifferent whether we take for analysis the word as we now write it—Blancmanger, or as it was more anciently written—Blanc Mangier or Blanc Mengier; but at least it will be useful to bear in mind the older spelling. And this being premised, I proceed to show that the word is resolvable into Blanc Ma-en-sire, and means white fowl-in-syrup —the whiteness referring not to the fowl by itself, but to

the fowl-in-the-syrup. There will be no difficulty in making this good; but before going into the proof of it, observe that Ma-en-sire, if this be indeed the original expression, would naturally become slurred into mangier, through contraction of the vowels and through the nasal *n* joining with the *sh* sound of sire to form *g*. Independently of the fact that the first syllable of syrup is connected with the first syllable of sherbert, we know that in a number of old French words there was a tendency in the sibilant to become in England and Northern France thickened into *sh* and *ch* : thus cive became chive, and we have such words as *sure* and *sugar* pronounced *shure* and *shugar*. Ma-en-sire would therefore very easily run into mangier and mengier.

But was the word really Blanc Ma-en-sire? It is not to be found in this particular form, which must have been very ancient; but there is a considerable number of other words and phrases for the same thing perfectly parallel to it, and making it as unreasonable to doubt that it (that is, Blanc Ma-en-sire) is identical with Blanc Mangier as it would be to doubt that daisy is day's eye and foxglove is folk's glove. Here follow two receipts in succession; and though they show differences of detail, I defy the reader to discover any essential difference between them.

Number one :—

"Put rice in water all a night, and at morrow wash them clean. Afterwards put them to the fires fort [strong] that they burst, and not too much. Then take brawn of capons or of hens sodden and draw it small. After take milk of almonds and put it to the rice and boil it, and when it is yboiled put in the brawn and alloy it therewith, that it be well chargeant [stiff], and mingle it [stir it] finely well that it sit not to the pot. And when it is enough and chargeant do thereto sugar good part; put therein almonds fried in white grease and dress it forth."

Number two :—

"Take brawn of hens or of capons sodden without the skin, and hew them as small as thou may. And grind them in a mortar. After take good milk of almonds and put the brawn therein, and stir it well together and do them to seethe; and take flour of rice and amidon [starch] and alloy it, so that it be chargeant; and do thereto sugar a good plenty, and a plenty of white grease. And when it is put in dishes strew upon it blanch powder."

Now the title of number one is "For to make Blanc Manger, and the title of number two is "For to make Blanc Desire." This Blanc Desire is but a variety of Blanc Manger—a fowl served in a syrup whitened with almonds, with rice and sometimes with milk. It is to be presumed that the original word Blanc de Sire had become doubtful and dim, and had to be touched up into Blanc Desire to give it a pretty meaning, just as in the same way Blanc Ma-en-sire had been worked up into Blanc Manger. There had been other forms of the word which still survived, and which perhaps were equally unintelligible—as Blanc de-sorre, Blanc desurre, Blanc de Sorry, Blanc de Surry, and Blanc Surry—all for a fowl in syrup. Surry was one of the old names for Syria—

> They drew up sail of brighte hew,
> The wind them soon to Surry blew,—

and syrup was at one time known as the Syrian juice. The name Blanc Desire, therefore, which is so common, meant white of sire or syrup, and though strictly speaking it belonged not to the fowl, but to the sauce in which it was served, it was used to signify a preparation which is not distinguishable from Blanc Manger or Blanc Mangier. In all the receipts for Blancmanger there is syrup, and here we have a parallel series of receipts for the same thing in which the syrup distinctly enters into the title.

Further: although we have not yet found the precise words ma-en-sire save only in the contracted and corrupted

form mangier, they were in a manner translated in the title of another parallel receipt—Capons in Confy (that is, confit), where, however, the confection was made without sugar. Here is the receipt :—

"*Capons in Confy.*—Take capons and roast them till they be nigh enough : then take them off the spit and chop them in gobbets with broth of beef, temper them and do them in a pot with almond milk; and do thereto flour of rice or bread steeped in the same broth, and draw it through a strainer and powder of cloves and of canel (cinnamon) and of maces. And take hard eggs seethed, and take out the yolk all whole, and cut the white small, and do it in the pot and colour it with saffron, and let it boil, and dress it up on dishes, and lay the yolks whole upon and cloves therewith."

If syrup had been used here, the title would have been Capons in Sire or in Surry, a more modern rendering of the archaic ma-en-sire. And the title of Blanc is excluded from it because it is made Tawny with saffron. These illustrations make it probable that the final syllable of Blanc Mangier stands for sire or syrup; and it is quite certain that to the end of the reign of Louis XIV. the central fact of the blancmanger was a fowl, and that without a fowl it was impossible. May we not therefore fairly conclude that the indispensable fowl flaps its wings immortalized in the *ma* syllable of Blancmanger?

After all the facts marshalled in the foregoing pages, Mullagatawny does not look like a word that could present much difficulty. It looks—word and thing—like a modern version of one of the old receipts. It is a soup made of a fowl which has been "chopped to gobbets," which is mingled with rice, and which is made Tawny, if not with saffron at least with curry. It looks like our old friend malachi, simplified to suit modern tastes, and spiced and coloured with the curry which has superseded the older spices and colourings. But great authorities assure us,

though without giving any reasons, that it is not an English word at all, that it is not even an Aryan word, that it comes from a language outside the Aryan group—Tamil, and that it means pepper water. It may be so; I do not dispute the point; and only note that the coincidence is remarkable of a Tamil name and a Tamil receipt for fowl broth which exactly corresponds, save in the substitution of curry for saffron, with an old English name and an old English receipt.

GARBURE is a name in the south of France for a soup which is to be eaten with a fork. In heraldic English a sheaf of corn is called a Garb. The wheatsheaves which appear in the Grosvenor arms are garbs; and those who are curious in etymology will see in the term the first syllable of harvest. Metaphorically, a soup with garbs in it, and requiring the use of a fork, took the name of Garbure. The later French cooks, who do not understand the meaning of the word, insist that a Garbure should always have crusts in it; but this is arbitrary. A garbure may have anything in it that, like a sheaf, needs the use of a fork.

GARLIC is so little used in England that it seems of little use to refer to it. A recent traveller (see Monteire's "Angola and the River Congo," vol. ii., p. 240) writes: "Garlic I consider a most valuable article of food in a hot climate, especially eaten raw. I never travelled without a supply of garlic, and I found its beneficial effects on the stomach and system most marked. When very hungry and fatigued, I have found nothing to equal a few pieces of raw garlic, eaten with a crust of bread or a biscuit, for producing a few minutes after a delightful sensation of repose, and that feeling of the stomach being ready to receive food, generally absent when excessive emptiness or exhaustion is the case. Yet it is against this same garlic that Horace exclaims, when he

calls to mind the tough digestion of the mowers—"O dura messorum ilia!" The oddest contradictions arise. Henry of Navarre (Henry IV. of France) had his lips rubbed the moment he was born with a clove of garlic—a time-honoured custom in his native place. On the other hand, garlic was forbidden by statute of Alonzo XI. to his knights of La Banda; and Don Quixote cautions Sancho Panza to be chary of it, as unseemly in the Governor of Barataria. Honest Sancho must beware of the garlic which the king of France had rubbed the first thing upon his infant gums. To English taste the pronounced flavour of garlic is insupportable; but many people do not know that some of the most successful compounds owe their excellence to an unsuspected undertone of garlic.

GELATINE.—This is what Liebig says in his *Letters on Chemistry*:—"It had been long observed that soup made by boiling meat, when concentrated to a certain point, gelatinises or forms a jelly; and people without any sufficient reason adopted the opinion that the substance (gelatine) was the most important, indeed the chief, constituent of good soup. Thus it came to pass by degrees that people took to the gelatinising matter for the true soup; and as manufacturers found that the best meat did not yield the finest jelly tablets, but that tendons, feet, cartilage, bones, ivory, and hartshorn yielded the most beautiful and transparent jelly tablets, which were cheaply obtained and sold at a high price, ignorance and the love of gain exchanged the valuable constituents of flesh for gelatine which was only to be distinguished from common joiners' glue by its high price. It has now been proved by the most convincing experiments, that gelatine, which by itself is tasteless and when eaten excites nausea, possesses no nutritive value; that it is not capable of supporting the vital process; and that when added to the usual diet it diminishes the nutritive value of the food. Its use

has been shown to be hurtful rather than beneficial. . . We now know that the active ingredients of soup are found ready formed in the aqueous infusion of flesh, and are not products of the culinary operations. The gelatine of soup is formed by long boiling of the flesh from the cellular membrane of the muscular tissue. Since these things have been ascertained, the use of gelatine as a nutritive and invigorating substance has been entirely given up; and it only retains a place in the domain of unscientific cookery. The gelatinous soups made in China from the air-bladder of fishes, and in England from the flesh of turtle, are a fertile source of disturbance in the digestive process."

Other experiments prove that though gelatine by itself may have no nutritive value, it serves a good purpose which is not yet understood. There is no gelatine in the blood of animals; there is no gelatine in the milk on which an infant thrives. But there is a curious experiment which has yet to be worked out, and which shows that gelatine has its use in food. Bischoff and Voit took a dog weighing 80 lbs.—and that is a good-sized dog. They fed it on very nearly 18 ounces of meat a day, and at the end of four days the dog lost a pound weight. They then fed it for three days on the same quantity of meat, to which they added daily seven ounces of gelatine. At the end of the time, not merely had the dog lost nothing in weight, but also it gained four-and-a-half-ounces.

GENEVA.—This town seems doomed to misrepresentation. It gains credit which does not belong to it, and loses credit which it has nobly won. Because its name resembles that of juniper in Dutch—*genever*—it is given by many people to gin, with which it has nothing to do. Because it resembles that of Genoa it is in danger of losing the credit of an excellent fish sauce which is all its own. Also because in this sauce there is red wine, some cooks using Bordeaux make a variation of it, which they call Sauce

Bordelaise, and other cooks using Burgundy make another variation, which they call Sauce Bourguignonne. What between the names of Genoa, Bordeaux, and Burgundy, there has arisen a confusion, in the midst of which the claims of Geneva stand a good chance of being superseded. The sauce was invented at Geneva, for the especial behoof and benefit of the trout which populate the lake. The fame of Geneva for its trout is of old standing. "It is well known," said Izaak Walton, two centuries ago, "that in the Lake Leman—the Lake of Geneva—there are trouts taken of three cubits long (4½ feet). And Mercator says the trouts that are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city."

Genevese Sauce.—Take half a bottle of red wine (the Genevese generally stuck to Burgundy), a chopped onion, two chopped shalots, a clove of garlic crushed (they prefer two in the South), two cloves of spice and a faggot of sweet-herbs. Put them into a saucepan, and let them simmer till the onions are done. Then add a ladleful of Spanish or good brown sauce. Reduce all to the thickness of a cullis, skim it, and pass it through a tammy. Lastly, boil it up again, add a pinch of sugar and (partly for salt) a good lump of anchovy butter.

Variation First. There is a feebler way, which may be mentioned for the sake of economy, but it has the disadvantage of requiring the fish to be cooked first before beginning the sauce, and it is possible only when the fish has been cooked in a court bouillon of wine with flavouring herbs and spices. Take two ladlefuls of the court bouillon, add to it a ladleful of Spanish sauce, pass it through the tammy, add a pinch of sugar, and finish it with anchovy butter.

Variation Second is the so-called Bordelese Sauce, made with Bordeaux wine, with no onion, nor sweet-herbs, nor anchovy butter, and not strained.

Variation Third. The Burgundian Sauce is not distinct enough to be noted.

GENOA has given its name to a cake, and runs a race with Naples in the production of Italian pastes. Is not that glory enough? What do the Genoese know of salmon and trout, that they should be credited with the sauce for which Geneva is famous?

GERMAN SAUCE.—See Allemande.

GIRASOL (commonly called Jerusalem) ARTICHOKES.—Put them for a quarter of an hour in water, with a pat of butter and a little salt. Drain them, dish them, and pour over them some English sauce.

Girasol Sauce—commonly called Palestine.—Peel and slice about a peck of them. Slice also four onions and a head of celery. Simmer them in a stewpan for an hour, with two ounces of butter, three pints of veal stock, nutmeg, pepper, salt, and an ounce of sugar. Pass it through a sieve, heat it over the fire, add a pint of hot cream, and serve it with fried crusts.

GLAZE has three distinct meanings. 1. To glaze a sauce, or boil it down to a glaze, is really to roast it. The sauce is reduced by boiling till it catches the pan and browns. Further explanation of the identity of glazing and roasting will be found in the article on Sauces. The process of reducing to glaze is the chief distinction in all the brown preparations of food as distinct from the white; and it is not only every day performed in soups, sauces, and gravies, but the cook gets ready and keeps by him a quantity of glaze, which he uses for finishing his sauces and anointing his meats. To make this glaze, it is found that the best substance is veal—the juices of which, being very gelatinous, take a fine colour and yield a rich odour. Take knuckle of veal and gravy beef together, but twice

as much of the one as of the other; and make a good broth of this in the ordinary way, by adding vegetables and using half a gallon of water for every three pounds of meat. The broth is then to be strained through a napkin, freed from fat, and put on the fire again for reduction to a cullis. When the cullis roasts, it forms glaze, and care must be taken that it does not burn. The glaze, if well made, is the concentrated extract of meat, and better than Liebig.

2. To glaze meat is to paint it before sending it to table with a brush which has been dipped in glaze.

3. To glaze cakes or other sweets is to coat them in like manner with sugar.

GODIVEAU.—See Forcemeats Nos. 2 and 3; also the article on Gallimawfrey.

GOOSE.—To be stuffed with sage and onions, or with chestnuts. (See Forcemeats Nos. 6 and 7.) To be served with apple sauce or gooseberry sauce. A green goose is rarely stuffed, but his inside is pretty well seasoned with pepper and salt. Sauerkraut is considered a good garnish.

GOOSEBERRY comes under the name of Currant or Curran, but may here obtain a word or two for itself. It is known in some of the English shires under the name of Carberry, because it is red, or was known chiefly as red; of Feaberry, because it was deemed good for fevers; and of Wineberry, because of the wine it made: why it has been called Gooseberry is not so clear. The older herbalists always insisted that it was so called because it was used as a sauce for goose; and the analogy of wineberry and feaberry would seem to bear them out. If this should not be satisfactory, we have to fall back upon the old English *gorst,* in modern English *gorse,* in Shakespeare, *goss;* an etymology which will at the same time account for the Scottish name of the berry, which varies between groset and grosart. The Scotch, it must be remembered,

are great in gooseberries. It is a northern fruit. When there was not a tree nor a shrub to be found in the Shetland islands and the Orkneys, there were gooseberry bushes in abundance; and it was an old joke against the Shetlanders, that when they read their Bibles and tried to picture to themselves Adam hiding among the trees of the garden, they could only call up in vision a naked man cowering under a grosart bush. The gooseberries of Scotland are the perfection of their race, and for flavour and variety far beyond those of the south—just as English gooseberries are better than those of the Continent. On the Continent they are little prized, and not very well known. The French have no name for them, distinct from that of red currants.

The gooseberry in cookery is used as a fruit pie; as a sauce for mackerel; and as Gooseberry Fool. This last word does not mean a fool, but comes from the French *fouler,* to crush. The following statement is borrowed, with a few slight alterations, from an old book of miscellaneous receipts.

Gooseberry Fool.—"The good people of Northamptonshire maintain that all our best London cooks, in making gooseberry fool, are themselves little better than fools. There is no way, they insist, equal to their own, which is as follows:—After topping and tailing—that is, taking off clean the two ends of the gooseberries—scald them sufficiently with a very little water till all the fruit breaks. Too much water will spoil them. The water must not be thrown away, being so rich with the finest part of the fruit, that if left to stand till cold it will turn to jelly. When the gooseberries are cold, mash them all together. Passing them through a sieve or colander spoils them. The fine natural flavour which resides in the skin no art can replace. The skins must therefore remain unseparated in the general mash. Sweeten with fine powdered sugar,

but add no nutmeg or other spice. Mix in at the last moment some rich cream, and it is ready. The young folks of Northamptonshire, after eating as much as they possibly can of this gooseberry fool, are said frequently to roll down a hill and begin eating again."

Gooseberry Sauce.—Boil half a pint of unripe gooseberries, and having poured off the water, rub them through a hair sieve. Mix the pulp thus obtained with a pat of butter, make it hot, and serve it for mackerel. This is enough; but a little ginger may be added, and taste may be consulted for sugar and for salt. The greening of spinach juice, which French cooks add, is very doubtful.

GOURMAND, GOURMET.—Gourmand is a word of foreign origin, but it is perfectly naturalised among us, for we understand and accept its meaning. Gourmet, on the other hand, is a good English word in its origin, but it is doubtful whether it will ever pass current among us in the sense which the French have put upon it. The word is really diminutive of groom—a young man, a lad. In its broadest sense it survives in bridegroom. It is peculiarly applied to the young man who looks after horses; and gromet or grummet is an old sailor's word for a cabin-boy. In French the word was transposed to gourme, the diminutive being gourmet, a lad in general, then the wine-merchant's lad, then a wine-taster, next a good judge of wine whether professional or not, and lastly any one with a fine taste and delicate in his feeding.

There is such an obvious difference between the gourmand and the gourmet, and it is so clearly possible to be the one without the other, that some people wonder at the difficulty of bringing the name for the latter into popular use. The fact is, that the words are too nearly alike in sound. To this it may be replied that they are alike in French as well as in English, and that therefore we should expect the distinction to be as easy in English as in French.

There is a difference, however. In French the words gourmand and gourmandise do not express the same amount of gluttony as do the corresponding words in English. Kings and queens of France, princes of the blood, and the most beautiful ladies of the court, thought it no shame to be gourmands. They took a pride and pleasure in cookery; they invented and suggested dishes; and their names are handed down to posterity in connection with the triumphs of the kitchen. The most delicate lady in France does not proclaim herself a glutton and need not blush because she enrols herself among those to whom the *Almanach des Gourmands* is addressed. But gormandising in the English idea is sheer gluttony—and no one dare own to it, however much he may indulge in it. To an English ear, accordingly, the word gourmet is too suggestive of the gourmand, the gourmand is too suggestive of the glutton, and the sound is altogether unpleasant. Therefore, in spite of all explanations, it is doubtful whether the word gourmet will survive in the English language, much as we need some such term to indicate a fine taste as distinct from voracity. English is singularly weak in this way. "Some people," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "have a foolish way of not minding or pretending not to mind what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." Here, by the use of a strong word which is identified in our minds with belly-gods and gluttony, the great moralist appears to give a gross meaning to what is perfectly innocent. For *belly* say *food* or *eating*, which is all he meant, and no one need be offended. As some people can make love passionately, but cannot do it lightly and gracefully, so others cannot show that they are particular as to their eating without showing eagerness and greed.

It would be a good thing if some English poet would invent a phrase to denote nicety of taste at table without

implying the rage of appetite. It is certainly odd that Englishmen should have such an exalted idea of the sense of taste that they bestow its name upon the faculty of estimating all that is most sublime and beautiful in nature and art, while they have no name left for the fine appreciation of food, for the enjoyments of the table, for the divine art of banqueting, which does not confuse dining with gorging and the gratification of the palate with the repletion of a sot.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—

> Some hae meat and canna eat,
> And some wad eat that want it ;
> But we can eat and we hae meat ;
> And sae the Lord be thankit.—*Robert Burns.*

GRAPE.—Strange that the grape is of no use in cookery, save in the form of raisins, wine, vinegar and verjuice. In its natural condition it is nothing, save when an occasional grape appears in a Macedon or medley of fruits.

GRATIN, *au Gratin,* is something toasted or baked so as to produce a surface that grates. A sole or a cauliflower *au gratin* is a sole or cauliflower strewed with breadcrumbs or raspings, and baked in the oven to a golden tint. In strict reason, the phrase ought to apply equally to a sole fried with breadcrumbs. But language is not obedient to reason, and custom has ordained that what is called a Gratin shall be baked.

GRAVY.—The claims of Gravy are discussed in the article on Sauces. But a word may here be necessary by way of protest *against* gravy—which, even when it is good, is not always desirable. French cooks have a diabolical habit of masking all their viands—painting them with glaze, and anointing them with the royal sauces of which they are so proud. They will cover a slice of hot ham with a thick

sauce. Some one has said that hot ham should never be eaten at all; but certainly, if eaten, or if worth eating, it needs no sauce—unless on rare occasions it may be a spoonful of champagne. But to have the slice of good ham covered with a thick sauce, which is partly made from ham, is atrocious. Also, as a rule, it is wickedness to drench roast game with sauce. Sydney Smith says, in describing a dinner at which he was present: "I heard a lady who sat next me say in a low, sweet voice—'No gravy, sir!' I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round and said, 'Madam I have been looking for a person who disliked gravy all my life; let us swear eternal friendship.' She looked astonished, but took the oath, and what is better, kept it."

Its own Gravy.—The gravy which is served in England with roast meat is too often a mockery. While the sirloin is turning before the fire, the cook takes a boatful of boiling water, which she colours with caramel and seasons with salt. She pours this gradually over the sirloin, she catches it again in a dish below, takes off the fat; and that is what she calls "its own gravy." There is none of the juice of meat in it save what may afterwards ooze out from the beef when it is placed on the dish and begins to contract by cooling. It is not merely in small and stingy households that this is done. It is common enough in very good houses; and there is probably not a regimental mess in the kingdom that is not served to gravy with the roast joint in the same way. I have seen the cook of a crack regiment take about a gallon of boiling water, and with it water several magnificent roasts, to provide gravy for the most brilliant set of officers in the British service.

Beef Gravy—the French *Jus de bœuf.*—Gravy is the result of two processes of cooking—roasting and boiling. 1. Line the bottom of the saucepan with slices of onion; spread over them a little beef fat; on the top of this lay

about two pounds of gravy beef cut to pieces, and add a gill of water—the beef fat, when melted, making with the water half a pint of liquid. Set the pan on a brisk fire, to boil sharply until the contents are well browned and the liquor reduced to a glaze. Watch carefully during this process, which is really a process of roasting (see Glaze), so that there may be no burning. 2. Then add a quart of boiling water, and leave it for a little, so that the glaze may have time to melt and detach itself from the pan. Afterwards set it on to boil with some salt, skim it carefully, and throw in a carrot, a head of celery, both cut up, a faggot of parsley, a couple of cloves, a blade of mace and a pinch of pepper. Simmer it for two hours, pass it through a tammy, take off the fat, and the result should be about a pint-and-a-half of beef gravy.

Veal Gravy.—Take two pounds of the leg, knuckle or neck of veal, free from bone. Put it into a stewpan with a half-pint of water, and reduce it slowly to an amber glaze, from time to time turning the meat and piercing it with a knife, to make the juices flow. This is the roasting process. Then for the boiling or simmering, proceed as for beef gravy, perhaps adding an onion.

Rich Gravy.—In the foregoing receipts the process of making gravy ought to be clear, and other gravies from other meats may be made in the same way. A very rich gravy is made by combining beef, veal and ham in the first process of reducing the meat to glaze, and in adding a fowl or part of a fowl to the second process of decoction.

Cold Gravies.—All these gravies turn to a savoury jelly, and are excellent with roast meat. But if it should be foreseen that they are required for cold meat, the beef gravy may be stiffened by the rind of bacon or ham, and the veal gravy by a calf's foot. These additions, however, are not to be made until after the first process of roasting the beef or the veal is complete; and they

involve the addition of more water for the second or simmering process—say a pint; as well as longer simmering.

GREENING.—This is nearly always produced by means of spinach. Either a handful of spinach is boiled in the soup; or as much as may be needed is passed through a sieve, or brayed in a mortar.

GREENS.—See Cabbage.

GREY MULLET.—It is a sore point with the red mullets that an inferior race with whom they have no relations whatever should swim the sea, and be known to fame as grey mullets. Grey they may be, but mullets they are not. They are prepared for table as red mullets are, but have not the same distinction. As the glory of the red mullet is the liver, that of the grey is the roe, hard and soft, which is dried, salted and preserved on the Mediterranean coast in the form of a sausage, called botargo, much admired by topers for the thirst which it produces. So the fish, if it cannot create much appetite for itself, creates a great appetite for something else, and is useful in its generation.

GRILL.—It is curious that the most ancient and the most simple mode of cookery should be in some respects the most perfect, and in England certainly the most esteemed. The first cooked food that man ate was a broil; and in England the steak or chop from the gridiron is more in request than any other form of food. Though it is the simplest mode of cooking, and does not need much skill, it needs more care than any other method of applying heat to food. The cook can turn his back on his pots and pans, his oven and his spit—but sure as fate if he turns his back upon the grill it will play him a trick. He has constantly to be watching the fire to see that it is clear—and the meat to see that it does not get burnt, dried or smoked.

First for the meat: the English seldom give it any pre-

paration for the grill except when it is to be breadcrumbed. The French sprinkle it with pepper and salt, and brush it with oil or butter; and they are right. For breadcrumbing, the French plan is to dip the cutlet into oil or butter and then to roll it in crumbs. The English smear it first with egg-yolk, and then roll it in crumbs; but when this is broiled it forms too dry a crust round the cutlet; and therefore it is always best after rolling it in the crumbs to sprinkle it with clarified butter.

For the grill, it should be placed with a slant over a very bright fire. The slant is to ensure that any fat as it melts shall run away, and not drop under the meat so as to raise a smoky flame. The surface of the steak should have a certain degree of firmness when it leaves the grill; and the great art of grilling is to reach this degree—avoiding equally the flabbiness of a bad French steak and the hardness of a bad English one. The French rarely get this firm surface on their steaks, because they do not put them near enough to the fire; and they do not put them near enough to the fire because they have laid down a law which is never to be infringed on any account—that a steak upon the grill is never to be turned more than once. In the English manner of grilling, the steak is turned many times (with a tongs let it be noted, never with a fork), and it can be brought nearer to the fire than a French steak and to a fiercer fire than the French allow to act briskly on the surface, which can be quickly turned so as to prevent burning.

Grog.—It would be scarcely necessary to say anything about this, but that the French have seized upon the word, and given it a currency which it was fast losing in England. The French seem to use the word quite seriously; in England the word has almost always carried with it a humorous under-meaning—a disparagement of the drink. There was an Admiral Vernon who was called Old Grog by the sailors because in rough weather he used to pace

the quarterdeck encased in a grogram or grogran cloak,—in French *gros grain,* a coarse stuff made of silk and mohair. He it was who first served out rum on board ship mixed with water. The sailors after him called the mixture grog.

GROUSE—the finest of all winged game: nothing to approach it. We cannot have everything; and when we lament the lack of ortolans and becaficos let us remember that we have something still better in England—the grouse. To be roasted like the partridge, and served on bread toasted and buttered.

GUDGEON.—

> What gudgeons are we men:
> Every woman's easy prey!
> Though we've felt the hook—again
> We bite and they betray,—

sings the poet Gay. But this is scarcely fair, for it appears that gudgeons are mostly of the weaker sex—there being about six females to one male. The fish has long been noted as a dainty for invalids. It is a carp by race but a smelt by character, and is fried like the smelt, to be served with fried parsley. A house of great renown, the Pavillon Henri IV., at St. Germain, used to be, and still is famous for its fried gudgeon; and the fish is so relished in France that it is sometimes served at the end of dinner among the entremets.

GUINEA FOWL, to be roasted, must either be larded or barded. Serve it with gravy apart, and bread-sauce. Time to roast, nearly an hour. As the Guinea fowl is in season from February to June, when game is scarce, it makes a good substitute. The eggs of this bird are very delicate.

GURNARD or GURNET is neither common enough nor interesting enough to deserve much notice. His name means—grunter, from the noise he makes. He is some-

times called cuckoo for the same reason. The ancients called him a lyre, and supposed him to be under the special protection of Apollo. Those who eat him can make a guess what flying fish is like—for the flying fish, beloved of poets, is a gurnard. So also are sticklebacks, which engaged the philosophical mind of Mr. Pickwick.

Stuff him with veal stuffing, and boil him or bake him. But first banish his fins.

HADDOCK is called by the French aigrefin—a sharper, an impostor. It is a very good fish notwithstanding. It has two black spots, one on each shoulder, which are said to be the mark of St. Peter's finger and thumb when he took the tribute-money out of its mouth. People do not adorn a bad fish with these fine legends. Some of the best haddocks come to London from Devonshire and Cornwall; and the Dublin Bay ones are famous. They are very good boiled with plain English butter-sauce; but still better baked, having first been stuffed with oyster forcemeat or with veal stuffing. Also a haddock makes one of the best of curries. But the Scotch are the greatest masters of the haddock. It is their fish *par excellence*. They have their Loch Fyne herring, it is true—but it has rivals in the Yarmouth bloater and the Dutch herring. There is nothing, however, in the way of haddock that can approach the Rizzared haddock and the Finnan haddock of the Scotch. Nobody who has not been to Scotland in the winter time, or who has not deeply studied the Scotch books, can imagine to what heights of glory a simple haddock can leap up. There will always be doubts about the haggis or a singed sheep's head, but the Scottish treatment of haddock is incontrovertible.

The *Rizzared Haddock* of the Waverley Novels.—The haddocks (similarly also whitings) are to be skinned and rubbed inside and out with salt. In this courtly powder they are to hang for twenty-four hours; but less time will do. Next morning, for breakfast, take off their heads, rub them with butter, dredge them with a little flour, broil them, and serve them with pats of fresh butter. There are Scotchmen who eat this for breakfast every day of their lives, and it goes far to account for the great reputation of Scotch breakfasts. When an English cook broils a haddock, she neither salts it nor skins it. The last of these faults is fatal. The object of a broil is to get the taste of fire upon the food which is to be eaten—the toasted flavour. The broiled flesh of a haddock is delicious; the broiled skin is worthless, and nobody eats it.

Finnan Haddock.—Finnan is a hamlet about six miles from Aberdeen—and the humble fishermen of this little straggling hamlet have perhaps done more for the happiness of mankind than all the fast clippers of the port of Aberdeen that scour the seas for a first cargo of tea, or than all the learned Professors of King's College and Marischal College. It is kindly ordered that happiness should be the result of very simple arrangements, and not of gigantic efforts. What joyous breakfasts among Scottish hills, what jovial suppers at untimely hours in London streets, have been the result of the Finnan haddock! Well may Sir Walter Scott describe it as incomparable! But see that it be cooked in the Scotch manner—that is, skinned. The Scotch gentlemen dispense with their breeches; the Scotch haddocks dispense with their coats. We must have the nude simplicity of these gentle hyperboreans. English cooks sometimes complain that it is not so easy to skin Finnan haddocks. It is the modesty of the creatures, and there is all the greater reason to make them unrobe. When they have parted with their garments, they are to be

rubbed with butter, broiled, and served with pats of cold fresh butter.

Haggis.—The Scotch would never forgive us if their national dish should be left out of the list of good things. Few English cooks, however, would dare to attempt a haggis, even with the most elaborate receipt before them. Therefore if anybody wishes to taste of the mighty Caledonian pudding which Burns calls the "Great Chieftain of the Pudding race," he had better send to Edinburgh or Glasgow for it. The pudding is a great traveller, does not suffer from travelling, and heats up with a most lordly grace. The Londoner can always order it at St. James's Hall. Mr. Grieve, as a worthy Scot, proud of his native heath and his Scottish mutton—from the inward parts of which the haggis takes its rise—will be only too pleased to make known the boast of his country to ignorant Southerners.

Still, for the benefit of the canny Scots who are scattered over the world, and who may be found eating sheep's head and every other morsel of the mutton on the South Seas, on the African sands, and on the Himalayan summits, I append a grand receipt for the Haggis furnished by Meg Dods. This receipt is historical, and is the result of a competition of Haggises held in Edinburgh. The Haggis herein described gained the first prize; the second being adjudged to one superintended by Christopher North, of Ebony fame.

The Edinburgh receipt.—"Clean a fat sheep's pluck thoroughly. Make incisions in the heart and liver, to allow the blood to flow out, and parboil the whole, letting the windpipe lie over the side of the pot to permit the phlegm and blood to disgorge from the lungs. The water may be changed after ten minutes' boiling for fresh water. The lights cannot be overboiled. A half-hour's boiling will be sufficient for the rest; but throw back the half of

the liver to boil till when cold it will grate easily. Take the heart, the half of the liver and part of the lights, trimming away all skins and black-looking parts, and mince them together finely. Mince also a pound of good beef suet. Grate the other half of the liver. Have four mild large onions peeled, scalded, and minced, to mix with the haggis-mince. Have also ready some finely ground oatmeal toasted slowly before the fire, till it is of a light-brown colour and perfectly nutty and dry. A large teacupful of meal will do for this quantity of meat. Spread the mince on a board and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of black pepper, salt, and a little cayenne, first well mixed. Have a haggis-bag (that is, a sheep's paunch) perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting. Some cooks use two bags or a cloth as an outer case. Put the meat in the bag with half a pint of good beef gravy or as much strong stock. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meal and meat room to swell. Add the juice of a lemon or a little good vinegar. Press out the air and sew up the bag. Prick it with a long needle when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting. Let it boil slowly for three hours if large.

"Observations. A haggis boiled for two hours may be kept for a week or two, and when cold gets so firm that haggises are often sent from Scotland to distant countries. They must in this case be made very dry, and covered with oatmeal; nor will a haggis keep so well if there is onion put to it. For some tastes the above receipt prescribes too much onion. Haggis meat, by those who cannot admire the natural shape, may be poured out of the bag and served in a deep dish. No dish heats up better. A ragout of cold haggis, heated up in a stewpan in which a little shred onion with pepper is first fried, is better than on the first day."

HAKE is one of the cod family—a coarse cod. Very

few come to London, but they appear not unfrequently in Paris under the name of merluche or sea pike—which English visitors take to mean haddock. The French name for a haddock is not merluche, but aigrefin, sometimes spelt aiglefin.

The hake has a peculiarity which gives him a certain superiority over the haddock, and indeed over all fish—it is easy to get rid of his backbone. After the fish is opened and cleaned, as all fish of this kind are, take his backbone, from where it begins, between the finger and thumb. Slide finger and thumb along the edges of the bone down the body as far as it has been opened. The bone can then be drawn out quite free from the flesh. You have therefore a fish which, as the fins can easily be removed, is all fish and no bone, and which can be manipulated in a soup, in a stew, in cutlets, in curry, with an ease delightful to those who are afraid of fish bones.

HALIBUT, or HOLIBUT.—The praise of this flat-fish has been sung by a true poet—Cowper, who grew rapturous over one sent to him by a friend, and named immortal probably because it was large and lasted a long time. To save the reputation of the poet, let us remember that at a period when people made their wills before they left home on a short journey, he lived in an inland village where any kind of fish would naturally enough be a rare luxury. The most fitting appellation which has been given to the halibut is—workhouse turbot. To do the creature justice, however, he makes a good curry.

HAM.—Good, boiled; better, baked; best of all, roasted. But roast ham is rare because it is difficult; baked ham is easier, and boiled easiest of all.

Boiled Ham.—Soak an English ham for twenty-four, a Spanish one forty-eight hours. Scrape it and cleanse it carefully. Boil it or braze it in liquor and seasoning enough to cover it. For very simple tastes water alone is used,

together with carrots, onions, celery, cloves, mace, thyme and bayleaves. For a very fine ham use a Mirepoix into which about a pint of wine enters, and add broth to make up the remainder of the liquor. For something between these two take a quart of old cider, together with carrots, onions, and a faggot of sweet-herbs, using water for whatever else of liquor may be required. Simmer it or braze it very slowly indeed for four or five hours, according to size. Then lift it out of its pan—take off the rind and let it dry for a minute or two in the oven—after which it is to be trimmed, and it may be either glazed in the French fashion, or in English fashion strewed with raspings. If the ham is to be served cold let it cool in its liquor, then remove the rind, trim it, cover it either with glaze or with raspings, and garnish it with aspic jelly and picked parsley.

Baked Ham.—Prepare the ham as above, and let it simmer slowly for an hour in plain water. Then put it in a large baking-dish, with Mirepoix of wine and a little stock. Cover it over with oiled paper, and that again with a plain flour-and-water paste as for a meat pie. Put it in a slow oven to bake for three or four hours, according to size, and adding moisture if need be. Finish as before.

Roast Ham.—Soak the Ham, cleanse it, trim it, and simmer it for an hour slowly in plain water. Then let it soak for twenty-four hours in a Mirepoix of red wine, turning it occasionally. It is afterwards to be removed from the Mirepoix and wrapt up like a haunch of venison first with oiled paper, then with water paste, then with another wrapping of paper tied with a string. Put it into a cradle-spit, and with much basting roast it for three or four hours, according to size, before a moderate fire. Finish the ham as before, and serve it with a boatful of gravy made of the Mirepoix liquor which has been used in basting it.

HARE.—*Roast Hare.*—To be stuffed with Forcemeat No. 6; to be barded; and to be roasted on a spit for forty-five minutes before a brisk fire; and during the roasting to be frequently basted with butter or dripping. Five minutes before the hare is to be removed from the fire, take off the bards, sprinkle it with salt and flour, and baste it with fresh butter. When this froths up and the hare is brown, dish it with brown gravy underneath and currant jelly in a boat. The ears are considered a delicacy, and care should be taken not to burn them. They should be scalded and freed from hair before the roasting begins.

Jugged Hare.—Old Receipt. Cut the hare into pieces, season it high, and put it in a stone jar or jug with half a pound of ham or bacon (fat and lean cut up together), six shalots, two onions, and some thyme, parsley, savory, marjoram, lemon-peel, mace, cloves and nutmeg—all well mixed with the meat. Pour over it a tumblerful of red wine, another of broth, and the juice of a Seville orange. Tie the mouth of the jar tight with bladder or leather and brown paper, and place it in a pan of boiling water deep enough to heat it well, but not to have a chance of boiling over and into the jar. In this situation the jug or jar is to remain three or four hours, the water boiling all the time and more added as it boils away. Then take out the hare, strain the liquor, skim off the fat, and add a thickening of roux. If in the meantime the hare should cool, put it back into the jug with the thickened gravy, and set it in the pot of boiling water till it gets hot, but by no means suffer it to boil. Serve it hot with slices of lemon and with currant jelly.

Civet of Hare is practically the same thing—only it is not done in a closed jug. More liquor may therefore be used, both of wine and of broth, to make up for evaporation; and the name of the dish is to be justified by serving up with it not indeed chives—which have very insignifi-

cant bulbs—but other small onions in great abundance. The pieces of hare are to be fried in butter for ten minutes before being set to stew; and so also the small onions are to be browned in butter before being simmered with the stew.

Hare Soup.—The Scotch way—with blood: after Meg Dods. "Skin and clean the hare thoroughly, saving the blood. Cut a dozen or more of very small chops from the back, shoulders and rump. Put what remains of the hare and the bones into a pot, with four pounds of fresh shin or neck of beef, four quarts of water, a couple of turnips, two carrots, six middle-sized onions, a half-ounce of black and Jamaica peppercorns, an ounce of salt, a faggot of sweet-herbs, and a large head of celery. Boil for three hours, and strain. Brown the small chops nicely in a *sauté*-pan, add them to the strained stock, and simmer for an hour and a half. Strain the blood; rub it with flour, rice-flour, or arrowroot, and a half-pint of the soup, as if making starch; add more hot soup, and put the whole into the soup, which must be kept only at the point of boiling for ten minutes, lest the blood curdle. The soup may be further thickened with the parboiled liver, pounded in a mortar with the pieces of hare boiled for stock. When enough done, skim, put in a glass of catsup, and one or more of red wine, what more salt, pepper and cayenne is required, and also essence of celery. Serve with the hare-steaks in the tureen.

"Observations. Red wine, in the proportion of a quarter-pint to a tureen of soup, is reckoned an improvement by some gourmands; and those of the old school still like a large spoonful of currant jelly dissolved in the soup."

Hare Soup.—The English way—without blood: after Miss Acton. "Cut down a hare into joints, and put into a soup-pot or large stewpan, with about a pound of lean ham

in thick slices, three moderate-sized mild onions, three blades of mace, a faggot of thyme, sweet marjoram, and parsley, and about three quarts of good beef stock. Let it stew very gently for full two hours from the time of its first beginning to boil, and more if the hare be old. Strain the soup, and pound together very fine the slices of ham and all the flesh of the back, legs, and shoulders of the hare, and put this meat into a stewpan with the liquor in which it was boiled, the crumb of two French rolls, and half a pint of port wine. Set it on the stove to simmer twenty minutes; then rub it through a sieve, place it again on the stove till very hot, but do not let it boil; season it with salt and cayenne, and send it to table directly."

HARICOT is a word which in French means two different things—a savoury stew and a kidney-bean. The French etymologists are much exercised to explain how it can mean either of these things, and they are at their wit's end to explain how it can mean both. The explanation is really very simple and lies on the surface; but the French have an old reputation for loving far-fetched etymologies, and they would be untrue to themselves if they did not lose themselves in endless subtleties to unravel the mystery of the haricot. In the seventeenth century Ménage proved clearly that the word might come from the Latin name for a bean—*faba,* which might beget *fabarius,* which might beget *fabaricotus*, which might beget *faricotus,* which might beget *haricotus*. Unhappily there was no authority whatever for the intermediate links of the genealogical chain leading from *faba* to *haricot*. And, still worse, the name of haricot as a stew was in existence for 300 years before any one thought of giving the same name to the bean. In presence of this fact the French philologers of our day have been driven to a new explanation. It has been invented by M. Génin, and it has

been accepted by the leading French authority, M. Littré, as well as by the German authorities, Scheler and Diez.

The oldest mention of the word is to be found in a cookery book which is supposed to bear the date of 1393—*Le Ménager de Paris*. There is a receipt there given for "hericot de mouton," the first sentence of which says that the mutton must be cut into pieces. M. Génin has seized upon this sentence and has connected it with a very old French word—*haligote* or *herligote*, which he derives from the Latin *aliquot*! Whatever its derivation, its meaning was a piece or morsel, and it had a corresponding verb *harigoter*, to cut to pieces. That, said M. Génin, is haricot—it means anything cut to pieces. And this word, he continues, came to be applied from the stew to the kidney-bean, because, no doubt, some one saw a dish of kidney-beans cut to pieces and thought it resembled a mutton hash! One cannot always account for the play of fancy. A crust of bread is rubbed with garlic; it is thrown into a chicory salad to give it a flavour; and all the world (at least in French) agree to call it, for some unknown reason—a capon. And so, no doubt, for some inexplicable reason a dish of kidney-beans was called after a mutton stew—a haricot.

It is almost incredible that men of learning and sense, who call each other *spirituel* in quoting this explanation, should allow themselves to be deceived by such follies. It is all the more wonderful inasmuch as they cannot touch upon the question without using words which on the very surface contain the real explanation. They have always to begin by pointing out that a haricot of mutton is nothing more or less than a ragôut of mutton; and yet it never seems to have occurred to them that haricot is radically the same word as ragôut. In England, however, we are familiar with the fact that the French do not recognise their own words when returned to them from abroad. Ages ago the English took the French word *bœuf* and

turned it into beef. When the name of roast beef came to France the French did not recognise their own word, and for two hundred years they have been speaking of rosbif d'agneau and rosbif de mouton. It is not merely the ignorant who fall into such a locution: men of education, with a fine ear for the delicacies of language, such as Jules Janin, will adopt the blunder with childish simplicity. Now this is what has happened to them in a blunder of lower depth with regard to their word ragôut. It came back to them altered from the German frontier, and they altogether failed to recognise it. It came back to them pronounced as ricot. The vowel changes can easily be explained, and will scarcely be surprising to us who have transmuted bœuf into beef. The only change of consonant, the hardening of *g* into *c*, is characteristic of the pronunciation of French on the Rhine. So far there is no difficulty. The difficulty arises when we have to account for the initial syllable of haricot. It has been shown by Mr. Max Müller that there are many words aspirated in French purely through the contageous influence of the German pronunciation. Thus the Latin word *altus* ought to be in modern French *aut*: it is *haut* through contagion of the German *hoch*. Again the Latin *ululare* ought to be in French *urler*, or as in old French *uller*: it was *huller* and it is *hurler* through contagion of the German *heulen*. But more than this: the word we are considering begins with *r*, to which the Germans gave such a strong guttural pronunciation that it might be represented in writing as *hricot*: and the French caught this up as *haricot* or *hericot*. There is a case in point. The French have adopted the German word *rang* and have caught it up quite correctly. But they have also caught it up wrongly. The guttural pronunciation of the German *r* made the word sound like *hrang*, and they caught it up as *harangue*. So *rang* and *harangue*, which are at root one and the same word, exist in modern

French as two distinct words, all through the guttural *r* of the Germans, which seemed to make an additional syllable of itself. And this is precisely what has happened to *ragôut*. It went over to Germany and came back in German pronunciation *haricot* or *hericot,* which was all the more easily accepted as in Provence there was a word *fricot,* which is still in use, which means, like haricot, a savoury stew, and which seemed to give it a sort of fraternal right.

So much for the stew as regards its name; and for more of a practical nature turn to Ragôut and Navarin. We have now to account for the name of the bean. And here the French have gone astray through a false notion that the word is still the same. Haricot, the bean, is a distinct word which has nothing whatever to do with a ragôut. It means a snail. There has been a peculiar tendency to designate this kind of bean in a simile. The ancients called it Phaseolus—a little boat, and Linnæus has fixed this for the name of the tribe. We in England call it a kidney-bean; and the Portuguese called one of its varieties a caracol or snail, the Italians a caraco or caracolla. This is the word which the French have transfigured into haricot and have allotted to the species. They turned the *l* at the end into *t,* just as they made apricoque into abricot and l'oriole into loriot. That the initial should be transmuted into a simple aspirate is quite in accordance with the possibilities of a language which has chat for cat, and of a word which in one form (said to be Arabic) appears as garagol. Compare garb (a sheaf) with harvest. To one particular variety of the kidney-bean Linnæus gave the name of Phaseolus Caracalla, and the French recognise it as haricot limaçon, which is a reduplication of the original name, the meaning of which has been lost. Such reduplications are common enough. Thus in English we speak of a cockle-shell—forgetful of the fact that cockle (coquille) is itself a

shell. Or again we speak of a dog-kennel, forgetful of the fact that kennel (canile) is itself a dog-house, and that therefore to say dog-kennel is in effect to say dog-dog-house.

Unhappily, in England, the haricot is little known except in the unripe pod. It is the only vegetable which we eat in the pod, and the technical name for it in this condition is green haricots, or in French haricots verts. It would be more convenient, however, to speak of them as haricot pods, to distinguish them from the haricot seeds which are also green, as peas or beans are, and not merely white and red. In England the only kinds of haricot that come to perfection are the dwarf kidney-bean, known as the French bean, a native of India introduced into England three centuries ago; and the scarlet runner, a native of South America, introduced in 1663, but so little regarded as an article of food that up to the end of last century it was chiefly used as an ornamental flower, or petted as a curiosity among twining plants because it is the only one which twines the opposite way of the sun. But neither of these is brought to such perfection in England that the seeds are cared for, and the seeds used here are mostly imported from France. Of these there are three chief kinds, which may be rudely described as four—the Green, the White, the Red, and the broad haricot of Soissons. It must be clearly understood, however, that the first two are the same and differ only as green peas from yellow.

1. *Haricot Pods*—what the French call haricots verts; called also French beans, and, in old French, Roman beans.

Plain boiled. This is called the English fashion. Pick and clear of strings about a pound of them, cut them in pieces lengthways, and boil them in an uncovered stew-pan with salt and much water till they are tender. Drain

them well in a colander, and when serving them put a good piece of butter among them.

Tossed. Boil as before, and having drained them thoroughly, toss them with two ounces of butter for nearly ten minutes on a brisk fire. Add a pinch of salt, a squeeze of lemon, and a sprinkling of parsley chopped fine.

En Poulette. Boil and drain them as before, and serve them in a Poulette sauce without the mushrooms, but with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

In salad. Cut them in diamond shapes, blanch them well, cook them, cool them, drain them, mix them with oil and vinegar, and with a garnish of chopped ravigote. To this salad may be added, in the Lyonnese fashion, slices of onion baked in cinders, or indeed baked any way.

2. *Haricot Beans.*—These are the seeds; first, the flageolets, which are green and are to be had fresh from July to October, or dried always; second, the white haricots, which are the green ones ripened; third, the red haricots; fourth, the large Soissons beans.

Plain boiled. If the beans are fresh they are thrown into boiling water; if dry into cold. It was once the custom to soak the latter for a long time—perhaps twenty-four hours—in cold water before use; but this was irksome, for it implied that we could not have haricots without a day's notice beforehand. It has since been found that by a particular process of boiling the previous soaking can be dispensed with. The art is this, and it applies to dried peas as well: Put the beans into cold water, bring them to the boiling point and simmer them for half an hour; then put in a gill of cold water, bring the beans to the boiling point again and simmer as before; every half-hour repeat the cold water, the boiling and the simmering, till the beans are tender. Salt is taken for granted, it is needless to say.

Tossed in Butter. Toss them in two ounces of butter, a wineglassful of the liquor they have boiled in, salt and chopped parsley. Sometimes when tossed in this way, these haricots are mixed with haricot pods—which are then called haricots panachés.

À la Bretonne. Mixed half and half with Breton Sauce and served with roast or broiled mutton. See Breton.

Purée of White Haricots for Garnish. Boil them with an onion and a faggot of parsley, which latter is afterwards to be put aside, and then pass the haricots and the onion through a sieve, moistening with milk or broth to help them through. Warm them up with butter, salt and a little sifted sugar, and keep them warm in the bain marie till the moment of serving, when they may be brightened up with another piece of fresh butter. For a slightly different treatment, see the article Purée.

Stew of Red Haricots. Let them be plain boiled, but not for nearly the full time. Then put them into a stewpan with about half a pound of streaky bacon in small slices, a pinch or two of flour, the same of pepper, two glasses of red wine, two glasses of the water they have boiled in, and simmer them for from twenty to thirty minutes. When all is ready add an ounce of butter and serve. This is the French idea of beans and bacon.

Haricot Soups, white and red, are prepared like pea soup, for which see the receipt. The red haricot soup goes always by the name of Condé, the white by that of Clermont.

Harlequin Comfits.—Caraway seed coated with sugar of various colours and sprinkled as an ornament over cakes and creams. They are not much used now, and certainly not by pastrycooks who think of fashion. They have, in fact, become vulgar. But a rose is sweet by whatever name it is known, and whether it grows in a

garden or a hedge; and these harlequin comfits, with their variety of pretty tints, pleased us as children, and will please us too as men, so long as we retain simplicity of taste.

HARTSHORN.—How wise we can be after a folly has been exposed! We now laugh at ourselves for eating stag's horn, and imagining that because reduced to shavings and dissolved in water it gave solidarity to liquids, it must add strength to food. It was the same with ivory filings. We who would have laughed at the notion of eating horn and sucking ivory, thought that water turned into jelly by one or the other must abound in strength. And we who have eaten horn and ivory because they are strong are the very persons who jest at the ancients because they ate nightingales to make them musical, and at the French because they eat frogs by way of cure for croaking.

HEBE—Jupiter's parlour-maid. Always, if possible, have a Hebe to wait. It is incalculable how much a pretty parlour-maid adds to the poetry of the table.

HERBS.—There is a curious classification of gardeners which I have never been able to understand. A certain number of plants are called herbs, and they are divided into Pot-herbs and Sweet-herbs.

Pot-herbs are—parsley, purslane, tarragon, fennel, borage, dill, chervil, horseradish, Indian cress, and marigold.

Sweet-herbs are—thyme, sage, savory, clary, mint, marjoram, basil, rosemary, lavender, tansy and costmary.

This list is taken from Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Gardening," and shows the requirements of a modern English kitchen garden, from which it is needless to say that many plants formerly in use, and classed as pot-herbs or sweet-herbs, are omitted. The French have something similar in their list of *potagéres;* but the selection is widely

different. In either case the classification is not scientific and will not bear analysis. It represents an old-world arrangement which has passed away.

Pot-herbs from Wild Plants.—Black bryony, charlock, oxtongue, and spotted hawkweed, to be used like turnip-tops or greens, in spite of the fact that bryony is commonly considered poison. Burdock and willow-herb have their tender shoots boiled and eaten as asparagus. Fat-hen, sea-orach, sea-beet, sow-thistle, and the stinging-nettle may be treated like spinach. Chickweed is said to be remarkably good, and once was common at table. Sauce-alone, or Jack-by-the-hedge, has a taste of garlic, and has some repute as a pot-herb. Wild rocket is something like mustard, and may be used either as pot-herb or salad.

Herring.—Amsterdam is said to be built on herring-bones; and the herring has certainly made the fortune of Holland. It is one of those productions, says Lacépède, which decide the destiny of empires. It is not so much to look at, this little creature, but it is as the sea-sand for multitude, and the poets have discovered that they mean living men.

> Ye may ca' them caller herring,
> Women ca' them—lives o' men.

They cost men's lives, it is true; but it is also true that whole nations live by them. The Emperor Charles V. made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Dutchman who is supposed to have invented pickled herrings. He was not really the creator of this commodity—but that is nothing; what is admirable is the hero-worship of a great Emperor bending his head and casting his crown before the tomb of a herring-salter. This is a case of hero-worship which Carlyle has curiously omitted. We have heard of the hero as king, as poet, as prophet; we have still to hear of him as a humble but most useful herring-pickler, adding to the wealth of the world and the happiness of his people by a

simple but far-reaching and wonder-working discovery in food. *Io Triumphe* ! cries the Frenchman Lacépède—"if it was a citizen of Biervliet who first originated the idea of salting and barrelling herrings, let us glory in the remembrance that it was a citizen of Dieppe who first taught the world how to smoke them." Herrings were salted and smoked long before the said citizens of Biervliet and Dieppe opened their eyes upon the fishing fleets; but all the same the hero-worship of the Republican Lacépède is as interesting and honourable as that of the Imperial Charles.

The most varied accounts are given as to the time when herrings are in season. A great authority, Grimod de la Reynière, announces to the Parisians in his calendar the arrival of the herring in November. There are English books which announce November as the very end of the season for the herring. The fact is that there is more than one kind of herring. The common kind comes to our shores in April or May, and spawns in the end of October or beginning of November, after which it is good for nothing. There is another kind, which Yarrell calls Leach's herring, which is heavy with roe in January and which does not spawn till the middle of February. In the Baltic there are three distinct species—a spring, a summer, and an autumn herring. Practically we have the herring in England all the year round save the spring months.

Fresh Herrings.—The best British herring by far is the Loch Fyne herring—and the most approved method of cooking it is that which is practised on the Clyde. A fresh herring is nearly always and everywhere broiled. The Clyde fashion is to broil or fry it as follows :—The heads, tails, and fins of a couple of herrings are clipped off. The fish when thoroughly cleaned are split open by the back and boned. They are then dusted with pepper and salt,

and enriched with a little butter. They are next placed one on the other, the skins being outside, and skewered or sewn together.

The English way is to broil each herring by itself, either splitting it and boning it, which is best, or leaving it entire. But in reference to any of these processes a question suggests itself. Do you, or do you not, eat the skin of the herring? If you do, there is no more to be said and no fault to be found. If you do not, then why give the pleasant taste of broiling or frying to the surface which is to be rejected? Arrange that the taste of the fire shall go upon the flesh of the herring and not upon the skin.

Salt Herrings.—These on the Continent are generally eaten after the manner of the Dutch—raw. Cut off head, tail, and fins; remove also the backbone; soak them for a time in milk and water; dry them, cut them in pieces, and arrange them in a boat or deep dish, with slices of roasted onions and of raw apples; add oil and vinegar, and eat. Sometimes, however, in France, these herrings, after being soaked, are grilled and served on a purée of peas, French beans, or lentils.

Bloaters and Kippers.—There is only one way of doing these, and it is perfect—to grill them à la maître d'hôtel. But mark: the French remove the skin, and there ought to be a stringent law to this effect set up in all kitchens, and parlous punishment inflicted for its violation.

Red Herrings.—French way: Soak them for some time in milk, and having wiped them, place them in a marinade of oil, pepper, parsley, shalot, and mushrooms finely chopped. Breadcrumb them, grill them, and serve them with bread and butter.

Holland Sauce (Sauce Hollandaise)—another name for Dutch sauce.

Horly—*à la Horly*—is a mode of describing fillets of anything, but generally of fish, fowl, and the whiter game, first marinaded for a couple of hours, then drained and dried, then dipped in batter and fried, then again drained and served with crisp parsley and a boatful of sauce. The chief Horlys are fillets of chicken and fillets of sole, and they are both done alike. The usual sauce to go with them is Tomato. For the marinade take either of the uncooked ones.

Hors d'œuvre.—There was a time when these little articles demanded a good deal of attention. They are now of the smallest account; and are little more than the trifles—prawns, olives, radishes, anchovies—which keep the customer occupied in a restaurant while the dinner he has ordered is getting ready. The hot Hors d'œuvres—as the Bouchées, Rissoles and Croquettes—are now classed among the entrées.

Horseradish.—Old Parkinson said that it ought to be called Clown's mustard, "for it is too strong for any tender stomach." Nevertheless, there are many persons to whom roast beef without horseradish is nearly as great a failure as without mustard. It is scraped and served as a garnish. Better still, it is grated and made into a sauce, which is usually cold, though sometimes heated.

Horseradish Sauce.—Grate a young root finely. Add to it a gill of cream, a dessertspoonful of sugar, a little salt, and rather more than a tablespoonful of vinegar, and mix all well together. Some persons add mustard.

Another receipt.—Add to the grated radish the zest and juice of an orange, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a tablespoonful of panada, a good tablespoonful of vinegar, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a good pinch of salt. Mix well together and serve in a boat. See Polish Sauce.

Hospitality.—But be not thou like the too flowery Chinese, of whom the Abbé Huc gives the following account—the hero of the tale, observe, being not a heathen, but a Christian, Chinee. "During the time when we were at our Northern Mission, we were witnesses of a most curious fact, which was wonderfully characteristic of the Chinese. It was one of our feast days, and we were to celebrate the Holy Office at the house of the First Catechist, where there was a tolerably large chapel to which the Christians of the neighbouring villages were in the habit of coming in great numbers. After the ceremony the master of the house posted himself in the middle of the court, and began to call to the Christians who were leaving the chapel—'Don't let anybody go away. To-day I invite every one to eat rice in my house'; and then he ran from one group to another urging them to stay. But every one alleged some reason for going, and went. The courteous host appeared quite distressed. At last he spied a cousin of his, who had almost reached the door, and rushed towards him saying—'What, cousin! are you going too? Impossible, this is a holiday, and you really must stop.' 'No,' said the other, 'do not press me; I have business at home that I must attend to.' 'Business! What to-day—a day of rest! Absolutely, you shall stop; I won't let you go!' And he seized the cousin's robe, and tried to bring him back by main force, while the desired guest struggled as well as he could, and sought to prove that his business was too pressing to allow of his remaining. 'Well,' said the host at last, 'since you positively cannot stay to eat rice, we must at least drink a few glasses of wine together. I should be quite ashamed if my cousin went away from my house without taking anything.' 'Well,' replied the cousin, 'it don't take much time to drink a glass of wine,'—and he turned back. They re-entered the house, and sat down in the company room. The master then called in a loud voice, though without appearing to

address any one in particular, 'Heat some wine and fry two eggs!'

"In the meantime, till the hot wine and fried eggs should arrive, the two lighted their pipes and began to gossip, and then they lit and smoked again; but the wine and eggs did not make their appearance. The cousin, who most likely had some real business, at last ventured to ask of his hospitable entertainer how long he thought it would be before the wine would be ready. 'Wine!' replied the host: 'wine! Have we got any wine here? Don't you know very well that I never drink wine? It hurts my stomach.' 'In that case,' said the cousin, 'surely you might have let me go. Why did you press me to stay?' Hereupon the master of the mansion rose and assumed an attitude of lofty indignation. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'anybody might know what country you come from. What! I have the politeness to invite you to drink wine, and you have not even the politeness to refuse! Where in the world have you learned your rites? Among the Mongols, I should think,' And the poor cousin, understanding that he had been guilty of a dreadful blunder, stammered some words of apology, and, filling his pipe once more, departed.

"We were ourselves present at this delightful little scene; and as soon as the cousin was gone, the least we could do was to have a good laugh; but the master of the house did not laugh—he was indignant. He asked us whether we had ever seen such an ignorant, stupid, absurd man as his cousin; and he returned always to his grand principle—that is to say, that a well-bred man will always render politeness for politeness, and that one ought kindly to refuse what another kindly offers; 'otherwise,' he cried, 'what would become of us?'"—*Huc's Chinese Empire*, vol. i., chap. 7.

HOTCH POTCH implies confusion and variety; and as

confusion may be infinite and variety indescribable, it is a word of wide application. The Scotch, however, seem to have set their hearts upon this word rhyming to their name, and have fixed it for ever upon a magnificent dish which they call a soup, but which looks more like a stew. It is a soup of the class which the French call a Garbure. The principle of it and of the other mutton broths will be explained hereafter in the article Scotch Broth. When Prince Albert paid his first visit to the Highlands he was profoundly interested in this great national dish—the Scotch Hotch Potch, which is devoured by rich and poor alike with incredible gusto. He made his first acquaintance with it on a hillside, where a herd-laddie was dipping his spoon into a tin can. The Prince asked the boy what he had for dinner, and was told it was Hotch Potch. "And what is Hotch Potch?" said the Prince. "There's carrots intil't," said the boy, "there's neeps (turnips) intil't, there's peas intil't, there's cabbage intil't——" The Prince stopped him: "Yes, my little man, but what's intil't,'?" "There's peas intil't," continued the boy, "there's carrots intil't." "Yes, yes," rejoined the Prince, "but I want to know what's 'intil't,'" "I'm telling ye—there's carrots intil't, there's cabbage intil't, there's peas intil't." "Still I don't know what is 'intil't.'" "Did ye ever hear the like?" said the boy; "am n't I telling you that there's peas intil't?"—and so forth. The Prince was not enlightened until one of his gillies came up and informed him that in the language of the country "intil't," means *into it* or *in it*: "There's peas in it, there's carrots in it." The following receipt is taken from the cookery book of Mrs. Dalgairns, which I always read with awe because the great Wizard of the North, Sir Walter himself, is said to have contributed to its pages. Who knows but this receipt came in all its robust simplicity from his hands?

"Cut in dice a good quantity of young turnips and carrots, and boil them gently, with one or two lettuces cut

small, the tops of some cauliflower, and a pint of full-grown peas in four quarts of boiling water for two hours. Cut in neat chops a loin or the best end of a neck of mutton; add them to the vegetables with salt, pepper and some onions cut small, and let them boil an hour and a half. Lastly, add three pints of green peas and boil half an hour longer, when it is ready to serve." In all two hours and a half—the mutton being put in half an hour after the vegetables.

Distrust the English imitations of this receipt, which all miss the chief point of it—a superabundance of peas, a portion of them being put in from the first, and after 2½ hours' boiling being reduced to a mash. Compare with this the Flemish dish of peas and lettuce, which will be found under the heading of Paysanne.

N.B.—No barley. In England it is supposed that there must be barley in all Scotch broth. It is a mistake. Hotch Potch will accept almost any addition except barley.

Humble Pie.—If ever you should be told to eat humble pie, beg that you may be permitted to do so—for it is very good. It is made of the humble or numbles of a deer—that is, the inward parts. The Scotch make a wonderful pudding out of the inward parts of a sheep—the haggis.

INDIGESTION.—There is no such cure for indigestion as that prescribed by Harry the Eighth and recorded as follows by Thomas Fuller in his *Church History*:—

"King Henry VIII., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest, either casually lost or (more probably) wilfully losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself (much for delight, more for discovery, to see unseen), he was invited to the abbot's table, and passed for one of the King's guard

—a place to which the proportion of his person might properly entitle him. A sir-loin of beef was set before him (so knighted, saith tradition, by this King Henry), on which the King laid on lustily, not disgracing one of that place for whom he was mistaken. 'Well fare thy heart,' quoth the abbot, 'and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and queasy stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken.' The King pleasantly pledged him, and heartily thanked him for his good cheer; after dinner departed as undiscovered as he came thither. Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a pursuivant, brought up to London, clapt in the Tower, kept a close prisoner, fed for a short time on bread and water; yet not so empty his body of food, as his mind was filled with fears, creating many suspicions to himself, when and how he had incurred the King's displeasure. At last a sir-loin of beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed as the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb that two hungry meals make the third a glutton. In springs King Henry out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself, the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. 'My lord,' quoth the King, 'presently deposit your £100 in gold, or else no going hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your queasy stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my fee for the same.' The abbot down with his dust; and glad he had escaped so, returned to Reading, as somewhat lighter in his purse, so much more merrier in heart than when he came thence.

INN.—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his changes may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.—*Shenstone.*

Irish Stew.—There are two possible reasons for the name of this dish. The first is Hibernian—it is unknown in Ireland; the second is that the stuff of which Irishmen are made is redundant in it—potatoes. The Irish are not cooks. They are the most agreeable of companions at table, but they have done nothing to furnish the table except in the way of Usquebagh—water of life—which, however, it must be admitted is an immense achievement, worthy of the magicians, and proving beyond a doubt that in the olden time Ireland was the abode of giants.

Irish stew is a white ragout of mutton with potatoes for the chief garnish. Most ragouts are brown—it being always easier to heighten the flavour of a sauce by browning it than by trusting to mere decoction. What is called the haricot of mutton, for example, is browned. The beautiful simplicity of the Irish stew would be lost if it were allowed in any way to brown. The potatoes are so important in it that they are always double the weight of the meat, and the only other vegetable that they go with is the onion—which may be much or little according to taste. In the true Irish stew, too, both potatoes and onions are exceedingly well done, so that they are half reduced to a mash.

Take the neck of mutton and divide it into cutlets, well trimmed of the fat. No objection to some of the breast divided into squares. Season the pieces plentifully with pepper and slightly with salt. Place the meat in a deep stewpan with six or eight onions: cover it with water, and let it simmer for half an hour. As Irish stew must not be greasy, the liquor is then poured off, and poured back again after the grease has been removed. In the meantime potatoes have been got ready, parboiled and peeled. They should amount after peeling to twice the weight of the meat. They are added to the stew with a pint of broth or else a like quantity of water; and the whole is left to simmer for an hour and a half. See in

serving it that it has salt enough and a decided flavour of the pepper pot.

In Scotland they produce exactly such a stew, cover it over with a crust, and call it Shepherd's pie. In Devonshire and Cornwall they make this pie, put apples into it instead of potatoes, and announce it as Devonshire, Cornish, or Squab pie. The Shepherd's pie of Scotland is evidently too farinaceous—potatoes within and paste without. The housewives of Devonshire and Cornwall are much more artistic in keeping to one kind of farina—the paste, and putting inside the pie only apples and onions. As the combination of apples and onions in the way of garniture has been long dedicated in England to pork, the Devonians and Cornishmen have also decided that their pie shall do honour to pork as often as to mutton—perhaps oftener.

Isinglass.—The remarks of Liebig upon gelatine apply equally to isinglass, which must henceforth be regarded rather as a vehicle of ornament than as an article of nourishment. At least there is this in its favour—it is more delicate than gelatine. It is the best simple means at our command for giving firmness to liquids. It is made from the sound or swim-bladder of various fishes, but chiefly the sturgeon, which yields the best; and the mode of drying it has given rise to a number of confusing names—as purse, pipe and lump isinglass, leaf, honeycomb, staple and book isinglass. All depends on whether the sound is opened or unopened before being dried, and whether, being opened, it is folded again, left unfolded, or rolled out.

Italian Sauce.—Most of the cookery books are curiously uncertain about this sauce. Some make it white, some make it brown, and others make it both white and brown. It is a white sauce. People may say that they have a right to reproduce it in brown if they please. So they have; but the result in that case is so nearly allied to

some other brown sauces that it seems absurd to make a confusion of names for a trifling difference.

Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of parsley, half one of shalot, and another of mushroom—all finely chopped; half a bottle of white wine; and butter about the size of an egg. Put it on the fire to boil and reduce it well, but without browning it. Then add two ladlefuls of Velvet-down and one of double broth. Set it on the fire to boil and to throw up its scum. Remove scum and grease, and it is ready.



AM—one of the most unfortunate words ever introduced into the English language. Of foreign, probably Oriental origin, it has been only too easy to confound it in meaning with the English word to jam or crush together. The English make their conserves of fruit into a jam—something pressed hard together; which they sometimes also most appropriately call—a cheese. They have no notion, for example, in making strawberry jam, of keeping the berries separate. They do not understand a medium between smashing the fruit and jamming it together into a solid cheese on the one hand, and on the other preserving it like bottled fruits in a thin syrup. In the one case the flavour of the conserve is overdone—in the other underdone; and no justice is done to the fruit. There might be some excuse for such a treatment of raspberries, which easily break and run together. Nobody who has eaten the Scotch or the French conserve of strawberries, where the fruit is kept whole, will care to look at the English jam.

Every rule has its exception. There is a good strawberry jam to be found in London. The maker's name is oddly spelt—Buszard. There is a curious indecision which

interests the philosophic mind in that *s* which fears to duplicate itself, and that *z* which refuses to vanish altogether. There is no indecision in the jam, however—and I hand down to the admiration of posterity the immortal name of W. Buszard, 350, Oxford Street—the only place in London where strawberries are decently preserved.

JARDINIÈRE.—It is an amusing idea, this of the gardener's wife, who is supposed to go into the garden to see her husband, who filches here a carrot or two, there a turnip, now an onion or a few pods of peas, and who returns home with a medley of small vegetables in her apron. A soup with her little collection thrown into it is called a soup à la Jardinière (see Brunoise); and a steak, a cutlet or a ragout served with a similarly medley is said to be a cutlet, a steak or a ragout after the fashion of the gardener's wife. As the word Macedon is used in the same way to express a medley of vegetables, and as we do not always want the same combination of garden stuff, it is a pity that one of these words is not used for one sort of medley and the other for another. But here we have two words for one and the same thing—any conceivable medley of vegetables.

JELLY.—No doubt the counterblast of Baron Liebig against gelatine and jelly was much needed. The world had an exaggerated notion of the value of jelly as nutriment. The counterblast of the chemist was aided by the discovery that gelatine is often derived from obnoxious sources—such as horses' hoofs. The consequence is that jelly has gone very much out of fashion. This is a pity; for whatever the chemists may say—and their results, as may be seen under the head of Gelatine, are by no means clear—the palate enjoys a good calf's-foot jelly, and we are not yet so corrupted by civilisation that we cannot afford to be ruled by the promptings of nature. A sick man will often swallow with enjoyment a calf's-foot jelly

when he can take nothing else. "It cannot do you any good," says the chemist, "because I cannot find it a place in my scale of diet." All the sick man can say is—"I like it—my stomach will tolerate this jelly when it can tolerate nothing else. No chemist has ever yet been able to express in figures the good that coffee does, or tea; and when I can take a good jelly with pleasure, why should I refuse it merely because the chemist is at fault with his weights and measures, cannot find gelatine in the blood, and cannot tell what part it plays in the body, where nevertheless for some useful purpose it abounds?"

Calf's-foot Jelly.—Jelly can be made from bones, from hartshorn, from isinglass, from prepared gelatine, from moss. The best, however, is made from meat, and the most expeditious from calves' feet. Calves' feet are extremely useful in this way, and may as opportunity serves be helped out with knuckle of veal, pig's skin, or any other gelatinous substance at hand. Under the head of Aspic will be found a receipt for calf's-foot jelly flavoured with vegetables, to be eaten with cold meat. The same receipt, barring the vegetables, holds for what is commonly called calf's-foot jelly—a sweetened jelly which belongs to the entremets. When the calf's feet have been boiled down, and the liquor has been passed through a sieve as well as freed from grease, sugar is added, and spices such as cinnamon and coriander seeds. All this is dissolved over the fire, together with half a bottle of sherry (but some prefer rum, punch, or noyau), the juice of six and zest of two lemons. The liquor is then clarified with whites of eggs, and it is tested for strength. If it is not strong enough some isinglass is added, or else some perfectly trustworthy gelatine; it is then passed through a jelly-bag and left to set in a mould.

English cooks boast of calf's-foot jelly as their own peculiar invention, and the French freely accord this glory

to the English kitchen. But here is a refinement which must be left to the learned to decide upon. There is a sect of philosophers who declare that jelly in a mould is not nearly so nice as the same jelly broken up and served in fragments.

Another refinement. It makes a very pretty combination with good cream, and perhaps it may be well and of good omen to give rest to the shade of Baron Liebig by adding the nourishment of cream to the no nourishment of jelly.

Again a refinement—but this is more for the eye than for the taste. Carême introduced the practice of serving this jelly when flavoured with oranges in the orange skins, divided in half. But in orange jelly there is no wine, and very often no calves' feet. It is made mostly with isinglass, dissolved in a great deal of the juice and a little of the zest of oranges.

Meat Jelly is chiefly made from veal, because it is most gelatinous. To every pound of veal add a calf's foot, half a pound of the leg of beef, and half a pound of the rind of fresh pork—in short, pigskin. Make a broth of this in the ordinary way, using the smallest quantity of water which is considered allowable—say a pint to a pound; add vegetables and salt; see that it has been well skimmed; simmer it for three hours; and strain it through a napkin. If there is any doubt as to its strength for jelly test it on ice, and if it is not stiff enough, reduce it. Lastly, clarify it. Here is a clear white jelly for use in all the white preparations of food; as glaze and the gravies are used in the brown preparations.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.—See Girasol Artichoke.

JESUITS.—There is a strong feeling against these learned fathers, but whenever we feel inclined to denounce them let us pause—let us remember that they introduced into Europe and propagated the turkey: and let us reflect—

what would Europe, what would civilisation now be without this excellent creature? What would become of our Christmas dinner? The English name of the turkey is wrong, and comes from an error as to the origin of the bird. The French name of *dinde*—that is, coq d'Inde, is right in that the name of Indies was applied formerly to America. We speak in England of the cinchona bark as Jesuit's bark. The turkey is in like manner the Jesuits' bird.

Joint.—The Grosse-pièce of the French, or the Pièce de resistance, is too well known in England to call for any remark in and by itself; but there is a controversy between the French and the English as to its proper place in a dinner. The French place it at the beginning after the soup; the English place it at the end before the entremets. The question has already been discussed in the article on Entrées and Entremets.

Julienne.—The history of the soup called Julienne is remarkable, though it is lost in the darkness of the past. It is the most popular soup in Christendom, and yet the meaning of its name is utterly unknown. For a time it was supposed to be named after some cook who invented it; but it was in existence long before the time when any cook was in a position to give his name to a dish; and all the best French etymologists have given up the word as a hopeless puzzle. I think that in the sequel I can give a clear explanation of the name; but before doing so it is necessary first of all to note down certain traditions which have been preserved from immemorial date, though not always concurrently, in regard to this soup.

1. There is a curious tradition about Julienne soup, which has been most carefully preserved, and which is so incomprehensible until we get the clue to it that it looks like a superstition. It is ordered that the carrots, turnips, and other vegetables in the soup shall be cut into

long strips or straws. There are cookery books which make absolutely no distinction whatever between Julienne and other spring soups but this—that whereas in the other soups the roots may be cut into dice or shaped into peas, or may have any convenient form whatever, in Julienne they must be cut into little straws. The tradition is not invariably observed, and plenty of receipts (especially in England) may be found in which there is no mention of the vegetable straws as an essential characteristic of the soup. There were cooks who naturally argued that the shape of the vegetables could not affect the quality of the soup, and refused to bow to the superstition which compelled them to be cut into strips. Reason or no reason, the usage is almost invariable in France, where a master-cook would consider himself disgraced if it could be said of him that he had put carrots into his Julienne without cutting them into straws. And the usage is so well understood that in prescribing the arrangement of other dishes, it is always enough to say—cut the vegetables as for Julienne.

2. There is another tradition—that Julienne must always have sorrel in it. Some cooks neglect this, and fail to put sorrel in the Julienne; or they forget the peculiarity of Julienne, and put sorrel into all the soups of similar character. Francatelli is an excellent cook, but he has not the historical instincts of a Frenchman, and he will tell his pupils to put sorrel alike into Brunoise and into Julienne, but not into spring soup. Frenchmen like Dubois and Bernard will allow to Brunoise the same vegetables as to Julienne, but always except the sorrel, which is peculiar to the latter. A Parisian physician, Dr. Roques, who had a great authority as a gastronomer, gave a warning to the French cooks of the last generation not to forget sorrel in the Julienne. "Certes," he said, "votre Julienne serait manquée, si l'on y avait oublié l'oseille."

But even with these traditions ringing in our ears, how are we nearer to a solution of the question as to the

meaning of Julienne? We are no nearer to this goal until we make an assumption—namely, that the sorrel proper to Julienne is not the common sorrel but wood-sorrel. It is an assumption suggested by the earliest known receipt for making the soup. We are told to take each sorrel leaf and give it two cuts of the knife. Why two cuts, and only two? Two cuts administered to each sorrel leaf will divide it into three and suggest the trefoil of the woodsorrel. The common sorrel which is used in our kitchens is a sort of dock. The woodsorrel has a more delicate acid, is said to be more wholesome, and belongs to a different family. It is not much used in cookery, but it is still classed among pot-herbs both by the French and by the English. Now this woodsorrel has many names. In France it is known as la petite oseille, l'oseille à trois feuilles, trèfle aigre, surelle, herbe de bœuf, and pain de coucou. In England it is known as woodsorrel, stubwort, sour trefoil, and cuckoo's meat. But over and above these names there is another, common to both countries and belonging also to Italy and to Spain—Alleluia or Allelujah. There is a tradition that the woodsorrel is the true and original shamrock, and that when St. Patrick beheld this emblem of the Trinity in his favoured island he fell to praising God. It is no doubt from a sentiment of this kind that the name of Allelujah for the woodsorrel arose in the south of Europe, in Italy and in Spain, and spread northward to France and to England. But the name was subject to corruption. All persons have not the strong religious sentiment which would lead them to cry Allelujah at the sight of a sour trefoil. In England and also on the Continent the word was corrupted into Lujula. This corruption got such hold of the men of science that they insisted upon its being the true word, and the Pharmacopœia of the London College gave directions for a conserve of woodsorrel to be made under the scientific name of *Conserva Lujulæ*. In the south of Italy another corruption was

produced: Juliola—little Julia. In France it was natural that there should be a corruption too, but apart from the name of the soup which we are considering we know not what it was. Is it incredible that the word which in England and in some parts of the Continent passed authoritatively into Lujula, and which was transformed in Calabria into Juliola, became in France fashionable as Julienne? The French philologists may on this hint be able to trace in greater detail the corruption of Alleluia into Julienne; but for the present there is only this much further to be said of it: that the process of corruption which ended in Julienne probably began in Italy and was foreign to France. It is one of the traditions of Julienne that it is distinct from the ordinary French soups; and probably the name as well as the receipt for it came into France with the Italian cooks of Catherine de Medici, who first taught the French the refined and scientific cookery of modern times. They would bring with them from Italy Juliola, or some such corruption, which the French with their wonderful habit of Frenchifying foreign names would transform into Julienne.

Let it be observed, too, that in the above statement of the case the argument is put with extreme caution and needless moderation, for it assumes that Juliola is a corruption and that Allelujah is the true name. Now the existence of the name Juliola is known only through Scaliger in his commentary on Theophrastus *De Causis Plantarum;* and his assertion is that the Calabrian name Juliola is the true word, Alleluia being a barbarous and ridiculous corruption. His very decided statement is entitled to the more weight inasmuch as, being himself named Julius, he may be supposed to have inquired into the name of the plant with a special interest. If, then, Juliola be the true and original word, and not a chance or local corruption, it is all the more natural that it should reappear in French as Julienne.

And now comes a curious point in confirmation of this view. Woodsorrel is a small low-lying plant in which the trefoil grows at the end of a slender threadlike stalk. Take a handful of these stalks, boil them in water, and this result will ensue: The leaves will nearly disappear, dissolved in the liquid, and the stalks will remain. The slender stalks in the soup became a characteristic of it, and people learned to see that Julienne was not Julienne unless the fine straws of the woodsorrel remained in it. The cooks recognised this, and when instead of woodsorrel they took to the use of common sorrel, they deemed it a point of honour to put threads of carrots and turnips and celery into their Julienne to represent the stalks which would be missed. There are receipts for making Julienne without any carrots, turnips, or celery whatever. These were introduced cut into threads or straws by cooks who felt bound to save appearances and to make up for the want of woodsorrel stalks.

With this explanation in his hands the reader can now understand what Julienne soup according to the original idea ought to be. It is a clear broth or consommé with a large bunch of woodsorrel melted in it, leaving the stalks to be chewed. It was probably found in process of time that these stalks were not pleasant in the mouth, and they were replaced by threads of carrots, turnips, celery, lettuce, cabbage, leek, onion—whatever would cut into strips and could be made tender by cooking; while at the same time common sorrel took the place of the Allelujah.

The following is the ordinary modern receipt. Cut the red part of four carrots, four turnips, three onions, the white of one head of celery, and of six leeks, in straws about one inch long; put them in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter and a pinch of pounded sugar; fry them over the fire to a light-brown colour; moisten them with three quarts of clear broth or double broth; simmer all very slowly on the stove-corner for

three hours; and twenty minutes before serving, add a cabbage lettuce and a handful of sorrel cut in the same way as the other vegetables, and previously blanched; skim off the fat, and serve.

If this receipt has a fault it is one which will easily be forgiven and can be soon amended. The sorrel in it is not sufficiently pronounced to represent the old idea of the soup. For modern tastes, however, there is probably quite enough of it. Still the cook must never be allowed to forget that the distinction of Julienne consists in being a wood-sorrel soup, and he ought to be reminded of this when he conforms to the perfectly useless but always venerable custom of cutting the vegetables into threads.

KETCHUP.—No need to say much about this, which we owe, as we do soy, to the Japanese. It is a godsend to Englishmen, being not only full of flavour in itself, but the foundation of some of the best store-sauces—Harvey and Worcester—to which they fly when their cooks fail. It is the refuge from bad cookery. Pity that nobody seems to know how to spell it. Some write ketchup, others catsup, and I am told that the true Japanese word is kitjap. Here is indeed a puzzle for the spelling bees!

KICKSHAWS or QUELQUE CHOSE is a name now given to any dish prepared with extraordinary nicety. People should be careful, and the name may be allowed to drop. It was a name originally given not to any preparation of the kitchen, but to the substance prepared. It was something not to be named. And now that this kickshaws or

quelque chose is never eaten except by the poorest of the population, it might be as well to give up referring to it as a delicacy enjoyed by the rich and luxurious.

KID.—There are stories of kid being sold for house-lamb. It is sad to think what the flesh of this little creature will grow to when it becomes a goat, or when old enough to be weaned. Too soon it turns to wickedness and folly. While it is still a suckling, however, it is very good, and may be roasted either as lamb or as hare clothed with bacon.

KIDNEYS nearly always mean sheep's kidneys or lamb's, and these alone are of much account.

Broiled.—Skin them, split them, and fix them on skewers. Dip them in oil or in butter, sprinkle them with a little pepper and salt, and broil them first within and then without. They should be underdone; and when served a piece of maître d'hôtel butter should be placed in the hollow of each. It is essential that the cut surface of the kidney should be first presented to the fire. When it is afterwards turned away from the fire it forms a little cup with its own gravy in it.

Tossed.—Split the kidneys, slice them, and toss them in two or three ounces of butter, with pepper and salt. Five minutes should be enough. Then shake a little flour over them, add a glass of sherry, another of good gravy, a shalot chopped fine, and mushrooms either whole, which is most pleasant (only in this case they have to be passed in butter beforehand), or sliced, which is least troublesome. Let them cook for ten minutes. Another way is to leave out the mushrooms and serve the kidneys with a border of mashed potatoes.

Kidney Pudding.—Line a basin with puff paste No. 4. Cut up some kidneys and put them into it with steak, pepper and salt. If further seasoning be wanted take a

hint from the faggot of Duxelles. Cover and pinch it up, tie it in a cloth, and steam it or boil it for an hour and a half.

KIRSCHENWASSER.—This cherry-water is an excellent and wholesome liqueur made in the Black Forest from geans. It is sometimes fiery, and many persons are afraid of it who have no fear of maraschino, which is also made from geans. The flavour of the Black Forest cherry-water is, however, much more simple than that of the Dalmatian liqueur, and pleases the palate longer; only to put the two liqueurs on a level for fair comparison it is necessary to manipulate the Kirchenwasser. Put some into a strong glass, or better, into a saucer. Take a lump of sugar, dip it into the liquid, set fire to it, and replace it in the saucer so that the whole may take flame. When the flame expires and the sugar is dissolved, taste the cherry-water, and see if it be not superior to any Maraschino. It whiles away ten minutes after dinner in a pretty little blue-flamed game to burn the cherry-water and bring it to the perfection fit for my lady's taste.

KIT-KAT.—Truly the name of this gentleman deserves to live, though it has had an evil influence on the mutton-pies in which he excelled. Mr. Christopher Katt—familiarly known as Kit-kat—was an admirable pastry-cook. A celebrated club used to meet at his house—Addison and Steele among the number—and took the name of the Kit-kat Club. Their portraits were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller of three-quarter size—hence any portrait of the same size is called a Kit-kat. But the mutton-pies of Mr. Katt were so good that they have raised an unhappy prejudice against all succeeding ones. People always asked for the mutton-pies of Katt. The sound of the name lived when its meaning was forgotten, and no one now ever sees a mutton-pie without wondering whether it comes of cat.

KROMESKI is a Polish word, which means no more than the French croquette, and which in its first syllable might find a fair equivalent in the English crumb. If it were lawful to invent a word, it might be translated crumbikins. The kromeski or Polish croquette is made in the usual way with an addition. It is any croquette formed into a little roll and wrapped round with a thin slice of the udder of veal, or failing that with thin bacon. The veal udder (which is always best) or the bacon is boiled beforehand, is then sliced and wrapt round the croquette, which is finally dipped into batter and consigned to the frying-pan, from which it should come out crisp. This is the most seductive of all the forms of croquette.

KÜMMEL.—There is a class of umbel flowers, including anise, caraway or carvy, cumin, dill and coriander, which have long had a reputation for their pungent flavour and for their medicinal virtues—the chief of these virtues being to correct flatulence. Dill-water was famous at one time in England; anise-seed is not unknown in English nurseries, and the Anisette of Bordeaux has a good name as an after-dinner liqueur on the Continent. Three hundred years ago caraways at English tables always came on with dessert, and were supposed to be carminative and digestive. Caraways in palpable form have now disappeared from our tables—but only to return in the spirit—in Russian bottles labelled Kümmel. Of all the liqueurs of this class, it is the only one which seems likely to hold its ground. It has a pleasant stimulating taste, and it is supposed to be wholesome. When Russian kümmel is old it forms crystals at the bottom of the bottle. The name, which is German, is probably derived from a confusion of the caraway or carvy with its neighbour cumin.

LADIES' DELIGHT.—Put eight ounces of apples, eight of onions, and two of chilies, all chopped, into a pickle-bottle. Pour over them a pint of white-wine vinegar which has been boiled with a dessertspoonful of salt. In a couple of days it is ready for use, and forms an agreeable pickle, to which oil may sometimes be added on the plate. Lady Harriet St. Clair gives this receipt as Gunner's Delight. Why Gunner's?

LADY.—If thou be indeed a lady, remember thou art by name a cook, or at least a baker. La- means a loaf of bread; -dy means a maid; and lady means the breadmaid.

LAMB.—There is no serious difference—none whatever of principle—in the treatment of lamb and of mutton. One takes, however, more deliberately to cold lamb than to cold mutton. And with lamb goes the mint sauce. Mint was a sweet but saucy girl transformed by Proserpine into a fragrant plant, and the pretty girl goes always now with the tender lamb. The cooks are generally playful on the subject of lamb. See the Epigram of lamb. Also when lamb cutlets are sautées it is most frequent to surround them with a border of truffles—which is called demi-deuil—a kind of half-mourning for the gentle creature.

LAMPREY.—Considering the ancient renown of the lamprey, one might expect to hear a good deal more of it than we do at modern tables. Dr. Badham maintains that the name is English, and that the English have imposed their name on the rest of Europe. One of the English names for a small river lamprey is pride, which has the meaning of prick; and the word lamprey means a lang prey or pride.

This peculiar fish, which killed an English king by its attraction, is found in the Thames, but it is best in the

Severn, which it ascends in April and May in order to deposit its spawn. They are so rare at Christmas that they are said to be worth a guinea apiece. The question will be asked—Who in England eats lampreys at a guinea apiece? It is an old custom for the city of Gloucester in token of its loyalty to present a lamprey pie at Christmas to the English sovereign, and the fish must be got at any price. One would imagine that the kings and queens of England would prefer to have the lampreys when they are best—in April and May.

The lamprey should always have the gristle which supplies the place of a backbone extracted, and he may be cooked in any of the ways proper to eel; but in memory of the orchards of Worcestershire and the whole Severn country it is usual in those cases wherein wine might be required to substitute cider—which is indeed often used for white wine with other fish.

LARKS.—What is the use of laughing at the French because they eat redbreasts, blackbirds, thrushes, the humble chaffinch, and the familiar sparrow? Do we not eat skylarks, fieldfares, and wheatears in plenty? A great number of larks are sent to London from Cambridge; but the chief supply for now 200 years appears to come from Dunstable. Why Dunstable? Is there any mysterious connection between larks and straw hats? Why must we go to Bedfordshire for a lark? Is it there and there only that the sky falls? Wherever the sky falls and these birds are caught, the physician of Queen Anne, Dr. Lister, like his royal mistress a great gastronomer, judged of their goodness by their weight. He laid down the rule, which has ever since been held sound, that twelve larks should weigh thirteen ounces, and that if below that weight they are not good.

Roast Larks.—There is a difference between the French and the English way—but both agree in taking out only

the gizzard. The French put the larks on a little larkspit, which, running from side to side, pins on them at the same time bards of bacon. The larks are then roasted briskly for eight or ten minutes, and served upon toast. The English season the larks with chopped parsley, pepper, salt and nutmeg, rub them with yolk of egg, roll them in breadcrumbs, sprinkle them with oiled butter, roll them in crumbs again, run them on a larkspit, roast them for fifteen minutes before a bright fire, basting them with butter, and serve them with plenty of fried breadcrumbs.

Lark Pudding or Pie.—For the perfection of a lark pudding, go to the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, and ask for one. The contents of either pudding or pie are the same. Take the gizzards out of two dozen larks, and fry them lightly. Then put them into the pie dish or the pudding bowl, with a pound of veal and another pound of ham cut into small collops, seasoned with chopped parsley, shalot, mushrooms, pepper and salt—which are first, however, to be boiled for a minute of two in a tumblerful of broth and with a tablespoonful of flour. Bake the pie or boil the pudding for an hour and a quarter.

LAVER. — Many an old-fashioned English gentleman will be glad to see laver mentioned here and to be reminded of its excellence with roast mutton. It used to be common enough in London; now it is scarce, though there are clubs in Pall Mall and private families that never fail of it. That it should fall into neglect is one of the unfortunate results of modern civilisation, which produces uniformity of fashion—the same cookery and the same dishes all over the world. It is a great boast for the French cooks that they have spread their system everywhere, and no doubt they deserve their success; but it has been one of the misfortunes attending upon this success that it has cast into the shade and sometimes into utter oblivion good things which happen to be unknown to the

French system. This laver is an example. The French know it not—and for that matter indeed they are far behind England and Holland in their knowledge of all marine products. When French cookery took form there were no railways, and the great metropolis of cooks was too far away from the seaboard to enable them to do justice to sea-fish. England, being nearly all seaboard, was in a much better position to pronounce upon the way in which salt-water fish should be cooked. And here upon their seaboard the English can get any quantity of laver; on the coast of Scotland there is delicious dulse; in Ireland there is the carrageen or Irish moss. These and other seaweeds that might be named are wonderfully nutritious, are full of fine flavour, and are to be had for the gathering. If the French cooks had made their mark in England, would they have let the laver fall into disuse? They would have made it as famous as the truffles of Périgord. There is a charm about the weed which ought to have kept it in the front as one of the distinctions of English cookery.

To prepare the laver, steep it in water to reduce the salt. Sometimes a little carbonate of soda is added, to take away bitterness. It is then stewed in water till it becomes tender, and can be worked like spinach with broth or with milk or with a pat of butter and a squeeze or two of lemon-juice.

LEASON—the French liaison—is a name given to anything employed in sauces to give them body: such as flour, cream, yolk of egg, cullis, caramel and glaze. It is sometimes also in English called Thickening. Grimod de la Reynière quotes with approbation the saying of a cook he knew, that the immoderate use of these leasons had been for more than a century the charlatanism of the French kitchen. Calcined bones, burnt sugar, and torrefied juices —the wildest extravagances—had been pitched upon to bind

sauces and give them character. Still these leasons have their appointed place, and Grimod had a right to add, "The art of leasons is one of the great secrets of the kitchen; for the grand point is not to make the sauces thick, but unctuous, and to bind together all the parts of a ragout so that no one shall dominate."

1. *Leason of Flour.*—This may be dredged into the sauce by itself; but sometimes, to make sure of escaping knots, the flour may be mixed with water, milk, or broth, and passed through a strainer. Arrowroot is sometimes better than flour.

2. *Leason of Roux* is made of butter and flour—twice as much flour as butter. Mix them well and let them simmer on a slow fire till they turn a bright red—but beware of burning. The French have also their White Roux and their Blonde Roux.

3. *Leason of Butter.*—The name is enough. But observe that it should be added at the last moment; for the less it is cooked, and the more it conveys of its fresh natural taste, the better.

4. *Leason of Butter and Cream.*—This also explains itself, and should be left to the very last. It is used chiefly in soups.

5. *Leason of Eggs* is made by beating the yolks and by mixing them in a basin with some of the sauce. This precaution of a separate basin is to prevent the curdling which might ensue if the yolks were poured directly into boiling sauce.

Leasons of caramel, cullis, and glaze need no explanation. The leason of blood once common has gone almost wholly out of use, save with game—as in hare soup.

Leek.—This was at one time so much cultivated in England that the very name for a garden was leac-tun, and the very name for a gardener was leac-ward. Still, however, the plant holds a respectable place in the

flavouring of soups. The Scotch have a soup—Cock-a-leekie—which makes much of the leek; and in the French or rather Flemish kitchen the Leek soup and the Potato-and-leek soup (that is, leeks added to potato soup) are in considerable repute.

Lemon-Sauce.—Put the thin rind of a lemon with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to simmer for twenty minutes in a tumblerful of water. Some persons think it enough to grate the lemon with lumps of sugar—but this detracts from the clearness of the sauce. When the simmering is ended take out the lemon-peel and add the strained juice of the lemon. This is extremely simple, but it is nicer than many a much more laboured sauce. Perhaps it is not quite fair to add that it is sometimes supplemented with gin. To be used with sweet entremets.

Lentils.—For a garnish or as an entremet to be cooked as haricots. For soup it is made as pea-soup and called Chantilly, but by rights it should be called after Esau, who loved it well and sold his birthright for it.

Lettuce is not much cooked in England, and when cooked is not much better than a cabbage; but when raw, and eaten in salad, it has a peculiarly pleasant taste, and has a sedative action upon the nervous system which makes one return to it eagerly, as one returns to tobacco and to opium. The chemists obtain from the lettuce an inspissated juice—called sometimes lactucarium, cometimes lettuce-opium—which is said to allay pain, to slacken the pulse, to reduce animal heat, and to conduce to sleep. When Adonis died, it is reported that Venus threw herself on a lettuce-bed to lull her grief and cool her desires.

The lettuce is known at our tables in two leading varieties—the cabbage and the Cos lettuce. What Cos means is not very clear: it is supposed to be equivalent to the first syllables of gooseberry and horseradish, which are to be identified with gross, and mean big. The French

know this lettuce as the Roman, and there are two accounts of its introduction into France. One is that it came with the Pope to Avignon; the other that Rabelais admired it mightily on his visit to Rome, and brought it back with him to his native land. When the French make a salad of either lettuce, they usually add to it, by way of garniture, a chopped ravigote.

For the mode of cooking Lettuce, see the French way of cooking cabbage; or under the name of Peasant, see the Flemish way of preparing it with peas.

Ling.—James I. said that were he to invite the devil to dinner he would give him a ling's head, a pig, mustard, and a pipe of tobacco. His Britannic Majesty meant that all these were horrible punishments which might righteously be inflicted on his Satanic Majesty. If the Prince of Darkness be a gourmet as well as a gentleman, it is probable that he would have enjoyed his dinner. Many Englishmen would no doubt agree with the king in disparaging the ling; but they are in error. Ling is the largest species of cod, and we generally find that the largest cod are the best. This great cod is certainly not to be despised. His head, his tongue, his swimbladder or sound, his roe and his liver are as good as in any cod. It is the liver of the ling which makes most of the cod-liver oil prescribed by physicians. Welcome the giant in the kitchen, and treat him in every way as the more familiar cod.

Liver.—Tell it not in Gath—but yet it is notorious that there are three dishes which, if put upon the bill of fare in a club, are devoured before all else; so that at seven or eight o'clock, when most members dine, there is nothing left of them but the tempting words on the dinner-bill. These dishes are, Irish stew, tripe and onions, liver and bacon. What a tribute this to the homely cookery of England! We shall speak of this calf's liver directly, but it must give place to that of the goose, which in the

pies of Strasbourg and Périgord has a surpassing renown as the most delicate meat in the world.

Goose Liver—Foie Gras.—"To obtain these livers," says Grimod de la Reynière, "it is necessary to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet on a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be almost intolerable, if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific pâté, will diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow." These liver pies come over to England chiefly in terrines, and they keep longer in this way; but they are nicest of all in a pâté—coming over fresh in October and November. They also come in tins—that is, the livers alone, without the accompanying force-meat—to be used in croquettes, kromeskis, and various relishes. But, on the whole, this is a waste. The goose liver is too good to be chopped up and thrown away upon other foods; also it loses something when eaten hot. It is always best cold. If it is desired for an entremet, cut it into pieces and imbed them in the amber of aspic jelly.

Duck Liver.—The liver of the Toulouse duck is prepared in the same way, and is by most good judges preferred even to that of the Strasbourg goose.

Fowl Liver.—There is a little dish which one never sees in Paris at a first-class restaurant; but it is a great favourite at the second-class ones with sanded floors in bye-streets. Impale the livers on a skewer or larkspit, putting a small piece of bacon between each, and toast them before the fire.

Calf's Liver.—This is the dish which the Lord Chancellor Eldon was so fond of, and which, when he dined with George the Fourth, was always prepared for him. Cut

slices of liver and thin rashers of streaky bacon. Fry the bacon first and drain it. Then flour the slices of liver, fry them in the fat of the bacon till well browned, and dish them in alternate order with the rashers of bacon. Pour over them a sauce made by adding some good meat gravy, with a dredging of flour, salt, and pepper, to the fat in the frying-pan. Some people like a little acid in the sauce; and to suit their taste sliced gherkins or pickled walnuts may be added to it.

LIQUEUR.—There is an idle question as to whether brandy is a liqueur or not. Is rum? is gin? is whisky? We can make arbitrary distinctions whenever we like; but it seems absurd to say that there shall be no liqueur which is not sweetened. There is not much sweetness in whisky, but the French long ago took usquebagh and raised it to the rank of a liqueur with the wonderful name of Scubac.

The oldest of the very sweet liqueurs is undoubtedly acqua d'oro; but long before it was produced by the Italians and brought into France by Catherine de Medici, the aqua vitæ was in use. There is an old receipt of 500 years ago—that is, of the time of Chaucer—in which directions are given to prepare a fowl, to serve it in syrup, and then, as we now do plum-pudding at Christmas, to pour aqua vitæ over it and set fire to it. In the face of such facts it is singular to find Frenchmen repeating one after another that liqueurs were first invented by Frenchmen to comfort the old age of the Grand Monarch. Long before Louis XIV. was born, Sully in 1604 complained that the luxuries on which the French wasted most money were festivities and liqueurs. There were two liqueurs at that time in the greatest favour—Populo and Rossolis, the former made of musk, amber, anise and cinnamon; the latter of sundew, angelica, coriander, fennel, anise and lemon; and both, needless to say, warmed with alcohol and mellowed with syrup. The Great King was particularly

fond of the Rossolis, and one of the makers gave it his name, whence arose the myth. Loraine was then famous for its liqueurs, and is said to be the native place of Parfait Amour. This is more than doubtful. The Parfait Amour of Lorraine was in great request, but there is reason to think that it was originally Italian.

The religious orders were great distillers, and it is curious to see how they patronise, bless and manufacture liqueurs. It began in the mediæval search for the quint-essence and the elixir of life; it has ended by the monks of La Grande Chartreuse insisting on a monopoly of their tipple and fighting for their trademark in the courts of law. There are only two liqueurs, however, in the present day which are the genuine manufacture of holy friars,—namely Chartreuse, produced by the Carthusians of the great monastry near Grenoble, and Trappistine, distilled by the good fathers of the Grace of God in the Doubs. There is another liqueur, Bénédictine, which is said to come from the Abbey of Fécamp, and which is consecrated with the letters A. M. D. G. (Ad majorem Dei gloriam). It really comes from Fécamp, and from the Abbey; but the Abbey has now no more to do with monks than Woburn Abbey. It is the private factory of a layman who chooses to make use of the religious name.

Putting the purer spirits out of account, the best known liqueurs in the present day are Chartreuse, Curaçoa, Maraschino, Kirschenwasser, Acqua d'Oro, Parfait Amour, Noyau, Absinthe, Vermouth, Kümmel.

Lobster.—Government commissioners report that lobsters are getting fewer and smaller every year, and we all know that they are getting dearer. The chief reason of this is our own folly—a stupid admiration of coral. The coral and spawn of the lobster, though nothing to taste, is most excellent in colour, and for the sake of it millions upon millions of eggs are annually destroyed. And yet a

colour quite as good may be obtained by pounding the shell in a mortar, mixing it with butter, cooking it in the bain-marie for an hour, and then passing it through a tammy; or if this red be not bright enough, it can easily be made perfect with cochineal.

Lobster Butter is roughly described in the last sentence. Add here that the coral and spawn are commonly used either with or without the pounded shell. If the former alone are used, pound them well, mix them with twice their weight of butter, season them with salt and pepper, and pass them through a silk sieve—but do not in any way cook them. If the lobster shells are used, take equal weights of shell and butter, pound them together, and cook them for an hour; but mark that for the sake of the colour the cooking is to be done in the bain-marie—that is, at a temperature much below the boiling point of water. When the butter thus coloured has been properly cooled in water, seasoned with cayenne pepper and salt, and passed through silk, it may be mixed with an equal quantity of fresh butter. The reason of dividing the butter into two quantities in this way is that the process of cooking destroys the natural flavour of the fresh butter. Therefore only half is used to cook the lobster shells, and the other half is added uncooked when the first half is got clear of shell.

Lobster Sauce.—Split a lobster, and use the coral, the spawn, the shell, and the pith of the body to make lobster butter as above described. Then make English sauce—but only Act First (that is, the vehicle); and into this vehicle, quite hot, put the tail and the claws, cut into small dice. For the Second Act, the completion of the sauce, add the lobster butter, and finish with a squeeze of lemon. Most English receipts put in a word for a little essence of anchovies. Let the anchovies be kept in their own place, and not suffered to interfere with the delicate flavour of the lobster.

Lobster Salad and *Mayonnaise of Lobster.*—A cookery book without a paragraph on the lobster salad would be considered sadly wanting. But this is sheer stupidity. A lobster salad is nothing but the pickings of a lobster surrounded with a salad. A Mayonnaise of lobster is precisely the same thing with a Mayonnaise sauce instead of the ordinary cruet sauce used in mixing the salad. If there is anything more to be said, it has only to do with the ornamental arrangement of the dish—which, as so much depends on the juxtaposition of colour, it is impossible to teach in a book.

Lope de Vega.—To the philosophical chemist this is one of the most interesting personages in the whole range of history. He was a poet; he was a dramatic poet; he was the most prolific dramatic poet on record. He required for the composition of his dramas a diet of bacon.

> Toda es cosa vil
> 'A donde falta un pernil.

This is a fact most important to the dramatists of England —let them feed on bacon. It is all the more important when we remember that Fuseli prepared himself for his great pictures with underdone pork-chops, and that Thurtell committed one of the most celebrated murders of modern times after supping on the same dainty. In all three, Lope de Vega, Fuseli, and Thurtell, we detect the domination of melodrama.

It is a pity that we have few such facts to put together. We know that Dryden and Byron found Epsom salts a wonderful help to their poetical invention; and we know that Napoleon made his great campaigns on chicken and coffee, not unaccompanied with rum. Newton loved tobacco and a redstreak apple. What would we not give to know what were the aliments that nourished the brain of Plato and directed the pen of Shakespeare?

Was Lord Eldon a dramatic character? He was a very

slow but sure old judge, who started in life with a romantic marriage—running away with his bride. He was devoted to liver and bacon, and whenever he dined with George IV. the cook had orders to have always ready a dish of them. Here we find that whereas a diet of bacon made Lope de Vega a dramatist, the combination of bacon with liver fixed Lord Eldon ever more and more firmly on the woolsack. These little contrarieties have to be studied, and a vast field of science opens before us.

LOVE IN DISGUISE is a calf's heart stuffed, then surrounded with forcemeat, next rolled in vermicelli, lastly deposited in a baking dish with a little butter, and sent to the oven. Serve it in the dish with its own gravy.

MACARONI is in England a common name given to many preparations of Italian paste, as well as to that particular kind which Theodore Hook described as "tobacco-pipes made easy." We are not too well acquainted with the technical names for the ribbons, lozenges, ruffles, straws and strings into which this pleasant paste is formed, and for all the nice varieties of Genoese and Neapolitan manufacture. Even vermicelli would be classed in an English kitchen among the macaronis—which is the oldest known name for the species. In Chaucer's time the English name was macrow, and it was applied especially to little balls or puddings of paste.

Macaroni is a form of wheat-flour—a bread, in fact—so palatable, so cheap, and so easily managed in cookery, that it is a wonder to see it so little used in this country. Macaroni and cheese is the most digestible form in which bread and cheese can be presented—the only form in which many weak vessels can tolerate it.

Macaroni à l'Italienne.—Put some macaroni into eight times its weight of boiling water. A pound and a pint being equivalent quantities, there should be four pints of boiling water for half a pound of the paste. Let it simmer with a little pepper and salt for twenty minutes—more or less, according to the quality of the macaroni, particularly its freshness. Test a piece between the fingers to know when it is done enough. Then drain it from the water in a colander, and put it back in the stewpan with as much broth or gravy as it can absorb in a further simmering of a minute or two. Half a pound of macaroni will take about half a pint of broth or gravy. Some cooks omit this process altogether, and in England it is common to use milk instead of broth; but our business at present is with the Italian fashion—Macaroni à l'Italienne. In the meantime have ready (for half a pound of macaroni) four or five ounces of grated cheese, half Parmesan, half Gruyére, and an ounce of butter. Shake half the cheese into the macaroni, and toss it well; then mix in the ounce of butter; finally shake in the remainder of the cheese, and when all is well mixed by tossing, and it begins to get stringy, serve it. Some people like the cook to be liberal with the pepper-pot in this dish.

Macaroni à la Milanaise is the same as the foregoing, with tomato sauce sprinkled over it in the dish; but generally in this case there is some addition of meat—say a cutlet—served over the macaroni.

Macaroni au gratin is still prepared in the same way. It is then heaped up on a dish which will stand the fire. It is sprinkled with grated cheese and with fine bread-raspings; it is bedewed with melted butter; it is put into the oven till it becomes of a golden hue; and if the oven is not hot enough, it may be finished with the salamander.

Macaroni Pudding.—Simmer macaroni in boiling water

for fifteen minutes, strain away the water, add some new milk to it, and let it cool. When cold, mix into it three or four beaten yolks of eggs; sweeten it with sugar, and season it with nutmeg, cinnamon, and a glass of noyau. Put it into a pudding-dish with a layer of orange marmalade or apricot jam in the centre, and bake it.

Macaroni Soup.—Some macaroni added to a clear broth or consommé. When any of the Italian pastes are used in this way, they should be boiled first for five minutes in water, otherwise they may dim the clearness of the broth. Talleyrand laid down the law that with all the soups in which macaroni, vermicelli, and other Italian pastes are used, grated Parmesan should be served apart, and a glass of Madeira afterwards.

MACE is but the outer shell of the nutmeg, and resembles it in flavour. The nutmeg has been laughed out of cookery, and is chiefly now represented in the aromas of the kitchen by its husk—the mace.

MACEDON, or in French MACÈDOINE, is a name which is supposed to have been used in the first instance to signify a medley of vegetables, but which has so pleased the French ear that it has been applied to almost any kind of medley. It would not be classical, but it would be unimpeachable, to translate *The Princess: a Medley,* into *La Princesse: une Macédoine.* The French are at a loss to account for this locution, which they have themselves invented, and can only suggest, one after another, that it must have had its rise in the fact that the Macedonian Empire was a medley of many strange nations and races, and that its name therefore was appropriate in the first instance to a mixture of vegetables, and afterwards to any mixture remarkable for its variety. The explanation is characteristic of our friends across the water, and is even worthy of Ménage.

Under the name of Alexander it has been already explained that in France, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a Macedon was the parsley of Macedon, which in England was known as the Alexander. At the same time this plant was being fast displaced by the celery, which the Italians brought to perfection; so that early in the last century it was of little or no account, and the name of Macedon became disengaged. It was given to a medley of vegetables, not because they were a medley, but because they were, so to speak, fricasséed—that is, cut to pieces and served with a white fricassee sauce. What is the connection? Alexander the Great was supposed to have brought haricots from India, and was said to have liked them *fricasséed*—at least, that is the expressive word used by the Marquiss de Cussy (*L'Art Culinaire*, chap. viii.), who has preserved the tradition, though without being very sure of his classical authorities. Add to the haricots a variety of other vegetable; fricassee all together in the fashion approved by the great Alexander—and what could be more natural than to name the dish either Légumes à l'Alexandre, or Légumes à la Macédoine? In point of fact, the Macedon, as at first created, was just such a dish; and it still survives as the standard form of the Macedon. In course of time, it was forgotten that the name of Macedon was given to the vegetables on account of the (supposed) Macedonian method of serving them, and popular imagination fixed upon variety as the most notable mark of the dish. The name of Macedon came thus to be transferred from the mode of cooking the vegetables to their great variety; afterwards it was applied to a variety of fruits, and now it is used as a playful synonym for mélange.

Macedon of Vegetables.—This is the Alexandrian or Macedonian fricassee as imagined by the French cooks, and transferred from the haricots, which the great commander loved, to a medley of vegetables. Choose

the most delicate vegetables—haricot pods, haricot beans, peas, asparagus, carrots and turnips. Shape the carrots and turnips into peas and dice; cut the haricot pods into little lozenges; take the asparagus points. Whatever the vegetables chosen, boil them separately in salt and abundance of water. Then drain them well and put them together in a stewpan to stir on the fire (but not so as to mash them), with a good piece of butter, a slight dredging of flour, some powdered sugar, salt, and a spoonful or two of broth. After a few minutes' simmering in this way, finish them either with some spoonfuls of Béchamel, or with a leason of yolks and cream.

Salad of Macedon.—Choose, cut, boil and drain the vegetables as before. Serve them either in one heap, indiscriminately mixed together, or arrange them ornamentally in separate heaps. Cruet sauce.

Macedon of Fruits.—A variety of fruits embedded in a mould of jelly.

Mackerel.—A great authority, Grimod de la Reyniére, says: "The mackerel has this in common with good women—he is loved by all the world. He is welcomed by rich and poor with the same eagerness. He is most commonly eaten à la maître d'hôtel. But he may be prepared in a hundred ways; and he is as exquisite plain as in the most elaborate dressing" (au maigre comme au gras). This is immense praise, and is a complete justification of the common English method of serving him—plain boiled, with fennel or with gooseberry sauce. Nevertheless I give my vote to those who assert that there is but one perfect way of cooking a mackerel—to split him by the back, broil him, and serve him with maître d'hôtel butter. Still better, take his fillets and serve them in the same way.

The name of mackerel is supposed to be a corruption of nacarel, a possible diminutive of nacre—from the blue and

mother-o'-pearl tint of the skin. In one of the dialects of the south of France he is called peis d'Avril, the April fish—or as we should say, an April fool, both because he is a fool coming easily to the net, and because he first comes in April. He is not only quickly caught, but he spoils so quickly that the law accords him a peculiar privilege: he is the only fish that may be hawked about the streets on a Sunday. For the same reason he is the only fish besides the salmon that is much soused or marinaded in this country.

The mackerel which comes to our shores is a great puzzle to the philosophers. He has no air-bladders, yet he is as buoyant and lively as fish can be. What then is the use of an air-bladder?

MADEIRA.—If one thing could more decidedly than another prove the low estate to which cookery has descended in Paris, and expose the hollowness of the grand receipts which still figure in the cookery books, it is Madeira. There is scarcely any wine of great repute which it is so difficult to procure genuine, and when genuine it commands an exhorbitant price. Yet from morning to night, and from year's end to year's end, in every restaurant in Paris, down to the meanest cabaret, the assembled world is invited to eat beefsteaks cooked in Madeira. In all the world there is not Madeira enough for a week's consumption of the filet au Madére in Paris. Besides which, the Parisian shopman has a wonderful fancy for imbibing Madeira by way of fillip. He goes into any café or cabaret and asks for a Madére. It is poured out for him—a glass at three or four sous—and he is happy with the pernicious stuff that bears the fine name. So in the cookery books the great chefs, with an astonishing air of grandeur, direct that a bottle of Madeira must go into this sauce and half a bottle into that. Where are these bottles and half-bottles of Madeira to be found? It is a

vice of the French system—this grand style. There is a receipt for making Spanish sauce which sets out in the most noble of strains: "Take twelve ducks, a ham, two bottles of good old Madeira, and six pounds of fine truffles." Old Madeira too! Even if the old Madeira, worth a guinea a bottle, were forthcoming, it would be spoilt in such a decoction, without doing it more good than the same quantity of Marsala worth twenty-one pence a bottle. Would it not be better at once to come down to common sense, and to pour out frankly the humble Marsala, which is quite good enough for cooking purposes, and is certainly better than any Madeira that finds its way into the kitchen? Take this for a verity—that if any one who knows Madeira can lay his hand upon a bottle of it, he will drink it, and he will not leave a drop for the stewpan.

Maids of Honour.—It surely redeems the act of eating from its grossness that imagination can so work upon us as to transform a simple cheesecake into a maid of honour. At Richmond we are permitted to touch with our lips a countless number of these maids—light and airy as the "airy, fairy Lilian." What more can the finest poetry achieve in quickening the things of earth into tokens and foretastes of heaven, with glimpses of higher life and ethereal worlds? See Dariole.

Maintenon.—The widow Scarron, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, was married to Louis XIV. in his old age, nursed him well, made him say his prayers, and fed him with mutton cutlets carefully deprived of fat, for his poor worn stomach. The old king was in a deplorable condition: he had lost his teeth; caries of the jawbone set in; and the liquid which he tried to swallow came out at his nose. In his younger days he had been tremendous with his knife and fork. The Duchess of Orleans tells us in her memoirs that she often saw him eat four platefuls of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plate of salad, mutton

hashed with garlic, two considerable slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruit and sweetmeats. The Duchess, by the way, thought herself a very delicate feeder; and it may help to show what pigmies we are nowadays in the way of eating, if we recall what she says of her own diet: "I seldom breakfast, and then only on bread-and-butter. I take neither chocolate, nor coffee, nor tea, being unable to endure these foreign drugs. I am German in all my habits. I eat no soup but such as I can take with milk, wine, or beer. I cannot bear broth—it makes me sick, and gives me the colic. When I take broth alone I vomit even to blood, and nothing can restore the tone of my stomach but ham and sausages." It is not at all surprising that princes and princesses who fed after this fashion ruined their digestion, and that Madame de Maintenon had to keep a sharp eye on the mutton cutlets destined for the interior of her royal spouse—the Grand Monarch. The cutlets of the Marquise were done up in curl-papers; and it is to be hoped that the old king liked them better for their nocturnal attire, and the thoughts they might call up in vision of the lady—the last of his loves—in her nightcap.

Cutlets à la Maintenon.—The curl-papers of Madame de Maintenon having been found inconvenient for a broil, and not less so the pig's caul which has been sometimes substituted for them, Gouffé has suggested the following more simple way of preparing these cutlets:—Take a neck of mutton and cut it into cutlets, leaving two bones to each cutlet. Remove one of them, and flatten and trim the cutlets. Split them in two with a knife, without separating them at the bone. Spread some reduced Duxelles sauce inside. Refold the cutlets, and broil them for four minutes on each side. Put a layer of Duxelles on a dish; lay the cutlets on it; pour over them some Duxelles sauce; put the dish in a hot oven for four minutes, and then serve.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL—the House Steward—ought to com-

mand the best that is in the house; and it shows his understanding of good cookery that he chooses for himself the most simple of sauces.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter.—Knead cold fresh butter on a plate with chopped parsley, pepper, salt and lemon-juice. The parsley should be first washed and scalded. A pat of this butter is served either upon or under broiled meat or fish, and melts on the dish. When a dish is said to be à la Maître d'Hôtel, it is almost always served with this butter, and rarely with what is called

Maître d'Hôtel Sauce, which is but English butter sauce with parsley (scalded and chopped) added to it.

MALLARD.—See Wild Duck.

MARASCHINO.—A bitter-sweet liqueur made at Zara from the kernel of the Marasco cherry or gean of Dalmatia. The word implies bitterness; but the liqueur is made so sweet that women take to it as flies to honey and as moths to candles. It is a curious fact in natural history that the fair sex prefer a sweet liqueur to the finest wine; and they have such a tendency to Maraschino, that Mr. Hayward has proposed that whereas the toast most honoured among men is Wine and Women, they should adopt as their own return toast—Men and Maraschino. The French have produced several variations of the true Maraschino of Zara, and notably one which they call Marasquin de pêches. The true Maraschino of Zara is made with but a small quantity of peach kernels. It is made from a small black gean, which is fermented first with honey, then with the leaves and kernels of the fruit, and is at last distilled and sweetened with sugar.

MARINADE is a brine, souse or pickle, used sometimes to prepare fish, flesh or fowl for the fire; sometimes to preserve them after they have left it. A marinade is either cooked or raw; but it is not usual for the books to give

any account of the raw ones. The two following, which are very simple, may be mentioned because they are of frequent use in Horlys—that is, fillets of chicken, sole, or game, which are dipped in batter and fried after enduring two hours of the pickle.

Raw Marinade.—No. 1. A branch of parsley and half an onion, chopped and mixed with pepper and salt into the juice of a lemon. No. 2. A faggot of sweet-herbs and an onion chopped and mixed with pepper and salt into oil and vinegar.

Cooked Marinade.—A faggot of sweet-herbs, an onion, a shalot, a clove of garlic, a carrot, and four ounces of bacon, chopped together first, then fried with an ounce of butter, then salted and peppered, and boiled for a minute or two in a pint of liquid, half water, half vinegar.

MARMALADE is a word which we have come to use very much as the French say Rosbif de mouton and Rosbif d'agneau. It means a confection of quince—from the Portuguese marmólo, a quince. But we say apple marmalade and orange marmalade.

MATELOTE is a stew of fresh-water fish. Take different kinds—carp, eel, pike, tench, perch—and cut them up; but it must be remembered that some of these fish, as the eel and the pike, may require some previous cooking to put them on the same level with the others. Put the pieces into a stewpan with two sliced onions, a faggot of sweet-herbs, two cloves of garlic crushed, two cloves, pepper and salt. Moisten all so as to be well covered with a liquor composed of red wine two-thirds and broth one-third. Cook it on a brisk fire for twenty minutes; then pass the liquor through a tammy and keep the fish hot in the pan. In the meantime the Relish or Ragout of the fish will have been got ready as follows. Put half a pound of butter into a saucepan, and toss in it till they take a fine

colour two dozen small onions; take out the onions, and put in their place two good spoonfuls of flour, which is to be worked into a roux. Add to this the strained liquor of the fish, the little onions, and a like quantity of mushrooms. Let the cooking go on till onions and mushrooms are sufficiently done; and then reduce the sauce on a quick fire and remove the grease from it. Lastly, make a pyramid of the fish upon a dish, pour the sauce over it, and garnish it with crayfish and fried crusts of bread. The sauce thus prepared, with a garnish of onions, mushrooms, crayfish, and crusts, is known as the Matelote Relish or Ragout.

White Matelote.—This is commonly called in France the Matelote Vierge; and it must not be mistaken for the Normandy Matelote, which is also white. It is most frequently used for eel, but it is good also for other fish. Cut the eel into lengths of two or three inches, and set them to boil for four or five minutes in salt and water, together with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. This preliminary step, though necessary for eel, is not so for other fish. Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter with a spoonful of flour; dilute it with half white wine (French) and half broth, and add to it pepper, salt, and a faggot of sweet-herbs. Place the fish in it with a number of small onions and mushrooms, and let it cook for twenty or twenty-five minutes. When cooked, remove the fish, onions, mushrooms and faggot, thicken the sauce with yolk of egg, finish it with lemon-juice, and strain it over the fish, which will also be garnished with the onions and mushrooms and with fried crusts of bread. In effect this sauce is but a variety of the white-wine sauce prescribed hereafter for sole.

Normandy Matelote.—This is the grand white Matelote—a magnificent dish, but unhappily only possible during the months when oysters and mussels are in season. It is excellent for a brill or a chicken turbot; but it was first of all invented for the benefit of a large sole, and the

original receipt for it will be found under the title of Sole à la Normande.

MAYONNAISE is nothing else than the ordinary French salad mixture of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, with the addition of raw yolks of eggs; but its excellence depends on the mode of working it up, which is very elaborate. If properly handled, a raw yolk will incorporate into a thick cream no less than a quart of oil. To make a good Mayonnaise it is enough that two raw yolks should incorporate in this way a tumblerful of olive oil and a small wineglassful of tarragon vinegar or of lemon-juice. The result will be that those who object to oil will, if it be good, forget that it is there, and those who object to raw eggs will detect no trace of their rawness. The yolks, white pepper and salt are first worked smooth with a wooden spoon in a bowl; a few drops of oil and a few of vinegar are added, and the spoon goes to work again; again a few drops, and the spoon is plied with great patience; and so on till the mixture thickens and the whole of the oil and vinegar is absorbed. It is a long, tedious process of stirring, although as it goes on the oil may be added in larger and larger quantities. If great care is not taken the mixture will decompose in the very act of working it smooth; sometimes in the heat of summer it is necessary to manipulate it, holding the bowl on ice. This is the sauce in its simplicity, and so made it ought to be perfect.

Green Mayonnaise.—For ordinary purposes a simple receipt will suffice—namely, this: Add to the Mayonnaise after it is finished a quantity of chopped ravigote. But a more perfect receipt is as follows:—

Take a good faggot of ravigote, and blanch it for five or six minutes in boiling water and salt. Then take it out to get cold, and wipe it dry. Pound it in a mortar with a spoonful of Mayonnaise, and pass it through a tammy.

Mix this with the Mayonnaise already prepared, and if the colour is too pale, add a little spinach-green.

Mayonnaise of Jelly.—There are no eggs in this, but aspic or savoury jelly instead. Melt half a tumblerful of jelly, and when it is cold but not yet firm, add to it a wineglassful of olive oil, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, some salt and white pepper. Place the bowl if possible upon ice or very cold water, and whip it with a wire whisk till the sauce thickens and whitens. A little lemon-juice added will improve its whiteness. For many people this is enough; but those who rejoice in oil will go on adding it in the full proportion required for the Mayonnaise made with eggs. Those also who like the ravigote will add it as in the Green Mayonnaise. The sauce is smoothest when it is not made until the last moment. It has the great advantage over the Mayonnaise made with eggs—that it can be made very quickly in any quantity, and that it does not decompose if care is taken to keep it cold. There are some also who consider this Mayonnaise more delicate in taste than that made with eggs.

These three receipts for Mayonnaise, a fourth receipt for Remoulade, which is made with hard-boiled yolks, and a fifth for Tartar sauce, which is the bedevilment of either Mayonnaise or Remoulade, are all that it is necessary to know for practical purposes. But there is much more to be said as to the history of the Mayonnaise, and I proceed to show that La Mayonnaise was a lady.

The Lady Mayonnaise.—We need lay no stress on the fact to begin with that the word Mayonnaise is more often used as a noun than as an adjective. Rightly or wrongly, it is used sometimes as an adjective; for we say Sauce Mayonnaise just as people sometimes also say Sauce Béchamel. Rightly or wrongly, too, the word is still more often used as a substantive, as when we say a Mayonnaise;

and there is no other name of a sauce so frequently thus used save those which, like Béchamel, are substantives confessed. This, however, is so deceptive that at starting we must not rely upon it. Many a time it happens that an adjective is for shortness turned into a substantive. But if it can be proved independently that the word is a noun, the name of a lady, and not an adjective, then here we have an important corroborative fact to return to: that whereas most other French sauces have names indicated by adjectives—Sauce Italienne, Espagnole—this one has a name which is much more often used as a substantive.

The name is a great puzzle to the French themselves. Why Mayonnaise? What can be the meaning of it? The last syllable (nearly always in French representing the Latin termination -ensis) would seem to imply that it is an adjective of place—as Français or Française, from France, Marseillais or Marseillaise, from Marseilles. But there is no such place as Mayonne, and there lies the difficulty. In the beginning of the century Grimod de la Reynière suggested that there was some corruption in the word, and that it ought to be Bayonnaise, after the town of Bayonne on the Spanish frontier. His suggestion was deemed so important that the sauce is so named in a number of approved dictionaries, and there are purists to this day who always mention it as Bayonnaise. Grimod, however, also pointed out another solution. The word might be Mahonnaise, in honour of Marshal Richelieu's achievement in capturing the great stronghold of Mahon in the island of Minorca. It was in attempting to relieve this fort, it may be remembered, that the English Admiral Byng made the failure for which he was shot—"pour encourager les autres," as Voltaire says in *Candide*. But on the whole it was considered that this explanation was not so good as the other; and for the moment it was discarded. Then came Carême—a great cook, but not much of a linguist, and a very conceited man, with an egotistical,

arrogant style. He was very angry with Grimod for daring to say that the language of the kitchen is not remarkable for its purity. It is in the great kitchens, he said,—" c'est là que les puristes resident : " a very startling statement to those who are aware that no sets of terms in either the French or the English language are so corrupt and obscure as those connected with food.

Be that as if may, Carême declared loudly that with regard to this particular word it was the men of letters squabbling over the comparative merits of Mayonnaise, Bayonnaise, and Mahonnaise, who were corrupt and ignorant; that the cooks knew better—they were the true guides to pronunciation—and with them the genuine word was Magnonnaise. He maintained that any one could see at a glance that the name was intended to suggest the difficult process of manipulating the sauce. It came from the verb *manier,* and referred to the continual *maniement* which is needed to produce it. Carême was not always of this opinion, for he has in one curious passage, in which he enumerates the list of dishes named after French localities, mentioned Magnonnaise among them, as if this sauce too were taken from the name of a place. There is no such place as Magnon, however, and no one with the instincts of a philologer could derive Magnonnaise from the verb *manier*—which, to say no more, does not account for the introduction of the *n* at the commencement of the third syllable. The grammarians could only deride Carême's attempt at etymology, and they dismissed his theory on the spot as not worthy of notice.

These are discussions which belong to the first quarter of the century; and now that we have come to the last quarter it will be asked—What are the final opinions of French philologers, after fifty years of research which have thrown a flood of light on the sources of the French language? The leading dictionaries of the present day have no clear opinion to express upon the subject; they

resort to conjecture; and their conjecture is that the explanation which was least regarded in the beginning of the century may after all be right—Mahonnaise, in honour of the siege of Mahon. Littré and others give this now as the probable but not certain origin of the word. There is a great difficulty, however, in the way of accepting it—a difficulty which the lexicographers would have seen clearly if they had not thought it beneath them to pay much attention to the very curious literature of the French kitchen. The capture of Mahon was effected in 1726, and there is no other known instance at that period, or for long after it, of a dish or dainty being named after a victory. Dishes were named after the places where they were invented, the races who partook of them, or the great nobles who patronised them. It was not till the battle of Marengo—seventy-four years after the fall of Mahon—that the field of a great victory gave its name by a mere accident to a dish; the chicken à la Marengo. To guess, therefore, that Mahonnaise comes from the siege of Mahon is to antedate enormously a modern phantasy; and furthermore to assume an exceptional phraseology, when the analogy of à la Marengo would lead one to expect à la Mahon as the name for a sauce which does not properly belong to Mahon and has only an honorary connection with it.

What then is the true word—Mayonnaise, Bayonnaise, Magnonnaise or Mahonnaise? I am about to maintain that the last of these spellings, now adopted by the chief authorities, is the most correct—that is, nearest to the original; but to suggest a different explanation for it. The fact is that though Carême made a great mistake in working out his explanation, he is entitled to more attention that he has received in his statement as to the tradition of the kitchen. He does not say absolutely, but he leaves it to be understood, that in his culinary circle the name of the sauce was everywhere supposed to bear special

reference to the mode of its manipulation. That is an important fact, and it gives a clue to the mystery if we follow it up. Carême, we have seen, fixes upon the verb *manier* not only as indicating the meaning of the word, but also as indicating its root. This is clearly wrong. But may there not be some other word?

In the old Provençal tongue, the dead language of the Troubadours, which contains the earliest literature of Modern Europe, which seemed at one time as if it would be the dominant speech of France, and which though finally displaced by the dialect of the North, by French, the language of the Trouvères, yet contributed to it very many words and forms of words, many that we know, but not a few doubtless that we never suspect,—in this ancient tongue, which spreads over Southern France and gave its name to Languedoc, there was a verb one of the forms of which was *mahonner,* and one of the meanings of which was *to fatigue.* The verb was spelt in many and extremely diverse ways—not only *mahonner* and *majhonner,* but *mechaigner, mehagner, maganhar, mehenier,* and others; it had also many and extremely diverse meanings,—to strike, to kill, to wound, to mutilate, to box, to maltreat, as well as to worry and fatigue. If the reader is inclined to allow that the verb *mahonner,* still more *majhonner* from its spelling, has a fair surface claim to be deemed the original of Mahonnaise and Mayonnaise—he may still kick at its meaning and ask how are we to get a salad mixture out of a verb meaning to fatigue? The process is very simple. One of the most common French phrases for mixing a salad is to fatigue it; and this phrase is so odd that in connection with it a tradition has always been preserved, and is known to most persons of any information, that it is of Provençal origin. The verb *mahonner,* as applied to the mixing of a salad, conveyed an image of that exaggerated and picturesque kind which we associate with slang or cant. I do not mean anything coarse or

vulgar—in this case quite the contrary; I mean only words which are lifted out of their natural sense into a special, figurative and technical meaning, and which have a peculiar currency on the lips of the initiated. Springing up in the dialect of the South, it would always be strange and sometimes incomprehensible to those who spoke the dialect of the North. For them—for the French—it would be translated into *fatiguer,* and the two verbs *mahonner* and *fatiguer* would exist concurrently in French. The former at length dropped out of sight altogether, surviving only in the derivative Mahonnaise or Mayonnaise, with a vague tradition preserved in the kitchen down to the time of Carême that the name had reference to the manner of mixing or fatiguing the sauce.

The explanation, however, is not yet complete; there is a flaw in the evidence. How are we to account for the final syllable of Mahonnaise, which usually belongs to adjectives connected with place? and how are we to construct any likely adjective from the active verb Mahonner? In this case we must be prepared to accept any word which could by licence be twisted into anything like Mahonnaise, for the Provençal spelling is so loose and takes so wide a range (as will have been seen above in the second syllable of Mahonner, mechaigner, mehagner, maganhar, mehenier), that even a distant resemblance might satisfy us. But from an active verb *mahonner* there is no such adjective possible. The nearest thing we can create is a participal adjective *mahonnant* or *mahonnante,* or such a word as *mahonnable;* and these are nothing like what we want. The fact is that the word Mahonnaise is not an adjective at all, but a feminine substantive, applied to women. According to the laws of modern French spelling, it ought to be Mahonneur for the masculine, and Mahonneuse for the feminine—one who fatigues. So we have danseuse from danser, charmeuse from charmer, and the old word gouverneuse from

gouverner. About the spelling we need not trouble because of its extreme laxity; the Mahonneuse of modern French spelling might very easily be Mahonnaise in the old corrupt and diversified Provençal pronunciation; it will not confound any one who catches the analogy in Trouveur and Trouvère. The real difficulty is in the sense. Unable to make a likely adjective from the verb, we have made a feminine noun—and what have we gained? We have gained a noun which curiously and unexpectedly fits into what is more than a tradition like Carême's tradition of the kitchen—it is a historical fact. We have gained a sudden and undesigned coincidence which is one of the tests of truth. In the olden time a salad was mixed by pretty women, and they did it with their hands. This was so well understood that down at least to the time of Rousseau (Littré gives a quotation from the Nouvelle Héloise, vi. 2), the phrase *retourner la salade avec les doigts* was used to describe a woman as being still young and beautiful. "Dans le siècle dernier," are Littré's own words—"les jeunes femmes retournaient la salade avec les doigts; cette locution a disparu avec l'usage lui-même." And this is the meaning of the feminine noun. A feminine adjective, if such could be found, would present no difficulties; it would necessarily be Sauce Mahonnaise. But if a likely adjective from the verb mahonner is impossible, and we have only a noun to fall back upon, why not Mahonneur—a man who fatigues the salad? It is Mahonneuse or Mahonnaise—a woman, because it was she in her youth and beauty who fatigued the sauce; it was she who with her fingers fatigued the salad.

If these considerations be well founded, the proper name for the sauce is not Sauce Mayonnaise, but Sauce à la Mayonnaise—or still more simply La Mayonnaise. And we can now see why the word is more often used as a noun than as an adjective.

MELON.—Try a slice of melon as an adjunct to any fish eaten with a cruet sauce.

MELTED BUTTER is a correct name for that which has been described as the one English sauce; but it is not distinctive enough, inasmuch as there are other melted butters. The French call it White Sauce, which again is correct but not distinctive. It is best to accept as a compliment the name which was meant as a reproach, and to call it the English Sauce. This name will also bring it more distinctly into juxtaposition with the other great sauce—Dutch Sauce—with which it runs a race. Turn therefore to English Sauce.

MENU.—Why will Englishmen always describe the minute of a dinner as the menu? Why do they not speak of a receipt as a reçu? Surely it is impossible to get a better word than the English minute or minutes.

MERINGUES are made with a batter composed of white of egg and sugar, in the proportion of ten whites to a pound of sugar. Whip the whites into a firm froth, mix in the sugar, and then arrange spoonfuls of the batter in egg-shape upon sheets of paper. Next sprinkle some coarsely sifted sugar over them, leave them alone for a couple of minutes, and then shake off the loose sugar. Place the sheets of paper on baking-boards, and put them into a slack oven till the meringues take a light-buff tinge. Take them out again, and with a dessert-spoon scoop out the insides, taking care not to alter the shape of the meringues. After this put them again into the oven to dry, but care must be taken not to deepen the colour. Fill the meringues with whipt cream or iced cream; join them together two-and-two, and pile them upon a napkin.

It is apparently not known why they are called meringues. There are several curious explanations of the name,

not one of which is satisfactory. I therefore venture to make a conjecture. It wants but one little fact, which may hereafter be found, to raise the conjecture into a demonstration.

The chief point to be observed is that a meringue is white of egg worked into shape. It is therefore in the first instance to be presumed that the name means white of egg, or simply white. The fact which I have failed to find, and which if found would be decisive, is that meringue means white; but there are other facts which distinctly point that way. First of all, look at some parallels in the English language. We have white, white of egg, whiting the fish, and whiting the chalk. Now, in French the name for a whiting is merlan, in old French, merlenc and mellenc. In French, also, the name for white clay is marne, formerly merle and marle. Is it not a fair inference that, as in English whiting the fish and whiting the chalk are connected with the root white, so in French merlan the fish and marne the chalk are equally connected with a root meaning white, which would also yield meringue for the white of egg? There is something to confirm this view in the Latin language. The French marne (in the old form and in the English language marle) comes from the Low Latin margila, a diminutive of marga. But it has already been shown in these pages (see Gallimawfrey) how easy it is in various languages to drop the initial *m*. The Mac of the Gael becomes the Ap of the Welsh. The *monos* of the Greeks becomes the *unus* of the Latins. Seize this fact thoroughly, and it will be understood that the Low Latin *margila* is a doublet of the classical Latin *argilla;* and we know that *argilla* must be traced back to *argos,* white. If, therefore, *argilla* had a dialectical variety—*margila,* it may reasonably be inferred that *argos* had also a dialectical variety—*margos,* which would have the meaning of white, and contain the germ of meringue, as something white. There can be no more

difficulty in tracing meringue back to margos, a supposed form of argos, than in tracing marne back to margila.

Mignonette Pepper.—White pepper whole, not ground.

Milk.—The greatest discovery in the way of food which has been made in this century is the half-discovery which has been made about milk. When the discovery is complete it will go far to make something like a revolution in cookery, although for the present it can be turned to little practical result. It is an immense step in advance to be able to condense and preserve milk as we have it now; when we are able to do so without destroying the milk for cooking purposes by the addition of sugar, a new day will dawn. There is no aliment more valuable than milk, more pleasurable, and more capable of being turned to variety of account; but it is too thin for cooking purposes, and too apt to turn sour. It is a great gain to be able to have it now cheap, condensed to any desirable degree of thickness, and in a condition to keep sweet not only in the storeroom but also on the stomach. Its mixture with sugar, however, confines any use that can be made of it to the region of sweet entremets, where milk could always be turned to account. At present we have double cream put into sauces and soups. This is expensive, and economical housewives fight shy of it, while at the same time a goodly number of people with weak stomachs are afraid of its richness. Its use therefore in cookery is extremely limited, apart from sweets. But if the chemists will one day give us a thick milk, cheap, free from sugar, and easy of digestion, cooks will then have full swing, and can do what they like with it. The whole system of sauces will surely be remodelled—the white sauces will have more of a chance again the brown—and we shall no more have the cooks flying for flavour to their everlasting ham, and for a smooth mucilage to insipid veal.

MINCEMEAT.—Two pounds of unsalted bullock's tongue; two pounds of ox-kidney fat; two pounds of stoned raisins; three pounds of currants; two pounds of good apples; half a pound of blanched almonds, with a few bitter ones; mince all these separately, then mix them and add to them minced—half a pound of candied citron and orange peel; one ounce of best cinnamon and cloves; the juice and zest of three lemons; half an ounce of salt; half an ounce of allspice; one pound of sifted sugar; half a pint of sherry; half a pint of brandy or pineapple rum; half a pint of orange-flower water. Mix the solids well before the liquids are added. Press all into jars, which are to be close covered and put aside for some days before use.

MINCE PIES.—Line some patty-pans with a rich puff-paste, No. 4 or 5. Fill them with mincemeat; roof them over, making a small hole in the centre with a fork, and bake them for half an hour.

MINCING KNIFE.—In most English kitchens there is used a chopper with a single blade, which does its work with a great expenditure of labour and loss of time. Try and get a large three-bladed knife. Imagine a semicircular blade like the Turkish scimitar which we see in pictures and sometimes in museums. Imagine three of these fixed parallel together, an inch apart, with one handle for all at each end. Imagine the ease of working such a knife by rocking it from end to end as compared with the hammering of a single-bladed chopper commonly in use.

MINT SAUCE.—Two tablespoonfuls of green mint, chopped fine; a tablespoonful of brown sugar (or more, according to taste); and not far from a tumblerful of vinegar.

MIREPOIX.—It is probable that one of these days the common sense of mankind will rise in rebellion against

this word and abolish it. What is the Duke of Mirepoix to us because his wife was amiable to Louis XV.?

> If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?

The Duke of Mirepoix made himself convenient to the king, and his name is now convenient to the people—the convenient name for the faggot of vegetables that flavours a stew or a sauce.

Take two carrots, two onions, two shalots, two bayleaves, a sprig of thyme, a clove of garlic; mince them very small with half a pound of fat bacon and half a pound of raw ham, and pass them in butter with pepper and salt. The Mirepoix is from this moment complete. It will afterwards, according to need, be moistened and heated with wine, and then it will be a Mirepoix of white wine or of red —to be added to stock or to sauce, to simmer in it and give it a flavour.

The published receipts say nothing about the mincing. The direction is to simmer the Mirepoix for a couple of hours in order to extract the flavour, and then to strain it. On the other hand it will be found that to mince the Mirepoix fine with a three-bladed mincing knife (see Mincing Knife) will in ten minutes save a vast amount of time in cooking. It may require two hours to cook an onion or a carrot whole and to extract all their flavour; but onions, carrots, and bayleaves reduced to minute particles yield all their excellence in a minute or two.

In another point the foregoing receipt differs from the received authorities. They enjoin a quantity of veal and much more ham. But the veal is waste—there is little or no flavour in the infant beef, and its only use is to render the Mirepoix gelatinous. There is not the same objection to the ham; but it is not too much to say that since Spanish notions on cookery became fashionable in France, now nigh two hundred years ago, the great cooks of Europe have become demented about ham, and have made all their

sauces run upon gammon. More about this ham infatuation when we come to discuss the theory of the sauces.

MOISTEN.—A mild word to be understood in the sense of Mrs. Gamp, who wished to have the gin-bottle near her on the chimney-piece in order that she might moisten her lips when so dispoged. To moisten is to put upon meat in a stewpan as much liquid—be it water or broth—as will stew it.

MULLAGATAWNY has been already discussed in the article on Gallimawfrey. It may be described as a cock-a-leekie without the leeks and the prunes, but with rice instead, and with spices, which are of the curry class.

Cut down a fowl and boil it for half an hour in two quarts of water, with two apples, four onions and a clove of garlic, which have been cut to dice and fried in butter. Then take a curry powder consisting of coriander, cassia, pepper, and turmeric; mix it with some rice-flour; stir it into the fowl broth; and let all simmer till the soup is smooth and thick as cream. Flavour it with the juice of a lemon; pass it through a strainer, to get rid of onion shreds; serve the fowl and soup in a tureen—and rice either apart, which is the better way, or in the soup.

MULLET.—See Red and Grey.

MUSHROOMS require a volume to themselves. It is not possible here to give them more than a few lines. Their varieties are infinite; and there is yearly an immense waste of them, through our inability to discern between the edible and the poisonous ones. Professor Schiff has demonstrated that the non-edible mushrooms have a common poison, muscarina, and that its effects are counteracted either by atropine or daturine. Italian apothecaries now keep these alkaloids in the rural districts where the consumption of the non-edible fungi is apt to occur. Those mushrooms which are edible are full of nourishment and

of the most exquisite flavour. I have seen people with their eyes shut eat mushrooms—a variety which the French call *ceps*—and heard them declare that they were eating flesh. Of the enormous value of the mushroom in sauces and ragouts the reader has seen ample proof in the course of these pages. For the treatment of mushrooms by themselves there are two leading receipts.

Stewed Mushrooms.—These are the Mushrooms à l'olivier invented by La Varenne, and since developed into the Duxelles. See Duxelles; and see also Truffles à l'Italienne, which is but another form of the same receipt with the substitution of truffles for mushrooms.

Grilled Mushrooms.—Peppered, salted, buttered and grilled. When, in addition to this, they are served with a sauce of oil or melted butter, to which parsley, young onions and garlic (all chopped) are added, together with the juice of a lemon, they are called Mushrooms à la Bordelaise.

MUSSELS are the oysters of the poor, said Grimod de la Reyniére, and they ought to be favoured also by the rich, for there is scarcely a shell-fish which surpasses them in flavour. Especially in these days, when oysters are dear, mussels might occasionally take their place in sauces and stews. The French are wise, for they still hold the mussel in regard—it is one of the chief attractions of that noble ragout, the Normandy Matelote. In England—be it said with shame—the mussel is chiefly used for bait; it is rarely to be seen at any good English table—it is only in houses where the French style of cookery reigns that it is to be had. People are afraid of mussels because once or twice they have proved to be hurtful. So have mushrooms; so have melons: but still mushrooms and melons are eaten. Mussel-poisoning must be extremely rare—or we should know more about it. Our science is not so

backward that if, among the myriads of mussels which the French consume, the cases of poisoning were numerous, we should not be able to detect the cause. If care is taken not to eat the mussels in those months which have no letter R in their names there is little danger.

Mussel Sauce. —Proceed as for oyster sauce. Let there be no lack of mussels, and remove the hard parts.

MUSTARD, in the form which at present prevails in England, was not known before 1729. Its old English name was senvy, from *sinapis*. The seeds, either whole or coarsely pounded, were boiled in vinegar or *must*—whence the name, meaning a kind of pickle. The French to this day adhere very much to the old form; they grind the seeds to a fine flour, mix them with tarragon vinegar, and present them for use thus moistened. English mustard as we now have it was the invention of an old lady, Mrs. Clements, of Durham. She ground the seeds in a mill exactly like wheat, and sold it as a very fine flour. She kept her secret and made a little fortune out of it, trotting about from town to town on a packhorse for orders, and contriving to secure the patronage of George I. From her place of manufactory it came to be called Durham mustard; though in fact it was no longer mustard—that is, something steeped in must.

MUTTON.—I hope it will not be found very inconvenient, but there has been so much to say about mutton under special and interesting names, that there is little left for remark under its own proper name. The subject of mutton broth has been discussed under the names of *Scotch Broth* and *Hotch Potch*. The principles of boiled mutton have been set forth in the article on *Boiling*. The principles of roast mutton are set forth in the articles on *Roasting*, on the *Saddle of Mutton*, and on the *Breton* way of serving the gigot or leg. The *Carbonade* has an article to itself,

and is further handled in the articles on the *Shoulder of Mutton* and on the Prince of *Soubise*. The stews of mutton will be found amply described under the various names of *Haricot of Mutton, Hotch Potch, Irish Stew, Navarin,* and *Ragout of Mutton.* There remain the mutton chops and cutlets, for which directions will be found in the articles on the *Grill,* on the cutlet à la *Bretonne,* à la *Maintenon,* à la *Soubise.* The mutton pie, otherwise known as the Devonshire, the Cornish or Squab pie, is described in the article on *Irish Stew.* The smaller mutton pie should have been described in recording the merits of the celebrated Kit-Kat. And there is more about mutton in the articles on *Kidneys, Sheep's Head, Sheep's Trotters* and *Epigrams.*

NAVARIN is a stupid word which has arisen from a desire to get rid of the unintelligible and misleading name, Haricot de mouton, without falling back on the vulgar phrase, Ragoût de mouton. It was at first selected with a thought of punning upon the *navet* or turnip, which is so prominent in the Haricot de mouton as not exactly to have suppressed, but to have thrown into the background and concealed in the sauce, the other vegetables—carrots and onions—which went along with it. On this understanding the word may be allowed to pass, although punning titles are not to be desired. Let us say, therefore, that a navarin is a ragout of mutton in the garniture of which the navet or turnip is supreme. When the combined English and French fleets gained the battle of Navarino, Lord Aberdeen, who was the English Foreign Minister described it as "an untoward event," and the phrase has never been forgotten. Let it be a warning to the cooks,

and never let it be said that the Navarino of the kitchen is an untoward event.

Take the breast of mutton and cut it in pieces, which are to be well trimmed of fat. Line the bottom of a saucepan with slices of onion, on which lay the mutton, and with it two sliced carrots, two bayleaves, some thyme, and half a pint of broth, which is to be boiled until it falls to a glaze. Then add two ladlefuls either of broth or of boiling water, together with salt, and let all simmer for two hours; at the end of which time the sauce, all except the thyme and bayleaf, is to be pressed through a sieve, and the meat may be boned. Now turn some turnips nicely, and pass them in butter till they are of a light-brown tint: dredge them with a tablespoonful of flour, give them a shake, pour over them the sauce of the mutton, add a pinch of sugar, and let them cook. When they are done enough, see that the sauce is not too thin. If too thin, reduce it, first taking out the turnips. In any case, remove the top fat. Then add turnips and sauce to the mutton, and let them get hot together.

A quicker way.—Cut the mutton (be it neck, shoulder or breast) in pieces, and trim them. Make a roux of butter and flour, in which as soon as it takes colour the meat is to be fried for a quarter of an hour. Hot water is then to be added, and the meat turned in it till it boils; and the scum can be removed. In the meantime turnips are prepared as before, and are added to the mutton, along with pepper, salt, a faggot of herbs, and an onion pricked with a couple of cloves. Cook this for three-quarters of an hour. Finally take out the onion and the faggot of herbs; get rid of all grease, add a pinch of sugar, and see that the salting is right.

It must be evident that the above ragout may be made to include other vegetables—as a Jardinière—either in place of turnips or in addition to them. The English have long since made up their minds that turnips and

mutton go well together—but they always understand by this, boiled mutton and turnips plain boiled or mashed. Here it will be seen that the French are so far in accord, but they insist upon a stew in which both the mutton and the turnips shall be browned; and to attain this fine conjunction pure and simple, they have gradually put out of sight, though they have not utterly swept away from their world-famous ragout or haricot, the other vegetables, the onions and carrots, which used to figure in it. May I recommend my English friends to study this simplicity. Better take one good friend—the turnip—to your breast of mutton, than trouble it with a crowd of vegetables.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, king of Babylon, a great name in the chronology of the table. He invented salads, was accused of eating grass, and like most originals was said to be mad.

NECTARINE is a smooth peach, and there are not a few who maintain that it is the best of all peaches. It is a curious fact that on a peach tree, not only may branches be found bearing the nectarine perfect in every way, but also on the same branch fruits will appear which are peach on one side and nectarine on the other. Botanists are unable to tell what makes the difference.

NESSELRODE PUDDING was invented many years ago by Mony, cook to the famous Count Nesselrode. When Carême heard of this, which is perhaps the most perfect of the iced puddings, he almost burst with envy. He could not but praise the pudding—but he declared that Mony took the idea of it from the chestnut pudding invented by himself. Moreover, he upbraided Mony for conferring the name of a foreigner upon so good a pudding. All the good cooks, he insisted, are French, and therefore all the good names should be French too. Carême, however skilful as a cook, was a blazing cox-

comb; he gave the names of his physician and private friends to many of his dishes, and he fancied that the world would care enough for his decree to accept these names for ever. Surely if Mony had a right to accept service with Count Nesselrode, he had a perfect right to give his patron's name to the great work of art which he evolved under his roof. The following receipt is transcribed from Gouffé, who announces that he had it direct from his old friend Mony:—

"Peel forty chestnuts; blanch them in boiling water for five minutes; peel off the second skin, and put them in a stewpan with a quart of syrup at 16°, and a stick of vanilla. Simmer gently till the chestnuts are done, drain and press them through a fine hair sieve.

"Put eight yolks of egg in a stewpan with half a pound of pounded sugar and a quart of boiled cream. Stir over the fire without boiling till the egg begins to thicken. Add the chestnut purée, and press the whole through a tammy cloth into a basin, and add a gill of Maraschino.

"Stone one quarter-pound of raisins and wash and pick one quarter-pound of currants. Cook both together in one half-gill of syrup at 30° and one gill of water; drain, and let them cool.

"Put a freezing pot in the ice; pour in the chestnut cream and work it with the spatula; when it is partly frozen, add three gills of whipt cream, and continue working with the spatula until the cream is frozen; then add the currants and raisins, and put the pudding into an ice-mould; close it, and put some butter on the opening, to prevent any salt or water penetrating inside; embed the mould in ice, and let it remain there for two hours.

"Make the sauce as follows: Put three gills of boiled cream in a stewpan, with eight yolks of egg and a quarter-pound of pounded sugar; stir over the fire without boiling till the egg begins to thicken; take off the fire, and stir for three minutes more. Strain the custard through a

tammy cloth and add half a gill of Maraschino. Put the sauce on the ice until it is very cold, without freezing. Turn the pudding out of the mould on to a napkin on a dish; and serve with the sauce in a boat."

This is the most insidious of puddings, and it was a matter of necessity to give it the name of some great diplomatist. The quantities as above rendered are large, but it is easy to take a half, a third, or a fourth.

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, was particularly fond of red-streak apples—his one great animal passion. A curious illustration of the fact that a love of food concentrated in some one direction may lead to the grandest discoveries. The interest which he took in a falling apple led to the discovery of the solar system.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—Under the heading of Apple.

NOWELL.—It would be unpardonable, in a work which treats seriously of good cheer, to forget the name of Dean Nowell, classed by Fuller among the worthies of England. This excellent divine had a truly apostolical character, being a fisher of men as well as of fishes. To him we are indebted for the Church Catechism, which instils into the infant mind the elements of religious knowledge. To him also we are indebted for the discovery of bottled beer. It appears, according to Fuller, that on one occasion he was fishing in the Thames—but at the very time when he was trying to catch perch to carry them to the gridiron, Bishop Bonner was trying to catch him to tie him to the stake. The reverend gentleman heard of it, and fled in haste, leaving untasted in a safe place a bottle of beer which he had filled in the morning. Bonner's day did not last long, and Dean Nowell was soon able to return to his old haunts. Fishing as usual, he went to look after his bottle of beer, and found that it had turned to something like a gun—it went off like a shot. Thus Nature, which is ever kind,

turned the martydom and misery of Bloody Mary's reign to good—it brought about bottled beer. The Dean unbosomed himself of his great discovery to his clerical friends, and the clergy gradually let it out to the laity. So to one man—a kindly, good old man, fond of fishing, we are indebted for our earliest instruction in heavenly things, and for that bottled beer which nerves the soul to noble deeds.

Noyau.—The French claim for themselves the glory of being the first and the best liqueur makers in the world. They are by no means the first in point of time; and so long as we can point to such foreign liqueurs as Acqua d'oro, Maraschino, Kirschenwasser, Curaçoa, and Kümmel, it would be hard to allow them the pre-eminence in manufacture. Noyau, however, is peculiarly their own, and is a good second-rate liqueur. It is made from a combination of white brandy with apricot kernels. Sometimes it is coloured pink.

Nut-brown Butter.—See Butter.

Nutmeg.—There was scarcely a dish in the olden time which was not flavoured with nutmeg; and Boileau, in his satire, could ask—

Aimez vous la muscade? on en a mis partout.

It has been so ridiculed that we have now gone to the other extreme; and it is rarely if ever used, except for sweet dishes. It will no doubt one of these days recover a good deal of the favour it has lost, and we shall not confine ourselves to mace, which is its husk.



IL.—Pliny makes an interesting remark about oil. "It is not with olive oil as with wine; for by age it acquires a bad flavour, and at the end of a year it is already old. This is a wise provision of nature. Wine, which tends to drunkenness, she invites us to keep; but she has not willed that we should be thus sparing of oil, and so has rendered its use common and universal by the very necessity of using it while fresh." The French are wonderfully proud of their olive-trees, but the chief supply for England comes from Italy and Spain: from Italy we get 12,000 tuns a year, from Spain 5,000. The next largest supplies come in order from Portugal, Tripoli, Malta, Greece; and from France we obtain no more than 300 tuns —a tun being 252 gallons. The French pride themselves on the fact that their olives are gathered in November and December, while in Italy they are left on the tree all winter and are culled in February and March. The Olive in poetry betokens fruitfulness; but if French accounts be true, there is not much felicity in the emblem. An olive-tree at twelve years of age yields on an average three kilogrammes of olives, making 240 grammes of oil, worth 60 centimes; at twenty years its yield is worth 1 fr. 50 c.; at thirty years, 2 fr. 55 c.; at forty years 3 fr. 80 c.; and at a hundred years 9 fr. 95 c. The whole of this fruitful tree being at twelve years old worth only sixpence, what are the olive-branches worth of which we hear so much?

Good olive oil is not over abundant; and that is indeed one of the reasons why many people in England cannot bear it. About 1000 years ago (A.D. 817) it was so scarce in Europe that the council of Aix la Chapelle authorised the priests to manufacture anointing oil from bacon. Imagine divine right shed over kings in the essential oil of swine; and imagine how, as the Hindoo

now dies happy with the tail of a cow in his hand, the good Christian of those days went shining to heaven in the extreme unction dropped from a flitch of bacon. We are driven to no such straits in these days, when oil bubbles up in wells, and fortunes are made by striking it from the rock; but still it is not easy to get the oil of Lucca good, and it is much adulterated with inferior kinds. The best olive oil in London is to be had at the Italian shop of Perelli-Rocco, No. 8, Greek Street, Soho.

Olla Podrida.—"This word—Olla—means at once a species of prepared food, and the earthenware utensil in which it is dressed. . . The olla is only well made in Andalucia, and there alone in careful, well appointed houses: it is called a puchero in the rest of Spain, where it is but a poor affair . . .

"The veritable olla is difficult to be made: a tolerable one is never to be eaten out of Spain, since it requires many Spanish things to concoct it, and much care. It may be made in one pot, but two are better. They must be of earthenware, like the French pot au feu. Put them on their separate stoves, with water. Place into No. 1 garbanzos which have been placed to soak over night. Add a good piece of beef, a chicken, a large piece of bacon; let it boil once and quickly; then let it simmer: it requires four or five hours to be well done. Meanwhile place into No. 2, with water, whatever vegetables are to be had—lettuces, cabbage, a slice of gourd, carrots, beans, celery, endive, onions and garlic, with beef and long peppers. These must be previously well washed and cut, as if they were designed to make a salad; then add red sausages or chorizos, half a pig's face salted, which should have been soaked over night. When all is sufficiently boiled, strain off the water. Remember constantly to skim the scum off both saucepans. When all is ready, take a large dish, lay in the bottom the vegetables, the

beef in the centre, flanked by the bacon, chicken, and pig's face. The sausages should be arranged around *en couronne*. Pour over some of the soup of No. 1, and serve hot." (Abridged from Ford's *Handbook of Spain.*)

In spite of Ford's protest, there is nothing in this receipt which cannot be procured in London. The garbanzos are chick peas, which are to be procured at Francisco Figul's, 10, Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square. But surely it is not to be said that the Spanish Olla depends on the garbanzos, and that no other peas will do. The Chorizos are also to be obtained at the same Spanish shop, which was of old recommended by Ford. In the absence of Chorizos use Frankfort sausages. As for the necessity of an earthen pot—that is a delusion, if the true use of earthenware is understood. See article Soup.

Omelet.—It was long supposed that an omelet derived its name somehow from *ovum,* an egg, and might mean *œufs mêlés*. That etymology has been given up as impracticable by French scholars. It has been reserved for M. Jérôme de Pichon, in his very able edition of the *Ménagier de Paris,* to declare that the word takes its rise from *lamina,* a leaf or thin sheet, whence the Latin diminutive Lamella, in English Lamel. He has not, however, clearly traced out the steps by which we travel from Lamella to Omelette. In the *Ménagier de Paris,* composed about 1390, the name for an omelette is Alumelle, corrupted into Alumette, which yet again appears as Aumelette. If Alumelle comes from Lamella, whence came the initial A? It is strictly in accordance with French law that Al should contract into Au; but we have first of all to account for the presence of that initial A. The explanation may come hereafter. All we can vouch for now is that 500 years ago the name for an omelet was written Alumelle, Alumette, and Aumelette.

Omelet—plain.—Break six eggs into a bowl, season them

with pepper and salt, and beat them with a fork. Put two ounces of butter into an omelet pan, and as soon as it melts pour in the eggs. Stir them lightly with a fork and keep them from catching the pan. When half-set, toss the omelet, and keep stirring it till it is all set. The finishing operation is performed in one of two ways. Practised hands slant the pan downwards from the handle—taking care, however, that the best of the fire is beneath the upper or handle end: they then roll the omelet downwards till it takes the form of an elongated oval. A more simple plan is merely to fold over the omelet on both sides to the proper elliptical shape. In either case the operation must be performed rapidly.

Omelet with fine-herbs.—Beat the eggs with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and if the onion flavour is admired, with a chopped shalot which has been first blanched.

Omelet with gravy (Omelette au jus).—The same as the last, with a little gravy served round it.

Omelet with cheese.—Some grated Gruyère added to the beaten eggs instead of the fine-herbs, and afterwards strewed over the omelet in the dish.

Omelet with bacon.—Boil a quarter-pound of bacon for five or six minutes; cut it into small squares; fry them in a little butter, and then add them to the beaten eggs of the first receipt—which, however, should have a diminished allowance of salt.

Omelet with kidneys.—Cut up a couple of kidneys into dice or into thin slices. Put them into the omelet pan with butter and some of the kidney fat. When the butter and the fat are melted, and the pieces of kidney are quite hot, pour in the beaten eggs and proceed as before.

Omelet with asparagus.—Boil the asparagus, take the points and mix them with the beaten eggs.

Omelet with tomatos.—Take the flesh of the tomatos free from skin and pips, and mix with the beaten eggs.

Sweet Omelet.—Beat six eggs and add to them two teaspoonfuls of sugar, together with a few bits of butter. As a rule the eggs for an omelet are not to be too much beaten, but for the sweet omelet they may be beaten even to frothing a little. Then pour them into the omelet pan, and proceed as for the plain omelet; only, on account of the sugar, which might burn, the fire must not be so brisk. When the omelet is dished, it is sprinkled with sugar, and with a red-hot iron skewer it is marked with cross-bars.

Omelet with rum.—This is a sweet omelet with a glass of rum whipt into the eggs. It is sprinkled with sugar on the dish, and at the moment of serving it a glass of rum is poured over it and lighted.

Apricot Omelet.—This is the preserve which is the most frequently used with the omelet. Proceed as for the sweet omelet in every respect, only that before folding it up there is to be placed in the centre of it a fitting quantity of apricot jam.

Omelette Soufflée.—Take six eggs and break them, dividing the whites from the yolks. All the whites are to be used, but only half the yolks. Whip the whites to a very firm froth. Then add to them the yolks, shake in the best part of two ounces of sifted sugar, and sprinkle all with orange-flower water. Make a smooth mound with this upon an oval dish. In the centre of it put a knife down, giving it a twist, so as to make a hole for the heat to spread quickly into the middle of the omelet, which may also be rudely ornamented by drawing slant lines with the point of the knife all round its sides. Put it into a brisk oven for seven minutes. It must be served instantly, for the inflation rapidly subsides; but before serving sprinkle it with what is left of the two ounces of sugar.

Any other flavour than the orange-flower water may be selected. Rub a little into the sugar, or mix some essence of lemons with the yolks.

ONION.—In England we give the name of onion to all the plants of the onion tribe. The leek is to us an onion, and so is garlic and the shalot. In old English the leek was the type,—and garlic was but a gar-leek—a spear-headed leek. In the language of science, garlic is made the standard, and the onion is but a species of allium or garlic. It may be taken for granted that of all the flavouring substances used in cookery the onion is, after salt, the most valuable; and cunningly concealed in a sauce, in a stew, or in a soup, it yields enjoyment even to those who would carefully put it from them if they saw it.

Onion Sauce.—See the Soubise sauce, the Breton sauce, and the Sauce Robert.

Onion Soup in France is supposed to have the most amazing restorative virtue. The following is known as the Marquis de Cussy's favourite soup:—Peel twenty small onions, cut them in slices, and fry them of a good colour in a stewpan with fresh butter and a little sugar. Then moisten them with broth, and let them simmer for an hour. Towards the end of the process add crusts of bread; and when about to serve the soup, throw in a wineglassful of old brandy.

Fried Onions.—One word as to the French way of frying them, which results in something far more delicate than the strong-smelling, overpowering English dish of the same name. The onions ought to be fresh and juicy. Slice them crosswise, so as to produce rings. Shake these rings in flour till they are well covered. Then put them into a wire basket, and dip them in the frying-kettle of hot beef fat for five or six minutes. Drain them, sprinkle them with a little salt, and serve them.

ORANGE SAUCE, for wild ducks and other such fowl. Boil half a pint of brown gravy, and add a somewhat less quantity of claret, with salt, cayenne, the strained juice of two Seville oranges and a scraping of the zest.

ORGEATE, as its name shows, was formerly nothing but barley water. This was flavoured sometimes with lemon, sometimes with almonds. By degrees the almond flavour began to predominate, and almond milk was found to be so agreeable by itself that it displaced the barley altogether, Orgeate now is nothing but almond milk. The old drink, however, may still be obtained under the name of barley water.

ORTOLAN or GARDEN BUNTING.—Treat the ortolan as a quail or as a lark. It is useless to say more in a country where for the most part we have to eat the ortolan, like the becafico, in imagination. As much as a guinea apiece has been paid for ortolans in England. Fortunately in these days of the railway they can be obtained at a much less price; but the fat little monsters are still much too dear for any but long purses and rare occasions.

OXFORD.—It is not a comforting reflection that our two most ancient and renowned universities, with all their scholarships, all the wisdom of the classics to command, and all the heights of philosophy beneath their feet, have been able to add to the enjoyments of the table nothing more than an humble sausage. What is learning, what is science, if this be its farthest reach—to evolve only a sausage from the inner consciousness? Each University has one; but Oxford has certainly the best of it. Whereas both of these great schools chop logic and pork, Oxford in addition chops veal and the fat of beeves.

Oxford Sausage.—Mince one pound each of prime young pork, veal, and the freshest beef fat, all cleared of skin and sinews; steep the crumb of a twopenny loaf in

milk and water; grate a little zest of lemon, also a little nutmeg; chop a few sage leaves and some thyme; and pound a small quantity of long pepper and salt. Mix all together and press it down close in a pan for use. It may be stuffed in skins like other sausage meat; but is generally rolled out as wanted, and either fried in fresh butter of a fine brown colour or broiled over a clear fire. This is what ages of learning have taught the wise men of the Isis to fix upon as the only preparation of food to which the name of Oxford may worthily be linked.

Oxford Punch.—The great characteristic of this punch is its having a quantity of calf's foot jelly dissolved in it. The wise men of the Isis respect the name of their township, and have decreed that the kine from which it takes its name should not only ford their river, but should also enter into their sausages in the form of beef fat and youthful undergraduate veal, and should, in the frisky form of calf's feet, gambol into their punch.

Oxtail.—Mr. Punch not long ago gave a revised list of the thirty-nine articles of an Englishman's faith. I have forgotten whether the first was Oxtail soup or Shakespeare, and whether the second was Shakespeare or Oxtail soup; but at all events these were the first two. This oxtail, in which we now take a national pride, was originally Huguenot, and we learned the taste for it from the poor Protestant refugees who settled about Bermondsey. In this region of the tanners there is or was a place known as The Borgeney—Petty Burgundy. The Huguenots, when they saw oxhides abounding around them, thought they could make something of the tails, which were then sold with the hides. They made an excellent soup. A philanthropist who happened to be a lover of good cheer was in the habit of visiting the homes of the poor Frenchmen here at Spitalfields and there at Petty Burgundy. In Petty Burgundy

he came upon the oxtail soup; he opened his eyes, and he made such a proclamation of the goodness of the tanners' soup that it became at once fashionable, and now Mr. Punch can speak of it as among the first and foremost of an Englishman's thirty-nine articles of faith.

Oxtail Soup.—Take two large or three small oxtails, divided at the joints, and soak them well in lukewarm water. Then put them into a stewpan with a pound of ham or knuckle of bacon, three quarts of cold water, an ounce and a half of salt; set them on the fire to boil, and remove the scum. When the scum ceases to rise add three carrots, three onions, two turnips, and a head of celery, a faggot of sweet-herbs, six cloves, and a dozen peppercorns. Stew all gently for three hours, and then take out the oxtails. Strain the broth, get rid of the fat, put back the tails, thicken the soup with arrowroot or rice-flour, and finish it to taste with cayenne, salt, a spoonful of ketchup, and it may be a glassful of Marsala. If the oxtails are stewed longer they will yield an extremely gelatinous soup, but the meat will be in rags and unfit for presentation.

Stewed Oxtail.—Take an oxtail disjointed, and soak it well in lukewarm water. Then put with it in a stewpan a couple of onions, a couple of carrots, a faggot of sweet-herbs, and broth enough to cover it. Or for another combination put it into the stewpan with a Mirepoix of white wine, and with broth enough, as before, to cover all. Simmer it very gently for two or three hours. The oxtail may then be dished, and it may be sauced and garnished in a variety of ways. If surrounded with its gravy (strained), and garnished with lettuce brazed in the French way and intermingled with carrots, it is called *Queue de Bœuf en hochepot.* It may also be garnished with a Macedon of vegetables, with a purée of lentils, or with either the Soubise or the Breton purée of onions.

Oysters.—More than two hundred years ago Thomas

Fuller said that the best in England were the fat, salt, green-finned sort bred near Colchester. Since then, although the green-finned oysters are prized above all others on the Continent, they have come to be slighted in England through a fear that the greenness may be the effect of copper. Mr. Frank Buckland, however, has recently written: "I am glad to inform the public that the green-bearded oysters native to the river Roach (not far from Southend, Essex) are about to be introduced into the London market. For over a hundred years this kind of British oyster has been shipped *viâ* Ostend to the Paris and Continental markets, where, under the name of 'Les huitres verts d'Ostende,' they have been and are considered a great delicacy. The reason why oyster-eaters in England have not hitherto availed themselves of these home-bred oysters is that their beards (*i.e.*, breathing gills) are in the winter months more or less tinged with a green pigment. This peculiar green is imparted to them by the sporules of the seaweed called crow-silk, which grows abundantly in the Roach river. Dr. Letheby's analysis has pronounced this pigment to be purely vegetable, without the slightest trace of copper or other mineral. I consider that this vegetable pigment imparts a peculiar taste and agreeable flavour to the meat of these plump little oysters. For many years I have been trying to persuade the Messrs. J. and F. Wiseman, oyster merchants, of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, to send their natives to the home markets. The present scarcity of oysters has now induced them to supply the English rather than the French markets. The shells are thin and porcelain-like, and the proportion of meat to shell in my catalogue of oysters is one-fifth." The English are not only peculiar in their recent dislike to the green-finned oyster; they are so likewise in their manner of opening all oysters. In Scotland and in France oysters are always opened and left in the hollow half of the shell which retains the brine; in England the oyster is

left on the flat shell from which the liquor drains off. If, however, one could sometimes see the dirty liquor in which the oysters lie ready for opening, and in which they are opened behind the oyster bar of some fish shops, perhaps there would be no desire to taste the oyster at all, and certainly none to see it in the hollow shell bathed in discoloured brine.

Oyster Sauce.—Boil two dozen oysters very gently in their own liquor for five minutes, always remembering that quick boiling will harden them; then drain them and beard them. Go through the first step of making English sauce, using the liquor of the oysters (strained, of course) instead of water, and adding an equal quantity of milk. Put in the oysters, heat up the sauce, and lastly melt into it—but no more than melt—an ounce of butter. For a broiled beefsteak it is preferable to use good brown gravy instead of the milk.

Oyster Soup.—Take twenty-four oysters: remove the fins or beards and tendons, and put all together—oysters, fins and tendons—to simmer for ten minutes in their own liquor, along with a small sole. The sole, the fins and the tendons are then to be pounded in a mortar and passed into a stewpan, with the liquor of the oysters, a quart of water, or still better fish-stock, a faggot of sweet-herbs, and a few peppercorns. Let it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then work into it an ounce of butter kneaded into an ounce of flour till the flour be thoroughly cooked. The soup can then be strained into a tureen; thickened with a leason composed of one yolk of egg and two tablespoonfuls of cream; seasoned with cayenne and salt; and finally populated with the oysters.

Oyster Forcemeat.—See Forcemeat No. 4.

Scalloped Oysters. (Huîtres en Coquille).—These are oysters done either in scallop shells or in metal dishes made

to imitate them. Blanch and beard the oysters—some dozens. Then put them into a stewpan with their own liquor, a little butter, some chopped parsley, some pepper, and a glass of Chablis. Take out the oysters and put them into the shells; at the same time reducing the sauce and adding to it a leason of two yolks and some lemon-juice. Pour the sauce over the oysters intermingled with fine breadcrumbs, heap breadcrumbs over all, bedew them with melted butter, and brown them before the fire in a Dutch oven, or in baking tins in an ordinary oven.

OYSTERS—called in France *les-sots-y-les-laissent*—fools' leavings. Two peculiarly succulent morsels found on the backs of fowls. There is a story of Brillat-Savarin told by Talleyrand and reported by Hayward. He was on his way to Lyons, and proposed to dine at Sens. On his arrival he sent for the cook and asked what there was for dinner. The cook had very little to offer, and M. Savarin determined to go to the kitchen to see for himself. In the kitchen he found four turkeys roasting. "What is this?" he said. "You told me you had nothing in the house. Let me have one of these turkeys." "Impossible," was the reply; "they are all bespoken for a gentleman upstairs." "He must have a large party to need four turkeys." "No," said the cook, "he dines by himself." "How I should like to see the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating!" Brillat-Savarin went to pay his respects to the stranger, and found his own son. "What, you rogue, four turkeys all to yourself!" "Yes, sir," said the son: "you know that whenever I dine with you, you eat up all the oysters; I was resolved to enjoy myself once in a way—and here I am."

PALATES.—Those of the ox are alone worthy of trouble. They are to be blanched for ten minutes, cooled, drained, carefully scraped, and divided in two lengthways. They are then to be simmered for three hours, with, say, half a pint of broth for each palate, half an ounce of butter, fat or dripping, together with a faggot of sweet-herbs, an onion, a carrot, a clove, and some salt. When they are ready drain them on a cloth, remove fat, and serve them with a Poulette sauce.

PALESTINE SOUP.—The name given to soup made from the Girasole, ignorantly called the Jerusalem artichoke.

PANADA—for forcemeat. Soak in warm water the crumb of fine bread. When it is quite moist and soft put it in a cloth and wring out the water. Then put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter and a little salt, and beat it smooth and dry over a very slow fire, taking care that it browns in no way. Put it aside to cool. Instead of butter, milk may be used, or a little white broth.

PANCAKES.—It is a curious unaccountable fact that if one asks for a pancake in Paris one has to wait nearly half an hour for it, and if one asks for an omelet suddenly from an English cook one has to wait about the same time. Neither pancake nor omelet need take more than five minutes at any time.

Pancakes plain.—Beat any number of eggs in a basin—say four. Mix with it the same number of ounces of flour—or say a small spoonful for every egg. Add sugar, some grated lemon-peel and nutmeg. Stir in milk enough to make it a smooth batter. Toss a ladleful of this with butter in a small frying-pan. If the cake is very thin it need not be turned, but may be doubled up as it is with sprinkled sugar inside. It is usually made thicker, and

then it has to be turned. Serve it with pounded sugar and sliced lemon.

Pancakes royal.—Six eggs, five spoonfuls of flour, three ounces of butter. All the rest as before.

Pancakes ornate.—Spread with jam; apricot jam the favourite.

PARFAIT AMOUR unhappily is a liqueur which lives by its name and nothing else. We all like to taste that unknown bliss which is not to be found on earth, and we hope to find its semblance in the bottle. The liqueur is too true as a satire. Starting with the idea that love is a bitter-sweet, Parfait Amour is made of the bitter zest of limes, mollified with syrup, with the spirit of roses, and with spicy odours. It is in fact, a kind of orange bitters spoilt. Whoever drinks of Parfait Amour says in his heart, This is a mistake. And therein lies the success of the liqueur: it has a rosy colour, it has a fine name, and it is nought. One trial is enough.

In England in the olden time, when oranges were more scarce than they are now, it was the custom for a lover to give his sweetheart on New Year's Day, as an emblem of Perfect Love, an orange stuck all over with cloves.

PARMENTIER first introduced potatoes into France, and the French, in gratitude, have affixed his name to their potato soup. One might have expected a like honour, in England at least, to the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, who brought the potato from America in 1586. He was in fact the discoverer of the potato, as Columbus was the discoverer of the New World. But as the New World has been named, not after Columbus but after his follower Amerigo, so the potato throughout Europe is connected with the name, not of Raleigh, but of Parmentier. The town of Metz has raised a statue to Parmentier.

PARSLEY is the crown of cookery. It once crowned men;

it now crowns their food. We wreath our fish with sprigs of parsley; it would be impossible to eat cold meat without garlands of it round the dish; and the crowning grace of many a sauce and stew comes from a shower of minute parsley shed upon it at the last. There is no plant that is so much used in this way for coronation.

Fried Parsley is indispensable for fried fish, croquettes, rissoles. It should be crisp, and is only to be well done in a wire basket dipped into the frying kettle. If the fat be properly hot, a minute is enough, and more than enough. Let the parsley be first washed and thoroughly dried.

Parsley Sauce is a name that might be given to several sauces, but is generally in England given to what in the French kitchen is known as maître d'hôtel sauce.

PARSNIPS—dressed as carrots; but they require less time.

PARTRIDGE.—There is an old controversy about the partridge. There is a tract called *The Debate between the Heralds of France and England,* supposed to have been written by Charles, Duke of Orleans, between 1458 and 1461, and published about 1500. The heralds proclaim against each other the advantages of their several countries; and the French one, when it comes to his turn, boasts that France has great red-legged partridges, while England has none: "And believe me," he cries, "these are delicious birds, fit for the palates of kings and princes." To this day in France the red-legged partridge or bartavelle is considered superior to the grey-legged sort which abounds in England, and always in the market it commands a higher price. When that great gastronomer, Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne, went to Paris in the beginning of last century, he made acquaintance with the red-legged partridge, and brought back word that it far excelled the grey kind. Englishmen generally, however, have not been

of this opinion, and some have gone so far as to declare that red-legged partridges (which, by the way, are plentiful enough in the Eastern counties) are not worth eating. It is well that tastes should differ, and that when Jack Sprat can eat no fat his wife can eat no lean. Each one must speak for himself; and I give my vote with the French, in favour of the red-legs. Perhaps the Englishman has a spite against the red-legged partridge, because it does not rise to his gun like the common one, and yields him less sport. The French authorities lay down the maxim that whereas the English or grey-legged partridge is best young, the French or red-legged one is best at maturity.

Roast Partridge.—In England the partridge goes nearly always to the spit, though it sometimes also shows in a salmi—in which case, however, it has still to be first of all roasted. The French are mighty in stewed partridge, and never send any but young birds to be roasted. They have their perdrix and their perdreaux; the former being the full-grown birds, the latter the chicks. It is only the perdreaux that ever figure among the roasts in France. It does not follow that the French are right: no Englishman will allow this who remembers that they object to roast duck with green peas, and prefer brazed duck with turnips. But granting that partridges, young or old, are always best roasted, there may still be reason with the French, who seem never to delight more in the bird than when it appears as

Perdrix aux Choux.—Partridge with cabbage, salt pork, and sausage. Put a couple of birds into a stewpan with butter or good dripping, and pass them over the fire till they take colour, along with a piece of the hand of pork and a couple of onions, nailed with a couple of cloves. Moisten them then with broth, and add two carrots, a bayleaf, and some saveloy. Add also, trimmed, blanched, cut into quarters, and seasoned with pepper and salt, a Savoy cabbage; and

let all simmer together for an hour and a half. Then drain the cabbage and make a low hayrick of it upon a dish. On the top of the rick, or (for a Chartreuse) in the middle of it, lay the partridges, and round them the sausages and slices of pork, and over all a gravy made of the liquor they have stewed in, assisted, if need be, with veal gravy.

Englishmen who are asked to admire this dish, which French cooks elaborate with extraordinary care, lavishing immense ingenuity on the Chartreuse of partridges, have a right to observe that the proverb *Toujours Perdrix* is eminently French, and would never have been thought of but for the *Perdrix aux choux*.

Pass.—This is as great a word in cookery as it is in legerdemain. "Pass!" says the juggler, and the pigeon vanishes. A French cook passes almost everything through a sieve, and according to the theory of evolution, he will himself one day pass through the sieve and become a purée. But the grand and peculiar use of the word for which it has a place in this dictionary implies a process of cookery. A cook will speak of passing a fowl, or a piece of meat, or vegetables. In the French kitchen they have not only the verb *passer*, but also (which is the same thing) *faire revenir*. To pass is to pass in butter over the fire; in short, to fry lightly for a minute or two, so as to create a rich surface on what it is intended to finish by a different process of cooking—say by stewing. To pass in a trifle of butter is to frying what the preface is to the book, the prologue to the play and the overture to the opera.

Pastry.—It has been said that the greatest discovery of the modern kitchen is pastry, and it would be difficult to name any other article of food which is better entitled to this praise. The discovery of America added much to the resources of the table; and we have an immense advantage over the ancients in tea, coffee, and chocolate. We owe

these good things, however, to navigation; whereas pastry we owe to the kitchen. It was quite within reach of the ancients to invent the modern pie, and they failed to hit upon it.

The following are the pastes most frequently in use:—

1. Hot-water paste for raised pies—that is, pies baked without dishes or patty-pans. Melt four ounces of butter in half a pint of hot water and work it with half an ounce of salt into a pound of flour. This is chiefly used in England. The French prefer the following because of the eggs.

2. Cold-water paste for raised pies. Use the same quantities as for No. 1, but substitute three yolks of eggs for an equal displacement of water. This also makes a good short paste for ordinary pies.

3. Puff paste for a Vol-au-vent, the lightest and leafiest, called by the French Feuilletage. This deserves to be mentioned before the more common kinds because, although it is the most difficult of all the pastes, it best illustrates the principle of the puff pastes, and once mastered ensures a mastery of all the rest.

Put a pound of flour on the pastry slab with about half an ounce of salt. Make a well in it for cold water, of which close on half a pint will be needed, and mix it into a smooth paste. Dry it with flour until the slab is quite cleared, but work it as little as possible, and leave it alone for a minute or two to get cool from the heat of the hands before the next process begins, which has to do with the butter. Take a pound of butter, very cold, and with every drop of milk or water squeezed out of it, and press it out flat so as to form a square of something between nine and ten inches. It is not essential in practice to be too particular about these numbers, which are given chiefly to make the principle clear. Roll out the paste to something between thirteen and fourteen inches square,—that is, such a size that when the butter square is put upon it diagonally, the four corners of the paste square folded over and meet-

ing in the centre will completely envelope the butter. We have here a simple sandwich of paste and butter, and this is called the first turn, after it has been rolled out in one direction to the extent of, say thirty inches. Give it now a second turn—that is, fold it over in three, so as to renew the square of ten inches, and roll it out again to thirty inches, but this time in a cross direction. We have now a triple sandwich in which there are four thin sheets of paste alternated with three of butter. Give it three turns more, —in all five turns—each time rolling it crosswise. At the end of the fifth turn we have a sandwich which, if the rolling were delicate and even, and if the paste and the butter were in perfect condition, ought, in theory at least, to consist of eighty-four thin films of paste alternated with eighty-three of butter. In practice this is not to be hoped for. One's touch is not always light and even; the paste is apt to be sticky and the butter to melt; and many of the films under pressure will smudge into one another. We must be content if we can make sure of a goodly number of films remaining perfect. And to make sure of this, there is a step in the process which has not yet been mentioned. This is to cool the paste between the turns. How often and how much it should be cooled will depend on the time of year. In warm weather, when the butter is apt to flow and the paste to stick, it should certainly be cooled, if not between every turn, at least twice. This is done by transferring the paste to a floured baking-sheet, and placing it either on ice or in a draught of air. Say that it is left to cool for half an hour between the second and third turns, and for a quarter of an hour between the fourth and fifth.

A piece of paste a quarter of an inch thick prepared thus carefully will puff up to five, six, and even eight times its original height. Dexterity is required, but the great thing is to understand the meaning of the process. In short paste the butter is kneaded with the flour, and

becomes part of the paste. In puff paste the butter and the paste are separate and there is no mixing or kneading —only what may be called fine sandwiching. The flour is made into a paste by itself, which by successive rollings is divided into thinner and thinner layers separated one from another by layers of butter, which by the same rollings are made thinner and thinner. The process of baking separates the films and puffs them up one above another; and the great art of the pastrycook is by delicacy and rapidity of touch, also by guarding carefully the coldness of the butter and its freedom from moisture, together with the freedom of the paste from stickiness, to make sure that as far as possible the thin flakes of butter and paste shall not interpenetrate.

4. Puff paste for pies. When once the principle of the puff paste is understood the cook can take liberties with it. The foregoing receipt will produce the lightest puff paste, rising several inches and fit for a Vol-au-vent; but for ordinary pies less care is necessary and less butter—say ten or twelve ounces of butter to the pound of flour. Also, though it is always best to use butter, and it is imperative to do so if there is any chance of the pie being eaten cold, —for a hot pie there is no objection to beef-fat pounded with milk or sweet oil in a mortar to the consistency of butter. Lastly, as one does not expect the crust upon a pigeon-pie or an apple-pie to rise very much, one need not be too anxious to multiply the films, and one can spare a turn or two.

5. Puff paste for cheesecakes and tarts. Add about three ounces of sifted sugar to the pound of flour. Sometimes two yolks are added, but with doubtful benefit.

6. Short paste. It has been already explained that for short crust the intermixture of the butter with the flour is by kneading, not rolling. For the best short crusts take equal quantities of butter and flour. But even half of butter will make a fair crust. For meat pies the lesser

quantity is desirable, with a pinch of salt. (See also No. 2.) Feather it with white of egg before putting it in the oven.

7. Short paste for tarts and fruit pies. As much butter as can be allowed, no salt, and three ounces of sifted sugar.

8. Paste for dumplings and puddings. No. 4 is best, but the following is commendable: a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two well-beaten eggs, a little water, and a pinch of salt, kneaded together.

9. Brioche paste. Take a pound of sifted flour, and with a fourth of it make a soft leaven by mixing it with a wineglassful of German yeast. Cover this up and set it for twenty minutes in a warm place to rise. It ought to rise to twice what it was. Take the remainder of the flour and in the usual way knead it into a paste with ten ounces of butter, six or seven eggs, and a wineglassful of water in which a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar have been melted. Mix the leaven with it lightly. Put it aside for some hours, and then knead it, roll it, fold it, break it, toss it about, blend it thoroughly together. Roll it up in a loose cloth dusted with flour, put it into some covered vessel, and keep it in a fair temperature—till next day, if possible, when it will be fit to use and can be moulded into any shape—Brioche cakes, or Bath buns. Colour the paste with saffron diluted in two glasses of rum, and it makes a Baba.

PAYSANNE.—The Peasant's soup; but really a very good soup for peer as well as peasant. It is a clear broth with winter vegetables in it. See Brunoise, and also the Introductory chapter.

That French peasant was evidently a woman of great taste, and a desirable person to know. There is another of her nice dishes which is sometimes called *Petits pois à la Paysanne*. It is one of the nicest vegetable messes that can be sent to table, and is described in the next article

under the name of Flemish peas. The cookery of the Peasant, in fact, and that of the Fleming are almost alike.

Peas. *In the English way.*—Put them into boiling water with some salt and a bunch of green mint, and let them boil briskly for twenty minutes. Drain them in a colander—and see that it is done thoroughly. After this, all that is necessary is to mix them with fresh butter. The most usual English way is simply to put a pat or two of butter among them after they are dished. French cooks, however, like to toss them with the butter on the fire for a minute before serving.

Peas in the French way.—1. The true French way is to put a quart of peas with two ounces of butter and one of flour into a stewpan, and mix them over the fire till the butter is melted. Add to them a faggot of parsley, twelve small onions, two lettuces cut in the Julienne way, a little salt and sugar, and a pint of broth or gravy. Put the lid on and stew the peas for half an hour on a slow fire. Then remove the faggot and add an ounce of butter, together with chopped parsley, and serve.

2. The foregoing is the true French style for Frenchmen, but there is another style for outsiders, and this is what is commonly known in England as Petits pois à la Française. The peas are first of all to be boiled in the ordinary English way, but without the bunch of mint. They are then to be drained, and (supposing the quantity of peas to be a quart) they are again to be put on the fire with two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, some pepper, salt and sugar, together with a small tumblerful of the liquor they have boiled in. Simmer them thus for five minutes, and at the last finish them with a leason of a gill of cream mixed into two yolks of eggs.

Peas in the Flemish way.—Take about a pound of good bacon; cut it into small dice; pass it in butter, and moisten it with a little broth. Next add to it two or three lettuces—

cos-lettuce by preference,—either whole or cut to pieces. Fill up with water and boil for half an hour or even more; for, though one can eat lettuces raw, they insist on being boiled a good deal if they are to be boiled at all. At the end of half an hour put in a pint of young peas—or any greater quantity. See that there is water and salt enough, and let the boiling go on for another half-hour, so that the lettuce may have at least an hour in all. There is a delightful dish of peas, which are made to go a long way and to suggest no idea of stint, by means of the lettuce which eke them out.

Pea Soup.—The following receipt applies to either fresh peas or the dried ones, whether green or yellow. If they are dried, however, they must be soaked for twelve hours beforehand. Put a quart of peas into a stewpan, with a carrot, an onion, a leek, a faggot of parsley, a pound of streaky bacon, and three quarts of water. Boil them for two or three hours; then remove the bacon, the carrot and the faggot, pass all else, including the onion, through a tammy, and the soup (if sufficiently hot) is ready. When this soup is made of fresh peas, the French call it St. Germains, and serve it with a few whole peas floating on the top to show what it is.

Peach is a corruption of the word Persia—it is the *amygdalus Persica,* or *Persica vulgaris.* It has more than once already, in these pages, been pointed out that an almond, a nectarine, and a peach, have a curious identity —the same, but yet how different! All three fruits may be found growing on the same tree, and sometimes on the same branch. More than this: the fruit is sometimes found to be a peach on one side, a nectarine on the other. Both peaches and nectarines are divided into two chief classes—the Freestones and the Clingstones. The former are always the best, and may be easily recognised. Take a knife, and in the line of the equator cut round

them to the stone; the upper hemisphere may then be lifted off clean, without any difficulty. These are the peaches for dessert. The clingstones are not so good, are firmer of flesh, and are best reserved for stewing and for fritters. Before using them for fritters, pare them and steep them for an hour in Kirschenwasser and sugar. Stewing them in syrup is a very simple matter. The peaches may then be presented alone in the syrup, with the addition of a few of their kernels; or they may be served, like apricots, with rice.

The rose-pink, which is sometimes used for colouring, and which has been already mentioned in connection with anchovy butter, is obtained from the peach tree.

PEPPER is the berry of a climbing Oriental shrub, bright red when ripe and black when dried. This is black pepper. Within the berry are seeds which, when removed from the surrounding pulp and skin and dried separately, are called white pepper. This is not so powerful as the whole or black pepper, and it is called Mignonette pepper before it is ground, as unground black pepper is known by the name of peppercorns.

Much as we value pepper, it is difficult to think of it as being at one time in Europe so precious and so scarce that it was as good as money. In France, at that time, the taxes might be paid in pepper; so also church dues and rent. We have all heard of a peppercorn rent. Pepper was in fact cash; and to pay in pepper, in spice, or in specie—all words meaning the same thing—became equivalent to paying in cash. In token of which to this day specie is a common name for the hardest of hard cash—gold and silver as distinct from paper money.

Red pepper comes from a different shrub, the capsicum, and was unknown before the discovery of America.

PEPSIN.—It is no doubt all right and as it should be in

this best of all possible worlds. But when in that sublimated future which is to come, which will make human nature perfect and all the methods of food divine, the refined New Zealander, who is to write our history dilates upon the manner of our eating, what astonishment will he not raise when he comes to speak of pepsin! We have our own pleasant thoughts upon the emetics which preceded a Roman meal, and think with wonder of the great captain, Julius Cæsar, preparing himself for a fresh repast by disgorging the undigested remains of the previous one. But what shall be said of ourselves? "In those days it was usual, even for people of refinement, when they could not themselves digest the dinner they had swallowed, to take the pig for a deputy, to avail themselves of his stomach, and to rejoice in the potency of his gastric juices. They bathed their masticated food in these juices taken at their supreme moment—a point of time determined as follows. A young pig in the perfection of rude health was ready. He was starved in order that his gastric juices might be eager for work; with the edge of hunger upon him, the most appetising food was placed before him in order that the juices might flow abundantly from the coats of his stomach, even as the mouth waters at the sight of food. At this supreme moment the young pig was killed, and his gastric juice carefully collected. It was dried, and it was found that a few grains of it swallowed after an aldermanic feast would create the digestive faculties of a hog, make a heavy dinner sit light upon the soul as an aërial banquet, and renew the appetite as though there were a dire famine in the land. These noble Christians of the western world ate their meat like men, but mated with swine for its digestion."

PERCH.—He who has once partaken of the zander or giant perch of the German waters—and it is worth going all the way to Dresden to do so—will always think well of

this noble family. The zander, abundant in the Elbe, is the most delicious of the perches; but they are all delicious and refined. "That perch," says Dr. Badham, "require clear fresh water for their very existence, accounts perhaps for the wholesomeness of their flesh, always superior from this circumstance to that of eel, carp, or tench, which, from feeding everywhere, often taste of the weeds and feculence where they dwell. The ancients have not left us any hints as to how perch were cooked. The present practice over the Continent is to stew them in vinegar, fresh grape, orange-juice, or other sour sauce; but though this is certainly the common way in some parts of Italy, at the Lago Maggiore they are spitted in their scales, and basted while roasting with the same acid juice; in Holland butter is added. Though a scaly fish, they vitiate Aristotle's dictum, and are best in roe." To this add that they make an admirable waterzootje, and that when they are large (Yarrell says that one taken from the Serpentine in Hyde Park weighed nine pounds) they may be fried in fillets to the great glory of the finny tribe.

Ever since Galen, the perch has been described as peculiarly the fresh-water fish for invalids,—it is so delicate.

PÉRIGUEUX SAUCE—named from Périgord, where the truffles abound. It is the best brown sauce, with a glass of sherry or Marsala added to it, and a quantity of chopped truffles.

PHEASANT if cooked fresh is not so good as a good poularde: it requires to be kept till the *fumet* is fully developed, and then it is beyond any fowl. So clear is this in the French way of thinking, that with them the verb meaning to give the high flavour of game is *faisander;* and the rule of the French kitchen is that a pheasant is not fit to be eaten till, having been hung up by the tail, it drops down. For most tastes this may be too much; but a

certain degree of highness in the flavour is essential to the enjoyment of the bird.

Roast Pheasant.—The same as a roast partridge—barded with bacon. Brillat-Savarin recommended the larding of the breast; but he has been furiously assailed for it.

Boiled Pheasant.—Some people stare with astonishment when they hear of a pheasant being boiled. This is all very well till they try it. Serve it with Soubise sauce, plain onion sauce, celery sauce, or oyster sauce.

Brazed Pheasant.—This is Francatelli's receipt, and he called it Pheasant à la Gudewife. Truss a pheasant as for boiling, and put it in a stewpan with half a pound of ham cut in square pieces. Fry them together over a moderate fire, and when the pheasant is browned all over, add four sliced Spanish onions, some pepper and salt, and a spoonful of Chutnee. Put the lid on, and set the whole to simmer gently for about three-quarters of an hour, by which time the pheasant will be done and the onions reduced to a pulp. Place the pheasant on its dish. Stir the onions on the fire, to give the sauce some consistency by further reduction, if needed, and then pour it over the pheasant and serve.

Pickles.—We should be sorry for those who have to eat pickles. The craving for this condiment usually implies a sickly digestion and a jaded appetite. It also implies bad cookery—being the substitute for a sauce which the cook ought to provide. But since pickles we must have, it is desirable that they should be good; and it is a sad thing to chronicle that the craft of making good pickles is departing from England. This country used to make the most wonderful mixed pickles; and the name for them, together with the square green English bottle for them, has gone abroad over the earth. In the deserts of Arabia, and in the Mountains of the Moon, the forlorn traveller has lighted on empty bottles of Day and Martin's

blacking and of Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, and his heart has rejoiced at eve, as Mungo Park did over a solitary flower in the burning wastes of Africa. But now No More, and alas! No More. As Mr. Tennyson says—

> Oh sad *No More!* oh sweet *No More!*
> Oh strange *No More!*
> Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
> Low buried fathom-deep beneath with thee, *No More.*

The best mixed pickles, even those of the great magicians of Soho, Crosse and Blackwell, are now made with a woe-begone compound called Piccallilli. The good old sort is neglected; and the best English pickles of that kind come at present from Bordeaux (from Louis Frères et Cie.), in bottles of English shape, and with the English name of Mix'd Pickles. Why is this? One cause may be excess of competition—leading to lowering of price, cheapening of vinegar, and general deterioration. But another, and even more powerful cause, is to be found in a transition of English taste. East India pickles—strange, irrecognisable compounds confused with curry, an amazing jumble of hot, sweet, sour, and bitter things—have come into fashion. Manufacturers—even those who, like Crosse and Blackwell, take the highest rank—truckling to this fashion, turn their chief skill to put an Oriental tinge on their mixed pickles; and when they affect to produce these in all their original simplicity, they do so almost as if the old English receipt were no longer worthy of respect. The favour which has been recently shown to the Bordeaux pickles of Louis Frères et Compagnie ought to teach them a lesson.

Pie.—We have dealt with a considerable number of words belonging to the French table, the origin of which is frankly stated by the French authorities to be unknown. We have now to do with a word peculiar to the English table, which, although the subject of many conjectures, has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The most authori-

tative explanation is very curious. It was suggested by the lexicographer Junius, more than two centuries ago; and it holds its ground among the very valuable etymologies in Webster's dictionary for which Dr. Mahn is responsible. Junius put it forth only as a conjecture that *pie* or *pye* is a corruption of *pastie* or *pastye;* but Mahn states it as a fact. Now, the fact is that pasty or pasté, as used in mediæval English and French, is a later word than pie; and therefore pie could not well be contracted from it, even if it were a likely form of contraction. It is odd that this explanation should still hold its ground, seeing that a very little inquiry into the history of food would have suggested two other etymologies, either of which might singly account for the word pie, though I believe that both have contributed to it. In Le Grand d'Aussy's work on the history of private life in France, it is stated that the word *pain* signified a pie before the word pâté came into use. There is a very probable etymology at once. If any Englishman should have the audacity to call out in a French restaurant, with a thoroughly English pronunciation, "Pie!"—as one of Thackeray's snobs was heard to call out "Oh!"—then the waiter would as surely bring him bread as the snob got water. There may be English people who cannot dissociate in their minds the pie from the pie-dish, and may therefore find it difficult to understand how a pie should have ever been considered as a pain—a loaf. They must get rid of that idea, and think of the pie as originally made—what we now call a raised pie—all surrounded with crust, like a pain or loaf. But the two words pain and pie in this sense fared very differently in France and in England. The former was ambiguous—meaning to the French ear a loaf as well as meat baked in a crust. When, therefore, the word pasté or pâté found its way into France from Italy, it very quickly supplanted the word pain in the latter sense, which completely disappeared. But the parallel word pie in England had no such ambiguity to contend

with; it had one plain meaning, all its own; and it held its own even after the word pasty came into fashion by the side of it. This was due not merely to its own force, but to the fact that there was another word *pie* which came to help it out. From the beginning until now it has always been most common for the pie to encase a bird or birds of some sort. Now in France one of the most frequent names for a bird to be eaten was *pied*—a foot. Cotgrave, whose dictionary is of the highest authority, notes a proverbial phrase,—"à l'avocat le pied en main,"—and explains it as applying to "partridges, pheasants, capons, etc., where-with they (that is, the advocates) look to be now and then presented." To this day it is common enough in France to speak of the smaller birds intended for the table as *les petits pieds*. But the English form and spelling of *pied* was pie—you have it in cap-à-pie. There appears, therefore, to have been a blending of names—two pies—the one from *pain,* denoting more immediately the crust, the other from *pied,* denoting more immediately the contents of the pie, and both combining to establish the name in opposition to the newly introduced one of pasty. To this day on the top of a pigeon pie there is, in allusion to the name, a show made of the feet; and in some parts of England an apple pie is called an apple foot. If the reader asks, In what parts of England? I cannot answer; but I can give my authority, —namely, Todd in his edition of Johnson's dictionary.

As for the making of pies, the receipts for the various crusts will be found under the name of Paste; and those for the contents—as Apple, Eel, Pigeon—under the head of each.

Pig is a name reserved for sucking-pig. The gluttonous creature of the sty is concealed under the name of pork. It is difficult to wax eloquent on pork; but listen to Charles Lamb on the sucking-pig:—

"Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis,*" he

says, "I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum.*

"I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys; but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ,* the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

"*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

"There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, 'crackling,' as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence —the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food: the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

"Behold him, while he is 'doing': it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age!—he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies, shooting stars!

"See him in the dish, his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal,

wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away:

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care.

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

"Unlike to mankind's mixed characters—a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard—he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets; he is all neighbours' fare.

"I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. . . . . But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, 'give everything.' I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted—predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

"Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity,

how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

"I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, 'Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?' I forget the decision.

"His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few breadcrumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic—you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are: but consider, he is a weakling—a flower."

All honour to Charles Lamb!—but still the innocent is to be stuffed with the ordinary sage-and-onion forcemeat (No. 7), and is then to be sewed up and roasted before a brisk fire; the basting to be frequent, with a brush dipped in salad oil. He is to be served with a good brown gravy and with apple sauce. He had better be served whole; but those who are not confident of their carving require that (as Grimod de la Reynière said) he should first be made a gentleman—that is, be guillotined—and that he should be halved down the back. In this case, let the halves be placed on the dish, the outer or roasted sides uppermost; and let the head also be halved—the one cheek to repose at the one end, and the other at the other end of the dish.

PIGEON is a very great bird in France, and is cooked in many ways. The most elaborate of the French soups—Bisque—was originally a pigeon soup. In England the

bird is little noticed save in the form of pigeon-pie—but that is the most favoured of all the pies.

Roast Pigeons.—Barded with bacon; under the bacon a vineleaf, when it is to be had. Roast them for twenty minutes; when nearly ready, take off the barding to dust them with flour and to froth them; but it will be no disadvantage if the bacon is replaced in serving them. Orange gravy will be found a good sauce to go with them.

Stewed Pigeons (Pigeons en compôte).—Stuff them with a seasoning of mixed spices, salt, chopped parsley, butter, and breadcrumbs. Half-roast them or fry them, and then proceed to stew them gently in good broth with a glass of wine in it. Add also an onion stuck with two cloves, a faggot of sweet-herbs, and—some cooks say—a white cabbage or a lettuce cut in quarters. Take out the pigeons and dish them; remove also the vegetable ingredients; thicken the sauce with roux, and pour it over the birds. Garnish them with the lettuce or cabbage, if that has been selected in the preparation, but if not used, there are other garnishes—such as peas, asparagus points, artichoke bottoms, mushrooms, sweetbreads, cockscombs.

Chartreuse of Pigeons is done in the same way as the Chartreuse of partridges—and that is in principle the same as the Perdrix aux choux or partridge with cabbage. The only difference is, that in the Chartreuse the partridges are concealed in the cabbage to satisfy the consciences of the fasting friars.

Broiled Pigeons—or Pigeons en crapaudine—trussed and flattened like a toad. The pigeons are split at the back and spread out, after the manner of the spatchcock. They are placed in a stewpan with a morsel of butter, a faggot of sweet-herbs, and some sliced onions. When half-cooked they are taken out (the faggot and onion slices also), and two yolks of eggs are mixed into the butter in which they

have cooked. The pigeons are to be well smeared with this mixture, and afterwards covered with breadcrumbs which have been intermixed with some chopped shalot and parsley. They can then go to the grill, and may be served with a little clear gravy into which has been squeezed some lemon-juice. The pigeons, it will be observed, are split and half-cooked before being breadcrumbed and grilled; for otherwise the breadcrumbs would be burned before the pigeons could be grilled enough.

Pigeon Pie.—Cover the bottom of the dish with veal cutlets or small and tender collops of beef, quite free from fat and bone, and season them with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Over these lay the birds, cut in halves, and each half stuffed with some maître d'hôtel butter mixed with the livers parboiled and minced. Put half a dozen hard-boiled yolks of eggs in among them, and if the bottom of the dish has been lined with veal, a few thin slices of ham may be placed above the birds. Add some bits of butter and a good moistening of veal broth. Then cover over with paste in the usual way, and bake it for an hour. It is usual to stick three or four pigeons' feet in the centre of the roof. This is a custom of great antiquity, to which many good people object, because they can see no use in it. These feet, however, date from the origin of the pie, and contain an allusion to its name. See Pie.

Pike.—The pike, jack or luce is a dry fish, which is not to be enjoyed unless prepared in grand style, with many rites and gorgeous ceremonies. The following wise receipt is given from Izaak Walton in his *Complete Angler*: —"First open your pike at the gills, and, if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these take his guts, and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small with thyme, sweet-marjoram, and a little winter-savory;

to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three—both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: these, being thus mixed, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the pike's belly: and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all the butter in his belly if it is possible; if not, then as much as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four, or five, or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the pike's body from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies and butter mixed together, and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you propose to eat him out of, and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly, and by this means the pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put it into the pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlic, and take it whole out when the pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a hogoo [*haut goût*], let the dish into which you let the pike fall be rubbed with it; the using or not using of this garlic is left to your discretion. This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers or very honest men; and I

trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret."

One part of this receipt cannot now be permitted—the spit. We do not apply steel to fresh fish. The pike must be baked, and this too without neglecting the basting, which is an important point.

There are of course other ways of doing the pike. He may be cut in slices and fried, in which case he is to be eaten with Dutch sauce; or he may be cut in fillets, and served in most of the ways in which one serves salmon, turbot, and soles. He has even been served in water-zootje; but this does him too much honour. He is not delicate enough. It is much better to go to the other extreme, and dress him in the Chambord style.

Ankham eel and Witham pike
In all England is none like.

PILCHARD, called also the gipsy's herring, is a fine fat fish most abundant on the Devonshire and Cornwall coasts; but it is to be found all over the Channel, and on the French coast it goes by the name of sardine. They are large for sardines, but they are treated as such in Devonshire and Cornwall, and are now sold in tins under the name of Cornish sardines. The result is worthy of praise, and ought to be the beginning of a successful industry. It is the first attempt in England to preserve fish in oil. It would be too much to say that they are equal to the best French sardines—that was not to be expected in a first experiment; but still they are good, well-flavoured sardines; and when the Cornish men—Tre, Pol and Pen—have thoroughly mastered the art of preserving fish in oil, their fat little pilchards should be known as the finest sardines in the world, and the perfection of preserved herrings.

We know little of the pilchard in London, or anywhere far from the Land's End. The fact is, that being the most sublime of herrings, with a richness which raises him

almost to the nobleness of a salmon-trout, the pilchard, with all his fatness, begins to spoil much too soon after he has bidden adieu to his native element; and he is by no means sublime—he is even rancid—when he reaches the glorious Walhalla of fish in Billingsgate. Whenever a pilchard is found fresh he is to be cooked as a herring of high degree. His season is between July and Christmas.

It is singular, considering the goodness of the pilchard, that he is of no repute when cured, and is not to be named beside the bloater of Yarmouth, the salt herring of the Dutch, or the red herring of Scotland. Probably the larger pilchards, with their salmon-trout flavour, might make a name for themselves in the form of kipper; and there is now every prospect that the smaller pilchards will spread their renown in the guise of Cornish sardines.

PIMENTO.—Jamaica pepper, the dried berry of a West Indian tree—the Eugenia pimento. It also bears the honorary name of Allspice, as combining within itself the flavours of clove, cinnamon and nutmeg.

PIMPERNEL deserves a word in order to guard against a mistake which may be serious. The flower known by this name in England is a rank poison. It is that named in Tennyson's famous song:—

> The slender acacia would not shake
> One long milk-bloom on the tree;
> The white lake blossom fell into the lake
> As the pimpernel dozed on the lea:

that is, with closed flowers. Now Englishmen returning from France, and loud in their praises of a French salad, tell us that in order to make this salad in perfection it ought to be garnished with four herbs minced: tarragon, chervil, chives, and pimpernel. Mark well, and let the gardener and the cook take heed that this pimpernel is not pimpernel in England, but burnet.

PINTAIL, to be treated as widgeon or wild duck.

PIQUANTE.—See Sharp.

PLAICE, called on the Sussex coast diamond plaice, from the little orange lozenges on their backs, and for the same reason called in France carrelet, are the poorest and the cheapest of all the flat fish. The worst cookery cannot do them wrong, and the best cannot do them good. The only way to eat them is in fillets prepared in any of the ways prescribed for fillets of sole. The best plaice that come to the London market are caught between Hastings and Folkestone, and are named from their habitation Dowers plaice.

PLOVERS.—The best are the golden plovers. They used to be, and often still are, roasted without being drawn—as were also turtledoves and larks; "for," says an ancient author, "larks eat only pebbles and sand, doves grains of juniper and scented herbs, and plovers feed on air." Later, the same rule was extended to the woodcock; and the general rule now is to dress the plover as a woodcock.

Plovers' Eggs must not be forgotten—delicious little things hard-boiled, exquisite in a salad, perfect in a sandwich, most admirable of all set like large opals in the midst of aspic jelly. The chief supply comes from Holland. The first eggs that come over are sent to the Queen, and are worth 7s. 6d. apiece.

PLUMS have a wide range of meaning. Linnæus included under the name, not only plums proper, but cherries and apricots; and when we speak of a plum-pudding we extend the designation to raisins. The plums best known have each a special name: as Orleans, Greengage, Magnum Bonum, Damson, Mirabelle, and so forth. It is a pity to cook them when they are sweet and ripe, unless with a view to preserve them; but there will always be young people in the world, and old people with youthful tastes, to whom stewed plums and plum tarts will never come amiss.

Plum Sauce.—Stone about a pint of Orleans plums, and stir them to a mash over a brisk fire, with a quarter-pint of water and a quarter-pound of sugar. Then pass them through a sieve, and use them as a sauce for pudding. Other plums may be used in the same way—not to speak of peaches, nectarines and apricots.

PLUM PUDDING.—A pound and a half of combined flour and breadcrumbs; a pound and a half of chopped suet; a pound and a half of combined raisins (stoned) and currants; three-quarters of a pound of sugar; three-quarters of a pint of combined milk and eggs (say six eggs and the rest milk); three wineglassfuls of brandy; a quarter of a pound of chopped apples; a quarter of a pound of candied peel; half a teaspoonful of salt; half a nutmeg; half an ounce of mixed spice. Mix all thoroughly, tie it up in a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and let it boil from five to six hours. These proportions will make two good-sized puddings, each of which will require to be boiled for the time given. Punch sauce.

POÊLE is a word much used in the French kitchen. It means a frying-pan; but originally it meant any small saucepan, and afterwards it was made to signify the contents of the saucepan, or at least the array of vegetables and condiments which were put into it for seasoning. In this sense, or indeed in any sense, the term has dropped out of the English language, but we find it five hundred years ago. In the *Forme of Cury* there is a receipt for "Hares in Papdele," which has greatly puzzled antiquarians. It is a corruption of "Hares in Padell." The Latin word for a saucepan was *patella,* which became padell in Old English, and paêle, afterwards poêle, in French. The assortment of vegetables which the French now understand by a poêle will be found among the Faggots—a Faggot of Pot-herbs.

Poivrade Sauce is a peppery sauce. Put into a stew-pan two or three sliced onions, two or three shalots, a clove of garlic, a carrot, a parsnip, a faggot of sweet-herbs, two cloves, some cayenne or long pepper, salt, a gill of vinegar, a pint of broth—and possibly a glass of red wine. Simmer it for an hour; add to it some roux made with one ounce of butter and one of flour; simmer for another half-hour, then strain it, skim it, and serve.

Polish Sauce is a highly decorated horseradish sauce. The more simple sauce is eaten with roast beef. This is supposed to belong to roast veal. Put the scrapings of a horseradish into some sauce Allemande, or into a Poulette sauce, with plenty of lemon-juice, a little grated lemon-zest, chopped parsley, nutmeg, salt, pepper, and some sifted sugar.

Pork is so little to be seen at good tables, save in the form of ham and bacon, that it would seem to be a work of supererogation to refer to it. It is however eaten—indeed, largely consumed—on the sly, and must have a word or two.

Roast Pork is scored to make the crackling, and is in the first instance put before the fire at a long distance, that it may be well heated through before the skin hardens. The reason of this is that pork takes more of the fire than any other meat, and there is danger of the outside being burnt before the interior is cooked. Sauces: sage-and-onion sauce, together with apple sauce; or else sauce Robert by itself alone.

Pork Chops and Cutlets.—To be done precisely as those of mutton, only they must be done thoroughly. Thurtell ate pork chops before he committed the murder of Mr. William Weare.

Potage à la Reine.—See Chicken.

POTATO.—The place of the potato in the English dinner has been discussed when treating of bread, and the place it holds on the French dinner-table. On account of the badness of English bread, the potato has largely displaced it at English tables; and it is now to be added that, on account of the badness of other vegetables in English cooking, the potato has gained a further importance far beyond its merits. (See Bread; also Vegetables.) Yet, with all this exaggerated importance, English cooks cannot make the potato important enough to be eaten by itself. Go into a first-rate restaurant in Paris—say the Café Anglais—and at the end of dinner ask, by way of entremet, for a simple dish of potatoes tossed in butter: it will turn out a beautiful little dish, and it will be charged in the bill two or two-and-a-half francs. A couple of shillings for three potatoes! Who will pay that price in England, where the potato is vaunted so much? The French pay the price freely—which shows that they set a higher value on a good potato than we do, though they do not eat so many of them, nor suffer them to take the place of bread and to dominate over other vegetables.

Boiled Potatoes.—The Irish way—that is, cooked and served in their jackets—or, as the French say, *en robe de chambre.* The potatoes are to be all of a size, and to be well washed and brushed, but they are in no way to be touched with a knife, even to clear what are called the eyes. Pour cold water over them, just enough to cover them, and when it boils, add plenty of salt—a large teaspoonful for a quart of water. Simmer them gently with a tight lid: the length of time will depend on the size and kind of the potatoes,—it may be from twenty to forty-five minutes; but the last two or three minutes they should be made to boil rapidly. Prick them with a fork, to see if they are done enough. Then lift off the lid and put the pot aside, to let all the moisture escape in steam. The Irish

will have them sent to the table as they are—in their skins. Ordinary mortals have them peeled before being served.

The English way. Choose them all of a size, peel them, and remove the eyes and other specks; cover them with cold water (but there is to be no salt at this stage), and simmer them very gently—the slower the better. They have to be watched very carefully towards the last, to see that they do not boil a minute more than is necessary, --and this can only be ascertained by probing with a fork. Pour off all the water, strew salt on the potatoes, and leave the pot uncovered by the fire, shaking it from time to time till the potatoes seem all dry and floury.

Potatoes Browned—with roast meat.—Peel them, parboil them, drain them, flour them, and put them in an earthen dish into the dripping pan under the meat. Baste them freely from time to time, and when they are browned on one side turn them.

Fried Potatoes.—Kidney potatoes are best for this purpose, and a kettleful of beef fat. But in English kitchens the fried potatoes are very uncertain, because they are cut in too thin slices; also because they are done in a flat frying-pan, with a sparing supply of butter or dripping. Instead of cutting the potatoes, like the English, into shillings, French cooks cut them into square plugs, about the length and thickness of the little finger. These are put into a wire basket and dipped into the kettle of boiling fat, where they remain for five minutes, and are shaken from time to time—the kettle resting on the stove, with only its edge on the stove fire. During these five minutes, however, the fat has been cooling, partly through the coldness of the potatoes immersed in it, partly through the kettle being removed from the central heat of the stove fire to its edge. Therefore, at the end of five minutes, take out the wire basket, and put the frying-kettle over the stove fire, to heat up. Take it off again so as to rest as before on

the stove, with only its edge over the fire; put back the wire basket into it, and in two minutes more the frying will be complete, and the potatoes beautifully crisp, of a rich golden colour. The whole time for frying should be as near as possible seven minutes—not counting, of course, the time required for re-heating the fat. The salting is not to take place till the last. Shake some salt over them in the wire basket, give a shake of the basket, and then another shake of salt. Let all the fat drain away, and then serve.

Potatoes Soufflées.—These are done precisely as the fried potatoes, and the inflation depends wholly on the manner of cutting them. Cut in square plugs, the potatoes will not inflate; cut in slices the eighth of an inch thick, they will. It is best to cut them lengthwise, in slices of equal thickness; and when putting these slices into the fat, care must be taken that they do not adhere to one another.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.—It is a great fault in the preparation of these potatoes that English cooks will make them pasty by putting flour with them—that is, they do them with maître d'hôtel sauce instead of with maître d'hôtel butter. French kidney potatoes are the best to use. Boil them in the ordinary way, and cut them in slices about the eighth of an inch thick. Put two pounds of them into a stewpan, with two spoonfuls of broth and four ounces of maître d'hôtel butter or its ingredients—that is, four ounces of fresh butter, with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and lemon-juice. Toss all over the fire until the butter is melted and well mixed in with the potatoes.

Potatoes tossed in butter (sautées au beurre).—1. These are for the most part boiled potatoes, sliced, seasoned lightly with pepper and salt, and tossed in butter to a golden tint. The chief difference between them and the potatoes à

la maître d'hôtel is that the latter are not allowed to brown. Potatoes cooked in this way are generally of the kidney kind; but if the round mealy ones—Regents, that break on tossing, and are all the more saturated with the butter—should be used, they will come as a pleasant surprise. English cooks stint the butter for this dish; the potatoes come dry to table, and nobody cares much about them. French cooks are liberal with the butter; and the result is so excellent, that in Paris nobody thinks anything of paying from 1½ to 2½ francs for three potatoes done in this fashion.

2. Sometimes, however, raw potatoes are done in this way, after being peeled and cut into slices. This is what is set down in many English cookery books as fried potatoes. But the quantity of butter used is so niggardly that the result is in most cases a failure.

3. The raw potatoes which are most commonly cooked in this way are the new ones. The skins are to be rubbed off with a course cloth; the potatoes are to be cast into water and wiped dry. Melt butter in a shallow stewpan; put the potatoes into it, giving them room enough; fry them very slowly, turning them from time to time, and taking care that there is butter enough to cover them at least a third. When the potatoes are golden of tint and done enough, remove them from the butter in which they have cooked, and put them into another stewpan with two or three ounces of fresh butter. Toss them without letting this new butter fry. Dish them, pour the butter over them, and sprinkle them with salt.

Lyonnese Potatoes (Pommes-de-terre à la Lyonnaise).—These are cooked potatoes combined with cooked onions. The combination is made in several ways; but the best and simplest is to take onions, to chop or slice them finely, to fry them in butter, to add to them more butter, together with boiled potatoes in slices, and to proceed as for the

potatoes tossed in butter, No. 1, not forgetting the pepper and salt.

Mashed Potatoes (Potato purée).—Mealy potatoes are best. These, when boiled in the usual way, are generally rubbed down by English cooks with the back of a wooden spoon. French cooks press them through a wire sieve, which ensures a finer grain. The mash is then put into a stewpan, with fresh butter, cream or very good milk, sometimes a spoonful of broth, pepper, salt, and it may be nutmeg; and it is vigorously stirred over the fire, to make it light.

Potato Croquettes.—Take six potatoes that have passed through the sieve; put them into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, two yolks of eggs, pepper, nutmeg and salt, and stir them well for a few minutes over the fire. They should then be put aside between two plates, to get cold. When required for use they should be rolled into shapes—corks, balls, and the like—dipped in beaten egg, rolled in bread-crumbs, and fried in hot fat.

Potatoes for the Duchess.—Prepare the potatoes as for croquettes. Shake some flour upon a pasteboard, and upon this shape the potato purée into little oval cakes; fry them first on one side, then on the other, in clarified butter, and drain them on a cloth.

Potato Dumplings (Klôsse in German).—Pass a pound of cold potatoes through a sieve, mix them with two ounces of flour, four yolks and two whites of eggs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and a dash of sugar. Knead all well together, shape them like turkey's eggs, and drop them into boiling salt and water. In ten minutes they are ready, and make an agreeable garnish.

Potato Salad.—Kidney potatoes boiled and cut in slices. They may be combined with boiled celeriac, onion, beet-root—any, or all. They may also be combined with raw

celery, and with red cabbage which has boiled for fifteen minutes in water with an extra allowance of salt, and which has been allowed to soak afterwards in a wine-glassful of vinegar.

Potato Soup.—Make a purée of three pounds of mealy potatoes, and mix it with two quarts of boiling broth, adding pepper and salt. Boil it for five minutes, removing any scum that may rise, and finish the soup with a piece of butter. Some people enjoy a flavour of onion in this soup—in which case mince finely two ounces, fry them lightly, and let them stew in the soup for ten minutes.

Pot-au-Feu.—See the chapter on Soup.

Poulette Sauce, in its best form, is no other than Allemande or Almayne sauce. Most commonly it is a mock Almayne made as follows. Stir on the fire for a quarter of an hour three ounces of butter, three of flour, and nearly a pint of white broth, which in the case of fowls will be the broth in which they have boiled. Then add a leason of two or three yolks of eggs, and finish with lemon-juice. Mushrooms, shalots and parsley are added to form what is called the Poulette Ragout or Relish.

It has already been explained that the Almayne, or Allemande, is an attempt to improve upon the Dutch sauce; and since Poulette is now described as a mock Almayne, it may likewise be described as a parody of the Dutch. It is a Dutch sauce with a little less of eggs and a good deal less of butter; but with flour in it (which the Dutchman never uses), and with white broth instead of water.

Poulette means a hen chicken, and the Poulette sauce is but the enrichment with eggs of the white parsley-and-butter sauce so well-known in England as the clothing of boiled chicken. It is sometimes in English books named lemon sauce, because finished with lemon-juice.

PRAWN.—There is nothing that need be said about cooking prawns, or in praise of them. One word, however, about the origin of the name, which seems to be unknown. May I point out that one of the chief distinctions of the prawn is a most formidable serrated prong, jutting out between its eyes?

Ps and Qs.—A phrase most appropriate to taverns. In the olden time, when the keeper of an alehouse chalked on the wall or on the door the scores of what his customers had drunk, it was usual to put down P for pint and Q for quart. The customer who kept an eye on his score would admonish Boniface to "mind his Ps and Qs."

PTARMIGAN is a kind of grouse, and to be entertained with the ceremonies to which grouse are entitled.

PUMPKINS.—Lady Llanover says: "Few vegetables are so little understood and consequently so much undervalued in Great Britain as pumpkins. Perhaps Gower in South Wales is the only part of the United Kingdom where pumpkins are grown as an article of diet by the rural population; and there they are to be seen, as on the Continent, hanging from the ceilings for winter store, and any little spare corner in the field or garden is made use of to place the small mound on which to sow a few pumpkin seeds. The varieties of this plant are so numerous that it would be beyond the limit of any cookery book to attempt an enumeration of comparative merits, from the vegetable marrow to the Turk's turban and the yellow pumpkin, which grows to such a size as to fill a wheelbarrow; but it will not be out of place to note shortly a few of the modes in which pumpkins are available. For white soup they can be used alone, with merely the addition of onion, celery and sweet-herbs for flavouring. They are excellent when boiled, sprinkled with salt and sweet-herbs; or fried in egg and crumbs like soles. Also plain, boiled in slices and

served with brown gravy. In Gower they are added to hashed meat, made into pies with apples, and put into soup. Pumpkins have one peculiar quality in addition to a good deal of natural sweetness; they will absorb and retain the flavour of whatever they are cooked with. If stewed with plums it tastes exactly like them in puddings and tarts; the same with apples, rhubarb or gooseberries; and for savoury cookery it would be difficult to say in what dish it may not be used with advantage as an addition."

PUNCH.—Dr. Kitchener was once a considerable authority on all questions of eating and drinking; and he spread abroad a statement which has helplessly been repeated, and starts up unexpectedly in out-of-the-way corners, that Punch—both the name and the drink—is of West Indian origin, and means Five. He got the idea of West Indian origin from the rum and the limes which abound in it; but the name is clearly of East Indian growth, and may be recognised in Punjaub—the country of the Five rivers. It is named Punch from the five ingredients which compose it: 1. spirit; 2. acid; 3. spice; 4. sugar; 5. water.

English Punch.—1. The spirit is mostly of two kinds—brandy and rum, mixed in proportions which must be left to taste. The rum generally predominates. 2. The acid is nearly always lemon-juice. 3. The spice is nearly always lemon-peel, but sometimes tealeaf, sometimes nutmeg; and as for 4 and 5, the sugar and the water, they explain themselves.

Glasgow Punch is made from the coldest spring water. There are theorists who maintain that punch is always made of hot water, grog of cold water; and that Glasgow punch, therefore, is not punch but grog. Punch is a word which simply means five—it is a composition of five elements; and our receipt for the liquor loved by the West India merchants of Glasgow is classical. It comes from

the pen of John Gibson Lockhart, and is to be found in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* "The sugar being melted with a little cold water, the artist squeezed about a dozen lemons through a wooden strainer, and then poured in water enough almost to fill the bowl. In this state the liquor goes by the name of sherbet, and a few of the connoisseurs in his immediate neighbourhood were requested to give their opinion of it—for in the mixing of the sherbet lies, according to the Glasgow creed at least, one-half of the whole battle. This being approved by an audible smack from the lips of the umpires, the rum was added to the beverage, I suppose in something about the proportion from one to seven. Last of all, the maker cut a few limes, and running each section rapidly round the rim of his bowl, squeezed in enough of this more delicate acid to flavour the whole composition. In this consists the true *tour-de-maître* of the punch-maker."

Oxford Punch could not be separated from the name of Oxford—which see.

Cambridge Punch, in like manner, will be found under the name of Cambridge.

Milk Punch.—Over the zest of four lemons and a Seville orange pour a pint of rum; cover it up, and let it stand for twelve hours. Then strain it, and mix with it another pint of rum, a pint of brandy, a pint of sherry, half a pint of lemon-juice, a pineapple peeled, sliced and pounded, a pint of green tea, a grated nutmeg, a pound of dissolved sugar, the whites of two eggs frothed, two pints of boiling water and two of boiling milk. Mix it well, let it stand for a little time, strain it through a beaver jelly-bag and bottle it. To be served after turtle soup.

Roman Punch.—A bottle of Chablis, the same quantity of syrup at 35°, half the quantity of strained lemon-juice. Put it to freeze, and when pretty well frozen work into it

two whites of egg whipt with syrup. Put it to freeze again, and when required for use add to it a glass of rum and a pint of champagne. This used to be served between the courses—that is, immediately before the roast. It now comes oftener after the roast.

Punch Sauce.—Make lemon sauce with half the quantity of water; thicken it with two ounces of butter and a teaspoonful of flour; touch it up with a glass of rum, and serve it very hot.

Punctuality.—Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality. (Brilliat-Savarin.)

Purées.—A purée meant at first peppery—its original form being poivrée. The old meaning of the word being lost, it is now supposed to be something *purified* by being passed through a sieve or a tammy.

Purée of dried vegetables, as peas, haricots, lentils.—Soak them over night in abundance of warm water. Next day put them into the pot with cold water, a carrot, an onion, a leek, a faggot of sweet-herbs and some salt, and cook them till they are perfectly tender. If it has not been possible to steep them beforehand, it will be enough to proceed as follows. At the end of half an hour pour into the pot a wineglassful of cold water, and repeat this every half-hour till the vegetables are done. If they are intended for soup, take out the carrot and the herbs, and, without being too careful about draining them, pound them in a mortar, and pass them through a hair sieve. If they are intended for a garnish or for an entremet, they should be well drained in order to be thick enough. After travelling through the sieve they will take kindly to a tablespoonful of shalot if chopped very finely and passed in a liberal supply of butter. Mix shalot, butter, and purée well together; and further, according to need, use a moistening

of broth, of milk, or of the liquor in which the vegetables have boiled.

For the *Purée of fresh vegetables*—whether these are peas or beans; roots such as carrots, turnips, potatoes; fruits such as the tomato or the gourd; leaves like sorrel and endive; or bulbs like the onion—the process is practically the same: first boiling, then the mortar, then the sieve, next the seasoning, and again, perhaps, the tammy, if the Purée is to be very fine. There are differences, however, of seasoning which will be found in detail under the name of each vegetable.

One of the leading points of difference between English and French cookery turns on the greater carefulness of the latter in making a Purée. It is not a question of skill; it is wholly one of good faith. The English cook is content with slovenly work: hence mashed potatoes full of lumps, and spinach full of strings and coarse. The English cook shirks the labour of the sieve. If the thing is worth doing it is worth doing well; and it must be repeated that the result depends not upon skill but upon honesty. It is the honesty of their work, as much as anything else, that gives the French cooks their superiority in dressed vegetables.



UAILS are a kind of dwarf partridge; and in the summer months, when as yet the partridge is inviolable, they are a pleasant substitute. They come chiefly from Egypt, in consignments of perhaps 50,000 at a time, and they bear travel so well that not more than seven per cent. perish on the road. The French have many ways of dressing the quail for table. The English have only one; but it

is the best way of all. Let the quail be barded with bacon; under which tie a vineleaf; roast him for ten minutes before a brisk fire, and serve him on toast, with gravy in a boat apart.

Queen Charlotte's Pudding.—Take two oranges and one lemon, grate the peels and mix with the juice, into which put four ounces of sugar and the yolks of five eggs. Then make a little paste for the bottom of the dish, into which pour the mixture. Bake it slowly in a moderate oven.

The Queen's Chicken Soup (the queen being Marguerite of Valois).—See Chicken.

Quenelle is one of the many words of the French kitchen which Frenchmen—learned and simple—have given up as inscrutable. It is the name for the most delicate forcemeat, which the French cooks prepare sometimes from chickens, sometimes from whitings, sometimes from game—but originally from young rabbits. Quenelle is a doublet of the old French name for a young rabbit—connil, a little cony—and it is formed from the Latin *cuniculus,* in the same way as the French name for a distaff, Quenouille, is formed from *conucula,* a corruption of the Latin *colucula.* Quenelle of rabbit, therefore, is a pleonasm meaning a little cony of rabbit; and quenelle of chicken is an absurdity, meaning a little cony of chicken.

Mince, pound, and pass through a sieve, say half a pound of rabbit's flesh,—final weight after the sieve. With this mix and pound a little more than half the quantity of boiled udder of veal, which has been treated in the same way; say five ounces. To this again add the same quantity of panada as of udder. Pound all well together, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and softened with the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoonful of white sauce or of cream. Before this quenelle is put aside for use it should

be tested. Poach a tiny bit of it, and if it should come too stiff, moisten the quenelle with another spoonful of white broth or else cream. If udder of veal should fail, fresh butter may be used instead in the same proportions—eight ounces of pounded rabbit, five of fresh butter, and five of panada.

Chicken, game, and fish prepared in the same way are also called little conies or Quenelles. The Quenelles of whiting are in great favour; but it is to be noted that in Quenelles of fish there is never any veal udder,—the combination is always fish, butter, and panada, finished off as before.

QUINCE has gone out of fashion; and it is natural that when the best fruits of the tropics are brought to our shores quickly in ships, we should neglect some of those grown at home. It is to be desired, however, that apple-pie should never go out of fashion; and quinces have this curious virtue: that, being of little value themselves—not nearly so good as apples—they improve an apple-pie beyond the power of words to describe.

Quinces for addition to apple-pie.—Peel them and cut them in quarters. To five pounds of fruit put three of sugar and a wineglassful of water. Put them in pint jars, cover them, place them in boiling water, and simmer them very gently for three hours. Put the peels in with them, and take them out when done. What is not wanted at once can be bottled.

RABBITS.—St. Evremond, about two hundred years ago, praised the rabbits of England as incomparable. Now the Ostend rabbit has the great name. Of the wild rabbit, Grimod de la Reynière says that "its flesh is whiter, more tender, and more juicy than that of the hare, and when young it is delicate and easily digested. Nourished on thyme, wild thyme, and marjoram, barded with bacon, and cooked to the proper point, it perfumes the mouth and inundates the palate with delights. As for tame rabbits, we insist on their proscription; for ever since Despréaux, these game of the stableyard,

elevés dans Paris,
Sentent encore le chou dont ils furent nourris."

The young rabbit or cony (connil) has given his name to the most delicate of the forcemeats, the Quenelle; and there is an excellent

Rabbit Soup made after the manner of the Queen's Chicken broth—the Potage à la Reine.

Smothered Rabbit.—This is the name given in England to boiled rabbit. It is smothered with a white onion sauce, and it is served with boiled bacon.

Fricassee of Rabbit is done in the same way as fricassee of chicken.

Gibelote of Rabbit.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a stewpan with a spoonful of flour; make a white roux of them, and pass in it for a short time the rabbit cut into pieces, and some bacon cut into dice. Then add some small onions, some mushrooms, a faggot of sweet-herbs, pepper and salt, and moisten all with half broth, half white wine (French). Let all cook slowly till it is nearly ready, then briskly, to reduce the liquid. Remove the faggot and the fat from the gibelote, and serve it piping hot.

RADISH.—Not a word against the radish. Still, it may be lawful to record that it is not of much use in cookery, whatever it may be in eating. May I also venture to say that it is a mistake in a salad—an intrusion; and that the only way to get rid of it is to nibble it by itself while waiting for the feast, or in any convenient interlude. Be it added that there are few combinations of colour so beautiful and rich as the red and white of radishes against the green of their leaves. In glass dishes upon a dinner-table they are an ornament which may vie with the finest flowers.

RAGOÛT.—The ordinary English use of the word for a stew will be illustrated in the next article, which deals with the Ragoût of Mutton. Here it is to be observed that in French the word is most commonly used in a sense which it hardly ever bears in English. The proper English word for what the French understand by a ragout is a relish. A ragout in English always takes its name from the food which is presented in it, and it means no more than a good stew of that meat. In French a ragout takes its name from the garnish in the sauce: it is the savoury accompaniment of the stew—the relish. English cooks are puzzled when they hear of the Financial ragout, which covers a variety of stews; or the Turtle ragout, in which there is no turtle. It is right, therefore, that there may be no mistake, to discard the puzzling French name, and to give the plain English one. The list of French ragouts will accordingly be found under the name of Relishes.

RAGOÛT OF MUTTON.—As there is no one word in English for all that the French mean by Friture, so there is no one word in French for all that the English mean by Stew. Perhaps the nearest word is ragoût—which means something tasted again; but the French are so little fond of it, as the name of a stew, that they dismiss it whenever and however they can find a substitute. Thus a stew of

fresh-water fish is called a matelote; of salt fish, a brandade; of winged game, a salmi; of hare, a civet; of rabbit, a gibelote; of chicken, a fricasse; of pigeons, a compôte; of beef, a daube; of mutton, a haricot or a Navarin. They seem to have been particularly pressed to find a name for the stew of mutton. During many centuries they had been making a stew of it, combined with turnips, carrots, and onions, which they called a ragout. The word was twisted about on the German frontier till it came back to France unrecognisable—as haricot. Five centuries ago the French adopted this odd new name for their favourite old dish, which was still a stew of mutton with turnips, carrots, and onions. But about two hundred years afterwards the name of haricot was given also to a kidney bean, and stuck to it in such a way as to produce in the French mind more puzzle and confusion than all the mysteries of fate and free-will—especially as they reversed the order of things, and got a notion into their heads that the name of haricot for the stew came after the name of the bean. Why should a stew be called after a bean which has nothing to do with it? What it means has been explained under the name of Haricot. Here it is enough to say that the French, having introduced the word haricot in place of ragoût, felt, after many years of confusion, that they must introduce some other word in place of haricot. They fixed upon Navarin for this, among other reasons—that it seemed to suggest, in a loose, punning title, the navet or turnip, which had become all important in the famous haricot of mutton. Anciently this ragout or haricot was adorned with three chief vegetables—turnips, carrots, and onions. Gradually the last two came to be pushed into the background, and the first alone to be prominent. The haricot of mutton settled into a brown ragout of mutton and turnips, which the French cooks who wished to get rid of the word haricot named after the battle of Navarin. The receipt for this stew will accordingly be found under the head of Navarin.

White Ragoût of Mutton.—This is sometimes called a Navarin Blanc; but as the Navarin is supposed to pun a little upon the navet, which is the leading feature of the ancient haricot, and as here we can dispense with turnips altogether, it is best to call it simply a white ragout.

1. Take the neck or the breast of mutton or lamb, cut it into cutlets or other pieces, trim well away the fat, and have all ready on a plate.

2. Put a shalot, four spring onions, a clove of garlic, and a good faggot of sweet-herbs, with pepper, salt, and powdered spices, into a saucepan half full of water.

3. Put the meat into this. See that it is well covered with the water. Let it simmer very gently for four hours. The sauce should then be reduced by half, but it should not be allowed to brown. Remove the faggot of herbs.

4. In the meantime choose what garniture of vegetables, either singly or in combination, is to enter into the stew: new potatoes, peas, flageolet beans, rice—or say, a medley of all sorts. Put them in half an hour before dinner, and let all boil briskly for that half-hour.

5. Observe that this is the simplest ragout in the world: no roux in it, no flour, no fat, no butter. Observe also that since the liquor will boil down to less than half, care must be taken as to the quantity of salt.

For other white ragouts of mutton, see Irish Stew and Hotch Potch.

RATAFIA means no more than liqueur — an alcohol sweetened with sugar and flavoured with fruit or vegetable essences; but there is a mystery made about its etymology, and it is supposed to have a character of its own. One wise philologer declares that the liqueur is so called because two persons who enter into a bargain *ratify* the contract with a glass of this liqueur. It is really a corruption of Rectifié—rectified spirit, and is the proper equivalent

for the English word spirits, which may include anything from gin to maraschino.

RAVIGOTE—Pick-me-up. It comes from the French verb *ravigoter,* to cheer or strengthen. We give the name of pick-me-up to various bitter draughts taken before dinner to create an appetite. The French give the name of Ravigote to an assemblage of four herbs—tarragon, chervil, chives, burnet—minced small or used as a faggot, and supposed by their fine flavour to have a rare faculty of resuscitation. Ravigote (minced) is the favourite garniture for salads; and in this case is usually served on a saucer by itself, each herb being kept apart in four little heaps, to be used by the salad-maker at his pleasure.

Ravigote Butter.—Knead cold fresh butter on a plate, with a chopped ravigote, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice. It is usual to blanch the herbs before chopping them. A pat of this butter is put cold on steaks or broiled fish, and melts upon them.

Ravigote Sauce is simply the English butter sauce to which a ravigote is added. Sometimes there is a little tarragon vinegar added, to bring out the supremacy of the tarragon in the ravigote class of herbs, but not to make the sauce sharp.

A more expensive but hardly more effective edition of this sauce is produced by heating and melting (observe—not boiling) two wineglassfuls of Allemande sauce with an ounce of ravigote butter. When the butter is melted all is ready. Tarragon vinegar may here also be used, so long as it does not predominate too much in sharpening. Perhaps éditions de luxe are not of much real value.

RED MULLET is called the woodcock of the sea, because, in theory at least, he is never gutted, and we are always supposed to eat the trail. It is curious, however, to see

how nearly all the books, after first laying down the rule that it is wrong to clean this fish, at once proceed to explain how the rule may be violated, and he is to be served with only his liver. The fact is, that the red mullet is not a choice feeder, and his trail is by no means the delicacy which the rule so often violated would lead one to imagine. What, then, is the reason of the rule? It is simply this: that the liver of the red mullet is particularly good—so good that, in order to preserve it intact, the epicures of ancient times were content, cooking the fish whole, to have the other viscera sent to table along with it. We know better now; and, while careful to preserve every atom of the liver, reject the trail without any compunction. Next to the liver in repute stands the head. Heliogabalus had a dish made of the barbels alone—but this was of a red mullet peculiar to the Mediterranean.

Red mullets, on account of the tenuity of their skins, are best cooked in paper cases. Make a paper cradle for each fish, oiling it and baking it for a few minutes in order to harden it. Sprinkle the cradle with pepper and salt, and lay on it a piece of the best fresh butter. On this couch deposit the red mullet, and put a piece of fresh butter over him. Arrange the paper cases in a flat stewpan, or even in a baking-tin, and put them into the oven for twenty or thirty minutes. At the end of this time the red mullets, bedewed with lemon-juice, will be as pleasant to taste as lovely to look at. Only never forget, amid the blaze of vermilion tints, that the true worth of the fish resides not in the glitter of the skin, but in the dull brown of the liver, which may either lie exposed to view in the paper cradle at the side of its owner, or may be hidden from sight, as precious virtues often are, in the bosom of the mullet.

A more highly seasoned method is the following:—Put into a stewpan, or into paper cases, butter, white wine, minced shalots, pepper and salt. Arrange the mullets in

the pan, and put a piece of butter over each. Do them in the open, and when sending them to table sprinkle them with lemon-juice and minced parsley.

Red mullets may be had all the year round, but they are best from midsummer to Christmas. The best used to be caught at Weymouth. Their headquarters now are Hastings and Jersey. Get into the confidence of any good judge who understands the nature of John Dory, and he will unbosom to you a great secret—that the glory of fish is a Dory graced with the livers of red mullets.

Relish.—It has already been explained that this is what the French mean by ragout. Strictly speaking, a relish and a garnish ought to be convertible terms: they are both accompaniments. In practice the name of Garnish is given to any one thing—generally to a vegetable, more or less plain, which is served with meat; and the name of Relish to a combination—as onions, mushrooms, truffles, cocks-combs, quenelles, crayfish, oysters, and soft roes, which are worked into the attendant sauce.

1. *Financial Relish.*—Foremost among them stands the Relish to the Financiers, who have an article to themselves further back. Cockscombs and kernels, collops of sweet-bread, quenelles, button mushrooms, and sliced truffles, separately prepared, and then boiled together for a moment in the Sauce of the Financiers.

2. *Toulouse Relish.*—The same as the foregoing, only tossed for a minute or two in Allemande sauce. It is white, whereas No. 1 is brown.

3. *Turtle Relish.*—Take sweetbreads in little collops, a few cockscombs, crayfish, hard-boiled yolks of eggs, discs of tongue or of ham, olives, green gherkins, truffles, with a large supply of mushrooms, and set them on the fire for a minute in a sauce made (equal parts) of Spanish and Tomato sauces.

4. *Chipolata Relish*—a great favourite for poultry. Chipolatas are small sausages, about two inches long, made of pork and bacon. Use instead of them either Frankfort sausages by themselves, or if ordinary pork sausages, add to them an equal number of little slices of bacon made into rolls. Cook these apart, and add to them equal quantities of carrots, turnips, mushrooms, and chestnuts nicely turned, and also cooked apart. Set them on the fire for a minute in Spanish sauce.

5. *Poulette Relish*—used with chicken, from which it takes its name, but more frequently with calves' feet, sheep's trotters, and some kinds of fish—notably eels. It consists of shalots and mushrooms passed in butter, and served with chopped parsley in a Poulette sauce.

6. *Matelote Relish.*—Small onions and mushrooms in a red-wine sauce, described under the name of Matelote. Crayfish and fried crusts of bread are prepared apart and added to the garnish in serving.

7. *Relish of the Normandy Matelote.*—A quantity of oysters, mussels and mushrooms, prepared in a white-wine sauce, to which the liquor of the mussels contributes. For more detail consult the article on Sole à la Normande.

8. *Relish of Soft Roes.*—Parboil in some boiling water mixed with salt and two tablespoonfuls of white-wine vinegar, the soft roes of mackerel, carp or herring; drain them on a napkin, and then toss them in some white sauce —Allemande or Suprême, to which may be added chopped parsley, nutmeg and lemon-juice.

REMOULADE.—This is in fact, as near as possible, the ordinary English salad dressing. Or it may be otherwise described as a Mayonnaise made with hard-boiled yolks of eggs. Some of the French receipts give directions for making it with raw yolks; but this is a mistake, as the Remoulade would then become identical with a Mayon-

naise. The name comes from the verb *remoudre*, to grind—and refers to grinding to a fine flour the hard yolk. By carefully and gradually grinding together the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, with five tablespoonfuls of oil, one or one and a half of tarragon vinegar, and a little salt and white pepper, it is possible to produce a Remoulade as smooth as a Mayonnaise, and differing in no respect from a good English salad dressing.

The Remoulade is thus far complete, and requires no addition to justify its name. But some people choose to add mustard to it; others, a chopped ravigote; and others, again, both mustard and a ravigote. It then becomes a Tartar sauce.

RESTAURANT—the Soup. Restaurant was originally the name of a soup with a strange history. One of the earliest accounts of it is to be found in a little book published at Lyons in 1557, and supposed to be the first work of Bernard Palissy, the potter. It is an attack upon the ignorance and blunders of doctors—"Déclaration des Abus des Médecins"; and the name of the author is given, not as Bernard Palissy, but as Pierre Braillier. Whoever be the author, he showed for the first time the absurdity of the fashionable soup.

He opens his attack upon it by ridiculing a detail which is not essential, but is curious, and of interest to this day. The physicians of those days recommended an old hen or capon to make a good soup for invalids. The tradition of this remains not only in the cock-a-leekie of the Scotch, which is always supposed to be made of an old cock (and they are in this respect only following rules which they learned from the cooks patronised by Mary Stuart and Mary of Guise), but also in the French kitchen to this day. Nearly all the great French cooks recommend an old hen for soups. Now here is something curious. In the year 1557 Brailler, be he Palissy or another, laughed

to scorn the old fowl, and insisted that a young one is much better—fuller of nourishment and of flavour. For three hundred years his advice has been set aside, and the old fowl has been imperative in French kitchens for a good soup. At the end of these three hundred years Gouffé produces his book on cookery—the best that has appeared in France since the death of Carême. He has come to the conclusion that the tradition of the French kitchen—the old fowl—is a mistake; and he insists on the superiority of a fowl in its prime. It is difficult to decide between the two, and impossible to lay down a fixed rule to which no exception can be taken. There is no rule more certain than this—that four-year-old mutton is better than the two-year-old meat which comes to market, and that full-grown animals are better than the very young. But exceptions crowd upon us. If the older meat is so good, why do we take to lamb and to veal, and pay high prices for them? Our affections are divided between the old and the young, and we shall never probably be constant to either. We get tired of the old because it is apt to be strong, and of the young because it is apt to be insipid. The Marquis de Cussy laid down the following rule:—"Voyez-vous, les meilleures viandes sont celles qui sont le moins *viandes,* comme les poissons exquis sont ceux qui sont le moins *poissons*: soyez convaincu de ce principe." In plain English, good fish ought not to taste fishy, nor should meat be meaty, nor should fowls taste of the henhouse. And these faults are more liable to the old than to the young.

The great and almost incredible fault of the Restaurant, however, was not in the substance it used, but in the manner of using it. A fowl was to be minced small with butchers' meat, and was to be *distilled* in an alembic with barley, roses, cinnamon, corianders, and currants. The dew thus distilled, which was nothing but water without substance and without flavour, was declared by the physicians of the sixteenth century to have a wonderful restora-

tive virtue; nor did the soup lose its good name even after Bernard Palissy exposed the fallacy of its pretensions. A hundred years later, however—to fix our ideas, say 1660, when Louis the Great was in all his glory in Paris, and Charles II. was coming to London—it would appear that some doubts had sprung up in the minds of those who consumed the Restaurant; for in nearly all the French cookery books there are two receipts for it. One was the old orthodox receipt for distillation: the other may be described as a stultification of the distillery. The dregs from which the juice had been distilled were made into a sort of purée, and then the distilled water was put back into it. This farce amused the French imagination with a make-believe of science; and the soup held its ground for another hundred years, more or less, till in 1765 a tavern was established with the name of Restaurant, to supply the wonderful soup and other aliments prepared in the like grand style.

RESTAURANT—the Tavern. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "there is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern"; and on the same occasion—the date is 1776—expatiating "on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, he triumphed over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life." The French, however, were soon to change; and adopting the English idea, they so improved upon it that we have consented to adopt their name for it, and to forget the absurdities of the soup with which it was first connected.

The first establishment of the kind in Paris was started by a humorist named Boulanger, who put a rather profane motto—*Venite ad me, omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego vos restaurabo*—over his door in the Rue des Poulies. He set up a place with little marble tables. He was not allowed table-cloths, and he was not allowed to interfere with the

ragouts which were to be had from the *traiteur.* He provided his customers with soups—and especially the *restaurant divin;* also with fowls and fresh eggs. He was soon followed by others; but it was not till 1782 that a restaurant was established such as we have it now, fit to rival and outdo the English tavern, and perfect in all its arrangements. This was set up by Beauvilliers, who, in his standard work on cookery, takes credit to himself for having introduced the English style of food into Paris. He soon made his fortune; and the fashion which he started spread till it became quite a feature of Parisian life. Grimod de la Reynière attributes to three chief causes the rise and wonderful progress of the Restaurant in Paris. First of all, to the rage for English fashions which marked the latter years of Louis XVI.—"for the English, it is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Next, to the sudden influx into the capital of legislators under the new order of Government—popular deputies without homes, who made the vogue, and drew all Paris to the taverns and coffee-rooms. Lastly, to the break-up of the great houses in the Revolution. The artists to whom they gave employment were thrown out of work, and turned their talents to catering for the public. Whatever were the causes at work, the French cooks bent all their efforts to perfect the system of the restaurant; with their rare skill and taste they could not fail of success; and they produced a model which has been imitated all over the globe.

Rice is not too often seen at our tables. It can be made very pleasant; it contains as much nourishment as the potato; and it is digested in an hour—which can be said of very few articles of food. It combines, like the macaronis, with broth to form a variety of soups, with milk and egg to form puddings, and with butter alone, or butter and grated cheese, to form an entremet which is light without being sweet. There is no sweet entremet

more simple, and at the same time more effective, than the combination of plain boiled rice with preserved or stewed fruit and cream. It is not easy, however, to get rice properly boiled. This is not because there is any difficulty in it, but because there are many people who think rice insipid, and not worth the trouble of cooking. They cannot understand how other people should be almost fanatical in their enjoyment of rice, should regard a curry as nothing without it, and should insist on having the rice perfectly dry—every grain apart.

Boiled Rice.—Wash the rice—Carolina is the best—in water. Throw it into plenty of boiling water. The proportion is six pounds (that is, pints) of water to one of rice; therefore, three pints of water to half a pound of rice. Boil it for five minutes, and skim it. Add a wineglassful of milk for half a pound of rice, and continue the boiling for five minutes more. Then strain the rice, and return it dry into the pot upon the corner of the stove or a slow fire; but at the same time pour into it an ounce of butter melted into a spoonful of the hot milk and water in which the rice was boiled, and add salt. In five minutes the rice, which should now and again be stirred, to swell, steam and dry it, should be ready. Fifteen minutes in all.

Rissoles.—Take puff paste—the lighter the better, and roll it out to the thickness of a penny. Cut rounds in it about three inches in diameter. Into the centre of each place some croquette meat. Double the paste over. Fry them in hot fat, and serve them on a napkin with fried parsley.

Roasting.—The first lesson which the cook has to learn is to know what roasting is, and how it differs from other modes of firing food. In one use of the term, roasting is something distinct from baking, broiling, and frying; according to another, it includes baking, broiling, and frying. In the widest sense, to roast is to cook food by

the application to it of a roasting heat; and a roasting heat may be described as the highest degree of heat which will cook food without burning it up and destroying it. Roasting, commonly so called, broiling, baking, and frying, are but different methods of applying this extreme heat. The heat of a common fire is said to be equivalent to 1145 degrees of a thermometer on Fahrenheit's scale; an ordinary red head is said to be 980°. How near to such a heat can we approach so as to roast meat without burning it? A roasting heat varies from 350° to 450°—that is, about double the heat of boiling water; and as we have defined roasting (which includes roasting proper, baking, broiling, and frying) to be the cooking of food by the application to it of the utmost degree of heat which will cook it without destroying it, so we may define boiling (which includes boiling proper as well as simmering and stewing) as the cooking of food by the application to it of the lowest degree of heat which will cook it in a reasonable time. This lowest degree of heat ranges between 170°, for very slow stewing, and 212°, for the quickest boiling. The extreme heat required for roasting evolves certain flavours which it is impossible to reach by mere boiling; and it will be seen, by reference to the numbers, that whereas a roasting heat is about half of what is called red heat, a boiling heat is about the half of roasting heat. It may be added, that between the two extreme forms of cookery, roasting and boiling, with all that they severally include, there are two modes of producing a medium heat with a medium result. One is called brazing—the meat being in a stewpan with live coals on the lid above, whereby while the under part is stewing the upper part is roasting. The other is called tossing in butter (sauter), and is a process of frying in which the roasting heat that would be developed if the pan were left still is arrested by tossing its contents, so that they never reach the browning point, which is the chief indication of roasting.

So much for the theory of roasting, which applies equally to baking, broiling, and frying, and which will be found further illustrated throughout this volume in many discussions on the cardinal division of cookery into brown and white. For the rule of what is specially called roasting, Mr. Buckmaster has summed up the chief points to be attended to in the pithy sentences which follow :—

"I believe I am regarded as a sort of heretic on the question of roasting meat. My opinion is that the essential condition of good roasting is constant basting, and this the meat is not likely to have when shut up in an iron box; and what is not easily done is easily neglected. Make up your fire, not by shooting on a scuttle of coals, but laying on the coals with your hands, using an old glove. Arrange the lumps of coal so that air passes freely into the fire. By this arrangement you may avoid stirring the fire—which should be done as little as possible. Just before putting down the meat (which may be suspended by a piece of worsted, if you have no other arrangements), clear up the fireplace, and throw to the back of the fire all the cinders and a little small coal slightly wetted. This will prevent waste of fuel, and throw the heat where you want it—in the front. If you have a meat screen, place it before the fire, so as to get moderately heated before the meat is hung to the fire. Heat reflected from bright metallic surfaces never dries or scorches the meat. Arrange the dripping-pan so that no ashes can fall into it, and just as far below the meat as will enable you to baste it easily. If you have a little dripping or stock, put about a gill into the dripping-pan for basting. Place a newspaper on the floor; this will keep your hearth clean. There is a right and a wrong way of hanging a piece of meat to roast. The thickest part should hang a trifle below the centre of the fire; and if this can be best done by hanging the shank of a leg of mutton downwards, do so. The time required for roasting will be modified by circumstances; and different kinds or

qualities of meat require somewhat different treatment. The time usually allowed is from fifteen to twenty minutes for a pound. Before removing the meat from the fire, press the lean part with the thumb: if the meat yield easily, or if the meat steam to the fire it is done. Never sprinkle salt over the meat till about a quarter of an hour before it is ready. Pour away the dripping before using the salt, because fat used for puddings and pies and frying is better without salt. You may dredge a little flour over it; and every part should be of a nice pale brown: if any part be scorched or blackened, you have failed in your cooking. Pour off the dripping, leaving in the pan the pure gravy free from fat. Have a gill or half a pint of stock or broth, or water, ready; pour it into the dripping-pan, rinse it round, strain it into the dish, and send it to table as quickly as possible. Some cooks tie a piece of buttered paper on the meat."

Time-table for Roasting.

The following figures are not exact. A great deal depends on the quality of the meat to be roasted, its distance from the fire, and the heat of the fire. In England, said Carême, all the women roast well; but he attributed the success of English roasting to the constancy of a coal fire and to the regularity of the bottle-jack, which has not, like the turnspit machine in France, to be wound up every quarter of an hour.

	Hours.
Beef, 15 to 20 lbs.	4
,, 7 or 8 lbs.	2
Veal, fillet, 10 lbs.	3
Neck or loin, 4 lbs.	2
Leg of Mutton, 8 to 10 lbs	2
Shoulder ,, 6 lbs.	1½
Leg of Lamb, 6 lbs.	1½

	Hours.
Forequarter, 8 lbs.	2
Leg of Pork, 8 lbs.	3
Loin ,, 6 lbs.	2
Haunch of Venison	4 to 5
Hare	1½
Turkey, 9 lbs.	2
Goose, 6 lbs.	1

	Minutes.
Capon	60
Poularde	45
Chicken	30
Duck	60
Duckling	40
Pheasant	35

	Minutes.
Partridge	15 to 20
Woodcock	,,
Wild duck	,,
Widgeon	,,
Pigeon	,,
Quail	,,

ROBERT, and his sauce. Who is this Robert? Mr. Hayward, who is generally accurate, and always amusing, has had the bad luck to say that it was invented by M. Robert, one of the leading cooks under the First Empire. These cooks never invented anything so simple as the Sauce Robert—which is so ancient that Rabelais describes it as necessary for "ducks, rabbits, roasts, fresh pork, poached eggs, salt hake, and a thousand other viands." It is, indeed, nearly three hundred years older than Rabelais—being mentioned by the French cook Taillevent, in the middle of the thirteenth century. It is older even than Taillevent, and nobody can tell how old it is. For the fact is, that Robert is a myth. It is the corruption of an English name which the French did not understand. There was then a very free interchange of French and English. Half of France belonged to England; and as there were French names of dishes in England which the English did not understand, so there were English names of dishes in France which the French did not understand. The French had their brouet de chevreuil; and the English had their Roebroth and Roebrewet, for which there were a number of varying receipts. One of these receipts the French picked up; and with that glorious faculty of altering names which has never failed them since they appear in history, they thought its name must be the same as that of their famous Norman duke, and they called it Robert. In its original idea Robert was Roebrewet—that is, Roebuck sauce. In the present day there is to be found in cookery books a receipt

for Roebuck or Chevreuil sauce, as well as for Sauce Robert. It may be observed that roebuck is not once mentioned by Rabelais among the viands for which the Sauce Robert is necessary; modern taste has confined it almost exclusively to pork and to goose.

For the Sauce Robert there is a great variety of receipts; and the later French cooks have a strong tendency to drench it with vinegar and wine, and to make it distinctly a sharp sauce. Beauvilliers' receipt, which is much the best, is very chary of acid. See the introductory chapter; and here only note this much further—that the name Sauce Robert is, according to the above explanation, tautological: Robert ought to be enough.

Beauvilliers' Receipt for Robert.—Cut six large onions —or even more—into dice, dredge them with flour, and pass them in butter till they are of a fine brown tint. Moisten them with a very little broth, and let them cook. Add salt, mignonette pepper, and last of all French mustard; after which it ought not to go to the fire, as to cook mustard spoils it. In lieu of French mustard use English mixed with tarragon vinegar.

Robin Redbreast is a bird of the same order as the famous fig-eater—or becafico. "The robin redbreast," says Mr. Hayward, "is remarkable for a delicate bitter flavour; but as our ingenuous recommendation of him as an eatable commodity has been occasionally regarded as symptomatic of a latent tendency to cannibalism, it may be as well to state that the popular notion of his amiability, which rests upon the apocryphal story of the Children in the Wood, is altogether a mistake. Ornithologists are agreed that he is one of the most quarrelsome of birds; and his loneliness is in fact the natural result of his pugnacity." Mr. Hayward, besides being a witty writer, is, when he likes a close reasoner; and he cannot but see that if the friendliness of the Redbreast for mankind will not save

him from the spit, he is practically protected by his loneliness. There is not enough of him to make it worth any one's while to put him on a dish.

Roe.—The roe of the sturgeon—caviare, the roe of the grey mullet—botargo, and the dried and smoked roe of the cod, are prepared delicacies which belong to the shops. These too are all hard roes. It is with the soft roes—the milt, the laitance—that the cook has to do.

Ragoût of Soft Roes.—A favourite relish of the French kitchen. See Relish No. 8.

Erasmus' Soup.—The great scholar had a taste, and his name is given to a soup in which the soft roes figure. Take ten soft roes of the herring, and cook them for ten minutes in water, salt, and a little vinegar. Then pass them into salt and water for a time, to get rid of the vinegar taste. Drain them, cut them in two, and heat them up in a sufficient quantity of clear broth or double broth, either with a quart of young peas or with crusts of bread and a spoonful of blanched and chopped fennel.

Roe Toast.—Slices of buttered toast with the soft roes of fresh bloaters arranged upon them.

Roley Poley, or Rolled Jam Pudding.—Roll out some puff paste (No. 4) about a quarter of an inch thick, spread it with jam, roll it up, tie it loosely in a cloth, and boil it.

Roman Cookery is a warning. The ridicule which it now excites is a tribute to the more simple taste and delicate manipulation of modern times. Mines of wealth were spent upon it; infinite pains were wasted upon it; the uttermost parts of the earth were ransacked; five hundred peacocks were killed, to make with their brains a single dish—and to what result? Any Picardy kitchen-maid will turn out a better dinner for a few francs.

All may be summed up in the convivial song of Captain Morris :—

Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million ;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In a chophouse or royal pavilion.

At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingale's tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.

Rook.—"If this useful bird," says Waterton, "were not so closely allied to the carrion-crow in colour and in shape, we should see it sent up to the tables of the rich as often as we see the pigeon. But prejudice forbids the appearance of broiled rook in the lordly mansion. If we wish to partake of it, we must repair to the cottage of the lowly swain, or here and there to the hall of the homely country squire, whose kitchen has never been blessed by the presence of a first-rate cook, and whose yearnings for a good and wholesome dish are not stifled by the fear of what a too highly polished world will say."

For rook pie, take fillets and thighbones of the young bird, and proceed as for pigeon pie; but they take long baking—perhaps an hour and a half—and may as well be stewed a little first.

Roux means russet. It is flour and butter fried together to a russet hue. Then there is white roux—that is, white russet—a fine contradiction of terms. It is flour and butter cooked together, but not allowed to brown.

Rum.—The French make a much greater use in cookery of rum than the English, who distil it. Their omelet with rum is a delightful invention. The rum which they eat

with plum-pudding is not so good. The English burn brandy by preference over it; and the plum-pudding is so saccharine in itself, and so full of luscious flavours, that it seems better in taste to give it for a sauce the contrast of brandy than the comparison of rum.

Dr. Edward Smith, the chief English authority on dietetics, declares that the most powerful restorative known to him is the old-fashioned combination of rum and milk. Ye who are weak drink thimblefuls of rum in tumblerfuls of new milk!

SADDLE OF MUTTON.—There is really but one way of doing a saddle—to roast it; but the French have a way of sometimes boning it, rolling it up, and brazing it. They might as well boil it. They understand their gigot; but they are not to be trusted with a saddle, which is in England very properly regarded as the prime piece of the mutton. Frenchmen would not be so ready to interfere with the bones of the saddle if they knew of a little fact which is quite familiar in England—that there is a distinct difference of flavour between a roasted half-saddle and a roasted loin. What is known as a half-saddle comes from the butcher with a rigid backbone. The loin of mutton is precisely the same piece of meat; but when so called, the vertebræ of the back are disjointed, so that it can be carved in chops. This may be a more economical way of cutting the meat, but it injures the taste.

SAFFRON.—It is the elegiac muse that ought to write the account of saffron, for its glory is departed. The stigmas of this autumnal crocus (*crocus sativus*) were once all important in European cookery, and were supposed to possess the rarest virtues and attractions. Henry Stephen said of it—"Saffron should be put into all Lenten soups,

sauces and viands. Without saffron we could never have a good purée, good peas, nor good sauce." There was a time when England was known as merry England; and Lord Bacon in his *History of Life and Death* says: "The English are rendered sprightly by a liberal use of saffron in sweetmeats and broth." Saffron is now but little used anywhere in human food to please the eye, to tickle the palate, or to strengthen the stomach; and in England it has been so completely ousted by curry that what once rejoiced the heart of man is now only sprinkled in water to cheer the melancholy of canaries.

Compare the saffron with the bean. At one time it was worse than parricide to eat beans; and beans are now in great repute. At one time it was a superstition to flavour and colour food with saffron; and now it is a farce. So the wheel goes round, and high becomes low and low becomes high. Let us be thankful that one thing will last while man lasts—the saffron-coloured morn.

Sage and Onion Sauce.—See Forcemeat No. 6.

Sago.—All the starches to which sago belongs are much overrated as articles of diet. They are easily digested—that is the best which can be said of them; and they are useful in giving body to soups and puddings. They do not contain much nourishment, and sago is certainly one of the most insipid of the series.

Salad.*—Sydney Smith wrote a neat little poem to describe how salad should be prepared, and he promised that if his directions were followed—

> Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
> And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
> Serenely full, the epicure may say,
> Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.

There spoke the perfect epicure; and the speech goes to

* The substance of this article has already appeared in print.

prove that the supremacy of enjoyment is based on simplicity of taste. There may be epicures who like to titillate their jaded appetites and acquired tastes with unheard-of luxuries and far-fetched combinations; but the world has long since recognised that all the best and healthiest pleasures keep well within bounds, and must never lose sight of moderation. Every art has its monstrosities; gastronomy has not been behindhand; and though he must be a bold man who will venture to blaspheme the elegancies of French cookery, there comes a time to every Englishman who may have wandered into a mistaken admiration of sophisticated messes, when he longs for the simple diet of his native land, and vows that the best cookery in the world, and that which satisfies the most refined epicureanism, sets up for its ideal—plainness of good food, and the cultivation of natural tastes. Now a salad is simplicity itself, and here is a marvel—it is the crowning grace of a French dinner, while, on the other hand, it is little understood and villainously treated at English tables. To that system of cookery which prides itself on its art it gives the charm of nature, and in the midst of the triumphs of gastronomy it raises a fine protest in favour of simplicity. In our own system of cookery, which boasts of its naturalness, and which therefore ought to hold the salad in highest honour, it occupies but an inferior place, and is nearly always spoilt. In respect of salads, therefore, the French and Italians have beaten us in our own line. We swear by plain cookery; we turn up our noses at elaborate sauces; we profess to eschew messes, and to care only for simples; and yet we have no idea, like the French and Italians, how to turn to splendid account a dinner of herbs. There is a proverb which identifies such a dinner with meanness of fare; but it is not mean. It is quite certain that the majority of epicures agree with Sydney Smith that a really good salad will glorify any dinner, and make up for the lack of turtle and venison and the rarest dainties.

The fact is that a salad is more than food, and we are attracted to it by more than hunger. I am not enough of a chemist to go into details; but here are two facts which explain a good deal. One is that the most important herb used in salads, the lettuce, abounds in a juice which has not only the effect of opium, but where opium would be hurtful takes the place of it in pharmacy. The other is that the plant of next importance for salads, the endive or chicory, is largely used in its root as a substitute for coffee. These and like facts point to the conclusion that salads have an attraction for us over and above that of palatable food—an attraction which has its parallel in a man's craving for the tobacco-leaf, in a woman's craving for the tea-leaf, and in the passion which drives a Chinese to the poppyhead. In other words, a salad is not merely a food, but has also an action on the nervous system, stimulating or sedative, which is immensely agreeable and acts like a spell. Whatever be the nature of the charm it is a powerful one, and renders the salad a sort of prince incognito among the assemblage of dishes. It has an undefinable rank on the table, which makes it more important than it seems. Without it, in the eyes of the epicure, the finest dinner has failed of its supreme relish; and to a very commonplace dinner it gives an etheral grace.

Any one who dips into the works of the old herbalists will be astonished to see how they insist upon the virtues of the salad plants. Many of these virtues are no doubt imaginery, but some are real enough. Thus the herbalists praised endive as a cure for the gout. We have forgotten all about this, and are content to find the refreshment of coffee in the root, the refreshment of a salad in the leaves. Here and there the old theory survives. I remember hearing a physician say to a patient who was much too apt at blue-pill, "That is ruin. I will tell you what to do. Eat a parboiled cauliflower three times a week by way of salad, and be sure you eat the bitter stalks as well as the flower.

It is the best medicine in the world." As for lettuce, it is recommended by Galen as a soporific, and the prepared juice, lactucarium, is to be found in every chemist's shop. The old herbalists, however, had another theory. They said that the lettuce was not only soothing like opium, but had the supreme virtue of enabling us to forget womankind. It was the salad of all others for monks and nuns to eat, for it has a hallowing influence that makes one oblivious of love and all its fever. Lest the romantic lover should on this account refuse lettuce, let me remind him that tobacco —which is not indeed a salad, but belongs to the order of nightshades, that has yielded several salad-plants, such as the potato and the tomato—was supposed to have a like effect; and there is a vulgar opinion that Sir Isaac Newton never married because he smoked too much. According to the same old theory, there is no love-potion so efficacious as an onion. Would you win a woman's love—give her onions to eat, whatever the consequences. The French, too, have a proverb, that if a wife only knew what a loving charm there is in celery, she would send to Rome for it every day to provide a salad for her husband. If one must, however, have a love-charm, there is the tomato, the old English name of which is love-apple. This reminds me of an odd omission in the story of the loves of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell. Dickens nowhere explains how it came to pass that when his hero ordered tomato-sauce with his mutton-chops, the sensitive soul of Mrs. Bardell took this for a proposal of marriage and the voice of love. There is not a hint even in the speech of Serjeant Buzfuz that the tomato is the love-apple, and that the sauce which Mr. Pickwick ordered was love-apple sauce. There is, no doubt, a great deal of fancy in all this. We expect certain effects, and they are produced by the association of ideas. But there is this always to go upon—that most of the salad-plants have an exhilarating effect, a distinct action upon the nervous system, and through the nerves upon the

spiritual part of us, till at last people exalt the preparation of a salad into a religion, and become fanatical about its rites and ceremonies.

If Sydney Smith be right, and if the enjoyment of a salad be the height of epicureanism, one would imagine that so simple a taste might be easily gratified. It is a delicacy which the poorest of us ought always to command. No cooking is required. Give us a salad-bowl; give us a few raw herbs, and some common condiments, and there is a pleasant repast assured, even if there is nothing to add to it but cold meat. And yet in this England of ours it is difficult to get a good salad—in an English eating-house almost impossible. We have lots of vegetables, with every variety of lettuce and of endive. But in the first place it is a tradition of the English kitchen that salads must be washed and kept in water until ready for use; the consequnce is that they lose much of their flavour; they become more watery than they are by nature; and after the salad is devoured one can often see a little pool of water at the bottom of the salad-bowl which the green leaves have not been able to absorb. The tradition of the French kitchen is that no salad must be washed or see the water except the corn salad, which is sometimes called lamb's lettuce. But it may be said that a salad requires to be cleaned, and hence the need of water. Of course it requires cleaning; but the French method is to pick the leaves and to clean every separate one with a dry napkin. This is the reason of the difference between the French mode of serving a salad and ours. In an English house one often sees a lettuce sent up to table whole; it has been washed whole, and it can be served whole. And when English people see a French salad served, the leaves all severed and sometimes cut, they fancy that this is a mere matter of convenience, the cook saving us trouble. It is not so, but a necessary result of the French process of cleaning the salad.

It is not enough, however, to get the herbs in perfection;

there comes next a great question about the appropriate mixture to go with them. There are numbers of English who think that no mixture is necessary, and who limit their fancy to the cos-lettuce, which they pluck leaf by leaf, and eat with a little salt. It is no wonder that they fail to appreciate the salad, and rob it of the importance which it ought to attain at a well-appointed table, when they do not know, or do not care for, the art of educing its finer qualities, and making of the simplest dish in the world a feast worthy of Olympus. Some people take to eating a salad in this crude way because of a vague theory that it is good for the blood; and others avoid it because of some theory that so much "green meat" cannot agree with them. The one set never acquire the true gusto for salad, and the other have a continual suspicion of it. Now these are the only two classes for which the English eating-house keeper thinks it worth his while to cater. It is a matter of hard fact that a salad-bowl is a thing unknown in 999 out of 1,000 eating-houses in England. In private houses and in clubs of course it is to be found, because English gentlemen of the class who belong to clubs know that a salad to be enjoyed must be mixed, and that it cannot be properly mixed without a good-sized bowl. But let us go into one of Spiers and Pond's establishments—and in singling them out I pay them a compliment. They are at the head of their profession, they have deserved well of the public, and if they fail in any point we may be sure that the failure belongs not to them individually, but to the English system. I have not been to all their establishments, but in those I have visited this is what I find. They keep an immense bowl on the buffet, crammed with a confusion of salad-herbs soaking in water. You ask for a salad. The waiter brings you a wet lettuce cut in halves upon a flat plate, and he puts down beside it an annulated bottle, full of the abominable compound known as salad-mixture. You politely hint to the waiter, first of all, that you prefer

not to touch his prepared mixture. He takes it away, wounded in his feelings, and assumes that you are going to eat the lettuce with salt. You next make a demand for oil and vinegar, and try to explain that a salad to be properly mixed must, according to the saying, be mixed by a madman; it cannot, therefore, be mixed on a flat plate. The waiter then brings a soup-plate; if you are not satisfied with that he brings a vegetable-dish, then perhaps a slop-basin; and if you are still discontented, he tries you last of all with a soup-tureen. As for a salad-bowl—which one can get at once in the paltriest French restaurant—it is not, as a rule, to be found in the splendidly furnished establishments of Spiers and Pond. This simply means that a salad properly prepared does not belong to the English system of the table, and does not enter into the calculations of those who cater for it in public. I sometimes at English inns manage to get a salad-bowl by asking for a punch-bowl. Mine host is nearly always prepared to make punch, though he does not know what a salad is.

When the Englishman, still more the Englishwoman, determines that a salad is not to be eaten with salt alone, but must be bathed in some mixture, one discovers a curious weakness in the national taste,—a chariness of oil, and love of vinegar. An odd proof of this is to be found in the scientific nomenclature of the gardeners. Like all sciolists, they are fond of inventing new names. They are not content to call salad-plants, as of old, salad-plants,—that is, plants to be eaten with salt; they have invented the name of acetarious plants,—that is, plants to be eaten with vinegar. There is the true English idea—a salad is the infancy of mixed pickles. We have a besotted love of pickles in England, and never seem to understand that vinegar in a salad must be doled out with a niggardly hand. As for oil, little of it is used, and that little is often overwhelmed with cream, with yolk of egg, with mustard, with sugar,—a succession of incongruous expedients to

conceal the oil or to take the place of it. All this messing is death to the salad and to the true taste of the green herb. About salad-oil two points are worthy of notice, though it is necessary to insist only on one. The first is, that it is the most simple and digestible form in which oleaginous matter can be presented to the stomach, and that it has a medical value in its combination with raw herbs. English people would not be so timid of what they call "green meat" if they could bring themselves to swallow it saturated with oil. But here is the chief point: the oil is not only good and wholesome in itself, but it catches up and preserves in a remarkable manner the subtle flavour of the salad. There are certain oils and fatty substances which have a peculiar affinity for odours; and it is well known that those chemists who make it their business to prepare scents from rose-leaves, jasmine, lavender, and other flowers, make use of these oils and fats for storing up the perfumes, with which they become quickly impregnated. One can see what oil as a custodian of flavour in rivalry with vinegar is if one can remember the taste of a sardine. See how delicate the flavour is preserved in oil, and imagine how it would be lost in brine —or English pickle. It is the glory of the Lucca oil that it acts in this way upon the salad, bringing out and preserving its delicacy of flavour; which, on the other hand, is dissipated in water, and overpowered in a mess of cream and egg, syrup and mustard. Be a counsellor with the salt, is the old saying; be a miser with the vinegar; but be a spendthrift with the oil. And we English would be happier with our salads if we could learn to put up with the beautiful oil of Lucca and to forego the astonishing combinations (sometimes including anchovy sauce and mushroom ketchup) with which we disguise our green herbs, till, in opposition to the accepted principles of English cookery, they are irrecognisable. The best salad mixtures will be found described in the preceding

pages, under the names of Cruet Sauce, Mayonnaise, and Remoulade.

As for the herbs to be used in salad, we are in England rather limited in our tastes. Of the infinite variety of salads which can be made from wild plants—the salad burnet, the ladies' smock, the stonecrop, the sea bindweed, the sweet Cicely, the buckshorn plantain, and the ox-eyed daisy—our people know next to nothing, and they allow quantities of excellent food to be wasted on the cattle. The dandelion, which is a favourite salad in France, and a herb renowned for its virtues, we should be half ashamed to see on our tables. Nothing will do for us in England but the most highly-cultivated kinds. First of all, there is the lettuce, which is of two sorts—the cabbage-lettuce, known in France as the *laitue pommée,* and the cos-lettuce, which the French term the *laitue romaine.* Of these—and there are endless varieties of either—we seem in England to prefer the latter, with its long leaves, because it can be eaten by itself; while the French probably care more for the former. Then comes the endive in three classes: first, the broad-leaved or Batavian endive, which the French call *escarole*—a prime favourite; next, the curly-leaved endive, which the French call sometimes *chicorée* and sometimes *laitue frisée*; lastly, the wild endive or succory (succory being but the old English word for chicory), which is called by the French *barbe de capucin,* and whose roots are supposed to make a very fair imitation of coffee. Perhaps next in order of rank deserves to be mentioned celery; but we only use the bare stalk, whereas the French will put the whole plant into the salad-bowl, from the root at one end to the leafage at the other. Even better than the celery is the celeriac,—that is, a celery with a turnip-like root, which is the *celeri-rave* of the French and the *knott-sellerie* of the Germans. The latter are especially fond of it, and go into ecstasies with moist eyes and flowing mouth when they talk of it. In England, although it may be

cultivated with greater ease and at less expense than the common celery, it is not only slighted, but few persons know where they can lay their hands upon it. Let it here therefore be recorded that the celeriac roots come over to this country from Germany in the end of October, and are to be had in any quantity at a house which abounds in foreign dainties of all sorts—Lingner's Delicatessen Handlung, 46, Old Compton Street, Soho, with its branch at 30, Fenchurch Street, City. Another salad which is too much neglected in England is that of tomatos. The wonder is how any one who knows what a superb thing is a salad of raw tomatos can care to desecrate this glorious apple by cooking it. I should weary the reader if I went on to sound the praises of the mustard and cress salad, the corn salad, the beetroot salad, the potato salad, and the *salade de légumes*. One word, however, about the last two. Most persons are acquainted with Sydney Smith's receipt for a potato salad—

> Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
> Unwonted softness to the salad give;
> Of mordant mustard, add a single spoon,
> Distrust the condiment which bites too soon;
> But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
> To add a double quantity of salt;
> Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
> And once with vinegar, procured from town;
> True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
> The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;
> Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
> And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
> And lastly, in the flavoured compound toss
> A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce:
> Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
> And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
> Serenely full, the epicure may say,
> Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.

This appears to have been the receipt which he finally

sanctioned; but in his memoirs there is a different edition, which contains four lines that ought not to be forgotten—

> Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
> 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
> Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
> And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!

It should be noted, however, that the receipt furnished by the witty canon is not for a salad, but for a salad dressing, —it is for a mixture which is to give "unwonted softness to the salad." A true potato salad is not passed through a sieve; it is made of cold boiled kidney potatoes—what the French call Vitelotte—cut in slices. Of all the cooked salads, however, that which the French call the *salade de légumes* will always have the pre-eminence. It is exceedingly difficult to get in England—even at a Pall Mall club one has to order it the day beforehand; yet at the paltriest French restaurant in London or in Paris it can be had at a few minutes' notice. It is nothing but a cold Macedon, and the best English name for it would be a salad of Macedon.

It is not enough to provide the salad and the salad dressing: there is one thing more to be attended to—what the French call *fourniture*, what we may call garnish or garniture. This is a sprinking of chopped herbs which, when cunningly selected and applied, give a gaiety and sparkle to the composition of the salad. For a salad of lettuce, be it round or long, the usual garniture is a ravigote,—that is, chopped tarragon, chervil, burnet, and chives. When the curly endive comes in, and we ask for a salad of it in any French restaurant, the waiter, if he knows his business, will at once ask, "Avec ou sans?" which means, Will you have it with or without a *chapon*? —that is, a crust of bread on which a clove of garlic has been rubbed. This crust of bread is mixed with the endive salad, gives it its bouquet, and forms its garniture. What

shall be the garniture of any salad depends much on place and season. There are two sets of herbs used—one of the aromatic sort, such as tarragon, burnet, chervil, sometimes even parsley; the other, the onion tribe, from garlic, which we in England abhor, down to the more delicate varieties, spring onions, shalots and chives. There are some persons who set their faces against the most bashful and refined of onions—even against chives. What is the use of saying, as some fanatics about salad do, that to them a salad is impossible? The garniture must be taken as we like it or as we find it. Early in the year, when the cabbage-lettuce comes in, there is no tarragon or chervil, and we must be content with spring onions and shalots; if these are objectionable we fall back on tarragon vinegar to mix with the oil. When the cos-lettuce appears, we have tarragon and vinegar in perfection, and with it the most innocent of the onion race —chives. When the curly endive comes in, the French, as above said, forego tarragon, sometimes retain the chervil, but revel in the odour of garlic. In a week or two, when the Batavian endive—the *escarole*—is ready, they will return to the garniture used for the cos-lettuce.

It is necessary to conclude, and I conclude with a lament. There are salads in abundance, and with a little trouble we can have them in perfection. But all modern salads want the finishing touch which made them most exquisite in days of old. Our modern manners forbid that touch, for it was found to be not always convenient. In bygone times the fairest and the youngest lady at the table was expected to mix the salad with her fingers. This was enchanting when the lady was in the heyday of beauty and there were men who would be too pleased to drink champagne out of her slipper. The fashion, however, had its inconveniences; it has passed away, and it survives only in the phrase, *Retourner la salade avec les doigts*, which is a way the French have of describing a lady to be still young and beautiful.

SALLY LUNN is an honoured name from the Land's End to John o'Groats. But why should the reader be called upon to meditate upon her virtues in these pages, in which so little has been said about the Bath bun, the Banbury cake, the Scotch shortbread, the Brioche, the Baba, the Savarin, the Gauffre, and many another noble thing? The reason is that her name has been mixed up with a little culinary scandal; and it is necessary to vindicate her fair fame. The greatest cook of modern times, Carême, came over to England to minister to the palate of the Prince Regent. He did not stay long, but he stayed long enough to appreciate the charms of Sally Lunn and her ever memorable cake. He was a great cook, but a fearful coxcomb—an immeasurable egotist. If ever he made the slightest change in a dish, he vaunted the variation as an original idea, and thenceforward set up as the sovereign creator of the dainty. So it was that he dressed up Sally Lunn a little, and presented her to the Parisian world as his own—his Solilemne. The fact might well be forgotten, but there are stupid asses who will not let us forget it. They come over to England; they send up, among the sweets of a dinner, Sally and her teacake, rigged out in the height of French fashion; and like an English dancer or singer who insists on Mademoiselle to her name, the good honest Sally that we know is announced as the incomparable Solilemne.

SALMI.—As to the meaning of the word some information will be found in the article on Gallimawfrey. It means a highly sauced preparation (sal) of some bird (mi). Salmagundi—in French salmigondis—is the same thing, with the additional indication that the bird, mi or ma, is pounded, or in the language of our ancient cookery "smitten to gobbets." The ordinary salmi admits of many variations, according to the nature of the bird, which is first roasted, then allowed to get cold, then carved, then heated

up in what our ancestors intended by the syllable sal-,—a salmi sauce. The inside and the trimmings of the roast game are chopped up and put into a stewpan, with a bay-leaf and a sprig of thyme, to be fried in a tablespoonful of salad oil. Add to them afterwards a glass of French wine (white or red), with half a pint of brown sauce, and simmer them for ten minutes. Skim off the grease, strain the sauce, heat up the pieces of game in it, and serve.

The Bernardin Salmi has a little of the pungency which in England would procure for it the name of a devil; but it is a mild devil, and a wet one too. The receipt takes its name from the circumstance that it was given to Grimod de la Reynière by the prior of an abbey of Bernardins, who made him promise that he would never attempt to put it into practice at any table within twenty leagues of the Abbey of Haute-Seille. The salmi, it should be understood, is not prepared in the kitchen, but at table, before the eyes of the assembled guests, which proves its simplicity; but as this might also excite the contempt of the reader, Grimod de la Reynière adds the wise caution that care must be taken to serve the salmi on its passage to the mouth with a fork, for fear of devouring one's fingers in case they should touch the sauce. Take three woodcocks;—the system is applicable to other birds, such as ducks (wild or tame), widgeons, teal, plovers, partridges, and even beyond winged game to the melancholy hare; but the woodcocks will do for an example. Let them be roasted; let them come to table underdone; and let them be carved. Take a silver dish, and on this bruise the livers and trails of the woodcocks; squeeze on them the juice of four lemons and grate the zest of one; add the members of the woodcocks, seasoned with salt, with mixed spices (or with nutmeg instead), and with two spoonfuls of French mustard; pour over all half a glass of very good white wine; and then put the dish on a spirit lamp, to become very hot, but without boiling. When it is near to boil, add a dash of salad oil,

lower the flame, and stir the salmi well until all the flavours are harmoniously blended. It is to be noted that in this salmi there is no gravy; and if the quantity of lemons seem too much, it must be remembered that when woodcocks come in, lemons are small, and their juice scanty.

SALMON.—There is a myth that salmon was once so common that in the indentures of apprenticeship in Newcastle, Perth, and other towns, it was wont to insert a stipulation that the apprentice should not be obliged to eat of this fish for dinner more than thrice a week. Now the said apprentice never sees it at table; and to prevent the utter extermination of the king of fresh-water fish, it has been found necessary to establish a close time during the spawning season, when he and his queen shall not be hunted to death. Nevertheless, salmon is to be had in London during a considerable portion of the closed season—but they are salmon from the Rhine. The best salmon known in England (and best chiefly because the freshest) is that caught in the Severn and in the Scotch rivers. The sooner a salmon can be cooked after it has been killed, the better; and there is no comparison in flavour between a salmon cooked on the day it has been caught, and one cooked in London three or four days afterwards. It is quite possible to get on a London dinner-table in the evening salmon which has been disporting in a Scotch river early in the morning. Apply at Groves', or any first-rate fishmonger's. The salmon will be killed in the Tweed at three or four in the morning; it will be instantly crimped and parboiled, and it will be in Bond Street by five or six in the evening.

Boiled Salmon.—Whether whole, in parts, or in slices, the salmon is to be boiled like other fish, beginning with cold water and salt. It must be thoroughly well done, thoroughly well drained, and served on a napkin. It is common enough in England to take lobster sauce with it—but this is much too heavy for so rich a fish. Better take

shrimp sauce, Dutch sauce, caper sauce, or Béarnaise. Garnish of sliced cucumbers.

Crimped Salmon.—The best boiled salmon is crimped, with the object of keeping perfect what is called the cream or curd of the fish lying between the flakes. The process is described as follows, by Sir Humphrey Davy, in his book on salmon fishing:—"We must now prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices, and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which, I daresay, has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°. Place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out, and throw in the thickest pieces first." The process, it will be observed, consists of three stages: first, transverse cutting to the bone; second, plunging into very cold water; third, plunging into boiling water. Without this process being performed soon after the fish is killed, the cream turns to oil.

Salmon Waterzootje.—This is but boiled pieces of salmon served after a particular method: which see.

Grilled Salmon.—Rubbed slightly with salad oil, sprinkled with pepper and salt, and served either with a piece of maître d'hôtel butter or with Tartar sauce.

Salmon à la Génevoise is either plain boiled or it is stewed in a Mirepoix of white wine, and served with Genevese sauce.

Salmon Pie.—Flakes of salmon laid in a pie-dish in alternate layers, with forcemeat of whiting (see Quenelle),

seasoned with spiced salt, moistened with fish broth, covered with a paste, sent to the oven, and eaten cold.

Salmon Omelet.—Hot flakes of salmon mixed with Allemande sauce, and put into the omelet before folding it up.

Aspic of Salmon.—Flakes of salmon mixed with liquid aspic, and left to get cold and stiff.

Kippered Salmon.—The kippering of salmon is a mystery which must be left to experts. The kipper which comes to London is so well kippered that few can afford to eat more than a very thin slice of it grilled with exceeding swiftness. There are few dainties for breakfast, however, more delicious and more harmless than salmon which is but slightly kippered—that is, salmon which, being perfectly fresh, has undergone the kippering for not more than two or three days. Rub it with a little butter, and grill it in any quantity. This is one of the glories of a Highland breakfast, and it is to the stomach of a Scotch baillie what turtle is to a London alderman.

Pickled or Soused Salmon.—Boil a salmon and split it. Take a quart of the liquor in which it has boiled; add to it half an ounce of peppercorns and pimento whole, half a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a couple of bayleaves, and a spring of lemon-thyme; and boil them together. When cold, pour it over the salmon and cover it up. The fish will keep good in this for several days. To strengthen the pickle, boil it afresh with more vinegar and spice.

SALPICON.—A fine mince of chicken or of game, with tongue, mushrooms, truffles, and now and then *foie gras*.

SALT tells for so much at table that it has not only a name by itself, but it reappears in the names of sauce, sausage, salmi, and salad. What would our food be without salt, sauce, sausage, salmi, and salad? Extending the

use of the term beyond chloride of sodium to salts in general, Bernard Palissy (translated by Henry Morley) has an eloquent passage, mixed with some considerable errors, on its importance in the economy of nature. "I tell you," he says, speaking of salts, "there is so great a number of them that it is impossible for any man to name them all; and tell you further, that there is nothing in this world which has no salt in it, whether it be in man, the beast, the trees, plants, or other vegetable things, or even in the very metals; and tell you yet more, that no vegetative things could grow without the action of salt which is in seeds; what is more, if salt were taken from the body of a man he would fall to powder in less than the winking of an eye. If the salt were separated from the stones that are in buildings, they would fall suddenly to powder. . . . Salt bleaches everything; salt hardens everything; it preserves everything; it gives savour to everything; it is a mastic which binds everything; it collects and unites mineral matters, and of many thousand pieces makes one mass. Salt gives sound to everything: without salt no metal would yield a voice. Salt rejoices human beings; it whitens the flesh, giving beauty to reasonable creatures; it preserves friendship between the male and female by the vigour given to the sexes; it gives voice to creatures, as to metals."

"The experiments of Boussingault on animals"—to quote Dr. Letheby—"have shown that although salt mixed with the fodder does not much affect the quantity of flesh, fat, or milk obtained from them, yet it seriously affects their appearance and general condition; for animals deprived of salt, other than that contained naturally in the food, soon get heavy and dull in their temperament, and have a rough and staring coat. Reulin states that animals which do not find it in their food and drink become less prolific, and the breed rapidly diminishes in number. This is confirmed by Dr. Le Saine, who says in his prize essay on salt, that it

increases the fertility of the male and the fecundity of the female, and it doubles the power of nourishing the fœtus. During the period of suckling, also, salt given to the mother renders the milk more abundant and more nutritious. It likewise accelerates growth, and gives a finer condition to the skin; and the flesh of animals fed with it is better flavoured, and more easily digested than that of animals which do not partake of it. In barbarous times the most horrible of punishments, entailing certain death, was the feeding of culprits on food without salt; and in the experiments of the French Academicians, flesh deprived of its saline constituents by being washed with water lost its nutritive power, and animals fed on it soon died of starvation. . . . There was plenty of nutritious matter in the food, but there was no medium for its solution and absorption, and hence it was useless."

Lastly, it would be ungrateful to forget that the chloride of sodium is all the world over the most venerated article of diet—the synonym of wit and of hospitality. The saints are the salt of the earth. It is a fact, moreover, which rests on the excellent authority of mediæval doctors, that the devil never takes any salt in his meat. They gave as a reason for this that salt is an emblem of eternity and used by the divine command in sacrifices. They seem to have overlooked the fact that to be obliged to forego salt is a terrible punishment.

Sandwich.—See how a man becomes immortal by his good taste! Who would have remembered the Earl of Sandwich if he had not brought the sandwich into vogue in the last century? The gratitude of mankind has for ever, and all over the habitable globe, honoured it with his name. Nothing can be more simple. But the sandwich is capable of infinite variety, and we ought not to make it monotonous by confining it to beef and ham. It may be made of fowl, game, fish, and eggs, not forgetting plovers'

eggs. How is it that these more delicate varieties of the sandwich are so seldom to be seen at balls and suppers among those cold collations where everything else is choice and even curious? Why not vary the sandwich, too, by using crust of bread, toast, or brown bread? An admirable addition to the sandwich in summer is mustard and cress, or a lettuce finely shred; in winter some thin slices of pickled gherkin. Francatelli deserves great credit for inventing what he calls the Badminton sandwich, which is made as follows:—Cut slices of toast, and immediately on taking them from the fire split them with a sharp knife. Spread the inner sides with anchovy butter, and put fillets of anchovy between. This is in fact a sort of anchovy toast to be eaten cold.

Sardine.—It is a question whether there is any difference between the sardine of the Mediterranean and the pilchard which abounds in the English Channel and on the Cornish coast—both being a species of herring. The preservation of this fish in oil ought to be a lesson to Englishmen, who are much too fond of a briny pickle for preserving their fish in tins. Note how wonderfully the flavour of the sardine is preserved and even heightened, and ask why we cannot do as much for salmon. See Pilchard.

Sauce—Theory of the Sauces.—The saying of Brillat-Savarin, that a cook can be made but that a roaster must be born, is well known. It is not so well known that his friend, the Marquis de Cussy, asked him to revise this aphorism, and that before his death he did revise it. We in England are more than all inclined to call it in question; for we find among us a scarcity of good cooks and yet an abundance of good roasters. Probably the best of French cooks cannot roast so well as any Meg or Moll in a homely farmstead, or the trencher-

man of a regimental mess. After long and anxious discussions with his friend De Cussy, the great gastronomer agreed to remodel his aphorism, and to say—"On devient cuisinier, on devient rôtisseur, on naît saucier": Cooking and roasting are things to teach; it needs genius to make a sauce. We may overwhelm the chemist of sauces with rules and receipts; they are of little use without a natural gift. To make a perfect sauce is indeed the height of culinary art; but before the reader comes to the end of this article he will be constrained to admit that the saucemaker owes, in a sense of which Brillat-Savarin had no conception, more than half of his success to a subtle skill in roasting which no ordinary cook ever possesses, and which invests with a new and unexpected meaning the celebrated aphorism in its original form.

The language of the English table suggests a distinction between sauces and gravies; and I have in my time listened to many curious discussions as to what is and what is not a sauce, what is and what is not a gravy. In common parlance, and in the chief dictionaries, gravy always means the juices of roasted meat; in the kitchen and in the cookery books it has been found necessary to extend its meaning to the juice of meat however obtained, whether from roasting or decoction. The word sauce, in its origin, is a doublet of salt; in its modern use it nearly always implies a liquid; and it may be defined in the most general terms as any liquid seasoning employed in the presentation of food. Gravy, or the juice of meat, is always a sauce, although a sauce is not always gravy. On the other hand, the great sauces, as they are called in France, have gravy for their foundation—this too in its most concentrated form; and it would be more distinctive to call them, at least in England, gravies.

The French have two leading sauces—a brown and a white one—which are the Adam and Eve of all their other preparations and reductions of gravy. We need not at

this point stay to inquire how the juices of meat are obtained so as to make the one brown and the other white: it must be enough to say that the one is called Espagnole or Spanish sauce, the other Velouté or Velvet-down; and to dwell for a moment on this odd fact—that whereas in cookery a brown sauce is used about three times as often as a white one, the French cooks recognise only one form of the more frequent sauce, and as many as three forms of the less frequent. Brown sauce is always what they are pleased to call Spanish; and white sauce, or Velvet-down, has two variations, which are known as Béchamel and Allemande or German. If it is curious that of the four parent sauces or gravies of the French kitchen there should be but a single brown to three white ones, it is still more so, when we consider it closely, that the one brown sauce should be called Spanish. The fact is, that the traditions of the French kitchen have been muddled and forgotten. Spanish was originally but a variation of an older brown sauce which flourished in France long before Spanish tastes began to prevail, and which was afterwards forgotten,—much as if, among the white sauces, Béchamel should survive, and Velvet-down, from which it springs, should be heard of no more.

Let us ask—for everything turns on this—why is the sauce called Spanish? There are people who imagine that it means no more than brown. There is a hue which goes by the name of Spanish brown: the great Spanish painter, Murillo, loved it well, and made it by roasting the bones which his countrymen boiled down in their stews. Spanish sauces, Spanish pictures, Spanish wines, Spanish faces, all seem to have a tawny hue; and was it not natural, therefore, of the French cooks to pay a compliment to the Spanish alliance by dubbing their chief brown sauce a Spaniard? It is not necessary to run away from this view; it is natural; but it is not enough. People do not change the name of an established preparation with-

out at the same time making a change, however trivial, in its character; and it is not to be supposed that the French cooks would change the name of anything so important as their chief brown sauce—La Grande Sauce—without some novelty in its nature. The novelty was this. The French brown sauce was originally worked out of the French pot-au-feu (though not in the same manner as bouillon); and to this day there are popular cookery books —that of Gogué, published by Hachette, is one—which, although calling the sauce indifferently brown or Spanish, give a receipt for the preparation of its elementary juice or gravy which is nothing more than the ordinary contents of the best beef broth worked down towards a glaze. When the Bourbons made their way to the Spanish throne under Louis XV., and when Spanish fashions came back to Paris, the French cooks took a hint from the Spanish pot-au-feu—the *olla podrida*—and produced a variation of their brown sauce which they called Spanish. The essential principle of the French pot-au-feu was beef; the essential principle of the Spanish was bacon, ham, the red Estremadura sausage—all well smoked. There is a rhyme which says,

No hay olla sin tocino
Ni sermon sin Agustino,—

that an olla can be no more without bacon than a sermon without a quotation from St. Augustine. The Duc de St. Simon sent home marvellous accounts of the hams of Montanches; there grew up a rage for Spanish hams; and the French were not to blame, for they have no hams of their own which have any reputation. Great as they are in pig's flesh, they are poor hands at bacon and ham; and the treasures of Montanches were a revelation to them. They ran wild after ham. There is an amusing story told of Bertrand, steward to the Prince of Soubise (see Soubise), who ordered fifty hams for a little supper which he had to prepare. Only one was to go to table;

the other forty-nine were to be worked into sauces and garnitures. And so, by introducing the flavour of the Estremadura bacon and ham into the old brown sauce of the French, there came into being the Spanish sauce.

It was a grand hit this—the introduction of the hammy taste. The fashion spread, and the word was passed from cook to cook as a secret worth knowing, that to make the brown sauce in perfection there was nothing like a slice or two of Spanish ham. But the best Montanches porkers are fed on vipers; and a retribution followed, as though the vipers in the Spanish hams was warmed to life and poisoned the wits of the French cooks. The hams of Montanches are not too plentiful in this world of sorrow, and the cooks came to be satisfied with any ham—even with French ham, which is little better than salted pork. So the meaning of the prescription was lost; the peculiarity of the Spanish sauce passed away, and its name became a puzzle. The French ham, which is not properly smoked, went for little or nothing; and there is no clear difference between the old brown sauce and that which is now called Spanish. Then followed this folly:—The French cooks having a tradition, which they did not understand, that ham was a good thing for brown sauce, thought it must be equally good for white, and put it into their Velvet-down, where it is altogether a mistake, as will presently be shown; only as it was the tasteless French ham which was thus inserted, no result ensued except a pleasant sensation for the cooks that they were doing their work in the grand style and vindicating the title of their art to the utmost ceremony. The cooks of other nations looked on with astonishment; and seeing in the receipts that slices of ham are always to line the bottom of the stockpot, laughed at the useless niceties of the French chemistry. The fact is, that the very best brown sauce can be made without an ounce of ham or bacon; and to make the true Spanish sauce as understood by the old French cooks, a few

Frankfort sausages, with their fine smoky flavour, or some of the Jewish smoked beef, or the Jewish beef sausages—chorissas—are of more avail than a hundredweight of French ham.

This analysis brings us back to our starting-point; and three questions arise: Are we to be content with the one brown fundamental sauce of the French books?—and are we to call it Spanish?

To get at the root of the matter, we must come to a clear understanding as to the real difference between the brown and the white, into which all gravy sauces are divided. The white sauces (which by the way are not necessarily white, for they may be tinged to any colour—yellow with the yolks of eggs or scarlet with tomatos—and yet preserve their character) are the result of decoction and no other heating process. To get a full flavour in this way, however, implies a long decoction and a reduction of much meat. And even when the sauce has been thus reduced to a white cullis, the flavour of the Velvet-down may be so flat that it requires to be enriched with nearly its own volume of cream to make a good Béchamel, or with butter and yolks of eggs to make a good German sauce. And how is brown sauce different? It may sound like a paradox to say so, but it is the simple fact, only expressed in a novel phrase—that the essential difference between brown and white sauce is that in addition to the boiling and simmering processes, which produce a white sauce, the brown one has to go through a process of roasting; and that this roasting creates a superlative flavour which can be obtained by very simple means. The juices of certain meats are, at a particular period of their decoction, roasted, and then submitted to a further decoction. What nonsense, it may be said, to speak of roasting a liquid! Who ever heard of roasting water? Nobody has ever been able to roast mere water; but we have all heard of burning milk, of browning butter, and

of making a sauce fall to a glaze. To understand all that is involved in browning a sauce, or in making it fall to a glaze, it is better to use a more general expression, and to say that it is roasted. If it be objected that it is not English to speak of roasting anything in a pan, the reader must be reminded of the roasted chestnuts which he can see at every street corner, and of the coffee which is roasted in a closed cylinder.

Now this roasting of coffee, with its result, affords a good illustration of what happens in the roasting of a sauce. It has never been properly explained how or why, but we all know that the roasting of coffee develops in it qualities—certain salts and volatile oils, one of them with a wonderful perfume—which no amount of boiling can educe from the raw berry. In five minutes after the coffee is roasted and ground, we get with boiling water a glorious beverage, which mortal man never yet came near with unroasted coffee. And it is to be observed that the result obtained by torrefaction is not merely a change of colour and an access of fragrance, but also the development of qualities that palpably affect the human frame, and exhilarate the nervous system. There is no such extraordinary contract in its effect upon our system between brown and white sauce; but the coffee illustration may be accepted as the most extreme statement which could be given of the difference that may be created in precisely the same ingredients by roasting and not roasting them. There is a much milder, but not less remarkable, illustration within everybody's reach. In five minutes the experiment can be made with two pats of the best butter. Take one of these and simply melt it in a ladle over a flame, making oiled butter. Take the other and roast it to a light hazel tint, making what is called nut-brown butter. The difference is astonishing. The roasting develops a fragrance in the nut-brown butter than which nothing can be more exquisite, although nothing is more simple. It is a perpetual

miracle—the sudden generation by fire of a flavour which was not there before. The chemists do not explain it: their minds are occupied with much more distant matters — such as tetranitronaphthalene and tungstosotungstic bromide. It would be too much to expect them to forget for a moment itamonochloropyrotartaric and hydroparacoumaric acids, to attend to anything so common as a complete statement of the chemical distinction between oiled butter and nut-brown butter. Whatever it may be that is developed by the process of roasting, it is typical of the entire difference which separates every form of brown sauce from every form of white.

Although the principle is ever the same, it is to be observed that there are many ways of introducing into brown sauce the roast flavours. 1. The most direct method of all is to create the proper flavour by roasting the sauce itself—that is, to use a common expression, by boiling the juices of meat down to a glaze. This expression, however, is faulty; for it seems to convey the notion that the grand result is produced by boiling—which it is not. A thin broth or gravy will roast or burn no more than water will; but it may be boiled down to such a consistence that the pan will then catch it as it catches butter, roast it, turn it to glaze, and, if care is not taken, burn it. To boil down the sauce only prepares for the change which is to follow: the decisive change is produced by roasting. A pint of good stock will boil down to but a spoonful or two of such glaze, and a very little of this will go a long way to flavour sauces and soups. 2. Another way is to put the solid ingredients of the sauce, the meat and the vegetables, into a pan with butter, to brown them for a time—that is, really, to roast them—and then to boil them down either in water or bouillon. 3. A third way is to get the juices of the meat by boiling it slowly for a short time, say half an hour, in a small quantity of broth; by then stabbing the meat, to make the juices flow out of it; by next boiling it

rapidly, till solid and fluid roast together—that is, fall to a glaze; and finally by filling the vessel with broth or with water, and letting it simmer for hours till the decoction is perfect. 4. It is very common to finish sauces by thickening them with roux; and roux is nothing more than flour which has been roasted in butter. 5. One of the most ancient methods of the French kitchen for the perfection of a brown sauce, or a superexcellent consommé, is to roast a fowl first, or it may be two, and then to boil them down in the stockpot; and those cooks who are afraid that some goodness may depart from the fowl in roasting it before a clear fire stipulate for brazing it—which is only another mode of roasting.

It will now be understood that a cook proficient in sauces must have the most delicate skill in roasting; and at the same time we reach the true meaning of the Spanish sauce. The introduction of the Spanish ham into the stockpot for brown sauce is but one out of many ways of awakening that taste of the fire which ought to mark it. Not that the ham has itself been roasted: it has only been smoked. The roast flavour in this case is the flavour of wood which has been roasted and burnt. The flavour has risen in a vapour which has been identified with creosote and pyroligneous acid, and which, seizing on the ham, has incorporated with it. This incorporation may to some extent soften and tone down the tarry flavour of charred or roasted wood; but essentially the roast flavour, which through the Spanish ham is supposed to improve a brown sauce, is a modification of the flavour of charred pinewood. Knowing this, we can rate at its true worth the direction of the French cooks to put ham into all sauces and soups which are to be very good. The introduction of ham or of anything smoked, in however faint a degree, into white sauce, is opposed to its character. It is quite possible that the creosote in the ham may be too feeble to do any harm: the question is, what good does it do? It is the nature of

white sauce to be produced by decoction alone, so as to keep it quite free from any of the igneous flavours; what, then, is the object of tampering with it by putting into it an ingredient whose special value is that it has an igneous taste of a certain kind? Because two and a half centuries ago a French cook discovered that a Spanish ham mightily improved the savour of his brown sauce, we have slices of ham put into every soup and sauce and stew served at a grand dinner. See the far-reaching and unexpected consequences of great events. Because early in the last century the blood royal of France and of Spain intermingled, a Jew cannot now feast with the Lord Mayor on the ninth of November without trembling for his soul, and much smiting of conscience. I picture to myself the perplexity and despair of the greatest cook of this century, Carême, who left the service of the Prince Regent in England to take office in the household of Baron Rothschild in Paris. All the traditions of his art assured him that soups and sauces are nothing without ham—that ham is the trumpet obligato in the symphony of a sauce —and ham was denied to him. It was due to the genius of Carême that the Baron's dinner-table became the most refined in Europe; but it did not require the genius of Carême to prove that the absence of ham in the sauces made no difference.

The following is an alphabetical list of the sauces described in this volume:—

Allemande.
Almond cream.
Anchovy.
Anchovy butter.
Apple.
Arrowroot.
Aspic.
Aurora.
Béarnaise.
Béchamel.
Cold Béchamel.
Mock Béchamel.
Bigarade.
Black butter.
Blanquette.
Bordelese.
Brawn.
Bread
Breton.
Caper.

Celery.
Cruet
Devil.
Dutch.
Duxelles.
Egg.
English.
Espagnole.
Fennel.
Financiers'.
Genevese.
German.
Gooseberry.
Gravy.
Its own gravy
Beef gravy.
Veal gravy.
Rich gravy.
Cold gravies.
Hollandaise.
Horseradish.
Italian.
Lemon.
Lobster.
Maître d'Hôtel.
Mayonnaise.
Green Mayonnaise.
Mint.
Nut-brown butter.
Oiled butter.
Orange gravy.
Parsley.
Périgueux
Piquante.
Plum.
Poivrade.
Polish.
Poulette.
Punch.
Ravigote.
Ravigote butter.
Remoulade.
Robert.
Sage and Onion.
Salmi.
Shalot.
Sharp.
Shrimp.
Soubise
Spanish.
Supreme.
Tartar.
Tomato.
Velvetdown.
Mock Velvetdown.
Venetian.
Venison.
White-wine.

SAUER KRAUT.—There are few things more wholesome than the salted cabbage which is called sauer kraut. It will keep in good condition for a long time; but English people do not seem to care enough about it to take the trouble of making it, and those who delight in it are content to buy it ready-made from the Italian warehouse. For the best go to Lingner's, Old Compton Street, Soho, and Fenchurch Street, City.

Take two pounds of it, and simmer it gently for three or four hours in water. Drain off the water and toss it over the fire in some fat broth of good flavour. Serve

it with sausages—Frankfort the best; or serve it with streaky bacon. It is sometimes brazed with a duck, and makes an excellent garnish.

SAUTER, SAUTÉ.—One might suppose that the idea which these words convey is unknown in English kitchens, since we find English writers trying to express it by speaking of kidneys *jumped* in champagne. The proper English word is *toss;* and English cooks know perfectly well what it is to toss things over the fire. It is to fry lightly in a little oil or butter. Frying proper is done in a large quantity of butter, oil, or other fatty matter, and creates a heat which, being far beyond that of boiling water, has a roasting effect. To fry lightly is to attempt frying with a mitigated heat, and to avoid roasting. This is done by using a small quantity of fatty matter and by tossing. The object of the tossing is partly to stir what is in the pan, to prevent it from burning, and to cook it equally throughout; but also to cool it from time to time, and so to keep the heat below the temperature which belongs to frying proper.

SAVELOY—a name curiously corrupted from *cervelas,* which is itself corrupted from *cervelat.* It was originally an Italian sausage into which pigs' brains entered. The brains are no longer used, but the name remains. Sausages with brains required to be cooked enough at the pork-butchers'. The name, therefore, is generally given to those sausages which require little or no further cooking, and which, being well cured keep for a length of time. Such are the sausages of Bologna, Novara, Arles, Lyons, and Brunswick.

SCALLION.—The same word as shalot—the onion brought by the Crusaders from Ascalon.

SCOLLOPS.—What do the cooks mean by always talking of scollops—scollops of beef, scollops of veal, scollops of the breasts of fowl? What are scollops? They mean little slices, and they are a corruption of çollops. It is

one of the most curious things about the kitchen that, either because cooks are in general very ignorant, or because they love to mystify their dishes, the terms we use for food are the most corrupt of any in the language.

Scotch Broth is to Scotland what the pot-au-feu is to France, and involves an important question in household economy. The pot-au-feu of the French housewife is furnished for the most part with beef, which certainly is the best of all meat for broth. The broth or bouillon it yields may not only be made into first-rate soup, but is otherwise available for working into the stock which goes to form the finest sauces. This is no doubt a great advantage. But on the other hand, the frugal French housekeeper wants meat for her table as well as soup; she therefore takes the boiled beef—or bouilli as it is called—out of the pot, and serves this to her family nearly every day of their lives. Now we have quite made up our minds in England that this is "most tolerable, and not to be endured." That boiled beef we cannot away with. There is soup and sauce made of the beef, but once used for that purpose, it is rarely eaten. The Scotch take the same view; but they have for centuries set up another system, which they still hold to wherever they are to be found, all over the world. They have their choice mutton; and they know that, although boiled beef is poor stuff to eat, boiled mutton is very good. They have therefore established a pot-au-feu with mutton instead of beef. They have a disadvantage in the broth which results. It is not to be compared with beef broth for goodness. On the other hand, it is good enough to make with vegetables a very fair soup. The fact is, that many of the most delicious French soups are made without a spoonful of broth—witness the asparagus one. And further, to the advantage of the account, there is a great gain—the mutton is eatable. It is notorious that in the clubs of London, with

the best cookery at command, if Irish stew is put upon the bill of fare it will be gone long before any other dish on the list; and what is Irish stew but one of the forms of Scotch broth? The Irish have nothing to do with it. The misnomer came from the French, who also call the Scotch barley broth Orge à l'Irlandaise. The principle of Scotch broth is to make a pot-au-feu of mutton, to work up the liquor into soup with various assortments of vegetables, and to present the mutton to be eaten along with it. Therefore it is a mistake to confine the name of Scotch or mutton broth to barley broth. It is a name which equally belongs to the thick potato-and-onion soup known as Irish stew, to the pea soup which Soyer has called "the inimitable hotch potch," and to various other assortments. It is not any particular soup, but a system of soups set up in contrast to the French system of bouillon and bouilli in homely life. Perhaps the best example of the Scotch or mutton broth is the Hotch Potch, which will be found described under its own name. Here we give the receipt only for what is especially in England called Scotch broth.

Take about six pounds of the neck or breast of mutton cut as for Irish stew, and carefully trimmed of fat. Put it into the pot with six quarts of cold water, six ounces of barley, and some salt. Boil it, remove the scum, and then let it simmer for an hour; after which put into it two carrots, two turnips, three onions, and three heads of celery, all cut into dice or sliced, with a faggot of sweet-herbs and a pinch of pepper. Let the simmering go on for another hour, and the soup is ready. The cutlets can be served either with it or apart.

Sea-kale.—Carême made a discovery in London—sea-kale, which he denominated sometimes sckals, and sometimes sikèles. "They resemble," he says, "branches of celery, and are to be served like asparagus with a butter

sauce; but I prefer to serve them with Espagnole." About twenty minutes' boiling.

SHAD may be described as a fresh-water herring, that migrates from the sea to the river, like salmon. Caught in the sea they are not good; taken from certain rivers they are excellent. The rivers of Germany and France abound in the best shad, and there the fish is a favourite. It is curious that even in the fresh water they exhibit their love of the salt. They follow the salt barges of the Seine all the way to Paris in the spring. In England the fish is little known and not much valued. It comes up the Thames, however, in great numbers to spawn; and in the month of May may be caught in any quantity by the Isle of Dogs. It may be sent to the grill like a herring, and served with mustard or caper sauce, or with a purée of woodsorrel.

It should be added that Cuvier ranks the shad, on account of a deep notch on its upper lip, in a class by itself—distinct from the herring, and that Yarrell follows in the same path.

SHALOT—in French, Eschalote—a diminutive of Ascalon, from whence this onion came. Scallion is from the same source. It resembles garlic in having its bulbs divided into smaller bulbs called cloves, because cloven.

Shalot Sauce is the same as what is called Sharp Sauce or Sauce Piquante, with this only difference—that to the latter there is added pickled gherkins. See Sharp.

SHARP SAUCE, or *Sauce Piquante*.—This is the same as the sauce known as Shalot sauce, with the sole difference that at the last moment pickled gherkins are added to it. Chop finely (but apart) three tablespoonfuls—one of shalots, one of gherkins, and one of parsley. Put the shalots into a stewpan with an ounce of butter, and according to the sharpness desired, from two to four tablespoonfuls

of vinegar. Stir this over the fire till the vinegar is reduced—and, indeed, till the shalots absorb the whole of it that is left, which will be indicated by the butter becoming clear. Then add an ounce of flour, and a pint of broth, together with pepper, and it may be salt—but this will depend on the saltness of the broth. Let it boil for a quarter of an hour, and let it be skimmed. Lastly, add the parsley and gherkins. Boil it up again, and if need be, skim again.

Sheep's Head Broth (the grand Scotch receipt).—A sheep's head and trotters are singed, and are usually sent for this purpose to a blacksmith's forge. They might be singed with a red-hot iron in the kitchen, but it makes a smell which is apt to steal through the house. After singeing they are soaked in cold water or in several waters for two hours; and afterwards lightly scraped and trimmed so as to remove excess of blackness, though without destroying that burnt flavour which the singeing is meant to produce. The head is then to be split and to be rubbed over with the brains.

Put the head and the trotters on the fire with two gallons of cold water and half a pound of Scotch barley. Add pepper and salt, take off the scum as it rises, and simmer it for at least four hours. When it is about half done throw in a pint of carrots cut into dice. An hour before it is ready put in the same allowance of turnips, together with some chopped onions—in summer-time a few green peas.

The soup may be served at once. The sheep's head, by universal consent, is best cold. In every manse throughout Scotland the minister eats sheep's head broth on Saturday while he is preparing his sermon, and cold sheep's head for his Sunday dinner. That is why the sermons of the Kirk are so good. As for the trotters, though they improve the soup, they cannot be eaten cold, and it is best to serve them separately in a Poulette sauce.

Sheep's Trotters in the Poulette way. Let them be singed, well washed, blanched, and boned; then simmered in a faggot of pot-herbs for four or five hours—Faggot No. 6—drained and served in the Poulette relish—Relish No. 5.

Shoulder of Mutton is a joint about which there would be less controversy if people knew how to carve it. Always at the butchers' ranked as a second-class joint, many people will have nothing to say to it; while others, again, declare that it is the Cinderella of meat—a beauty misunderstood and fit for princes. In nine cases out of ten, when mine host carves this joint he takes the inferior slices and sends down the best to be enjoyed by his servants. He helps himself from the bend of the joint, where he can cut easiest, and he sends away the bladebone, where the most perfect morsels lie. Many cookery books give elaborate directions how to carve; but not one points out that the best of the shoulder of mutton is to be found on the upper surface of the bladebone, against the ridge, and that after that the under part of the blade is richest in dainty morsels.

The shoulder of mutton is usually roasted, but being flat and comparatively thin, is easily grilled; and a carbonade of it, or to speak more strictly, of its blade, has for centuries been a celebrated dish. But let no one be deceived by French receipts. Let the reader go back to the word carbonade, and understand what it really means. It is a broil which has been first slashed and scored, as in devilled meats, in order to be penetrated by pepper, salt, and other condiments—but above all by the taste of the fire. This we can understand. In this sense the bladebone of mutton makes an admirable carbonade. But the French cooks have determined, for the glory of the Prince of Soubise, that in their sense a carbonade of mutton shall mean a bladebone planted or larded all over with fat bacon and

then stewed or brazed with a goodly faggot of vegetables. Let Mossoo have this if he likes; but John Bull, having easy access to the Southdowns, where the wethers grow fragrant on banks of thyme and trefoil, is apt to turn almost an Israelite when he hears of a proposal to dibble his shoulders of mutton with splinters of bacon. The carbonade of mutton is sometimes called the Cavalier's broil; and sometimes also it is parboiled before being scored, peppered, and sent to the grill. Whether roasted or carbonaded, the favourite garniture for shoulder of mutton has long been stewed onions—whole, or sliced, or mashed. For whole onions choose Spanish; for a mash take the Soubise or the Breton receipt.

Shrimp Sauce.—Make some English sauce, using for water the liquor in which the shrimps have boiled. Then throw in the shrimps without stint. It is not uncommon to add essence of anchovies; but this overpowers the delicate shrimp flavour.

Sirloin.—There are sceptics who deny the story of King Harry the Eighth having knighted this magnificent joint; and it is true that originally it was surloin—in French surlonge. But it was not kings alone who in the olden time had the right of dubbing knights: the general of an army could bestow the honour. The general of a feast has in like manner the right of bestowing titles of honour upon his chief dishes; and the sirloin, which is renowned over the world as the grand type of the Roast Beef of Old England, may well be left with the title which has been accorded to it for ages by many generals of many feasts.

Skate.—To do him honour at table, there should be music with the skate, for he loves it. One way of catching him used to be by playing on a fiddle. His love of melody was such that he came to the boat and was en-

snared. It is well, therefore, to honour him with pleasant music when he is devoured. He comes in two distinct tribes to the English market—thornbacks and tinkers—the former much the better. He is generally sold at the fishmonger's crimped—that is, cut in strips and rolled round. He is eaten in England plain boiled, with ordinary butter sauce, to which mustard is sometimes added, or else capers; in France with black butter. And he ought always to be served with some of his liver, which, if this organ be the seat of the affections in fish, cannot but be good in the skate—the most affectionate fish in the world, a good father, a good mother, and fond of family life.

For triumphant occasions, take the following receipt:—Boil the skate with a tumblerful of milk, a little butter, two pinches of flour, two cloves, two shalots, a bayleaf, thyme, salt, and pepper. Take him out of this, and strain the liquor. Put him next into a pie-dish, the bottom of which has been covered with grated Gruyère cheese. Intermix cunningly a dozen little onions, which have been already cooked. Surround the dish with fried crusts. Then pour upon the skate the strained sauce in which he has been cooked; cover him with more grated cheese, and send him to the oven till he takes a fine colour, and rejoice over him. Improve the occasion, too, by meditating on the domesticity of the thornback, and the goodness which has been the result of it.

Smelts (in French éperlans, in Scotch sperlings).—The most delicate and *spirituel* of all the fish that come to our tables. Brillat-Savarin has named it the becafico of the sea, as the turbot is the pheasant, and the red mullet the woodcock. Happily we have not to enjoy the smelts, as we do the becafico, by deputy. It is best to fry them lightly in suet, dipping them first in flour, then in beaten egg, lastly in fine breadcrumbs. Serve them on a napkin, with a garnishing of fried parsley, the bitter of which is

in pleasant contrast with this little exquisite of the ocean.

For a change, bake them as follows:—Pour some clarified butter into the dish in which they are to be served; also a glass of white wine, a few drops of anchovy sauce, and the juice of half a lemon. Arrange them prettily in the dish; sprinkle them with salt, mace, and cayenne; cover them with fine breadcrumbs; and moisten the whole with more clarified butter. Put the dish into the oven, and in ten or fifteen minutes it ought to be ready—the crumbs light brown.

Everybody knows that smelts, if fresh, ought to smell like cucumber. I do not so well understand what Beauvilliers means by saying that they smell like cucumbers *or* violets. They are in season from October till May.

Snipe.—The French call it bécassine—a little woodcock; whereas the English would be rather disposed to call the woodcock a large snipe. The generic name in England is snipe; but the honours bestowed upon the family at our tables are described in connection with the head of the family—the woodcock; of whom a French writer observes: "On vénére tellement ce précieux oiseau qu'on lui rend les mêmes honneurs qu'au Grand Llama. C'ent dire assez que les déjections sont non-seulement précieusement recueillies sur des rôties mouillées d'un bon jus de citron, mais mangées avec respect par les fervents amateurs."

Snowdon Pudding.—It would not be surprising if a great controversy should arise about this pudding, perilous to the peace of England and Wales. It is a Welsh pudding with a Welsh name, which has been altered and consecrated into the Albert pudding. The Welsh harpers are certain one day in their Eistedfodds to make a noise about this tyrannous forgetfulness of their nationality. Truth, however, must prevail, though the world and all the Welsh hills should come to an end; and the truth

is, that a bad Albert pudding, or one made with common materials, will make a good Snowdon pudding.

SOLE is certainly the most useful of all the fish that visit us in London—not only being delicate in flavour and easily digested, but being also of convenient size—large or small, as one could wish; being found in plenty; cheap enough; in season all the year; and keeping sweet longer than any of the finny tribe. He is boiled, baked, and fried, but seldom stewed; and there is yet another mode of making his acquaintance—namely, on the gridiron—which is almost peculiar to England.

Broiled Sole.—The broiled sole of England is worthy of not less fame than the beef-steak and the mutton-chop. It is not often seen at dinner, but it is the favourite at the breakfast-table; and it is in its way among the varieties of fish as perfect as a mutton-chop among the varieties of flesh. Grill it in the simplest fashion; sprinkle it with pepper and salt; and serve it with a pat of fresh butter rubbed over it.

Boiled Sole.—Plain boiled in salt and water. Many people like it,—mostly women. Small soles or slips are served in waterzootje at Greenwich, but not with very brilliant success.

Sole au Vin Blanc.—Sole boiled in white wine, and served with white wine sauce. Put the sole, carefully trimmed, into a flat fishpan of its own size. Surround it with slices of a small onion, a faggot of sweet-herbs, a clove, four peppercorns, and a little salt. Put upon it a piece of butter the size of a walnut, pour in white French wine enough to cover it, and closing the lid of the pan, set it to boil for ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size of the sole. When done put the sole on a dish, and keep it hot for a moment while the sauce is prepared from its liquor. This is done by removing from it the onion slices and

the faggot; by shaking into it, on the angle of the stove, some yolk of egg, till it slightly thickens; lastly, by straining it over the fish. Care must be taken not to use too much egg. For a small sole half a yolk ought to be enough.

Sole à la Normande (the Normandy matelote).—The following receipt, with the alteration of a word or two, is borrowed from Gouffé, who says that he had it direct from Langlais, the chef of the Rocher de Cancale, who invented it. Butter a silver dish; stew it with onions chopped fine and previously blanched; season the sole with pepper and salt; put it on the dish; cover it with white French wine, and cook it in the oven. In the meantime prepare some mussels, oysters, mushrooms, fried smelts, and crusts for garnish. Add the liquor of the sole and that of the mussels to some mock Velvet-down, reduce it, and thicken it with yolk of egg. Place the mussels, oysters, and mushrooms on the sole; pour over all some sauce; return the dish to the oven for five minutes, being careful not to brown the sauce, which should be of a rich cream colour; garnish the top with the fried smelts and the crusts; and serve the remaining sauce in a boat.

Baked Sole (*Sale au Gratin*).—Some people speak of the Normandy matelote as being baked because it is done in the oven; but an oven, like a fire, will boil as well as roast,—and the Normandy sole has no sign of baking or roasting upon it. It is different with the sole au gratin. Take a silver dish, or any other which will stand the heat of the oven. Make a cut down each side of the backbone of the sole; season it with salt and pepper; put it into the dish with a lump of butter in the furrows; and stew all about the fish two teaspoonfuls of mushrooms, one of parsley, and one of shalot. Moisten this with a glass of white French wine; powder all well with bread-raspings, and put it in the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, to cook

and to take colour. The colour may afterwards be helped out with the salamander. Fillets of sole may be done in the same way.

Fried Sole.—The French way has always been to steep the sole in milk for a few minutes, to flour it well, and then to put it in the frying-kettle. But nobody ever uses this method in England; and even in France, when the fish is wanted at its best, the Sole frite à l'Anglaise carries the day. It must be perfectly dry to begin with, and is sometimes very lightly dredged with flour in order to make the breadcrumbs which are to follow adhere the better. After the flour it is brushed with egg, then laid on the finest bread-crumbs, first one side then the other, then passed into the frying-kettle for from six to ten minutes. Finally, sprinkle it with salt and serve it with half a lemon and parsley fried crisp. As a rule cooks do not make the parsley crisp enough to be eaten with pleasure—which is a great mistake, because its delicate bitter goes admirably with fried fish.

Colbert's Sole.—This is the grand French way of frying a sole, and is described under the name of Colbert.

Fried Fillets of Sole.—These are done as a whole sole would be, but the best are known under the following name :—

Fillets of Sole à la Horly.—They are described among the Horlys, and are sent to table with fried parsley and tomato sauce.

Sorbet of Rum.—A lemon ice with a teaspoonful or two of rum to the glass. Served at dinner—sometimes before, sometimes after the roast.

Sorrel.—The French eat a great deal of sorrel, not merely because it is pleasant to the taste, but because they think it must be good for the health. More than any other people in Europe, they have preserved among them the

ancient habit of looking to the medicinal value of their food. Most of us eat nowadays to satisfy hunger, or to tickle the palate, whereas our fathers saw a medical virtue in every beast of the field and in every herb that grows. The French keep up this old-world style, and have books which tell them the healing properties and the digestive capabilities of every morsel which enters their mouths. They are a healthy people; but one would imagine them to be sickly from the way they cherish a *potage de santé,* and study the effects of dishes on every organ of their frames. They have a grand idea that the best way to secure health is to stimulate the alimentary system into violent action. This is a little too suggestive of the African tribes mentioned by Sir Samuel Baker, who believed in Holloway's Pills because of their rapid and irrepressible results; but it is interesting to see the similarity of human nature at opposite poles of culture—the savage and the civilised. In the old herbal system, and in the French practice of the present day, sorrel is much prized for its cooling and cleansing virtues. It may be excellent in this way; but the medical botanists of our day point out that the acid of sorrel—oxalic acid—is a poison, and that too much sorrel cannot be eaten with impunity. Majendie has pointed out that the frequent consumption of oxalic plants by persons disposed to calculous diseases is dangerous, as they tend to produce the mulberry or oxalate of lime calculus, which is not only the most painful of all the stones found in the human bladder, but also the most insidious—not giving the usual signs of alarm beforehand. Pereira has with great caution confirmed this—only saying that the use of sorrel *may,* under some circumstances, dispose to the formation of mulberry calculi. This is no reason why sorrel should be forbidden. In small quantities, as a last flavouring to soups and sauces, it is harmless, and especially in the more delicate form of woodsorrel. But the French will eat it as a dish by itself; taking a whole

peck of the leaves to make a purée to go with a fricandeau of veal or with poached eggs. We all like some acid to go with our veal, and sorrel is a favourite accompaniment of certain fish; but after all there is no acid comparable to lemon-juice for delicacy of flavour and for wholesomeness. Let us reserve sorrel for Bonne Femme soup and woodsorrel for Julienne.

SOUBISE. — The Prince of Soubise is immortal in a renown that has spread round the world because he had a great cook, Bertrand, who gave the name of his master to one of his sauces. The Prince was meritorious, for he put infinite faith in Bertrand. On one occasion he proposed a supper, and requested Bertrand to prepare a bill. There was one little item in the bill of fifty hams. "What is this?" said the Prince. "You must be mad, Bertrand. Are you going to feast all my regiment?" "No, Monseigneur," said the chef—"only one ham will appear at table, but the rest are required for my sauces and garnitures." "Bertrand, you are robbing me," cried the Prince; "I cannot allow this." "Monseigneur," said the artist, quietly, "you do not understand our resources; I will, if you choose, put all the fifty hams which astonish you so much into a glass vial no bigger than my thumb." The Prince withdrew his objection: he had faith in genius; and that genius has immortalised him in the Soubise sauce. Most persons will read this story, and enjoy it as a piece of pleasantry. They are wrong. Bertrand, I have little doubt, was perfectly serious. He lived at a period when Spanish fashions, and with them the Spanish ham, were in high favour. This ham has a fine smoky perfume, which is not to be found in the half-smoked French ham. The cooks then were trying to produce a Spanish sauce with the flavour of the Spanish ham. It would probably require ten French hams to produce the result of one Spanish one; and a chemist in our own day could, out of

a log of pinewood, provide us with a small vial of odorous pyroligneous essence which a cook in the time of Louis XIV. could not obtain without the decoction of fifty hams. A cook is after all a chemist, and in those days the chemistry of the kitchen was very cumbrous and expensive.

The Soubise sauce intended for mutton will be found below; but it may be doubted whether one Englishman in a million who enjoys his mutton cutlet à la Soubise dreams of what it ought to be as imagined by the great chef Bertrand, and as accepted by the Prince of Soubise. It has already been said that Bertrand was an enthusiastic believer in ham and bacon. The chief article of his worship was fumigated pig, and his notion of mutton was that it should always be intersected with bacon. Take a neck of mutton, trim it, parboil it, cut it into thick cutlets, lard them well with plugs of bacon, broil them, and serve them with a white purée of onions. Ditto for the shoulder of mutton. Englishmen are of course scandalised at the idea of larding good mutton; and accordingly they discard everything from Bertrand's receipt but the Soubise sauce. They are quite right; but at the same time it is not difficult to guess at the explanation of Bertrand's proceedings. They probably grew out of the carbonade. A carbonade of mutton is cold underdone mutton, scored and slashed and sent to the grill. Bertrand had to do a carbonade one day, and felt that the mutton already cooked would be dried up on the grill. He tried to prevent this by interlacing it with bacon; and the result of the broil was so satisfactory to him and to his master that henceforth he took to parboiling his mutton for the express purpose of larding it first and then carbonading it.

Soubise Sauce.—Peel, blanch, and mince an abundance of onions. Simmer them gently in white broth till they are done. Then add some Béchamel, or in default of

Béchamel a tumbler of cream with two spoonfuls of flour and two pinches of sugar. Reduce this quickly, but always taking care that it does not catch the pan and lose colour. Pass it through the tammy and finish it with fresh butter. See that it comes out decidedly thick.

Soup.—There has been a good deal of needless controversy about soup—some people finding in it a dinner of itself, and some refusing it as a weak wash fit only for babes and invalids. Grimod de la Reynière said that soup is to dinner what a portico is to a palace, or an overture to an opera; it is not only the commencement of the feast, but should give an idea of what is to follow. On the other hand, the Marquis de Cussy described soup as the preface of dinner, and said that a good work can do without a preface. Carême, on his death-bed, groaned over this heresy: and among his last words he said, "Why should the Marquis de Cussy wage war on soup? I cannot understand a dinner without it. I hold soup to be the well-beloved of the stomach." What the Marquis de Cussy contended for was little more than this: that it is folly to load the stomach at the beginning of a long banquet with an elaborate essence—let the soup be light in quality, and let a few spoonfuls suffice. People often sit down to a late dinner faint and irritable; and those who have observed how quickly a little liquid nourishment acts as a restorative will never consent to dispense with soup as the best of all preliminaries at dinner. It is quite true, however, that to serve such a purpose we do not require much weight of matter; and the plain rule to follow is: For a great dinner the soups should be as light as possible—just enough to give a fillip; for a little dinner, with one or two dishes, they may be as rich and satisfying as you please. De Cussy is quite in accord here with Thomas Walker (of the *Original*), who maintained that if he gave turtle soup

to his guests they would want little else—whitebait and a grouse.

It has been reckoned that there are about five hundred kinds of soup; but this number is reached by giving the dignity of a separate receipt to every little variation. Thus there are a dozen sorts of Italian paste—vermicelli, macaroni, nouilles, lasagnes, and the rest. Each of these put into a clear gravy gives rise to a different soup. If we put into the very same fluid sago or tapioca, bread or rice or barley, a purée of potatoes or peas, carrots or turnips, tomatos or Jerusalem artichokes—we are supposed instantly to create a new soup. It would be a waste of time to attempt to enumerate all the possible combinations of solids and liquids that may be called soup. The solids are innumerable: the liquids are reducible to six—water, milk, wine, and the juices of beef, veal, and fowl. The cook finds the first three of these made to his hand; and his chief business as a soupmaker is to produce the most nutritive and tasteful broths from the viands furnished by the ox, by his nephew the calf, and by poultry. He has also other animals at command—such as mutton, game and fish; but his grand resources for the stockpot are beef, veal, and fowl. From these he produces four different broths—two simple and two double—which are the foundations of nearly all the soups that can be imagined: 1. Beef broth or bouillon; 2. Double broth or consommé; 3. veal stock or gravy (in French blonde de veau—another double broth); and 4. Fowl broth which is simple.

This looks plain enough, and so it is; but the reader who will compare the cookery books will soon find himself lost in a confusion of receipts with a puzzling variety of names for the foundation-broths or gravies. It is because cookery, though a science, is not and cannot be an exact science; while at the same time the professors of cookery propound their receipts as if it were exact. They give a receipt with so much particularity that they have to

give another and another to cover a different set of particulars not included in the first. I might quote receipts furnished by the great masters—Beauvilliers, Carême, Dubois, Gouffé—from which a logician could easily prove, setting one against another, that there is no distinction between beef broth and consommé, broth and double broth; and even that veal stock and fowl broth are in substance (though not in process of cooking) the same thing. Take Gouffé, for example, who is the greatest living authority, and rarely makes a mistake. According to him the animal ingredients of the best veal stock are: 4 lbs. of veal, 2 lbs. of gravy beef, 2 hens, and 5½ quarts of beef broth, which ought to represent 7 or 8 lbs. of beef; and those of the best fowl broth are 6 lbs. of veal, 2 hens, and 5 quarts of similar beef broth. Compare the two. There is more veal in the fowl broth than in the veal stock; and the name of veal is given to that which contains least of it for this only reason—that before it is set to simmer in the five quarts of beef broth, it is first reduced to a glaze with an extra pint of that broth. Further, taking liquid and solid together, there is in the veal stock more of beef than anything else—not far from ten pounds; and in the fowl broth it is the same, though in less degree.

There is a remarkable difference of opinion as to the quantity of cold water to be added to beef and beef-bone in order to make broth or bouillon. A pound of water is exactly a pint; and whereas some authorities (Liebig, Dubois and Bernard the latest) declare that a good broth requires equal quantities of solid and liquid—a pound of the one to a pint of the other—the most recent authority of all, and a very great one too (Jules Gouffé), recommends in one receipt 2¾ pints, in another 3⅛, in a third no less than 4, pints or pounds of water to the pound of beef. Here is an immense range; and between these extremes there is endless variety of opinion. The difference is incalculable between a broth made by adding a pint of water, and one

made by adding four pints, to every pound of beef. And observe that the difference goes further than the simple broth of bouillon; it affects the character of the double or consumed broth which ensues. The first point of distinction between broth and double broth is simply in strength —the liquid used for the first being cold water, the liquid used for the second being the resultant broth of the first. But it can easily be understood that simple broth or bouillon made from equal quantities of beef and water is stronger and better than double broth or consommé which has been made from bouillon that has been diluted with four times its weight of water. All this shows the danger of being over precise. A good deal must be left to the judgment of the cook, who has to take into account the result which he or she desires to obtain. A middle rule was laid down by the French chemist Parmentier in the last century: let the water be double the meat—a quart for every pound. This is the ordinary practice of French kitchens. If the bouillon is wanted very light, redouble the water; if strong, reduce it.

Another detail, and one not less important. The difference between bouillon and consommé, broth and double broth, is not merely in strength—it is also in character. The bouillon is a beef broth; the consommé is a beef broth which has been doubled with veal and fowl—the former to give it gelatine, the latter to give it flavour. But read the receipts for making up the stockpot or pot-au-feu, and for producing its broth or bouillon. In all of them it is stated that while beef is the essential consideration, we are free to add to it whatever else we have at command; veal, calves' feet, the remains of fowl, a trussed fowl if we want one for table, a leg of mutton, any trimmings of meat, pigskin, a ham-bone, or even a whole ham if that should be in the way; and some of the great cooks (like Dubois and Bernard) insist that the grand bouillon, to be properly made, must never be com-

posed of beef alone: it must be composed of beef, veal, and fowl, the constituents of consommé, in the proportion of 6 lbs. of beef to 2 of veal and 1 of fowl. Now see what this means.

If Gouffé, though he heartily approves of any good addition to the stockpot, allows you to make bouillon of beef and beef-bone alone, concocted in four times its weight of water; if his consommé is made by another concoction of the broth thus obtained with a trio of beef, veal and fowl; and if, on the other hand, Dubois and Bernard insist that bouillon is in the first instance to be made from a trio of beef, veal and fowl dissolved in no more than their own weight of water—indeed, rather less;*—all this surely means that the first broth of Dubois and Bernard ought to be as good as the second or double broth of Gouffé, and is obtained by a much simpler process. The consommé or double broth, as distinguished from plain broth or bouillon, may thus be nothing but a grand name, meaning no more than the celebrated phrase of Mr. Squeers'—"Here's richness, boys!" The simple bouillon of one kitchen is often richer and better than the most elaborate soup of another.

It is a curious proof of the folly of laying down tight rules, that often in the French books one stumbles upon the statement—"Notez qu'on ne peut espérer faire un bon bouillon que dans une marmite de terre"; and English housewives will account for their bad soup by saying, "We cannot have the pot-au-feu as in France because our pots are metal." The one advantage—a great one, no doubt—of the French earthen pot is, that earthenware is a bad conductor of heat—slow to heat and slow to lose heat. The

* As it may seem extravagant to prescribe rather less than pound for pound, it is right to give their exact quantities for bouillon. "Proportions approximatives: 14 kil. de bœuf, 5 kil. de veau, 2 poules ou l'équivalent de parures, 30 litres d'eau." This, reduced to English measure, means as nearly as possible 46 lbs. of meat to 43 lbs. or pints of water.

secret of making soup is to begin with cold water, to bring it slowly to the boiling-point, a mere ripple on the surface, to let it simmer gently and continuously for hours—never boiling up and never ceasing to simmer. On these three points—the gradual production of the heat, the moderation of the boiling, and keeping it up to the end—the flavour of the clarification of the broth largely depend; and it is easy to manage this in an earthen vessel. But it is just as possible with an iron or copper stockpot. It may not be so easy upon an open fire, but there is no difficulty whatever on the closed ranges which are now so common. We can regulate the heat perfectly by choosing any position for the stockpot, from the corner of the stove to the centre.

There is another needless direction. Soup should never be greasy. Every particle of fat should be removed. It is tedious to do so, however, by the ordinary process of skimming; and so we are sometimes advised to make the broth beforehand, and to make a supply for two days. When the broth cools the fat will cake to the surface, and may then be easily removed. The advice is good up to a certain point. It saves labour to make a good supply of broth at a time: it loses nothing in two days, even in hot weather, if kept in clean fresh vessels. But there is a simple mechanical contrivance to get rid of grease which ought for ever henceforth to render the little eyes which appear on the surface of soup an impossibility. All the fat rises to the top of the stockpot; if there is a tap at the bottom of it the broth will flow out without a particle of grease.

Common sense will tell the cook to beware of salt. It is well to put it into the stockpot from the beginning, because it helps to make the scum rise; but what is barely enough for a full stockpot may be a great deal too much when the liquid boils down to half. The liquid flies off in steam, but the salt remains.

The advantage of sugar is not so well known. It is

as much for the saccharine matter which they contain as for anything else that onions, carrots, and turnips are so necessary to the stockpot. A little pinch of sugar at table is often a wonderful improvement to a tasteless soup. But a soup too sweet is sickly; and the cook must be very careful in applying it to the stockpot. She must take into account not only the sweetness of the vegetables in the pot, but also the sweetness of the caramel with which she will probably have to give the finishing touch of colour to the soup before sending it to table.

1. *Beef Broth, Bouillon, or Stock.*—Bone the beef first and what other meat is to be used along with it. Beef alone is enough, but almost any other meat may be added, or trimmings or remains. Put the bones in first, then the meat, then twice as much water as bone and meat combined—a quart to a pound. Add a little salt, bring it slowly to the boiling-point, and skim it. When skimmed enough, add the vegetables—carrots, turnips, parsnips, celery, onions, leeks, a faggot of parsley, two or three cloves, twice as many peppercorns, and a scrape or two of nutmeg. After simmering for five hours, it ought to be ready. Strain it, clear away the fat, adjust the salt, colour it if need be with caramel, and with the addition of toasted sippets it is quite fit for table. Without the final salt, the caramel and the sippets, it can be put aside as stock for the preparation of other soups and for sauces.

2. *Double Broth or Consommé.*—The receipt for this depends a good deal on what beef broth the first consists of. It may have been made with much or with little water; it may be composed of beef alone, or of a little beef heightened with veal, fowl, mutton, ham, and all that is meant by "pot luck." The great thing now is to produce a good stock, strong with beef; smooth and gelatinous with veal, with calves' feet, or with pigskin; and perfumed with fowl or wild rabbits. It is impossible to state the exact propor-

tions, and chiefly because broth No. 1 is uncertain—it is "pot luck." Some cooks add no beef whatever, calculating that when the bouillon or beef broth which liquefies the consommé is further reduced by five hours' boiling, there is quite enough beef in it already. If the first beef broth has a good supply of beef in it, they are quite right in adding none to the second. Assuming that when boiled down it will be sufficiently strong in beef, the next object is to make it smooth upon the tongue and sapid. To this end add a knuckle of veal and a fowl, from which the fillets have been removed. Instead of the veal calf's feet will do, or some pigskin—both rich in gelatine, and giving the broth a velvety smoothness. Instead of the fowl a wild rabbit will suffice. Pour on this meat double the quantity of broth—that is, a quart for every pound. Bring it gradually to the boiling-point, and skim it. When the skimming is at an end, the usual order is to garnish it with carrots, onions, leeks, and a little mace; but this is because cooks so seldom know when they have enough of a good thing; they forget that the broth which goes into the pot is already charged with vegetables. Let the whole simmer for five hours, at the end of which time strain it, keep clear of the fat, look to the salt and the caramel; and there ought to be a fine soup ready for use.

Some of the French cooks recommend that the veal, but more especially the fowl used as above, shall first be roasted, baked or brazed—partly for the sake of the colour so produced, partly for the flavour which it developes. This is too troublesome for every day, but it is worth while to take the trouble on special occasions.

3. *Veal Stock, or Blonde de Veau.*—This is, although not so called, another consommé or double broth, but prepared in a peculiar way. Butter a deep stewpan, and line the bottom of it half an inch thick with slices of onion. Upon this cushion put a slice of ham, quite free from fat, and a knuckle of veal which has been boned; put in

also the bone, with any fresh trimmings of poultry, or a whole fowl if there is one, and with nearly a pint of broth. Put it on the stove fire, and boil it briskly until it is well reduced. Then prick the veal with a sharp knife, to let the juices flow out, and turning it frequently to prevent burning, boil it slowly, very slowly, till the glaze darkens to a deep red. Next fill up the pan (a pint for a pound) with boiling beef broth (No. 1), or simply with boiling water if it is not wanted very strong, and let the pan remain off the fire for a few minutes, to detach and melt the glaze. Put it on the fire again, boil it, skim it—and if the pot has been filled with water, not with broth, garnish it with carrots, turnips, celery, a faggot of parsley, some peppercorns, a blade of mace, and perhaps a pinch of sugar. It should simmer on the angle of the stove for three or four hours; and when strained through a napkin and clarified, it should have a rich amber tint, as it is much used for colouring the clear soups and for finishing sauces.

4. *Fowl Broth.*—This broth, as now ordered to be made by some of the greatest authorities, differs in no essential from ordinary consommé or double broth. Consommé is, according to them, made of beef, veal, and fowl boiled in beef broth; consommé of fowl is made of fowl, veal and beef boiled in broth; and we have already seen that blonde de veau is composed of the same materials—veal, fowl and beef boiled in broth. This is mere thimble-rigging. The fact is, that there is no such broth as consommé of fowl distinct from ordinary consommé. A little more or a little less fowl cannot constitute a difference of kind; and the difference of name only perplexes cooks, who, if they work out a consommé in the proper way, are fairly entitled to some freedom in the choice of quantities. It is a farce to suppose that the addition of a second fowl to a consommé alters its character, and entitles it to a new name; for the name of consommé has a special meaning, which does not apply to the following receipts.

Let one or more fowls be half-roasted before a brisk fire. Then put them in the pot with a pint or a pint and a half of water for every pound. When the pot boils, skim it, add vegetables and seasoning—carrot, onion, leek, celery, turnip, clove, salt, pepper—and let it simmer for three hours, at the end of which time strain the broth through a napkin, and remove the fat.

White Fowl Broth, for use in white soups and sauces, is made in the same way, but without the roasting.

The following is an alphabetical list of the soups described in this volume :—

Asparagus.
Barley broth.
Barley cream.
Bisque.
Blonde de Veau.
Bonne Femme.
Bouillabaisse.
Broth.
Brunoise.
Cabbage.
Carrot.
Celery.
Chantilly.
Chestnut.
Chicken.
Queen's Chicken.
Chiffonnade.
Cock-a-leekie
Colbert.
Condé.
Consommé.
Crayfish.
Crécy.
Cresses.
Croûte-au-pot.
Esau's.
Fish broth.
Girasol.
Hare.
Haricot Red.
Haricot White.
Hotch Potch
Julienne.
Leek.
Leek and potato.
Lentil.
Macaroni.
Mutton.
Palestine.
Paysanne.
Pea.
Potato.
Pot-au-feu.
Pumpkin.
Restaurant.
St. Germain.
Scotch Broth.
Sheep's head.
Soup in general.
Spring.
Stock.
Tomato.
Turtle.
Mock Turtle.
Veal.
Vegetable Marrow.
Vermicelli.

Soy—a sort of ketchup made from the Soy bean (*Soja hispida*), a native of China, Japan, and the Moluccas. We have got a way of calling it Indian Soy, because it comes to us from India; but all the best is made in Japan and China by a process which is perfectly well understood. It is not quite clear, however, why, since we might import though we cannot grow the Soy bean, which is like a kidney bean, we cannot reproduce the sauce for ourselves; and this mystery has led to a widespread superstition that the Soy must be made from some of the horrors with which the Chinese at least are known to indulge their appetites. The bean suggests a black beetle; and there are numbers of people who seriously believe that from black beetles the Soy is made. Another point is not clear. From every account of the process of making Soy we should expect a sauce as salt as Anchovy sauce. It is said to be used like salt at Oriental tables. But the Soy with which we are familiar in Europe is not only as black as treacle, but also as sweet.

Spanish Sauce has for more than a century been the chief sauce in Europe. The name is rather absurd, and now means no more than Brown Sauce of the finest quality. For centuries there were Spanish sauces of one kind or another adopted in France, but it was a new thing for the French in the last century to give the name of the Spaniard to their most elaborate gravy. The great cooking authority in the middle of last century, when Louis XV. reigned in all his glory, was Menon; and his books clearly show what the sauce was intended to be. Its grand peculiarity was to have a double supply of ham, which predominated over every other ingredient. These were days when it was supposed that no sauce could be made good without ham. In Menon's receipts for family use nearly all the sauces have for their foundation one slice of ham and one slice of veal boiled down in beef broth. The Spanish sauce

had two slices of ham; and grew into such favour that it seemed to eclipse all the other brown sauces, and to be worthy of the most lavish adornment. In later days, when this system of adornment was at its height, one of the receipts for it already quoted begins with the direction, "Take twelve ducks, a ham, two bottles of old Madeira, and six pounds of fine truffles." While the ham was the chief thing in the sauce, there was a reason for calling it Spanish, which will be found in the general article on Sauces. But gradually the influence of the ham has been diminishing. The share of it allowed to Spanish sauce is allowed to other sauces, and the quantity has been so much reduced in proportion to beef and veal, that it is doubtful whether it has any effect worth aiming at. Spanish sauce has no longer a Spanish characteristic—save its brownness; and at last a great cook (Gouffé) has been bold enough to strike the ham wholly out of the sauce, which is in his receipt but a good gravy of beef and veal finished with roux.

Follow the receipt (pp. 225, 226) for making beef or veal gravy, but use beef and veal together in the proportion of one to three, and moisten them with broth instead of water, in both the small quantity required for producing the glaze in the first part of the process, and the larger quantity for simmering in the second. When the juice is fairly extracted from the meat, it is to be strained; it is to be thickened with roux; it is to be raised to boiling point and reduced to a cullis by simmering on the angle of the stove; it is to be skimmed well and freed from grease; and it is last of all to be strained again through a tammy.

Spinach requires to be well washed and picked. If young and tender, it requires but little water to boil it—little more than the moisture which adheres to it after washing. If ripe and strong of leaf, more water is needed—but still not much. The water should be boiling, some

salt should be added, and in ten minutes for young, fifteen for full-grown spinach, it is cooked enough. After this the spinach is drained in a colander, and the water squeezed out. It is then either chopped finely, or—the better to get rid of stalks and fibres—passed through a sieve; it is put upon the fire with butter, pepper, salt again, and some nutmeg; when it has absorbed the butter, it is dredged with flour; it is stirred for a little on the fire to cook the flour, and then at the last moment there is another piece of butter melted into it to give it the finishing touch. This is what the French regard as the English way of preparing spinach, and they call it Epinards à l'Anglaise.

Spinach with Gravy (Epinards au jus.)—This is what the French regard as peculiarly their own method. It is the same as the foregoing, only that when dredged with flour it is at the same time moistened with some good gravy. Garnish with fried crusts.

Spinach with Cream—what paper-makers might call cream-laid. Use cream, or very good milk, instead of the gravy of the last receipt: otherwise there is no difference.

Spinach and Potatoes make a good combination. Take a pound of each and make a purée of them, half and half, mix them thoroughly, season them with salt, pepper and nutmeg, add according to taste either gravy or cream, and finish them with three or four ounces of fresh butter. There is in this case to be no flour, the place of which is more than supplied by the potatoes.

Spitchcock—sometimes Spatchcock. The former is a name given to a broiled eel, the latter to a broiled chicken; but it is ludicrous to see how the dictionary-makers flounder over the etymology. The first word comes from spit and cock, they say, or else from spit and cook; the second comes from despatch and cock—a quick way of despatching a cock! The first syllable is in both words at root the same

—namely, spit—which survives with a diversity of meaning in spud, and spade, and so accounts for the alteration of vowel. In Somersetshire to spit is to dig—to use the spade; and in Northamptonshire a spitch is a spadeful. But what is the last syllable? Anybody will find it out who considers the meaning of the word. A spitchcock or a spatchcock is something—be it eel or chicken—spread out upon small spits or skewers, as kidneys are *en brochette,* for the purpose of being broiled. In modern, though not classical English, we should say that they are spitted. Our ancestors, however, had not this past participle; for having the verb to spit in another sense, they had not yet invented the culinary verb to spit. They fell back upon a circumlocution which still survives in the Dutch idiom. To spit or put on a spit is in Dutch *aan een spit steken;* and spitted is *spit gesteken.* The old English parallel must have been to stick on a spit, and to be spitstucken or spitstocken. In process of time the final syllable dropped off, and eels and chickens were said to be broiled, spitstuck or spitstock. Corrupt the *t* of the second syllable into *c,* which is very frequent, and there is spitscock or spitchcock all alive.

Sprats and their euthanasia. The following receipt for turning sprats into roses—the sublime of cookery—is borrowed from a private letter :—" Some time since C—— went to visit a friend in the country who had most marvellous roses in full bloom. Every one exclaimed at their beauty, and asked ' How can you get such? ' The gentleman who owned them was a man of few words, and only said—' Sprats.' It seems that he manured them with loads of stinking sprats. Not long afterwards a man called at my house with sprats. ' Are they stinking? ' said I, eagerly. ' No,' said the man—' quite fresh.' ' Then bring me the first stinking ones you have.' In a few days he came with a heavy heart, and offered me a large quantity

which had turned putrid on his hands. The result was that on a very small bush I had thirty-six blossoms all at once of magnificent Marshal Niels."

SPRING SOUP.—A clear broth or double broth with early vegetables in it. See Brunoise and the introductory chapter.

STEWING is the easiest form of cooking, for it is cooking at the lowest temperature possible. Easy though it be, it is difficult enough on ordinary kitchen fires, because of the great heat which they give out. The boiling point being 212°, the stewing point is often as low as 170°; and this can only be well managed on the corner of the stove, or on cinders. There ought to be no difficulty with the improved ranges which are now in use.

ST. GERMAIN—a name for green-pea soup. It differs from ordinary pea soup, or *purée de pois,* in being made of fresh peas, in token of which a few whole peas are generally strewn on the surface.

STOCK is but another name for beef broth before it is finished into soups and sauces.

STRAWBERRIES.—Nothing can surpass the method of eating strawberries with cream. The combination is not only delicious in itself, but carries with it the happiest remembrances of rural life and childish innocence. But cream is not always to be had, and some people are afraid of it. The Spaniards have another noble combination—moistening the strawberries with the juice of a sweet orange. There are gastrologers who go further, and say that an addition of orange-peel (by grating the zest with a lump of sugar) is an immense improvement; and that it must have been in this fashion the fruit was served in the banquets of Mount Ida.

"Physicians concur in placing strawberries in their small

catalogue of pleasant remedies. They dissolve the tartareous incrustations of the teeth. They promote perspiration. Persons afflicted with the gout have found relief from using them; so have patients in cases of the stone; and Hoffman states that he has known consumptive people cured by them."—*Abercrombie,* quoted by Loudon.

Strawberry Pudding.—Mash a quart of strawberries with sugar to taste—probably three-quarters of a pound. Melt an ounce and a half of gelatine in rather less than a tumblerful of hot water, which, when cold, is to be mixed with the strawberries. Put it into a mould, surround it with ice till it sets and gets as cold as may be. Turn it out, and serve it with cream.

STUFFING.—See Forcemeat.

STURGEON.—It is some consolation to Englishmen, who seldom see the sturgeon at their tables, that this royal, although sharklike fish, has a wonderful resemblance to veal. It is therefore to be larded, like veal, in the Chambord style, either with bacon, or with truffles and anchovies. It is then to be either roasted, baked or brazed, and served, like veal, with a purée of sorrel or of endive. It may also be stewed with excellent effect in a Mirepoix of white wine. *It,* of course, means not the sturgeon (which sometimes weighs more than a ton), but such a manageable portion of him as it may be possible to obtain. A slice from the back, with its taste of veal, has the preference. The belly part tastes of pork.

It is said that when sturgeons are in season, no less than two-thirds of the female consists of roe. It is certainly odd to think of a fish weighing perhaps 1,000 pounds, being two-thirds made up of eggs. Here is life rushing into reproduction with a vengeance. At such a rate of reproduction the world would soon become the abode of sturgeons alone, were it not that the roe is exceedingly

good, and the lovers of caviare are more general than Shakespeare knew.

Sugar.—Every child understands the use of sugar in sweet dishes; but the part which it plays in dishes which are not recognised as sweet is not too clearly taught. There was a time, centuries ago, when soups and sauces were loaded with syrup, and when there was a kind of proverb that sugar in a dish was never a fault. The vast majority of cooks nowadays never clearly realise that in one form or another there must be sugar in all their soups and sauces. Not only will a pinch of sugar or a little caramel at the last make all the difference between a good and a bad soup or sauce—but those vegetables, carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions, celery and the rest, which go for so much towards the goodness of soups and sauces—what are they but so many reservoirs of finely-flavoured sugar? Always the cook has to calculate whether the vegetables which he puts into his messes are sufficiently saccharine; and if they are not sufficiently saccharine, he has to make up for it by so many grains of palpable sugar. Take this, therefore, for a maxim—that the vegetable basket is the sugar-basin of the saucemaker.

Supreme.—The supreme of a fowl or chicken is what is supposed to be the best part of it—the fillets. But we also hear of a Supreme sauce. Is there such a thing—as distinct from a Fricassee sauce or an Allemande? The fact is, that cooks are not agreed as to how they shall name the chief white sauces. They are three. The chief of all is Velvet-down. Then there is Béchamel, which is half velvet-down, half cream. The third is named by some (Dubois and Bernard) Supreme; by others, and the greater number, Allemande. If any of these sauces may be called Supreme, it should, by rights, be Velvet-down, which stands at the head of the list.

SWEAT, To, is not a pretty phrase; but it expresses clearly enough the act of making meat yield its juices by being heated in a pan with little or no water. Necessarily the heat applied must be low and slow.

SWEETBREADS have to go through a certain dressing before being cooked. They are to be soaked for an hour or more in lukewarm water, then blanched in cold water, then passed into boiling water, where they are to simmer, until they become firm and fit for the larding needle, then cooled and dried, then pressed between baking-sheets into the proper rounded shape, then larded with strips of bacon about one-eighth of an inch thick. Put them next in a stewpan, with a pint of broth and a pinch of salt. Thicken the broth by reduction, then add another half-pint to it, and cover it up with live coals on the lid. From time to time baste the sweetbreads with the gravy, to glaze them. When they have taken a dark-brown tint, serve them on the dish, with the sauce poured over them. For garnish, choose between endive, sorrel, peas, and a Macedon.

Roasted Sweetbreads.—This is what the French set down as the *Ris de veau à l'Anglaise.* The sweetbreads being prepared as before, but not necessarily larded, are egged, then breadcrumbed, then sprinkled with oiled butter, then breadcrumbed again, then put into a flat tossing-pan, with two ounces of oiled butter, then baked in a quick oven for half an hour, with frequent basting from the butter in the pan. When of a golden-brown, dish them with a plain gravy or a tomato sauce, and garnish of vegetables as before.

SYRUP.—Only a word to explain that it is necessary to be accurate in the use of it—there are so many possible degrees of sweetness. There is a simple little instrument to measure these degrees known by the name of its inventor, Beaume. It is a sort of glass buoy with a measured

mast. In the bottom there is a bulb containing a certain weight of mercury. When this buoy is floated in pure water, it sinks to the top of the mast, and marks the highest, which is in fact the lowest degree. In syrup, according to its thickness, it rises; and when the mast is entirely above the surface of the liquid the syrup is at its strongest. Cetti and Co., of 11, Brooke Street, Holborn, supply these useful instruments for three shillings.

TAPIOCA is one of the best flavoured of the arrowroots. It is got from the same root which yields the so-called Brazilian arrow-root and the cassava bread. It would seem that Nature, when she planned the American continent for the use of the savages, must have been thinking a good deal of the over-civilised invalids of Europe—she has provided in the vegetation of the western world so much medicine, and so much nourishment for the ailments of the east. It is a common belief that from America must come the regeneration of the world, and here at least is its tapioca admirable in giving substance to the soups and puddings of our invalid cookery.

TARRAGON is one of the most odoriferous of the pot-herbs, and belongs to the same family as Southernwood and Wormwood. The name is said to be equivalent to Dragon—the tortuous form of its roots suggesting the dragon's tail. It is a dragon much esteemed, and wagging its tail most agreeably in a green Mayonnaise, in a Béarnaise sauce, in a dish of chicken à l'estragon, and in the ravigote which brightens many a salad.

TART, TARTLET.—Many people connect this word in

their minds with the adjective tart, imagine that it must have something to do with the tartness of fruit, and therefore identify it with a fruit pie. Under this hallucination they cease to speak of an apple pie—they insist on calling it an apple tart. A pie in their view is always for meat; a tart is for fruit; and some of the most popular cookery books have caught the delusion and done their best to spread it. A tart has nothing to do with tartness; it is identical with the French *tourte* and *tarte,* the old name for a kind of loaf, and with *tartine,* which still exists as a name for a slice of loaf. It is the Latin *torta* (from *torqueo*), which answers nearly enough to our Roll of bread. Now, our fathers were in the middle ages rather deficient in plates, and it is curious to read of the little odd contrivances by which at grand feasts they tried to supply the want, and to make one plate do for two or three guests. Some genius discovered that the undercrust of bread would serve for a plate, and for a long period in France the undercrust of the tourte or tarte was the most common of dinner-plates—at which period a family were wont, after eating their dinner, to eat their dinner-plates. These dinner-plates, made of dinner rolls, were in course of time specially prepared, were made more cakelike, were filled with dainty food, and were called, according to their size, tart or tartlets. The strict meaning of a tart, therefore, is an open crust of the nature of a plate; and it is to be hoped that after this explanation we shall not very often hear anybody call an apple pie an apple tart.

A tart or tartlet being a flat cake or crust, in form of a plate or dish, or little saucer, the question is how to make it. It can be made of any of the pastes described in the article on pastry; but in England it is generally made of the lighter pastes, in France of the more solid. This is because in England, save in the case of tartlets, the cake is for the most part served with the dish on which it has been moulded, whereas in France the tourte is independ-

ent of its mould, and is in effect but the under part of a raised pie. It is best in most cases to bake the tart by itself, and to fill it afterwards. Thus a Vol-au-vent, but for its loose cover, would be a tart in the proper meaning of the word, and it is always prepared apart from its contents. At least it is essential that if the tart and its contents are to be baked together, the latter should have been to some extent cooked beforehand, otherwise they may be underdone while the former is overdone.

With regard to the contents, it is an unheard-of thing in England to put anything into a tart which is not sweet. The French tourte will take any delicate stew—savoury as well as sweet, animal as well as vegetable. If English people would come to understand that tart, the noun, has nothing to do with tart, the adjective, they would then discover that a tart may be as various as a pie, and that there is no difference between the one and the other, save that which arises from the one being open and the other covered. A tart, in short, is but a kind of dinner-plate fit to receive almost any kind of food; but with this distinction—that it is a dinner-plate which may be eaten.

Tartar Sauce.—This, whether it refers to catching a Tartar, or descending into Tartarus, is in effect the French ideal of a devilled sauce. A French devil is never hot like an English one—only a little pungent. Either a Mayonnaise or a Remoulade may be taken as the basis of a Tartar sauce—the former being made of raw yolks, the latter of hard-boiled ones. The devilling comes of French mustard, or else English mustard with some addition of tarragon vinegar. The amount of bedevilment must depend on taste. It is usual, but not essential, to add a chopped ravigote.

Taste is separated from the other senses by a curious difference. The others flourish by themselves alone, and

often attain their highest perfection when deprived of companionship. Hearing will become more acute with loss of sight, and touch more sensitive with deafness. But taste is made for marriage, and smell is its better half. It loses all its delicacy when it cannot mate with a fine olfactory nerve. Though thus deficient, it is by common consent chosen as the type of all that is most refined in human enjoyment—the worship of the beautiful. This is a feather in the cook's cap. It is the business of his life to minister to the sense of taste—and taste is at once so fine and so potent that it is selected from all the senses to designate the standard of art and the power of detecting all that it loveliest in heaven and earth. We have one and the same name for the faculty which comprehends a sucking-pig and for that which delights in Beethoven—for the appreciation alike of a Strasbourg pie and of the Elgin marbles. The Greeks gave one and the same name to the palate and to heaven—Uranus. It is very odd, however, to see how tastes differ in small things as well as in great, and how fierce are the controversies waged round a dinner-plate. He is an outer barbarian who does not agree with us about a leek or a peppercorn, a bit of pig's grease or a little oatmeal. If there were no religious wars to waste us, there would certainly be gastronomical ones; and who knows but there is some hidden law which connects our creed with our food? It has indeed been observed that in the great schism of the Reformation the people who held to the oil-jar and the wine-butt remained faithful to the Pope; while those who drank good ale, and found in the keg of butter a sufficient feast of fatness, nearly all turned Protestant. Philosophers have never adequately explained, and it will probably remain a mystery to the end of time, how it comes that as in religion the wider differences of dogma seldom excite wrath, while the earth is devastated by controversies about the smallest details—the spelling of a diphthong or the lighting of a taper,—so in

matters of taste we are not put out by great differences, but we wax furious over trifles. That an Eskimo should eat tallow candles; that the Dutch should eat their pickled herring raw; that the astronomer Lalande should enjoy the nutty taste of spiders; that an Australasian savage should stock his larder with his dog and his wife; that widows in the Andaman Islands should have the skulls of their late husbands nicely mounted, wear them dangling from their necks, and use them as an English lady uses her bag,—are matters of taste which do not rouse in us a tenth part of the emotion produced by the suspicion of garlic in a sauce, by the use of a spoon instead of a fork, steel instead of silver. There is a characteristic anecdote told of the Reverend Father de Madot, who towards the end of the seventeenth century was appointed to the bishopric of Belley. When he went to take possession of his see, the people of Belley gave him a dinner. He partook of it with remarkable satisfaction; but more especially seemed to enjoy a fondue of cheese, which gave a glory to the latter end of the feast. What was the surprise of his entertainers to see that the man of God ate it not with a fork but with a spoon! The company looked at each other with astonishment in the corners of their eyes, but they were too polite and reverential to say anything. Next day it was all over the town. "Do know how the new bishop eats a fondue?" says one. "Ah, my dear sir," says another, "it is quite true—I had it from an eye-witness —he eats it with a spoon." The tidings were soon wafted over the diocese, shook the minds of the faithful, and imperilled the Church. The impression produced was also a lasting one. A hundred years afterwards Brillat-Savarin (born in that diocese) was told the story by one of his grand-uncles, who was consumed with laughter at the notion of a bishop eating fondue with a spoon. And so this worthy father in God, De Madot, is for ever known in the history of his country—not for his good works, his prayers and

his blessings—but only for the shocking act of eating fondue with a spoon!

Teal is surely the most delicate of all the wild waterfowl. For the way to dress him, see the Widgeon and the Wild Duck.

Tench is of the carp clan, and is a doubtful fish to eat—very good and very bad. He likes to lose himself in mud and impurity, and then he is nasty to the taste. So it happens that the Italians malign him. When he has lived in good circumstances, in clear streams, he is quite another creature. He is done in all the ways prescribed for carp, but he has nearly always to be marinaded before cooking, and after the fire to be overpowered with a decided sauce. Try him as a matelote, or â la poulette. If he is to be grilled, fill him with anchovy butter and fine herbs, and serve him either with a purée of tomatos or with Sauce Robert.

Dr. Badham in his *Fishtattle* makes a curious remark. "The skin (which from its thickness has procured for the tench in Holland the name of shoemaker) is a first-rate delicacy, and quite equal to turtle." Is this what the learned physician means by tattle?

Thunny is the most illustrious of the Mediterranean fish, as salmon is the most illustrious of those which haunt our Northern waters. No one who has partaken of both can doubt the superiority of the salmon, not only to the thunny, but to all fish whatsoever. Yet note this as a tribute to the worth of the Mediterranean method of preserving fish in oil: that the tinned thunny which comes to London is much better than the tinned salmon which is preserved in vinegar and brine. The best part of the thunny, and much the best for pickling, is the belly.

Probably, of all the fish in the sea, the thunny grows with the greatest rapidity. In four months from his birth

he will weigh more than two pounds; and he would be very much more abundant than he is, but that his mother has such an admiration for her eggs that she eats them the moment they become fertilised. Were it not for this infanticide, the basin of the Mediterranean would be too small for the thunny population.

I had almost forgotten to say that the thunny is a British fish—haunting the Cornish coast; but the Cornish fishermen are not clever enough to catch it except by the merest chance. They have not hit upon a bait which will tempt this fish.

Tipsy Cake is a Savoy Cake, with sherry poured over it, into which the juice of half a lemon has been mixed.

Tomatos.—*Tomato Sauce.*—Take a pint of the purée of tomatos, either out of a tin or made from fresh tomatos, and put them in a stewpan with pepper, salt, a good pinch of sugar, a quarter of a pint of Mirepoix, a pint of gravy or broth, an ounce of flour, and one of butter. Let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour, then pass all through a sieve.

Tomato Soup—is tomato sauce with three pints of gravy or broth in it instead of one. Add at the last some rice.

Roast Tomatos.—Roast them well in a Dutch oven, and turn them often. Or bake them in a casserole, the bottom of which has been buttered. They ought to be ready in from ten to fifteen minutes, and to be served with roast mutton, or mutton chops and cutlets.

Stuffed Tomatos.—Choose six or seven large and well-shaped ones; cut open the tops and scoop out the insides carefully. Pass the pulp through a sieve to get rid of the pips, and mix with it about two ounces of butter (the French say oil), a chopped shalot, a chopped clove of

garlic, pepper and salt. Cook it for ten or fifteen minutes; then stir into it a small cupful of breadcrumbs which have soaked in broth, and the yolks of two eggs. When this is cold, fill the tomato skins with it, shake some fine bread raspings over them, and bake them briskly for ten or twelve minutes.

Tomato-Salad.—Divide the tomatos horizontally, and squeeze out the pips. Then cut up the halves and mix them with a cruet sauce. For the tomato salad a dash of mustard is not a bad addition, but the tomatos being juicy in themselves, require less than the usual quantity of oil and vinegar. For garniture, some chopped spring onions or chives. One or two tomatos, cut up as above described, make an excellent addition to a salad of cos-lettuce.

Toss.—This is the English for Sauter, which see. To toss is to fry very lightly; and the tossing is necessary in order both to equalise the heat and to keep it down. Frying proper on a steady fire evolves a roasting heat. Tossing is, so to speak, opposed to frying. It is to fry and not to fry. It is an attempt to produce some of the effects of frying, and not the others. It is to fry without producing the brittle surface of frying.

Toulouse Ragout.—See Relish No. 1.

Tournedos.—This word will not be found in any French dictionary as applied to an article of food. Yet it is of constant use in the French kitchen, and multiplies itself in bills of fare. It really means a small collop of beef which can be done almost while the cook turns his back. It is at least a much better word than the *escalopes* which the French cooks are so fond of, and which really means nothing at all. A tournedos is a thin collop, which is put upon the fire and is done on one side before the cook has had time to turn round. He turns it over on the other side, which is cooked in the same way in a twinkling. The

tournedos is first steeped for twenty-four hours in a cooked marinade, it is lightly fried, and it is served with a Poivrade or a Spanish sauce.

TOURTE is the French way of spelling Tart.

TRIFLE.—Mix early in the day a quart of good cream with six ounces of sifted sugar, a glass of sherry, the juice and zest of a lemon, and a little cinnamon. Whip it well, and put the froth, as it rises, on a reversed sieve to drain. As the time draws near for using the trifle, put some sponge cakes, ratafias, and the like, on a deep glass or crystal dish. Moisten them well with sherry, grate the zest of a lemon on them, and add a layer of raspberry or strawberry jam. Pour over them a goodly quantity of thick custard; heap over this the whipt cream; and ornament it with colour—petals of flowers, harlequin comfits, or streaks of red jelly.

TROUT.—The best are the salmon-trout, and they are to be cooked in any of the ways allowed for salmon. Some English cooks lay down a peremptory law that a trout is never to be boiled. This is a mistake. The char is a trout, and Francatelli has declared, with perfect justice, that it is the best of all fish for a waterzootje. The smaller trout, however, may well be fried or grilled. The larger ones on being boiled take kindly to a good court bouillon. Let it never be forgotten that the Genevese sauce was invented for the good of trout.

TRUFFLES.—It is time that the truth should be spoken about truffles. The French praise them in high-flown terms, which are not in the least extravagant. The English, praising them in the selfsame terms, are very extravagant indeed. When truffles are to be had fresh (and they are in perfection with the turkeys at Christmas-tide), it seems too much to believe that they have come out of the earth and have been detected in their hiding-places by the

snouts of pigs. They are beyond praise in the perfection of their perfume. But once unearthed the perfume soon fades, and by the time they reach London it becomes so faint that if the truffles are not quickly disposed of they are scarce to be recognised as the sublime of human food. What they lose in perfume they gain in price, and dealers in London demand twelve and fifteen shillings a pound for them. A bottle no bigger than one of those used for hyacinth bulbs, containing preserved truffles, which are not to be compared with fresh ones, is sold at half a guinea. Now when we know that some French cooks require six or eight pounds of truffles for a single dish, we can all calculate whether a truffle in England is worth its price, and we shall not be astonished at the tale told by Mr. Hayward of a magnificent turkey stuffed with truffles by Morel and sold for something like £20. Common sense tells us that a fresh mushroom gathered in English fields and woods, and well cooked, is worth more than all but a sprinkling of the truffles which cross the Channel; but, all the same, fashion is omnipotent, and a cook who should abstain from cramming his sauces with essence of truffles, and from adorning his meats with slices of them, would be regarded as ignorant of his business, and fit only for the lowest of low life. Let it be observed that much as the truffle is vaunted, the civilised world has continued to do without it until very recently. It was, indeed, known to the Romans; but, says Brillat-Savarin, "from the Romans to our own day there is a long interregnum, and the resurrection of the truffle is recent enough. One may even say that the generation which is now (1826) passing away, has been witness of it."

Truffles in a Napkin.—Wash and brush them several times in cold water. Then stew them slowly in a Mirepoix of white wine for half an hour or three-quarters. Drain them and serve them in a folded napkin.

Truffes à l'Italienne.—Wash and brush them well as before, cut them in slices, and toss them for ten minutes with an ounce of butter, chopped parsley, shalot, and salt. Pour off the butter, and in return put in a piece of fresh butter, with a ladleful of the best brown gravy, the juice of a lemon, and a sprinkling of cayenne. This is in effect but a variety of the Duxelles originally invented by La Varenne, only substituting truffles for mushrooms.

TURBOT has been described as the pheasant of the sea, and is certainly the noblest of the flat fish. According to Yarrell, the great actor and gastronomer Quin "is said to have given it as his opinion that the flesh on the dark-coloured side of the turbot is the best meat; and as examples occasionally occur that are dark-coloured on both sides, some London fishmongers, from experience in their good qualities, recommend such fish as deserving particular attention."

Boiled Turbot.—Let the turbot soak for some little time in cold salt and water, to remove the slime. Then with a knife make an incision down the backbone on the black side,—which is the upper one of the fish in the sea, but its under one on the dish. The object of this cut is to prevent the white skin cracking when the turbot begins to heat and to swell in the kettle. It is to be boiled in plenty of cold salt and water—nothing else. Let it come gradually to the boil and then let it simmer for half an hour or so. The time of course is less for a small or chicken turbot, or for one of those slices into which a turbot cuts up with ease. In the French receipts an order is often given to cut off the fins—that is, the best part of the fish—and to boil it in milk; which sounds well, but is a mistake. When the turbot is ready, dish it on a hot napkin and strew on it and about it parsley leaves and nasturtium flowers. It may be garnished with potatoes, and it is to be served with Dutch, Béarnaise, lobster or shrimp sauce.

Turbot à la Normande.—The Normandy Matelote of Turbot. It is done precisely as the sole of the same name.

Turbot with Cream au Gratin.—Break up some cold turbot, removing the black skin, perhaps also the white. Make it hot in some Béchamel sauce, which is half cream. Arrange fish and sauce upon a dish which will stand the fire. Strew over it some breadcrumbs and some grated Parmesan. Also put round it a border of mashed potatoes. Put it into the oven or before the fire to take a golden tint, and if necessary use the salamander.

TURKEY.—"Il faut être deux," said the Abbé Morellet, "pour manger une dinde truffée; je ne fais jamais autrement. J'en ai une aujourd'hui; nous serons deux, la dinde et moi." As it takes nearly two or three pounds of truffles to stuff a turkey well, and as truffles are worth twelve or fifteen shillings a pound, it is not every one who can afford such a luxury. The turkey, however, is excellent with much less costly stuffing, as fat forcemeat or chestnuts—see Forcemeats Nos. 5 and 8. If the turkey is roasted, it must be constantly basted, or it will be very dry. The French nearly always bard it to prevent its drying up. They are also partial to a brazed turkey. Put it into a brazing-pan, with an abundant Mirepoix, made with Madeira as the cooks say — which means Marsala. The boiled turkey is rarely seen out of England. For garnish and sauce, the English seem most to enjoy sausages with a meat gravy or with celery sauce. A roast turkey with a garnish of sausages goes by the name of an Alderman in chains. The French, for sauce and garnish, delight in a Périgueux sauce, and the rich garnish of a Chipolata Ragout. See Relish No. 4.

TURN.—To turn vegetables is to cut them into various shapes—as bullets, olives, dice, corks, discs, orange-flakes.

Turnips.—There are rich juicy kinds, which the Russians eat raw as a whet before dinner. In England we go to the other extreme, and the most common form in which the turnip comes to table is thoroughly well boiled and mashed.

Mashed Turnips.— Peel, slice, and boil half a dozen turnips. Drain them, pass them through a sieve, and then mixing them with flour, nutmeg, pepper, salt, a pat of butter, and a little glaze, stir them over the fire for ten minutes.

Young Turnips.—Peel them, make nice shapes of them, and blanch them for five minutes. Then fry them with a little butter, dredge them with flour, and moisten them with broth. Let them cook very slowly for twenty minutes, and add to them some Allemande sauce with a pinch of sugar. The French sometimes touch them up at the last with some of their mustard.

Turnover—the name of a pastry made in very simple fashion. Roll out a sheet of paste: cut out a circle in it. This, when doubled over so as to form a semicircle, with fruit or mincemeat inside, is the Turnover.

Turtle.—The Soup is the most elaborate of all, and quite beyond the reach of ordinary households. It must be purchased ready made. For the Turtle Ragout or Relish, used chiefly with calf's head, see Relish No. 3.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Clear: After Francatelli. First bone and then parboil a calf's head in plenty of water and a small handful of salt for about twenty minutes. Cool the head in cold water and then trim away the rough parts. Next place it in a large stewpan with a good-sized knuckle of veal; about a pound of raw ham; two carrots; two onions—one of them stuck with twelve cloves; a head of celery, a bunch of basil; marjoram, lemon thyme, a sprig of common thyme, some parsley, winter savory,

spring onions, and two blades of mace. Add a quart of good stock, and set the stewpan over the fire to boil sharply, until the liquid is reduced to a glaze. Next fill up the stewpan either with stock or water, and when it boils again skim it carefully, keeping it gently boiling by the side of the fire until the calf's head is nearly done. The head must now be carefully lifted out of the stock with a skimmer, and after being washed in a large pan of cold water, and well drained upon a sieve or cloth, placed in press, between two large dishes in the larder to become cold. The calf's head stock is now to be strained into a clean stewpan through a sieve, and the grease being entirely removed from its surface, to be clarified by mixing into it three whites of eggs previously whipt with a pint of cold water. Set the stock on the fire, whisk it until it boils, and then lift it to the side of the stove, there to boil gently until it has become bright, which will take about twenty minutes. The stock must now be strained through a napkin into a soup-pot; the calf's head cut into pieces an inch square, and placed in the mock turtle stock, to which add half a pint of white wine (Marsala), a pinch of cayenne, and then allow the soup to boil gently by the side of the fire until the pieces of meat are thoroughly done. When about to send to table add some very small quenelles or egg balls and a little lemon-juice.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Thick. Prepare this as in the foregoing receipt up to the point when the head has been placed in press, and the stock has been strained into a fresh stewpan. To the stock add about a pound and a half of roux, and stir it over the fire until it boils; then set it on the side of the stove to simmer gently, and to throw up all grease, etc., which must be skimmed off. Strain the stock next through the pointed strainer, into a soup-pot, add the calf's head in pieces, and proceed as before.

UDDER is not over-abundant in the market; for heifers are too valuable to be killed, and cow-beef is not greatly prized at the butcher's. When the udder of veal can be obtained it is mostly used for kromeskis. It is to be plain-boiled with salt, allowed to cool, and then cut into slices to wrap round the croquette, which thus becomes a kromeski. It is also used instead of butter for the more delicate forcemeats—as quenelles. In days of old, however, it appears that cow-udder had a recognised position in French cookery. It was well washed; it was soaked in water for hours, to clear it of blood; it was then blanched; then trimmed; then boiled with a good seasoning of vegetables; then allowed to get cool; lastly, cut up and prepared for table in any of the ways applicable to tripe.

VANILLA, when discovered by the Spaniards, had an unpronounceable name—tlilxochitl. The Spaniards, in despair, called in vainilla or baynilla—a little pod (*vaina* or *bayna*). It is an orchid—and being the only orchid of direct use to the human race, it takes rank as the most important of all. It is a parasitical plant, twining upon trees to their topmost branches, like ivy. The best is to be found in Mexico; but it also grows in Honduras, Guina, Brazil, Peru. It is also cultivated in Ceylon. The fruit has a powerful odour, which is said to intoxicate the labourers who climb the trees to gather it. This odour, which belongs to the cinnameine series, and which it shares with a variety of vegetables, is said to be derived from the benzoic acid, which is so abundant in the fruit as when

dried to effloresce upon it in fine needles; but Pereira declares that the precise nature of the odorous principle has not been satisfactorily made out. Be that as it may, it is doubtful whether vanilla would have for its mere odour, which can easily be imitated, the extraordinary acceptance which it now enjoys. It is supposed to have extraordinary virtues, to promote digestion, to exhilarate the mind, to increase muscular energy, and, in a large dose, to be one of the most powerful aphrodisiacs. Very little, however, of the best kind comes to Europe. When ripe the fruit yields from two to six drops of a liquid with an exquisite odour, which is said to possess the above-named virtues in perfection; but not a drop of it comes to this side of the Atlantic. Four sorts of vanilla come to the English market, in packets of from fifty to one hundred pods. The best comes from Mexico; but the consignment is not more than five or six hundredweight, and it is so precious that a pound weight of it is worth £5 or £6. It may be imagined that so rare a commodity is not used for flavouring penny ices. The other three sorts come from Honduras, La Guayra, and Brazil. They are at once more feeble and less delicate; and the balsam of Peru is also used to simulate the true odour of vanilla.

VATEL was a great cook; but he did more for his art by his death than ever he did in his life. He was the house-steward (maître d'hôtel) of the Prince of Condé; and all that we know of his touch in cookery is based on guess. But Vatel's death is the greatest event in the whole history of cookery since Prometheus stole fire from heaven. When the mythic hero stole that fire from the gods, he made cookery possible; when Vatel stabbed himself in the royal castle of Chantilly, he at once and for ever vindicated for cookery its position among the noble arts. The Prince of Condé was entertaining Louis XIV. and his court at Chantilly; and Vatel had to superintend all the prepa-

rations, from the roast meats to the fireworks. Through some mischance, on the evening of the King's arrival the roast was wanting at two of the tables; and when night came, the fireworks, which had cost 16,000 francs, failed —as they often will. Vatel was troubled in spirit, and refused to be comforted. Next morning he rose at four, determined to attend to everything himself. He found everybody asleep. Soon afterwards he met one of the purveyors with two packages of sea-fish. "Is that all?" said Vatel. "Yes, sir," was the reply. The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. The other purveyors did not arrive by eight o'clock. Vatel's brain began to burn: he believed there would be no more fish, and that the failure of the roast and the fireworks would be followed by that of the turbot. "I shall never survive this disgrace," he said. He went up to his room, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart. Soon the fish arrived from all quarters; they sought Vatel for orders; they went to his room; they knocked; they forced open the door; they found him bathed in blood. Few events have created a profounder sensation than this tragedy, which has ever since in the gastronomical world invested the date, 24th April, 1671, with a melancholy interest. The Prince of Condé wept, and Madame de Sévigné, who tells the story, describes "le grand Vatel" as a man of genius, with head enough to direct a state. When a man of such distinction could kill himself for a turbot which he could not provide to his satisfaction for a king's table, the world began to see that the art of the kitchen might engage minds of rare capacity; and that if there are cooks beneath contempt, there are others not unworthy to rank with great artists, and to sit among the Muses.

A few years afterwards died the great French Marshal Turenne. Let the reader calmly lay his hand upon his heart and say—Did Turenne do more for France or for

the happiness of mankind with his bâton than Vatel of the turbot with his glorious ladle? Turenne's name is in all the histories of France and in all the biographical dictionaries. It is only a few years since that the great name of Vatel was for the first time admitted into any biographical dictionary.

VEAL.—When Dr. Lister, who was one of Queen Anne's physicians, went to Paris in the beginning of last century, he declared that the French might have beef and mutton equal to ours—but we have far the best veal in Europe. The judgment now must be reversed. There is no beef or mutton that will take the prize from that produced in England; but the English veal is not great, and has no pretension to be compared with that of France. This is the fault, not of the calf but of the butcher, who bleeds the animal a little at a time for days before it is slaughtered, and tortures it by hanging its head downwards to drain the blood more perfectly. The result is that the veal comes to table very white, like the wing of a chicken—but it is also too often tasteless and stringy. The truth is that the treatment of veal is not well understood in England, and it is only in England that people have turned it into a byword. Macaulay hated Croker with a mortal hatred. His detestation expressed itself in the phrase—"I hate him worse than cold boiled veal." There is another well-known saying, but it is not his--that to eat veal is as insipid as kissing one's sister.

Veal Broth.—See Soup and Blonde de Veau.

Veal Gravy.—See Gravy.

Boiled Veal.—A nation that refuses to eat boiled beef (that is, fresh boiled beef), which after bread is the staple food of France and Germany, can yet bring itself to set down among its dainty dishes boiled veal. Well might Macaulay exclaim against it! Veal is not fit to eat unless

a roasting heat in some form or other is brought to bear upon it; and no receipt shall here be given for boiled veal. The same interdict applies to stewed veal, except in those cases when, as in brazing, the process of stewing can be combined with that of roasting. In the list of stews which follow, the veal is part baked, fried, or in some way roasted.

Brazed Veal.—By rights this should be done in a brazing-pan, with live coals on the lid, so that the meat may be baked on the upper side while being stewed underneath. The same effect may be produced more simply by taking three or four pounds of veal—be it loin, fillet, or breast—freeing it from bone, tying it up, and frying it in a stewpan with an ounce of butter until it has a golden tint all over. After that, stew it for an hour and a half in a quart of broth, with a carrot, an onion, a faggot of sweet-herbs, pepper and salt. Then serve it, straining the gravy, skimming off the fat, and adding some lemon-juice. Garnish it with sorrel, endive, or spinach.

Veal in its own gravy (Veau à la Bourgeoise, ou dans son jus).—This is another form of brazed veal, and must be done very slowly. Take the cushion of veal and pass it in butter till it colours well. Then put with it a tumblerful of water, two or three onions, two or three carrots, a faggot of sweet-herbs, pepper and salt. Put a tight lid on, and live embers on the lid. Let it simmer as slowly as possible for three hours on the corner of the stove. Skim away the fat, and serve it with lemons.

Spring Stew of Veal.—Miss Acton's receipt. "Cut two pounds of veal free from fat into small collops half an inch thick; flour them well, and fry them in butter, with two small cucumbers sliced, peppered, and floured, one moderate-sized lettuce, and twenty-four green gooseberries divided lengthwise and seeded. When the whole is nicely browned, lift it into a thick saucepan, and pour gradually

into the frying-pan from which it has been taken half a pint or rather more of boiling water, broth, or gravy. Add pepper and salt. Give it a minute's simmering, and then pour it over the meat in the saucepan. Let the veal stew gently for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. A bunch of green onions cut small may be added to the other vegetables."

Veal in a Mirepoix.—Take a cushion of veal, and lard it or not at pleasure. Put it in a glazing stewpan with half a pint of Mirepoix of white wine, which is to be well reduced. Moisten it again with a pint of the like Mirepoix and three gills of veal stock. Cook it for two hours, basting the meat frequently, and glaze it a quarter of an hour before it is done. Prepare a garnish of endive; put it on a dish with the veal upon it. Skim the fat off the gravy, pass it through a sieve into a sauce-boat, and serve it with the meat.

Veal à la Marengo.—See Chicken.

Fricandeau of Veal.—See Fricandeau.

Roast Veal.—The most usual pieces for this purpose are the fillet, the loin, the neck, and the breast; and it is always best to stuff them (using Forcemeat No. 5), though sometimes the loin is made an exception to this rule. As veal takes long to roast—a fillet requiring from three-and-a-half to four-and-a-half hours, it is often, either in whole or in part, enveloped in buttered paper, lest the fat should all melt away and the outer surface be too much done. In this case the paper must be removed a little while before the roasting is complete, and the joint must be dredged with flour, basted with fresh butter, and frothed, before it is dished up. Serve round it for a sauce some English butter sauce which has been coloured with browning and acidulated with lemon-juice. Serve at the same time in a dish apart some boiled bacon or Bath chap, with greens. For a variety, instead of the melted butter or English

sauce, garnish the roast with the Financier's or the Toulouse Ragout. (See Relishes Nos. 1 and 2).

Roast Veal à la Crème.—When, as described in the fore-going receipt, the buttered paper is to be removed from the joint about twenty minutes before it is completely roasted, it is no more to be basted with butter, but either with a pint of rich cream, or of Béchamel, which is half cream. This will form upon the roast a delicate golden crust, which must be carefully handled in transferring the veal from the spit to its dish. For a sauce, take some Béchamel, mix with it the brown which has fallen from the roast in basting it with cream, and some stewed button mushrooms, together with their juice.

Veal Cutlets.—In England the most common way of cooking them is called the French way. In France it is called the English way. It is also called à la Zingara. The cutlets are taken from the back ribs or loin; or sometimes they are simply small collops from the fillet. But there is not a word to be said against the small cutlets from the neck. Let them be nicely trimmed and freed from fat, egged, breadcrumbed and fried. It is the egging and breadcrumbing that is supposed to be peculiarly English. Let there be slices of bacon or else of tongue to correspond in number with the cutlets—the bacon to be grilled or fried, the tongue to be heated in stock. For a sauce, take the butter in which the cutlets have fried, dredge it with flour, and add to it a little broth and juice of mushrooms, together with lemon-juice and salt. In the French way of doing these cutlets—à la Zingara—they are fried without being egged and breadcrumbed.

Veal Cutlets broiled.—This is the true French way—the most simple of all. Take a cutlet from the neck; trim it well of bone, gristle, and skin, and flatten it with a cutlet bat. Sprinkle it with pepper and salt, brush it with oil or melted butter, and send it to the grill. If this cutlet

should have to be breadcrumbed, it is rolled in crumbs after being smeared with oil or melted butter; and in France no eggs are used for this purpose. With the cutlet—thus broiled—may be served a piece of maître d'hôtel butter, some tomato sauce, or a sharp sauce.

Veal Cutlets of Dreux.—It is not very much to the credit of veal that it has to be in most cases combined carefully with savoury adjuncts—forcemeat, bacon, tongue. The cutlets of Dreux are larded with bacon, tongue and truffles; fried for two or three minutes in butter; then stewed in a Mirepoix of white wine further diluted with an equal quantity of veal broth. Serve the cutlets on a purée of sorrel or of turnips, or on French beans; then skim the gravy, and strain it over all.

Veal Cutlets à la Milanaise are generally breadcrumbed —either in the French way without, or in the English way with, eggs. They are then fried or tossed in butter. In being served they are garnished with slices of truffle and of tongue (the latter punched into rounds), and—most important of all—with macaroni which has been tossed for a moment with grated cheese; and a little tomato sauce plays round the dish.

Veal Pie.—Take the back ribs or neck, get rid of all bone—which should never enter into a pie—and trim the meat into small collops. At the same time cut some streaky bacon into thin slices. Fry the veal and the bacon with a faggot of Duxelles in about an ounce of butter. Then lay them in order in a pie-dish intermixed with forcemeat balls and hard-boiled yolks of egg—it may be also with a scalded sweetbread cut into pieces. Let all be seasoned with pepper and salt, and moistened with half a pint of gravy, to which the juice of half a lemon may be added. Cover it with paste; bake it for an hour or an hour and a quarter; and when the pie is done, lift the top ornament and pour in some good gravy.

There is much more, of course, to be said of veal under other names—as Calf's Head, Calf's Foot, Liver, Heart, Sweetbread.

VEGETABLES.—There are no finer vegetables to be found anywhere than in England; and the English do not know how to eat them. The weak point of an English dinner is always the vegetables. Some persons might fix upon the made dishes as most wanting—but this would be wrong, seeing that we could have a very good dinner without a single made dish. As far as animal food can go, there are some dinners quite perfect, with a good soup, a little plain-boiled fish, and roast meat or game—but the dinner fails because the vegetables are at fault. There are some good remarks on this matter in the *Original* (see No. xix.). "I have observed," says Walker, "that whenever the vegetables are distinguished for their excellence, the dinner is always particularly enjoyed; and if they were served with each dish, as they are most appropriate and fresh from the dressing, it would be a great improvement on the present style. With some meats something of the kind is practised—as peas with duck, and beans with bacon—and such combinations are generally favourites; but the system might be much extended, and with great advantage. With respect to variety of vegetables, I think the same rule applies as to other dishes. I would not have many sorts on the same occasion, but would study appropriateness and particular excellence. This is a matter for study and combination, and a field for genius. It is a reasonable object for attention, as it is conducive to real enjoyment, and has nothing to do with mere display." This is very true; and to the eye of the initiated nothing can be more ridiculous than to see an English dinner-plate heaped up with a confusion of vegetables, none of them too well dressed except the potato—which is always present, and generally good. Do those English worthies who cannot now eat a morsel

of food unless accompanied with a potato ever try to imagine what dinners were two centuries ago, when potatoes were as rare as truffles?

The great sin, however, of the English treatment of vegetables goes much deeper than Walker indicates; and it is a moral fault, as well as one of taste—a great social wrong, as well as a gastronomical blunder. Take the general run of English tables, putting out of account the very poor and the highly refined: from year's end to year's end one will probably never on a single day see there a vegetable dish to be eaten by itself alone. This is a political error; for there is many a poor man obliged most days to dine on vegetables with nothing else; and our sleek middle-classes protest every day of their lives against this fare for themselves—they will never condescend to eat a vegetable by itself. A fine example for their servants, who are taken from the poorer classes; and a fine thought for the peasantry to know that not only will their masters refuse a vegetable dinner—but also they will never look at a vegetable as a thing to be eaten by itself! Scorn of the peasants' food is all the more remarkable inasmuch as a vegetable dish may be the greatest delicacy of the table. This is one of the advantages which the Catholic religion has contrived for the French: it has compelled them to make the best of Lenten fare. In England this is flat popery; but it is a species of popery to which the poor man is obliged to submit, and to which we ought all to be converted. At a French table the vegetable dish at the end of dinner is as much coveted and counted on as the pudding and the tarts are by children at an English table. Almost the only vegetable which Englishmen eat by itself is the artichoke, and this entirely because it cannot be put on their plates with meat and eaten with a fork—they have to strip it with their fingers. There is something in asparagus, too, which conduces to the same arrangement; but if, by possibility, an Englishman can get the

asparagus on the same plate with his meat, depend upon it he will. He is not going to eat vegetables alone—not he!

Take this for a certainty: the greatest single step in advance for the English family dinner is to decree that regularly every day, either in addition to the pudding or in lieu of it, there shall be a dish of vegetables nicely prepared. It is not a difficult thing to do; and there is an immense choice from the range of salads to asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, cauliflowers, sprouts, peas, kidney beans, vegetable marrows, and thence again to rice and Indian corn. Let the cook stick to her broils and her roasts—she probably cannot in the way of meat do better; but let her superadd to her small modicum of accomplishments the very simple craft of cooking vegetables in such a manner that with their own fine flavour they can be eaten by themselves. This is a very little thing to ask for—but the results will be found to be immense.

VEGETABLE MARROW is little more than fifty years old in England—not appearing in the market before 1819. It came from Persia where the gourds are in perfection; but no one seems to know who brought us the seeds. Whoever brought them made a noble gift to his country. Of all the gourds in Europe the latest known, it is in England the most cultivated. It is, indeed, more prized in England than in any other European country, and can be obtained so cheaply that it is in great favour with the poor as well as with the rich. It is a watery vegetable without much nutriment, but it has a fine mellow flavour; and at the end of dinner, when we want something light to play with, its juicy slices make a delicious entremet. The simplest way of preparing it is the best. Boil it, divide it lengthwise, remove the tips, and serve it with the English butter sauce.

Soup for the Shah.—It is to be hoped that the land of vegetable marrows sometimes makes a dish of them for the

Shah en Shah—king of kings. Take some clear broth; mix with it a mash of the vegetable marrow; strew upon it fried crusts, with a few peas or asparagus points, to represent the emeralds and topazes which the Persians love: and there is a soup fit for the Shah himself.

VELVET-DOWN. (Gouffé's receipt, slightly altered.)—Take six pounds of veal and two hens with the fillets cut off. Put them into a stewpan with a quart of stock for every pound of veal and fowl combined. Boil it; skim it; add to it two sliced onions, two carrots, a faggot of sweet-herbs, a little salt, mignonette pepper and sugar; and simmer all till the meat is cooked, when the stock should be strained through a napkin and freed from fat. Mix, without browning, three-quarters of a pound of clarified butter with the same quantity of flour; add the stock to it; stir it on the fire till it boils; then simmer it on the stove corner for two hours to reduce it to a cullis; get rid of all grease, and pass it through a tammy.

Mock Velvet-down.—Practically, this is a variation of what is called white-wine sauce, used with fish. One way of making it has been already described in treating of the Sole au vin blanc and the white Matelote, in both of which the thickening is produced by yolk of egg. In this case the thickening is made with white roux, and the result more nearly approaches in character to velvet-down; while at the same time the white wine in it gives it a special distinction. Mix together on the fire, without browning, four ounces of butter and four of flour. Moisten it with half a pint of plain white broth or of fish broth, and with another half-pint of French white wine. Add to it a chopped shalot, an onion, a faggot of sweet-herbs, some salt, and a little nutmeg. Boil it rapidly for fifteen minutes, so as to reduce it well, but taking care not to brown it in the least. Pass it through a tammy, and it is ready.

VENETIAN SAUCE.—This is an utterly useless name; but it sometimes occurs and must be explained. It is difficult to say wherein it differs from the Poulette sauce, and we have seen that the Poulette sauce differs little from Allemande or German sauce. The Venetian may be described as an Allemande made verdant with chopped parsley—to remind one of the green slime of the lagoons.

VENISON is one of the commonest of meats in Paris; but then it is roebuck venison, which is of small account in England. Nobody who can command Southdown or Scotch mutton in this country will ever condescend to roebuck, a leg of which has to be larded before it has any value. It is a common remark in England, indeed, that good mutton, if it can be had four or five years old, is equal and more than equal to the only venison which is prized here—that of the fallow deer, cultivated in parks. Even of this fallow deer, the doe has no repute, and it is only the buck, while it is in season, from June of Michaelmas, that attracts the regard of a connoisseur. The red deer of the Scottish Highlands is, in honour of its prowess, eaten with rejoicing by those who stalk it; but it is coarse of texture, rank of flavour, and not to be compared with the fallow deer. Let the sportsman sing—

> My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
> My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
> A-chasing the deer and following the roe—
> My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go:

but for the pleasure of the table give us neither a haunch of the red deer from Scotland, nor a Parisian mess of chevreuil—but English park venison; and for any useful purpose that is all we need consider now.

Haunch of Venison.—It is one of the immutable laws of gastronomy that if a haunch (also a shoulder or a neck) of venison is not fat, it is not worth the trouble of roasting;

and if fat, all the art of the roaster is to be directed to nursing the fat. The venison is to be well kept—a fortnight at least, and when about to be cooked should be lightly sponged with warm water, and then dried with a cloth. Then lay over the fat a sheet of buttered writing-paper—which tie on and butter on the outside once more. Over this lay a paste of flour and water which has been rolled out about half an inch thick. Cover this again with two sheets of buttered paper, and tie all securely with twine. Lay the venison in a cradle-spit, before a strong, clear fire, and basting it constantly, let it roast for four hours. Twenty minutes before it is ready it must be unswathed. Baste the meat in every part with butter; sprinkle some salt on it; dredge in a little flour; and place it nearer the fire to brown and froth. Send it up to table as hot as possible, with brown gravy in a tureen, with currant jelly, and with a dish of French beans for vegetable garnish.

Venison Chops.—To be done like mutton chops, but neither beaten nor trimmed of fat. Let them be peppered and salted, and turned every two minutes. They take twenty minutes to cook, and are served with a pat of butter under them. Currant jelly apart.

Venison Sauce.—*Sweet*: Black or red currant jelly melted in port wine. *Sharp*: Good brown gravy (if made of the venison itself so much the better), three gills; red wine, one gill ; raspberry vinegar, half a gill.

Verjuice.—The sour juice of the crab-apple or of sour grapes; much more used in France than in England, where an acid—as lemon-juice, sorrel, or vinegar—is wanted in cookery. For some purposes, indeed, it is better than lemon-juice—as, for example, in taking off the flatness of apples or pears, and adding to the sharpness of pies. Prepare it as follows:—Choose ripe crab-apples and lay them in a heap to sweat. Pick away the stalks and any

signs of rottenness. Then mash the fruit and express the juice. Strain it, leave it to ferment, and in a month it will be ready for bottling.

VERMICELLI.—There are but three well-known instances in Western Europe of disrespectful names being given to the dainties of the table. The English call one of their preparations of beef "toad in the hole." The French try to give the appearance of a toad to their pigeons. And the Italians issue some of their best paste in the form and with the name of little worms. The poet Cowper tells, in one of his letters, how his servant gave some vermicelli soup to a poor beggar, who refused it with disgust, saying, "I am very poor and hungry; but I am not able to eat maggots." Spite of its name, and because of its form, this vermicelli is one of the most pleasant preparations of Italian paste. The fineness of form proves the fineness of paste, and makes it melt in the mouth. Vermicelli soup has accordingly, for many generations, been one of the most popular, as well as refined, soups in Europe; and has done honour to that Italian genius which has produced so many masterpieces in sculpture, painting, and music. Its preparation is of the simplest. From a quarter to half a pound of vermicelli is broken gradually into hot water, and boiled in it for a few minutes. It is then added to and boiled for a few minutes more in a clear gravy, broth, or double broth. The same principle applies to macaroni and the other Italian pastes. If they are not boiled in water first before being added to the soup, they destroy its clearness. The French cooks sometimes add asparagus points, or green peas, or sorrel leaves, or celery cut in the Julienne fashion. But these additions are of doubtful value. If the vermicelli is good, it ought to be enough of itself. The most fashionable addition to it is one upon which Talleyrand insisted as essential to all the macaroni soups. Serve it with grated Parmesan cheese in a dish

apart, and after it quaff a glass of Madeira or Solera sherry.

Vermicelli Pudding, which holds a place in English cookery, is a mistake. The perfection of vermicelli is to be limp and moist, slipping on the tongue like a liquid. In a pudding it becomes too firm and dry, and its liquid melody is lost.

VERMOUTH is a wormwood wine, and so far differs from Absinthe—which is an infusion of wormwood and allied plants in spirits. In Vermouth the wormwood is commonly supposed to be infused in a white Hungarian wine—St. George. Some of the Italian white wines—as White Capri, or White Lachryma Christi—would do as well. See Wormwood.

VINAIGRETTE.—See Cruet.

VINEGAR.—Said the prophet Mahomet, "If there is no vinegar in a house it is a sin: there is no blessing neither." To the cook vinegar is far more than wine, though wine also is much. Nearly all fresh fish will take a dash of vinegar with advantage, either in the sauce which accompanies it, or in the liquor in which it is boiled. Most vegetables are improved with acid, not only when they are eaten raw, as in salads, but when—like asparagus, cauliflowers, artichokes—they are prepared with a butter sauce for entremets. It is to be remembered, however, that there is a great difference in vinegars, so that it is difficult to be precise in naming quantities. White-wine vinegar is often very sharp; red-wine less so; malt vinegar is often mild enough; and there is sometimes in like manner a difference between lemons, according to the tree or according to the ripeness, which is nearly as well marked as the difference between oranges.

"Malt vinegar," says Pereira, "consists of water, acetic acid, acetic ether, colouring matter, a peculiar

organic matter commonly denominated mucilage, a small portion of alcohol, and sulphuric acid. Vinegar makers are allowed to add one-thousandth part by weight of sulphuric acid." But good vinegar does not require this addition. Perhaps the Prophet did not know that there was alcohol in vinegar when he gave it his blessing. Perhaps Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends of the Band of Hope will give up vinegar, and consume nothing but lemons, crabs, rhubarb, sorrel, and docks, when they know of the poison which flourishes in their cruets.

Wine vinegar has much the same chemical constitution as malt. The white-wine sort is to be had everywhere; but as it is difficult to procure the mild red-wine vinegar in London, it may be well to state that it will be found good at Perelli-Rocco's, Greek Street, Soho.

The flavoured vinegars ought to be well known. Tarragon vinegar plays a grand part in the kitchen, and at table it becomes important for a salad in the season when the tarragon leaf is not to be had. It is best to buy chili vinegar with the chilies in it—that is, to buy a bottle of West India chilies, to use the vinegar in which they are immersed, and to renew at need. Still better, any one who has a garden can make these and other flavoured vinegars for himself. Put a few fresh tarragon leaves, or a few dozen fresh-gathered chilies, into a bottle of white-wine vinegar. In ten days the vinegar will be sufficiently charged with the flavour. And so for shalot, and for composite flavours. Vinegar is easily made for private use; and many English families in the shires delight in home-made

Primrose Vinegar—for which take the following receipt. Boil six pounds of moist sugar in sixteen quarts of water for ten minutes, and carefully take off the scum. Then shake into it a peck of primroses, and before it is quite cold a little yeast. Let it ferment in a

warm place all night; then put it in a barrel, and keep it in a warm part of the kitchen till it has done working. There should be an air-hole in the top of the barrel. It will take several weeks before the fermentation is at an end and the vinegar is quite fit for bottling.

VOL-AU-VENT is often made with great elaboration, and in that case had better be ordered from a professed pastry-cook. For a very simple vol-au-vent the following receipt may suffice. The explanation will be clearest if we take the small vol-au-vents, commonly called Petites Bouchées (Little mouthfuls). Roll out some of the finest puff paste (No. 3) to about a quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut out of it two circles, each the size of a crown piece. The one is to be put on the top of the other; but before doing so two things are required: first, to cut a half-crown piece out of the topmost one, which will then be a half-crown with a ring round it; next, to wet the lower piece all round its edge, so that the ring of the upper piece may adhere to it. When the two sheets thus joined are baked, they will together rise to the height of two inches. The half-crown piece will be loose in the middle; it can be lifted out, leaving a hollow; and it will form a lid for the small vol-au-vent. Fill the hollow with any of the ragouts—the Financial one and the Toulouse are most in favour. A large vol-au-vent is done in the same way—only that according to its size the paste is rolled out thicker—say half an inch. The ornamentation of the paste in the way of printing or cutting must be left to fancy.

WALNUT.—When an Englishman thinks of a nut, it is the filbert or the cobnut which comes most readily into his fancy: the walnut is to him what its name signifies—a foreign nut. To the southern races of Europe it is the

nut of nuts. All the classical allusions which connect nuts and marriage have reference to the walnut. The nut was also supposed to be precious for its uses. Its oil was good for bald heads, for the painter's palette, for lamps, and for worms. I conclude that our ancestors must have been much troubled with worms—for the number of plants which they cultivated with a view to repelling the inroads of worms was extraordinary. The walnut not only cured worms; it cured hydrophobia; and was such an antidote to poison that it was the chief ingredient of the remedy on which Mithridates relied. Then the timber of the tree was extremely valuable. This we can see still in household furniture; but the wood was especially set apart for gunstocks. The tree also has some peculiar influence for good or for bad on the vegetation around it. A walnut tree will kill the strawberry beds in its neighbourhood. On the other hand, it is said to be of some great benefit to field crops. Long ago, around Frankfort, a young farmer was never allowed to marry till he could prove that he had planted a certain number of walnut trees. It may be added that between the 45th and 48th degree of latitude in France walnuts are more abundant than anywhere else in Europe. It is fit that in the chief wine country of the world the walnuts should increase and multiply. The French are, however, backward in one respect: they do not so much as the English appreciate the cooked, that is the pickled, walnut—the most simple of condiments and one of the most distinguished.

WATERZOOTJE—a term of Dutch origin for the most simple way of dressing fish. It is used either for the smaller fish, as slips and Thames flounders; or for the larger fish, as salmon cut into small pieces. The fish must have a delicate flavour of their own to come well out of this process, which consists of boiling them in

some small stock or *court bouillon*, and of serving them up in this liquor, to which a few sprigs and sometimes roots of parsley may be added. Boiled fish are usually eaten with a sauce of some character. In this case the fish are eaten with a dessert-spoon and a fork in their own liquor. The favourite fish eaten at Greenwich in this way are Thames flounders. Francatelli will have it that the best of all fish for waterzootje is the char.

The zootje is always eaten with thin slices of brown bread and butter.

Welsh Rabbit.—Let the Welsh tell their own tale in the words of Lady Llanover:—"Welsh toasted cheese and the melted cheese of England are as different in the mode of preparation as is the cheese itself; the one being only adapted to strong digestions, and the other being so easily digested that the Hermit frequently gave it to his invalid patients when they were recovering from illness. Cut a slice of the real Welsh cheese, made of sheep and cow's milk; toast it at the fire on both sides, but not so much as to drop; toast a piece of bread less than a quarter of an inch thick, to be quite crisp, and spread it very thinly with fresh cold butter on one side (it must not be saturated with butter); then lay the toasted cheese upon the bread, and serve immediately on a very hot plate. The butter on the toast can of course be omitted if not liked, and it is more frequently eaten without butter."

It is quite intelligible that one cheese should be more wholesome than another; but that there is any marked difference in digestibility between cheese toasted and cheese melted or stewed, it is difficult to believe.

In case the wandering Englishman should suddenly feel in his travels a sort of home-sickness, and desire to partake of Welsh rabbit, let it be known that in Viard's cookery book, which has a great reputation, the receipt

is quite correctly given; and that on this authority the said Englishman may safely call either for Wouelche Rabette, or for Lapin Gallois.

Westphalia Hams are exceedingly good—perhaps better than ever they were; but yet, and but yet—they are not what they were. They made a name for themselves in Europe, being hams of the wild boar. They were among hams what game is among other flesh. They are so no longer. They have lost their distinctive quality. It does not follow that they are less to be desired: they are indeed still so good that the Germans eat them raw, and think it a desecration to cook them. This of course implies that they are well smoked, and that they are cooked enough by fumigation.

Wheatears, or Fallowchat, is a pleasant little bird which is found to be very satisfactory at the end of the Lordon season, while we are still waiting for the grouse and the partridges. It winters on the shores of the Mediterranean, but comes over to England to breed in mid-March. Alighting on our southern coasts, it spreads itself over the British Islands, even to Orkney and Shetland. When the breeding season is over, then is the time to catch it with advantage. This is not only because we are disposed to give all birds their freedom while they have families dependent on them; but also, and chiefly, it is on their return south that the wheatears can be caught in sufficient numbers to make it worth while to pursue them. Towards the end of July old birds and young ones, fat and plump, begin to collect on the Sussex downs, meaning to cross the Channel in search of their winter homes. On St. James's day, the 25th of July, the shepherds of the South Downs begin to set nooses and lay traps for them. All the traps and nooses are ready by the 1st of August. One shepherd

has been known to catch a thousand birds in a day. He can easily catch five hundred. And this system of ensnaring goes on till the third week in September, when the birds have nearly all left. Each bird is supposed to be worth a penny to the shepherd. At least, Southey tells the story of one of the amiable minor poets, Hurdis, who used to let the birds out of the traps which he found in his walks, but always left a penny in place of each, to soothe the disappointment of the shepherds. A penny is not much to give for a bird which has been honoured with the name of the English ortolan. It is needless to say that in Leadenhall Market, and in the hotels of the Sussex watering places, the little birds, generally sold by the dozen, are charged a good deal more than a penny apiece. They are mightily prized in the end of summer, when winged fowl, with the exception of the heroes and heroines of the barn-door, are scarce at our tables; and they are to be treated as larks.

As to the name of the bird,—which is not wheatear, but wheatears,—it must be enough to say that it has nothing to do with wheat, nor with any kind of ear, whether of corn or of bird. In a very old cookery book —that of La Varenne—the name of the bird is given as Thiastias. What does it mean?

Whey.—"The whey of milk is the opalescent liquor from which the curd has been removed in making cheese. Although not highly nutritious, it still holds a little caseine in solution, as well as the sugar and saline matter of the milk. It is rarely used as food even by the poor, but it is given to pigs. In Switzerland, however, it is considered to have medicinal virtues, especially for the cure of chronic disorders of the abdominal organs; and the treatment which is sometimes fashionable goes by the name of *cure de petit lait*. There is a popular notion that the whey of milk is sudorific; and hence we have

our wine whey, cream-of-tartar whey, alum whey, tamarind whey, etc., when the milk has been curdled by these several substances."—*Dr. Henry Letheby.*

WHITE.—The use of this word is so frequent in cookery that though it has been many times explained, it may be well to define it here again. It is no doubt often used to denote a positive whiteness produced by any pleasant pigment of almonds, milk, rice, or flour; but it means chiefly a negation—the absence of browning produced by cooking at a high temperature. This high temperature roasts; and roasting produces at once colour and flavour. A white soup, a white sauce, a white stew, is one produced at a temperature which never exceeds the boiling point, and therefore never burns or browns.

WHITEBAIT.—Our ignorance of whitebait is odd. The controversies that have arisen as to whence the whitebait comes are as interminable, curious and furious, as those concerning whither the lost Ten Tribes have gone. Nobody seems to know. It is said that the Scotch, with their banking propensities, their love of the Sabbath, and their aversion to pigs and eels, are the lost Ten Tribes; and on much the same evidence it is proved that whitebait are the fry of the common herring. It was for a long time supposed that whitebait, which come up the Thames as far as Blackwall, are the young of that fresh-water herring—the shad, which also comes thus far up the river. They were then proved to be quite distinct from the fry of the shad. It was next insisted that they were a distinct species of herring. It was afterwards pointed out that whitebait have never been found with roe; and therefore they must be young. It is now declared that they are the infant progeny of the common herring, with all the manners of the parent fish save this —that they travel up the Thames to haunts which their

ancestors, if they were ever there, no longer seem to approve of.

To dress the whitebait:—1. First of all, strew some flour upon a cloth. I observe that some of the receipts speak of egg. Have nothing to do therewith. Flour is enough.

2. Take the whitebait out of the water with your hands, and drain them through your fingers. Some of the receipts warn you not to handle them. This is nonsense. The object of the warning is to prevent the hands from warming the fish; but they need not be held long enough in the hand to do so.

3. When they are drained throw them on the flour in the cloth.

4. Let them roll in the flour, by shaking the corners of the cloth successively. They will not stick together if they are fresh.

5. Pass them on to a large wooden sieve, to get rid of superflous flour.

6. Put them into a wire frying-basket.

7. Dip the basket into a frying-kettle of very hot beef-fat. This point is important. Many of the receipts say lard—which is a mistake. Nothing so good as ox-kidney fat.

8. There let them rest for three minutes upon the fire motionless. At the end of that time give them a light shake, though without taking them out of the fat. In half a minute more perhaps another shake.

9. Four minutes—at most five—of the hot fat ought to be enough for them, for they must not be allowed to brown.

10. Take them out of the frying-kettle, and while they are still in the basket sprinkle salt over them. Give them a shake and then another sprinkle.

11. They are now ready for table, they ought to be slightly crisp, and they are to be served with brown bread and butter and quarters of lemon.

To devil whitebait.—The proper process is at No. 10, to sprinkle it either with red or black pepper—whichever is preferred—along with the salt. But it is one of the tricks of the trade to take whitebait which has been already cooked; to sprinkle it with pepper, then to dip it a second time in the frying-kettle, and lastly to put a fresh sprinkling of pepper upon it.

White Wine Sauce.—Strictly speaking there is really no such distinct sauce. The phrase, however, is a convenient one for the mode of working up the liquor in which a sole has been boiled into a pleasant condiment. The sole thus prepared is called Sole au vin blanc (Sole with white wine); and a description of it will be found in the article allotted to Sole.

Whiting.—When we think of a whiting we generally see in vision a little fish golden-brown from the frying-pan, with his tail in his mouth—the symbol of eternity. The symbol is justified in this: that he is everlasting at the dinner-table; and if he does not appear at dinner, it is probably because he did duty at breakfast. In truth, the whiting deserves this favour, being an exceedingly delicate little fish—the delight of invalids, who can enjoy him when they can digest little else. If the whiting is bad, be it poor or coarse, take for granted in most cases that it is no true whiting. There are myriads of codlings and pollacks sold for the true silver whiting. Codlings have a barbel; whitings have none. Pollacks have the under jaw projecting beyond the upper one; whitings project the upper jaw beyond the lower one. Putting out of account the month of January, when the whiting spawns, it may be assumed, eleven months of the year, that a bad whiting is a codling or a pollack.

However good a whiting may be, it is absurd to boil him: half the taste is boiled out of him. In any stew, too, he is overpowered by the taste of the sauce. If we

really mean to taste the whiting, he must be either fried or broiled. The French fry him with his skin on, his sides gashed and dusted with flour; but there is no better way than that common in England, where the little animal is skinned, takes his tail in his mouth to symbolize eternity, and then, after a dainty roll in egg, fine bread-crumb and flour, disports himself in the frying-pan. For broiling him there are two good ways of arranging his toilet. Leave him in his skin, split him down the back, and after dusting him well with flour, put him on the grill. The worst of this method is that he is apt to fall in pieces, and especially if any attempt is made to get rid of his backbone. Much the best way of grilling him is in the Scotch fashion of rizzared haddock. (See Haddock.) A rizzared whiting is so good, that those who have been initiated into its mystery have been known to be content with nothing else for breakfast all the rest of their lives thereafter.

Fillets of Whiting au gratin.—A delicate little dish, done in the same way as the sole, or rather the fillets of sole au gratin.

A Whiting Pudding is served at Greenwich dinners; but beware of it—touch it not: it is only a sponge intended to wipe from the palate the impressions produced by one dish of fish in order to prepare for another.

A Quenelle of Whiting is a different thing, and is often used with great effect in the embellishment of other fish. (See Quenelle.)

Widgeon.—It will not do to inquire too curiously into the food of all the animals we eat. It may be painful to reflect that the hogs of Montanches which yield the most superb hams are fed on vipers; that ducks dabble in the gutter; that woodcocks live on earthworms; that a whole family of snipes nourish themselves on Father long-legs;

and that red mullets are caught where they find their victuals, beneath the mackerel shoals. But there is no fear of our being shocked by the diet of the widgeon. It is a nice little bird, which feeds wholly on the short sweet grass beloved by the goose. It is for this reason in Lapland called the grass-duck. The nature of its food is perfectly well ascertained; because, unlike its congeners the mallard or wild duck, the poachard and the teal, which feed by night, it feeds by day, and seems to have no great fear of the human race. It comes to us from the north in the end of September, and remains till the beginning of April.

As a rule it is understood that winged game should be underdone; but with regard to wild-fowl the rule is expressed in very strong terms—that the fowl should see the fire and no more. It is obvious that this fashion will not suit everybody's taste. Much or little, the widgeon is to be roasted before a brisk, bright fire, and to be sent to table with a crisp surface, with crusts or toast, and convoyed by a boatful of orange gravy sauce. Sometimes only the fillets are served with the pinions attached. In this case they come to table piping hot in a bath of orange gravy.

Wild Duck used to be called Mallard, but receives its present name out of respect for our friends of the horse-pond, whose forefather it is supposed to be. As such, the wild duck is like nothing else that comes to our table, unless it be the rabbit of the warren and the wild boar. When we taste the tame duck of Rouen, or a rabbit of the hutch, we are tasting civilization: when we put the breast of the wild duck into our mouths, or a shoulder of the rabbit from the sand-burrow, we are embracing savage life and enjoying nature. Let the philosopher say which is best. In the case of the rabbit there can be no doubt: the wild coney is beyond the tame one. But

the superiority of the wild duck over the civilised one is by no means established. A duckling with green peas is indeed one of the triumphs of civilisation; and none of your "flappers" (the name given to wild ducklings) can approach it. Still there is an imposing minority who vote for wild duck—especially if it is of their own shooting. The worst of the wild duck, however, and its congeners, is that they are apt to have a fishy flavour; though where this flavour comes from it is difficult to say. The widgeon, for example, is known to feed wholly or almost wholly on grass; and yet it has often a strong fishy taste. It is to get rid of this grossness that wild fowl are sometimes stuffed with sage and onions and other high and mighty principles. On the whole, however, it has been discovered that stuffing is a useless excess. The only stuffing that may be allowed is plain crumb of bread well soaked in port or other red wine. Let the roasting of the duck be as rapid as his flight—before a brisk fire on a jack that revolves with quick music. Let him come up to table with a crisp, brown surface, suggesting hot haste; but inwardly—for the epicure—he must be underdone. His sauce is orange gravy.

I have spoken of *him*—the drake, who indeed fetches a higher price than the duck. But as a rule the duck is better.

Woodcock.—The muse has sung the praises of the woodcock in the following exalted strain:—

> If partridge had the woodcock's thighs,
> 'Twould be the noblest bird that flies;
> If woodcock had the partridge breast,
> 'Twould be the best bird ever drest.

Tastes differ; and a good many persons have been heard to say that a woodcock and a partridge rolled into one are not equal to a grouse of prime condition. In one

respect, however, the woodcock and his little cousin, the snipe—he himself being a sort of snipe, a scolopax—is more honoured than any other species of game. He is never drawn, and every morsel of him is eaten, to the last entrail. The first dainty bit to begin with is the head, which is a glory in itself, and well-nigh worthy of a nimbus. Then for the rest of the bird,—the wing is something too good, and this is excellence in the positive degree; comparative, the thigh is finer; superlative, nothing can surpass the trail. What a tribute is this to the woodcock's diet of worms! He will eat in a day double his own weight of worms,—and when we enjoy a woodcock even to his trail, we ought always to give some of our love and gratitude to those worms to which we must all come at last—to eat or to be eaten. The woodcock comes all the way from Norway to eat them in the end of autumn; and he goes on eating them here till he departs in March—though a few of his kind stay on and breed among us.

It has been above stated that the woodcock is never drawn. This is quite true in theory; but in practice one of two things occurs. The usual way of roasting the bird is to wrap him in a slice of bacon, which is to be tied round him with a thread; to place under him some toast, and to hang him tail downwards before the fire. As he revolves, and is basted, and enjoys the heat, the trail will drop out upon the toast beneath, and is to be spread equally over it when served. It is sometimes, however, found convenient to roast the bird in a different way—resting in a Dutch-oven, or even in a casserole. In this case he is to be half-done, and then the trail is to be taken out of him and to be used as follows, all except the gizzard:—Pound it in a mortar with about half its volume of bacon-fat, a little chopped shalot, some crumb of bread, salt and pepper. Spread this upon toast; let it roast or bake by the side of the woodcock for the

remainder of his time, which is from twenty to thirty minutes; and let it be served under him with a lemon in quarters at his side. For sauce, mix a little good beef gravy with the butter which has basted him, and serve it apart; or take an orange gravy. Furthermore, it is to be remembered that the woodcock is supposed to be the best of birds for the Barnardin Salmi.

Woodsorrel.—That this trefoil is the shamrock which excited the devotional feelings of St. Patrick when he landed in Ireland, is shown by the fact that one of the names for it throughout the west of Europe, in Italy, Spain, France, as well as England, is Allelujah. This name was corrupted in Italy and in England into Lujula; in the south of Italy it was corrupted either from or into Giuliola, and in France it appears as Julienne, whence the name of the well-known soup. The wood-sorrel (*oxalis acetosella*), is now little used in cookery—being replaced by the more abundant, but also less delicate dock or common sorrel, which as a *Rumex* belongs to a different family. See the chapter on Julienne.

Woodworm was a good deal used in England to flavour and to preserve beer, before hops were known. Hops were introduced in 1524, and encountered much opposition—a petition having been presented to Parliament, in 1528, in which they are called "a wicked weed." They prevailed, however; and wormwood went gradually out of use in this country, notwithstanding the supposed virtue which its name indicates. There are three related shrubs—wormwood, southernwood, and tarragon (*Artemisia Absinthium*, *Artemisia Abrotanum*, and *Artemisia Dracunculus*)—all more or less narcotic. Now, here is an odd thing: that whereas tarragon is still much used in diet, though it has never pretended to any remarkable virtues beyond its fine flavour, its friends of

greater pretensions—wormwood, renowned as a vermifuge, and southernwood, which in the form of southernwood tea was much drunk by women to prevent hysteria and other feminine maladies—in England, at least, passed almost entirely out of common account, and are cared for only by herbalists and druggists. On the Continent, however, the distillers have seized upon them, and continue to proclaim their renown in the two liqueurs—Absinthe and Vermouth.



ORKSHIRE PIE.—Yorkshire has won so much glory by reason of its pudding, that it has some claim to our attention when it offers us a pie. What is sold in the Italian warehouse under this name is but a galantine packed in terrines of different sizes. The true Yorkshire pie is made as follows, and is one of the most noble features of an English Christmas:—Bone a goose and a large fowl. Fill the latter with a stuffing made of minced ham or tongue, veal, suet, parsley, pepper, salt, and two eggs; or for a more highly-seasoned stuffing say—minced ham, veal, suet, onion, sweet-herbs, lemon-peel, mixed spices, cayenne, salt, worked into a paste with a couple of eggs. Sew up the fowl, truss it, and stew it for twenty minutes along with the goose in some good stock, and in a close stewpan. Put the fowl within the goose, and place the goose in a pie-mould which has been lined with good hot-water paste. Let the goose repose on a cushion of stuffing, and in the midst of the liquor in which he has been stewed. Surround him in the pie with slices of parboiled tongue and pieces of pigeon, partridge, or hare. Fill the vacancies with more stuffing; put on a

good layer of butter; roof it with paste; bake it for three hours; and consume it either hot or cold. These pies are sometimes made of enormous size, containing every variety of poultry and game, one within another and side by side. A Christmas pie of this kind, going from Sheffield in 1832 as a tribute to the then Lord Chancellor Brougham, broke down by reason of its weight.

This pie reminds one of what Alexandre Dumas regarded as his culinary triumph—the Monte Christo anchovy. Put the anchovy into an olive, the olive into a lark, the lark into a quail, the quail into a pheasant, the pheasant into a turkey, the turkey into a sucking-pig. Roast it for three hours. Then peel off layer after layer, throwing all out of the window,—save the anchovy, for which everything is to be sacrificed.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Of all the English counties Yorkshire has contrived, with the rare spirit of adventure and mother-wit which belongs to the Yorkshireman in all his dealings, to take the foremost place for cookery in the estimation of the world. It may be that this is the result more of accident than of taste. It is difficult to believe in the taste of a province which eats mustard with apple pie; still the culinary reputation of the shire is a fact. The Yorkshire ham is rivalled by the Cheshire cheese in renown. All over Europe the Shesterre is known as well as the jambon d'Yorck. But these are not properly the achievements of the kitchen. Wherever the roast beef of Old England is heard of, there the Yorkshire pudding is known; and nothing like this can be said of any other English county.

Take an equal number of eggs and of large tablespoonfuls of flour. Whisk the eggs well, mix them gradually with the flour, add salt with a trifle of nutmeg, and pour in as much new milk as will reduce the batter to the consistence of cream. Work the batter vigorously

for ten minutes, to make it light, and then at once pour it into a baking-tin, which must be very hot, with two ounces of dripping in it. Set the pudding to bake before the fire under the roast meat for about half an hour before it is taken up; and when it is ready, cut it into squares and send it to table on a dish by itself. This is the true Yorkshire method—the pudding being only half an inch thick, and not turned in the baking. But in most other counties the plan is to make the pudding an inch thick, and either to turn it on the baking-tin or to turn it out of one baking-tin on to another, in order to brown it on both sides. If the meat is not roasted but baked, the pudding may still be placed under it, the meat resting upon a tripod in the middle of the baking-tin.

ZEBU, the Indian ox with a sacred hump on his back, which is the pinnacle of beef—supramundane—heavenly—not to be eaten. When beef becomes a god, who dare devour him? Who will make broth out of Jupiter Bos, and turn the Brahminee bull into toad in the hole? Yet something like it has been done:—

> The Egyptian rites the Jebusites embraced,
> Where gods were recommended by the taste;
> Such savoury deities must needs be good,
> As served at once for worship and for food.

ZEST—the pungent yellow on the surface of oranges and lemons; the bitter skin of the walnut; anything with a penetrating taste. But such is the vanity of human happiness, that whereas we use the word zest to signify whatever gives relish to life, the French use it not only

for this, but for very nothingness. Zest! Fiddlesticks! It has been stated, and it ought to be true if it is not, that a German author has written a great book on the zest of an orange—the all and the nothing.

ZOOTJE—a Dutch word as near as possible in root and in meaning to the English Seethed. All honour to the inhabitants of sea and river that can afford to make our acquaintance not dressed in the royal robes of curious sauces, but in the naked simplicity of the bath in which they have swum over the fire! Their advent at our tables in a vehicle of water is so creditable to them, and so unusual, that it is always signalised in the name of Waterzootje.

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