Wholesome fare : a sanitary cook-book, containing the laws of food and the practice of cookery, and embodying the best British and continental receipts ; with hints and useful suggestions for the sedentary, the sick, and the convalescent / by Dr. & Mrs. Delamere.

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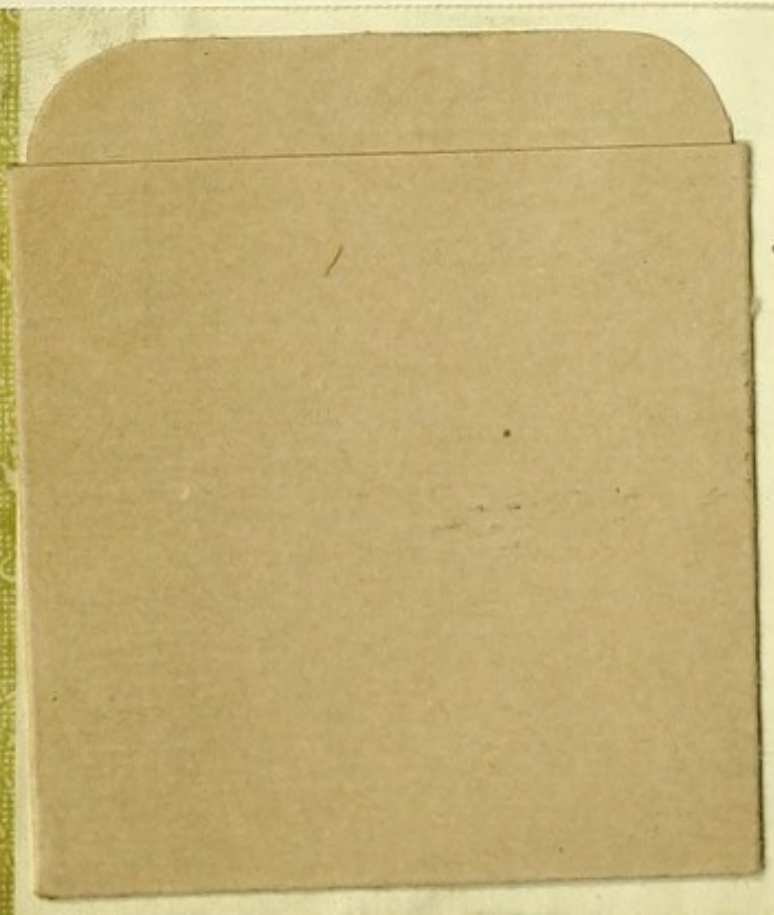

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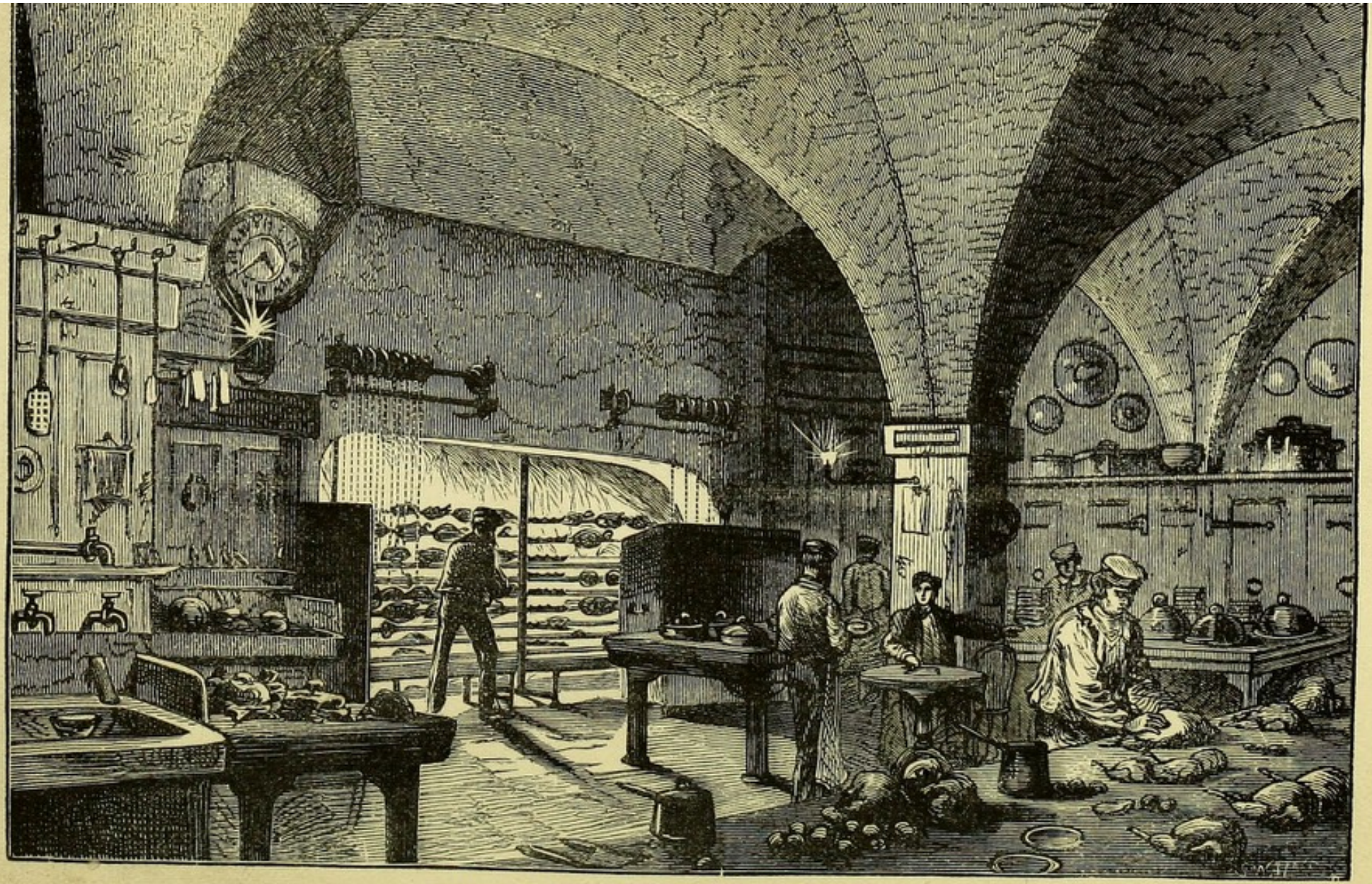


THE MANSION HOUSE KITCHEN

Is a spacious hall, provided with ranges, each of them large enough to roast an entire ox. The vessels for boiling vegetables are not pots, but tanks. The stewing range is a long broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces. The spits are huge cages formed of iron bars, and turned by machinery.

WHOLESOME FARE

A Sanitary Cook-Book

COMPRISING THE

LAWS OF FOOD AND THE PRACTICE OF COOKERY

AND EMBODYING THE BEST BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL RECEIPTS

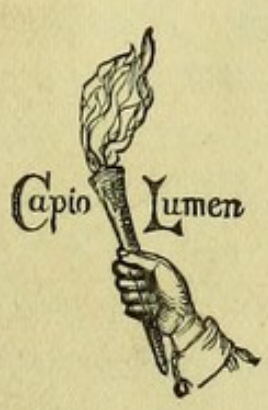
WITH

HINTS AND USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SEDENTARY, THE SICK, AND THE CONVALESCENT

BY

DR. & MRS. DELAMERE

SECOND EDITION, REVISED



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PREFACE.

MANY PEOPLE—after dining at a table served in superior style to their own, and while enjoying the easy digestion which is the combined result of good cookery, pure wine, and pleasant company—say to themselves resignedly: 'All this is very agreeable; but it is quite out of the question *for us*. We have not the material, means, and appliances to do it. We might as well attempt to grow hot-house grapes in the open air, in our little back-garden. It is useless to attempt it.' And the dinner remains a *souvenir*, instead of serving as an example.

Such despondent persons clearly make a mistake as to what they may attempt, and what they may not. The extra ornamentation, the superabundance of plate, the multitude of viands may well be let alone; but the object of the following pages is to show that the real essentials of a good dinner, i.e. a few good dishes, may be had by those who have the courage to will it. To be convinced of this, the reader has only to study our chapter on bills of fare, and the receipts for the dishes composing them. They comprise choice specimens both of British and continental cookery, and, on inspecting them coolly and carefully, it

will be found that the difficulty of their execution is rather imaginary than real. True, there are some that require to be seen done or shown; but even our own plain cookery has its complications. George III. was puzzled to guess how ever the apple could get inside the dumpling; and the cook who dares face the preparation of Christmas plum pudding and hot mince pies, is a coward if she run away in terror from a vol-au-vent, or a calf's head *à la tortue.* For those kinds of dishes it has been our endeavour to give a clear understanding of their composition.

Other points which we have been anxious to insist on are, the hygienic effects of cookery, and the relative value of the different kinds of food. On these we have enlarged more than some may think necessary; after perusal, however, they will probably acknowledge that such topics are not only relevant, but highly important.

Our readers will not feel offended at being reminded *why* some articles of diet are good, others indifferent, and others bad—that popular belief may be sometimes mistaken in the nutritive value it attributes to certain articles—that jellies and arrowroot pap are *not* nourishing, while pease soup and pudding, bean-flour, oatmeal gruel, and dried haricots made into a stew decidedly are.

Besides the passages relating to what may be fairly called the philosophy of cookery, it is hoped that useful suggestions will be found in the pages devoted to the sick, the sedentary, and the convalescent. That the reader may never want to turn to them is our hearty wish.

E. S. & E. J. D.

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* "As almost every Body wants to know how to dress their Victuals in the best Manner, though every Body is not in a Condition to hire a *Cook* for that Purpose, I'll be theirs, for once, and inform them how all Sorts of Meats, viz. Butchers' Meat, Fowls, Fishes, Pulse, &c., are to be dress'd, to flatter the Palate, and excite the Appetite. I'll begin with the Manner of making Soups, or Broths, since it is the first Dish which commonly comes upon the Table of those who love those Sort of Dishes, and who pretend to live in an elegant Manner, here in *England;* for in other Countries, especially in *France*, Soup is one of the most common Dishes, but not always those delicious Soups I am going to make."—Dennis de Coetlogon's *Universal History of Arts and Sciences*, vol. i. p. 827.

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WHOLESOME FARE;

OR,

THE DOCTOR AND THE COOK.

I.

GENERALITIES.

CONSIDERATIONS TOUCHING FOOD, AND ITS RELATIONS TO HEALTH.

THE Doctor, unsupported by the Cook's material aid, and the Cook, unguided by the Doctor's knowledge, are two powerful agents, half whose strength is paralysed or misdirected. Combine their lights and their resources, and you have at your command efficient means of alleviating or even curing numerous ills which flesh is heir to. If the Doctor and the Cook together can do nothing with a case, it is indeed past hope of recovery. We thereby receive an unmistakable warning that there is, in fact, a Law of Nature, to which we must all of us finally submit.

But so long as our term remains yet unexpired, we naturally wish to enjoy both health and the allowable pleasures attendant on health, the value of which we appreciate the more, the further we advance in years.

At forty, every man is either a fool or a physician; at forty, therefore, every man is either a fool or else a little bit of a cook. By others' faults, wise men correct their own; by listening to the complaints of others' indigestions, wise men will ward off attacks of indigestion in their own proper persons. Besides which, we have all of us stomachs, on which we have been experimenting, more or less, during the lapse of forty long years. But all that is required to avoid gastronomic errors, and their consequent pains and penalties, is a knowledge of the principles of animal nutrition and culinary chemistry.

Food is taken in, in some shape, by all living creatures, for the purpose both of effecting growth and of repairing loss or wear and tear of the bodily frame. No growth can take place without a proper supply of material. It is clear, therefore, that if a creature do not eat, it cannot grow.

The same is true of wear and tear. We cannot even *live* without thereby consuming a portion of our stock of strength. Every vital act is an expenditure of capital, which must be replaced by an adequate supply of food. If that food is not forthcoming, the constitution rapidly lapses into bankruptcy.

If there existed some one article of food, a restorative for every form of exhaustion, a panacea for every degree of fatigue, the duties of the Doctor and the Cook would be wonderfully simplified.* It is the

* Hippocrates and his followers believed that there *was* a unique nutritive principle common to all articles of food—a single primitive alimentary element, identical throughout all nature—and tried hard to discover it.

immense difference in the qualities of food, and the different powers possessed by individuals (according to their state of health, constitution, and circumstance) of extracting nutriment from food, which make their task and their responsibility so heavy.

It is needless to insist that Man's organisation is adapted to the consumption of both animal and vegetable food, thereby indicating the enormous range of his dietary. The celebrated Magendie proved by experiment that it is difficult to sustain life—at least in animals whose organs most resemble those of man—with one single kind of food taken alone during a certain lapse of time, even if highly nutritious in quality. "A diversity and multiplicity of aliments," he says, "is a most important hygienic rule. It is, moreover, indicated by our natural instincts, as well as by the variations which the seasons bring about in the nature and kind of alimentary substances."

Animal food satisfies hunger more completely and for a longer time than vegetables, for reasons which will be shortly given; animal food is also more open to the attack of our digestive organs than vegetables, or, in other words, more readily excites the assimilating powers of the stomach. But, of whatever kind the food, much depends upon the mode of preparation—on THE COOKERY. A large proportion of the nutritious elements may be wasted and lost, or they may all be preserved. In good broths and soups, for instance, every thing is retained except the little that is removed as scum.

Cookery acts on food by diminishing the firmness

and hardness of some articles, and by increasing it in others. It alters their flavour, their smell, their appearance, which are sometimes repugnant to our senses. It deprives them of bitter, acrid principles, which might prove injurious to the stomach, or even to the whole economy. It heightens their savouriness, and increases their action by the addition of aromatic, pungent, and stimulant ingredients.

The best cookery in the world, says Ude, is worthless without seasoning. The precept is true as a general maxim; but it is impossible for any Cook-Book, especially one like the present, to specify the exact dosage of seasoning to be put into any dish, because not only tastes, but stomachs, differ as to the amount of salt and spice which suits them. The cook's practice must be guided by the habits and wishes of her employer, whose use of seasonings will depend upon considerations of health. At the outset, and till after-inquiry, she had better be light-handed with her spice; many stomachs are deranged for days by an over-dose of pepper and cayenne.

She should remember that even with high-seasoned dishes there ought to be a sliding-scale of strength, adapting the degree to different palates. Some persons like curry and mulligatawny more moderately flavoured than others, and find that it agrees with them better. She should also carefully mark the difference between a merely piquant dish and a curry, and between a curry and a devil. Some things even, as certain smoked and salted fish, require to be *deprived*, by steeping, of a portion of their seasoning, to make them palatable and

wholesome food. The cook thus enlarges her employer's bill of fare by enabling him to partake of dishes he must otherwise renounce through fear of indigestion or tormenting thirst.

To many who cannot bear their habitual use, high-seasoned dishes, *occasionally* and moderately enjoyed, render service. Numbers who could not take curry every day find themselves the better for a taste of it once a week or once a fortnight. Every one must judge of such points according to his own proper feelings. Next day, or the day after, he will know to a certainty whether such and such things have agreed with him.

The cook's range of seasoning is considerable. By it is meant any solid substances or liquids which, mingled with articles of food, either increase their savour or modify and change their qualities.

The effect of seasonings, taken in reasonable quantity, is to increase the digestibility of food. They effect that object either by simply stimulating the mucous membrane of the stomach, exciting its capillary circulation and the secretion of its acid and mucous fluids; or by giving a fillip to *all* the bodily functions, in such a way that its effects, general in themselves, become in their turn a cause of activity in the functions of the stomach.

The privation of seasonings has for its effect the prolonged retention in the stomach of many relaxing and emollient substances which have little power to solicit the action of that organ. By seasoning certain

aliments within due limits, we do no more than copy Nature, who renders fruit wholesome and agreeable by associating mucilage with acids, by combining certain forms of starch with sugar, as well as by the instinctive taste with which she inspires men and animals both for salt, in saline springs and shell-fish, and for the perfume and piquancy of aromatic herbs.

Seasonings suit lymphatic temperaments, aged persons, men devoted to professions requiring great bodily or mental exertion; they are not suited to sanguine or bilious subjects, to children, and still less to infants, and scarcely to persons in the prime of life. They should be abstained from by nursing mothers, because the exciting effects of these substances may be transmitted to the delicate organs of their babes.

The immoderate use of seasonings has for its result —first, the production of an artificial appetite, the temptation to load the stomach with more food than it can properly digest, and, consequently, by overtaxing that organ's powers (even when they do not directly cause it by their stimulant action on its membrane), either acute or chronic irritation; secondly, it is sure to bring on in the end languor and debility in all the functions, premature decay of all the organs.

The above remarks, however, are not intended to apply to certain substances which custom includes in the list of seasonings, but which, although they may alter the flavour of food, do not increase its digestibility. They even retain, when used, so long as they are unaltered in themselves, the relaxing qualities which are

naturally proper to them. Instances to the point are afforded by butter, cream, oil, &c.

Sugar not only seasons tasteless things, but also affords nutriment. Combined with insipid articles of food in moderate doses, it slightly stimulates the stomach and hastens digestion. Taken alone and in larger quantities, it produces an impression of warmth at the back of the throat and in the stomach. It leaves little residue in the intestines, and supplies the chyle with a considerable proportion of fibrine. Dogs fed with sugar only have lived from thirty to forty days. Sugar is almost always associated in nature with principles which neutralise its slightly heating and astringent properties; so that the aliments in which sugar is naturally met with—vegetables, mucilaginous substances, and fruits—are precisely those which we have recourse to as mild, refreshing, and even slightly laxative.

Sugar renders more digestible watery and insipid vegetables, such as green peas, spinach, cooked endive, &c., and the starchy matters which enter broths and gruels. It tempers the acidity of certain fruits, and, when employed in such small quantities as to be unsuspected, it softens as well as heightens the flavour of many *savoury sauces and ragoûts*. So employed, it forms a connecting and harmonising link between the sharpness of salt and the pungency of spice. Sugar is suitable to every temperament, to every climate, sex, and age. It is almost the only seasoning allowable to persons whose system is suffering from irritation, such as convalescents recovering from inflammation of the stomach, bowels, lungs, &c.

Honey is the natural sugar collected by bees from flowers and the leaves of certain plants. As a general rule, it is both less digestive and less digestible than sugar—in many cases even causing flatulence and diarrhœa. It varies greatly, according to the locality of its production, in colour, and in the aromatic principles contained in it. There are even flowers, as the kalmia, which are reputed to yield poisonous honey. It cannot in any way serve as a *substitute* for sugar; but may be used with caution in sundry ways, as a variety and supplementary addition to it. On Swiss tables, the honey-pot is a standing dish; but, after a few trials, the majority of strangers leave it in the class of "Touch-me-nots."

Oil, though not a seasoning proper, can hardly be allowed to pass without notice. The best eating oil is that obtained from olives; its consumption is enormous throughout the countries where the olive-tree grows. The best olive-oil finds its way to England. It should be clear, greenish, with but little smell; such oil is pleasant on the palate, and light on the stomach. Its addition increases the nutritive qualities of fish, salad, cucumber, vegetable soups, cold boiled vegetables, &c. So mixed up, it communicates to food nothing more than a soft, pleasant flavour, and emollient properties. In *hot* countries, it replaces butter out of sheer necessity. The prejudice against good eating oil, entertained by many individuals, is therefore unfounded, and is often the mere result of not having made a trial of it. Taken *alone*, and in a certain quantity, it is purgative—probably

because it is incompetent to excite the assimilating powers of the alimentary canal.

Inferior olive-oil—strong-smelling, thick, or rancid—leaves an after-taste, and is less digestible. But it is self-evident that, with eatables at least, the very best of every thing is THE BEST.

Very light and pleasant-eating oil is extracted from the seeds of the white poppy. It may be used freely without apprehension, as the narcotic principle of the capsule does not extend to the seed; and is preferable to walnut-oil, which is apt to have a bitter or acrid twang. When oil is raised to a certain temperature (as likewise is the case with butter, and other modifications of fat), it loses its softening qualities, and is converted into a stimulant instead. (See section *Frying*, chapter OPERATIONS.)

Fat or *Grease* is animal oil in a solid state, obtained from quadrupeds or birds. It enters into the composition of many dishes, either as one of their first constituents, or as a final addition in the way of sauce or seasoning. Fat is either deposited all by itself in the cellular tissue,—as the suet in sheep and oxen, and the fat in hogs,—or else it is mixed up and interposed amongst the muscular and fleshy parts of the meat. In the first case, it is difficult to digest, not stimulating the stomach sufficiently; in the latter, it renders the meat tenderer and lighter on the stomach.

Fat, considered as a seasoning, possesses the same qualities as oil, and, like it, when heated to a certain temperature, acquires stimulant and irritating properties.

But it is as a source of animal heat that oil, fat, and likewise butter, derive their greatest importance as aliments.

The warmth of our bodies is maintained by a process which is no other than a true combustion. We burn fuel to heat ourselves quite as much as a room is heated by burning coals in a grate. The only difference is, that *our* temperature is better regulated.

The two grand combustibles found in nature are carbon and hydrogen. But carbon and hydrogen invariably enter into the composition of every animal and vegetable substance,—into wood, coal, oil, fat, spirit of wine—whatever is known as a *combustible*,—and into our food.

Heat is the result of the union of *oxygen* with other bodies. When the oxygen taken up by the blood in the lungs arrives with it at the organs to which the circulation carries it—what does it find there? Hydrogen and carbon. It unites with them, and we are warmed.

In a fire-place which gives out its genial heat, the oxygen of the air unites with the hydrogen and carbon of the wood or the coal. In the human frame the same oxygen combines with the carbon and hydrogen disguised in the forms of bread, soup, meat, cakes, preserves, and all the good things made of *sugar*, *grease*, and *flour*. There is hydrogen and carbon in every thing we eat and drink; but those three bodies, together with *wine*, contain the most, and are consequently the best combustibles.

Wine, porter, beer, ale, all fermented liquors, are combustibles; only, in them, the portion which burns is

mixed with a considerable quantity of water. But, by extracting a portion of the water, you get brandy, which catches fire easily; by extracting more water, you have spirit of wine, which burns still better. Whoever has seen a tea-urn kept boiling by a spirit-lamp can form some idea of the effects of spirit of wine in living bodies, even when much diluted with water.

The miracle is, that the human frame should maintain itself constantly at the same temperature, winter and summer, night and day, in the rain and in sunshine, at the equator and under the arctic circle. It is neither hotter nor colder at one time than at another, whether supplied with an excess of combustible, or deprived of fuel for days together—as is proved by the thermometer. The heat of the human body, in middle-aged persons, may be stated at 99° of Fahrenheit. In very old persons, it will be a degree or so lower—in children and youths, a degree or so higher; and that is the whole of its variation.

When we know that combustion takes place within us, we understand at once *how* we are warmed. It is clear, also, that a better fire must be kept up in winter than in summer; and Nature has provided for the want by giving us a better appetite in cold weather than in hot. In our climate the difference is less striking, because we stick to our accustomed habits, and claim the same daily ration, whether we require it or not. To appreciate the relation which exists between the internal craving for food—that is, for combustible—and the external temperature, we ought to compare the diet of the

Hindoo, who lives on a handful of rice per day, with that of the Esquimaux, who, to maintain his 99° of warmth in a climate which freezes mercury, will occasionally swallow at a sitting his ten or fifteen quarts of whale-oil. It is less agreeable than cod-liver oil, but produces exactly the same effects.

For a like reason, the Spaniard drinks water, and is satisfied; whilst the wines of Bordeaux are brandied, to make them acceptable to the Englishman. For the same reason, too, the Russians swallow, without wry faces, bumpers of brandy that would kill an inhabitant of the South of France. In Sweden, the government is obliged to prohibit the peasantry from distilling the corn required to supply the baker; the Arabs have accepted, without raising difficulties, the precept which forbids their using spirituous liquors. It is easy for the Arabs, who live in a hot country, to do without brandy; it is less easy for the Swedes, who live in a cold one. The bearing of these facts on regimen and the state of health is direct and obvious.

The fat of living animals is a stock of combustible, stored away by the blood against a rainy day. Fat is the circulation's savings-bank. There it puts aside its little superfluities, knowing well where to find them in case of need. Witness the fat pig mentioned by Liebig, which, covered by a heap of fallen ruins, was found alive and well one hundred and sixty days afterwards. As a matter of course, he was fat no longer; but even had the length of the fast been less, it is a notable instance of the resources which, in default of

food, the blood is able to find in the fat. For the pig had most certainly continued to breathe from the first to the last of those hundred and sixty days. His fire of hydrogen and carbon had never gone out for a minute, and a lucky thing it was for the pig that he had put something by in his time of plenty. The principal sufferer was the owner of the pig, if he reckoned on the luxury of rasher and ham. On this occasion piggy literally ate his own bacon.

But *all* that we eat is not burnt to keep us warm; else, what would the blood have to sustain our frame with, and to repair the continual wear and tear of our organs? Our food, therefore, may be divided into *two distinct kinds:* one kind intended to be burnt within us, which may be called *aliments of combustion;* the other destined to nourish the body, which may be called *aliments of nutrition.* The flour of wheat, of which bread is made, contains both those aliments.*

Take a pinch of flour, and pour a little water on it, rubbing it gently between your fingers. The water will turn white, and carry away with it a white powder, which you can easily collect by letting the water settle in a vessel. This powder is *starch*—the substance to stiffen linen and lace, and which our forefathers wore as hair-powder on their periwigs. Now, starch is an excellent combustible, being nearly half made up of

* For these and a few other interesting details, the writer is indebted to the *Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain* (*The History of a Mouthful of Bread*), by Jean Macé—an admirable work, which ought to be translated into English, not only for the benefit of the rising generation, but for the instruction of their parents and teachers.

carbon. One hundred grains of starch contain, in round numbers, forty-five grains of carbon, six of hydrogen, and forty-nine of oxygen. Starch may almost be styled the parent of a large proportion of our alimentary combustibles; for if, by an operation which Nature performs perfectly, without assistance, in certain cases, it loses a part of its carbon (leaving not more than thirty-six grains of carbon in every hundred grains of starch), it becomes—guess what—neither more nor less than *sugar*.

And now leave Nature to carry out her work on this same sugar, under certain conditions, and another transformation will follow. About a third of its carbon will spontaneously combine with two-thirds of its oxygen, forming thereby carbonic acid, which will fly away as a gas—as the bubbles which foam in your glass of cider. The rest is—what? Alcohol,—the other combustible we lately mentioned,—which burns even better than sugar and starch—seeing that a hundred grains of alcohol consist of fifty-three grains of carbon, thirteen of hydrogen, and thirty-four of oxygen.

When all the starch is extracted from flour, there remains a whitish, elastic, gluey substance (glue can be made of it; it is what renders common *paste* so adhesive), called *gluten*. Gluten dried becomes brittle and semi-transparent. *One hundred grains of gluten contain sixty-three grains of carbon, seven of hydrogen, thirteen of oxygen, and seventeen of azote.* Please note the respective number of grains, and also the novel element (azote) introduced.

Here you are requested to give a moment's attention

to a well-known fact. When a man is bled, the blood drawn from him soon separates of itself into two parts —a yellowish transparent liquid, and a dark red mass floating in it. The clotted floating mass owes its colour to an infinite number of little red bodies (called the *corpuscules*, and which can be seen with the microscope), which are held, as it were, in a net, by the meshes of a peculiar substance, which—pray remark this carefully —*is whitish, elastic, gluey. Dried, it becomes brittle and semi-transparent. One hundred grains of this substance contain sixty-three grains of carbon, seven of hydrogen, thirteen of oxygen, and seventeen of azote.* It is called *fibrine*, and is destined to form the fibres of the muscles which are contained, already half-made, in the blood.

If, as we have just seen, the constituent elements of fibrine and gluten are the same, the reason is, that, in reality, the two substances are only one. The most learned man would be very hard pressed if they were shown to him, dry, side by side, to decide which sample was obtained from flour, and which from blood. Not only, therefore, are our muscles contained, already half-formed, in our blood, but, better still, their fibres exist, ready to be made use of, in the bread we eat.

We have here, then, a primary aliment of nutrition. There is no need to be over-anxious about the bodily health of the man who has plenty of good bread to eat. He has sufficient starch to keep himself warm, and sufficient gluten to sustain his strength. It is only his palate that will be inclined to grumble.

Another curious coincidence. When milk is curdled,

there takes place in it exactly the same separation as in blood. In a yellowish transparent liquid, the whey, floats the white coagulated curd which is made into cheese, and a considerable portion of which would have made butter, had the milk been churned instead of curdled. By carefully removing the butter from the curd, a sort of white powder is obtained, which is the essential principle of cheese, and which is called *caseine*, from the Latin *caseus*, "cheese." *And its constituents are the same as those of fibrine and gluten! One hundred parts of caseine are made up of sixty-three parts of carbon, seven of hydrogen, thirteen of oxygen, and seventeen of azote.*

It now needs no conjurer to explain why bread and cheese furnish a substantial meal. The persons on whom falls the task of detecting and preventing adulteration, will perceive the importance of their duties, when they find that skimmed milk is deficient in heat-giving, watered milk in nutritive, quality. Buttermilk and whey, however light and refreshing, are very poor beverages indeed.

But caseine is not found in milk alone. It exists in great abundance in peas, beans, lentils, and haricots, which are full of cheese, however strange you may think it. Little cheeses are sold in the streets of Canton, which it is impossible to distinguish from our own, as far as their material is concerned: only, in making them, the Chinese do not use a drop of milk. They reduce peas to a clear broth; then they curdle the broth, as we do milk, and by the same means: they press the curd, salt it, put it into moulds, exactly as we should,

and so produce a cheese—a real cheese, composed of veritable caseine. Give it to a chemist, and ask what a hundred grains of it contain; and he will hand to you the formula which has been already thrice repeated.

We have discovered two grand aliments of nutrition —*gluten* and *caseine:* a third remains to be inquired after.

We know that a chicken—skin, muscles, eyes, and every thing—is entirely formed from the contents of the egg, during the marvellous process of hatching. It is clear that the elements of all its organs must have been contained beforehand in the liquids of the egg. Nobody introduced them while the hen was sitting; and if Nature, with those liquids, can make the skin and muscles of a fowl, it is probable she will have no more difficulty, if we swallow the contents of an egg, in converting them into skin and muscle *for us.*

An egg, therefore, contains an incontestably nutritious aliment called *albumine*, from the Latin *albumen*—white of egg. It is recognised by one particularly striking quality. Exposed to a temperature varying from 140° to 167° Fahr. (according to the quantity of water mixed with it), albumine hardens, and, from a colourless, transparent liquid, becomes the white, opaque, elastic substance known to every one who has eaten hard-boiled eggs. This is a property which should never be forgotten by cooks—for it gives them the power of retaining, in the article they are dressing (by plunging it in boiling liquid), all the nutritive albumine held by its tissues. From articles put to cook in *cold*

water, part of the albumine oozes out during the process. If soup is to be made with the boilings—well and good; if not, it is a needless diminution of the nutritive quality of the article cooked. *One hundred parts of albumine contain sixty-three parts of carbon;* there is no need to repeat the rest—the reader already knows the combination by heart.

A step further in advance: The yellowish liquid in which floats the clot of coagulated blood is called the *serum*, which is Latin for whey. If you set this serum on the fire, in little longer time than it takes to boil an egg hard, it becomes full of a white opaque substance, which is no other than the albumine we have just been mentioning. Our blood, therefore, contains white of egg—and that in even greater quantity than fibrine.

But fibrine, caseine, albumine—as our famous formula reveals to us—are at bottom one and the same thing, the same body under different aspects. Eggs are not the only things which furnish albumine. Exactly as we have found in vegetables the fibrine of muscle and the caseine of milk, we shall also, without having far to look, find in them the albumine of the egg. It exists in grass, in salad, in all the tender parts of plants. The juice of vegetables, especially, contains notable quantities of albumine.

A word about the new element, azote, or nitrogen, which enters into these last three identical formulas, or receipts to make gluten, caseine, and albumine: although it is not *we* who can make them. It is easier to pick things to pieces than to put them properly together again.

Amongst the substances most familiar to us are Air and Water. Water, I beg to remind the reader, is a *chemical combination* of oxygen and hydrogen. The two gases are united, incorporated into each other's substance, in a manner of which we can form no conception. Air is a *mere mixture* of oxygen and azote; there is no more combination than between coffee and chicory, or brick-dust and snuff, in the drawers of fraudulent shopkeepers. What azote does in the air, would be hard to say. It seems a mere sleeping partner in the concern, oxygen transacting all the active business. In respiration, for instance, azote enters our lungs side by side with his inseparable companion; but as he came in, so he goes out again, without leaving a trace of his presence. Nevertheless—as also happens in human society—this insignificant individual takes up the most room. He occupies four-fifths of the atmosphere, where he seems to render little other service than to curb the fiery temper of oxygen, who would set fire to every thing, if he had it all his own way. Azote has been compared to the water in grog, which would burn holes in our stomachs if we took the spirit pure.

Nevertheless, we must not suppose that this pacific diluter of oxygen is strengthless. Like cold people, who become terrible when once excited, azote is capable of violent action when really united to another body. Azote, combined (not mixed) with oxygen, forms *aqua fortis*—"strong water"—nitric acid, which bites copper, and devours whatever it touches. Combined with hydrogen, azote becomes ammonia, volatile alkali, popularly

known as smelling-salts, hartshorn—one of the most energetic substances existing. Azote with carbon makes a strange combination—a child who behaves as if he had neither father nor mother—which, again combined with hydrogen, is nothing less than prussic acid, a drop of which on your tongue would strike you dead.

Azote, therefore, is not altogether so mild as, at first sight, you take it to be. There is no trusting to it, or knowing what it may do. Nevertheless, it has been already shown that all its combinations are not equally dangerous. The very same elements which, two by two, or three together, destroy every thing,—those same elements form, in a combination of four, the invaluable aliment of nutrition of which our bodies are composed. Indeed, its real name is *azotised aliment*, *nitrogenous food;* because it is the presence of azote or nitrogen which especially determines its formation: so much so, that it has been customary to estimate the nutritive value of food according to the quantity of azote it contains.

Azote, in fact, appears to be a substance appropriated to the special use of every creature endowed with life. Its three companions in our formula (carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen) wander, in troops and torrents, through the whole extent of terrestrial creation; but azote, with the exception of its atmospheric domain (where it reigns in a state of majestic repose), is rarely met with, except in the bodies of animals, or in the parts of plants destined to be fed on by animals.

Moreover, azote has to be wire-drawn through many an aperture and chink before reaching the post of honour

assigned to it in the Animal Kingdom. The animal itself can do nothing with it, unless it has first been absorbed and prepared by the vegetable; and the vegetable can derive no benefit from it so long as it remains isolated in its atmospheric retreat. It is only when entrapped into one of the above-named *liaisons* (the second especially, which produces ammonia) that it consents to join the Dance of Life, instead of rioting in the Dance of Death. Then, in the mysterious depths of vegetation, is organised the marvellous Quadrille of Nutritious Aliments, whose proportions should be blazoned in letters of gold: Carbon, sixty-three; Hydrogen, seven; Oxygen, thirteen; Azote, seventeen—all odd, and three indivisible numbers—make one hundred of what may be truly called the solid staff and elixir of life.

Well, therefore, does Jean Macé conclude that the Vegetable Kingdom is nothing else than the vast kitchen in which are cooked the dinners of the Animal Kingdom. When we eat the ox, it is the grass which *he* has eaten that actually nourishes us. For us, he is a mere intermediary or go-between, who transfers to us intact the albumine extracted by his stomach from the herbage supplied by his pasture-grounds. He is the waiter of Nature's eating-house; the dishes he brings have been put into his hand already prepared. Only, to appreciate his services properly, we must remember that very small indeed are the nutritious portions furnished by grass, and that it would be a weary task for *our* digestion to have to elaborate them one by one. We might be starved to death with a full stomach, as happened to

some unfortunate Australian explorers, who found plenty of nardoo to eat, but nothing else. The ox presents us with those little portions concentrated in a plateful of *nutritive* aliment; and our stomachs, and consequently our health, are the gainers by his complaisance.

The distinction, which has been thus fully explained, between *aliments of combustion* and *aliments of nutrition*, should never be forgotten by the home-physician, the nurse, the doctor, and the housekeeper. It should guide every individual's bill of fare. For what can be clearer than that growing children and adolescents have greater need of additional material to build up their frame, than the adult or the aged, to whom the same supply of growth-making material is not only superfluous, but positively adverse? that amongst adults, the hard-working labourer, the sportsman, the traveller, have greater need of repairs than the gentleman who leisurely sits at home at ease? that even sedentary persons make different expenditures of exertion, which require to be replaced accordingly? The statesman who conducts a policy, the author who writes a book, the business-man who manages a concern, draw more freely on their strength and nervous energy than the lounger who skims the daily papers, the reader who whiles away an hour with a novel, or the customer who purchases an article at a shop.

The distinction is likewise of great importance both to persons who are Too Fat, and to those who are Too Lean. The former have had their afflictions attended to by medical writers, both in England and France. The

latter, if enjoying tolerable health in spite of their leanness, will be wise to let well alone, consoling themselves with the sporting proverb, "A lean dog for a long heat." If they feel unwell and weak, let them consult some respectable, properly educated physician, and beware of the arts of unscrupulous advertising practitioners.

For some time past it has been a well-known fact that dry bread and pure spring water constitute a diet whose fattening effects had either been ignored or remained unknown. To grow fat, you are advised to drink largely of water and fermented beverages, and to eat abundance of farinaceous and starchy food. To grow thin, drink very little, confining that little to unwatered wine, coffee, and tea, and abstain from all aliments containing starch.

The action of water and of starchy matters on the human economy is very striking. Almost all the natives of Central America have the abdomen extremely developed, and are generally fat. Their drink is water, and they eat little besides bananas, sweet batatas, and fish. In our own climate, we can hardly avoid observing that persons who eat a large quantity of bread, and take but little bodily exercise, are generally plethoric. Their skin is soft and dull; their flesh is puffy instead of being muscular. In short, it is a great mistake to confound aliments which fatten with those which afford nutriment and sustain strength.

The food taken into the system, and which is stored there in the shape of fat, is uselessly swallowed, so far as the generation of *muscular* strength is concerned. If

two men in good health eat equal quantities of the same alimentary substances, and one of them grows fat, while the other does not, the fatter will soon become the weaker personage. He will weigh more, but will be capable of doing less work. The bodily strength of an individual decreases in proportion as he makes fat, which—it is needless to repeat the fact—is so much strength laid on one side in the shape of unemployed capital.

A diet of bread and water, and nothing else, would become, in the long run, extremely weakening. Added to a strengthening regimen, it would most assuredly bring on stoutness; alone, its continued action must prove injurious to health. The muscular efforts which the above-mentioned American Indians are capable of making are far inferior to those of well-fed Europeans, who will easily do three times as much work as the former.

If, therefore, a watery and farinaceous diet excite the development of certain organs, it must not be forgotten that it supplies insufficient nutriment, and that it generates but little muscular strength. You lose in power what you gain in volume; the balance remains the same. One of its effects, however, must be noticed, as it is of great importance to mothers and nurses—namely, that its action is very remarkable in increasing the production of Milk. Nay, so susceptible is this secretion of variation from outward causes, that the differences of humidity in the atmosphere of climates will make a difference in the quantity of milk produced both by domestic animals and their mistresses.

Let, therefore, every nursing mother, especially if thin, gratify at will her desire for drink, eating plenty of moist and farinaceous food—tea and bread-and-butter, good broths with toasted bread or rice in them—sustained by meat, good beer, or porter, or wine, to keep up the necessary strength. Stout nurses have less need to indulge their fits of thirstiness, because their organism is suffused with lymph, which holds a large quantity of water in reserve. For them, the very act of nursing —supported by a generous diet—is healthy and medicinal, restraining, by the most natural means, constitutional tendencies to *embonpoint* or dropsy.

Excessive thinness may proceed from severe mental or bodily labour; from disease, or a morbid state either of certain organs or the entire constitution; and, thirdly, from improper or insufficient food, *i. e.* from starvation in one of its forms. For the first, the obvious remedy is rest; easy to prescribe, but sometimes hard to administer. For the second, recourse must be had to *sound and safe* medical advice; for, unfortunately, there are quacks in the world who prey upon the weakness of their patients, making them believe they are victims of disease which has in reality no existence, and threatening them with terrible consequences to result from causes inadequate to produce such effects. Their tactics are, to draw attention to themselves by vague, mysterious, and repulsive pamphlets; to extort from really imaginary invalids the confession of some transitory or occasional error; to excite their terrors respecting what may ensue, and to urge the belief that from *their* hands only is an antidote

to be found. Phantom maladies are to be averted on the payment of fees which are any thing but phantoms. By exaggerating or misrepresenting symptoms (and often by false statements, either ignorantly or fraudulently made), they lead people to fancy that a slight indisposition or loss of flesh is the inevitable precursor of mortal illness—unless *they* are consulted, at No. 000, between the hours of ten and three. They alone are capable of curing otherwise incurable disease. All ordinary and established remedies are worthless. And so they pursue a system of terrorism, frightening people out of their lives, and driving them into their consulting-rooms by sheer intimidation. The patient who once has crossed their threshold may be likened to a fly in a spider's net.

Therefore, let people who are discontented and thin, eschewing advertising pamphleteers, and consulting their family doctor and their cook, try the benefit to be derived from cheerful companionship, fresh air, and kitchen physic. Or, by way of pastime, if so minded, they may essay an old specific recorded by Aldrovandi; from whom we learn that the Egyptian dames (the leading beauties of Pharaoh's court) employed chicken-broth as a bath to fatten their pretty selves. Of how many chickens the broth was made, and how spiced and seasoned, he does not tell; but the etiquette was, that the lady to be fattened, while sitting in her broth-bath, should eat one whole chicken out of those whose broth supplied her bath.

Leanness from insufficient food must be considered

with greater seriousness and sympathy. Few people imagine that it is brought about by something more than mere inanition and exhaustion. It is not the empty stomach only which causes starving people to grow thin.

We have seen that when an animal takes in more *aliment of combustion* than it requires for present use, the blood deposits it in a Savings-Bank, which is called by butchers and cooks the Fat. The blood acts like a provident person,—and its action is guided by Creative Providence,—in thus storing superfluous combustible, instead of letting it run to waste.

We have seen that we are warmed by an internal fire, kept up by fuel carried to it by the blood; that fuel is derived from the food which we take in at our daily meals. If there is enough fuel, and a little to spare, it is well; if there is not enough, so much the worse for the unfortunates who have not enough. Those who can eat and drink whatever they like, whenever they are hungry and dry—their three, four, five meals a day—*have* enough; perhaps, to spare. Those with scanty rations—one or two niggardly snacks a day, beginning famished, and leaving off hungry because there is no more; and the weather may be cold, the clothing light, the dwelling leaky to wind and rain—have not enough. What happens?

The blood is inexorable. It has its duty to fulfil—to feed the fire; and it *will* feed it, let what may happen. The temperature of the body *must* be maintained. If there is no fat or fuel in reserve; if the stomach takes in no fuel, or not enough,—the Blood relentlessly lays

hands on every thing within its reach to keep the flame of life from going out. A cold body is a dead body; and its task is to prevent *that:* which Jean Macé illustrates by a historical anecdote.

In the reign of Francis I. of France, there lived in the Périgord an honest peasant, whose name was Bernard Palissy. In those days, crockery plates were not to be had by every body that wanted them. The Italians, who alone possessed the secret of making them, kept it to themselves; and Bernard, who knew a little about the matter through his experience as a working glass-blower, set to work to discover it all by himself. He turned potter, without asking any body's advice, building furnaces, collecting fuel as he could, making his first pots more or less clumsily, lighting his fires, baking his wares, and awaiting success. It was fifteen or sixteen years before it came. He made fifteen or sixteen ruinous experiments, which would have discouraged a man of wealth. But he, as soon as he had scraped together a little money with his glass, returned to his task with indomitable perseverance, insensible to poverty, deaf to his neighbours' taunts, and immovable by his wife's maledictions, who was furious at having to go partners in his heroism without the slightest inclination to do so.

One day, the rumour ran through the village—la Chapelle Biron—"Bernard is gone crazy. He is burning his house to bake his pots!" And it was true, as far as the pots and the house were concerned. While a batch was baking, wood ran short. Bernard began by

taking the palisades of his garden; then the tables and dressers; and then the floor. What his wife said may be supposed. But he paid no attention to her polite remarks. With his eyes fixed on the implacable furnace, he fed it—and fed it—thinking of nothing but his pottery in jeopardy. The joists of the roof would have followed the floor, if his pots had not been baked enough.

The Blood does the same, when combustibles run short. It pulls the house to pieces, and throws it into the fire, bit by bit. The fat naturally goes first, as has already been explained. It is the wood-stack provided as a matter of course, and may totally disappear without injury to the building. Then comes the turn of the muscles—more useful, but not exactly indispensable. They are Bernard's garden palisades: in case of absolute necessity, we can exist without them. They are melted down, so to speak, after a few days' fasting, and the patient is a bundle of skin and bone. If the same state of privation continues, and the flesh, exhausted, suffices no longer, the Blood does not hesitate. It boldly attacks the most essential organs, without considering the consequences: and if succour from without does not come in time, the house is no longer habitable. Life is turned out of doors; the man dies of hunger.

But exactly as poor Bernard Palissy worked in reality for the benefit of his wife and children (whose welfare he was struggling to secure, although at the risk of their not having a house to hide their heads in),

so does the Blood strive, to the last moment, to save the Life which it finally evicts; and the work of destruction, which ends by turning it out, has actually prolonged Life's stay in the mansion. Without it, all would have been sooner over.

My readers will imagine—I hope with reason—that no such demolition of their bodily frame is ever likely to happen *to them;* and yet, the wealthiest are exposed to accident by shipwreck, siege, and adventurous travel. But at least they will understand the sufferings of starving creatures who, in consequence of insufficient food, are preyed upon and brought to the grave by the action of the vital fluid which, in prosperous circumstances, would supply them with continued strength and spirits. It is a lesson of Thankfulness—and of Charity.

To return to our Condiments. *Salt*, Chloride of Sodium, serves as the basis of all seasonings into which sugar does not enter. Some cooks even put a little salt into sweet things, as plum-pudding. It excites digestion, by promoting an abundant secretion of the stomach's fluids; and the secretion is so considerable, when a large quantity of salt has been eaten, that severe thirst is excited before the digestion is complete. Without salt, a large quantity of mucilaginous aliments would be with difficulty assimilated; indeed, in the present state of civilisation, there are few articles of food that can be digested without salt. This condiment has no apparent general effect unless used immoderately. In that case, it is accused of causing scurvy,—which is

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not true; scurvy being for the most part brought on by the want of a due proportion of fresh vegetable matters in the dietary. Nevertheless, many people cannot eat ham or very salt cheese at three meals running without having pain or soreness in their gums.

Vinegar is best obtained by the acetic fermentation of wine. When employed in moderate doses, its action is merely local, like that of salt. It similarly excites the salivary glands, the mucous reservoirs in the membrane of the mouth. Too freely taken, it is apt to excite in the stomach an irritation which, acting sympathetically on the respiratory passages, occasions cough. Its pretended property of reducing stoutness is manifested only at the expense of health, and by deep injuries to one or more of the organs essential to life. It is a seasoning scarcely suited to nervous persons, and is even productive of harm in cases where the breathing apparatus is irritable.

Garlic is one of the things which may hardly be mentioned to British ears polite. Nevertheless, in the South of Europe and elsewhere, it is very largely employed as a condiment, as well as very generally confided in as an alterative, stimulant, tonic, and sudorific domestic medicine. This, it must be allowed, is a tolerably fair allowance of useful qualities, at least sufficient to make it worth an invalid's consideration. Two things are adverse to its use—the prejudice against its very name, and its peculiar smell. The first will be shaken off by people of sense; the second is immaterial when weakly persons are being nursed in

retirement, and restoration to health is the paramount object.

With regard to garlic taken in society: There exists a story (it is not new) of a slap on the face having been given at a convivial meeting; when, to avoid serious consequences, some one had the presence of mind to think of passing it on all round; so that, every body having received a slap—in joke—nobody could reasonably take offence.

The same is the case with garlic. If administered to one of a company—even if that company consists of no more than two—it must be administered to all. As the bride said, when asked if she would take seasoning with her duck, "Well, dear Johnny, I hardly know. If you do, I do; if you don't, I don't." But garlic is such a matter of use, that persons accustomed to it eat it raw with the same satisfaction as they would munch a radish.

Garlic has a stimulating effect on the stomach, owing to a very volatile acrid principle, which is soluble in water. Itself contains but little nutritive matter, but aids the digestion of mucilaginous and gelatinous dishes —calf's head, sheeps' trotters, cow-heel, and the like. Its general effects are a certain excitement of the exhalant organs, caused by the sharp stimulus given to the stomach, perhaps also by the passage into the blood of its volatile principle, which perfumes with its odour not only the mouth, but the perspiration, &c.

Garlic is in repute as a preservative against infectious disease and unwholesome miasms; which is wrong, if attributed to any special virtue or power

of *neutralising* noxious emanations, but right if referred to its stimulating effects on the internal organs, thereby determining a movement of the fluids from within to without. The absorbent pores are stopped by their own transpirant action. The surface of the body is varnished over, as it were, with a thin coating of moisture or even of mere vapour, which prevents the elements of infection from entering the system. With this prophylactic object in view, it is not an unwise precaution to eat of some dish well seasoned with garlic before visiting spots afflicted with cholera, small-pox, measles, typhoid fever, or other reputed infectious disease.

Amongst the wealthy, garlic suits the sluggish stomachs of lymphatic subjects as well as those weakened by a tropical climate. It is beneficial to sojourners in severely cold countries, and to individuals who, with a diet of inferior bread and poor pasty soup, have yet to exert great muscular force to maintain themselves and their families.

Garlic, moreover, is useful, by replacing calomel and other dangerous medicines, as a vermifuge. The dose is an ordinary clove of garlic (a *clove* is one of the portions into which a *root* or *bulb* of garlic naturally divides itself) taken at breakfast or dinner. It may be eaten with bread and salt, like cress or any other uncooked vegetable; or it may be chopped very fine, and sprinkled over salad containing hard eggs, cold fish, crab, &c. &c. It may be administered to young children, boiled in milk. Invalids who cannot overcome their repugnance may swallow it in pills.

Onions, *chives*, *rocambole*, *shallots*, and *leeks* belong to the same Natural Family as garlic, and possess the same properties, only in a less degree. Rocambole comes nearest to it. Leeks, mostly used to flavour broths, lose their stimulating quality by boiling, and so afford only a mucilaginous and emollient ingredient, which however has its value.

Pepper is a pungent aromatic seed brought from the equatorial regions. It acts on the stomach as a powerful stimulant, causing a sensation of warmth or heat. In small quantities, it is advantageously associated with white and gelatinous meats, as veal and rabbit; with the tendonous parts of animals, as feet and heads; with oily fish, as herrings and eels; with shell-fish, which contain no excitant principles; and with mucilaginous, insipid vegetables, as cardoons, cauliflowers, Jerusalem artichokes, cucumbers, asparagus, and the like. It assists the digestion of all those aliments which, by themselves, make but a feeble appeal to the powers of the stomach. Taken in excess, it brings on inflammation of the stomach, and even of the intestinal canal. And in persons who have already suffered from gastritis, it is more apt, even in moderate doses, to cause the complaint to return than wine or any other stimulant.

Pepper not merely exerts a local action on the animal economy, but, whether by sympathy or by introduction into the circulation, it produces stimulant effects on all the organs. A good deal of what is said about pepper is applicable to *Ginger*, *Allspice*, *Cloves*, *Nutmeg*,

Cinnamon, *Capsicum* or *Cayenne Pepper*, *Mustard*, and *Horse-radish*.

Respecting the wholesomeness and expediency of spices, as doctors differ, the present Doctor will only give a summary of their opinions. The rule to follow must be founded on each individual's personal experience. Many people like and are the better for an occasionally high-spiced dish, partaken of at sufficiently distant intervals, whose stomachs would be put out of order by eating the same quantity of seasoning every day. This is equally applicable to horse-radish, mustard, aromatic herbs, and the sauces strongly tinctured with them, as to the spices proper.

The cool-system school tell us that pepper, after augmenting the activity of the heart, causes itching of the skin, and often eruptions; that it is unsuited to the inhabitants of temperate climates—that it shortens their lives; and is good for nothing except to bring on irritation of every kind; that with us, persons of lymphatic temperament, and old people whose constitutions are not irritable and whose stomachs are in a perfectly healthy state, may alone indulge in the use of pepper. It disagrees with bilious and sanguine temperaments, as well as with young people in general. It is a veritable poison for irritable constitutions, when recovering from any form of irritation whatsoever.

Nevertheless, it is admitted in practice that use may render condiments almost as indispensable as aliments. It reduces the latter to the impossibility of yielding nutriment without the assistance of the former.

When it is desired to diminish without inconvenience the quantity of seasoning taken by an individual whose robust temperament and slight bodily exercise render it unnecessary, but who complains that he can digest nothing without its aid, we must begin by putting him on *smaller rations of food*, taking care that they be of a nature to tax the energies of his stomach as little as possible. After which, by gradually augmenting both the allowance and the solidity of his aliment, the organ whose excitability had been exhausted will soon recover its healthy tone and duly fulfil its digestive office.

But if, during this apathetic state of the stomach, heavy and unavoidable muscular toil has to be performed, and if it becomes necessary to take liberal nourishment in order to support it, *then* the use of stimulant condiments *cannot* be abandoned; for without them the stomach, exhausted like the rest of the system, could not digest. The only way to ameliorate this unsatisfactory state of things, is to reduce the muscular toil within moderate and reasonable limits. The remark applies equally to every act or effort which has a tendency to exhaust the system.

If the apathetic state of the stomach arises from a general apathy of the constitution, as is the case with subjects of extremely lymphatic temperament, that state must be remedied by acting upon the whole system at once. For the use of stimulating condiments, without any other change in the regimen, would only irritate the mucous membrane of the stomach, without communicating to that organ a greater degree of constitu-

tional energy. With stimulants to the stomach there must coincide stimulants to the lungs and the skin—such as a warm and dry atmosphere, greater exposure to the solar rays, flannel clothing, frictions, baths, &c.

It is rare that a much enfeebled digestion is not the result of chronic gastritis. Mistakes on this point are so grave—nay, so dangerous—that the physician's advice should be had recourse to.

The following symptoms are important to note. Condiments *assist* digestion, if the habitual languor of the stomach is simply owing to its weakness. On the other hand, they increase the uneasiness felt after eating, if that uneasiness arises from gastric irritation. So that a few glasses of good wine, or a little spice, are the touchstone which decide whether a weak digestion is owing to the *inactivity* of the stomach, or to its *irritation*, supposing that other symptoms leave the question in obscurity.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that certain persons, although evidently suffering from a damaged stomach, digest better when stimulating substances are added to their food. And yet the continued use of those substances, by increasing the stomach's irritation, tends to bring about its final destruction.

The warm-system school recommends, on the contrary, that dishes which constitute our daily diet should be well seasoned by the cook, on the ground that condiments, like liqueurs or generous wines at dessert, are eminently vermifuge. Insipid, sweet, and mucilaginous

dishes, green fruits and unripe vegetables, encourage the development of intestinal parasites, and thereby become the source of obstinate and increasing indisposition. Well-seasoned food, they hold, agrees with all constitutions at every period of life, and was only prohibited by medical prejudices entertained by a clique of practitioners at the commencement of the present century. They frightened their patients into abstinence from spice and vinous beverages. People have now got over their fright, and find their digestion the better for it.

To all which may be said, "A middle course is wisest. Common sense teaches that, as excess is hurtful, so complete abstinence may be likewise an error. It is possible to use, without abusing. The exact measure must depend on individual experience."

But the question of condiments *is* important, because all animals are nourished, not so much by the quantity of nutriment contained in their food, as by their power of digesting it. Whatever, therefore, assists digestion, at the same time increases nutrition. For, to maintain health and favour growth, the *two* conditions must be present—the food must contain sufficient aliment, and the stomach must have the power of appropriating that aliment. Food, however nourishing, which is *not* digested, renders no service to health and strength; the eater might as well have eaten substances absolutely innutritious. Hay perfectly suffices for the sustenance of herbivorous and ruminant animals; but, whatever nutriment it contains, carnivorous animals cannot live on it, simply because their stomachs are incapable of

extracting its nutriment, and not at all because it is innutritious.

Professor Tyndall, with his marvellous clearness of view, puts the case both strongly and strikingly. "Those who reflect on vital processes—on the changes which occur in the animal body, and the relation of the forces involved in food to muscular force—are led naturally to entertain the idea of interdependence between those forces." "For every stroke of work done by the steam-engine, for every pound that it lifts, and every wheel it sets in motion, an equivalent quantity of heat disappears. A ton of coal furnishes by its combustion a certain definite amount of heat."

The strength of a steam-engine is derived from the combustion of the carbon in the coal supplied to it, as the strength of a horse is derived from the combustion of the carbon in the hay supplied to it. Their power of working, quite independent of vitality, is derived from a like cause—the combustion of carbon; only the steam-engine can burn coal, the horse cannot, because he cannot digest it. But suppose for a moment that, by the addition of some sauce, some subtle ingredient, coal were rendered digestible by a horse's stomach, it would then supply him also with the requisite quantity of heat and muscular force.

Now, the Cook's art, assisted by the spice-box, are to the sick and the convalescent what the imaginary ingredient mixed with coal would be to the horse. They render indigestible things digestible; they extract nourishment from what would otherwise refuse to afford it; they cause life to linger and establish its quarters in the fragile

tenement it was on the point of quitting. The soup-kettle and the stew-pan thus take rank as veritable chemical apparatus; the cruet-stand unexpectedly rises to the dignity of a medicine-chest.

It is clear, then, that in providing for the sick and convalescent, we must consider not so much the absolute quality of their food—not what *we*, in robust health, can enjoy and grow fleshy on—but what *they* can take and bear; what they like, what they fancy, what they long for. Their invalid's instinct often leads them right, though opposed to what *we* should choose for them. Nor should attendant friends refuse to gratify the wish, unless it bears marks of absolute insanity. The first thing which one delicate patient, flickering between life and death, would take after the crisis of a typhoid fever was three or four cockles! Another patient, very hard hit by the small-pox, a few hours after it turned *would* have a pint of porter, had it, and recovered rapidly. Persons familiar with sick chambers will easily multiply like instances. What we call the whimsies of the sick are quite as frequently the suggestions of nature. To refuse to gratify them is not only harsh, but in most cases injudicious and injurious.

The *order* in which articles of food are eaten is also not without its importance. The keeping back of the most stimulant dish until the close of a meal is an assistance rendered to digestion, which is usually retarded by the reception of sweet or insipid substances. Such may be partaken of with greater advantage when the stomach still is empty.

II.

OPERATIONS.

BOILING, ROASTING, ETC., AND THEIR EFFECTS.

COOKERY is the art of rendering food more digestible, or more palatable, by exposing it for a time to the action of moderate heat. Heat is the grand agent which causes change in the internal constitution, the outward appearance, the very nature, of *all* bodies. Instances familiar to the most careless eye are water under its three most dissimilar forms of solid ice, a liquid, and steam or vapour; and butter under a July sun, and butter from the dairy on a January morning. Without being philosophers, it was natural that men, from the earliest epochs, should employ this universal agent, heat, to modify the substances capable of serving them as aliments. But with further knowledge, both of the means of employing heat in its various degrees, and of the nature of the viands on which it is made to act, a cook will set about her work in a more rational manner, and with a greater certainty of satisfactory results.

The ways in which heat is employed in cookery are few. First, we have roasting—probably the oldest mode of cooking. Roasting before a fire is cooking by *radiated* heat—the heat-rays, darted out from the fire, are caught by the joint hanging before it. In this case, although a good cook will screen her meat from draughts, to allow the heat to penetrate the joint as equally as

may be, the *possibility* of the process is quite independent of the warmth of the surrounding air. Professor Tyndall tells us that—"A joint of meat might be roasted before a fire, the air around the joint being cold as ice." The tin reflector and the Dutch oven do more than keep off cold currents of air; they radiate back upon the joint the rays darted *on them* by the fire.

For this kind of roasting, either by the horizontal spit or the bottle-jack, the English open grate is excellent. The latch-pan also renders great service, by allowing small things whose flesh is tender—such as green geese, spring chickens, leverets, joints of house-lamb—to lie in it before the fire, at suitable distances,—getting well heated throughout, and, in short, nearly cooked, by being turned over and over and basted with dripping, until their final finishing off and browning. Ducks and wild-fowl especially, so treated, combine in themselves the double advantage of a French *sauté*-ing in a saucepan and English roasting.

Roasts *before* the fire (suspended, or on a spit) are the most highly esteemed of all. There is more of the real flavour of the meat retained, and more gravy. The joint is less greasy, less dried up and stringy, and, consequently, the more digestible and nutritious. On the Continent, the best roasts are done on spits *before* wood fires. In Paris, there are tradesmen (who sell ready-roasted fowls and meat done in that particular way, and who sometimes are also *Restaurants*) calling themselves *Rotisseurs*, to announce that they are not ordinary bakers of meats.

Baking is another form of roasting, only it is no longer done by *radiant* heat alone, which is the purest of all modes of applying heat. In the process of baking in ovens, hot air plays a very important part, although there is also the great amount of heat radiated from the sides of the oven, and conducted from the floor. Now, hot air is dry air; it may also be charged with smoke, or tainted with the smell of burnt grease, &c. Therefore, to roast well in an oven requires frequent basting, —which cannot easily be done when the oven is large, because opening the door might cool it too soon,—and great care that no unwished-for flavour be communicated to the joint. Meat baked in large ovens will not be eaten out of choice, although, when large numbers of people have to be provided for, "funeral baked meats" may be accepted as a matter of necessity. In several English cooking stoves, as in the French *cuisinières*, roasting in the oven can be performed so well, that no reasonable person ought to complain of it.

Roasting in hot ashes, or amongst heated stones, is a primitive but effectual mode of preparation applied to roots, vegetables, and hard-fleshed fruit—chestnuts, potatoes, yams, bread-fruit; also by the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean to animal food. Shell-fish may likewise be cooked in that way. In this case, heat is directly communicated by contact. In modern cookery, it is represented by the small iron ovens, covered with a lid, in which—placed in the midst of a gentle fire, or set on the embers and covered with live charcoal, turf, or red-hot cinders—cakes, rolls, little loaves, and other "small

things," can be done "twice a day," or oftener, to a very eatable condition, with care. Such ovens render valuable service on shipboard, in colonies, and during excursions in little-travelled regions. They save the explorer from the unhealthy continuance of a biscuit and dried or salt meat diet.

Braising, again, is a development of the primitive mode of cooking in hot ashes. A braising-pan is contrived to have a lid which will hold lighted charcoal on its top. The viands to be cooked are therefore between two fires—one above and one beneath. The operation must be performed slowly, and requires great care. The cover must fit so closely as to prevent all evaporation, causing the meat to be thoroughly impregnated with the flavour of the vegetables and aromatics employed; and carrot, onion, parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, and cloves, are indispensable to a braise, and they may be increased or varied by chervil, knotted marjoram, celery, red wine, Madeira, and other flavours. Every thing braised must be thoroughly done, and allowed to take its proper time. For instance, Braised Leg of Mutton is otherwise known as *Gigot de sept Heures*, or Seven-Hours' Leg of Mutton. Braised dishes may suit the convalescent and the healthy; but they are rather too concentrated for the sick and the sedentary. The name of the process explains its nature, *braise* being French for live charcoal embers.

Broiling or *Grilling* on a gridiron is also another form of roasting.* It may be done over a clear cinder fire;

* "To *Toast Mackarel*, they must be wrapped in fennel, and put upon the gridiron, at a charcoal fire, turning them often. When

but by far the best way is to have a brick or stone shelf, at about the height of an ordinary table, exclusively devoted to broiling, by the side of the cooking stove, which leaves the fire-place free for other purposes. The gridiron (a *large* one) stands on this shelf, and under it is spread a sufficiency of live charcoal to do the broiling required. Moreover, the gridiron may have over it, high enough not to impede the cook's proceedings, a tin funnel-shaped chimney (communicating with the kitchen chimney), to carry off the carbonic-acid gas from the charcoal, and the smoke from any fat that may fall upon it.

Broiling over, like roasting before, the fire, is almost entirely effected by radiant heat, although a small quantity of hot air or gas does rise from the burning charcoal. It is the *closeness* of the fire to the meat which makes its operation so efficient. If expertly done, broiled food is amongst the wholesomest; and *Toasting* and Broiling are the same—one being done vertically, the other horizontally. Broiled things, with proper attention to the fire, are entirely at the cook's command, and open to her observation. There need be no burning —no drying-up and cooking to rags—no serving raw. There may be just as much, or as little, seasoning as agrees with individual tastes. Gravies and sauces, if required, can be served in addition; and, for a small party, nothing is easier than to send up hot. Fish (which are firm enough to bear it) are lighter for inva-

roasted, they must be opened, and a good sauce made under them with butter, parsley, and gooseberries, the whole very well seasoned." —*Dennis de Coetlogon, Kt. of St. Lazare, M.D.*

lids broiled than fried. They are cooked in nothing but their own natural juices; and it is much easier to add a little butter than to take away grease. Before putting any thing to broil, the gridiron should be heated, and its bars rubbed with *clean* paper or a *clean* rag. Grilled meats should be turned frequently, and not once only, to keep the gravy *inside*, and not send it on one (the upper) side; nor should they be too thick, which would prevent their being done quickly. Fish will not bear so many turnings; but most fish are broiled with their skin on, which retains their juices—a protection which chops and steaks have not.

Boiling would be a comparatively modern operation, consequent on the discovery of pottery or other vessels that will stand the fire. The very name of boiling implies that it is cookery effected by immersion in boiling water; and nothing, at first sight, could appear to be simpler. But *all water* does not boil at the same degree of heat; and *the same water* does not boil at the same degree of heat at different levels above the sea or the plain. Boiling sea-water is hotter than boiling river-water; and river-water, boiling at the top of Mont Blanc, is not hot enough to cook a potato. But, leaving out of consideration uninhabited portions of the earth's surface, meat and vegetables take longer to boil up in the city of Mexico than they would do down at Vera Cruz, on the coast. The cook will, therefore, at once perceive that she can turn Boiling to sundry purposes, merely by boiling gently with rain or river-water, and by boiling fiercely with salt and water.

Moreover, the substances which serve as our food are differently acted upon by different degrees of hot water. Take, as an easy example, an egg. Put it on the fire in a saucepan, with cold water; let it heat gradually and slowly; and you will find that the yolk is set *before* the white, and also before the water boils. The white becomes fixed soon afterwards, and at the temperature of scarcely boiling water. You will therefore employ quite a moderate degree of heat for sauces thickened with yolk of egg, while a very little more heat will serve for dishes composed of the whites and yolks together. You understand why, if baked custards, rice-puddings, and the like, *boil* in their baking dish, they are ruined, running into whey; why boiled custards and creams containing eggs should be done in a *bain-marie*, or jar immersed in a saucepan of hot water; why an omelette, left long enough in the pan to get penetrated by the heat of the butter in which it is fried, becomes leathery. *Hard* eggs, for salad and garnishing, may boil galloping in salt and water. Eggs boiled in the shell, for weak digestions, may be dropped into boiling rain-water, set on the side of the stove five minutes, and never allowed to boil again. Quick boiling converts the white into something very like gutta-percha, even though the yolk is not yet hard.

In setting about boiling, the cook has first to determine whether she requires the juices of the articles boiled to remain *in them*, or to be communicated to the water. Fresh vegetables intended to be served alone, fish, and meat which appears on the table as a boil,

should be thrown into boiling water with a little salt in it, to harden their outer cuticle, set the albumine (or substance similar to white of egg) they contain, and so cause them to retain their native succulence, instead of letting it ooze out into the boilings. For the contrary reason, the ingredients of soups and stews are to be set on with the water cold. Salted and dried meats and fish, which it is required should swell in cooking, must be put into cold water (after previous steeping), and boiled very slowly. Dried vegetables,—as peas, haricots, rice, &c.,—after steeping all night in *soft* water (which first water is to be thrown out), are to be set to cook in cold soft water. The best water for this purpose is filtered rain-water, from a tolerably clean roof, or pure river-water, which has stood to settle twelve hours: neither easy to obtain in large towns. Hard spring or pump water (mostly containing salts of lime) may be softened by putting into it a little carbonate of soda, in the proportion of half an ounce to every gallon of water.

Boiling gives little trouble. Careful skimming, soon after the pot boils; attention that nothing stick to the bottom, and so give a bad taste of burnt to the whole; watching that every thing is covered by the water all the while, and not left half-dry by evaporation; and regulation of the rate of boiling required for that particular object,—are the essential points. Boiling is the only way of cooking many vegetables. To keep them green, use soft water, throw them in when it boils, and let them remain uncovered by a lid till done. It is,

also, an economical way of cooking meat; for if the broth be not wasted, as it too often is, nothing is wasted. In Provence, even fish boilings are carefully saved, for the making of *bouillabaisse*, and other fish-soups.

Steaming is, in point of fact, boiling in the heated vapour of water. The practice, as a means of cooking, is somewhat local, depending on the appliances at hand and the particular articles of food required to be so prepared. In Norfolk, where dumplings are a staple item of the popular diet, almost every body has a steamer fixed to the top of their largest saucepan. Steamed dumplings are much lighter, drier, and more inviting in their appearance than boiled. Many puddings, and some vegetables, may be steamed advantageously. A steamed leg of mutton is excellent; tender, full of gravy, and hardly by a possibility over-done. But all steamed things take much longer to cook than boiled, involving an extra consumption of fuel, which is serious in some localities. Steaming, too, is not only slower than boiling, but more uncertain; if the water supplying the steam ceases to boil *fast*, the cooking does not go on at all. Dumplings and puddings turn heavy, and meat remains raw. Steamed meat also gives no broth; almost all the broth remains within it; consequently, when it *is* done, it is delicate, nutritious, savoury, and easy of digestion; highly recommendable, in short, to invalids whose cook has the patience to bestow hours after hours upon a joint.

Stewing, another modification of boiling, is especially open to the observation, "the more haste, the worse speed." It is an eminently economical branch of cook-

ery. By it, coarse joints, old poultry, hard portions of animals, feet, gizzards, tendons, and even bones, are made to supply savoury and wholesome nutriment. Time and slow cooking are the secret of success; if a thing cannot be stewed tender in one doing, it must be done in two or three, supplying as required, from time to time, the moisture absorbed and evaporated. Vegetables, sweet herbs, and spices, have thus the time to yield all their flavour, from the longer period during which they are subjected to heat; and it must not be forgotten that all those things are absolutely medicinal in their effects on the constitution, as well as stimulant to the appetite. If vegetables generally are a specific against such a severe disease as the scurvy, it cannot be doubted that their special virtues have their influence in milder ailments and on the general health. The old faith in "simples" was by no means a mistake; and for persons suffering from any decided form of illness, the best simples are those which grow in the kitchen-garden. Even when medicine derived from plants is prescribed for a patient, culinary vegetables render useful assistance, which is all the more pleasant because it is unsuspected. Stewing enables the qualities of vegetables to enter the system in the easiest way possible, by combining them with the fleshy and gelatinous substances which they are employed to season. They are thus digested and assimilated unconsciously; whereas, under another form—that of salad, for instance—weak stomachs could not digest them at all. Raw lettuce and endive, uncooked onions, celery, artichokes, finocchio

(tuberculous-rooted fennel), cucumbers, chicory, radishes, turnips, are all eaten with relish in that state by many who can, and by not a few who cannot, digest them. Stewed, they possess the same sanitary virtues, without imposing impossibilities on the labouring stomach, and, consequently, deranging the nerves and the brain. Stewing, like soup-boiling, is begun with the water cold. When it boils, skim till no more scum rises; after which, let it only simmer. Stewing may be done in various vessels (not too small), thick rather than thin in substance, with a cover which *will* fit *closely*, but can be easily removed to see how the stew is going on. Earthen pots stew capitally, *because* they are long about it. "Sweating" and "suffocating" meat are expressive French terms for stewing it. Iron pots allow the heaping of fire on their lid; the stew then approaches to a *daube* or braise. Papin's digester (which, by means of pressure, obtains a higher temperature than boiling water, and extracts all the nutriment out of bones) is really an improved stewpan.

Frying might be called "boiling in fat or oil"—which are synonymous in a culinary sense; for fat is nothing but oil solidified, and oil is liquid fat or grease—but the conditions are so exceedingly different, and the effects so contrary, that "boiling" must be restricted to cooking with water at the highest temperature it is capable of maintaining unconfined. It has been stated that different waters boil at different temperatures. The same is true of different liquids, through a still wider range of heat. You can thrust your finger with impunity into

boiling spirit of wine; you can hardly do so with boiling water; while boiling oil would inflict a cruel burn. Boiling oil or fat is nearly four times as hot as boiling water.

Consequently, articles of food plunged in boiling fat offer very opposite results to what they do in boiling water. In the latter, they are softened and finally dissolved; they become either boiled meat and vegetables, or are reduced to the condition of a mess of pottage. In boiling fat, on the contrary, they become firm—at first on their outside only, which is more or less browned; and if left there too long, are burnt to a cinder. In the first case, the water dissolves and incorporates with itself the internal juices of the food plunged in it. In the second, those juices remain in the articles fried, because the fat is incapable of dissolving them. If they ultimately become dry as chips, the reason is, that the continued heat must at last drive off all moisture in the state of vapour.

It is mere economy—or, in truth, niggardness—in the use of fat, which makes our cooks fry first one side of a chop or steak, and then turn it to fry the other. The best frying is done by *plunging* the article entirely in boiling fat. This is especially the case with vegetables and fish. How often do we see fried potatoes and soles, mere slices of something sodden in grease! *Boiling* grease does not enter articles *plunged* into it, but forms a crust on their surface which keeps it out. The cook, therefore, should have a large stock of frying-fat, which can be strained and poured into jars when the frying is done, and covered to keep out the dust, reserving each

sort for its special purpose: meat-fat for meat, fish-fat for fish, vegetable-fat for vegetables, as potatoes, sliced turnip, split cucumbers, small vegetable-marrows. A well-stored kitchen should have another pot of fat reserved for sweets, as apple or peach fritters, sweet omelettes, &c.

The causes of failure in frying are: 1st, an insufficient quantity of fat in the pan; 2d, putting in things to fry before it is hot enough; 3d, too much moisture adhering to the surface of things to be fried.

Vegetables and fish should be carefully wiped dry before frying; the latter may be rubbed with flour; chops and cutlets may be smeared with egg, and dusted all over with bread-crumbs or grated biscuit. The grand point is to get the boiling fat to *seize* the article fried, *i. e.* to form a brown crust all over its surface at the very instant of immersion. The *seizing* cannot take place unless the fat has been over a sharp fire a sufficient time; when once the seizing is properly effected, the pan may be raised or withdrawn a little, to let the article cook through without burning outside. That the fat is hot enough may be ascertained by trying it with a piece of crumb of bread thrown in for five or six seconds. If it comes out crisp and brown, you may commence your operations at once. Well-fried things are not greasy; they are agreeable to the eye, the palate, and the stomach: while badly fried things are the very reverse. A well-fried sole will hardly soil the napkin on which it is laid.

Frying in this style affords great resources for the

table. It allows yesterday's leavings to reappear in quite a novel form, and helps you out of the difficulty of an unexpected arrival; for it takes no longer to fry thus a four-pound fish than to boil an egg. When the fat is once at *seizing point* the thing is done. A famous epicure, Brillat Savarin, once had a pan made (which he christened an *enfer*) big enough to fry in this way a very large turbot.

The kind of fat used must depend on local circumstances; whatever it is, it must be the very best of its kind. Good olive-oil is delicate; so is good butter; first-rate and sweet pork-lard is not to be despised; beef and veal melted suet will render service for many things.

The frying-pans commonly sold are much too shallow, being only just deep enough to fry eggs, or cutlets, and flat-fish, by turning them over. Every kitchen should possess a frying-pan not less than six inches deep, oval, not round, and long enough to accommodate a respectable-sized fish.

Sautéing resembles what is erroneously called frying, only it is not done in a frying-pan, but in a deep (often an earthen) pan, into which a moderate quantity of butter or fat is put. When this is hot, the article to be cooked is shaken about in it, tossed, and turned, until properly done. As in frying, the heat of the fat is an essential point; the cook never leaves the article to itself a second. Things larger than a duck are seldom sautéd: sautéd potatoes are general favourites. Omelettes and pancakes are really sautéd, so are chops and steaks in

general; while *beignets* and fritters should be fried. In sautéing, as in frying, the great danger to be avoided is over-doing the article, particularly if it is only a preliminary in the cooking of a dish. It may be performed very well in an ordinary shallow saucepan. The term is derived from the French *sauter*, to jump, or *faire sauter*, to make jump, to toss. Things commonly sautéd are young fowls, small game, larger poultry or game in joints, meat in dice or small pieces, kidneys, sweetbreads, small potatoes whole or large ones sliced, portions of fish, chops, cutlets, and the like.

III.

UTENSILS.

KITCHEN REQUISITES, AND THEIR EMPLOYMENT.

When a cook arrives at a new place, it is only fair that she should find ready to her hand every implement and convenience necessary for the proper exercise of her art, or at least for the preparation of the class of dishes which her employers are likely to require of her. As in other arts, a handy person will effect a good deal with few appliances. Still, there must be *a sufficiency* of utensils. The following list, therefore (which might be enlarged), is given, not to tell housekeepers that they must at once purchase every article which it contains, but rather as a remembrancer of what they *may* want, and what they think their own cook ought to have at command in order to serve their meals to their satisfaction. If they have to complain of an ill-dressed dinner, they would not wish her to be in a position to reply, "Sir (or Ma'am), I could do no better, because I had not the things to do it with."

But while the kitchen battery ought to be fully adequate to carry on the culinary campaign, the purchase of a superfluity of utensils is a great mistake, and that not so much on account of the expense of the outlay, as of the time and labour wasted in keeping them bright and clean. And yet many cooks, and even

mistresses, like to have more than is wanted for mere purposes of adornment, "to make their kitchen smart." I myself possess an immense copper fish-kettle, *with the bottom kept bright for show*, which has been used once, I think, but am not sure, in the course of the last dozen years. This is a folly similar to that of Dutchmen and others, who build houses, not to be lived in, but to be scrubbed, scoured, painted, dusted, and then kept carefully closed. "Pray don't order so and so of the fishmonger, the butcher, or the poulterer; we could only cook them in such or such vessels: they are clean, and we cannot have them dirtied," is a request which is contrary to common sense. If the vessels are not to be used, they may as well be sold for old iron or copper. In running through our list, therefore, the householder will tick off what is absolutely wanted in his establishment, and no more.

Jack, for roasting. A *Bottle-Jack*, with its reflector, answers well for moderate-sized families. If it be a clockwork jack, with horizontal spit, let it be a *Cradle Spit*. A spit thrust through a joint spoils it.

Dutch or *American Oven*, for doing small things before the fire.

Toasting-fork.

Gridirons of various sizes and contrivances. The gridiron with channelled bars receives the gravy in a little trough. The double gridiron holds a steak between it; the gridiron is turned and the steak with it, which therefore is not pricked by a fork. This is also avoided by using a pair of steak-tongs.

Salamander, for browning mashed potatoes, maccaroni, calf's head, or ham covered with bread-crumbs. Greatly improves the appearance of many dishes, and gives a style.

Gauffre Iron, for making gauffres and wafers. Rather a fancy article; good to amuse young people on a winter's day when they cannot get out.

Deep oval Frying-pan, large enough to hold a good-sized sole, and allowing things to be *plunged* in the hot fat.

Smaller and shallower Frying-pan, for doing chops, kidneys, eggs, &c.

Nut-crackers, for preparing blanched almonds, walnuts, filberts, &c.

Lobster-crackers. Magnified nut-crackers, for breaking the shells of the claws of crabs and lobsters.

Lemon-squeezer. The same, on still a larger scale, made of wood, for squeezing the juice of lemons and oranges.—N.B. Never squeeze a lemon or orange directly into the dish you are preparing, but into a cup. Pips (perhaps decayed), bits of peel or pulp, might fall in, and communicate a flavour you do not wish for.

Large Grater, for bread, cheese, &c.; *smaller one*, for spice.

Large Tin Boiler, with Cover, for soup, boiled puddings, apple-dumplings, &c. Two, or even three, of these will often be convenient to have.

Large, deep Tin Saucepan, with a close-fitting *Steamer* on the top. When the steamer is not wanted, *its* lid serves as the saucepan-lid.

Shallow Saucepan, for sautéing (or tossing) or boiling small things.

Stewpan, large enough to hold a fowl or duck with accompanying vegetables, with close-fitting cover, which may be flat with a rim, or hollow, to hold live charcoal.

Several *small Saucepans*, for melted butter, gravies, sauces, and the like.

Earthen Pans, for sautéing potatoes and other small things, as teal and widgeon, omelettes, &c.

Earthen Pot, with well-fitting cover, for simmering, at the side of the stove, beef-tea, chicken broth, and so on.

Meat Saw, *Chopper*, and *Block*.

Bain-marie, or *Hot-water Bath*, a stewpan with a double bottom, containing water between the fire and the inner bottom. Its use is to stew things gently, without the possibility of their burning; to warm up cold dishes; and to keep things hot for travellers, sportsmen, and professional people, whose hour of dining is uncertain. Turtle, ox-tail, and such-like soups, when once made, should always be heated up again in a bain-marie, which not only saves the meat, &c. from sticking to the bottom, but preserves the delicacy of the flavour. A common carpenters' glue-pot is a familiar instance of a bain-marie. *Small* quantities of sauce may be warmed in a basin which takes the place of the lid on a tea-kettle.

Moulds for cakes, jellies, and meat-cheeses; *Patty-pans*, *Pudding-basins*, *Pie-dishes; earthen Paté-dishes, with lids*, for hare paté, goose-pie, &c., and also for fish, to stand the heat of an oven.

Flour-dredger, for dredging flour over roasting meats to brown them, and into stews and sauces to thicken them.

Scales and Weights, to proportion the quantities of ingredients used, and to verify the weight of goods received into the house.

A *large, diamond-shaped Fish-kettle*, for turbot and brill, and a *smaller oval one*, long enough to hold full-sized mackerel or a cod's head and shoulders. This last will be found very useful.

Fish Slices (for frying), *Skimmers*, *Spatulas*, *Ladles*, *Iron and Wooden Spoons*.

Cullenders, *Strainers*, *Sieves*, for soups, sauces, boiled vegetables, decoctions, &c.

Whisk (made of tinned iron wire or of osier twigs), for whipping creams, syllabubs, omelette soufflées, &c.

Stamps of various shapes, for cutting out cakes, puff-paste, tartlets, &c. Circular things may be cut out perfectly with a wine-glass, a beer-glass, or a small saucepan-lid.

A *wooden Rolling-pin*. *Glass rolling-pins* are made, whose only fault is their fragility. In case of need, a glass bottle will serve a turn.

A *Larding-pin* or *Larding needle*, for introducing strips of bacon into veal, the breasts of fowl, calf's liver, &c.

A *white-wood Board*, about twenty inches or two feet square, on which to chop vegetables, cooked or uncooked, meat, suet, sweet herbs, &c. Two, or even three, such boards will not be too many to have. They

are both neater and more convenient than the surface of a deal table, often used for that purpose.

Plate-rack, for draining plates and dishes when washed. *Plate-warmer*, during the summer months: in winter, its place is in the dining-room.

Gaslight, a little way up the chimney, to enable the cook to see her work.

Oyster-knife, and the skill to use it. Great is the consternation in a country house, when a barrel of natives is announced, and nobody knows how to open them. They are obliged to be cracked like filberts, or pounded like Brazil nuts. The particular kind of oyster-knife employed is a matter of individual habit and custom. The writer employs an old, well-worn, stiff, sharp-pointed dinner-knife, and is not alarmed at the sight of a barrel from Colchester, nor of two. There are machines for opening oysters; but, not having tried them, it would be unfair to express an opinion of their merits.

A good *roomy Meat-safe*, with movable *Meat-hooks* and wire-gauze door and sides, hanging in the shade, in a current of air.

Wire Salad-basket, to swing salad in, after it is picked and washed, in order to deprive it of superfluous moisture.

Large *Latch-pan* or *Dripping-pan*, to go under large joints while roasting: smaller one for poultry and small things.

Wire Stand, with three or four feet, to support baked meats in their dish in the oven (thus rendering

them easier to baste), as well as to raise them a little above baked potatoes, Yorkshire-pudding, and Toad-in-a-hole.

Iron Skewers, for trussing meat and poultry previous to cooking. — N.B. Remember not to serve them with the joint unless you wish to puzzle the carver.

Punches, for cutting carrots, turnips, beetroots, &c., into small ornamental shapes for garnishing, or for appearing thoroughly cooked, in soups and ragoûts.

Moulds, *Stamps*, *Rollers*, or *Scrapers*, for making decorative pats of butter.

Flannel Jelly-bag.

Sugar-sifter, for dusting pounded white sugar over tarts, custards, puddings, sweet omelettes, &c. In some cases (in the latter, for instance) an additional charm may be given to a sugared dish by placing it a few seconds under a bright salamander, which converts a portion of the dust sugar into barley-sugar.

Marble Slab, for making pastry, rolling and moulding butter, and other operations which require coolness.

Marble Pestle and Mortar, for pounding spice and sugar, making potted meats, and the like.

A *Stock-pot*, to be kept always simmering, to receive trimmings of meat, bones, remnants of fowl or game, &c.—in short, to be a save-all for the conversion of worthless scraps into wholesome nutriment. Whether flavoured with vegetables or not, the contents of the stock-pot will prove invaluable, both to furnish occasional basins of soup, and to assist in compounding all sorts of made dishes, where something better to moisten them

than mere water is required. For families who take soup every day (during winter, at least) the stock-pot, properly managed, may be made an inexhaustible fountain of soup. Good stock lends itself to almost every flavour and aspect. If the odds and ends of the kitchen do not supply enough material, a few coarse *fresh* bits of meat from the butcher will easily make up for the deficiency.

The Stock-pot naturally leads us to the next Chapter, ELEMENTS.

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IV.

ELEMENTS.

FIRST MATERIALS AND COMBINATIONS, ON WHICH ALL COOKERY IS BASED; WITH HINTS FOR THEIR PREPARATION AND USE.

"BROTH," says Ude, "is the Foundation of Cookery."

"Cookery," would say many English professors, "rests mainly on a basis of Melted Butter."

"The first Element of Made Dishes," others might suggest, "is a good *Roux*, as the French call it, or Flour browned in Butter at the bottom of a Stewpan."

All which maxims are true to this extent, that if either of the articles to which they relate is bad, not only is the resulting Cookery bad, but, what is worse, unwholesome.

That admission made, it is needless to inquire further what is the primary cosmic element (if any) of which all dishes are made up and compounded. The above-named three elements will have due consideration in their proper places. We now enumerate sundry articles which the cook will require to have at hand, *ready for use* at a minute's warning. Most Made Dishes especially are only happy combinations of certain simpler preparations. A great culinary point, therefore, is to know how to prepare *those* properly, and to keep them in attendance in a serviceable state.

The *Bunch of Sweet Herbs*, or *Bouquet*, as we will

call it for shortness, serves to flavour soups, stews, hashes, and gravies. It is thrown into them, tied together with thread, at the beginning of their preparation, and is taken out before serving. The bouquet, prepared, may be kept fresh in a glass of water until the moment of throwing it into the hot liquid. It is often the bouquet which (combined sometimes with wine or other sauce) confers their peculiar delicacy on certain dishes—to Mock-Turtle, for instance, *Tête de Veau à la Tortue*, hashed Calf's Head, &c. The bouquet also exercises a stimulating and medicinal effect on the digestion.

The following sweet herbs may enter (in different combinations and proportions, according to the dish they are to flavour) into the composition of the bouquet: parsley; chervil; celery, the blanched stalks; celery, the green leaf (when celery is not to be had, a salt-spoonful of *the seed*, slightly crushed, will communicate the same flavour); chives (unnecessary when onions in any form are added); bay-leaves; common garden thyme; wild thyme; lemon thyme; sage; knotted marjoram, otherwise called pot marjoram, because, being a native of the South of Europe, it is often grown in pots during winter; sweet basil, a tender annual of very delicate aroma.

For those who like it, a bunch of spearmint is boiled with green peas. So prepared, they accord well with roast mutton, pork, veal, duck, goose, and wild fowl, but not with beef or chicken. The objection to mint with peas, especially if they are to be eaten alone or *as*

a dish, is, that it overpowers their natural flavour; its recommendation is, that it stimulates the digestion of what is a rather heavy vegetable, especially if often eaten.

The French in like manner boil a bunch of *sarriette*, summer savory (*Satureja hortensis*, an annual species, quite different from the common winter savory, which is a perennial under-shrub), with broad beans; and it is a great improvement.

Some boil a bunch of fennel with mackarel, and also with salmon. Fennel-sauce may be made either with fennel so boiled, or with fresh-chopped uncooked fennel. The former will be more digestible, the latter of a brighter colour.

Sage-leaf Powder. Dry sage-leaves very slowly before the fire or in an oven, so as to retain their peculiar gray-green hue. Then, while crisp, rub them between the hands as finely as possible. Serve on a plate with a spoon in it (or in a neat dredger, like a large-holed pepper-box) for each guest to sprinkle in pea and other soup. Sage-powder is also used to dust over roast pork just before serving, or to decorate the outside of hams, &c.

Parsley Powder, made in the same way, is employed for like purposes, and to improve boiled leg of pork, both in outward appearance and in flavour. *Chervil*, *Marjoram*, *Thyme*, and *Basil Powders*, will vary the above.

They may all be kept in small wide-mouthed bottles (set in front of the fire before putting in the powder), well stopped, in a very dry closet.

Olives are kept in pickle, in jars. When a dish containing olives is to be served in the course of the day, pare as many as are wanted (as *thick* as possible, and all in one piece, leaving nothing but the bare kernel to be rejected), and return them immediately to the pickle until the moment comes to add them to the sauce or the ragoût. So they will neither get dry nor discoloured.

When *Horse-radish* is likely to be wanted, either as a garnishing (for roast beef, beef-steaks, boiled cod, or other fish) or as a condiment (a pinch to be dropped into oyster sauce), have a stick ready on a handy shelf, to be scraped a few minutes before made use of. *Old scraped* horse-radish looks like paper shavings, and has lost the best part of its volatile aroma. The perfume has greatly evaporated, although the pungency remains.

Butter of Garlic, or *Ayoli*, much used in Provence and the South of France, and convenient in establishments where garlic is admitted. Pound a few cloves of garlic in a mortar, gradually adding olive-oil, until the whole is reduced to the consistency of a paste.

Garlic Wine, *Garlic Vinegar*, or *Essence of Garlic*. "I am an advocate for a small *twang* of garlic in sausages and many other savories; which is admirably given by always keeping a bottle half-filled with cloves of garlic, covered with white wine or vinegar. The former is best for many things, when a few drops even will often give a wonderful finish to any dish."—*Cœlebs in Search of a Cook.*

Fried Onions, of a nice light brown, well drained

from their grease, held in reserve cold on a plate, are often useful to throw into a hash or stew.

Burnt Onions or *Black-onion Balls* (to be bought of every good grocer or Italian warehouse), kept in wide-mouthed bottles, are indispensable on the sauce-shelf. They supply a savory, sightly, and wholesome means of browning a great variety of dishes.

Browning (of another kind). "This most useful article for soups and seasoned dishes is, I think, preferable to the French *Roux*, or browned flour." (The Doctor, who is not bigoted, allows others to express their opinions freely.) "Powder finely four ounces of loaf-sugar; put it in a clean iron frying-pan, with one ounce of butter. Set it over the fire; mix it well together; when it begins to be frothy, hold it off the fire. Have ready a pint of red wine. When the sugar and butter is of a deep brown, pour in a little, then add more, and keep stirring it. Put to it half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, six cloves, two blades of mace, four shallots, and a little salt. Boil it slowly for ten minutes; when cold, take off the scum, and bottle it for use. It keeps a long time. *Great care should be taken, in making this, not to let it burn too much, as it spoils the flavour.* A simpler kind may be made, only using water and no spice; but it does not keep so well."—*Cœlebs in Search of a Cook.*

This browning, in fact, is based on *caramel* or burnt sugar (the substance employed to colour brandies), which is often more agreeable to the eye than to the palate. Indeed, the flavour of caramel is *not* agreeable, although it may be covered by other condiments.

Button Mushrooms, from the meadow or the pasture-ground, intended for sauces and ragoûts, after being carefully wiped, may be boiled ten minutes in stock, taken out, and drained. They will then be ready for immediate use, only requiring warming up in the sauce. *Pickled* button mushrooms are employed, as taken from the bottle, without further preparation. Open or full-grown mushrooms, although dressed in various ways, may be advanced a step by peeling off carefully the thin skin which covers their upper surface, and shortening the stalk to a proper length.

The cook who exercises forethought in these and like small matters will be able to send up her dinner without hitch or hindrance, as well as without hurry. She will have all her wits about her, her presence of mind complete. Like an able general or a first-rate driver, all her forces will be under her control, every part of her team well in hand. She will not have to neglect the proper conducting of one division because she has already neglected the due preparation of another. If only for the sake of her own comfort, she will be wise in having her work well forward beforehand. Instead of being hot, fussy, and feverish—which gives her a capital chance of spoiling some dish—she will be calm, collected, and capable of contemplating with pride the progress of each item of the bill of fare as it gradually advances to perfection. Having things ready to hand or not often makes the difference between a good cook and a bad one, especially with regard to dishes which, with a little attention, may almost be said to cook of

themselves when once they are properly set a-going. With them once fairly started, the provident cook can relax her efforts, and quietly look forward to a satisfactory result.

Oysters, for sauce or made dishes, may be opened at least half an hour beforehand without injury to their quality. Remove their beards at the time. Put the oysters with their liquor into one cup, and the beards into another. When it is time to use them, it will be found that the beards have yielded a certain amount of liquor, which may be added to that already with the oysters.

Oysters, to be eaten in their natural state, should not be opened *till the very last minute.* At that most important nick of time (with a dinner at least, if not of a supper) it is not fair to require that task to be performed *by the cook.* She has other things to attend to, and ought to have assistance to open the oysters, even if from the master of the house himself.

The *Sauces, Pickles, Spices, Essences of Shrimp, Anchovy*, &c., required to flavour the dishes of that day's dinner, will be all within reach, almost without having to set a step to fetch them. The same of grated biscuit or flour for frying fish, and of bread-crumbs, with the egg or batter which is to make them stick, for chops and cutlets. The morning's study of her Bill of Fare will be the Cook's Remembrancer of all these little but not trifling details.

Milk has often to be *boiled* when the cook's attention is much divided. To prevent its sticking to the

bottom and burning, take a saucepan from whose inside every trace or vestige of grease has been removed. Rinse it *well* with cold water, throw out the water, and *do not* wipe the inside of the saucepan. Put in your milk immediately, and set it on the fire. The thin film of moisture remaining between the milk and the bottom of the saucepan—which will soon become a film of steam or vapour—will prevent the milk from sticking *at the outset* and burning. It *will* stick and burn afterwards, if not taken off in time. This mode of keeping milk from burning might be made the subject of a learned dissertation. It is analogous to Professor Tyndall's beautiful experiment of making a drop of water two inches in diameter, and moulded into a rosette with a pretty crimped border, dance rhythmically upon vapour escaping from its own under-surface.

In composite dishes, stews, &c., containing a variety of articles,—such as small onions, turnips, carrots, mushrooms, oysters, sweetbreads, cocks'-combs, forcemeat balls,—some will take longer cooking than others. Some require twenty minutes or half an hour's sharp boiling; others need be little more than well warmed through. If *not* prepared beforehand, they must take their chance as to the time they can be allowed to cook; if ready *prepared*, they can be put in successively, and each cooked for its proper time; if ready *cooked*, the cook is independent of their peculiar requirements, and can make them obedient to her will precisely when she wants them. How often have sea-kale and asparagus got sodden or cold, while the melted butter to pour over

them had to be made, and the toast to lay them on had to be toasted before a fire that wouldn't burn clear!

Cocks'-combs (just mentioned) are an indispensable ingredient in Parisian *vol-au-vents* and other dishes. When you have them (from fowls supplied to your larder), soak them several hours in cold water to bleach, boil them till tender, drain, and set aside for use.

When you have them not, do not despair, on supposing that your Calf's Head Turtlewise *must* appear without them. It need not, if you have a little ingenuity.

Some years ago it was calculated that not less than five-and-twenty or thirty thousand chicken—and the number has been enormously increased by the fuller development of railways—entered Paris every morning. Ten thousand of these appeared on the tables of private families; the other fifteen thousand fell into the hands of restaurateurs, pastrycooks, rôtisseurs, and their colleagues. But from all those fifteen thousand fowl not more than twelve thousand cocks'-combs, fit to figure in ragoûts, could be obtained; whilst every cockerel served on a private table refused to yield his natural ornament. Nevertheless, go where you would, order *vol-au-vent* or Turtled Calf's Head, and you had them, containing such a liberal sprinkling of cocks'-combs as to show that the supply was inexhaustible. How was that? Nobody knew—nobody cared to know. There were the cocks'-combs—delicate, tender, unexceptionable. Who wanted further information, so long as ignorance was bliss? People of an inquiring or sceptical turn of mind—until the

cat (or the cock's-comb) was let out of the bag—merely thought of the loaves and the fishes.

A philanthropist, appropriately called Daddy (by which I render *Père*) Lecoq, in his zeal to benefit the human race, made a pretty little income by inventing artificial cocks'-combs.

He took a palate—beef, mutton, or veal; but he greatly preferred the beef. After a good scalding in boiling water, he let it steep eight-and-forty hours. He then detached the flesh of the palatine vault, taking care not to tear or break it. Then, putting his palate under a punch or stamp worked with a lever, he coined cocks'-combs superior to Nature's. Connoisseurs, taken in by Daddy Lecoq's productions, complacently took them in themselves. And yet there is an easy way of distinguishing one from the other. Nature's cocks'-combs are studded on *both* sides with *papillæ*, or little warts; Lecoq's, and his imitators', on only one.

Beef-palates are easy to be had in London. In default of them, very nice cocks'-combs can be stamped out of the white parts of a calf's pluck. Any blacksmith will make you the punch, if you only furnish him with a proper pattern; and you will be able to send up cocks'-combs at will, without shaving one of your lady's cockerels. If half the world does not know how the other half lives, certainly half the world does not know what the other half eats.

Fat may be often substituted for butter, not only for the sake of economy, but with an actual improvement of flavour in many savoury dishes and some sweet

ones. Beef-fat especially, taken in cakes from the top of the stock-pot and the soup-boiler, when cold, is useful for many purposes—such as frying, making a *roux* for thickening, or the beginning of a ragoût. Melted down into a pot and covered, it will keep good some time. A thrifty housekeeper will never allow it to be wasted.

Cheese-Crusts, no longer presentable at the close of dinner, may be grated, and so handed round to sprinkle in soup, or to be used in a dish of macaroni.

Stuffing, A. For Veal or Turkey. Grate the crumb of stale bread into a bowl. Add to it salt, pepper, a *little* grated nutmeg, the rind of half a lemon chopped very fine, some beef or veal suet ditto, some parsley and thyme ditto, with the juice of the half-lemon. Break in one or more eggs, just sufficient to make the quantity, when well mixed, into a stiff paste, which will bear handling and stuffing into the fowl. If truffles (sliced or chopped) or mushrooms are added to the stuffing, the lemon-peel may be omitted or not, according to taste. By stuffing a fowl over-night (which may be done, except in the hottest weather) and trussing it, not only can it be put to the fire at a minute's warning, but the flavour of the stuffing will have time to penetrate the flesh. Turkeys are truffled days before they are wanted, in order to absorb as much of the aroma as possible.

Stuffing, B. For Pike and other fish. The same as *A*, omitting the lemon-peel, and adding chopped chervil and fennel to the other herbs. For abstinence-days, a lump of butter must be substituted for the beef-suet.

Stuffing, C. For Roast Hare or Rabbit, or other

dry meats. The same as *A*, with a larger proportion of suet, and the addition of sausage-meat or bacon chopped very small.

N.B. Stuffings are often made to contain a greater variety of ingredients than are mentioned here. The cook may exercise her judgment by using also, in accordance with the nature of the object she is stuffing, chopped onions, shallots, garlic, chives; oysters (scalded); livers (boiled); chestnuts (boiled or roasted, and broken in pieces); hard eggs or various cold meats (minced); anchovies, marjoram and sweet basil, lobster, crawfish, shrimps, cold fish, &c.

They are all based on bread-crumbs bound together with egg, seasoned and flavoured as tastes direct.

Stuffing or *Forcemeat Balls* may be rolled to the size required, and laid before the fire in a Dutch oven to harden, or fried a light brown in boiling fat.

Batter, for frying things in. Stir water or milk gradually into a little flour. Add a little olive-oil, salt, and brandy; beat together, as if for an omelette. When you are about to begin frying, beat an egg to a froth, and mix well with the above. Dip the things to be fried in this, so that their surface is equally and well covered with the batter. For frying sweet things, as apple-fritters, substitute sugar for salt.

Marinades, *Pickling* or *Steeping Mixtures*, are much used in French cookery, to give flavour to insipid meats, or to give a new and additional flavour to those that are already savoury in themselves. Their composition depends much on the cook's ideas and habitual practice.

Marinades are of two kinds, unboiled and boiled, or cooked and stewed. As examples, we give the receipts:

Marinade, A. For Rabbits. Into a sufficient quantity of white wine put parsley, chives, thyme, bay-leaves, and a clove of garlic chopped. Cut up your rabbit into joints, and steep them in this mixture for at least an hour. Then dip them in batter, and fry to a light brown. Let them drain half a minute, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Marinade, B. Boiled. For Fried Sheeps' Trotters. Take sliced shallots, carrots, and onions, parsley, three or four cloves, thyme, and bay-leaves. Fry them in butter, without letting them brown. As soon as they begin to brown, moisten with half water and half vinegar. When the vegetables are done, season with pepper and salt, and strain through a cullender over whatever you wish to marinade.

Prepare Sheeps' Trotters as directed for *à la Poulette.* After steeping, dip them in batter, and fry and serve as directed for Rabbit.

Carp, Tench, Perch, Pike, and other fresh-water fish, are marinaded the same way as Rabbits.

Marinade, C. To give mutton or beef the flavour of roe-deer or venison. Put the meat in a deep vessel. Throw over it pepper and salt, parsley, sliced onions, bay-leaves, thyme, allspice or cloves, a glass of vinegar, and half a glass of water. Let it steep one or two days, according as you wish it to be high-flavoured, turning it frequently. The fillet from a loin of beef is a favourite piece to prepare in this way. When suffi-

ciently marinaded, it is roasted. The upper part of the loin makes either roast or stewed beef.

Court-Bouillon. Flavoured liquor, for boiling fish and shell-fish in. Its ingredients, like those of Marinades, vary. Into your fish-kettle, three-quarters full of water, put sliced onions, carrots, parsley, thyme, bay-leaves, mace, cloves, whole pepper, and any other spice you like, salt, a wineglass of vinegar, and the same of wine. When it has boiled, cook your fish in it. Sauce served with the fish should be made with this liquor. The same court-bouillon will serve many times,—that is, as long as it keeps good; only, each time, a little wine and water should be added, to prevent its becoming too strong. French cooks often boil shrimps, prawns, crawfish, and lobsters in a court-bouillon; but the articles so treated lose thereby the peculiar delicacy of their natural flavour: they also disagree with many stomachs which digest them without difficulty when boiled, after the English fashion, in salt water. Take, as an example:

Fresh-water Crawfish, done, French fashion, in *Court-Bouillon.* At the bottom of a large stew-pan put slices of carrots, onions, and parsley-roots; parsley, thyme, and bay-leaves; a few cloves and whole pepper, salt, and a glass of vinegar. Fill up with water, and boil well an hour. Strain through a cullender.

When cool, return this liquor to the stew-pan, and into it put the live crawfish, after washing them in several waters. Take off the scum as it rises, and let them boil twenty minutes. When done, take off the

fire, and let them remain in the liquor until quite cold, in order to be more thoroughly penetrated with its flavour. This same Court-Bouillon will serve repeatedly for other crawfish, prawns, or lobsters.

Caramel. Pounded lump-sugar browned in a sauce-pan over the fire, moistened with a little broth or water, and stirred with a fork all the while. Great care must be taken not to burn it, which would communicate a bitter and unpleasant taste. When sufficiently browned, it may be stored away in a jar. Its use is to smear with a feather over the surface of meats, to glaze or colour them, and also to make sauces *look* richer by deepening their brownness; for there is but little nutriment in caramel, the sweetness being fried out of it. It is with caramel that brandies, &c. (white when they issue from the still), are made to assume the tinge that suits the market.

It is clear that attention to the preceding points will enable the cook not only to be punctual, but—what is of equal importance to persons of delicate health and multitudinous engagements—to serve a hot dinner or luncheon at a very short notice. Professional men are often obliged to snatch their meals between their spells of duty; and if, through their cook's address, they can take twenty minutes' repose *after* a repast, instead of having *to wait* twenty minutes longer for that repast, their health will be incalculably the gainer; not to mention the additional enjoyment of being able to eat, and perhaps converse, leisurely, without bolting their food unmasticated and almost untasted.

V.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

WHETS, KICKSHAWS, SIDE-DISHES, ETC.,

Are little things which sometimes take the place of dishes, sometimes accompany dishes, sometimes fill up intervals between them, and sometimes may be regarded as simply condiments. The time of their consumption at meals, and the meals at which they appear, vary according to local usage. Here, they are more frequent at breakfast and lunch than at dinner; elsewhere, they begin the dinner, or are interspersed during the dinner: with us, their favourite place is at the close of dinner. Thus, we make a true *hors d'œuvre* of cheese, which, abroad, belongs to the dessert. One of Brillat Savarin's maxims is: "A dessert without cheese, is a beauty who has lost an eye." While the luxury of a Scotch breakfast is greatly enhanced by the number and variety of its *hors d'œuvres*, in England they often constitute the gems of a supper-tray.

Little more can be given here than a list of some of these appetising dishlets, accompanied by a few short observations. Amongst them are Radishes, Water-Cress, Garden-Cress, Spring-Onions, Olives, Raw Celery, and Raw Finocchio.

Pickled Vegetables, as Red Cabbage, Gherkins, Walnuts, Mangos, Onions, &c., Sliced Cucumber.

Bologna, Arles, or other dried Sausage; Sliced Ham and Tongue; Butter.

Cold Oysters, Hustled Cockles and Mussels, Prawns, Shrimps, Fresh-water Crawfish, Periwinkles, Whelks.

Melon all over France, and Fresh Figs in the south, are eaten as *hors d'œuvres*. Immediately the soup and boiled beef are removed, a fig or a slice of melon is taken by way of pastime, to fill up crevices. The invalid will decline them *then*, as occupying the place of more nutritious food.

Preserved Fruits; Jam, Jelly, Marmalade; Brandy Cherries; Honey.

Salted Anchovies, or Sardines; Dutch or Salted Herring; Tunny, Anchovies, and Sardines in oil; Grilled Red Herring or Bloaters.

Devilled Bones and Biscuits; Anchovy Toast; Oyster Patties; Veal and Ham ditto.

Pickled Herring, Sprats, and Mackarel; Pickled Cockles and Mussels.

Potted Shrimps, Lobster, Bloaters, Hare, Beef, Sprats, Mackarel, Herring.

Brawn, Galantine of Fowl, Pork Cheese, Calf's-Head Cheese.

Caviare and its imitations.

Paté de Foie Gras, Terrines de Tours or de Perigord, Strasbourg Liver Patés, and like preparations containing Truffles; Hare Patés, Patés of Snipe, Lark, or Partridge; Venison Pasty, Goose Pie, &c. &c.

From the great variety on this list (which might be extended), it is evident that we should be wrong in condemning them indiscriminately because they appear opposed to plain living and a simple diet. In the first place, they are intended to be merely *tasted*, and not to form a substantial portion of any meal. And, secondly, some *hors d'œuvres* render medicinal service by the elements (needful, though it may be in infinitesimal quantities) which they help to introduce into the system.

No uncooked vegetables—such as radishes, garden-cress, and cucumbers—should be used except those that have been *quickly* grown, *i.e.* on a hot-bed, or in a frame. Out-door spring radishes are as indigestible as marbles; and out-door slow-grown cress rivals iron-wire. Water-cress must come from *running* water.

Sweet *hors d'œuvres* combine the virtues both of sugar and of fruit. You can take, in marmalade, the tonic, anti-febrile, anti-scorbutic orange; or, in jelly and jam, the cooling and refreshing currant and raspberry.

Smoked and salted meats are of questionable value to the invalid, while dried and smoked sausages are more than questionable, often being the cause of heart-burn. On the other hand, fish in oil, salt, or vinegar (when the stomach can bear them) are healthier stimulants, not open to the same objection.

Of caviare (a preparation of the roe of certain fish) there are several varieties, all good when good of their kind. The Norwegian caviare, flavoured with cloves, and obtained from Bergen and other towns, is excellent; the black caviare, supplied from Hamburgh, is particu-

larly delicate. An admirable preparation, based on similar materials, called *poutarque*, or sometimes *boutarque*, is made at Martigues, near Marseilles. To the convalescent, whose doctor allows him light solids, I can recommend, from experience, as one of his first dinners, a Scalded Whiting, or a Boiled Partridge, followed by a very small slice of thin toast, well spread with caviare. Top this with a glass of good Rhine wine, preferring the reds. The best dessert is, none at all—unless another bit of toast *without* the caviare; but an orange is allowed to lie by the bedside to suck if thirsty during the night.

Patés de Foie Gras, from Strasbourg and elsewhere, need not be altogether eschewed, if cautiously tasted now and then; on the contrary, the luscious morsel requires to be accompanied by a wholesome crust of bread, and calls for a sip of generous wine. Respecting the small quantity of truffles they contain, opinions differ; some hold them to be stimulating, others not. The best medical authorities, taking a common-sense view, maintain that truffles and the like excite the system only when they are served at wealthy tables, and accompanied by more substantial luxuries. Feed a man on bread-and-water and truffles, and it is probable he will not complain of their heating effects.

On the whole, the invalid is advised to taste and try, sparingly and at intervals, such of these little dainties as take his fancy and promise to suit his stomach best. Some few he may wisely refrain from utterly; but, with the majority, he may indulge an invalid's curiosity or caprice, having due regard to the grand point of

quantity. How often does a convalescent's longing point to the element his case requires! How often, when a crisis is passed, recovery commences by the patient's taking something he fancies,—a mere nothing, perhaps, but for which he feels a craving,—one oyster, half a dozen hustled or roasted cockles, marmalade, milk, porter, hock, fish, an egg, or a mutton-chop! What, in short, *is* weakness, but the absence of the elements of strength, which it is the business of the store-room and the kitchen, quite as much as of the druggist's shop, to supply?

Many of these *hors d'œuvres* can be obtained, ready prepared, from shops and warehouses in our principal towns. Respecting those which cannot, here are a few hints; others will be found in their places.

Potted Cheese. Put into a marble mortar a pound of Cheshire cheese cut into dice, six ounces of good butter, four tea-spoonfuls of loaf-sugar in powder, and one-teaspoonful of pounded mace. Pour over the whole four glasses of sherry; let it stand and soak two or three minutes; then pound all finely together. As soon as it is well worked into a smooth paste, put it into one or more close-covered jars, according to convenience. For immediate use, there is no need to run clarified butter over the surface. If the lid fits well, and the butter employed is sweet, cheese thus potted will keep good a month or more.

Potted Beef. Take any remains of sweet underdone roast beef (the lean only) which you happen to have. Cut it into dice, and then pound in a mortar with

pepper, salt, and any other spice that is liked. To keep, it must be rather highly seasoned. Anchovy, or other stimulant condiments, may be added. When reduced in the mortar to a paste, press it lightly into shallow jars, smooth the top, and cover it from the air by pouring on clarified butter, *i. e.* butter reduced to a liquid state by setting it in a sauceboat before or beside the fire, or, better, in a hot-water bath. Let the butter stand a few minutes after melting, to clarify, before pouring it on the potted meat.

Other cooked meats and game—chicken, hare, veal, and partridge—are potted in the same way,—by pounding to a paste with spice, and covering in jars with oiled butter.

Shrimps (whole), lobsters (in pieces), salmon and other fish (in flakes), cooked and cold, can also be potted by salting, spicing, packing, and pressing closely into pots, and covering with clarified butter; but they will not keep good for many days. Indeed, a jar of any potted meat should be finished soon after it is begun to be used.

Fish are likewise potted by a quite different process, which renders them, in American language, very useful and palatable "relishes."

Potted Mackarel. Clean your fish without opening them; draw the intestines, but leave the roes and the milts. Remove the heads and tails, and then cut each fish into three equal portions. Wash, drain, and wipe dry with a cloth.

Take an oval earthen paté-dish, with a close-fitting

cover; or, for want of it, a round earthen or stone pot. If this latter has no cover, a wooden one may be made to fit it. Put at the bottom a layer of pieces of fish; season them with salt, whole pepper, cloves, allspice, and bay-leaf; then another layer of fish; then another sprinkling of seasoning, and so on. Pour over all these, until they are well covered, a mixture of half vinegar and half water; some use half vinegar and half table-beer, or even a mixture of vinegar and cider. Put on the lid, and set in a slow oven until thoroughly done. Let cool with the lid on. Fish so potted will keep a long time, if always immersed in the liquor; and the very bones become eatable. It affords a convenient resource; for a few pieces of fish can be taken from the pot with a silver or wooden spoon, laid on a small dish, a little of the liquor poured over them, and served garnished with sprigs of parsley. What is left can be returned to the pot.

Herring are often potted in the same way whole; but halved, they are more convenient to serve. *Sprats*, of course, are potted whole. These two latter take a shorter time to bake than mackarel.

Collared Eel. The larger the eel, the better; a middle-sized one will do, and even small eels *may* be collared. Only, if several eels are cooked in the same dish or pot, they should all be of the same size.

Skin your eel; cut off the head and the tip of the tail; split it down the belly from end to end; remove the backbone; lay it flat like a ribbon; wash, drain, and dry with a napkin.

Lay the open eel flat on its back; sprinkle its inner surface throughout the whole of its length with salt, ground pepper, and allspice. Grated nutmeg may be added if approved, as may also a little chopped parsley or sage, although the latter are not commonly used.

Roll the eel together very tightly, beginning at the broadest end, until you reach the tail. Tie it round in several places very tightly with *a broad tape*. String would cut the flesh when done enough.

Put your eel, or eels, so rolled, into a paté-dish, or earthen pot with a lid. Cover them well with vinegar and water, or vinegar and beer. Throw in a little salt, whole pepper, or cloves and bay-leaf. Bake in a slow oven. The time of baking will depend on the size of your eels. They must be kept, when cold, covered with their liquor. *Large* collared eel may be served in slices, as many or as few on a dish as circumstances require. Small collared eels may appear whole, after removing the tape which binds them.

Collared Meat, as *Beef* or *Tongue*, is done by boning a long flat piece; pickling it well in salt, saltpetre, sugar or treacle, and spice; rolling it like the eel, and binding it as tightly as possible with long strips of linen; boiling it very slowly, and letting it cool for at least a night before removing its bandages. In slices, it makes a pleasant and wholesome relish.

Paté de Lievre—Hare Paté, A (French). For this, an oval paté-dish with a lid is indispensable.

Skin your hare; empty it, saving all the blood in a

cup; cut it up into joints, or half-joints, of convenient size for serving to a guest.

Take a pound of sausage-meat and a pound of well-chopped veal; mix them together.

Then mix separately two or three minced shallots, minced thyme and parsley, pepper and salt.

Chop the veal-bones into moderate-sized pieces.

At the bottom of the dish put a layer of hare, then a layer of the mixed sausage and veal. Sprinkle that with the mixture of herbs and spice, and then cover them with a few very thin slices of fresh bacon. Proceed in the same way, until the dish is all but full. Pour in the blood and half a pint of white wine. Cover the whole with thin-sliced bacon and three or four bay-leaves. The veal-bones should have been inserted here and there in the substance of the paté. Put on the lid, and seal it down hermetically round the edge with a thick paste made of flour and water. Bake, by letting it pass the night in a baker's oven after the bread is drawn.

Wild-Fowl Paté, and especially *Wild-Goose Paté*, are made in the same way, and are excellent.

Paté de Lievre—Hare Paté, B (French). This preparation might be just as appropriately called *Hare Cheese*. When the hare is skinned and emptied, joint it, and cut off all the flesh from the bones. Chop it fine, and season with pepper and salt.

Take an equal quantity of veal, chop it fine, and season in like manner.

At the bottom of your paté-dish spread a layer of

chopped hare, then a layer of chopped veal, and over that very thin slices of bacon; then hare again, and so on, finishing off with thin bacon and a few bay-leaves at top. Pour in half a teacupful of water to assist in making the jelly; close the lid with paste, and bake as before.

Similar patés may be made, substituting beef, calf's liver, turkey, or fowl, for hare. Paté *B* is more convenient for picnics, travelling, and serving in slices. Paté *A* is more nutritious, on account of its containing the gelatine from the bones, and is also more highly flavoured. Both will keep (unopened) for a considerable time, and will indeed be all the better for a little keeping.

Pork Cheese. After pig-killing or sausage-making, collect the bones, break them tolerably small, and boil them in plain water till all the goodness is got out of them.

Get together any unused pieces of meat, skin, and tendon. Cut them up small, without mincing them. If the feet are not wanted, they may be used, after being boiled with the bones, and *their* bones removed; also the ears and the trimmings of the head, when the chops or the pigs' faces are to be salted. Boil these till quite tender in the liquor from the bones. Season with salt, pepper, and allspice or mace. Pour into basins or moulds, distributing with a spoon an equal portion of the meat to each mould, and then filling up with the liquor. Let stand at least all one night in a cool place to stiffen, before turning it out of the mould. When several pork cheeses are made, they are best left in the

moulds till wanted. Those intended to be kept longest can be a little more highly seasoned. Small moulds are most convenient for serving fresh and fresh to a small family or new arrivals.

Calf's-Head Cheese. Take the remains of a cold Calf's Head; cut it into pieces. Put it in a small stew-pan, with the remains of the brains or the brain-sauce, if any. Add salt, pepper, powdered or minced sage, one lump of sugar, a dessert-spoonful of vinegar, half a glass or a glass of sherry or Madeira, and as much of the calf's-head boilings as will just moisten the whole, and cover it slightly. Simmer gently, taking care that nothing sticks to the bottom, until the liquor is reduced to the level of the meat. Then put into basins or moulds, to cool and stiffen, in the same way and with the same treatment as for Pork Cheese.

Calf's-Head Pie may be made either with a top crust, like an ordinary English meat-pie; or with a standing crust; or in a covered dish, *without* crust, like a French paté. In any case, you will take the Highgate affirmation, never to eat it *hot*—unless you like it best.

Plain-boil a calf's head, until it is nearly, not quite, enough. When cold, cut it into strips of convenient length. Dust each strip separately with a little pepper, flour, and salt. Treat the brains and the tongue (after peeling it) in the same way. Pack these in your pie or paté dish in layers, seasoning them with chopped lemon-peel, minced sage and thyme, and grated nutmeg. Moisten with the calf's-head boilings, the juice of a lemon, a glass of white wine, and a dessert-spoonful of

Harvey's or Worcestershire sauce. A *leetle* sprinkling of sugar in the substance of the pie—a mere surmise of it, not enough to be tasted—adds great mellowness and delicacy.

If your pie has a crust, bake in an oven only just brisk enough to raise and brown the crust, and take care the gravy does not boil over. If it is a paté, lute down the cover with paste, as for Hare Paté. This pie is useful for hasty meals, repasts in railway carriages, or on summer jaunts. If wanted for a very large party, to make two or more separate pies, the quantity may be increased by adding lean-cooked veal and a prepared sweetbread to the sliced calf's head, brains, and tongue. The flavour may be also varied by the addition of oysters and button mushrooms or truffles, when the latter happen to be sold for something less than their weight in silver.

Hustled Cockles. Those found in sand are by far the best. Cockles from mud-banks, without being unwholesome, are less delicate in flavour, and require a longer time to cleanse themselves. The purchaser, however, seldom knows *whence* the cockles come.

Therefore, after washing them in two or three waters, leave them in a bowl all night, just covered with cool spring-water, *without putting salt* into it. If *sea-water* is to be had, a mixture of half sea-water (after letting it settle) and half spring-water is even preferable for the purpose.

Put the cockles to be hustled into a large tin saucepan, not too deep, with *no* water, and without the lid.

Set it on a brisk fire. The cockles at the bottom will immediately let out enough liquid to save it from burning. As soon as they begin to warm, shake or hustle them in the saucepan, so as to bring *them* to the top; and so on, till all the cockles have felt the influence of the heat. When they begin to open, they are enough. Pour them, with their hot liquor over them, into a bowl or deep dish, and serve immediately. They will open still further on their way to table. Too much done, they are spoiled.

If the quantity to be cooked is large, they are better hustled in several doings, and served hot and hot as wanted.

Hustled Mussels. Proceed as above; only the lid had better remain on the saucepan, to keep in the steam, as mussels require more thorough cooking than cockles, and are not agreeable underdone, although many dwellers on the coast eat them raw. The best mussels are those that have been pitted two or three years, especially near the mouth of a stream, which subjects them to the influence of brackish water. Choose such as are large in the shell, plump in the flesh, and brilliant orange in hue. Mussels are occasionally unwholesome or poisonous. There is *no test*—onion, silver spoon, or other—by which to know whether mussels will prove injurious or not. Something may depend on the season and on their freshness, and also on the eater's individual constitution. Some persons eat heartily of mussels at all times with impunity; others dare not swallow a single one.

Pickled Cockles. After hustling, pick the cockles out of their shells with a fork, and put them into a common preserve-jar, dusting pepper over them from time to time. When the liquor which comes from them has settled, pour over the cockles a mixture of half liquor and half vinegar. Tie them down close with bladder or paper. They will keep several days, according to the heat of the weather.

Pickled Mussels. As above; only, before putting them into the jar, remove the bit of weed, if any, attached to the base of their foot, and open them slightly in order to see whether a little parasitic crab has not concealed itself within them. Those with the crab are seldom so good. If not for early use, they should be pickled in pure vinegar (not, however, *too* strong), with plenty of spice. Norway sends out very fine pickled mussels, as well as many other fish *hors d'œuvres*, which are to be had of the principal Italian warehouses.

Escargots—Edible Snails (French). *All* snails are both edible and nutritive. Their use, and the choice of sort, depends on local custom. The edible snail, *par excellence*, is the *Helix Pomatia*, of which millions are annually sent to Paris from the vineyards of Burgundy and other central parts of France. It is also abundant in the valley of Lauterbrunnen and other sheltered Swiss valleys, where, however, it is *not* employed as an article of diet. It will thrive in England, and is even included on the list of our native snails. Dr. Neill had a colony sent from Somersetshire, which multiplied in the crevices of a rockwork, until they were extirpated by a

tame heron. The edible snail is larger than the large brown garden snail, with a shell of a light yellow-ochreous tint. Garden snails are commonly eaten in districts of the Continent where *H. Pomatia* is not found.

The reason for giving the following receipts is not only because they constitute dishes regarded as luxuries in France and elsewhere, but on account of the old and very extensive belief in their restorative properties. Not long since a widow was tried for stealing meat, the principal evidence against her being the healthy plight of her numerous children. After very hard pressing, she at last avowed that she eked out her family's scanty fare by feeding them with the large meadow slug, which she collected and pickled in brine—*that* was the cause of their florid health. Certain medical practitioners have believed they had discovered and extracted the medicinal principle contained in slugs and snails, and have sold it at high prices under the name of "Helicine." Snails supply the ingredient which gives its specific virtue to a variety of popular Cures for Consumption, which might be quoted were there room for them.

Escargots are in season from autumn till spring—*i. e.* from the time of their retiring to their winter's rest, until they resume their active life. They are eaten, however, during the cooler months, after keeping them without food several days to cleanse them. Those from the vineyards are considered the best. All snails are regarded as heavy to digest, but favourable to constitutions requiring mucilaginous aliment, and "very stomachic."

Edible Snails à la Poulette. Boil them in salt and water a quarter of an hour; they will then come easily out of their shell. Rinse them in lukewarm water; boil in plain water for a few minutes until enough, and drain.

Put into a saucepan a bit of butter, a few spoonfuls of water, button mushrooms, a bunch of parsley and thyme, two or three bay-leaves, two cloves, a clove of garlic, a teaspoonful of flour, and the juice of half a lemon. Thicken with yolk of egg, which must not boil. Warm up your Escargots in this sauce, and serve.

Escargots à la Bourguignonne, Burgundy way. Boil them as before; take out of the shell; boil again, and drain. Clean the shells thoroughly, and put them in a warm place to drain and dry.

Chop together parsley and chives, with a little minced garlic, if not objected to. Work them up with good butter, pepper, and salt. Put a little of this mixture at the bottom of each shell, and then return the snail into it; then stop the mouth of the snail shell with the same, spreading it smooth. In this state they will keep for a while, and are so displayed in the windows of Parisian eating-houses. When wanted, they are heated-up either on a gridiron or in an oven, and served on the dish in which they have been heated. Each guest is supplied with a little fork with which to extract them from the shell. To save trouble, persons curious to try them can easily procure them ready-prepared from Paris. They would be relished here if known by any other name. Why not call them "French Periwinkles"?

Periwinkles. Snails of the sea, feeding exclusively

on seaweed, ought to possess nearly the same properties as land-snails, with the additional merit (although equally hard to digest) of containing a small proportion of iodine. Boil them in salt and water from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to size. They are eaten by pulling them out of their shells with a pin,—whence their East-Anglian name, "pin-patches,"—and are a very pleasant relish with a slice of bread-and-butter, or a glass of wine. A late nobleman, whose seat is not far from the Norfolk coast, used to have periwinkles occasionally served at dessert, accompanied by pincushions duly garnished, for the use of his guests.

Whelks are molluscivorous mollusks, preying on other shell-fish. Their flesh, hard and indigestible, requires long previous boiling before any subsequent dressing. They may be fried, and served with browned butter and vinegar; or either stewed or scolloped, like oysters. Soyer, who did not much approve of "muscles," held whelks to be "exceedingly wholesome fish."

Dutch Herring are simply salted to saturation, and then packed in barrels with more salt. The only dressing to which they are submitted is to scrape off their scales, and cut the flesh into narrow strips, which are thus eaten raw, with the addition, perhaps, of a little pepper and vinegar. A little bit will go a long way—half a herring will serve one or two persons for several repasts; the Doctor has known a delicate invalid to call for a morsel of Dutch Herring with bread-and-butter, and enjoy it, when nothing else would suit the appetite.

Red Herring are also eaten (as a thumb-piece) by

the Yarmouth fishermen *cold;* they cannot be called *raw* after having been exposed to the action of hot smoke for several days. The flavour is softer than after cooking. Strips of untoasted Red Herring answer many of the purposes to which anchovies are applied—as for sandwiches, and for heightening the relish of soups. Nor need the custom surprise those to whom it is new. In Germany (before the *cause* of the pig disease—not the disease itself—trichinosis was known), on calling for Ham, it was usual to be asked: "Which do you prefer, cooked or raw?" The raw ham was served in slices of more than the historical Vauxhall thinness, and few would suspect its uncooked state who had not been made aware of it. For persons who cannot bear too much salt, Red Herring may be steeped in tepid water four-and-twenty or six-and-thirty hours. Open at the belly; lay the fish flat; *do not* take out the backbone; and toast, or heat on a gridiron, exposing the skin-side only to the fire.

Yarmouth Bloaters should be served in the same way, minus the steeping. All they require is to be a little more than well warmed through. The best way of cooking Bloaters is to lay them, after opening, on their backs for a very few minutes on the working boiler of a steam-engine, which is always hot enough, and never *too* hot. Eligible substitutes for this will occur to the ingenious reader.

Red Sprats, opened exactly like Bloaters, need only to be just shown the fire, in a Dutch oven; or, better, in an open plate, on a "footman" or toast-stand.

Quince Marmalade. Sweets are quite as essential as savouries for the support of constitutions that are not robust. A few saccharine delicacies may therefore appropriately be given here.

Many a peck of rotten quinces is thrown out to mingle with the other components of the gardener's manure-heap. The fulsome smell of the uncooked fruit may have something to do with the disregard with which they are treated; and they are mostly looked upon as at best good for nothing but to give a fuller flavour to an apple-pie, instead of affording an abundant supply of excellent, wholesome, and even sanative preserve.

Let the fruit hang on the tree until *one* quince falls to the ground; then gather the crop. Pare, quarter, and core them; but *scrupulously save every pip.* The pips of quinces abound in mucilage, as may be perceived by taking one into the mouth and chewing it, when it will make the lips stick together as a piece of gum arabic would. Put the quinces with the pips into a stew-pan, with a sufficiency of lump-sugar, and just enough water at the bottom to keep them from burning. As the sugar dissolves and the liquor boils, continue stirring the whole mass. When the fruit becomes tender, break and mash it well with a spoon. In about an hour from the commencement of the operation it will be enough. It may then be turned out into preserve-jars; a portion should be put into shapes, to be used at dessert in the same way as bullace and damson cheese. The next morning it ought to be perfectly stiff and gelatinous, from the strong mucilage of the pips having been tho-

roughly incorporated with the whole mass. The quantity of sugar used may be rather less than is necessary for other preserves. Tied down in the usual way, it will keep good for a long time. The medicinal qualities of this preparation are applicable to those cases in which mucilage is administered internally; and a pot of Quince Marmalade would be as agreeable a prescription to a dysuretic patient as a dish of roasted onions, or a dose of linseed jelly.

Quince Jelly is made in the same way as the following.

Apple Jelly. Peel, quarter, and cut up into small pieces, a quantity of pippin apples. Put them in a stewpan with a drop of water. When cooked to a mash, put them in a jelly-bag, and let them drain all night. Next morning, put the juice in a saucepan, taking care not to pour the bottom or sediment into it, in order that the apple-juice may remain clear. Put in sufficient sugar to bring it to the sweetness of currant jelly. Boil until it will jelly when cold, and put away in pots or glasses.

Orange-Apple Jelly. When the apple-juice, as above, is put into the saucepan to be boiled down with the sugar, throw in slices of orange with the peel on and the pips removed. Let all cook together. On potting it off, let each pot of jelly contain a slice or two of orange. Both of the above are delicate sweet relishes to eat with bread.

Bullace Cheese and *Damson Cheese* are both made in the same way, and are both good; as, likewise, is the same preparation made from several other small late

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plums. When there is a choice, Bullace Cheese is preferable. In colour, as well as in consistency, it approaches closely to Guava Jelly; and its peculiar acid renders it refreshing and cleansing to the mouth of a feverish invalid.

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Let the fruit hang on the trees till it has been touched by a slight hoar-frost. Weigh the quantity you intend to use; and for every pound of fruit, put aside a quarter of a pound of sugar.

Put your bullaces, without water or any thing else, into a deep stone jar. Of course, you will have picked out every damaged fruit. Set the jar, nearly up to the neck, in a vessel of boiling water, after having tied double paper over the top to *keep out* the vapour; or you may set it in a very slow oven. When the fruit is quite soft and tender, pour it into a bowl, and remove the stones with a fork, but leave the skins. In most fruits (the black grape is a notable example) the skin contains medicinal elements which it is desirable to retain in beverages or preserves made from them.

Then pour all—juice, flesh, and skins—into a wide, open stew-pan. Add the sugar, and boil well, with great care not to burn, until the whole is reduced to a thick paste or pulp. The time required to reduce it to the requisite thickness cannot be specified, depending on circumstances. Even experienced persons decide *by trying it.* A dessert-spoonful, set out of doors to cool in a saucer, will tell them if their cheese is stiff enough. If not, it must be boiled a little longer, to cause a still further loss of watery particles.

When done, pour or spoon it out into small shallow shapes or moulds—saucers for small cheeses, soup-plates for large ones, answer exceedingly well. To Bullace Cheeses intended for dessert, the blanched kernels of the fruit may be added; but they are best omitted from those destined to the sick-room. They might choke the patient who sucked a piece of the cheese to moisten his mouth in the course of the night.

To blanche those kernels, as well as *almonds*, *walnuts*, &c. Pour boiling water over them; let them steep a few minutes, and their skins will be easily slipped off by the fingers.

Preserved Cucumbers (*Sweet*). Choose small, short, well-shaped, half-grown cucumbers. Throw them into scalding water, and let them boil (not tender) three or four minutes. Take them out, pierce them with a needle in three or four places, and let them drain. Weigh them: for every pound, allow a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Put all in a stew-pan, with the rind of a lemon and a stick of ginger. When it once boils up, let it stand for five minutes simmering at the side of the stove. Take out the cucumbers with a spoon, put them in a jar, pour the syrup over them after removing any scum, and leaving any sediment there may be. Let them so remain, close covered, three or four days. Then arrange the cucumbers, one by one, in the jar in which they are finally to remain. Give the syrup another boiling and skimming, pour it over them, tie bladder over the top of the jar, and keep in a cool closet.

It will be well to look to them frequently, especially

at first, to see that the syrup does not ferment. If it show signs of doing so, by frothing, forming bubbles, and emitting a peculiar smell, it must be boiled over again.

Melons, not fully ripe, sliced, with the seeds removed, but the rind remaining (thin-rinded varieties are preferable), and treated as above, make a very nice sweet preserve for the breakfast-table.

Apple Butter (American). Fill a large stew-pan with peeled, quartered, and cored apples. Spice with cloves, allspice, and cinnamon; being careful not to let one spice predominate over the other. Cover with good sweet cider, and boil slowly, mashing with a wooden spoon, until the whole becomes a dark-brown jam, with no more juice remaining than suffices to keep it soft and buttery.

Clouted Cream. "I must not quit Devonshire without describing the Clouted Cream, which is peculiar to the West of England. The milk is suffered to stand in a bell-metal vessel four-and-twenty hours; it is then placed over a small wood fire, so that the heat shall be very gradually communicated to it. After it has been over the fire about an hour and a half, and is approaching to the state of *simmering*, the vessel is struck every now and then with the knuckle, or is very carefully watched. As soon as it ceases to ring, or the first bubble appears, a slight agitation or simmering, previous to boiling, has commenced; and the secret of the preparation is that this simmering shall not proceed to boiling. The milk is immediately removed from the fire, and set by for

twenty-four hours more. At the end of this time, all the cream will have arisen, and be thick enough to cut with a knife. It is then carefully skimmed off. This is a great luxury with coffee or with tarts, and the Devonshire strawberries and cream need no praise.

"The dairy-people in these districts say, that it is the most profitable way of treating the milk: that five pounds of butter can be obtained from a given quantity, where only four would be yielded by the ordinary method; and that the butter is more saleable, on account of the pleasant taste it has acquired, and which even its occasional slight smoky flavour scarcely impairs. The milk is proportionably impoverished; but it also has gained a taste which renders it more grateful to the pigs: while it never scours them, but removes the diarrhœa produced by other food. (A hint for humans, as well as for pigs.) The skim-milk cheese must, however, be abandoned; or if a little is made, it is exceedingly poor and tasteless."—*Youatt's Cattle.*

Besides the above, many little things which, although important items on the breakfast, lunch, and dinner tables, can only be considered as *Hors d'Œuvres*, will be found under the heads to which they respectively belong.

VI.

SAUCES.

One of the best sauces is pleasant companionship. A kind word will stir up the dormant appetite, while a harsh one will extinguish it; and, what is worse, will check the digestion of nutriment already taken. Such sauce may be regarded as Moral Sauce.

Material Sauces belong to two classes: those which accompany dishes on their first presentation; and those to which the duty falls of flattering our organs of taste, and giving to warmed-up meats the relish of freshness. The latter, effecting a sort of metamorphosis, belong, perhaps, more appropriately to the Chapter on Made Dishes. Nevertheless, some of them will be introduced here, being great auxiliaries to the cook, and meriting her thoughtful and patient attention. Nor is it worth while being stingy with ingredients, whose cost, after all, is trifling, while their effect is great.

We will begin with the simplest sauces, which are not the least useful.

Butter Melted, or *Oiled Butter*, is more employed on the Continent than in England, to eat with vegetables, as asparagus and Jerusalem artichokes, or with boiled fish, as skate, scalded whiting, and so on. Instead of this, *we* use a slice of *cold* butter, which abstracts heat from

the portion of eatable to which it is applied; whereas, by using butter melted, the morsel reaches the mouth as warm as when it was laid on the plate. French cooks mostly serve vegetables with *some* sauce or seasoning, and not plainly boiled in water, as with us. Nothing can give less trouble than this sauce. Warm your sauce-boat in warm water; wipe it dry: put in the quantity of butter required, and set it to melt and heat, either on the hot plate or in the warm-water bath.

Melted Butter (which is not exactly what its name implies) is the foundation of many English sauces, and, in its simplest form, is an indispensable accompaniment to many dishes that daily appear upon a good plain English table. On the Continent, if you ask for melted butter, they will give you what you do not want, namely, the above, or butter simply melted and changed into oil by heat. This latter, with a little vinegar, sometimes with the addition of spice and chopped herbs and onions, is a favourite sauce with fish, game, small birds, chops, and steaks. Butter thus oiled is mostly disliked in England, though a taste for it is soon acquired. *Economical* housekeepers will not encourage it, as the article, in this form, is apt to be wastefully consumed. Abroad, to get the preparation which comes the nearest to English melted butter, you must ask for *sauce blanche*, or "white sauce."

The old-fashioned way of making melted butter is to put some cold water into a saucepan, dust a little flour into it, and drop in a lump of butter of a size in proportion to the goodness or richness required. Keep stirring

on the fire always one way, to prevent the flour from knotting and the butter from oiling. When it boils up, it is enough, and may be immediately poured into a sauce-tureen for serving.

A quicker and surer way (because it never oils) is to work the flour into the butter with a knife or a spoon. Have ready at hand some *boiling* water; stir in upon the butter and flour a sufficient quantity of this; pour it into the saucepan, and just let it boil up. N.B. Cold melted butter, not stale, is often useful for thickening.

Melted Butter, Irish Fashion, is simply made by melting the butter in milk, without the addition of any flour.

White Sauce, of the English cooks, is melted butter made with milk instead of water. If it is wanted particularly rich, cream is used instead of milk. Take care of burning and boiling over.

Sweet Sauce, to be eaten with puddings, is melted butter, with the addition of a little sugar, a glass of white wine, and half a glass of brandy. You may colour sweet sauce by the addition of currant jelly.

For *Oyster Sauce*, first open your fish, cutting off their beards during the process, and halving the oysters if they are above the middle size. Carefully preserve the liquor that comes from them. Put the oysters into one basin and the beards into another; from these latter, a considerable quantity of liquor will drain, and may be added to that which came from out the shells. Then proceed as for melted butter, using the oyster liquor

instead of water, and supply the deficiency with a little salt and water. If the sauce is to be served with fish, or boiled chicken, put in a little pounded mace and grated nutmeg; if with beef-steak, a couple of pinches of scraped horse-radish. As soon as the sauce boils up, throw in the oysters, and set the saucepan on one side, to let them get well heated throughout. The oysters must not be *boiled* in the sauce; if they were, they would turn out tough and leathery. Take care not to be stingy in respect to the number of oysters you put into a given quantity of sauce. Almost every one eats of this condiment when presented at table; and it is better to give plain melted butter, than to serve oyster sauce in which the oysters shout to each other, like a straggling party lost in a wood, "Whereabouts are *you* to be found?" Such sauce reminds one of the schoolboy's conundrum, "How to make plum-pudding without plums?" Answer, after giving it up, "Put in *a* plum."

Cockle Sauce. This preparation, though much less generally known than oyster sauce, holds a place only second to it on the list of zests composed of shell-fish. Cockles are found on our sandy coasts; carriers' carts, and still more railways, assist in their distribution over the country; and we strongly recommend those who are ignorant of them in this form to make the following experiment:

Well wash the cockles. Cover them with salt and water of *about* the same saltness as sea-water, but less so, rather than more; too much salt makes the cockles shrink instead of plumping. Let them lie in this an

hour or two to discharge their sand and grit; if all night, and in merely brackish water, so much the better. When you want to make your sauce, half fill a large sauce-pan or stew-pan that has a close-fitting lid with cockles, without the least drop of water to them, and set it on a brisk fire. Keep the lid down close; give them a shake, and put them on the fire another minute or two. Then pour them all out into a dish. Pick out with a fork the "meats" of such cockles as are opened, and put them aside into a basin. Return the unopened ones to the saucepan, and hustle them again over the fire; but be very careful not to overdo them. Let the liquor which comes from the cockles stand a minute or two to settle, and with the clear portion of it, instead of water, make some melted butter. Meanwhile, dust over your cockles a little pepper, more pounded mace, and an abundant grating of the best nutmeg you can procure. When the butter boils up, dash in the cockles, and let them simmer gently, till you judge they are thoroughly heated. There ought to be sufficient cockles at least to half fill the sauce-boat in which they are served.

Parsley Sauce, or Parsley and Butter. Take a few leaves of young, bright-green, fresh-gathered parsley. The plain-leaved answers as well for this purpose as the curled variety, which may be reserved for garnishing. Chop them tolerably fine, though they need not be minced into minute portions. Make the required quantity of melted butter. When it is about to boil over, throw in the chopped parsley, and keep it boiling *as fast as you dare* for one or two minutes. This, and making

the melted butter with *soft* water, will keep the parsley a brilliant green. Parsley sauce is mostly served with boiled fowls and turkeys.

When boiled fowls or turkey come from table, cut up what remains into joints, arrange them neatly on a fresh dish, and pour some parsley sauce over the whole. You will thus have a presentable dish for supper, or for to-morrow's breakfast.

For *Dried Parsley* (so useful for winter use), *Sage Powder*, *Marjoram Powder*, &c., see ELEMENTS, p. 66.

For *Fennel Sauce*, select a good-sized bunch of *young* fennel-leaves, gathered from the extremities of the shoots. Boil them galloping, for half an hour, in soft water, with a good pinch of salt in it. Chop them fine, and throw them into boiling melted butter; which boil for a minute afterwards. Fennel Sauce ought to be even more green-coloured, and contain a greater proportion of the herb, than Parsley Sauce. This is mostly employed as an accompaniment to mackarel; but it is also good with salmon, skate, gray mullet, or other full-flavoured fish.

Caper Sauce. Throw into melted butter a good dessert-spoonful, or more, of capers, with their vinegar; give them a boil up afterwards. The English use this principally to eat with boiled mutton; but abroad, it is a very general favourite with boiled fish—with cod, fresh herring, salt fish, and especially with turbot, brill, and skate. Good substitutes for capers are made by chopping up various pickles, and mixing them with the butter instead. The green seeds and flower-buds of nasturtium

(*tropæolum*) are in greatest request. Next to them come kidney-beans and gherkins. All these sour sauces may have a boil up, and require to be flavoured with a sufficient dash of their own vinegar.

Small capers are most esteemed. There is a large species of *Euphorbium*, or Spurge, frequently grown in farmers' gardens as an ornamental plant, and foolishly called "the caper plant," because its unripe seeds bear a very slight resemblance to capers. These green seeds exude a milky juice, *which is poisonous*. They should never be used as pickles. The unopened flower-buds of the Marsh Marigold (*Caltha palustris*) have been recommended as substitutes for capers; but they are nauseous to the taste, and probably unwholesome, belonging as they do to a natural family remarkable for its acrid qualities.

Béchamel Sauce. This might be called *Cream Sauce;* for it is based on cream flavoured with herbs and spices. It is also the same as the sauce called *Velouté*, with the addition of parsley and some one or more of the onion tribe. *Crême Veloutée* is French for clouted cream.

Melt some butter at the bottom of a stew-pan, and toss in it a few mushrooms, a bunch of parsley and chives, with a slice or two each of ham and veal. When browned, moisten with broth, and let it simmer gently for a good hour.

Then take out the meat, add half a pint or so of good sweet cream; simmer for another quarter of an hour, stirring with a spoon all the while. When of the

required consistency, it is done, and may be used with any kind of meat except game.

Béchamel, Meager, for Abstinence Dishes. Incorporate a couple of teaspoonfuls of flour in a quart of cream; put it in a stew-pan over a brisk fire, stirring to prevent its sticking to the bottom.

In another stew-pan put two or three minced shallots, a sliced carrot, grated nutmeg, whole pepper, bouquet complete, and a few mushrooms. Boil these thoroughly in a pint of water. Then add your thickened cream to this vegetable broth, stirring it in gradually to prevent its curdling. Then strain it through a cullender, and keep warm till wanted in a hot-water bath.

N.B. In all sauces which are not meant to be absolutely white, mushrooms, which often are not to be had, may be replaced by mushroom ketchup.

Brown Béchamel Sauce. Cut into dice or small pieces some bacon, some lean veal, a carrot, a turnip, and two or three onions; fry them in a little butter at the bottom of your stew-pan. When well brown, stir in a little flour; moisten gradually with good broth or stock, and a glass of cream; season with pepper, salt, cloves, nutmeg, thyme, bay-leaf, and parsley. Boil for an hour, and strain through a fine-pierced cullender. Keep this sauce rather thin, so that the ingredients may have time to be thoroughly stewed.

White Béchamel Sauce. Boil in a quart of water a sliced carrot, a few shallots, grated nutmeg, whole pepper, some mushrooms, and the bunch of herbs complete.

While these are cooking, mix in another stew-pan

two spoonfuls of flour with three pints of cream or good milk. Set it on a brisk fire, and stir without ceasing, to prevent burning and boiling over.

When your cream is nicely reduced and thickened, incorporate with it the above preparation, pouring it in little by little, so as not to turn the cream. Strain the whole through a sieve, and keep it hot in a water bath until wanted.

Mushroom Sauce. Into your melted butter put a good table-spoonful of pickled mushroom buttons (which you can buy at the grocers'), with the vinegar that belongs to them, and a dessert-spoonful more.

Matrimony Sauce, or *Yorkshire Dip.* Melted butter made "good" with butter, a pinch of salt, and enough vinegar and crystallised sugar (or sugar-candy) to give it a decided piquancy. It is nice with batter pudding, steamed dumpling, and the like, and is *the* sauce to eat with Brussels sprouts, asparagus, brocoli, Scotch kale, early York cabbage, white-hearted Savoy, or other delicate winter greens.

Fish-liver Sauce. Boil fish-liver (skate is the best, with whatever fish it is to be eaten) in strong salt and water, until quite firm. Cut it into small pieces; throw it into melted butter, with pepper, salt, and a dash of vinegar. Boil up, and serve piping hot.

Fowl-liver Sauce, for Roast or Grilled Fowls. Boil the livers of fowls, or of ducks or geese, in salt and water, until they are tender, not hard. Chop rather, but not *too*, small. Throw them into melted butter, with (for an ordinary sauce-boat) a tablespoonful of ketchup,

and the same of gherkin or other pickle vinegar. Boil up, and serve. If the ketchup is highly seasoned, very little pepper and salt will be wanted.

Shrimp Sauce. Three species of shrimp are eaten in Great Britain; the prawn, the red shrimp, and the common brown shrimp. The first is never used for sauce; the second, less common than the third, is often preferred to it by ladies, invalids, and persons of delicate appetite. It is caught in deeper water, and further out to sea. A very large supply comes from Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, where its presence in the Roads there was accidentally discovered some sixty or seventy years ago. Shrimp-eaters are well aware of the great difference both in flavour and appearance between the red and the brown species. Both are caught at Great Yarmouth, but in very different localities. The brown or "flat-nosed" kind is taken along shore at ebb-tide, in the harbour, and in the inland waters, and is more easily obtainable, and for a much longer period of the year.

The present mode and locality of the red-shrimp fishery was a lucky hit made by some boats that were employed in recovering lost anchors by a process which is called "sweeping." Two boats, at a certain distance from each other, proceed up and down the Roads, having a loose rope suspended between them, at the middle of which is fastened a large fish-basket or "swill," partly laden with stones to sink it. By these means, the place of the anchor at the bottom of the sea is ascertained and it is then raised and restored to society. But, in particular states of the tide, it was found that the swill,

when brought to the surface, was filled with red shrimps. The men took the hint, kept their own counsel, got nets made, and, for a time, had the first gathering of the harvest, soon to be shared with others.

You are supposed to have fresh-boiled shrimps, skilfully cooked by the fisherman's wife in plain salt and water, and not ruined, as to their natural flavour, with bay-leaves, or any other ingredient of the Court-Bouillon. See ELEMENTS, p. 77.

Have two small basins before you. Pick the shrimps, putting the meats into one basin and the shells into another. Boil the shells in water, until you have extracted the goodness from them. Strain the liquor through a coarse cullender, simply to remove the shells. With this liquor make melted butter, "good" of the butter; into it throw the picked shrimp-meats; let them warm through half a minute, and you have shrimp sauce *genuine*. Essence of Shrimps affords a substitute which certainly is better than nothing.

Anchovy Sauce. Into enough rich melted butter to fill a sauce-boat, stir a dessert-spoonful of essence of anchovies, or a small lump of anchovy paste. You may throw in, if you like (but it is a needless extra), a couple of anchovy-fillets, preserved in oil (to be bought at the Italian warehouse), cut small. This sauce is excellent not only with fish, but with a nice tender steak.

Egg Sauce, for salt fish, cods' tongues, cods' sounds, and other boiled fish. For sauce for half a dozen persons, boil three eggs *one hour*. This is an American wrinkle, well worth picking up. "It may seem strange,"

Brother Jonathan innocently remarks, "but, for some reason, an egg boiled an hour is quite different from one boiled five minutes." When the eggs are quite cold, chop them fine, and throw them into melted butter which is thick of the butter and thin of the flour. A good dash of cream does no harm. Boil up and serve.

If the fish with which the egg sauce is to be eaten has *not* been salted, it will be well to put a *little* salt in the sauce.

Lobster Sauce. Pick, by preference, the claws, large and small, and the head of a lobster. If they do not yield enough, you must have recourse to the tail. Chop them tolerably small, without actually mincing them. If there is spawn to your lobster, you may add that too, crushed or uncrushed. It will considerably improve the appearance, but not much the flavour, of your sauce; for, *to get rid of the sand in it, which would spoil every thing*, you must wash the spawn until you have rinsed nearly all taste out of it.

Put all this into rich melted butter, with a *leetle* lemon-juice, a *leetle* essence of anchovy, and a *leetle* cayenne. The great point is not to overpower the natural flavour of the lobster. Boil up, stirring well. This sauce should be pinky, and thick with lobster-flesh. The green contents of the head must be scrupulously put in.

N.B. *If you have boiled the lobster yourself*, after picking the flesh from the shell, you may pound the latter, boil it, and make your sauce with the liquor strained away. But if you have bought the lobster ready-boiled, with its

shell smeared with oil or butter to improve its looks, it may be more prudent *not* to use the shell-boilings.

Lobster Sauce, without Lobster. The Doctor, however much inclined to yield to other people's tastes, can never read a formula for Lobster Sauce without feeling a pang of regret. A good lobster, he holds, is too good a thing to hold a candle to any other fish, be he even turbot, sturgeon, or salmon. When he says lobster, he does not mean *langouste*, or sea crawfish. You may put *him* to whatever employment you like; but even a lobster's empty shell, garnished with parsley, is sometimes served, merely to adorn the table on which his flesh appears concealed by salad.

Whenever a lobster (under sentence of degradation to sauce) reaches the Doctor, he invariably restores it to its native dignity, and has it served with all the honours. Nay, he even ventures to aver, that *better* sauces than lobster sauce exist, both for turbot and salmon, and which bring out more effectually the peculiar sapidity of each. But as it is useless to run counter to the prevailing current of public opinion, and as there are occasions when society exacts the presence of lobster sauce, in order to obey the letter of the law, and at the same time save your lobster, masters and mistresses, do this:

Take cold turbot, not overdone. If you have no turbot, boil a thick, fleshy sole. While hot, remove the flesh from the bones; smear that flesh, on both sides, with essence of anchovies, or anchovy paste, or essence of shrimps. Let it cool. Cut it up, not too small,

into dice and pieces resembling those which serve for real lobster sauce. Dust with a *leetle* very finely powdered sugar. Make the sauce itself exactly as if there were no deception in the matter; which deception will be aided if you have a little large-grained fish-roe (as pike or salmon) to mix with your ingredients. Throw in your disguised turbot or sole, heat, and serve, and you will take in the very Old Deceiver himself.

In the country, a very likely occurrence is the arrival of a turbot at a moment when the Cook cannot procure the material for making Mock Lobster Sauce. To provide against such vexations, it is prudent to keep in the house a few boxes of Norwegian "Hummernudler," or Lobster Powder, which will render good service on emergencies. The contents of a quarter-pound box, seasoned as usual, after steeping in milk, will make a tureen of excellent real Lobster Sauce.

Gooseberry Sauce (eaten with Boiled Mackarel and Roast Pork, and, in America, with Boiled Lamb) is merely green gooseberries, boiled or "quaddled" in as little water as is sufficient to keep them from burning. They may be served, either whole or mashed, with the addition of a little sugar, or without it. Some add a little nutmeg, but they are just as frequently presented plain.

Apple Sauce, to be eaten with Roast Goose and Roast Pork. Peel, quarter, and core your apples. Boil them in a small quantity of water, or, better, of cider, with a blade of mace and a few cloves. When tender, mash them fine with a little powder sugar.

Wine Sauce, for Roast Venison or Mutton. A quarter of a pint each of port wine and good mutton broth, and a table-spoonful of currant jelly. When near boiling, take off the fire, and thicken with the yolk of an egg.

Brain Sauce. Wash the brains thoroughly from the blood they contain; tie them in a cloth, and boil them half an hour. Turn them out of the cloth into a basin, and braid them well with a spoon with some dried sage in powder, a little piece of butter, and some pepper and salt. Have ready a little good melted butter; stir it in with the brains, warm it up, and it is ready to serve. The great thing is to have the brains fresh; therefore, if the weather is at all doubtful, the brains had better be taken out of the calf's or sheep's head, and scalded at once, as soon as the butcher brings it to the house. Brain Cakes, which may be considered as brain sauce in another form, are brains mixed up with powdered sage, pepper, floured and fried.

Bread Sauce, for Turkey, Pheasant, and Partridge. Grate into your sauce-tureen stale crumb of bread, to one-quarter, or at most one-third, of its depth. Dust this with ground pepper and grated nutmeg; mix well, but lightly.

Put into a saucepan milk fresh from the cow, if you can get it, with a few grains of salt. When it quite boils, pour it over the bread-crumbs, let it stand on the hot-plate a minute, and serve. Young cooks are apt to put too much bread in proportion to the milk. It absorbs the fluid, and becomes thicker and thicker,

even after it is on the table. Bread sauce should neither be liquid nor pasty. Experience will teach the happy mean.

Instead of mixing the spice with the grated bread, whole peppercorns and blades of mace may be boiled with the milk; in which they ought to stand for a while, if they are to communicate much flavour. The Doctor thinks it an improvement to boil with the milk a large onion sliced, or two or three small ones; or, even better, to boil in the milk, until tender, an onion or two, chopped very fine, and to let them mix with the bread at the same time as the milk.

Onion Sauce. Boil onions till quite tender; mash them fine with a wooden spoon. Add pepper, salt, and a lump of butter, and also (if to be served with boiled meats) a little milk or cream. Return to the saucepan, and give a final heating. This sauce may be made smoother, for those who prefer it, by squeezing it through a large-holed cullender. It is not every one, however, who likes what he eats to bear the traces of such lengthy manipulation.

Horse-radish Sauce, A, to be eaten cold with hot Roast Beef, is composed of cream, a little salt and vinegar, and horse-radish scraped very fine. It should be prepared several hours before wanted, to extract the flavour of the root.

Another mode is, to scrape a stick of horse-radish clean, to cut it into short lengths, and boil it in water until quite soft. Then add lemon-juice, salt, and cream. In a cool place, this will keep two or three days; in winter, somewhat longer.

Horse-radish Sauce, B (German). To be eaten with boiled Meat. Do not scrape the horse-radish until immediately before it is wanted. Throw it into boiling sweet cream. Add a little salt, one spoonful of sugar, a few currants, and, just before serving, a spoonful of good rich gravy, with the fat belonging to it.

Be cautious in your dealings with horse-radish; it irritates the stomach more than spice. An over-dose may bring on unpleasant sensations for three or four days. A dear relative of the Doctor's, whenever roast beef was served at her table, had a small plate of scraped horse-radish for her private use, of which she used to *smell only* while eating her meat. It was an application, though with a different view, of the miser's maxim, "Eat your bread, and smell of your cheese."

Tomato Sauce, from fresh tomatos. After boiling until quite tender, mash, and squeeze through an iron-wire sieve fine enough to intercept the skins and the seeds. Boil up again, adding a little butter, pepper, and salt.

For winter use, it is better to employ imported tomato sauce, sold in wide-mouthed bottles. Home-grown tomatos are valuable as supplying an elegant dish of vegetables; and home-made tomato sauce is apt not to keep. Tomato sauce goes well with roast mutton, mutton-chops, hashed calf's head, roast veal and pork, veal and pork cutlets.

Mint Sauce. Pick young mint-leaves from off the stem. [When spear or garden mint is not to be had, the wild peppermint of the marshes is equally aromatic.]

Chop them fine, and infuse them in cold vinegar, with a sufficiency of soft sugar. This should be made several hours before it is wanted; and, if kept close bottled in a cool place, will continue good for several months. It is intended for roast lamb, but is equally good with roast mutton and veal.

Sweet-herb Sauce, for boiled calf's head, when the brains, instead of being made into sauce, accompany the head together with the tongue. Put into a large sauce-boat parsley and chervil minced very fine; you may add, if approved, minced chives, tarragon, marjoram, and basil, all or either. Cover with cold vinegar, and let infuse two or three hours.

Universal Sauce. Set over a *very* slow fire a sauce-pan containing broth, white wine, bay-leaves, salt, pepper, and lemon-peel. Let it simmer (or rather make a hot infusion) four or five hours. When you strain it off, add the juice of a lemon, and bottle.

Celery Sauce, for boiled turkey, fowls, ducks, and geese. Cut the white parts of celery into half-inch lengths; boil them till tender in some light-coloured broth, such as that from veal or chicken. Take out the celery, and mince it fine on a dish, so as to retain all the liquor that comes from it.

To the liquor in which the celery has been boiled, add milk or cream and a little flour, to make a White Sauce. Season quite moderately with pepper and salt; the flavour of the celery should predominate. Throw in the minced celery, stir well, boil up for a minute or two, and serve.

Piquant Sauce. Make melted butter,—with milk, if for white meats; with stock, if for brown. Add pepper and vinegar according to the degree of piquancy required. The latter may be tarragon, elder-flower, or other aromatised vinegar. Mustard (the least dust in the world, for it tries irritable stomachs) may be also used to heighten the relish. When done, take off the fire, and thicken with one or two egg-yolks. This sauce should be thick, and very smooth.

Blanquette Sauce, for warming up cold meat as a *White Fricassee.* Put a good lump of butter into a saucepan. As it melts, stir into it a couple of spoonfuls of flour, without letting it brown. Then, little by little, and continually stirring, add boiling water until the sauce is of the thickness required. Season with pepper, salt, and bunch of sweet herbs. Throw in small onions and button mushrooms (cooked beforehand), and then put in the meat you want to warm up, cut into convenient-sized pieces.

Sauce Poulette, Chicken Sauce, is used for all sorts of things that are served or warmed up White. It is made exactly as Blanquette Sauce, with the addition of being thickened with yolks of egg. Example:

Calf's Brains à la Poulette. Take four calf's brains; wash, scald, and drain them.

Melt a lump of butter in a saucepan; stir in thoroughly a soup-spoonful of flour. When well mixed, add gradually, stirring all the while, a teacupful of clear broth and half that quantity of white wine and water. Put in, first, small onions and mushrooms, to cook till

tender, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and then the brains, which will be done in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Take them out, and arrange them on a cool dish. Thicken the sauce with yolk of egg, stir in the juice of a lemon, pour it over the brains, and serve hot.

Maître d'Hôtel Sauce, Steward's Sauce, A, is nothing more than oiled butter mixed up with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice, or in default thereof with a dash of vinegar. Nor are the lemon-juice or vinegar always employed.

For the convenience of readiness, you may prepare the butter thus; it will be at hand whenever you want to do any thing *à la Maître d'Hôtel.*

Into a quarter of a pound of fresh butter work a heaped table-spoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of two lemons, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dust of ground white pepper. Braid well together, and keep cool till wanted.

According to the Doctor, things done *à la Maître d'Hôtel* are no great things: they are acceptable, passable, by way of a change, or for want of better; but not things to beg and pray for. Example:

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel. Slice cold potatoes, put them in a stew-pan with the above sauce, or prepared butter; warm through, and serve. The same proceeding with other things—vegetables, cold fish, meat, joints of fowl—warmed up *à la Maître d'Hôtel.* A better sauce is:

Sauce Maître d'Hôtel liée, Steward's Sauce thickened, B. Put into a saucepan a tumbler of water, a

spoonful of flour, a lump of butter, chopped parsley, and chervil or chives, the juice of a lemon, a little salt, and a few peppercorns. Bring it up to the boiling point gradually, never ceasing to stir it in the same direction. Example :

Broiled Mackarel à la Maître d'Hôtel. Open the fish quite flat at the belly, but do not take out the backbone. Wipe them dry (not washing them) inside and out. Dust the inside with pepper and salt, and put in a few small bits of butter. Broil them first on the skinny, and then on the fleshy, side. If you have not the means of broiling, you must fry. Serve with the above sauce hot in a tureen.

Sauce Hollandaise, Dutch Sauce (excellent and very simple), may be summed up thus : materials—butter, egg-yolks, flour ; process—stir, stir, stir ! This is one of the little niceties which a mistress has only to see done once, and to do once herself, to be able to teach it to every cook it may be her destiny to have to instruct.

Although Cookery-Books are extremely useful as remembrancers and for reference, the best book alone will not suffice without practical instruction in the kitchen. Many dishes which are easy to prepare, after once their preparation has been witnessed, would puzzle and discourage novices who have only printed directions to follow. Pastry and Confectionery in general, and certain Sauces in particular, are especially open to this observation.

The public are scarcely sufficiently aware that there are in London teachers of cookery, who, at moderate

terms, give instructions in the art of preparing the less common dishes, with their respective accompaniments. Three addresses shall be given, as a hint, from the *Times:* 16 Soho Square; Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Langton. 281 Regent Street, Oxford Circus; Mrs. Mitchell. 63 Mortimer Street, Circus, Oxford Street; Felix Lavenue.

Ude's directions for *Dutch Sauce*—more intelligible than is his wont—are these:

Put into a stew-pan a teaspoonful of flour, four spoonfuls of elder vinegar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the yolks of five eggs, and a little salt. Put it on the fire, and keep continually stirring it. When it has acquired thickness enough, work it well, that you may refine it: if it should not be curdled, you have no occasion to strain it through a tammy; season well, and serve it up. Some people do not like elder vinegar; in that case, use tarragon or plain vinegar: but odorous vinegar is far preferable.

Dutch Sauce is served *hot.* A *cold* sauce, whose success mainly *depends on the stirring*, and which every good cook ought to be able to make to perfection, is:

Mayonnaise Sauce. Preliminary N.B. In making *any* cold sauce into which *oil* enters, be careful to add it little by little, almost drop by drop, continually stirring all the while.

Put into a salad-bowl (for the convenience of mixing) a couple of egg-yolks, a little pepper and salt, and a spoonful of tarragon vinegar. [It is the tarragon which is the secret of the *flavour* of the *Mayonnaise*, as the beating is

of its creaminess.] Mix well with a fork; drop in a little first-rate olive oil, and mix again. Remember that this sauce, to have it delicate, requires a large amount of patience; you cannot make it good in less than a quarter of an hour. Keep whisking with a whisk, or beating with a fork; and adding first a little salad-oil, and then a little tarragon vinegar, and then oil and vinegar again, continually whisking and beating until it forms a white, smooth sauce, to all appearance like a cream. Coolness assists the making of this sauce, which should have the lightness of froth without the least oiliness; in fact, no one should guess that oil had entered into its composition.

Directions for special *mayonnaises* will not be given, because the putting them together is an effort of taste which must be seen to be imitated. The principal articles so served are, *Lobster* and *Crab*, *Cold Fowl* or *Winged Game*, *Cold Salmon*, *Turbot*, *Eel;* but any cold fish or delicate meat may be similarly treated.

The usual arrangement of a *mayonnaise* is: Place your article, in slices or small joints, in the centre of a dish, perhaps on a bed of the most delicate salad you can get (for *Salad* also is an essential ingredient in a Mayonnaise). Cover these, partially or completely, with the Mayonnaise Sauce. Garnish the whole, in the most fanciful way you can devise, with the hearts of lettuces cut in quarters, crawfish, prawns, pickled shrimps, strips of anchovy, capers, hard eggs in quarters, olives (with their kernels removed), pickled beetroot, nasturtium flowers, bits of savoury jelly, bits of the article of which the Mayonnaise consists; in short, with

any thing that can add to the elegance and pleasing appearance of the dish.

Tartar Sauce belongs to the same class as *Mayonnaise*, but is more highly seasoned and is less beaten up.

Put into your salad-bowl minced parsley and chervil, tarragon and chives, pepper, salt, a little cayenne, a hard-boiled yolk crushed, two raw egg-yolks, a little mustard, and a few chopped gherkins or capers. These seasonings may be varied according to taste. Mix well together; add tarragon vinegar; and keep dropping salad-oil from a cruet in one hand, while you are mix-mix-mixing with the other. This sauce should be thick, pungent, yellow, and slightly speckled with the chopped herbs and pickles.

Poor Man's Sauce, A. Warm up a breakfast-cupful of good stock with a slice of lemon and a tablespoonful of chopped onions. Boil a quarter of an hour, or till the onion is tender; take out the lemon, and serve.

Poor Man's Sauce, B. Throw into boiling water parsley-leaves, chopped shallots, an onion, pepper and salt, a spoonful of vinegar, and boil till the shallots are tender. This sauce, made in sufficient quantity, is employed as a *Court-Bouillon* to boil several kinds of fish, shrimps, and prawns.

Poor Man's Sauce, C. Boil the ingredients of *B* in good broth; take out the parsley and onion when done; thicken with yolk of egg, or cold melted butter which has been left, or with a dust of flour. This sauce is useful to warm up yesterday's remains of meat or poultry.

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Brown Sauce. Make a *roux* (see next receipt). The time you will let it be on the fire will depend on the degree of colour you wish to give to your sauce. While stirring it, add gradually good broth, pepper and salt. If to be served with vegetables, you can put in a bouquet of parsley while it is doing; but it is evident that, in making this Brown Sauce, you can give it whatever flavour you please. Hence its usefulness and its wholesomeness.

The Roux—Flour Browned in Butter. This, one of the grand elements of French cookery, demands special attention. In the first place, we shall *adopt the word;* and instead of directing, "Put butter in a saucepan; when it is, &c. &c.," simply say, "Make a *roux*" (pronounce *roo*, exactly as in the English word *room*). No language is so perfect in itself as to be independent of every other; and to object to the use of foreign words, when employed for convenience, and not through affectation, is simply absurd and childish. The French have adopted many English words, for which their language had no equivalent: *coal-tar*, *sport*, (railway) *wagon*, *bouledog*, *redingote* (riding-coat, frock-coat), *boulin-grin*, and others; and we may be permitted to make similar reprisals whenever circumstances render it needful.

Roux is literally "red." *Un roux* and *une rousse* are the words employed to denote a red-haired man and woman.

To make a Roux, put into a stew-pan a piece of butter proportionate to the quantity to be prepared. Let it heat gradually: when on the point of boiling, add the

quantity of flour requisite to bring it to the thickness you want, and stir it round rapidly, so as to thoroughly amalgamate the flour with the butter, till it be of the proper colour, which must be obtained by slow degrees.

The *roux* so made will keep for some time; but it is usual with cooks to make their *roux* as wanted for the basis of any dish. It need not necessarily be made with butter; other kinds of fat or grease will serve. For instance, to hash mutton, you may make your preliminary *roux* with the fat from the gravy of the cold roast mutton; the same of veal or poultry.

By a contradiction of terms, there is also a *White Roux*, or *White Thickening*, which Ude calls an indispensable article in cookery, serving not merely for White Hashes and White Dishes in general, but also to thicken sauces. To make it, put a lump of butter into a stewpan; when melted, throw in two or three spoonfuls of flour, enough to make a thin paste. In a quarter of an hour it will be done; but great care must be taken not to let it colour. It will keep for use in an earthen pot.

To have a *light-brown* or a *dark-brown roux*, you leave it on the fire until it has acquired the colour desired.

For a *white roux*, you stir rapidly, and do not let it get hot enough to acquire colour. It is a nice and delicate operation.

With a *roux* made for immediate service, you arrest the colouring at the point desired by pouring in hot water or broth. It is evident that for making ragoûts

of dark meats, as duck, goose, and hare, you would employ a browner *roux* than for hashed roast veal or turkey.

When a cook has got her hand in at tossing up a *roux*, we may say to her: "Go on, and prosper."

Sauce Robert, for roast pork or beef-steaks. Make a *roux*. When it is made, add another bit of butter, and plenty of fine-chopped onions; while they are doing, stir in some broth, with pepper and salt. Let it simmer gently for twenty minutes. Add a dessert-spoonful either of plain or tarragon vinegar, and a very small quantity of ready-made mustard: mix well, and serve boiling hot.

Provençale Sauce. Put in a stew-pan three dessert-spoonfuls of best salad-oil, mushrooms and shallots chopped fine, three cloves of garlic cut in quarters, pepper, salt, and bouquet of herbs. Set it on the fire; dust in a spoonful of flour, and moisten gradually with half broth and half white wine. When thoroughly mingled, let it simmer gently for half an hour. Take out the bouquet, and serve. If you wish to take out the garlic also, you must leave the cloves whole, in order to be able to find them.

Ravigote Sauce. Take all the sweet herbs to be had at the season—altogether a good handful—parsley, chervil, tarragon, tender green celery-leaf, burnet, cress—chop them up very fine; put them into a stew-pan with broth, pepper, salt, and vinegar; boil them for twenty minutes. Work a lump of butter into a spoonful of flour; throw it in, and stir continually until all is well combined together.

The Minim's Sauce. If you are short of butter, stir up well some egg-yolks in salad-oil. Add pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Heat it gradually in a hot-water bath, stirring continually until it thickens.

Cream Sauce, for turbot, cod, salt fish, cods' sounds and tongues; or for vegetables, as Jerusalem artichokes, salsify, skirrets, cauliflowers, new potatoes. Put a good lump of butter into a stew-pan, with a teaspoonful of flour, a dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, a chopped *white* onion, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. When the butter is melted, and all well mixed, throw into the stew-pan a glass of cream or good milk. Let it boil a quarter of an hour, stirring it continually.

When served with fish, its flavour may be heightened by a very tiny pinch of scraped horse-radish; but that condiment must be most sparingly employed. A mere shred or two suffices to give the wished-for zest.

Salmi Sauce, for Hashes. Work a lump of butter into a spoonful of flour. Melt it in a stew-pan, browning it as lightly as possible. Then add equal quantities of white wine and broth, complete bouquet, two chopped shallots, a few dice of carrots, pepper and salt, a blade of mace, and a *wee* lump of sugar. Let all boil together until considerably reduced.

Take it off the fire; put in the juice of a lemon, and the pieces of meat or joints of fowl composing your hash. Cover the bottom of your dish with slices of thin toasted bread. On these arrange the meat or the joints as soon as they are well warmed through. Put a thimbleful of cognac and a few button mushrooms into the sauce;

give it another turn on the fire; pour it over your hash, and you will work wonders.

Our spread of Sauces might be expanded; but more than enough have been already given to guide the intelligent housekeeper to agreeable as well as economical results. Both those qualities are perfectly compatible; although Sauces, too frequently, are an item with which Cooks and Cookery-Books dazzle, by their extravagance, employers who are not afraid of expense. Even they, however, sometimes cry, "Halt! enough!" as when the French nobleman diffidently objected to putting the extract of fifty hams into a half-pint bottle.

The *Cuisinier Imperial* tells you to roast a dozen ducks to make the gravy for dressing fifteen eggs. And such waste is not confined to bygone times. In 1861, for *Sauce Espagnole*, *Spanish Sauce*, we are told to take three fillets of veal, some bacon, some slices of ham, one pheasant, two partridges, one old hen, six carrots, five onions, and six cloves, to be moistened with good consommé, and further diluted with dry madeira, champagne, or burgundy. When those few and simple ingredients were duly stewed and strained, the resulting essence would be—tolerable *Sauce Espagnole.*

Ude's *Suage*, or *Empotage*, a concentrated broth, is made in a soup-kettle, with twenty pounds of beef, a knuckle of veal, a hen; "and if you have any remnants of fowl or veal, you may put them in likewise." This broth must boil down to a glaze, without getting too high a colour. It requires only five hours to do, and must be strained, if you please, through a *silken* sieve.

Its use, when you have occasion for it, is *to moisten any thing for soup.* Really, it is a pity that gold and jewels cannot be boiled down to a semi-liquid glaze!

With the materials of this *Empotage*, a cook who has heard of "Waste not, want not," would send up an ample and handsome family meal. And surely people's consciences, if not their stomachs, ought to feel the heavy load of sauces whose lavish cost sounds like an offence to the Bounty of Providence. Most people, nowadays, would enjoy with heartier appetite simple, inexpensive, yet appropriate relishes, such as:

Sharp Sauce, for salmon or mackarel. With a sauce-boatful of good melted butter mix, in a saucepan, over the fire, a table-spoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of made mustard.

Sauce in a Hurry, made in the dining-room for roast fowl or duck. Let the liver be roasted inside the duck. While the fowl is being carved, crush the liver with a fork very small. Let the servant present a small saucepan, into which you will put the liver, the juice of a lemon, half a glass of red wine, pepper and salt. Let him give it a shake or two over the fire, and pour it hot over the cut-up fowl.

VII.

BROTHS AND SOUPS.

"BEFORE I can pretend to make *Soups* of any kind, I must make a Broth, which will serve to fill all the Pots I may chance to have on my Fire, either for *Soups*, *Entrees*, or *Entremets*.

"To make that Broth, I'll take that Piece of Beef call'd in *England* the Mouth-Buttock, some Mutton, and a few Fowls, regulating the Quantity of Meat according to the Quantity of Broth I want: I'll put that Meat in a Pot, with a Bunch made of Parsley, young Onions, and Thyme, ty'd together, and a few Cloves; I'll fill the Pot with Water, keeping always warm Water ready to re-implace that of the Pot which evaporates in boiling; and when the Meat is boil'd almost to Rags, I strain the Broth through a Napkin, to use it as Occasion serves; and for roast Meat, after I have extracted the Gravy, I put it to boil with such a Bunch of Herbs as that above-mention'd, have it well boil'd, strain it, and keep it to colour all my other Broths.

"NOTE. That these Sorts of Broths may be eaten without any other Addition, except Pulse, if one likes it, viz. Cabbages, Turnips, &c.; which Pulse are to be boil'd in a Pot a-part, and after they are well drain'd of their Liqour, they are put in the *Broth* to boil two or

three Gallops more, and afterwards put in a Dish and carried to Table.

"The other delicious Broths, which none but the Rich can afford, are:

"The Bisk of Pigeons; the Pottage of Health; Partridge *Broth* with Coleworts; Duck's Pottage with Turnips; Pottage of Fowls with Asparagus; Jiblet Pottage; Pease Pottage with a green Goose; Pottage of Pigeons with green Pease; Pottage of Hares; Pottage of a Nuckle of Veal; Pig's Pottage; Pottage of hash'd Mutton; Pottage of a Capon with Rice; Pottage of a fried Calf's Head; Pottage of roasted Woodcocks, &c." —*Dennis de Coetlogon's Universal History of Arts and Sciences*, vol. i. p. 827.

"Has no one ever been surprised at our national neglect of soup, *bouillon*, or whatever you like to call it? After a long, cold country ride or drive, you alight at a friend's house, and they offer you wine and biscuits—nay, more, they produce them; and, most likely, one person in two accepts the hospitality. In France, ten to one, wine in the morning is the last thing any one, especially a lady, would think of: but a 'bon bouillon' is a very different affair. Besides being bad for the stomach, wine, they would say, is even worse for the head; and, not a few would tell you, improper for any female to swallow it before dinner. [Notwithstanding which, multitudinous French women invariably take wine at their *déjeûner*.]

"The most judicious beginning for a dinner is soup. Being a highly nourishing compound, and exceedingly

light, it diminishes the otherwise too great quantity of solids likely to be taken."—*London Society*, December 1863.

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"*Pot au feu* is the term given to a piece of beef subjected to the action of hot water slightly salted, for the purpose of extracting its soluble portion. *Bouillon*, or *Broth*, is the liquid which remains after the operation has been completed. The flesh, deprived of its soluble part, is called *Bouilli*,—*Boiled Meat*.

"To obtain good Broth, it is requisite that the water should be heated slowly, in order that the albumine contained inside the meat do not coagulate before it is extracted; and the ebullition should be scarcely perceptible, in order that the different particles which are successively dissolved may unite intimately and without muddiness.

"Vegetables or roots are added to the broth, to heighten its flavour, and bread or pastes (as vermicelli and its varieties), to render it more nourishing; it is then what is called *un potage; Pottage*, from having been made in a pot.

"Pottage is light, wholesome, nutritious food, which is suited to every constitution. It revives the stomach, and disposes it to receive and to digest other kinds of aliment. Persons inclined to obesity ought to lay all the fault on the Broth they eat.

"It is universally allowed that nowhere is such good *potage* to be had as in France, and my travels have confirmed the truth of the statement. Nor need the fact surprise us, for pottage is the basis of the national French diet, and the long experience of centuries could not

do otherwise than conduce to its perfection."—*Brillat Savarin.*

The *Pot au feu* is the preparation which gave rise to the proverb: *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat*—"It is the soup which makes the soldier." Lean beef (a portion of the thigh) is usually employed for Broth for persons in health, but by no means to the exclusion of other meats; witness Henry IV.'s popular wish that every one of his subjects had a hen to put in his pot. In the mountains, and in districts where cattle are scarce, mutton often supplies the *Pot au feu.* A true *Pot au feu* is often composed of a mixture of meats, especially when a large party of country people have to be entertained. The pottage is made with a bit of beef, a joint of mutton, a piece of veal, a lump of salt pork, and a fowl not young enough to roast. The vegetables added are carrots, leeks, turnips, celery, and the hearts of two or three cabbages. The meats are not done quite to rags. After the soup, the beef is served with the vegetables, and pickled gherkins; the mutton appears masked in caper sauce; the veal, dished in brown gravy, makes a *fricandeau;* the pork is put by, to be eaten cold; the fowl, after boiling, is either immediately transferred to the oven, basted and browned (in which case it is accompanied to table by salad), or else garnished with boiled rice, buttered and seasoned, so becoming *Poulet au riz.* And thus, with the addition of a few slices of ham, and a dessert of cheese, cakes, and fruit, the *Pot au feu* furnishes an abundant meal.

An old pigeon, partridge, or rabbit, increases the

savouriness of the broth. The trimmings of poultry, giblets, roast-meat bones of whatever sort, are also esteemed as of good effect.

The meat for broth should be quite fresh; the slightest taint not only injures its flavour, but prevents its keeping. It must be put on a gentle fire, with the water cold and containing a little salt, and never allowed to boil galloping. The scum is removed as fast as it rises, until no more shows itself. The vegetables, previously peeled and cleaned and thrown into a pail of spring-water, are added when the meat is about two-thirds done; two or three carrots, two or three turnips, a few leeks tied in a bunch, celery the same, a few peppercorns, an onion stuck with three or four cloves, and bouquet complete. The colour of the broth may be heightened by a bit of burnt onion, or by balls made and sold for that purpose. A parsnip may be added, when its peculiar sweetness is not disliked. Turnips had better be omitted in sultry weather, as they hasten the decomposition of the broth, and make it turn sour sooner than it otherwise would. The clove of garlic is a matter of taste and custom.

A pound of meat to a quart of water is a fair allowance for good broth. Large bones should be broken in pieces. The time of boiling will vary from three to five hours. When done, the broth should be of a bright, clear, golden light brown, and perfectly limpid.

To serve it: slices or bits of crust are put into a soup-tureen, and over them the broth is ladled, straining it through a cullender. The bread is left to soak in the

first few ladlefuls, and then the tureen filled with the quantity required. The broth is even better next day; it is mellower, and the fat can have been removed.

The three grand points to attend to, to have good broth, are: 1st, the choice of good fresh meat; 2d, gentle and equable boiling all the while, instead of getting cold at one time and boiling over at another; and 3d, keeping the soup-pot closely covered with the lid. N.B. Let the cook fully understand that broth is not good diluted with water.

Consommé, Concentrated Broth, Stock, is obtained by boiling down the above with additions of meat; but when it is known that Strong Broth will be wanted, it is better to begin it by itself from the beginning, allowing a larger proportion of meat, and selecting pieces with plenty of tendon, to furnish more gelatine. For dark stocks, use shin of beef, and the like; the addition to this of portions of hare, pheasant, or partridge, will make a Concentrated Broth of Game. For strong White Broths, knuckle of veal must be used; the addition of a fowl cut into joints will make Consommé of Fowls. Stock Broths are made for two purposes: to supply sauce and gravies to other meats, and to be taken by themselves as restoratives. In both cases they should be strained, and their fat taken off when cold. For the former purpose they may be more highly seasoned than for the latter, which requires them to be delicate in flavour, though by no means insipid. Care is required to prevent consommés from burning or sticking to the side of the pot, which would inevitably spoil both flavour

and colour. Sufficient savouriness is obtained by the bouquet, onions, pepper and salt, especially when the broth of the pot au feu is used to make the concentrated broth. A few slices of ham, or a ham-bone, are sometimes used in making consommé ; but *smoked* ham is apt to communicate too much of its peculiar flavour. For invalids, ham is best omitted, as having a tendency to produce heartburn.

Broth in an Hour. Cut up a pound of lean beef into small pieces ; put it into a stew-pan with chopped onions and carrots, a few thin slices of bacon, and half a tumbler of water. Let them simmer and stew for a quarter of an hour, till they begin to stick to the bottom of the stew-pan. Then add a quart of boiling water, with a pinch of salt ; boil three-quarters of an hour ; strain and serve.

Beef-Tea. It is difficult to make this most useful restorative well in an ordinary saucepan, and over an ordinary kitchen-fire. Keep for the purpose an earthen pot (with a close-fitting lid), that will stand the fire. Fill this one-quarter full of the best lean beef cut into small pieces ; all fat must be removed, but sinew and tendon may remain. Season with a little salt and a few whole peppercorns. Fill nearly to the top with cold water, and set it on the hot plate of a cooking-stove, to simmer gently several hours. Take off any scum, and afterwards any fat that may rise. Let the beef remain in the pot until the whole brewing of beef-tea is used. Stir well with a spoon before serving a portion ; the clearest broth is not the most nutritious. For want of a hot iron plate, beef-tea may be made in a very slow

oven; but in that case it will be as well to lute down the lid of the pot with paste.

Beef-tea is best made fresh and fresh, in small quantities, as wanted; the addition of herbs and vegetables must depend on the state of the patient's stomach. The beef left after the tea is drawn off will make capital potted beef.

Chicken Broth. Cut up a lean fowl into joints; an old one makes better broth than a young one, only it takes more than twice the time to cook. Put it in a well-closed saucepan, with a beef or veal bone, onions, carrots, a sprig of parsley, a pinch of salt, and plenty of water. Skim as soon as it boils up, and simmer gently afterwards. An old fowl will take five or six hours to yield all its goodness to the broth.

Rabbit Broth may be made as above, and is done more quickly. It is light, and affords a pleasant change when an invalid is tired of the taste of chicken.

Veal Broth, White. Put a pound of the lean parts of veal, with an equal quantity of bones and cartilage, into a covered saucepan, with two quarts of cold water, a little salt, an onion, and the heart of a lettuce pulled to pieces. Boil up, skim, and reduce.

Veal Broth, Brown. Partially fry on both sides, in butter, a good slice of fillet of veal; do the same to a slice of lean bacon and a slice of lean beef. When nicely browned, throw them into a saucepan of boiling water with onions, carrots, the rind of half a lemon, pepper and salt, and then let it simmer gently. For invalids, the bacon and the beef may be omitted.

The above may be converted into nice *Veal Soup*, by taking out the meat when done, cutting it into dice, and then returning it to the soup together with some thickening made by browning flour in the butter which fried the meat, and diluting it gradually with a little of the broth, giving the whole a final boil up. The onions will have fallen to pieces, and may remain. The carrots may be chopped fine and added to the soup.

Broths in general may be made more supporting and nutritious by the addition of macaroni, vermicelli, Italian pastes, or rice. These are best boiled separately in a little of the broth till tender. In warming up such broth a second time, care must be taken that nothing sticks to the bottom.

Mutton Broth. Cut two pounds of scrag of mutton into slices; put them on with three quarts of cold water, two table-spoonfuls of pearl barley, and a little salt. Let boil till the meat is done to rags. Strain out the meat and bones, and the residue of the barley, and when cold remove the fat.

Onion, celery, and turnip, as also a sprig of parsley or thyme, may be added to the broth if the patient's stomach is able to bear them.

Scotch Broose. "Will you take a few broth?" is an old expression, proving that broth has its plural, even if it be not a noun of multitude. Take a neck of mutton with the fat raised from off the best end. Cut off the scrag end, and divide it into several pieces to make the broth. Let it boil gently a couple of hours, skimming well. Then add sliced carrots, onions, turnips, celery,

a sprig of parsley, pepper and salt, a teacupful of split peas, and six table-spoonfuls of pearl-barley, both previously steeped in tepid water.

Cut the best end of the neck into mutton-chops, exactly as if for frying; put them in soon after the vegetables, and let the whole simmer together until all is tender. A second skimming will be required after the addition of the fresh meat and vegetables. In serving, there should be a mutton-chop for each person's plate, to be accompanied by the vegetables, barley, and broose.

In country places where pearl-barley is not to be had, oatmeal, groats, or rice may be substituted for it.

Scottish Hotch-Potch. [From *Meg Dods' Cookery*, rich in Scotch national dishes.] Make the stock of sweet fresh lamb or mutton. Grate the zest (outer rind) of two or three large young carrots; slice down as many more. Slice down also sweet young turnips, young onions, lettuce, and parsley. Have a full quart of these things when finally shred, another of green pease and sprigs of cauliflower. Put in the vegetables, withholding half the pease till near the end of the process. Cut down two or three pounds of ribs of lamb into small steaks, trimming off superfluous fat, and put them to the stock. Boil well, and skim carefully; add the remaining pease, white pepper, and salt; and when thick enough, serve the cutlets in the tureen with the hotch-potch.

Obs. The excellence of this favourite dish depends mainly on the meat, whether lamb or mutton, being perfectly fresh, and the vegetables being all young, full

of sweet juices, and boiled till of good consistence. The sweet white turnip is best for hotch-potch, or the small, round, smooth-grained, yellow kind peculiar to Scotland, which is almost equal to [it is better than] the genuine *Navet* of France. Mutton-chops make excellent hotch-potch without lamb-steaks. Parsley shred, white cabbage, asparagus-points, or cauliflower, may be added to the other vegetables or not, at pleasure. The meat may be kept whole, and served separately.

Of this receipt, when it first appeared in our work, a great poet, and no contemptible gastronome, wrote, "Eve might have prepared it for Adam in paradise." There are, however, many varieties of Scottish hotch-potch; we give what we consider the best and most national.

Cock-a-leekie. [*Idem.*] Boil from four to six pounds of good shin-beef, well broken, till the liquor is very good. Strain it, and put it to a capon or large fowl, trussed as for boiling; and, when it boils, half the quantity of blanched leeks intended to be used, well cleaned, and cut in inch-lengths, or longer. Skim this carefully. In a half-hour, add the remaining part of the leeks, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. The soup must be very thick of leeks, and the first part of them must be boiled down into the soup till it becomes a lubricous compound. Sometimes the capon is served in the tureen with the soup.

This makes good leek-soup without a fowl.

Obs. Some people thicken cock-a-leekie with the flour of oatmeal. Those who dislike so much of the

leeks [but they are medicinal, says the Doctor, on account of their mucilage] may substitute German greens, or spinage, for one-half of them; and we (Meg Dods) consider this an improvement, greens especially, if tender and long-boiled, and not too finely shred. Reject the coarse green of the leeks.

Prunes and raisins used to be put into this soup. The practice is nearly obsolete.

Chesnut Soup. Have ready some good broth or consommé; that of game or fowl is best.

Peel the brown skin from a quantity of raw chesnuts; boil them a minute or two in water, to make the under-skin come away easily. Pound them in a mortar; boil them in water till tender enough to crush them through a cullender with a spoon; throw them into the broth; boil up again, and pour into a tureen with a few crusts or dice of toasted bread, and a *slight* sprinkling of sugar at the bottom.

Shin-of-Beef Soup. Into a large boiler of cold water put eight or nine pounds of the hind legs of beef, cut into convenient-sized pieces, six large carrots, ten onions, and three heads of celery, all sliced, a bunch of sweet herbs, two whole anchovies, a little bit of ham, quite lean, from the bone (a small portion of ham-bone which is tolerably close cut will answer exceedingly well), and some pounded cloves and whole pepper. All these are to simmer gently over a slow fire for at least twenty-four hours (six-and-thirty is better), and are then to be strained into a pan and left to cool till the next morning, when the fat may be cleared off. A few small carrots

and button onions should be boiled separately in a portion of this liquor, and added with it when the soup is served. When the beef is about enough and not too much done, the nicest pieces of gristle and tender meat should be picked out, cut into dice, and added to the soup before serving it.

Flemish Soup. Put two ounces of butter into a stew-pan, with a sufficiency of stock or good broth that has been well skimmed. Into this slice six onions and three heads of celery cut into small pieces. Set it over a slow fire, to boil gently for one hour. At the same time peel and quarter a dozen middle-sized potatoes, and put them on in a separate saucepan to boil. This is done because potatoes ought not to be *cooked* in any soup, hash, or made dish of which they are to form part, as the water that comes from them contains a principle that disagrees with many stomachs. When the quartered potatoes are done enough, drain them a minute or two, and add them to the sliced onions and celery. Season with a little pepper and salt. When the potatoes are quite dissolved, rub the whole through an iron-wire sieve; add a pint of cream, and give it a boil. A little macaroni broken into short lengths, boiled tender in milk, and thrown into the soup just before going to table, is a great improvement.

Cabbage Soup. Wash thoroughly, and shred very fine (as for making pickled cabbage), the hearts of one or two summer cabbages, or of a very delicate Savoy, according to size. Slice and mince some carrot, turnip, and two or three leeks, all very fine, and mix well these chopped vegetables together in a salad-bowl.

Have ready a good broth: pork or beef boilings will do, when not too salt; but French cooks prefer a broth or *bouillon* made of *a variety* of meats boiled together: for instance, a piece of lean beef, a knuckle of veal, a *small* piece of salt pork, and a bit of the neck or shoulder of mutton.

These meats need not be cooked so much as to render them uneatable, either cold or warmed up in a stew, or even served hot at the same dinner at which the soup appears. For these purposes they are invariably used in France, instead of being thrown out to the dogs, as broth-meat too frequently is in England.

When the meat is enough done according to your judgment, make the broth boil galloping, and then throw in your bowlful of well-drained shred and chopped vegetables. Let them boil on, without the lid, till the cabbage, &c., are *quite tender*, but not cooked to a mash.

While the vegetables are boiling, slice and chop one or two large onions (if more convenient, they may be prepared beforehand, and set by, cold, till wanted). Fry them in butter to a rich brown. Add them to the soup, and mix them up with it.

Cabbage Soup, meager, for abstinence-days, is made in the same way as above, using water instead of broth, and often adding to the cabbage a large handful of chopped sorrel—an excellent antiscorbutic and purifier of the blood. A larger quantity of fried onions is used, and at the time of adding them to the soup a small basinful of grated crumb of bread is also incorporated with it, to make it more nourishing.

Mock-Turtle Soup. Although Sheep's-Head Broth, Ox-Cheek Soup, and Soup made from Calf's-Head boilings, are dishes very generally eaten; nevertheless, many persons, who will not allow that they are over-fastidious, object to make use of the liquor obtained from the inside as well as the outside of an animal's head, however carefully it may be washed. The following plan meets their objection with the slightest possible loss of nutritive matter.

Take half a calf's head, properly scalded and prepared, with the skin on. Take out the brains, and boil them separately in salt and water. Take out the bones of the nose, and wash the head in cold spring-water. Put it on the fire in a large boiler or soup-kettle, in which it can be well covered with *cold* water. Throw in a handful of salt. Skim until it boils, and there remains no more scum to remove. Let it boil galloping a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; then take it out; throw away this first water, and put the head on the fire again in fresh *hot* water, in which it may boil until enough, but not too much, done. Any impurities which can reasonably excite dislike will have been removed by the first water and its scum.

One half of the meat on the head will suffice for the soup for a small party; the remainder may be used for any other purpose—to be eaten, for instance, plain-boiled, with the brains as sauce. Set aside your soup-meat to cool. When cold, cut it up into dice, including with it a fair proportion of the tongue.

To the calf's-head boilings add a knuckle of veal cut

up into several pieces, and a small piece of shin of beef, two carrots sliced, and two large onions. Let it boil till the meat is done to rags, adding hot water from time to time, when required, to maintain the quantity wanted.

Half an hour before it is quite cooked, add a burnt onion, a sprig of parsley, two bay-leaves, a stick of celery with some of the green leaf, a slice of lemon-peel, *a good bunch of thyme, knotted marjoram, and sweet basil* [some cooks even hold that sweet basil is *the* secret of first-rate mock-turtle], with salt, a few cloves, common and cayenne pepper to your taste. When done, strain the whole through a large-holed cullender, and set your stock aside in a jar to cool, which will enable you to remove the fat and leave the sediment at the bottom.

To make the thickening: Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a stew-pan. When quite hot, stir in gradually half a pound of flour, and mix with it some of your stock, keeping it quite smooth and free from knots. Should knots be formed, they must be strained away. Then add it to your stock, continually stirring, and letting it boil well together. When thoroughly amalgamated, throw in your forcemeat balls, and adding the juice of a lemon and two glasses of madeira or generous white wine. Then put in your bits of soup-meat.

The forcemeat balls are made with veal stuffing, about the size of marbles, and baked brown in a smart oven. For egg-balls, when liked, pound smooth several hard egg-yolks, with one raw yolk and a dust of flour, to the consistency that will allow you to roll them into

marbles. Season with cayenne and salt. Throw them into boiling water, and let them cook a couple of minutes.

The essential points for good Mock-Turtle Soup are: first, a rich, smooth stock, delicately yet highly flavoured; secondly, a savoury thickening, creamy and of a good colour, without the least taste of burning; thirdly, a fair proportion of tempting morsels of gelatinous calf's head, with a judicious mixture of fat and lean; fourthly, the piquant aroma arising from the herbs, the wine, the lemon-peel and juice, and the spices used.

The forcemeat and egg balls are only secondary items, by no means indispensable, and often omitted. Their absence does not spoil *good* mock-turtle, while their presence would not make bad mock-turtle good.

Gravy Soup. Have three or four pounds of the fleshy part of a shin of beef cut across in slices, sawing the bone quite through. You may take out the marrow; it will help to make The Doctor's Pudding, &c. With the meat and bones make a good stock, flavouring with the vegetables and herbs usual for brown soups.

Suppose you have left a quantity of roast-beef or veal gravy. Put this with the fat into a stew-pan; when hot, brown in it chopped onions and flour for a thickening; season; work it well into your stock; strain, boil up, and serve.

Hare Soup. Skin a large hare, saving the blood when you empty it. Wipe it well, but do not wash it. Cut it up into joints, and put them with the blood into an earthen vessel that will hold six or seven pints. Add two pounds of lean beef cut in pieces, two large onions

quartered, a bunch of sweet herbs, whole pepper, mace, and a few cloves. Nearly fill the vessel with boiling water, tie its top down close with a bladder, and set it to cook in a boiler of water for three or four hours. Pour off the soup, thicken it with a little flour and butter, stirring in at the same time a table-spoonful of any or several of the following sauces—viz. essence of anchovy, soy, Worcestershire, Reading, or Harvey's sauce, mushroom or walnut ketchup, or other approved zest. Make quite hot, and send to table with forcemeat balls and the best parts of the meat of the hare thrown into it.

Pease Soup Purée—Purée de Pois. In the French kitchen *purée* sometimes simply denotes Pease Soup; more commonly it is applied to other seeds, vegetables, roots, and fruits, reduced by the same means to the same consistency, affixing to each *purée* the name of the substance of which it is made: as *purée* of lentils, *purée* of potatoes, of sorrel, carrots, onions, tomatoes, pumpkins, and so on. We therefore adopt the word *purée* as being precise, useful, and significative.

Purées are employed for two purposes—as ingredients in soups, and as sauces for solid meats; in both ways they render considerable service. As sauces, they are usually spread in a thick layer at the bottom of the dish on which the article to be served is placed. Thus we have boiled or fried sausages on a purée of potatoes —resembling our mashed potatoes, only not quite so dry; fricandeau of veal on a purée of sorrel; mutton-chops on a purée of tomatoes; lamb-chops on a purée of cucumbers.

Generally considered, purées are preferable as articles of diet to the seeds or vegetables which form their basis, because they retain all the nutritive elements, while the skin, rind, or cortical envelope—which passes undigested through almost every human stomach—is removed. Purées may be freely given to invalids, the raw materials of which can be eaten with impunity only by robust individuals in the habit of daily taking strong exercise: familiar instances are seen in apples, celery, cucumbers.

Pease Soup may be made with either blue or white dried pease, and those either whole or split. The Prussian-blue races are excellent for the purpose—so likewise are many of the whites. There is an uncertainty about pease turning out "good boilers;" something may depend on the soil on which they are grown, more on the water in which they are boiled.

Soak the peas all night in soft water. Filtered rain-water is the best, as it also is for boiling them. Put them on with the water cold, and *without* salt. The time of boiling to make them tender will depend on their quality. You may boil some pease in some waters all day long, and they will still remain hard and indissoluble. When quite tender and falling to pieces, squeeze them with the back of a wooden spoon through a large-holed cullender into a bowl. The bowl will contain the true purée of the pease; the skins and hard bits will remain in the cullender.

Pease Soup should be good of the stock, as well as good of the pease. The Doctor has heard water-made

pease soup contemptuously spoken of as "Pea Broth." It is usual to make pease soup with the boilings of salt meat—of a leg of pork or a piece of corned meat. Such soup may suit the stomachs of agricultural labourers, or their equally robust employers; but the Doctor advises his readers to beware of it. The boilings of meat which has been long in salt acquire from it certain pungent and acrid qualities which are very apt to bring on heartburn, indigestion, or diarrhœa in stomachs that have not become "tolerant" of that class of food. On shipboard, and in other situations, there is sometimes no choice; but where there *is* a choice, the invalid will make it. A soldier in the French army, who went through the Crimean campaign, told the Doctor that he attributed the diarrhœa which at one time invalided the troops to *the bacon*. He abstained from the bacon, and escaped.

Some cooks try to avert the evil by using half salt boilings and half fresh broth or water; but it is a half-measure which effects but little good: the unpleasant and unwholesome twang always remains; and the worst of it is, that it does not always offend the palate at the time, but causes the stomach to suffer afterwards. It is wiser to reject salt boilings altogether, unless of meat that has been salted two or three days only at most. Ham, tongue, and other smoked-meat boilings are only fit to season pig-wash.

Any fresh-meat boilings may be used for pease soup, but the flavour of pork is the old-established rule. Take, therefore, a couple of hocks of pork, with their feet, which have not been salted more than two or three days.

Wash them well before putting them on in your boiler in cold water. When they boil and have been skimmed, add two split carrots, two sliced turnips, three or four sliced onions, a parsnip, and two good heads of celery, with a little of the green leaf remaining. When the flesh of the feet will come away from the bones, take them out, and cut them into small pieces, to add to the soup just before serving. When the hocks are well done, they can be taken out, and either have their meat applied to the same purpose if liked, or be set aside, to be eaten cold at breakfast or lunch.

When the vegetables are *quite tender*, take them out, chop them fine, and return them to the soup; or you may squeeze them into it, in the shape of a purée, through a cullender. Add the purée of pease to thicken the soup to the consistency liked; throw in the meat of the feet, and what you like of the hock; season with pepper and cayenne to taste; add salt, if needed, and serve *hot*. Do not let any of your guests mutter in your ear:

"The King of the South,
He burnt his mouth
With eating of cold pease porridge."

The colour of pease soup made of *blue* pease may be heightened and improved by the addition of a purée of spinach, which, however, will slightly modify the flavour. A better way of effecting the same object is that to be shortly given in Green-Pease Soup without Green Pease. Pease Soup should have a decided flavour of celery; when the plant is not to be had, the crushed seed will

give it. Bread sliced thin, toasted, and cut into dice, should be passed round together with pease soup. The bouquet and the addition of wine have not been mentioned, but are left to individual taste, because it is not desirable to make all soups taste alike—which is an occasional fault with the soups and made dishes of pastry-cook shops: they are very nice, but sometimes very monotonous, so that by shutting your eyes you could not tell one thing from another. Dried mint in powder is orthodox seasoning to a plate of pease soup.

Pease soup is fattening, light, and, with the pork returned to it, substantial,—comprising meat and drink at once. It is then elevated to the important class specified by the Cleikum Club as "Soup and Stew, or Mouthful Soups—a division which we think was wanted in books that treat of the culinary art." A plate of this Pease Soup on a winter's day supplies a solid fund of heat and strength.

By having in the house ready-made purée of pease and the soup of pot au feu or consommé, a tureen of pease soup can be served in ten minutes after a professional man has returned home chilled and weary.

Green-Pease Soup. Put a quarter of a pound of butter at the bottom of a large stew-pan. When hot, throw into it three pints of young green peas, two cabbage-lettuces shred fine, two cucumbers peeled and sliced, and two large onions sliced with their green. When nearly fried enough, stir in smoothly a dessert-spoonful of flour. Pour in gradually three quarts of good veal broth. If you have a ham-bone, put it in; if not, two

or three slices of lean ham, likewise three or four mealy potatoes mashed. Let all simmer a couple of hours, skimming off any fat which may rise, and taking care the vegetables do not stick to the bottom. Before serving, remove the ham-bone, and throw in a cupful of boiled green peas, with the liquor they were cooked in. You may also add a few small dice of either fried or toasted bread.

Green-Pease Soup, without green peas, for winter and early spring. Force in mignionette boxes or pots, in a hothouse or cucumber-frame, peas of any luxuriant variety, sowing them thick like mustard-and-cress. They may even be grown in any warm room; but the quicker they are made to vegetate, the better. When three or four inches high and well greened, cut them just above the ground. Wash, drain, and chop them fine, as you would parsley for sauce.

Prepare a good dried-pease soup, making the stock with a knuckle of veal, and reserving two or three pints of it, in which to boil the chopped pea-plants until they are as tender as cooked sorrel or spinach. Add a sufficiency of this to the dried-pease soup to give it the required flavour and colouring, and dusting in a very little powdered lump-sugar to taste. The imitation will be still more complete if you can throw in a small quantity of preserved green peas.

Cucumber Soup, Brown. Take some good beef stock or consommé; thicken it slightly with fried onions and flour done to a roux of a nice bright colour.

Cut cucumbers into pieces, leaving the rind on; boil

them till quite tender; let them drain a minute in the cullender, and then squeeze them through, to make a purée. The skins will remain in the cullender.

Add the purée to the stock; season with salt and pepper; boil up, and serve with dice of toast.

Cucumber Soup, White. Peel your cucumbers, cut them in pieces, and boil, in as little water as will cover them, until reduced nearly to a pap. Press this through a cullender, passing to it also the water remaining from the cucumbers.

Have some good veal or chicken broth or consommé; add an equal quantity of fresh milk; stir in the purée of cucumbers; season with pepper, salt, and a dust of sugar.

Lay a few slices of bread cut very thin at the bottom of your soup-tureen, and when your soup is on the point of boiling, pour it into the tureen over the bread.

*Purée à la Crecy.** Having made soup with three large carrots, most servants, *thinking all the goodness is out of them*, will throw them into the dust-hole in London, or to the chicken in the country. In future, use them thus the next day: Rub them through a cullender or a wire sieve; add the remainder of the soup left from the previous day, and one table-spoonful of Carolina rice boiled quite soft. This will then be a Purée à la Crecy, and should be of the consistency of pea soup. Considering you would otherwise have wasted the carrots, find the value of one spoonful of rice, and

* Crecy, near Abbeville, in France, is famous for our Edward III.'s victory, and for carrots.

then say how much your soup costs.—*London Society*, December 1863.

Similar Soups are easily made with purées of parsnips, potatoes, onions, turnips, Jerusalem artichokes, or any other root or vegetable which may be liked, to communicate a predominant flavour.

White Soup, A. Cut the scrag end of a neck of mutton into chops or thin slices ; divide a knuckle of veal into three or four pieces. Boil these in three quarts of water, with four sheeps' feet (which can be bought ready cleaned), a quarter of a pound of lean bacon or ham, a bouquet complete, the peel of half a lemon, two or three onions, a blade of mace, and a few peppercorns. Let them cook slowly, closely covered, until all the meat falls away to rags. Set it aside all night to cool.

Next day remove the fat, and transfer the jelly to another saucepan, leaving all the shreds, bones, and sediment remaining at the bottom.

For thickening, blanch a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and beat them to a paste, with a teaspoonful of water, in a marble mortar. To prevent their oiling, mince a large slice of cooked veal or chicken and some crumb of stale bread, and mix them with the pounded almonds. Add all these to a pint of cream, and boil them with the fresh-cut rind of the other half lemon and a blade of mace reduced to very fine powder. Stir in gradually a pint of the warmed-up jelly ; strain it through a large-holed cullender, pressing it with the back of a spoon, and let all boil together a quarter of an hour afterwards. Salt to taste.

Macaroni in short bits, or vermicelli, may be added to this soup. They should be previously boiled tender in a little of the first jelly, after soaking them in tepid water.

White Soup, B. Simpler. Boil a knuckle of veal in water, with the same seasoning as above, reducing it to three or four pints.

For thickening, stir, over the fire, a little ground rice into a pint of milk, to which add a little salt and two table-spoonfuls of good cream. Boil up all together before serving, stirring carefully.

Potage à la Reine—Soup for a Queen. So called either because Queens only enjoy the privilege of eating chicken and cream, or because those exalted ladies are supposed to be blessed with good digestions.

Boil a couple of young fowls, with a bunch of parsley, in plenty of water until enough. When done, take them out, skin them, and cut off all the flesh. Return the skin, the bones, and sinews to the broth, and let all boil together till well reduced. Then strain off.

Chop up the flesh of the fowls as fine as you can, and then pound it in a mortar with half a dozen blanched almonds, a couple of hard egg-yolks, and some crumb of bread soaked in the broth. While pounding, gradually moisten with broth, and work till all is smooth enough to press through a strainer.

Add this purée to the chicken broth, stirring in at the same time a pint or more of cream, and seasoning lightly with pepper and salt. This operation is best performed in a hot-water bath, as the soup is liable to curdle.

Before pouring the soup into the tureen, toasted or fried bread dice may be laid at the bottom; but the soup is kept whiter by adding nothing more darkly coloured than rice or vermicelli ready-cooked in the broth.

This soup may be made still more rich and regal by boiling the fowls in broth instead of water.

Fancy Soup. Slice a few small onions into a stew-pan, with two or three carrots, a little bit of ham, and a good piece of veal. Stew these together over a good fire, and when the veal begins to brown nicely, fill up with good hot broth, and let them simmer till the veal is thoroughly cooked, and has communicated all its goodness to the soup. Use this, strained, to make your stock.

Soak, at the bottom of your soup-tureen, the crusts of a couple of French rolls in this liquor. Then pound in a mortar a couple of hard egg-yolks, and six blanched almonds; when pounded smooth, stir them into your soup till it is of the consistency of a rather thin purée. If too thick, you will have to pass it through a strainer. Heat up cautiously, to avoid curdling, and pour the purée over the soaked roll-crusts.

Garbures form a class of pottages of which Ude says, "This soup is never seen in this country; it requires a very deep and a very large dish." An earthen one is usual, but a silver one will do. Garbures are thick in consistency, and contain Parmesan or Gruyère cheese, brown bread (properly rye), cabbage, bacon, and other ingredients. They are held in great esteem in the Southern provinces of France. As an example, for

Cabbage Garbure, take hearted cabbages, bind them

round with tape; put them into a stew-pan, with slices of bacon at the bottom; add carrots and onions, season with cloves, and fill up with any good broth you have.

When the cabbages are done enough, take them up, untie them, and cut them in slices, which put at the bottom of a deep, wide dish, placing thin slices of brown bread between each layer of cabbage. Dust the layers of cabbage with pepper, and pour a little of the broth in which they were cooked over all. Set the dish in a slow oven for a few minutes, or sprinkle crumbs on the top, and brown it under a salamander. The rest of the broth is served separate from the pottage.

A garbure is made with solid-hearted lettuces in exactly the same way as for cabbages; with *giraumont*, a kind of gourd; with chesnuts, onions, leeks, and the a whole list of kitchen vegetables; it is also enriched, according to place and circumstance, with cheese, partridges, sausages, ham, the stewed legs of land or water fowl, pigeons, &c. A good garbure should bear unmistakable marks of having been baked as well as boiled. "What sticks to the bottom of the dish is most tasty and palatable."

Nouilles Soup. Nouilles are a sort of home-made imitation of vermicelli and macaroni paste, produced by mixing flour, eggs, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg into a very firm paste. Roll it out very thin, and cut into long, narrow strips, which must be dusted with flour to prevent their sticking together. Throw these into your boiling stock broth or consommé, and let them cook briskly for twenty minutes.

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Any vegetable purée, at discretion, may be added, if it be wished to give a little thickness to the soup.

Ox-tail Soup. One large or two small tails will make soup for half a dozen persons. If not quite fresh, the soup will be milky and perhaps unsavoury. Cut them into joints, and stew them slowly for three or four hours, until the meat comes easily from the bones, with a sufficiency of water, carrots, onions, pepper, and salt, taking care not to let the peculiar flavour of the ox-tail be overpowered by any other.

When done, take out the pieces of tail whole, and set them aside. Thicken the stew with flour and fried onion; diluting it afterwards with good consommé. Strain, add the ox-tail, boil up, and serve.

Mulligatawny Soup. Slice and peel twelve good-sized onions; fry them in butter, with a full table-spoonful of curry-powder. Put them into a stew-pan with two quarts of good veal stock and a small quantity of mace, thickening with a little flour. Stew for an hour, and pass it through a sieve. If not quite thick enough, add a little more flour and butter. Cut up a cold chicken into small pieces, and put it into the soup with a teacupful of cream. Give a final boil up, and serve.

Giblet Soup. Swan giblets are the best, then Goose, then Turkey, then Duck and Fowl. For water-birds, the pinion should be chopped in two across; the feet scalded, removing the outer skin and the claws. For all, cut the neck into short pieces; split the head, removing the beak and eyes; divide the livers into two, and the gizzards (well cleaned, and peeled of the hard,

white skin) into four pieces. Stew these tender (the gizzards will take longer than the rest), and then proceed exactly as with ox-tail. If you make your stock of the bones or remains of poultry, all the better. You may season rather highly with herbs and spice, as there is no fear of overpowering the giblet flavour.

Julienne Soup. There is a class of soups, useful, light, agreeable, and susceptible of great apparent variety, but which are simply well-flavoured broth or consommé, with the addition either of vegetables, as julienne soup, or of preparations of flour and starch in various forms, as vermicelli, tapioca, sago, and the like.

For julienne, cut into very fine, narrow strips, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, celery, leeks, potatoes, onions, each in equal quantity. Chop some lettuce, chervil, and sorrel. You may add (chopped small, or in long, narrow strips) the green tops of asparagus, green kidney beans, green peas (whole); in short, whatever vegetables are in season.

Mix these, and put them all together in a stew-pan with a good lump of butter and a little sugar and salt. Cover them close, and let them stew a few minutes; then add your broth, and boil till all the vegetables are thoroughly done. It is not usual to put bread, either in crusts or toasted dice, into julienne soup. Machines or choppers are sold for cutting the vegetables for this wholesome dish; they can also be purchased preserved dry. N.B. When a soup, of whatever kind, strikes you as particularly agreeable to the palate, it is often owing to the unsuspected presence of a very slight dust of sugar.

Spring Soup. With a quart of green peas, take a good quantity of lettuce, purslane, sorrel, chervil, and young orache leaves. Parsley, spinach, and chives, or spring onions, may be added if liked. Put them in a close-covered stew-pan, with a lump of fresh butter, pepper and salt, and a little water or broth. Stew them gently over a slow fire until enough. Squeeze them through a cullender, so as to obtain a smooth purée. Dilute that to the thickness you like, either with water or with broth. Throw in some rice that has been previously boiled (or, instead of that, a few grated bread-crumbs); season to taste, and let it simmer another quarter of an hour. Before serving, add a thickening made with two or three yolks of egg.

Potage à la Jardinière — Gardener's Soup. Take potatoes, turnips, carrots, celery, and leeks in sufficient quantity; cut them in pieces more or less big. Put them in a stew-pan on a gentle fire, and scald them a few minutes in boiling water. Complete their cooking with broth or soup. When nearly done, throw in some green peas, asparagus-tops, purslane-leaves, or other tender vegetables, as time and place allow.

Pumpkin Soup. Cut the half or the quarter of a pumpkin into slices, according to size; peel off the rind and remove the seeds; cut them in pieces as big as a walnut, and set them on the fire covered with boiling water. When the pumpkin is completely reduced to a marmalade or pulp, put to it two or three ounces of butter and a little salt. Let it boil another turn or two.

Boil separately a quart of milk; flavour it with a

little sugar or salt, or both, and stir it into the pumpkin purée. Put some minced bread at the bottom of your tureen, and pour over it the mixture of pumpkin and milk.

Onion Soup. Cut a dozen middle-sized onions into shreds. Brown them over the fire in a stew-pan, with a good lump of butter, turning them with your slice till they are cooked tender and sufficiently browned. Add a spoonful of flour, and let it take a nice colour. Dilute with boiling broth gradually, season with salt and peppercorns, and give it a boil. Then add some bread, either grated or sliced; simmer for a while, and serve.

By substituting water for broth, you have an *Onion Soup Maigre.* You may get rid of the onions, before adding the bread, by passing the soup through a cullender; the Doctor advises to let them remain, as being both nutritive and medicinal. Replacing the water by milk, you get an *Onion and Milk Soup Maigre.* N.B. In these soups in which bread is laid at the bottom of the soup-tureen or added to the broth, care must be taken (as directed for bread sauce) not to put *too much* bread in proportion to the quantity of soup.

Rice and Onion Soup. Proceed exactly as before; only, instead of bread, add some ready-cooked rice; boil up and serve. This soup may also be made meagre, and is excellent either way.

Tapioca Soup. Tapioca lends itself to a variety of usages, by simple washing and soaking and boiling slowly in water set on cold. The separate grains should not lose their form. It is then ready either for con-

version into jellies, creams, and puddings, by combination with wine, milk, eggs, &c., or for giving substance to soups. As in this state it will take any flavour, it is convenient for supplying a basin of good soup, or an agreeable sweet dish, in case of hurry or emergency. But there is nothing to prevent tapioca for soup being boiled in stock-broth, or tapioca for puddings being boiled in milk.

Put as much ready-boiled tapioca into your stock as will bring it to the consistency of good pease soup. There ought never to be a mere sediment of tapioca at the bottom of your tureen, covered and drowned by an ocean of broth. The tapioca should *pervade* the soup. Flavour with whatever you like. The ordinary vegetables are most commonly employed.

Sago Soup. Exactly as above.

Arrowroot Soup. Any soup or broth, particularly white soups, may be thickened with arrowroot. Put a small quantity in a basin, add some of the broth drop by drop, working with the back of a spoon, till it is of the consistency of thick mustard. Stir this into the soup, and boil up well afterwards.

Rice Milk, Savoury. Rice—that curious product of nature, to which may be literally applied the expression of "casting your bread upon the waters, and finding it after many days,"—rice, amphibious in its origin, allies itself with equally harmonious effects to either of the grand divisions of alimentary materials—to savouries or sweets, to meat, fish, fruit, or vegetables. Rice is the Proteus of the kitchen, assuming every form, thick or

thin, fat or lean, solid or liquid. As a crust, it forms the most honourable mausoleum in which to entomb a fricassee of fowl; it gives substance to soup, it combines with every sort of purée; it supplies an indispensable check to the excitements of curry; it surrounds the capon with an elegant garnish, imbibing a great part of his succulence. At the third course it helps us to creams and puddings; at dessert, reduced to flour, it figures in cakes. It adopts every disguise in order to please, and almost always succeeds in pleasing. Rice is welcomed with approbation by every judicious and impartial eater. Rice-milk pure is better suited to the nursery than for consumption by adults. Take, therefore, half milk and half veal or chicken broth. Put them on the fire in a saucepan with a sufficiency of rice that has been steeped all night in soft water. Add one or two small white onions chopped very fine, a little salt, and a small pinch of white pepper, if liked. Boil, stirring frequently, to prevent the milk from burning and the rice from sticking to the bottom, until the rice is quite tender, without being dissolved. The object of the onion and salt is to relieve the insipidity of the milk, rather than to give a decided flavour.

Rice Milk, Sweet. Boil previously steeped rice, as before, in half milk and half water, flavouring with a small pinch of salt, sufficient sugar, the rind of half a lemon or half an orange, and either cinnamon, mace, or nutmeg, as preferred. When done, take it off the fire.

Beat up (not froth) in a basin one or two eggs, gradually adding a little of the warm milk. When this

mixture is nicely blended, combine it carefully with the rice-milk in the saucepan, which must not boil afterwards. Half a glass of white wine, or a dessert-spoonful of brandy, are legitimate additions to Rice Milk, Sweet. Both the above preparations may be varied by using ground rice instead of whole.

Apple Soup (German). Peel fresh apples, cut out their cores, and boil them thoroughly with grated crumb of bread, lemon-peel and lemon-juice, cinnamon and cardamum, or other aromatic seeds. When cooked to a pulp, rub them through a sieve. Add white wine, and sweeten to your taste. Serve with toasted bread.

Cherry Soup (German). Pluck the cherries from their stalks, and boil them enough in water, with cinnamon, lemon-peel, and lemon-juice. Then add wine and sugar, and serve it poured over bread cut into dice and fried in butter. You may also pound a few cherries small, boil them in water, and pass them through a sieve. This soup may likewise be made with dried cherries and pearl-barley, boiled several hours in water, passed through a sieve, and then served as above. N.B. An earthen or metal cullender or strainer is surer to be clean *and sweet* than a horsehair sieve.

Oat-Groats Soup (German). Stir up the groats in boiling water with a bit of butter as big as a walnut, until they are cooked enough. Pass through a sieve or cullender, and add lemon-peel, cinnamon, white wine, and sugar. Set it on the fire again to boil. If it is wished to have raisins in it, they must be previously steeped until they are well swollen. On serving, you

may stir in some cream and three or four yolks of egg, with a little toasted bread to swim on the top.

Wine Soup (German). Take a little water, and mix with it lemon-peel chopped very fine, some pounded cardamum seeds, pounded sugar, and grated bread made of fine rye-flour from which the bran has been thoroughly sifted. Stir, and boil until enough, and then add the wine to it.

Wine Soup, with an Island of Bread (German). Take a good quantity of well-baked rye-bread; you may mix with it a portion of white bread, if you like. Fry it in butter, powder it with sugar, and while still warm press it together into a heap or mound in the middle of your dish. Then take two parts of German wine and one of water; boil the same with sugar, cinnamon, and cardamum; and then stir up with it a few yolks of eggs. Pour this over the mound of bread, which you can now garnish with orange-peel, almonds, or rose-hips. You can make this soup in the same way with beer, and can also stick currants in the island of bread.

Rye-Bread Soup (German). Take wine and water (the former predominating), grate rye-bread into it, add finely chopped lemon-peel and sugar, and boil all well together. Then stir in the yolks of two eggs. Instead of the water, you may use sweetwort or pale beer, flavouring with pounded cardamum.

Beer Soup, with Cream (German). To one quart of beer add half a pint of sweet cream, a small piece of butter, a little sugar, salt, and allspice. Let it boil; then further add a spoonful of flour well mixed in a little

cold cream; boil up again; and lastly throw in two yolks of egg also mixed with a little cream.

Beer Soup for Supper, or towards the close of a Ball (German). Put one quart of white beer (*i.e.* not porter, nor high-coloured beer), a wine-glass of red wine, eight yolks of eggs, a little cinnamon and sugar, and a pinch of salt, into a deep saucepan. Stir until it *begins* to boil up; then serve hot in cups.

Vermicelli Soup. Break vermicelli into convenient lengths; wash and steep it in cold soft water. Boil it tender separately, in a little of the stock to which it is to be added; a good clear consommé is the best. Heat up all together, and serve. The same of macaroni and other Italian pastes.

With these soups, grated white cheese (parmesan, gruyère, or other) is offered to each guest in a dish with a spoon.

Brillat Savarin's Elixir of Life; a restorative after exhaustion. By exhaustion is understood a state of weakness, languor, and prostration, the result of antecedent circumstances, which renders the exercise of the vital functions more difficult. Without reckoning the debility produced by the privation of sufficient food, in respect either to its quantity or its quality, exhaustion may be brought on by bodily fatigue, by overstrained mental efforts, and by too great an addiction to the pleasures of life. But from whatever cause it has proceeded, the first step to a remedy is immediate cessation from the acts which have brought on, if not exactly a morbid condition, at least something very closely approaching to it.

After this indispensable preliminary, cookery can offer the resources which it has at its command. To the sufferer worn out by the prolonged exertion of his muscular strength, it offers good soup, generous wine, the meat of full-grown animals, and sleep. To the writer or student who has allowed himself to be carried away by the charms of his subject, it prescribes out-door exercise to refresh his brain, bathing to soothe his irritated nerves, poultry, green vegetables, and repose. On the worn-out pleasure-hunter it imposes a quiet life, and a simple yet nutritious diet. In all these cases may be administered either *Elixir A*, suited to robust constitutions, decided characters, people who exhaust themselves with action, or the second milder formula.

A. Take six large onions, three carrots, and a handful of parsley; chop them up together, and throw them into a saucepan, in which you will heat and brown them by means of a lump of good fresh butter.

When this mixture is pretty well cooked, add thereto six ounces of sugar-candy, twenty grains of pounded amber, with a toasted crust of bread and three bottles of water, which you will boil for three-quarters of an hour, adding fresh water to replace the loss by evaporation, so that there shall always be three bottles of liquid in the saucepan.

While this is taking place, kill, pluck, and empty an old cock, whom you will cut into joints and pound (bones and all) in a mortar with an iron pestle. In like manner chop up two pounds of the very best lean beef. That done,

mix the two meats together, seasoning with a sufficiency of pepper and salt.

Put them in a saucepan over a brisk fire, so as to let them get thoroughly heated, throwing in from time to time a little fresh butter, in order to *sauter* the mixture well, without its sticking to the bottom of the pan.

When it is nicely browned, you strain the broth which is in the other saucepan, and pour it, little by little, into the second, stirring meanwhile until it is all there. You then let it boil galloping three-quarters of an hour, taking care to add hot water, so as always to have the same quantity of liquid. At the end of that time, the operation is complete, and you have a potion whose beneficial effects are infallible, supposing that the patient—however exhausted by any of the above-mentioned causes—has a stomach which still performs its functions.

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The dose is, the first day, a cupful every three hours until bedtime; the following days, a breakfast-cupful morning and night only, until the three bottles are emptied. The patient is kept to a light but nutritious diet, such as the thighs of fowls, fish, ripe fruit, preserves. It rarely happens that a fresh pot of soup has to be made. About the fourth day, he may resume his ordinary occupations, and ought to try to be more prudent for the future—if possible.

By suppressing the amber and the sugar-candy, you can by this method improvise a high-flavoured soup, worthy to be set before a party of connoisseurs. If the old cock be replaced by four old partridges, and the beef

by the same quantity of leg of mutton, the resulting preparation will be neither less efficacious nor less agreeable.

The plan of chopping up the meat and browning it in butter before moistening it with the broth may be generalised in every case where time is pressing; and when the exhaustion is extreme, delays are dangerous, if not fatal. It is based on the principle that meat so treated becomes charged with more caloric (or, since caloric is obsolete, is heated to a higher temperature) than it could be in water. It can, therefore, be employed on every occasion when a good meat soup is wanted, without having to wait for it five or six hours. Such occasions are frequent, especially in the country. It is understood that all who make use of it will glorify the inventor (and also the present communicator) of the mode.

N.B. It is right that every body should know that amber, considered as a perfume, may be injurious to the uninitiated whose nerves are delicate; taken internally, it is sovereignly tonic and exhilarating. Our ancestors employed it largely in the kitchen, and found themselves none the worse for it.

Maréchal Richelieu habitually kept an ambered pastille in his mouth. For my own part, whenever I (Brillat Savarin) find myself in one of those days when the weight of age makes itself felt, when thought flows sluggishly, and one feels overpowered by an unaccustomed oppression, I mix with a little sugar, in a strong cup of chocolate, a quantity of pounded amber about the size of

a horse-bean, and have always derived wonderful benefit from it. By means of this tonic, vital action is freely performed and thought is easy, without the deprivation of sleep, which would be the inevitable consequence of a cup of coffee taken for the purpose of producing the same effect.

Elixir B. Take a knuckle of veal weighing at least two pounds and a half. Split it into four, lengthwise, bone and flesh. Brown it with butter in a saucepan, with four sliced onions and a handful of watercress. When it is nearly cooked enough, pour over it three bottles of water. Boil two hours, taking care to replace the quantity evaporated. Season moderately with pepper and salt, and you will have a stock of excellent Veal Broth.

Pound separately three old pigeons, and twenty-five living fresh-water crawfish [if not to be had, take twice the number of prawns or shrimps]. Mix them together, and brown them in butter, as directed for Elixir A; and when you see that the heat has penetrated the mass, and that it is beginning to get crispy, add the veal broth to it, and boil galloping for an hour. The broth, so enriched, is to be strained. It may be taken morning and night, or at morning only. It is also a delicious soup.

Poached-Egg Soup. Have ready the required quantity of well-flavoured stock broth. When it boils, take as many eggs as there are to be persons at table, and poach them in it as hereafter directed. When done, take them out with a slice or skimmer, lay them on a warm dish, and trim off any ragged edges.

Put a thin layer of bread-dice (toasted or fried) at the bottom of your soup-tureen; on this deposit your poached eggs, taking care not to break the yolks, and pour over all the boiling stock through a cullender.

In serving, distribute one poached egg and a portion of bread-dice in each person's plate.

Fried Bread-Dice for Soups. The Doctor recommends simply toasted dice; but for those who *will* have them fried, do it thus:

Cut the crumb of stale bread into dice, and let them dry a little before the fire, turning them occasionally.

Have a *deep* frying pan (see chapter OPERATIONS, page 51) half full of the best olive-oil, fresh butter, or sweet pork-lard. When hot enough (which you will ascertain by trying it with a strip of bread), plunge your dice into it, and the moment they are brown enough, take them out with your slice. Let them drain awhile on a towel, and they are ready to serve. Dice so fried will be much more crisp and less greasy than if done in a shallow frying-pan, with a *little* butter, by turning them over from side to side. If the quantity of fat required be complained of, the Doctor replies that it will serve for other purposes, and that you can't expect to make Egyptian bricks without straw, nor to cook without consuming fuel, nor to fry without fat.

Meager Broth. A basis for all the varieties of soup-maigre, and of sauces to serve with meager dishes.

Slice into a soup-kettle ten carrots, as many turnips and onions, two lettuces, two sticks of celery, one parsnip, half a cabbage, and a handful of chervil. Add to these

vegetables half a pound of butter, and a pint of water. Cover close, and let it boil gently till there is hardly any liquid left in the pot. Then fill up with boiling water, and add either a quart of green pease or the purée from a quart of split pease, two or three cloves, pepper and salt. Continue to boil for three or four hours, and pass the broth through a cullender.

Sorrel and Potato Soup-Maigre. Boil your potatoes separately; mealy ones are the best. When done, take them out, drain well, and mash fine.

Take a couple of handfuls of sorrel, strip the green part of the leaves away from the midrib; wash, chop them coarsely, and put them into a stew-pan with a good lump of butter. When stewed to a pulp, add a little meager broth, then mix in your mashed potatoes, fill up with more broth to the quantity required, season with pepper and salt, boil up again, and serve accompanied by toasted bread-dice.

The extent to which vegetable meager soups may be varied is almost incalculable. The above receipts convey the principle on which the whole of them are prepared. They may be easily thickened, either with yolk of egg, or arrowroot, or other farinaceous substance. The intelligent cook will have no difficulty in composing, for occasions of abstinence from meat, pottages to be named after such leading constituents as lentils, haricots, beans, celery, leeks, cabbages, turnips, spinach, cauliflower, and the like. They are equally agreeable and wholesome to persons whose business keeps them much confined in towns; and they can always be made *better* by the use of

broth instead of water, when no reasons of conscience or health prevent. The only difficulty is, that some of the small herbs—as chervil, orache, purslane, chives—are not found in every market; but they are of the easiest culture for those who have a garden, and would be quickly forthcoming were any demand for them to arise.

Flint Broth. A soldier, travelling on foot to join his regiment, reached a solitary farmhouse at about two o'clock on a summer's afternoon. The kitchen-door stood wide open, and allowed him to see an active old dame busily turning a barrel-churn. Every body else was at work in the fields. He gave a respectful military salute; but before he could cross the threshold, she screamed to him:

"It's no use your coming here; we never give any thing to tramps."

"I'm not a tramp, ma'am," he replied; "but a soldier, tired and hungry too; and I don't ask you to give me any thing, only to let me boil some broth out of this bit of flint."

"It's poor broth you'll get out of that, when you have washed it clean. But you'll have to go and fetch the water from the well."

"Certainly, ma'am; and a bucket or two besides for you, if you want them, with the greatest of pleasure."

"Bring me three, then, and pour them into the water-tub there. Very good. I see you're a handy young man. There's the fire, and there's the pot; you'll have to make your flint broth yourself. I've enough to do to attend to my churn."

"May I go into the garden, ma'am, to pick a few green leaves, just to give a little taste to my broth, ma'am?"

"You may, if you like. You'll find plenty of green weeds, and not much else. Farmers like we, with a little bit o' land, can't waste our time about our gardens. —What a while he is gone! I'm thinking he'll be stripping the gooseberry-bushes.—Well, what have you got there? A couple of lettuces!"

"Yes, ma'am; you see they're starting for seed; they'd be good for nothing the day after to-morrow."

"Maybe; and parsley, and chives, and young celery-plants! Why, I didn't know we had any in the garden."

"Plenty, ma'am, only smothered with weeds; so I pulled up the weeds, and threw them over the hedge. You'll have parsley and chives, now, all summer long, and perhaps all winter too."

(*Aside.*) "They'll fetch a penny a bunch at market." (*Aloud.*) "You know, we never give nothing to nobody, but you may cut a thin slice of bacon to put in your broth. With that, you won't want any salt."

"Thank you, ma'am, very kindly; and I hope you won't be angry if, in pulling up the weeds, I pulled up, quite by accident, these three carrots."

"Well, well, I suppose it couldn't be helped; a carrot more or less won't send us to the workhouse. You may take the cold potatoes that stand on that shelf; you can eat your broth out of the basin; and there's a little pepper left in the pepper-box. But, bless me! how the hens are cackling, and I haven't had time to gather

the eggs to-day; I can't be in two places at once; I can't be at the churn and in hen-roost too."

"I'll turn the churn, ma'am, while you are gone. My broth, you see, is cooking nicely.—I've kept to your stroke, ma'am, and the butter is come. What beautiful eggs! of the Scotchy Chayney breed! What a pity that two of them should have got a crack!"

"I don't see the cracks; but your eyes are better than mine. They're no good to sell; and we don't feed our ploughboys on Scotchy Chayney eggs. There; you may have them, just for this once. I'll like to see what you'll do with them."

"Thank ye, ma'am, very much indeed, ma'am. I do *this:* I break the eggs, at the place that was cracked, into the bottom of the basin. I stir them up with a little of the broth; then I pour all the rest of the broth into the basin. I put the flint into my pocket, to serve for next time, in case there should still be any goodness left in it; and I break into my broth this crust of bread, which I saved on purpose from my breakfast this morning."

"Nay, nay, young man, keep your crust for your supper; you may cut a good slice off that brown loaf. I see you're very different to the travellers who won't go away till you give 'em a penny, and who coax victuals out of silly girls under pretence of telling their fortunes. Sure, your flint broth's ekernomical, and smells very good. If I hadn't had my dinner, I'd taste it myself."

Fish Soups are hardly acclimatised on the generality of English dinner-tables, although few countries afford better materials, or a better climate, for making them.

Fish kept several days, slightly salted and boiled, is often excellent in itself, although the soup made from it would not be delicate. The stronger flavours acquired by fish pass away into the boiling water. Indeed, in many people's opinion, certain fish (as turbot, cod, and skate) may be boiled *too* fresh; just as George I. did not relish fresh oysters, but preferred them three or four days old, like those he used to eat at Hanover. It is a matter of habit and locality. But for soups, fish cannot be too fresh: they should jump out of the river or the sea into the pot. And that, in fact, is the way in which fish soups are made in the south of Europe, where they are not only popular, but are highly esteemed in the upper regions of society. On the Continent, in general, fish soups of most simple and unpretending appearance are often very costly affairs.

On the other hand, frozen fish is neither good for soups nor for any thing else. The northern nations eat it out of necessity, not choice. The convenience of transport gained is more than outbalanced by the deterioration of quality. The effects of frost are to rend the tissues, and to reduce them to a tasteless pulp, whose very wholesomeness is questionable. If such is the case with the most substantial meats, it is still more so with delicate muscle, like that of fish. Meat or fish, once frozen, soon putrefy after thawing; they should be used immediately, or not at all. Refrozen, it is difficult to ascertain their actual condition, and their consumption may cause serious derangement to health. Shell-fish and crustaceans, as oysters and lobsters, are soon struck

dead by exposure to frosty air. A few hours afterwards they become worse than worthless—absolutely injurious. Therefore, as a precautionary rule, never buy fish during the continuance of a frost.

"That is hard upon the fishmongers," it will be said; "it is not their fault if Providence sends frost at certain seasons." True; but we hold that, during frost, fish, for the time, is *out of season*. For the sake of putting money into fishmongers' pockets, we are no more obliged to eat fish *then*, than we are when it is periodically out of season at the naturally appointed times of the year. They deal in a perishable article, and calculate their profits accordingly. But if the fisherman and the fishmonger, by their care, can preserve fish from being frozen, from the time of its capture to its being brought to table, such fish, if naturally in season, is good in the depth of the severest winter. As to the tales of fish in Russia being frozen in blocks of ice alive, transported to long distances, and then thawed and taken out alive, the Doctor will believe the fact when he witnesses it—perhaps; for seeing is not always believing. Until then, he would like to know the species of fish which are capable of bearing such singular treatment. Some of our own fish, otherwise tenacious of life (the eel, for instance), cannot bear extremes of heat or cold.

The British Isles, therefore, ought to be a paradise of fish-eaters: their climate, a happy mean between heat and cold, is perfectly adapted to the constitutions of all fish *out* of water; and they have the two Channels (the English and St. George's), the German Ocean, and the

Atlantic, for their fish-ponds, all whose waters enjoy the double advantage of being neither too salt nor too warm, as the Mediterranean is.

Waters too salt are adverse to the fattening and thriftiness of most fish, probably, also, to their increase: witness the ascent of rivers by fish to deposit their spawn, which gives us the pleasure of receiving their visits. Warm seas produce but poor-fleshed fish. The temperature of the Mediterranean waters is four or five degrees above the ocean temperature of the same latitude; and the fish there are mostly indifferent. On the other hand, the Atlantic cities and towns of America owe their excellent fish-markets to the stream of cold water from the north which runs along the coast. Maury even tells us that the fish of the sea afford perhaps the best indication as to the cold currents in it. The temperature along the American coast is several degrees below that of the ocean; and from Maine to Florida tables are supplied with the most excellent of fish. The "sheep's head" of this cold current, so much esteemed in Virginia and the Carolinas, loses its flavour, and is considered worthless, when taken on the warm coral-banks of the Bahamas. The same is the case with other fish. In the cold water of that coast they are delicious; in the warm water on the other edge of the Gulf Stream, their flesh is soft and unfit for table.

Fish Soup, from yesterday's remains—economical and good. It is not necessary that the fish should be all of the same kind, not even all boiled or all fried; on the contrary, in this case, as in so many others, variety is

charming. Whatever it be, separate it into flakes, or cut it up into neat mouthfuls, and put it aside.

Pick a pint or more of fresh-boiled shrimps; boil their shells in water twenty minutes. Strain the liquor from the shells; let it stand to settle while you are doing what follows; then pour it off, leaving only the sediment, which you reject.

Brown slices of carrot and onion in butter, in a stew-pan, with a dust of flour. When tender, dilute gradually with water or broth, adding the clear liquor from the shrimp-shells. Season with a dust of sugar, a bunch of herbs, half a glass of white wine, and a sprinkle of grated nutmeg, or a couple of cloves. Thicken with a little arrowroot; boil up, stirring all the while; and pass through a cullender.

If you have any oyster, shrimp, lobster, caper, or anchovy sauce remaining (if ever so little), you may add it to the soup, for the sake of its flavour. Throw in the picked shrimps and the pieces of fish, let them heat well through, and serve accompanied by toast-dice.

If the quantity of fish is scanty, it may be helped out by a dozen or two of oysters added, together with the liquor from them, at the same time with the shrimps. The oysters must not boil, but only be heated through.

Bouillabaisse—Marseillaise or Provençal Fish Soup, A. The more different kinds of fish are employed, the better is the Bouillabaisse. Amongst the most esteemed for the purpose are the sole, the whiting, the carp, and the Mediterranean fish called the *loup*, or wolf.

For a Bouillabaisse for six persons, take five pounds of

fish, two dozen mussels, the peel of half an orange, an onion cut in quarters, a bay-leaf, garlic, parsley, cloves, a little saffron, pepper and salt, and half a glass of white wine per head.

Clean the fish thoroughly, and cut it in pieces; put it, with all the above ingredients, into a stew-pan; add sufficient water and olive-oil to cover the whole, and stew it over a brisk fire for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Toast or fry slices of bread, pour your bouillabaisse over them, and serve as hot as possible.

This extremely popular Mediterranean dish is rather a fish stew than a fish soup; the like remark, however, is applicable to our ragoût soups, turtle, ox-tail, giblet, &c.

The word *bouillabaisse* means, "boil up, and take off the fire," showing the quick way in which it ought to be cooked. Oily fish—as herring in the north, and sardines in the south—are not admissible. If mackarel, haddock, or other solid fish are used, it must boil for a few minutes longer. The southern rule is to be liberal both with saffron and with oil.

We have already given the diverse substances which serve as the basis of a bouillabaisse: onion, garlic, parsley, spice, pepper, orange-peel, saffron, and oil; these are indispensable. It is needless to add, that they must be proportioned to the quantity of fish and the number of guests. To these fundamental and obligatory ingredients, some persons add a sage-leaf; others, a sprig of fennel. It is not denied that such trifling accessories can but slightly modify the flavour of the dish; they depend on the taste of individuals. In the interest of

our own gastronomic reputation, we advise the rejection of the fennel and the sage.

For what to some palates is an imperceptible difference, makes a very perceptible difference to others. The sensation of Taste resides principally in the papillæ of the tongue. Anatomy teaches us that all tongues are not equally furnished with these papillæ, some having three times as many as others. This circumstance explains why, of two guests at a dinner-party, one will enjoy his repast with delight, while another will appear to force himself to eat. The reason is, that the latter's tongue is imperfectly organised. The Sense of Taste, like that of Hearing, has also its deaf-dumb individuals.

Bouillabaisse, B. If the fish-market supplies you with only a limited variety; if you can get little else besides mackarel, or oily fish,—such as herring, pilchard, or sprats,—proceed as follows:

At the bottom of your stew-pan put a few leeks (the white part only), cut across in very thin slices; add oil, and your fish cut in slices; fry a few minutes, until it begins to brown. Add the ingredients mentioned in the preceding receipt, with a glass of water for each person, and boil up rapidly over a blazing fire for a good quarter of an hour or so.

Bouillabaisse à l'Anglaise, C—English Bouillabaisse. [From Lady Harriett St. Clair's *Dainty Dishes.*] As the preceding (a Marseilles Receipt for Bouillabaisse) is often considered too strong for the English palate, this is in a milder form. It is excellent, and exceedingly nourishing and wholesome for an invalid.

Take cod, mullet, whiting, turbot, or any other fish you like; cut them cross-ways, in pieces of from two ounces to a quarter of a pound each. Slice two good-sized onions, place them in a stew-pan large enough to contain all the fish at the bottom—a shallow pan is best. Add two table-spoonfuls of olive-oil; fry the onions a light brown; put in the fish with as much warm water as will cover them well, a teaspoonful of salt, half a one of pepper, half a bay-leaf, the flesh of half a peeled lemon cut in dice, two tomatoes cut in slices and their seeds removed [when no ripe tomatoes are to be had, bottled tomato sauce will do], two small glasses of sherry or other white wine, a few peppercorns, and half a clove of garlic.

Set on a fierce fire, and boil very fast for twelve minutes, or till the liquor is reduced to one-third. Then add a table-spoonful of chopped parsley; let it boil one minute longer, and pour it into a deep dish over slices of bread, the same as in the other receipt.

This is also very good made with all sorts of fresh-water fish, and the garlic may be entirely omitted.

N.B. From this mild receipt—especially so with the garlic left out—two other characteristic ingredients are also omitted—the saffron and the orange-peel. It is the play of *Hamlet* without a Prince of Denmark. But so far from this being a fault, as far as invalid eaters are concerned, weak stomachs may honour the use of saffron and garlic more in the breach than in the observance. The native genius of a cook is shown by her skill in toning down dishes which are too high-coloured for her

own special public, and in adapting foreign originals to English acceptance. She is the translator who offers to our perusal a volume that would otherwise be hieroglyphic; she is the engraver who popularises a picture hanging unseen in some distant gallery. Nevertheless, the Doctor would not discourage the trial of unaccustomed stimulants and stomachics *once*, and in moderation. If the dose do good, it can be repeated; if not, it must be abstained from.

For persons in health, the Cook is strongly urged never to be frightened by the mere ingredients and directions of a receipt that is new to her, but to experimentalise on a small scale once or twice, and not be put down by a first failure at the outset. For instance, in these Provençal dishes much depends on the *quality* of the oil; and as to saffron and orange-peel, it requires so little of either to give a decided local colouring, that she has great liberty in the exercise of her own discretion.

Moreover, strange dishes afford subject for conversation, which need not by any means be either futile or epicurean merely. Thus, our Bouillabaisse would lead to a discussion of the peculiarities both of the Provençal climate and of the waters of the Mediterranean Sea; of their effects on delicate constitutions; what fish, only rare accidents here, are common there, and what others, common here, are never caught in the Mediterranean; to anecdotes of the olive-tree and olive-oil, of their geographical limits, preparation, and use; of the medical properties of saffron and garlic, why they are worshiped by some people and ignored by others, sought after in

one age and neglected in the next; whether *Crocus sativus* is grown in England, elsewhere than in the Gazetteer, at Saffron Walden. The questions relating to our daily food mount even to philosophic interest. What is the native country of wheat? Had it ever a native country? Or is it, as some assert, only an improved species of the grand family of Grasses?

According to the Doctor's ideas, the practical value of Cookery-Books consists not so much in the instruction they afford to persons totally ignorant of the art, as in their suggestiveness to heads of households who do know something about it. A lady is puzzled how to vary, agreeably and economically, her day's bill of fare. She consults her Books—and there are many good ones—and, without slavishly following their indications, adapts them to her own tastes and circumstances. A clever housekeeper, with only half a hint, will improvise pleasing culinary novelties—novelties, that is, to the habitual diners at her own family table; whereas, without the hint, she might have gone plodding on in a wearisome routine of roast, boiled, and cold.

Mock Mock-Turtle (Meager). Use for stock Meager Broth (p. 174); thicken and flavour exactly as with Mock-Turtle (p. 147), or, if preferred, thicken either with egg-yolks or with arrowroot. In the latter case, it can be made a white soup, especially with the addition of cream. For strict abstinence, the forcemeat balls must be made without suet, substituting a little butter or grated cheese; the egg-balls need not be altered in any respect. Instead of calf's-head dice, throw in, as meat, a sufficiency of

cod's tongues and sounds (see next Chap.), previously steeped and boiled, and cut up into suitable-sized pieces. When nicely prepared, this soup is a success. It may be made still more relishing by the addition either of a little Norwegian fish-flour, or of the powdered lobster or mussels prepared in that country.

Potage à la Provençale—Provence Soup (Meager). Boil six or eight cloves of garlic and a small bunch of summer savoury in a stew-pan of water with a pinch of salt, or in the clear liquor in which any delicate fresh fish (as cod, whiting, soles, or mackarel) has been boiled.

Put very thin slices of bread at the bottom of a soup-tureen, dust them with a little ground white pepper, sprinkle them with olive-oil in proportion to the quantity of bread, pour over all the broth, without the garlic and the savoury, and serve immediately.

This pottage is very popular in the south of France, and is given as a remedy for small complaints.

Potage à la Monaco—Monaco Soup (Meager). Cut small slices of bread into some given similar shape—round, square, triangular, or fanciful. Dust them with sugar on both sides; toast them to a nice light brown, and arrange them in a soup-tureen with a little salt; pour over them boiling unskimmed milk, and thicken with yolks of egg.

Potage à la Bisque d'Ecrevisses—Bisk; Fresh-water Crawfish Soup. This is one of the fish soups which is a great deal thought of, and may be made to cost a deal of money. Ude, who never stinted for expense, says that it "is sent to table on gala-days only, when you

are obliged to make a frequent change of soups." The following receipt is one of the most economical.

Crawfish, being partially and locally distributed in streams, have often to be procured from considerable distances. They are in great request with foreign cooks, —more, however, to flatter the ear and please the eye than to gratify the palate. Miniature lobsters, of as bright a red, they are invaluable for garnishing. They are made to accompany almost every thing which is not sweet, even a dish so incongruous to their nature as Mock-Turtle in Hash—*Tête de Veau à la Tortue*—of which they are an indispensable ornament. Their flesh, although extremely delicate, is quite inferior in firmness and sapidity to that of the prawn, the lobster, or the shrimp; and a Mock Bisque made with either of those crustaceans is quite as good as a real Crawfish Bisque: the latter, indeed, often condescends to borrow assistance of the lobster.

Take fifty live crawfish; boil them in a small quantity of water seasoned with salt, coarse ground or whole pepper, parsley, and onion. Let them cook twenty minutes after boiling up, stirring now and then to have them all done alike. Drain them, and let them cool. If wished to be highly flavoured of the liquor or *court-bouillon*, they may be left to cool *in it*.

When cool, pick out the flesh of the tails, half open them, to take out the black thread or intestine which runs through their whole length. Pick also the flesh of such claws as are big enough to be worth the trouble. Set all these aside together.

Pound all the rest, shells and heads, very small in a marble mortar, reducing them to a paste with a lump of butter. Put this paste into a stew-pan with sufficient water, and boil till all the goodness is extracted; then strain and squeeze it through a fine-holed cullender. Add the requisite quantity of veal stock, or fish or meager broth, and boil up again. Arrange at the bottom of the soup-tureen fried bread-dice and the flesh of the crawfish; pour the soup over it, and serve.

Bisques of Crawfish are enriched both by employing a greater number of fish, and by the addition of cream, pounded lobster-spawn, or, better, coral, pounded hard yolks of egg, or the pounded flesh of boiled soles, all or either at the cook's discretion.

The consideration which is still attached to crawfish probably originated in their being the only crustaceans attainable in inland districts, whose remoteness from the sea deprived them of other shell-fish, with which they are now supplied abundantly by rail. It is likely that fresh-water crawfish, without being altogether discarded or despised for the future, may nevertheless have seen their most glorious days.

Oyster Soup. The number of oysters to be used will depend upon their size. Eight or ten natives, or half a dozen large Channel oysters to each guest, is a fair allowance. When the oysters are opened, save all their liquor, and at the same time have their beards removed, putting the oysters into one bowl and the beards in another. Set the beards on the fire in a saucepan, well covered with cold water; boil them till all their goodness

is extracted; then squeeze all the liquor out of them through a cullender into the oyster liquor that had been saved.

Make a white roux with butter and flour; bring it gradually to the thickness required with half milk and half clear veal stock; season with salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg; stir in the liquor from the oysters and the beards; strain through a cullender, to get rid of knots, bits of shell, &c.

Return this soup to the stew-pan, put in the oysters, and set it on the fire, stirring gently but continuously. *Before* it boils, take it off and pour it into the soup-tureen, which may have a few fried or toasted bread-dice at the bottom. If the oysters are boiled for any length of time, they become leathery and indigestible; heated *nearly* to the boiling point, they retain all their tenderness, at the same time that their flavour is heightened by the cooking. This point is the great nicety to observe both in oyster sauce and oyster soup. In neither should the oysters taste raw or feel cold in the mouth; while most people know the unpleasantness of oysters vulcanised till they would serve to mend a hole in a shoe.

The above receipt gives *Oyster Soup, White.* It may be easily varied thus: omit the nutmeg from the seasoning, and use a little cayenne, a dessert or table-spoonful of essence of anchovies, a *small* pinch of horse-radish, and some lobster coral (if you have it) pounded fine in a mortar. A table-spoonful of fine-chopped parsley or chervil also makes a pretty addition; this must be thrown

into the *boiling* soup, after it has passed through the cullender, and before the cooking of the oysters.

Either form of oyster soup is an agreeable change from the ordinary routine of bills of fare. The first should be kept mild and delicate for fastidious stomachs; the second (which may be further enriched by cream and egg-yolks) may be seasoned up to the standard of dining-out palates. N.B. In many sea-side localities, similar soups (which are held in great esteem) are made with mussels, cockles, or a combination of all these three shell-fish. In America, Clam Soups, made in various ways, are equally popular. Of the Razor-fish, or Solen (found on the Norfolk coast, in the neighbourhood of Stiffkey, and elsewhere), Soyer says: "This is a beautiful-eating fish. It is seldom we get it in London, being used by the fishermen for bait. It should be cooked like oysters, and makes most excellent and strengthening soup."

Salmon Soup. Take a pound and a half of the middle or tail of a very fresh salmon. Salmon just a little stale, which, with management, is perfectly presentable as *a dish of fish*, will not make *a tureen of soup*.

Cut the piece of salmon across into two equal portions; clean and scale them most carefully, and then throw them into a pot of *boiling* water with *no* salt in it; boil till enough—about twenty minutes. Remove the skin, and take the flesh off the bones while hot. Divide one of the pieces into handsome flakes or spoon-bits, and set them aside. Pound the other portion fine in a mortar, with a little butter, an anchovy scaled and boned,

or its equivalent in the shape of essence of anchovy, the coral or spawn of a lobster if to be had, a table-spoonful of flour or arrowroot, and a couple of hard egg-yolks.

When these ingredients are well pounded and braided, transfer them to a stew-pan with a little clear stock, consommé, or veal or chicken broth. Stir and add gradually more and more stock, till the soup is of the required thickness. Season with pepper and salt; if intended for a party of good livers, it may be heightened with a bouquet of herbs and an imperceptible quantity of cayenne, sugar, and lemon-juice. Pass through a large-holed cullender; put in the flakes of salmon that had been set aside, boil up, and serve. This being a substantial "mouthful soup," forcemeat balls or egg balls are quite admissible. Bread is also to be eaten with it, either in browned dice, or broken by each person from the roll beside him.

It is obvious that similar excellent soups may be made, by the same mode of preparation, from all our larger and firmer-fleshed fish, as cod, turbot, pike, conger eel, &c. Aberdeenshire skate soup is highly extolled and relished in its native locality; but it is feared that the flavour of that fish, in soup, might prove too strong for southern palates.

Eel Soup is better prepared the day before wanted, for the sake of more completely removing the fat, which is apt to disagree with delicate stomachs.

Skin the eels; cut them into lengths of about two inches, and let them cleanse two or three hours in strong salt and water.

Throw them into boiling water, with no salt, but with pepper, allspice, a blade of mace, and a bunch of parsley. When done, take out, and set aside. Reduce the liquor by boiling to the quantity required; strain, cool, and take off the fat.

Make a roux with butter, flour, and chopped onion; moisten with the liquor from the eels. Strain, season with cayenne and lemon-juice; throw in the eels, boil up, and serve.

This, being a "mouthful soup," may be garnished with the proper accompaniments; or the eels may be half boiled and half fried, which will make it still more of a ragoût.

VIII.

FISH.

MICHELET, in his remarkable chapter on Renaissance or Renewal of the Bodily Powers through the agency of the Sea, on sending his lady patient to the coast, makes her ask, "But what do people live on there?"

"Principally on fish, Madame."

"And what else?"

"On fish, Madame."

Brillat Savarin's speculations on fish are too remarkable to be omitted here, especially when we remember that they were written half a century ago.

Certain learned men, he says, whose orthodoxy is not without suspicion, have maintained that Ocean was the common cradle of every existing living creature; that the human race itself was born in the sea, and that it owes its actual condition simply to the influence and the habits which it was obliged to assume in consequence of its change of dwelling-place.

However that may be, at least it is certain that the realm of waters contains an immense multitude of beings, of every form and of all dimensions, who enjoy the gift of vitality in very different proportions, and according to a mode which is not that of warm-blooded animals. Equally true is it, that it presents us, all the world over and at every season, with an enormous mass of alimen-

tary substances, and that, even in the present state of our knowledge, it supplies our tables with most agreeable variety.

Fish, less nutritious than flesh, more succulent than vegetables, is a *mezzo termine*, a happy mean, which suits almost every temperament, and which may be allowed even to convalescents.

The Greeks and the Romans, although far behindhand, with respect to ourselves, in the art of dressing fish, nevertheless held it in very high esteem, and were epicures enough to be able to pronounce from its flavour in what waters such or such fish had been caught. They kept it in fish-ponds; and we have all heard of the cruelty of Vadius Pollio, who fed his murenæ on the flesh of slaves whom he had put to death—a crime which the Emperor Domitian strongly blamed, but which he ought rather to have publicly punished.

Certain peoples, in consequence of their position, are compelled to live almost entirely on fish; they likewise give it as food to their domestic animals, who accustom themselves, through necessity, to this strange diet. They even manure their land with it. Nevertheless, the neighbouring seas do not cease to furnish them with an equally abundant supply.

It has been remarked that these people have less corporeal strength and energy than those who mainly live on flesh. Their complexions are pale; which is not surprising, seeing that, from the elements of which fish is composed, it ought rather to augment their lymph than renovate their blood.

It has also been observed that ichthyophagous nations have furnished numerous examples of longevity; either because their light and unsubstantial diet preserves them from the evil effects of plethora, or because the juices contained in it being destined by Nature to form only fish-bone* and cartilage, which never have a long existence,† their habitual use retards, by several years, in Man, the solidification of all the bodily organs, which finally becomes the necessary cause of natural death.

Serious discussions have arisen on the question, Which is the best, which takes precedence in respect to merit, sea-fish or river-fish? The quarrel will probably never be settled, in conformity with the Spanish proverb, *Sobre los gustos, no hai disputa*, which has its equivalent both in Latin and English. It is wiser to tolerate other people's tastes than to squabble about them. Every one is affected by them in his own peculiar way. These fugitive sensations cannot be expressed by any known symbol or character, and there is no scale of fish-flavours or ichthyometer to tell us whether a cod, a turbot, or a sole is superior to a salmon trout, a full-grown pike,‡ or even a tench of seven or eight pounds.

* The French have a special word, *arête*, to signify fish-bone, in contradistinction to *os*, the bones of animals and men.

† On the contrary, many fish, as the carp, the pike, and others, are remarkable for their longevity under favourable circumstances; and the cartilaginous fishes are supposed to have no definite term of existence, but to live on and on until cut off by accident. Their invariable fate is not a natural but a violent death. In the Indian Ocean there are said to be members of the skate or ray family big enough to devour a man.

‡ With all due deference, and in spite of the proverb, "Old fish, young flesh," the biggest pike are not the best; and the remark holds

It is fully admitted that fish is much less nutritious than meat; either because it contains no osmazome,* or because, being specifically lighter, it contains in the same volume a smaller quantity of matter. Shell-fish, and oysters especially, afford but a small amount of nutritive substance; which is the reason why a great many can be eaten without spoiling the appetite for the repast which follows immediately afterwards.

It will be remembered that, in former days, a dinner of any pretensions usually commenced with oysters; and that there was always a good proportion of the guests who did not stop till they had swallowed *a gross—i. e.* twelve dozen, or one hundred and forty-four oysters. [Nevertheless, the *Almanach des Gourmands*, 1803, states that, beyond five or six dozen—as a mere indispensable

true of several other fish. A pike of six pounds is better than one of twelve; and one of twelve pounds is less coarse and strong than one between twenty and thirty pounds' weight. Over-sized turbot, and john dory especially, are apt to be wanting in delicacy; middle-sized fish of those species, and even what would be called small ones, are mostly superior in quality to their giant brethren.

* Osmazome is that specially sapid constituent of meat which is soluble in cold water, and which differs from the extractive portion by the latter's being soluble only in boiling water. It is osmazome which makes the merit of good soups, which is browned on meat in the frying-pan, and which, candied by heat, forms the crust of roast meat, and from which venison and game derive their peculiar flavour.

Osmazome is especially obtained from the dark flesh of adult animals. It is found in much smaller quantity in lamb, sucking-pig, chicken, and even in the white meat of the largest poultry. That is the reason why true connoisseurs have always preferred the thigh of fowls; in their case, instinct forestalled science. It was also the prescience of osmazome which has sent to the right-about numberless cooks caught stealing the first broth; and which suggested to Canon Chevrier the invention of soup-kettles shutting with a lock and key.—B. S.

prelude to a winter déjeûner—it is proved by experience that oyster-eating most certainly ceases to be an enjoyment.] I (B. S.) wished to ascertain what was the weight of this little *avant-garde;* and I found that a dozen oysters (the liquor included) weighed *four ounces:* which gives, for the weight of a gross, *three pounds.* Now, I feel sure that the same persons (who dined not a bit the worse after their oysters) would have been completely satiated had they eaten an equal quantity of meat, even were it chicken meat. Meditate this anecdote.

In 1798, I, B. S., was at Versailles, in the capacity of a Commissioner of the Directory; and I was frequently thrown in the way of the Sieur Laperte, Clerk to the Tribunal of the Department. He was excessively fond of oysters, and complained that he had never eaten as many as he wished, or, in his own words, "had never had his fill of them."

I resolved to procure him that satisfaction, and invited him to dine with me next day.

He came; I kept up with him as far as the third dozen, after which I let him go on alone. He went on so as far as the thirty-second dozen—that is, for more than an hour; for the oyster-opening dame was not very adroit.

Meanwhile, I sat looking on and doing nothing—a task which is particularly painful at table; so I checked my guest in the height of his career by saying, "My very dear fellow, I see it is not written that you are to have *your fill* of oysters to-day. Let us begin our dinner."

We did begin; and he dined with the vigour of a man who had fasted for twelve hours previously.

To whatever kind of fish the precedence is granted, whether to salt water or to fresh, all fish, in the hands of a skilful preparer, may be made the source of inexhaustible gustatory enjoyment. It is served whole, divided, cut into bits; cooked in water, wine, and oil; hot or cold; and is always received with an equally hearty welcome. But it never deserves a more distinguished reception than when appearing under the form of a *Matelote* (which see).

This ragoût, although imposed by necessity on the fresh-water sailors who navigate our streams, and perfected only by the innkeepers who dwell along the water's edge, is not the less obliged to them for a degree of excellence which is unsurpassable. Philicthysts never behold it appear without expressing their extreme delight, on account both of its frank and decided flavour, of its uniting in itself a number of good qualities, and because it can be indulged in almost indefinitely without fear of satiety or indigestion.

Analytic gastronomy has sought to examine what are the effects of an ichthyophagous diet on the animal economy; and unanimous observations have demonstrated that it is both highly restorative and stimulant. The result once known, two causes were speedily discovered, so immediately direct as to be comprehensible by every understanding; namely, First, the different ways of preparing fish by means of condiments which are evidently of an exciting nature, such as caviare, red

herring, pickled tunny, salt cod, stock fish, and other like preparations; Secondly, the diverse juices with which fish is saturated, which are eminently inflammable, and are oxidised and rancidified by the process of digestion. Further analysis has discovered a third and still more active stimulant; *i. e.* the presence of phosphorus, which is found ready-made in the milts and other parts, and which visibly shows itself when decomposition sets in.

Fish, regarded in the entirety of its species, offers to the philosopher an inexhaustible subject of meditation and wonder. The varied forms of these strange creatures; the senses which are wanting to them; the restricted scope of those they have; their diverse modes of existence; the influence which must have been exerted on all those particulars by the difference of the medium in which they are destined to live and breathe and move, —extend the sphere of our ideas, and enlarge our notions respecting the indefinite modifications which may be the result of matter, motion, and life.

For my own (B. S.'s) part, I regard them with a feeling akin to respect, which arises from a thorough persuasion that they are undeniably antediluvian animals; for the grand cataclysm which drowned our great-great-grandfathers about the eighteenth century after the creation of the world was for the fish nothing but a time of joy, victory, and festive frolic.*

* Sir Thomas Browne amuses himself with discussing the same idea: "Though earth hath engrossed the name, yet water hath proved the smartest grave; which in forty days swallowed almost mankind and the living creation; fishes not wholly escaping, except the salt

So far our distinguished epicure, who thus relieves us from the duty of further insisting on the wholesome, nay, restorative results of varying a meat and vegetable diet with fish. The wonders worked by cod-liver oil, which are equally attainable by feeding on the cod itself and its liver; the beneficial effects of the phosphates in oysters, rendering them an object of craving with many invalids; the specific action of iodine on scrofulous complaints; and the source whence iodine is obtained—the sea,—are instances in point.

Like almost every accessory of civilised society, the distribution of fish has been greatly affected by that mighty agent, the rail. There are two things which inevitably follow railways wherever they go,—at least, in Europe,—namely, Gas and Fish. On the Continent, especially, when you branch off from the iron path by *diligence*, you mostly exchange the light of gas for the darkness visible of oil. The same is the case with regard to sea-fish. Throughout the Midland Counties of England, cod, skate, and soles were once rarities which were highly appreciated when people got them. The supply now is regular, good, and abundant; but the great change effected in England has been rather a question of price than (as in the central parts of Europe) of fish or no fish. The produce of our seas has been dispersed over a larger area, and prices have been equalised throughout that area. Dwellers along the seaboard suffer most from a scarcity of fish. My elder readers may re-

ocean were handsomely contempered by a mixture of the fresh element."—*Hydriotaphia*, chap. i.

member, like myself, the time when, along certain parts of the coast, four fine, fresh mackarel were occasionally to be had for a penny. Those seasons of local plenty are gone, never to return—until the exhaustion of our coal-fields. Still, it does seem hard for the inhabitant of a fishing town, who wants a turbot, to be obliged to order it back from London. The consequence of all which is, that in the second half of the current century inland people eat enormously more fish than they did in the first half; while dwellers near the coast still consume a considerable quantity, though at a higher cost than formerly. The rich still get their wants supplied; the poor (and not unfrequently the middle class) have to put up with a scanty share—which is a pity.

Although Gas, by following the Rail, may possibly run short eventually, it is not so, and never will be so, with sea-fish. River-fish, in thickly peopled countries, must be carefully guarded, tended, and overseen, by fry-herds and fish-keepers; but the fecundity of Ocean knows no limits. We may take and eat all we *can* take, without fear or scruple. We need not abstain through prudential motives. It is not Man who will depopulate the seas. A full-grown cod, or an adult seal, has consumed more fish than the most fish-dinner-loving of his eaters or his flayers. The grand alimentary problem now before Western Europe is, how to catch, cure, and distribute more, more, and still more sea-fish. *Our* present business is to cook it. We will first dispose of fresh-water fish, prefacing it by stating a knotty point, which has prevented very few English cooks from sleeping.

Of all the nutritive productions, says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which a benevolent Providence has accorded to Man's appetite, there is none on which the industry of a skilful artist can be more successfully exercised than on Fish, which are usually seen either boiled or taken from the frying-pan. But is there no virtue in a *Court-Bouillon* made according to the principles of learned Cookery? Authors are divided on the nature of this sauce, or rather this cradle of every fish that is neither roasted, broiled, nor fried. Culinary Dispensaries are full of formulas, more or less elaborate, which vary according to place and climate. At Lyons, for instance, it is an established principle that fish, once out of water, should never return to it. At Paris, where wine is dearer, the maxim is less strictly adhered to. There are meaty *Court-Bouillons*, and there are meager ditto; and it may be supposed that the first are the savouriest: but as they are forbidden to Catholics on abstinence-days, a liquor must be extracted from roots and herbs as relishing as that from meats. And it is in this that the studies of a clever cook render him marvellous service, elevating him above the crowd of plain boilers and roasters, who merit, at the very most, the title of scullion.

The Doctor, in the first place, must in duty express his doubts, first, whether fish, cooked in court-bouillon, be as light and digestible as fish plain-boiled. He has known instances of its rising in the stomach, and even of its putting the stomach out of order. Secondly, he doubts whether it be an improvement to overpower the

natural taste of a fish by saturating it with foreign flavours. *Still*, as there are such things as muddy, insipid, flabby-fleshed fish; and also as it was impossible to ignore a preparation which takes high rank in foreign art, he gives one or two receipts (with their discrepancies), and allows practitioners and their employers to judge and decide for themselves.

Ude's Court-Bouillon, for Fish au Bleu, A. Take three carrots, four onions, six shallots, and two roots of parsley, which pick and wash. Mince them. Put a small lump of butter into a stew-pan, with the above roots, and fry them till they begin to get brown. Moisten next with two bottles of red wine, a bottle of water, a handful of salt, some peppercorns, and a bunch of parsley and green onions, seasoned with thyme, bay-leaves, sweet basil, cloves, &c. Let the whole stew for an hour, and then strain it through a sieve, to use as occasion may require.

If you have no wine, put in some vinegar; but *very good court-bouillon cannot be made with vinegar.* This marinade, being stewed properly, will serve several times for stewing fish: but remember, each time you use it, it requires a little *water.* It would become too strong in the course of time. The court-bouillon is better after having served several times than on the first day. It is always good; only add a glass of *wine* to it every time you use it. Use it for marinade, &c. It is excellent for stewing crawfish. *Any* wine will do for court-bouillon, *even if sour.*

Take some of this liquor to make Matelote Sauce, &c.

This manner of boiling fish is too expensive in England, where wine is so dear; besides, fish done in court-bouillon *is always eaten with oil and vinegar*, which is not customary in England. So far Ude.

Court-Bouillon, B, is the seasoned liquor in which are cooked large fish, both sea and fresh water, *whether they are intended to be eaten cold with oil, or hot with a sauce.*

The court-bouillon is made with red or white wine (*ordinaire*) pure, or more or less diluted with water according to its quality, with onions, slices of carrot, a large bouquet complete, cloves, bay-leaves, thyme and sweet basil according to taste, salt, and whole pepper. After boiling for at least an hour, it is strained through a sieve. *The best way is, to make the court-bouillon first, and not to cook the fish in it until it has been strained.*

Court-bouillon made with red wine is the veritable *Bleu;* but *a mixture of vinegar and water may be substituted for the wine.* Verjuice or lemon-juice produces a good effect in court-bouillon.

A court-bouillon may be made to serve several times.

Court-Bouillon, C. Example: *Carp au Bleu.* Empty your carp through the smallest possible orifice; tie up its head with a tape, to prevent its falling to pieces, and lay it in a fish-kettle proportioned to its size.

Heat in a saucepan half a bottle of vinegar, and pour it boiling over your carp. Then add red wine, taking care to put enough for the carp to bathe in it completely at ease. Next put in three large onions cut in slices, two carrots, parsley, scallions or green onions, two or three

bay-leaves, a small sprig of thyme, three cloves, pepper and salt.

Set your fish-kettle on a gentle fire, and let it simmer for an hour or thereabouts, more or less, according to the size of the carp. Take it off the fire, let it cool in the liquor in which it was cooked; arrange it on a dish with a napkin in the middle, and serve.

These several prescriptions, it will be seen, agree neither with each other, nor all of them with themselves. The truth is, that every man-cook of any pretensions has his own individual notions respecting Court-bouillon; the only intelligible principle being the combination of every ingredient that can communicate high flavour to fish. According to the Doctor's experience, Court-bouillon spoils good fish; while inferior fish—such as roach and bream, and he is heretic enough to include with them carp—are not worth the cost of making it.

Before proceeding to the commoner ways of dressing fish, we will first dispose of the French mode which has already been mentioned with approbation, namely, the famous

Matelote of Carp, Tench, Eels, or Pike. A *matelote*, from whom the name of the dish, or the sauce, is taken, is a sailor's wife, a fisherman's wife, a fishwoman. Consequently, the mode of preparation is more appropriate to fish than to meat, although meat may be so treated—of which an example shall be given. For the same reason—if reason it be—a matelote should contain *several* sorts of fish, the only restriction in their variety being, that they must all be kinds which take the same

time to cook. Ude translates "matelote" by hotch-potch, properly denoting that it is a medley dish.

For a matelote of any or all the above-mentioned fish, after thorough cleansing and washing, let them lie a few hours sprinkled with salt. Rinse them once more before cooking. If small, merely cut off the heads and tails; if larger, divide the carp and tench into two or three pieces, and the pike and eels into convenient lengths.

At the bottom of your stew-pan, brown button onions in butter. When half done, add a bouquet of sweet herbs, put in your fish with as much good broth as will just suffice to cook it, and, the addition of either red wine, white wine, or good cider, and stew closely covered until enough, taking care it does not burn.

Arrange your fish in a hot, hollow dish. Let the gravy from which it was taken boil a minute or two, to reduce it, thickening it with a dust of flour dredged into it. At the same time, make what additions or seasoning you think fit, such as a handful of picked shrimps, browning, essence of anchovies, Harvey's sauce, Worcestershire sauce, walnut ketchup. Pour this gravy over the fish, and serve garnished with thin toasted bread cut in triangles.

The matelote is open to considerable variation, according to the cook's resources. Cold lobster, shrimp, egg, or oyster sauce, or simple melted butter, may be used as thickening. The seasoning may be cayenne or black pepper merely, or small pieces of hot pickles. For fish matelotes the gravy should always be based on the liquor in which the fish has been cooked. Over-day's

julienne or other vegetable soup answers well, if watched to prevent burning.

Cold matelote of eels and tench is excellent, forming a stiff jelly. This requires a dash of vinegar, tarragon or plain, and a sufficient dose of pepper.

Any particularly fine carp or tench may be served whole *en matelote*, for display, surrounded with eels cut in short lengths as usual, which are a great improvement. They may also be stewed in light French or German wine only, unmixed with broth or soup, or in good sound old cider. This must be well thickened, highly seasoned, and flavoured with thyme, sweet basil or marjoram, lemon-juice, and lemon-peel. Before pouring the gravy over the fish, add to and heat up with it previously cooked small onions and mushrooms. Garnish with forcemeat balls, fried roes, small toast sippets, craw-fish, or any thing tasty and ornamental you have at hand.

Matelote of Rabbit. Cut up a young rabbit into joints, and a fine eel into short pieces. Put twelve small onions into a stew-pan, with just enough butter to brown them; take them out, and do the same to the rabbit. Add a tea-spoonful of flour, mix and moisten with half white wine (French or German) and half good broth. Put in the eel, the onions, some mushrooms, a bunch of sweet herbs, a clove of garlic split in two, pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Boil galloping. When done, arrange the rabbit in the middle of the dish, with the eel round it. Take out the bouquet and the garlic. Boil the sauce a couple of minutes, pour it over the rabbit, and serve garnished with fried bread.

Matelote of Carp (or other fresh-water fish) *à la Marinière—Mariner's Matelote.* Scale and cut up your fish into lengths; put them in a stew-pan or very deep frying-pan, with a good lump of butter, bouquet complete, clove of garlic, pepper, salt, and a tumbler or more of red *vin ordinaire.* Set them on a brisk fire, and let boil for five minutes.

Throw in a good glass of brandy, set fire to it, and let it burn. Cook separately in a saucepan—browning them nicely—a few small onions, with which you can warm up a few mushrooms.

Arrange your fish, when tender, on a dish, garnishing it first with toasted bread, then with the onions and mushrooms. Thicken the sauce with a lump of butter worked into the flour, boil up, and pour it over your dish of fish. The pieces of fish should not be so much done as to fall to pieces when touched with a spoon, but ought to retain their orginal form at the same time that they are done enough.

The boiling of fish calls for a word of explanation. Theory teaches us that, to fix the albumine and retain it in the article cooked, instead of letting it partially dissolve in the water, that article should be plunged into *boiling* water. But there are circumstances in which the doing so may be counterbalanced by still greater disadvantages. For instance, if a very large fish be set on to cook in boiling water, the thin parts, as the tail and the belly, will be cooked, while the thick part of the middle and shoulders will be still underdone and adhere to the bone.

To obviate this inconvenience, it is clearly better,

when a piece of fish exceeds a certain thickness, to immerse it in a fish-kettle of cold or tepid salt and water. By this means, the whole mass will be gradually heated, and when the boiling point is attained outside, the inside will have already reached a temperature of considerable elevation; so that, in the end, the whole will be more equally cooked throughout, avoiding the unpleasantness of having part of the fish falling to pieces while other parts are red and raw.

The case is exactly the same as that of frozen meat, which should always be completely thawed throughout (*i. e.* should have the general temperature of its mass gradually raised) before being put to cook either by boiling or roasting. Otherwise—in the latter mode especially—the outer crust may be burnt to a cinder while the centre is yet bloody and uneatable. It has not yet *had the time* for its temperature to be raised from the freezing to the boiling point and upwards. If heat could be darted suddenly, like a flash of lightning, through a joint, we might plunge the largest fish into boiling water without risk of its being unequally cooked, and consequently injured; but as heat penetrates quite gradually from without a solid object to within, we must modify our culinary proceedings in obedience to the fact. Small or thin flat fish, therefore, as whiting, soles, &c., may be plunged into boiling water; large fish, whole or in pieces of considerable size, had better be set on in tepid water. It is understood that water for boiling all fish except salt fish should hold a certain proportion of salt in solution. Quin (famous as an epicure as well as an actor),

whenever he carried a john dory inland from the coast, had a barrel of *sea-water* strapped behind his post-chaise to boil it (the dory) in.

When large fish, as cod or salmon, is crimped, or slashed after death in imitation of crimping, the fish may be dropped into hot water, if the distance between the slashes is but small. The same of cod, salmon, turbot, or halibut cut in slices. The cook, in every doubtful case, must be guided by her own discretion and experience.

Fish while boiling should be skimmed at least as carefully as meat. When done enough, if not wanted immediately, it must not be left to coddle in the water, which would soften it and soak the flavour out of it. Lift it out on the false bottom or strainer; which set on the top of the fish-kettle diagonally or cross-wise. Soak a napkin in the hot liquor of the kettle, spread it over the fish, so as to retain the steam, and it will keep hot for a considerable time.

As to removing the scales of fish, professors differ. Here is a receipt which absolutely forbids it:

Pike au Bleu and in Court-Bouillon. Take a pike of from six to eight pounds, *do not scale it*, but let it hang for two or three days, and then cook it in exactly the same way as Carp au Bleu. You will also serve it on a white napkin, and eat it either cold, with oil and vinegar, or hot, with caper sauce.

Something must depend on the kind of fish. The scales left on perch would be an absolute nuisance, and they must necessarily be removed from the surface of a

fish of which the skin is eaten, as the under side of sole or turbot. Many people eat the skin of boiled salmon, which is both palatable and nutritious; but if the scales are left on for the sake of ornament, it prevents their doing so. Scales left on boiled fish can do no good; on baked fish, they may perhaps help to retain the natural juices, but they spoil the gravy, which might otherwise either serve for sauce or, at least, help to make it. On the whole, we vote with those who hold that in all cases it is a much neater style of cookery to remove the scales of fish.

In every case, the gills should be taken out as soon as a fish comes into your possession; but in inland localities, where fish is scarce, it is usual to serve it, especially fried, with all its finny adornments unmutilated. Middle-sized pike, trout, barbel, or carp, with their fins on, fished out of a lake of boiling fat, reposing on a snowy napkin, and bedecked with a garland of fresh, bright parsley, are a very pretty sight on a dinner-table.

The Salmon is the king of fresh-water fish. In reality he is a Prince of the Sea; but as he is so obliging as to ascend our streams, we class him, for convenience, with their other inhabitants. The more recently a salmon has left the sea, the more highly he is esteemed,—the mode of testing which, although not often to be practised on the fishmonger's stall, is perfectly well known to fishermen. The salmon, like other nobler creatures, is infested with sundry parasites, some of which are peculiar to salt water, and others to fresh. When a salmon has a "sea louse" sticking to his back—an ugly thing, about as big

as a sheep tick—he is sure to be a fresh-run fish, for it would drop off after a few hours' sojourn in river-water. On the other hand, when a salmon, after spawning, and through a lengthened stay in river-water, has become what is called "foul" (out of season, black-complexioned, big-headed, thin-bodied), his gills are infested by white thread-like worms, which are believed to be got rid of only by his return to the sea.

Salmon is expensive in the earlier months of the year, from February (when the season opens) till May or June, because he will keep, and can wait for a purchaser without manifesting impatience. He is rarely served whole, except on opulent tables, on occasions of etiquette and ceremony suitable to his native dignity. Cooked to a bubble, and tastily garnished, he is then a goodly sight, which many people would pay money to see, if only to bring the water into their mouths—just as, a few years since, in Paris, a million of money (francs) exhibited as a show attracted crowds of beholders whose capital scarcely sufficed to keep the demon out of their pockets.

Boiled Salmon is simple enough, and as good as simple, if eaten in moderation. The foregoing directions ought to suffice. The fish being scaled and cleaned (if there is roe, it is usual to leave it inside, without opening the belly, but removing the intestines), it is laid on the false bottom of the fish-kettle, and so immersed, if in slices into hot, if in a large piece into cold, salt-and-water. When done, it must be adroitly slipped off the false bottom on to the napkin on the dish which is to

receive it, and garnished with green fennel, parsley, or scraped horse-radish. There should be no poking it in the fish-kettle with knives or forks, to ascertain whether it is done; the cook ought to *know* that by the look of it, the time it has been in, and the rate at which it has boiled. A cut out of the middle of a moderate-sized fish will take from twenty to five-and-thirty minutes; the tail part less, and slices still less.

Lobster, anchovy, or shrimp sauce may be served with salmon; but it really has little need of help from sauce. Some good plain melted butter, with which a little mustard and vinegar can be mixed on the plates of those who like it, is as good and digestive an accompaniment as any.

Soused Salmon. If any is left cold, put it in a deep dish, dust pepper over it, and then pour over all half strong vinegar and half salmon-boilings, just enough to cover it, and it will be excellent to eat cold for several days. If you have a whole salmon, more than you want to serve at once, after selecting the piece to appear at dinner, cut the rest into convenient-sized slices, and *boil the whole together* (they will *all* be the better for the association) in as small a quantity of salt-and-water as need be, throwing in a few peppercorns. Take up the surplus salmon the instant it is done enough, and pack it neatly in a paté-dish that has a close-fitting cover. When the salmon-boilings are cold, and skimmed and settled, mix with an equal quantity of vinegar enough of the liquor, and pour it over the salmon, so as to cover it well; throw in the boiled peppercorns, add a few fresh

ones, and you will have a capital imitation of *Pickled Salmon*, if not the real thing.

Salmon so treated is not only presentable unadorned at any meal, but also furnishes the material either for a *Salmon Salad*, or that more elegant and elaborate dish, a *Mayonnaise of Salmon*.

Don't eat sliced cucumber with hot boiled salmon; but there is no harm in your having a plate of it handed round, to be looked at and to diffuse its smell.*

Salmon Steaks. Cut the fish completely across in slices about an inch thick. Dry them well between the folds of a napkin. If for frying, they may be dusted with flour, which can be spread evenly over their surface with a feather; if for grilling, they can be seasoned with the slightest sprinkling of pepper and salt. In the latter case, the turning must be adroitly performed with steak-tongs. Either anchovy or caper sauce goes well with salmon steaks, which are admirably adapted to a tête-à-tête repast or an impromptu dinner at a wayside hotel while your horses are baiting and reposing a while. The

* The mere presence of an object of desire is often a satisfactory consolation.

The Canon Rollet, gathered to his fathers long ago, was a tippler of the old school. He fell sick, and the first word uttered by his doctor was the prohibition to touch a drop of wine. Notwithstanding which, the next time he called, he found the patient in bed, opposite to which stood in state the thing forbidden; namely, a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a crystal goblet, a venerable black bottle, and a napkin ready to wipe the lips.

Beholding which, the doctor went into a rage, threatening to leave the sick man to his own devices; when the Canon pleaded, with a lamentable voice, "But, doctor, when you forbade my drinking, you did not deny me the pleasure of looking at the bottle."

Doctor and his womankind have a keen remembrance of partaking, in the neighbourhood of the Swiss-Italian Lakes, of dishes of steaks thus speedily cut out of the Great Lake Trout, *Salmo ferox*. This fish may, fortunately, be enjoyed, without going quite so far, by visitors to that noble piece of water, Loch Awe, Scotland.

All other ways of presenting Fresh Salmon, or Great Lake Trout, besides the above, we hold to derogate from the dignity of the fish. Potted and Collared Salmon are not so good as, and more troublesome than, Pickled Salmon. Baked Salmon, Salmon done in Court-Bouillon, Salmon stewed in Champagne and served with a garnishing of turkey-pinions, are heresies or eccentricities which may amuse for a while, but which will take no firm hold of the British epicure's affections.

Kipper Salmon, an excellent Scotch relish for breakfast, is best procured ready smoked and dried than to attempt to prepare it at home. Cut it into thinnish slices, and broil or toast it, or set it a few minutes in a gentle oven. When very salt and dry, it is the better for steeping; indeed, in all cases, provided the steeping is not continued too long.

Salted Salmon, prepared in Norway, may be obtained *viâ* Dunkirk, and otherwise. It merits more respectful attention from the British consumer than it has hitherto received.

Salmon Trout is dressed exactly like Salmon; plain boiling is the very best way. It has the advantage of being somewhat lighter than that fish, and, therefore, more suitable for delicate stomachs.

The common Trout enjoys, as a dainty, a reputation perhaps superior to its actual deserts; but it is a beautiful fish, affords excellent sport, and makes an attractive and digestible dish. It may be either fried, grilled, or boiled; in the latter case, put plenty of vinegar in the water. Or it may be stewed in strong veal stock, flavoured with wine, lemon-juice, aromatic herbs, and pepper and salt. Left to cool in the dish, surrounded with this gravy, it can be presented as *Trout in Savoury Jelly* when cold. It is also excellent potted, like mackarel (p. 84); only care must be taken that it do not fall to pieces in consequence of being over-done.

The Charr, an Alpine species of Trout, is principally known from its furnishing, potted, a choice but somewhat expensive *hors d'œuvre*. The best charr are in Coniston waters, but they are good every where, especially to the hungry traveller sitting at table within sight of the waters whence they have just been fished. The potted charr of Coniston is sent, as every epicure knows, to all parts of the world where men know what is good.—*Miss Martineau's Guide to Windermere.*

The Smelt is one of the most delicious of fish, but it is doubtful whether it agrees with weak digestions. It is apt to rise after eating, unless kept down with an extra glass of wine or out-door exercise.

There is only one legitimate way of dressing smelts. Wash well, but do not empty them; dry them well in the folds of a napkin; roll them in flour, or, if very fine, it is allowable to dip them in batter. Fry in *plenty* of boiling fat, and serve piping hot on a napkin. A very

short time suffices to do them; when of a clear, light brown they are enough. Garnish with slices of lemon and fried parsley, and let a plate of brown bread and butter be in attendance on them.

White-bait (the smallest known species of the herring genus, and not, as was once supposed, the fry of another fish) are dressed and served exactly like smelts; only, being smaller, they require less time and more careful watching.

Fried smelts are excellent *cold*, and make a nice light luncheon in a railway carriage.

The *Atherine*, or *Sand-smelt*, is often sold and passed off for the real smelt. It may be distinguished by the absence of the cucumber smell peculiar to the smelt, and by the handsome bright stripe running the whole length of its side. Considered in respect to its own proper merits, and not as an impostor, it is a delicate and wholesome little fish, lighter on the stomach than the smelt itself. It is dressed in the same way, forming what the French call a *friture*,* and of which they are so exceedingly fond.

Fritures are also made, and enjoyed, of small bream, roach, dace, bleak, and other minor fresh-water fish, which deserve but little attention from the serious eater; they are rather plagues to the kitchen-maid who has to clean them. The gudgeon, however, has the advantage of offering, in its bones, a packet of excellent picktooths for the end of a meal.

* The word *friture* has a double signification. At first it probably denoted only *the fat or oil* in which things are fried. Afterwards, the term was applied to *the things*, amongst which fried fish, being pre-eminently popular, appropriated the term to themselves.

A better fry of small fish (although not fresh-water) is afforded by the Sand Eel, or Launce, of which there are two species; one the *Wide-mouthed*, the larger, and much the rarer, of the two, attaining a length of as much as fifteen inches; the other, seldom exceeding seven or eight inches, but generally found half or one-third that length (which makes it all the more suitable for *friture*), is common enough along the sandy shores of Great Britain and Ireland. They are prepared for frying by removing their heads and gills, drawing the intestines, drying, and flouring. If as carefully treated as white-bait, they will bear a comparison with it for richness and delicacy.

Unfortunately, from their peculiar habit of burrowing in the sand at the water's edge, as well as from their favour with fishermen as bait, they do not often appear at market; but their capture is capital fun during a summer sea-side visit, and is all the more amusing that it requires two persons to effect it properly. So rapidly does the little fish bury itself again in the sand after being disturbed, that it requires the utmost nimbleness to seize it before it disappears. On the sands of Porto-bello, near Edinburgh, when people have discovered that a shoal of sand eels have arrived, they sally forth, armed with spades, shovels, rakes, and forks, to dig them out. When extricated from their sandy beds, the fish leap about with singular agility, and afford much sport to the younger folk in capturing them.

But helter-skelter work like that must, on account of its want of method, be comparatively unproductive.

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Although, with practice, you may do something alone, you ought, for this sport, to run in couples; one to unsand the eels, the other to bag them.

An eye-witness describes this mode of proceeding —which has been proverbial from the days of Virgil downwards as emblematic of "labour in vain." It is *not* the attempt to wash a blackamoor white, but the apparently fruitless act of ploughing the sands of the shore.

It is low water, and we are at the epoch of spring-tides, namely, a day or two after the full or new moon. You see the strand is covered with furrows, like those in a ploughed field, only narrower; and, as we advance to the water's edge, we catch half a dozen men and women in the profitable fact of ploughing the sandy beach.

Look at that bright-eyed lass, with her golden drop-earrings and her neat-fitting cap, her legs encased in dark woollen stockings, and her feet sensibly shod with wooden shoes. Her petticoats are prudently short; a small canvas-bag is slung over her apron. Her hands grasp a garden tool, which in English vernacular is styled a hoe. With this firmly pressed on the level sand, she walks steadily backwards, ploughing the surface. As the wind and tide happen to be to-day, her labour will not turn out so unproductive as you might imagine; and the crop will be gathered more rapidly than if it were forced by the best-advertised manures on the list of patents. I will tell you in confidence that that robust, good-looking girl is searching in this barren soil for the daintiest dish which appears on breakfast-tables hereabouts.

We approach; the plough moves steadily on. After

a yard's length or more of furrow, her red right hand darts at her writhing prey. She has caught it! It is a delicate, silvery fish. On with the plough! More quick-writhing victims are upturned; the canvas bag bears a respectable burden. You wish to help her, do you, and to save her the trouble of picking up her game? Be quick, then, in your motions, or you'll be sure to catch a blank. There! the fish is gone; you have lost it. Where is it? Deep in the sand by this time. No mole can burrow so rapidly and effectually. And there is another; you have contrived to secure *that* before it has interred itself. And no wonder either! Its head—see!—has been amputated by the hoe. These creatures have the curious habit of lying hid in the sand with their heads uppermost and their tails downwards. Like Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey, they prefer to be buried in a perpendicular position. Hence the number which are decapitated in the process of catching them, without, however, thereby losing their liveliness. Hold, maiden, enough! The bag is half full. There are already more than we can eat at a meal. You will continue, nevertheless, to plough for sand-eels or launces; they will be welcome as bait to the fishermen.

Pike. The most life-respecting Brahmin that ever existed may feast on Pike, not only without scruple, but as a good work. He will be helping to destroy insatiable destroyers. The pike, from its cradle in the river's-bed to its grave in the fish-kettle, is a pitiless cannibal, without bowels of mercy, devouring its own children, its brothers and sisters, and, when possible, its grandfathers

and grandmothers. When not more than a couple of inches long, it lurks in ambush behind a bit of water-weed or under a floating leaf, ready to snap up with its relentless jaws any living thing that is weaker than itself. Full-grown, it does not hesitate to seize swans by the neck and mules by the lips. Notwithstanding which unamiable ways, the pike is decidedly *a good fish.*

Every body has his anecdote of the pike's voracity; the Doctor, therefore, may be allowed to tell his. One day he saw in his fish-pond, flopping about on the surface of the water, a queer-looking nondescript, evidently a pike with a tail at each end and the head in the middle. By slipping a ladder into the pond and stepping along its staves, the double-tailed monster was taken by hand. It proved to be a couple of pike, of nearly the same size, which had closed together in mortal coil. But *that* fact was nothing out of the common way. What *was* droll was, that it was the smaller of the two that had tried to swallow the larger, endeavouring to force within its greedy stomach something bigger than its own proper self. And so fierce had been the original gripe, that neither could the victim disengage his head from his captor's jaws, nor could the captor loose his hold of the victim's head. Things were thus at a stand-still—a complete dead lock; which we speedily settled by giving each combatant a smart rap on the back of the neck. They were afterwards treated with perfect impartiality; stuffed with the same stuffing, bound in the same circular attitude, and accompanied by the same sauce, they were served on the same dish side by

side, and pronounced equally excellent in freshness and flavour.

Pike, Fried Piecemeal. There is a prevalent idea and custom in districts where pike are most abundant that this fish must be served *whole*, of whatever size it may happen to be; which often renders the cooking it inconvenient, and the disposing of it cold next day embarrassing. The practice, although time-honoured, is inconsistent with common sense; for no one would think of setting a ten or twelve pound cod, whole, before a small party or family. By what right or prescription, then, except a usage which may be well allowed to grow obsolete, can a ten or twelve pound pike claim to appear in its entirety?

With the pike, as with many other fish, the male is long and taper, the female short and thick. The sexes may be known, almost at a glance, by this difference in their bodily proportions. In consequence of her thick-set figure, the female will often deceive the eye in *respect to her weight.* It is prudent, therefore, to consult the scales. When a pike, after emptying, reaches ten or twelve pounds, unless wanted to set before a really large party, it may be conveniently and agreeably disposed of thus: Divide it into three pieces equal in weight; boil the head and shoulders, bake or roast the middle, and *fry the tail-part piecemeal.*

Scale this portion of the fish completely; split it through down the backbone, which remove, as well as the ribs and fins. Then cut the flesh into squares or fillets of a size convenient to serve with your spoon or fish-slice without dividing them. If you have the time,

let these pieces steep several hours—all night even—in salt and weak vinegar. When wanted, dry them well in a napkin, rub with flour, and fry to a nice light brown, immersed in boiling fat. Serve on a napkin garnished with parsley and with quarters of lemon for each person to squeeze over his piece of fish. Or, if there be no lemon at hand, oiled butter and vinegar may be sent up in a sauce-boat. This mode of dressing pike is both sightly and excellent. It is also good cold, with oil and vinegar.

Pike, Small (commonly called Jack), Fried Whole, A. Very light and delicate. Scale the fish completely, without tearing the skin; leave on the head and fins; empty by splitting the belly open the whole of its length. Dry, flour, and fry in plenty of fat. Serve as above.

Pike, middle-sized, Fried Whole, B (French). Scale your pike, remove the gills, and empty it without opening it. Stuff it with shallots, parsley, and thyme chopped together very fine, and mixed with pepper, salt, allspice, and a drop of vinegar. Fry, or rather sauté, it in butter, in a stew-pan, adding to it likewise minced shallots, parsley, and thyme, pepper and salt. When *nearly* done, moisten gradually with vinegar, and put the lid on close until it is *quite* done. When the fish is laid in its dish, give the gravy in the stew-pan another boil up, stirring it well all the while; then pour it over the fish, and serve.

Pike, Plain-Boiled. If served whole, after scaling and emptying by opening the belly, stuff it with veal stuffing (p. 74), and sew the belly up again with a needle and thread. Tie the head and tail together, by means of

string passed through the eye-holes, so as to bend the fish into the form of a circle. If there be any milt or roe, it may either be boiled plain and served in the centre of the circular fish, or be mixed up with the stuffing as one of its ingredients. Pike is a fish which requires thorough cooking, especially when stuffed. A five or six pounds fish will take about half an hour's boiling. Serve on a napkin, garnish with parsley, and send up with anchovy sauce.

Boiled head and shoulders, or middle, of pike, should be accompanied by forcemeat balls of the same stuffing as above.

Pike, Baked Whole. Prepare, stuff, and tie in a circle, exactly as above. Put it in a baking-dish with a little flour and water at the bottom, and lay lumps of butter along its back. Set it in the oven, and, when the butter is melted, baste the fish with its own gravy from time to time. When nearly done, add to the gravy a dessert-spoonful of capers and their vinegar, and a few olives. When quite done, dish the fish; put the gravy into a saucepan, and finish it off by adding stock, if necessary, thickening and smoothing it with a dust of flour, and seasoning with pepper and salt. Pour hot over the fish, and serve.

Pike may also be thus baked *at full length*, if preferred, instead of being tied neck and heels. Baked middle of pike should either have stuffing in it, or be accompanied by forcemeat balls. Pike can be baked either in the oven of a cooking-stove, or in an American oven before the fire. A bread or baker's oven, which hardly allows of

sufficient basting, is apt to burn or dry up the fish. The middle of a *very large* pike may be roasted as a joint before the fire.

Matelote of or with Pike, p. 207.

Pike au Bleu, or in Court-Bouillon, p. 205.

Pike à la Genevaise. Boil the fish in a court-bouillon made with all sorts of aromatic herbs, and serve with sauce prepared as follows:

Make a roux with butter and flour; moisten with the court-bouillon, adding wine if necessary, with chopped mushrooms, parsley-leaves, and green onions. Strain, after stewing well; mix with it essence of anchovy and lemon-juice, and pour hot over the fish.

Pike (or other white-fleshed Fish) boiled (American). Prepare a dressing with bread-crumbs, boiled eggs chopped fine, pepper, salt, and butter. Fill the body of the fish, and bind it firmly with slips of cloth. Boil gently until thoroughly cooked. Remove it to the platter, and set it in the oven a few moments to dry. Boil eggs hard; slice and lay them in the platter around the fish; and just before serving pour over the fish a little drawn butter.

Prepare a sauce in this manner: Boil six eggs one hour; work the yolks, until they become a paste, with a wooden spoon. Take a teacup nearly full of sweet butter; mix in it a heaping table-spoonful of flour; work in the yolks of the eggs, and then stir gently, little by little, half a pint of boiling water. Add a little salt, if needed, and pepper; but, if the butter is salted much, no salt will be required.

Carp, *Tench*, *Perch*, *and Eels*, unless obtained from the clear waters of large lakes, like those of Scotland and Switzerland, will have the muddy taste which is apt to hang about them considerably diminished by keeping them several days in a tank or cistern of clear spring-water which is continually changed.

The Carp is highly glorified by continental epicures, much (the Doctor thinks) beyond its merits, for which it is greatly indebted to cooks. It is held to be a dish for princes, which would be dishonoured by being cooked otherwise than in a court-bouillon. The most esteemed are the so-called carp of the Rhine; the majority of which have never been within a couple of miles of that mighty stream. Caught in the ponds of Lindre, Gondrechanges, and others in German Lorraine, they are brought still young to Strasbourg, and are fattened in the river Ill, confined in enormous feeding pools or pounds. There they attain considerable sizes, and used to be sold for fabulous prices, as much (it is recorded*) as thirty louis d'ors each.

As to the sizes attained by carp, the fact is, that that fish (like its brilliant relation the gold-fish) thrives best in waters which reach a higher summer temperature than our own. With us, even, it prospers better in ponds whose circumstances allow them to be well heated by the summer's sun. As to value, although there is no accounting for taste and fashion, it was no doubt heightened, in ante-railway times, by the carp's wonderful power of supporting transport to long distances alive. The above-cited

* *Almanach des Gourmands*, 1803, p. 86.

writer saw one, in 1786, which had twice been from Strasbourg to Paris, and was brought back again for want of a purchaser. It performed the journey in the courier's trunk, and with no other sustenance than bread soaked in wine. Perhaps, he concludes, it may be living still. Let us hope so; for there is no known limit to the natural life of a carp. The Doctor has seen carp, and those not large ones, which were more than seventy years of age. They had been put into a small pond seventy years ago by the grandfather of their then proprietor; and they were known to be the same individuals, because every year they were taken out and kept in a tub while their pond was being cleaned. How old they were when first put in, nobody knew. During those long seventy years they had grown scarcely at all, owing to the stunting tendency of the cold chalybeate water in which they lived. When the Doctor saw them, there appeared no reason why they should not live seventy, or twice or thrice seventy, years longer. Surely no one would ever think of eating such venerable fish as these!

The milts of carp are much sought after, and the tongue is one of the epicure's morsels. In whatever way a carp is to be dressed, it is improved by marinading, or pickling, some hours previously. Carp is reputed a light, wholesome aliment, agreeing with every constitution, and which may be given to convalescents, especially when grilled. It is one of those fish whose dignity exacts carving, not with a spoon, but with a silver trowel.

Carp in Court-Bouillon, p. 205.

Carp à la Venetienne (*Venetian way*). Scale, empty, and take out the gills of a handsome carp. Wash it with a small glass of brandy; pepper and salt it moderately inside and out; deposit it in the fish-kettle on a bed of white onions sliced very thin, and all sorts of sweet herbs at command. Stew it, with the lid close, a good quarter of an hour; then add to it a pint of common white wine, a tumbler of water, two pounded anchovies, and a lump of butter rubbed in flour. Stew all together gently. When the fish is enough cooked, reduce the sauce to a proper consistence, strain it, and pour it hot over the fish on your dish.

Carp, Fried. Select a carp with a soft roe or milt; scale and empty without opening it. Slit it down the back, leaving the head hanging on by nothing but the belly part. Flatten the backbone; dust your fish well with flour, as also the milt which you have set apart. Put the whole into plenty of hot fat; fry to a nice bright colour, and serve garnished with quartered lemons.

Marinade of Carp, or other fresh-water Fish. Cut your carp across into thick slices or steaks; put them into a stew-pan with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a few cloves, a few slices of onion, some sweet basil, and the juice of a lemon, or, in default thereof, a dash of vinegar. Stir up all well together, to make the pickle penetrate and communicate its flavour. An hour before serving, drain and dry your slices of carp; then dust them with flour, fry to a bright brown, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Or the pieces may be egged and bread-crumbed, or

dipped in batter, before frying; but in either of those cases, the fish ought first to be three-parts cooked in the marinade.

Tench, eels, pike, trout, barbel, and other river fish, may be dressed in the same way. When not too large, they can be fried whole, if preferred.

Broiled Carp. When your fish is scaled, emptied, and wiped thoroughly dry, smear it with a little oil, and lay it on the gridiron. When done, you may serve it either on a bed of sorrel, or with caper sauce, or with a maître-d'hôtel sauce, or simply with oil and vinegar. Either way, it is light and digestible.

Stuffed Carp. Chop fine some button mushrooms, together with parsley, chives, and a couple of small onions; toss them in a saucepan over a brisk fire with a little butter. If the carp has any roe, it should be mixed up with the above. Take it off the fire, and mix therewith minced hard egg-yolks, chopped anchovy, pepper and salt.

Scale and empty your carp, and split it open along the belly; put your stuffing in, and sew it up again. Oil a sheet of paper, wrap your carp in it, and lay it on the gridiron over a moderate fire. When thoroughly done, remove the paper, and serve the carp on a hot oval dish, with a good lump of butter well worked up with minced parsley, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice.

Stewed Carp. Scale and empty your carp, and cut it across into steaks. Make a brown roux with butter and flour; brown in it a few small onions; add sprigs of thyme and parsley, a bay-leaf, a clove of garlic, grated

nutmeg, and a few button mushrooms; moisten with half broth and half red wine.

Into this liquor put your carp, and let it boil briskly. When thoroughly done, lay slices of toasted bread at the bottom of your dish; on them lay the carp, and pour the sauce over it.

Carp à la Chambord. A troublesome and expensive mode in which large fresh-water fish, of various kinds, are occasionally dressed by foreign cooks, but which really is more for show than satisfaction. The reader, however, ought to know what is meant by fish *à la Chambord;* he can then exercise his own discretion in ordering his "Good Plain" to execute it on any fine specimen that may fall into his hands.

Scale and empty your carp. You may stuff it or not with any stuffing that suits your fancy, sewing up the belly afterwards. Lard, or rather *prick*,* one side of it with small strips of bacon; or you may prick it, in stripes across, with threads of bacon, covering the parts not pricked with slices of bacon, so as to give it the appearance of a cross between a zebra and a hedgehog. Lay the carp in a deep dish that will stand the oven. Pour into the dish just enough high-seasoned court-bouillon, or marinade, to leave the larded portion of the fish uncovered. Put it into the oven, and bake, basting frequently. When done, remove the slices of bacon, and

* In strict culinary language, *piquer*, to prick, is to lard, with a larding-pin, the *surface* of veal, fowls, &c. *To lard,* is to introduce square strips of bacon *through* meat, so that when cut across it has a slight resemblance to a chess-board. The learner must *see the thing done.*

glaze (with stock reduced) the parts they had covered; leave the pricks of bacon, which should be of a delicate brown. Transfer the fish carefully, and without breaking it, to the dish on which it is to appear.

Garnish the fish round with a medley of any thing your imagination or your resources can get together. Perfectly orthodox items are—fried bread, artichoke-bottoms, crawfish, cocks'-combs, bits of sweetbread (white or brown, pricked with bacon or not), mushrooms, truffles, squabs or young pigeons, forcemeat balls, *quenelles*, and—what not else?

Mix together the marinade in which the fish was baked, with enough Spanish sauce to make it sufficiently thick; boil up, pour it over all, and serve.

The *quenelles* just mentioned are nothing more than true forcemeat balls, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, moulded between a couple of tablespoons. Their ingredients may be the flesh of butchers' meat, fowl, or game, minced or pounded very fine, seasoned with herbs, salt, and spices, enriched with chopped veal suet, and bound together by raw egg. Or, for meager dishes, quenelles may be composed of chopped cold fish, butter, bread-crumbs soaked in milk, with herbs and seasoning to taste.

When moulded or rolled into shape, the quenelles are thrown into boiling salt-and-water, and galloped for a quarter of an hour. "Some people," says Ude, "poach the quenelles in broth. In my opinion, it is spoiling the broth." He is right; because, whether water be used or the richest soup, it should enter the

substance of quenelles as little as possible. In fact, they are a sort of composite dumpling, and the Doctor would suggest the rolling them in flour and steaming them; the only objection to which is, that they would not be exactly round or egg-shaped, but have an under-side at the part where they touched the steamer.

Quenelles, after a partial poaching, may be drained, dried, dipped into batter, and fried. But the pan *must* be deep, and the fat hot and in plenty; otherwise the quenelles will come out lumps of sponge saturated with grease.

Fried quenelles are often served as a dish by themselves, instead of, or in company with, little patties, &c., as an *entrée* between the fish and the joint that follows it.

It is needless to enter with greater precision into the composition of quenelles (although one or two special kinds will be given in their places), because no two cooks of eminence make them exactly alike. Each *chef* gives some finishing touch of his own, which he believes himself entitled to patent. Others, again, swell their materials with such vulgar ingredients as cow's udder and calf's pluck.

Small Carp, Tench, or Perch, Fried, are sometimes employed to form an attendant circle round any large fresh-water fish (either boiled, stewed, or *au bleu*) when served whole. They thus make a tasty accompaniment, in every sense of the word; and are much less incongruous than the costly odds and ends which we have seen it is the rule to heap round fish *à la Chambord.*

The Tench is one of many instances of the different

way in which the same thing is appreciated in different countries. On the Continent, its kitchen-rank is far inferior to that of its cousin-germain the carp; while here, we may venture to say, it is preferred by judges who are well acquainted with both. The meat of the tench is light, delicate, and nutritious. The highly gelatinous nature of its skin gives a richness, without oiliness, to dishes into which it enters (as a matelote) superior to that communicated by any other fresh-water fish, not even excepting the eel. The great objection made to the tench is, that it is apt to taste of the muddy waters, which are, indeed, its natural haunts. The fault may be remedied in a great measure, if not entirely, by allowing the fish to cleanse themselves in a basin fed by a running stream; and if half the pains were bestowed on the tench that are considered indispensable with the carp, a slight flavour of alluvial waters would be rendered imperceptible.

Tench, Plain-Boiled. Scale the fish *very* carefully, and empty by slitting open the belly. Let them lie for several hours, or all night, in a mixture of salt and weak vinegar. The scales, which are small and deep-set, will be got rid of more easily by plunging the fish a minute in boiling water, and then scraping off the scales. The same method may be practised with Perch, which are also difficult to scale.

Set your fish-kettle on the fire with a little more *cold* water in it than will suffice to completely cover the fish. Throw into this a wineglass of vinegar. If you intend making use of the boilings for sauce or fish jelly, do not

add any salt. When it boils, throw in your fish. From ten minutes to a quarter of an hour will be enough for fish of from one to two pounds weight. *About* ten minutes will suffice for smaller fish, boiling briskly. Serve garnished with sprigs of parsley, and accompanied by anchovy sauce, weak of the anchovy, and which may be made with the boilings of the fish instead of water. This dish, flanked by mashed potatoes, may be advantageously set before convalescents.

Tench, Stewed. Prepare and pickle the fish as above. Set it on the fire, in a mixture just enough to cover it of half good veal broth and half red wine, cold, with a few peppercorns, the rind of half a lemon, and a sprig of parsley and sweet marjoram. When the boiling-point is reached, let it simmer slowly, taking care the fish do not break. When done, transfer it to an oval dish; garnish it round with alternate bits of toasted bread and slices of lemon.

Remove the bouquet and lemon-peel from the gravy. Thicken it with a bit of butter worked in flour; season to taste with salt, or with a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and the juice of half a lemon; boil up, and pour over the fish.

Tench, Cold, in Jelly. For your mould, take an ordinary pie-dish, more than deep enough for your tench to lie in. Make a clear savoury jelly with either pigs' feet or a calf's foot. With this, fill the bottom of your dish to the depth of an inch or so. Set it aside to cool and stiffen.

Stew your tench exactly as above. When done,

take it out to cool; when cold, lay it in the pie-dish, on the bed of cold savoury jelly.

Boil down the gravy in which the tench was stewed till it forms a stiff jelly when cold. Let it cool; then break it up into lumps, not too small, and distribute them around and over the cold tench lying in its dish.

Warm up the rest of your clear jelly just to the point of liquefaction; pour it over the tench till fairly covered. Set aside to stiffen all night in the coldest place (short of freezing) you have.

Next day, when wanted, turn it out on a dish with the help of a hot cloth applied for a moment to the under parts of the pie-dish. Nicely managed, this makes a welcome addition either to a luncheon or a sit-down supper.

Tench, Fried. Clean and prepare as above. An hour before they are wanted, dry them well in a napkin, dust with flour, and fry plunged in boiling fat. Serve on a napkin, garnished with fried parsley. Delicate anchovy sauce may be offered with them.

The tench may be cooked in any of the ways indicated for the carp. As he not rarely attains respectable proportions, he is perfectly presentable under the same conditions. A *large* tench, or a brace of fine ones, stewed, really make a handsome dish.

Tench à la Poulette (Swiss). Scale and clean your fish, opening their bellies. Cut them across into pieces or steaks, which throw into boiling salt-and-water; let them boil briskly three or four minutes; take out, drain, and set aside to cool. If convenient, and a help to the

cook in getting forward, they can be prepared up to this point the day before, or during the morning of the dinner.

Put a lump of butter into a stew-pan; give your tench-steaks a toss or two in this, till they begin to show colour. Add a little flour, and dilute gradually with white wine and water; throw in a bouquet complete, and a few mushrooms.

When the fish is done, arrange it on its dish; remove the bouquet; reduce the sauce by boiling it a minute or two longer; finish it off with a dash of vinegar, thickening with yolk of egg, and pour it, with the mushrooms, over the fish.

Tench, with Sweet Herbs. After cleaning as before, marinade them in oil, with chopped parsley, chives, shallots, thyme, bay-leaf, pepper and salt. After remaining there several hours, wrap them with their marinade in a sheet of oiled or buttered paper; lay them on the gridiron, and broil. When done, turn them out of the paper upon a hot dish.

Respecting *Perch*, most people are agreed that it is excellent; taken from the waters of clear, deep lakes, it may even be pronounced an exquisite fish. For invalids it is especially recommendable. Without ever becoming a monster or a show, it is often to be had of satisfactory size. The best modes of dressing it are:

Perch, Plain-Boiled. Clean, prepare, and proceed exactly as with tench.

Perch, Fried. Idem, ditto, the same.

Perch in Court-Bouillon. Treat like carp and pike; but they must be *large* specimens for this.

Perch, with Sweet Herbs. Scale (which is a troublesome operation with perch, rendering the fishmonger's assistance acceptable) and empty them. Marinade them several hours in a mixture of olive-oil, parsley, pepper, salt, and sweet herbs minced very fine. When wanted, smear them with egg, and sprinkle them well with a mixture of grated crumb of stale bread, and fine-minced sweet herbs. Broil them over a gentle fire until thoroughly done and nicely yellow-browned on both sides. If any sauce is served with them, it should be of the simplest, as a little lemon-juice, or oiled butter with a dash of vinegar.

Perch in Wine. Handsome-sized fish are required for this. Scale, clean, and open them; put them in a stew-pan with half white wine, half good broth, bay-leaf, clove of garlic, bunch of parsley and chives, three or four cloves, and a little salt. When cooked, take up the fish, strain the liquor, thicken it with butter worked with flour, stirring continually until well incorporated. Season with pepper, grated nutmeg, and a few drops of essence of anchovy, and pour it hot over your perch.

The famous *Perch à la "Waster-fish,"* or *"Watter-fitch,"* is the same as the above, with slight alterations according to the caprice of cooks: such as sticking the red fins into the side of the fish, to show *what* fish it is.

Perch and pike are to be had in great perfection in the mountainous regions of the United Kingdom; where, however, they are thrown into the shade by the overpowering magnificence of the lordly salmon. Notwith-

standing which, they can be eaten oftener, digested more easily, and procured during a longer period of the year, than their aristocratic rival.

The *Eel*, so ugly during life, is an almost universal favourite after death. A little heavy, although nutritious, few fish have greater power to tempt people to commit gastronomic imprudences. Humble in its birth, plebeian in its manners, fond of retirement, nay, hating the light, its modesty is rewarded by admission to the wealthiest tables; where, however, it rarely appears *whole*, not even disguised *à la Tartare*—the finest way of dressing the finest eels. Nevertheless, if quite gigantic in stature, it might be roasted on a spit, enveloped in oiled paper, and served in a lake of some learned sauce. But it is only in the quality of "Monster" that it could expect to be paid so high an honour. Ordinarily, it resigns itself to be eaten fried, spitchcocked, stewed, or collared. It is frequently called upon to play its part in garnishings, of which it is the brightest ornament, receiving there due admiration in recompense for its extreme humility. As to the skinning (which Ude improved by throwing the creature into the fire, alive), it has got used to it by this time, regarding it as an old-established cerĕmony; nay, more, as an indispensable matter of course. An eel, however, may be easily stunned by grasping it by the middle with a coarse woollen cloth, or with a hand previously rubbed with dry sand, and then knocking the back of its head against a stone or other hard substance. If, while stunned, it is cleverly decapitated and skinned, there is little probability that

it retains much consciousness of what is passing around it afterwards.

Eels à la Tartare, A. Take a couple of middle-sized eels; skin and clean them; cut off the heads and the thinnest part of the tail-ends; score or crimp the fish at equal distances along their length, as if you were going to joint an ox-tail. Powder the slashes in the eels with parsley and chives minced very fine. Tie the eels together in such a way, that between them they shall form a ring or circle, resembling the emblem of eternity.

Put a lump of butter into a stew-pan, with carrots and onions sliced, parsley, and bay-leaf. After they have had a turn or two in the heated butter, add salt and peppercorns, and dilute with white wine and water. When this liquor is cooked enough, strain it, and then put your circle of eel to boil in it. When half done, take it out and let it cool.

When cold, wet it with your sauce, and dust it with bread-crumbs. Smear it again with beat-up egg, seasoned with pepper and salt, and sprinkle more bread-crumbs over it. Then broil it on a gridiron over a gentle fire. When done, put it on a hot dish, and pour Tartar Sauce (p. 126) into the middle of the circle.

N.B. This receipt may be simplified by merely broiling the circle of eel, without any previous cooking either in sauce or in plain salt-and-water. But unless the eels are quite undersized, it is more prudent to parboil them in *some* liquid, to insure their being thoroughly done. Besides, it affords the great advantage of their being advanced a step in case of press of time.

Eels à la Tartare—Tartar Eels, B. Skin your eels, cut them into lengths of about two inches, and boil them in savoury gravy or broth which has wine in it, with a little salt. When cold, take them out; let drain; dip them in a mixture of oiled butter and uncooked egg-yolk; roll them in crumbs of bread till they are well and equally covered with them; lay them on a gridiron, till they are well heated throughout and nicely browned outside. Serve on a layer of Tartar Sauce at the bottom of the dish.

Stewed Eels. For this, fine eels are best, and also those procured from brackish waters,—as the mouths of rivers, open harbours, &c. Cut the eels, when skinned, into lengths of two or three inches. Steep them for a while in salt and vinegar. In your stew-pan make a roux with butter and flour, and brown in it a few slices of onion. Dilute with good broth and wine until you have enough liquid to cover your eels.

Put them in, with whole pepper, bouquet of herbs, salt, and a bit of lemon-peel, and two or three cloves. Stew gently, till the pieces of eel are quite done, without falling to pieces.

Arrange the pieces of eel in your dish. Remove the bouquet and lemon-peel from the gravy; add to it the juice of half a lemon; taste whether it requires further seasoning; boil up, and pour hot over the eel.

This dish, moderately partaken of, is both wholesome and restorative. It is also very palatable cold. When prepared with that intention, it will bear more seasoning than if intended to be consumed hot; and the quantity

of lemon-juice may be increased or replaced by a small wineglassful of vinegar.

Eel à l'Italienne. Take a large eel, skinned; cut it into pieces three inches long. Boil them in white wine and water.

Put into a saucepan a good lump of butter, with shallots and mushrooms minced very fine, and seasoned with salt and peppercorns. When it begins to heat, add two spoonfuls of good stock or gravy, and the liquor in which the eel was boiled. When this sauce is sufficiently reduced, arrange the pieces of eel on a dish, and pour it over them boiling hot.

The flesh of eels being oily and viscous, they should be thoroughly cooked, and rather highly seasoned (in whatever way they are dressed), to prevent their causing indigestion.

Eel, piquée—Porcupine Eel. Hang a large eel (stunned or killed) by the neck to a nail. Make an incision in the skin below the gills, and strip off the skin by drawing it downwards from the head to the tail. Empty it at the orifice of the gills, and suppress the head.

Then prick it along the back with long, thin strips of bacon. Roll or twist it in such a way that these quills of bacon stand outside and uppermost, fixing it in the posture you give it with string and small wooden skewers. Then bake it in the oven.

Put into a stew-pan a lump of good butter, slices of carrot, small onions, garlic, parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, pepper, salt, and mixed spices. When the carrots and onions are browned, moisten with broth and white wine,

boil an hour, strain, heat up again, and pour it over the eel.

You may send up with it either Tartar or Tomato Sauce.

Spitchcocked Eels, A. Skin and split them down the back, take out the bone, and cut them into pieces three inches long. Egg them, and dip them in a mixture of bread-crumbs, minced sweet herbs, and ground white pepper. Broil them over a charcoal or very clear cinder fire. Serve with lemon, to squeeze over them.

Spitchcocked Eels, B. Leave the skin on; merely open the belly without splitting the fish, cut it into short lengths, which boil in salt-and-water till three-quarters done; then finish them off on the gridiron with bread-crumbs, &c., as above; or, if more convenient, they can be browned in a Dutch or American oven. Anchovy sauce may be sent up with them.

It is the right thing to leave the skin on spitch-cocked eels, but its oiliness renders them more indigestible. The parboiling in part removes the objection, besides insuring the eels being done thoroughly and tender.

Eels à la Poulette. Cut the eels into short lengths, and stew them in a marinade of salt, vinegar and water, and pepper, setting it on the fire cold, and not more than will cover them.

Make a white roux; moisten with veal broth or consommé; throw in some parsley and onions, both chopped fine; boil twenty minutes; then add the juice

of a lemon and some button mushrooms ; stir in as much of the marinade in which the eels were boiled as will bring it to a proper consistence, thickening if required with egg-yolk ; arrange the pieces of eel in your dish, and pour the poulette sauce over them.

Eel Pie. Select your pie-dish. Take in your right hand a cup (without handle) full of high-seasoned veal or other consommé ; with your left hand place over it the inverted pie-dish. By a rapid movement, reverse their positions ; the cup, inverted, will stand in the middle of the dish, retaining its gravy.

Skin, clean, and cut your eels into short lengths. The eels should be all of about the same size, in order that they may cook equally. Dust each piece of eel with pepper and salt, and roll it in flour. Then arrange the eels in the pie-dish. You may intersperse them with button mushrooms, hard eggs in quarters, cocks'-combs, forcemeat balls, dice of half-cooked calf's head or veal, or other garnishing ; or you may lay slices of thin veal at the bottom of the dish. Sprinkle over them the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, and then pour in a cupful or two of good veal broth. Cover the whole with a paste proportioned in thickness and lightness to the time you reckon (from their size) the eels will take to cook thoroughly without being overdone. Bake in a moderate (not a slow) oven.

Eel pie is mostly eaten cold, and is useful for luncheons, picnics, &c.

Eel Patties. Cook inch-lengths of eel *à la poulette.*

When done, with a knife and fork remove the back-bone, so that each piece remains in halves; which will leave the morsels of eel-meat quite large enough, besides the advantage of being boned.

When the puff-crust of your patties is ready (see Vol-au-Vent), heat up your fish ragoût, and with it fill the patties, putting into each a fair proportion of flesh and gravy.

The flavour of the ragoût may be varied by a dash of mushroom ketchup, or Soy, or Harvey's or anchovy sauce; so that it will be perfectly easy to send up at once eel patties of three or four different flavours and colouring of their ragoût.

Matelote of Eels (p 207).

Collared Eel (p. 85).

The *Sturgeon*, like the salmon, is a denizen of the seas, who, by ascending rivers, courts for himself the dangerous pleasures of human intercourse. He is an insipid, dry, firm, white-fleshed fish, who is called "royal" on account of his rarity. We should guess him to be indigestible, but his price mostly precludes the experiment. A nice cut of sturgeon is considered a fine thing to produce on Good Friday or other grand fish-day; not that his appearance in the world is at all restricted to times of humiliation and fasting.

It is curious how strangely things hang together in that marvellous storehouse, the human memory. The word "sturgeon" conjures up, with the Doctor, a whole train of recollections. Once upon a night, he was present at a ball given by the Torlonias, Ducal Bankers,

in their palace, at Rome. There was a supper, at which the dish of honour was small sturgeon floating in pairs in a mass of clear jelly. The Doctor did not taste sturgeon *there*. As nobody carved them, *he* did not presume to do so; which may be one reason for his remembering them so well. But the word sturgeon brings the whole scene back,—the marble staircase, lined with guards; the antichamber, where cardinals sat playing cards (etiquette preventing their penetrating further into the vanities of this wicked world); the glittering gallery, which served for the ball-room; and, contrasted to it, the quiet boudoir in which you could read the *Times*, or take a nap—with multitudes of other things, which must not make us forget our Kitchen.

Roast Sturgeon. Marinade for several hours a good piece of sturgeon, after careful cleaning. Roast it on a spit, basting well with a lump of butter put into the latch-pan with a little of the marinade. Serve with any kind of piquant or other sauce. Roast Sturgeon may have the bone removed, and then be stuffed with veal stuffing.

Sturgeon, Economical, or rather say *Smuggled Sturgeon.* Take a piece of sturgeon, about two pounds in weight, and, on sending a piece of meat to the baker's on a stand in a dish, put the sturgeon under it, with a little water, salt, pepper, &c.; a little chopped shallot may be used; you can also put potatoes round it. Peas, if in season, are a good accompaniment, with melted butter.—*Alexis Soyer.*

Sturgeon à la Provençale. The Provençals hold sturgeon to be a well-flavoured fish; but he must be

young and tender to be easy of digestion. Weak and convalescent stomachs are therefore wise in eschewing him done *this* way.

Cut a slice of sturgeon three or four inches thick; lard it throughout its thickness with strips of eel, or bacon, or both. Brown it in butter in a saucepan, with parsley and sweet herbs chopped fine, a clove of garlic, pepper and salt. Cover it with two or three bay-leaves, and cook it slowly over a gentle fire of hot ashes, with the lid well closed.

The *Turbot* has been honoured with several flattering epithets, such as the Pontifical Fish, the Pheasant of the Sea, the King of Lent. No terms of admiration can exceed its merits, for it is as delicious as handsome, and as wholesome as delicious. It, and soles, are probably the fish of which it takes the longest to tire.

There is really only one English way of dressing turbot, namely, plain boiling in salt-and-water; on the Continent, they generally use court-bouillon, as more worthy of its dignity. But however dressed, the noble fish must appear (the first time) in all his majestic amplitude. Divided, cooked in portions, he ceases to do honour to a well-served table. He must rigorously be presented *whole*. Surrounded by a bright-green belt of parsley, accompanied by a tureen of melted butter, and carved with a golden trowel (or at least silver-gilt), he acknowledges no fishy superior.

One of Brillat Savarin's best stories relates to the duty of serving Turbot entire.

Discord, he tells us, one day tried to intrude himself

into one of the most united households in the French capital. It happened on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath; the subject was the cooking of a turbot; the scene, a country house; and the site of the country house, Ville-crène.

This fish, said to have been kidnapped from a more glorious destiny, was to be served next day at a meeting of worthy people, of whom I (B. S.) was one. It was as fresh, fat, and bright-complexioned as the most fastidious epicure could wish; but its dimensions so completely exceeded every disposable utensil that nobody knew what to do with it.

"Very well, then; we must cut it in halves," said the husband.

"Would you really have the heart to offer such an insult to the unoffending creature?" rejoined the wife.

"What must be, must, my love, since there is no possibility of managing it otherwise. Come, somebody bring me the cleaver; the operation won't take long."

"Wait a while, my dear; we have plenty of time before us. Besides, you know, our cousin is coming; he's a perfect Professor of Cookery, and he'll be sure to help us out of the difficulty."

"He a Professor! he get us out of the difficulty! Fiddlededee!"

An accurate report assures us that the speaker had no great confidence in the Professor; and yet the Professor was—me! A pretty notion!

The matter was on the point of being settled as Alexander managed the Gordian knot, when I arrived

exactly at the nick of time, sniffing the wind, with the appetite consequent on travelling when it is seven in the evening, and when the fragrance of a good dinner salutes the smell and solicits the taste.

On entering, I in vain attempted to pay the usual compliments; my friends did not answer, because they did not hear me. The question which absorbed their whole attention was soon explained nearly in a duett; after which, both the parties held their peace, as if by common consent; the lady looking at me with eyes which seemed to say, "I expect he'll get us out of the mess!" the gentleman, on the contrary, tossing his head contemptuously, in the certainty that I could be of no assistance, while his hand still clutched the terrible cleaver which had been brought to him at his request. These opposite shades of feeling disappeared, to give place to marks of intense curiosity, when, with a grave and oracular voice, I pronounced the solemn words, "The turbot *shall be left whole* until its official presentation."

I was sure of not compromising myself, because it struck me that I might have it cooked in the oven; but as that method presented several difficulties, I did not yet explain my scheme, but proceeded in silence to the kitchen; I opening the procession as high-priest, the married couple serving for acolytes, the family representing the body of the faithful, and the cook in full figg bringing up the rear.

The two first offices we inspected presented nothing favourable to my views; but, on searching the wash-house, a copper which, though small, was most con-

veniently fixed over its fireplace, at once suggested the use I could make of it. Turning to my suite, I said, with that accent of faith which removes mountains, "Make your minds easy; calm your spirits. The turbot shall be cooked whole. It shall be cooked by steam, and that directly."

In fact, although it was quite time to dine, I immediately set every body to work. While some of them were lighting the copper-fire, I cut out of a fifty-bottle hamper a hurdle of precisely the same dimensions as the giant fish. On this hurdle I made them lay a stratum of highly flavoured bulbs and herbs, on which our marine colossus was extended, after being well washed, dried, and salted. A second layer of the same seasoning was spread over his back. We then placed the hurdle, with its precious burden, over the copper half full of water, covering the whole with an inverted wash-tub, round which we heaped a quantity of dry sand to prevent the steam from escaping too easily. The copper soon began to boil; the steam filled the whole capacity of the tub; which being removed at the end of half an hour, the hurdle was taken from the top of the copper, with the turbot cooked to a nicety, as white as milk, and of the most amiable aspect.

The operation complete, we rushed to table with appetites sharpened by delay, labour, and success; so that it took us a considerable space of time to reach the happy moment indicated by Homer when the abundance and variety of meats has at length put hunger to the chase.

Next day, at dinner, the turbot was submitted to the judgment of its honourable consumers; its good looks drew forth exclamations of delight. Then the master of the house related with his own lips the unhoped-for manner in which it had been cooked; and I was praised not only for the readiness of the invention, but still more for its results; for, after conscientious degustation, it was unanimously resolved that the fish, prepared in this way, was incomparably better than if it had been boiled in an ordinary turbot-kettle.*

This verdict took nobody by surprise; because, never having been immersed in boiling water, it had lost none of its principles, while, on the other hand, it had imbibed all the aroma of the seasoning.

While my ears were being filled to repletion with the compliments showered upon me in all directions, my eyes sought still more sincere tokens of approval by inspecting the countenance of each of the guests. I remarked, with secret satisfaction, that General Labassée was so delighted that he smiled at every morsel that entered his mouth; that the Curé held his neck stretched out and his eyes fixed on the ceiling in sign of ecstasy; and that of two Academicians, as *gourmand* as clever, who were present, the first, M. Auger, had as sparkling eyes and as radiant a countenance as an author whose play the public are applauding; while the second, M. Ville-

* By an ever-to-be-regretted omission, B. S. has forgotten to tell us whether this historical turbot was eaten *cold*, or warmed up again in steam; likewise, by what sauce it was attended. As all parties present have probably by this time ceased to eat, the actual truth must ever remain among the doubtful points of gastronomic lore.

main, held his head on one side, with his chin directed towards the west, in the attitude of a person who is listening attentively.

All which is good to remember; because there are few country houses in which you cannot find the requisites for improvising the apparatus which I employed on this occasion, and to which recourse can always be had whenever there is occasion to cook any thing arriving unexpectedly, and exceeding the ordinary dimensions of its kind. Nevertheless, I should not have troubled my readers with the history of this mighty adventure, unless I had thought it applicable to purposes of general utility.

Turbot, Plain-Boiled. It is a question of taste whether to cook it immediately it comes out of the water, or to keep it a couple of days, salting it at least *one* night. Most people prefer it in the latter condition; the flesh is firmer, and it has acquired more flavour. On the other hand, the sooner it is cooked after taking leave of the sea, the lighter and more digestible it is.

Put your turbot in a fish-kettle three-quarters full of cold water, into which you have thrown a handful of salt. While boiling up, remove the scum as fast as it rises. As soon as it really boils, draw the kettle partially off the fire, allowing it only to simmer gently. The size of the fish must regulate the time it should remain in the water after boiling. A moderate-sized turbot will be done in from thirty to forty minutes; a small one in twenty: while it must be a very large turbot indeed which takes a whole hour to cook.

Give a final careful skimming before lifting the fish

on its strainer out of the water. Let it drain a few minutes over the kettle; have ready the dish with a napkin on it, and adroitly let the fish slide on to its snowy bed. Of course, the fish will have been laid on the strainer with *the* side uppermost which is wished to be so when served.

And here arises a knotty question of taste, custom, and comparative anatomy. *Which* is the proper side to dish uppermost of Turbot and its poor relation Brill? For the two sides of real flat-fish are by no means alike, or even similar. With us, the white side is presented to view, as a rule that has come down to us from time immemorial. But the Doctor has heard it stoutly maintained, and seen it carried out in practice, that the *brown* side ought to lie uppermost, so retaining the fish's natural position at the bottom of the sea.

The conformation of Flat-Fish is very curious. Cuvier says that this particular group is one of the most peculiar in the whole series of vertebrated animals. They are called Pleuronectidæ, from two Greek words which signify that they *swim upon their sides*, which they really do; so much so, that, but for a wonderful adaptation of structure, they would have one eye buried in the mud or sand whenever they lurk at the bottom of the sea, as is their habitual wont. To obviate this inconvenience, their spine is distorted, taking, near the head, a sudden twist on one side, which causes *both* the eyes to look upwards. This distortion is made manifest to the most careless observer by the form and position of the mouth, the inequality of the two sides of the head, and by the

eyes being placed one higher than the other, and often unequal in size. Soles are caught, not so very rarely, which have what ought to be the white side either partially or entirely brown; as if reverting to some ancestral type of thin-bodied fish, which had not then learned to swim on its side.

Flat-Fish, although they love to lie at the bottom, covering their whole person (except their eyes and mouth) with sand, *can* dart through the water with extraordinary swiftness, cutting through it like a knife. These motions, as well as more leisurely paddlings about, are performed by the muscles, not of their back, but of their *upper side*, which, consequently, acquire fuller development by the exercise. The brown side of a turbot or brill is considerably thicker than the white side; there is more meat on it; it presents a larger number of cuts; and therefore, say the Browneans, it should be first presented to the carver, as offering to him fuller resources. Those who prefer the white side, to eat the skin and the fin, can wait, or ask for it.

True, the white side is pleasing in its creamy purity, but the brown one contrasts well with the napkin on which it takes its final repose, and it removes all temptation to decorate it with dabs of cayenne pepper, in imitation of the spots of the vulgar plaice—which dabbing with cayenne is a reprehensible folly, worse than gilding refined gold or painting the lily. To be impartial, at grand fish-dinners, where turbot is served top and bottom, let one appear with the brown side, the other with the white side, uppermost.

Turbot may properly be accompanied by white sauce, relieved by a suspicion of salt and horse-radish; plain melted butter, smooth and good of the butter; Dutch sauce; *delicate* anchovy sauce; shrimp sauce, not too strong of the shrimps; oyster sauce (more in harmony with cod); lobster sauce, or mock-lobster sauce.

Warmed-up Turbot. As soon as the fish is removed from table, take all the remaining flesh and white skin from the bone, and cut it up into handsome pieces. Next day, it may be warmed up in any of the above sauces; although, perhaps, the most delicate way of re-dressing it is to let it take a warm bath in Béchamel, and reappear smothered in that preparation—so called after its inventor, the Marquis de Béchamel, who has achieved immortality by means of that sauce.

Warmed-up turbot, especially if not overdone, may be varied in appearance by being piled in a heap in its dish, sprinkling bread-crumbs over it, and setting it under a salamander. This way is especially appropriate if a few oysters, or remnants of lobster, have been warmed up with it.

Cold Turbot, with oil and vinegar and a dash of mustard, is so like lobster (than which it is much more digestible), that, if you shut your eyes, you will hardly be able to tell the difference.

Mayonnaise of Cold Turbot is inferior only to Mayonnaise of Lobster.

Brill, called by Theodore Hook the Workhouse Turbot, is served in every way exactly like turbot. Being less thick, as well as less firm, it takes a shorter time to cook.

Quite *Small Turbot and Brill*, of the size of ordinary soles, are very delicate and presentable *fried*. They also make very pretty attendants to group around their boiled full-grown brethren.

Plaice, far more than the respectable Brill, deserves the scornful title of "workhouse turbot"—as a substitute for which it is served, in cheap, fixed-priced Restaurants, to Parisian cocknies. Poor things! they know no better! Who should tell them that it is not the turbot's habit to make a display of orange spots? When they penetrate, by excursion-train, to Boulogne or Dieppe, they are astonished to find that the sea is salt, and take home bottlesful, to prove the fact to their untravelled friends.

The flesh of Plaice is apt to be watery, insipid, and soft; the best specimens, nevertheless, taken in full season and nicely prepared, are delicate, white-fleshed, easy of digestion, and doubtless nutritious.

Broiled Plaice,—the best way of cooking it. Rub your fish well with salt on both sides, and hang it up in a current of cold, dry air for four-and-twenty or six-and-thirty hours. For the convenience of broiling, you may without scruple cut it into quarters, sixths, or eighths. Serve with oiled butter and lemon-juice.

Plaice au Gratin, done in the Oven. Salt and dry your fish as before. Take a shallow oval dish (of tin or earthenware that will stand the fire), just big enough to hold the fish. Grease the bottom well with butter or the fat of any gravy you have left, and place a few small lumps of it here and there, sufficient to keep the fish from

sticking. Strew over the bottom a thin layer of bread-crumbs and chopped parsley. Lay your fish in, and cover it slightly with bread-crumbs mixed with minced sweet herbs, parsley predominating. Over this put a few lumps of butter, or of beef or veal fat. If you have several fish, you may lay them one above the other, putting a layer of bread-crumbs, &c. between each; but they cook better singly, because more equally.

Set the fish in the oven of your cooking-stove; baste it from time to time with the melted butter and gravy which comes from it. When baked enough, the bread-crumbs should be nicely browned.

Fish, so cooked, should be served in the same dish in which they were done, set into another belonging to the dinner-service; thus avoiding both cooling and breaking. Their own gravy will serve for sauce, which may be relieved by lemon-juice or a dash of vinegar.

Large Soles, *Lemon Soles*, *and Flounders*, in this way, *au gratin*, are excellent, and much more easy to cook than by frying.

Plaice, *Boiled*, is mostly Plaice spoiled, except for those who are fond of fish-pap.

The Halibut is a monster flat-fish, which often attains enormous weights. Its flesh is white, dry, and somewhat insipid; but it is light and digestible, and often liked by invalids. It is not usual to serve this fish whole, but to cut it across in slices, steaks, collops, or cutlets, which may be either boiled (delicate, but rather poor), fried, or dressed *à la Provençale*, like Sturgeon (p. 247). Slices from the middle of Halibut may be divided and

bent into convenient-sized cutlets, by cutting them into equal halves directly through the backbone. In this way they are easier to fry, to arrange on the dish, and to help at table. The same mode of division may be applied to slices from the thick parts of other large fish (such as cod and salmon), which it is customary to dress in steaks. Jews have the reputation of cooking Halibut better than Christians, *because* they use oil, and plenty of it.

Stewed Halibut is less tasteless than the above. The slices of fish may be first half-fried on both sides, and then treated like Stewed Tench (p. 236); but in this way you conceal the remarkable whiteness of the flesh, which constitutes its chief attraction for many ladies and delicate persons. For a fish curry, halibut answers very tolerably.

Flat-fish Pie. Parboil any solid-fleshed Flat-Fish (as soles, small turbot, john dory, or brill), until you can raise the flesh from the bones. The less it is done, the better. The scales must have been carefully scraped from the white side, as the *white* skin is to be left on and eaten. Cut the parboiled fish-meats into squares or fillets, and set them aside to cool. Sprinkle them with a *small* quantity of mixed pepper, flour, salt, and the minutest dust of pounded lump sugar.

Invert in the middle of your pie-dish a cupful of strong savoury jelly. At the bottom, put a layer of fish-fillets; then a layer of oysters, over which grate a little nutmeg; then more fish, and then more oysters seasoned with nutmeg; and so on, till the dish is full. You may in-

sert here and there hard eggs in quarters, button mushrooms, peeled olives, bits of anchovy, a sprinkling of capers, a few picked shrimps, bits of lobster (either flesh or coral), and any other suitable garnish which will render the contents of the pie more attractive and interesting. Pour over all the liquor of the oysters (settled and strained), the juice of a lemon, and a breakfast-cupful of strong veal broth, well seasoned to taste. Cover the whole with very light paste, and bake. When the crust is done, the fish will be so likewise.

This pie (which need not be so high-seasoned as eel-pie) may be eaten either hot or cold.

Pies may be made of other kinds of fish; only, if different sorts are used, they should be kinds which require the same amount of cooking. Cod and john dory, for instance, take twice as long to do as whiting and flounder.

Water Souchy. Trim very neatly, and cut cross-wise in pieces, flounders principally, with which may be mixed soles, perch, jack, tench, or eels, also in neat pieces. Throw them in a stew-pan with a little more water than will cover them, with a handful of chopped parsley, peppercorns, salt, and a pinch of pounded sugar. Simmer till the fish is tender.

Boil parsley-leaves separately to a bright green; lay them at the bottom of a deep dish, and on this bed deposit with a spoon the pieces of fish. Boil up the liquor a minute or two longer, and pour it over the fish. Accompany with a plate of brown bread and butter.

The souchy may be made with delicate fish-broth;

or a purée (strained) of fish may be boiled down for the purpose.

Some Dutch cooks add fine-chopped onions and sorrel at the same time with the parsley. The sorrel is a great improvement.

Soles, of all Flat-Fish, are certainly the most useful; in season all the year round, moderate in price, sightly on the table, pleasant to the palate, and giving little trouble to the digestive powers. In cleaning soles, the white skin is always left on, carefully scraping off the scales; the brown skin is usually stripped off, leaving the flesh naked. But in some seaport towns, as Dunkirk in France, the brown skin, carefully scaled, *is* left on, to retain the juices of the fish while cooking. Moreover, the brown skin of the sole contains so much gelatine as to be used by brewers for fining their beer. Its removal, therefore, must necessarily diminish the amount of nutriment to be derived from the fish. The reader can one day request her cook to make the experiment of leaving it on.

Fried Soles, after thorough drying by pressing between the folds of a napkin, may be either rubbed in flour, or egged and bread-crumbed, or dipped in batter. Let the fat in which they are fried be *hot* and *deep*. It is absurd, because a sole is thin, to attempt to fry it in scarcely enough fat to keep it from sticking to the pan. Fry crisp, to a nice light brown; serve on a napkin. Well-fried soles hardly require any sauce; nevertheless, you may send up with them a little anchovy or shrimp sauce.

Boiled Soles, especially when large, are excellent. In this case, the advantage of leaving the brown skin *on* will be evident. A boiled sole is often one of the first light solids which can be set before an invalid, while for healthy persons it is ever a delicate and presentable dish.

Throw the soles into boiling salt-and-water. They will take from five to ten minutes, according to size. Serve on a napkin garnished with green sprigs of parsley. Boiled soles do require sauce: for convalescents, oiled butter or melted butter are the simplest; for others, any sauce may be sent up which is used for turbot.

Some people aver that large soles boiled are very nearly as good as turbot; which does not say much for their faculty of taste. Boiled sole, large or small, has the flavour, and its flesh has the peculiar substance, *of sole*, and not of turbot. That must be a very dull mouth which could possibly mistake the one for the other. Which is the *better* of the two is a matter of opinion; but a sole is a sole, and a turbot a turbot.

Sole Normande—Normandy Sole. More for show than for use. Take one or more fine soles; clean and wash them carefully. Put a few lumps of butter in an oblong dish that will stand the fire. On these lay your soles, with sweet herbs, shallots, and mushrooms, all chopped fine, pepper and salt, mixed spices, and a tumbler of white wine and water. Add to this a well-made roux, with which mix an equal quantity of stock. Garnish your dish, moreover, with a dozen large oysters symmetrically arranged, as many mussels (cooked

enough to remove them from the shell), and a few of any small fish (not flat), as smelts or gudgeons, which you have at hand, well smeared with butter. Cover all this with oiled paper, and set it in the oven to cook.

While it is doing, warm up some mushrooms in stock or gravy, and fry some fancifully cut slices of bread. When done, arrange the mushrooms and fried bread around the dish, garnish with a few crawfish or prawns, and serve.

The best *Fillets of Sole* are possibly those which are removed from the fish as it lies, ready cooked, upon your plate. Such, too, appears to be the opinion of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which states that Soles have the advantage of being allowed to be cut up into fillets, *at table;* there, sprinkled with good lemon-juice and a spoonful of virgin oil, they acquire, both for the palate and the stomach, most estimable qualities.

Those who *will* have real fillets of sole to play with, must first remove them from the uncooked fish. "Scale the soles, and wash them," Ude directs, "but do not empty them. Take up the fillets, by running your knife first between the bone and the flesh, then between the brown skin and the fillet. By leaning pretty hard on the table, they will come off very neatly. You may leave the skin on the white side of the soles, provided you scrape it well. Cut them in two."

There are the fillets, then; what to do with them is a point about which few cooks are agreed. They belong to the category of fancy articles. They may be rolled up lengthwise, stuck through with a wooden skewer,

cooked, and served, curled, with the skewer removed; or they may be served still sticking, curled, two or three on a silver skewer; or they may be baked, rolled up by twos and threes, in oiled paper; or they may be sautéd flat, that is, curling all sorts of ways. They may be boiled, fried, or baked; they may have sharp sauce, smooth cream sauce, or rich brown gravy sauce.

Fillets of Sole à la Horly. Pickle the fillets for an hour in a marinade of lemon-juice, chopped parsley, sliced onions, pepper and salt. Drain them, flour and fry them, and serve with tomato sauce.

Fillets of Sole à l'Aurore. Take up the fillets of four soles; skin them on both sides.

Have ready forcemeat, as for quenelles, made of whitings (indispensable; the flesh of soles not mixing with any other ingredient), with the spawn of lobsters put in, to make it look red. Spread this forcemeat over the inside of each fillet, and roll them up. Next skewer them with silver skewers, three to each skewer; equalise them with your knife, dust a little pepper and salt over them. The forcemeat should have been seasoned rather high. Lay the skewered fillets in a baking-pan, cover them with layers of bacon, and bake them.

When they are done, take out the skewers, pare the forcemeat that has protruded, and dish them neatly.

With a part of the pounded lobster's spawn which you have kept aside, mix a spoonful of white roux, a spoonful of consommé, and a good lump of fresh butter. Pass the whole through a tammy, that it may be fine. Add to it a little essence of anchovies, with pepper, salt,

and lemon-juice. Keep the sauce very hot, and cover the fillets with it. Observe, all the bacon must be taken off.—*Louis Eustache Ude.*

The above receipts suffice to show that filleting, however "elegant" a mode of dressing various kinds of fish, is neither simple nor economical. It is also questionable whether fish, deprived of its natural juices, and saturated with a variety of others, is quite so light upon the stomach as many persons find desirable.

Fillets of Sole, in a Vol-au-Vent. These fillets, removed while hot from fish that is left, are trimmed neatly, and made to form the basis of a Vol-au-Vent ragoût (which see).

Fillets of Sole, in a Mayonnaise. The same, arranged with Mayonnaise Sauce, and the usual accompaniments.

Fillets of Cold Sole make capital *Sandwiches.*

The John Dory is a flat-fish not yet transformed into a side-swimmer; he, therefore, swims vertically, and has eyes which look one to the right, the other to the left. He is very voracious in his habits, and is found more abundantly in the Channel than in the other British Seas. This partial distribution is, perhaps, the cause of his being *a leetle* esteemed above his deserts. His flesh is firm, white, substantial, requiring more cooking than that of most fish. In very large specimens, it is apt to be dry, coarse, woolly, thready, and sometimes strong. This strong, coarse flavour is derived principally from the skin, which renders stewing or baking it unadvisable. For the same reason, long keeping is inexpedient, although the *flesh* is all the better for not being eaten quite fresh.

John Dory is a dish which cannot be partaken of frequently, soon palling upon the appetite. A five or six pound fish is quite large enough to be delicate. Quite small ones, not bigger than the hand when cleaned and divested of their heads, are very nice eating fried, but it takes a good many of them to make a dish. Fish a little larger than those lend themselves very readily to broiling.

John Dory, Boiled, is treated in exactly the same way as turbot, and is accompanied by the same sauces. Indeed, there is an antique pun that, when fishes marry, it will be John Dory with Ann Chovy. Dory, however, requires longer time to boil than turbot, being somewhat deceptive in this respect. When the parts near the tail and round the edges gape open and threaten to fall to pieces, the thicker parts in the middle will be still underdone. They may be safely allowed time to do; the thinner parts *will not* fall to pieces.

Cold John Dory is very good soused, or eaten with pepper, oil, and vinegar. Warming up again brings out its peculiar flavour, which is not delicate enough to obtain its admission into Vol-au-Vents or Mayonnaises.

Cod is one of the most useful and excellent fishes which the bounty of Ocean offers to us; and the big word Ocean is purposely employed. Cod differs much in its epicurean merits, though probably not much as to its wholesomeness, according to *depth* of the waters in which it is taken. A deep-sea cod, from the German Ocean or the North Sea, is much firmer and better flavoured than cod caught in the Channel or along shallow shores.

And yet it is not easy to distinguish them by their outside appearance. A shallow-water fish may be in perfect health, with bright eye, hog back, clear skin, rosy gills, white flesh, and rigid muscle after death; and yet, when brought to table, will turn out poor, not the thing. The fault is often laid on the cook; the real fault is in *the fish* itself. London is supplied both with first-rate deep-sea cod, and also with shallow-water flabby-fleshed cod.

Here, we can hardly realise the full value of cod to the human race. The Northern nations, more especially, manifest both its abundance and the store they set by it. In preparing it, they observe the utmost economy. Nothing is allowed to be wasted. For salting, the fish is decapitated. In the midst of such plenty, improvident people would throw the heads away; not so the North-Sea fishermen. In the first place, the tongues—not so well known in England as they deserve to be (our experience being mainly limited to the *sound*, or swimming-bladder, which is taken from the *body* of the fish),—the tongues and their roots are cut out and salted separately; also the two delicate bits of meat at the back or nape of the fish's neck. The fins are dried, to furnish glue.

From her dried cod Norway also makes "fisk meel," fish-meal, which is sold by Bordevich and Co., of Lofoten, in Norway, at less than tenpence the pound avoirdupois. The bones and skin and all other useless portions, taken out before the grinding, are likewise carefully utilised, dried, and minced fine into fish guano, of whose fertilising effects learned professors give most flattering certificates.

The Lofoten fish-flour does not need unsalting, but only a steeping in milk for a couple of hours. In a dry place it will keep a year. It is made into biscuits, which are an agreeable relish with a glass of wine. In fish-soups it is excellent; as well as in others (hare-soup, for instance), which many cooks heighten with a dash of anchovy.

Fish-Flour Pudding, for eight or ten persons.—*The Christiania Society's receipt.* A pint and a half of fish-flour, half a pint of potato-arrowroot, half a pint of sweet cream, and two ounces of butter. The fish-flour should be put into cold water in the afternoon of the day before, and then carefully strained away. The eggs and the cream to be well beaten separately. It may be either boiled in a basin, tied down close with a cloth, or baked in an open pie-dish.

Cods' Tongues, A. Steep them in tepid water thirty-six hours, changing the water once. Boil ten minutes, throwing them into *boiling* water; serve, covered with egg-sauce, and garnished with toast.

Cods' Sounds are dressed exactly as above.

Cods' Tongues, B. When the cods' tongues have been boiled, as in receipt *A*, let them cool. Then fry them to a nice brown, egged and bread-crumbed, or dipped in batter. So treated, they either make a nice dish by themselves, or are an appropriate garnish both for salt and fresh cod dressed in large pieces.

Salt Cod. Steep it four-and-twenty or six-and-thirty hours, according to the degree of saltness liked; but too salt, it is trying to the stomach. Boil very

slowly, setting on in cold water from half an hour to forty minutes, according to the thickness of the fish. Serve garnished round with boiled parsnips, and accompanied by egg sauce.

The parsnips, split lengthwise into halves and quarters, may be boiled *with* the salt fish, and each will help to correct the other's flavour. Besides the parsnips which are laid round the fish on serving, others may be mashed like turnips, seasoned with a little pepper and butter, and sent up as a vegetable accompaniment.

Some of the American ways of managing *Salt Fish* are so ingenious and excellent, that we give a few of their receipts.

Picked-up Salt Cod-Fish (American). This is an old-fashioned dish and name, but none the less to be admired on that account; being, with most persons, when properly prepared, a great favourite. Pick up the fish in small particles, separating the fibres as near as possible, the finer the better. Freshen by leaving it in water one hour; pour off the water, and fill up with fresh; bring it to a scald, pour it off, and put on the fish just enough water to cover it; add, to a quart of the soaked fish, a bit of butter the size of half an egg, a very little flour, and a dust of pepper. Beat up two eggs, and after taking off the fish, thicken it by stirring in the egg. Some let it boil after the egg is added; but if this is done, the egg will be curdled. Another way is to boil eggs, chop and mix them in the gravy.—*Mrs. E. F. Haskell.*

Kedgeree (Idem). Boil rice; add any picked-up

fish; heat it together, and while hot stir into the mixture a beaten egg; serve hot.

Cod-Fish Toast (Idem). Freshen nicely picked-up cod-fish, by laying it in water all night; add, if you have it, sweet cream and an egg, and heat it boiling hot; pour it over toast, or make a gravy of water and butter; beat up two or three eggs, and thicken the gravy without allowing it to curdle, and pour it over toast.

Cod-Fish Hash (Idem). Put in soak over-night a teacup of cod-fish picked up fine. In the morning boil some potatoes nicely, mash and work them until very light. Put the fish in the chopping-bowl and chop it fine, after which, before taking it from the bowl, mash and work it until as fine as possible. Work the potato in little by little, work it with the potato-pounder, until five parts of potato are thoroughly incorporated with the fish. This should be so perfectly done that the fish can neither be seen nor felt in the mouth separate from the potato. Season the hash a little richer than for mashed potatoes. Put it in the potato-kettle and heat it, constantly stirring. Have butter heated in the spider, press the hash into it firmly, and cook it gently. When brown, turn it out without breaking, and set it in the oven until the coffee is on the table. It is better, however, to leave it in the spider, if not scorching, until it is served. This is a very different dish from that called by many cod-fish hash. Always buy white cod-fish.

Cod-Fish Balls (Idem). Pick up as fine as possible a teacup of nice white cod-fish. Freshen all night, or, if wanted for any other meal than breakfast, from the

morning; scald it once, and drain off the water. Put it in the chopping-bowl, chop and work it until entirely fine; put it in a basin with water, a bit of butter the size of an egg, and two eggs; beat it thoroughly, and heat until it thickens, without boiling. It should, when all is mixed, be about a quart. Have some potatoes ready prepared and nicely mashed, work the fish and potatoes thoroughly together as above, make it in flat cakes, and brown both sides. This is a very nice dish, as all who have tried it allow.

Cods' Sounds and Tongues Pie. Take equal quantities of tongues and sounds; steep them as above directed.

Put into a stew-pan two ounces of fresh butter and four ounces of sliced onions. Fry them of a nice bright brown; then put in a dessert-spoonful of flour, and stir in half a pint of stock (or of meager broth, if the pie is for abstinence-days). When smooth, put in your sounds and tongues; season with a little pepper, a glass of white wine, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, and the juice of half a lemon. Let them stew for about five minutes, stirring to prevent burning and to combine the ingredients evenly. Then arrange the tongues and sounds in a pie-dish, intermingling with them a few raw oysters and hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters. Pour the sauce over all, and cover with a light paste. Bake in a lively oven, to make the crust rise nicely. When *it* is done, the pie will be done.

Cold Fish, whether Salt or Fresh, the remains of what was boiled the day before, makes excellent *Pies* or *Patties*,

as do remnants of lobster, eel, fried sole, boiled salmon, &c.

If intended for *a Pie*, take the skin off and the bones out *while still warm from table.* Arrange your fish in the pie-dish in layers, seasoning each layer with spice and salt, until the dish is full.

Save a little of the liquor that the fish was boiled in; set it on the fire with the skin and bones of the fish; boil till you have extracted all the goodness out of them; strain, let settle, and pour what is clear over the fish in the pie-dish. Put on the crust, and bake as before. The same addition of oysters, shrimps, or hard-boiled eggs may be made, and will be a great improvement.

If for *Patties*, the fish and its additions should be cut up into small pieces, and tossed up in white sauce made with cream or milk, and delicately seasoned to taste.

Fresh Cod. Supposing you are in possession of a fine whole cod (which is often the most economical way of purchasing it), it will supply you with at least three handsome dishes to appear on your table, without reckoning the service that may be got out of what is left. The three very substantial and good-looking portions into which a cod may be cut up are, the Head and Shoulders; the Middle; and the Tail Part. This last should be consumed first; cut across into steaks, and fried. The other two (well rubbed with salt, inside and out, and hung up in a current of cool, dry air) may be, one and either of them, baked or boiled, reserving the Middle for the last to be eaten.

On buying a whole cod, it is always worth while to see what curiosities are contained in its stomach, which is sometimes quite a museum of deep-sea natural-history specimens. The Cod is blessed with a capital appetite, and in fact is a most voracious eater, not in the least particular as to the items which make up its bill of fare. Digestibles and indigestibles are swallowed indifferently. Hence it has been called the Ostrich of the Sea. All sorts of unaccountable substances find their way down its greedy gullet—potatoes, birds, and even stones as big as a goose's egg. At one *post-mortem* examination of a cod-fish, the Doctor found a fine black puppy-dog; and the fishmonger who performed the operation had taken the knife which executed it out of the stomach of another cod-fish.

Warn the kitchen-maid who cleans the fish *not* to tear out and throw away the sound, as ignorant scullions have done before now, and will probably do again. The very thin black film of skin lining the interior should be peeled off; the liver is to be set aside, to boil with the portion reserved for boiling; but, when obtainable, the best *liver* to eat with *Boiled Cod*, or to make *Liver Sauce* for fish, is *Skate Liver*.

In opening the fish, let great care be taken not to wound the roe, which is often large enough to make a small dish by itself.

Cod's Roe, Boiled, should be cooked separately in a saucepan (even if it is to be served together with a portion of the fish from which it was taken), *because* it takes much longer cooking. There is a saying that cod's roe, over-

done, is poison ; *i. e.* it *cannot* be over-done. The same thing is said, with less truth, of mackarel.

Cod's Roe, Fried (when cold, after boiling, and cut in slices), makes a very nice accompaniment to decorate a Middle or a Head and Shoulders.

Few fish give less trouble to clean than Cod. Many people prefer it after a couple of days' keeping.

Crimped Cod is fish whose flesh has been deeply slashed, the whole of its length, at regular distances of about a couple of inches, while still alive. This is done with the intention of making the flesh firmer ; crimping *after* death does not produce the same effect. It is an unnecessary piece of cruelty ; because, in almost every case, the individual so practised on is a deep-sea fish, who does not require it, but whose flesh is quite firm enough without the operation.

But the truth is, that we have so little sympathy with fish, they show so little consideration for one another, they are so utterly unable to manifest their sense of pain or pleasure by howls or cries or in any other way likely to impress us, that we are apt to regard them as devoid of feeling—as endowed merely with a sort of sensationless vitality like that of vegetables. Nevertheless, some pet gold-fish, standing on the table at which this is written, peep out from their grove of water-starwort with looks as if they recognised the old familiar face which meets their gaze day after day. The minnow is a remarkably tamable fish.

Mr. McDiarmid, giving an account of certain fishes kept in a pond of sea-water, says that some of them were

so perfectly tame, that they would eat greedily out of the hand; while others were so shy, that the keeper discoursed of their different *tempers* as a thing quite as evident as their different sizes. The tamest of all was a gigantic Cod, the patriarch of the pond, which the man said answered to his name, and not only drew near, but put up his snout beseechingly when he heard the word "Tom." After spending fifteen years in captivity, increasing gradually in bulk and weight, he went blind, possibly from age. The fisherman was evidently fond of him, and very kind; and it was really affecting to observe the animal raising himself in the water, resting his head on the feeding-stone, and allowing it to be gently patted or stroked.

The Cod-fish, paraphrasing Shylock, may say, "If you caress me, do I not come? If you crimp me, do I not feel?"

Cod's Head and Shoulders, Boiled. Crimped cod may be put on with the water hot; it is safer to put on an entire, unslashed, large piece of cod, with the water cold or tepid, unless it has become very firm indeed by several days' salting and drying. The thickness of the fish must regulate the time of boiling, but *about* half an hour will suffice. Serve on a napkin; garnish with scraped horse-radish, or parsley, or both; surround with slices of fried roe and pieces either of its own or of skate's liver; and accompany with oyster sauce. It is also eaten with Dutch sauce, Caper sauce, Anchovy sauce, or Shrimp sauce.

Middle of Cod, Boiled, the same.

Each of these parts should contain, in its natural place, the portion of sound which belongs to it.

Cod's Head and Shoulders, Baked. If the fish may not be served in the dish in which it is cooked, it must be tied about with broad tape, to assist its removal; but it is much better to avoid such removal, by placing the baking-dish in another, to be served.

Take a good-sized, deep, open pie-dish, big enough to hold your cod's head and shoulders without being cramped for space. Stuff the fore-part of the fish with veal stuffing; or, if preferred, you may serve forcemeat balls round it instead. Lay the fish in the dish in its natural position, *i. e.* with the thick part of the back upwards. Mix flour and water (cold) very thin, and pour it over the fish till the dish is half or three-quarters full. Dust into it a little pepper; add a dozen or more oysters and their liquor (according to the number of guests), and a couple of anchovies filleted and cut into short lengths. Lay pieces of butter all over the back of your fish, and set into a gentle oven.

When the butter is melted, baste your fish, continuing to do so from time to time, until enough; which will depend upon the heat of your oven. It is not desirable that the skin should be much browned, if at all, which may be avoided by covering it with oiled paper.

When quite done, if you serve the fish in its baking-dish, put, with a spoon, all the liquid portion of the gravy you can get into a saucepan, to reduce by boiling down (straining, if required, or thickening), seasoning with lemon-juice or any other simple flavour that may be

liked. After it has been nicely finished to your taste, pour it hot over your fish, add the forcemeat balls, and serve.

Remnants of Cod make a sightly and agreeable dish *Heated-up* thus: Pick the flakes of fish away from the bones and skin before they get cold. When wanted, put them into a stew-pan with what is left of the sauce (oyster, anchovy, or other) with which they were originally served. Add a dozen or more fresh oysters and their liquor. If those are not enough to moisten the fish (and it only requires to be just moistened), make up the deficiency with a spoonful or two of melted butter. Warm very carefully over a gentle fire; when once hot through, set it aside.

Surround your dish (previously well heated) with a wall of delicate mashed potatoes, so as to leave a hollow in the middle. In this hollow deposit your warmed-up fish, with its sauce. Sprinkle, over the fish only, grated bread-crumbs or biscuit-raspings; set it for a few minutes in a sharp oven or under a salamander; and when nicely browned on the top, serve.

Ling and *Hake*, likewise species of the genus *Gadus*, are treated in every way like Cod; to which, as a rule, they are considered inferior, being coarser, harder, and more insipid. To this judgment, however, there are persons who demur, something depending on the waters and the latitude in which the fish is taken. They are very largely salted in the North of Europe. The Norwegians have a mode of drying Ling which renders its flesh semi-transparent. In this singular and jelly-like state, it is served as a dainty dish on gala days.

The *Coal-fish*, another *Gadus*, so called from its sooty complexion, is an excellent fish, its meat being intermediate between that of the Cod and the Whiting. Dress exactly like Cod, from which few people would be able to distinguish it by the sense of *taste*.

The *Whiting*, the most delicate of the family, sometimes attains a considerable size; in which case it must be treated like cod, only it requires a much shorter time to cook. Quite small whiting can only be fried. Intermediate-sized can either be fried or scalded.

Scalded Whiting. Few dishes are more proper than this to set before an invalid in an early stage of convalescence, not even a boiled sole, which may be presented a day or two after the whiting.

Open your fish by the belly; empty them, carefully removing the black internal film, and reserving the roes and livers, which are delicate. Take out the eyes; lay the fish in salt for several hours, or all night.

Bend each fish into a circle by thrusting its tail through the eye-holes. Throw them into boiling water, which let boil up once, skim, and set on the side of the stove. Small fish will be done in five or eight minutes. Take them out of the water instantly you judge they are enough.

Serve on a napkin; the simplest sauce is the best to send up with them. None is better than very fresh and sweet butter oiled. Still, several more highly flavoured sauces, as oyster, anchovy, or shrimp, are perfectly appropriate.

Fried Whiting. Prepare and arrange these as before,

with the tail stuck through the eyes, only *without* the salting.

Some cooks have their whitings for frying *skinned*—a questionable practice, best avoided. If the whitings are *badly* fried, the absence of the skin allows them to become sodden with grease; and if they are *well* fried, the skin, left on, will retain the natural juices and flavour of the fish. They are done in a very short space of time, requiring little more than a good plunge into a deep bath of boiling fat.

The *Haddock*, another of the Cod family, is an excellent fish, with firm, well-flavoured flesh. When large, it is dressed in the same way as cod, and takes an equal time to cook—much longer than whiting.

Small haddock and *codlings*, like under-sized whiting, may be either boiled or fried, with the same preparation. They scarcely hold together well enough to stand broiling without considerable trouble.

Finnan Haddocks (smoked), if recent, need only be laid on a gridiron over a gentle fire, or toasted, or set in the oven of the cooking-stove. If old and dry, they will be the better for steeping half an hour or longer in tepid water, or milk and water, before cooking.

Skate, not a very digestible fish, nor desirable to partake of too frequently, is considered to be the better for keeping or travelling, as rendering its flesh less stringy.

Skate, Boiled. For this, select a large fish, or part of one; as it is often sold piecemeal, by the pound. The skinning, &c. is so troublesome, that it ought to be done by the fishmonger. Cut the fish into squares, or

shapely pieces, and boil. Serve on a napkin, garnished with parsley. Caper sauce is usually sent up with it, but anchovy or shrimp sauce are admissible. Send up some of the liver with it.

Fried Skate. Small fish, commonly called *Maids*, are mostly cooked in this way, as may also be the thinner parts of large skate. The latter also, cut into strips, twisted into rounds, stuck through with a skewer, and fried, are often called *Crimped Skate.* These, fried, may be used to lay round a dish of Boiled Skate. Cold Fried Skate is good, eaten with pepper, oil, and vinegar.

Mackarel, Boiled. Empty by an orifice near the gills made as small as possible, leaving the roes in their place. Many cooks set mackarel on the fire in cold water, for fear of breaking the skin and splitting the tail. Twenty minutes after boiling up will be long enough, though some like them to simmer longer. Serve on a napkin, on a bed of green fennel-leaves, accompanied by fennel, gooseberry, anchovy, or shrimp sauce. Melted butter, with a dash of mustard and vinegar, makes as nice a sauce for mackarel as it does for salmon.

Mackarel, Baked, au Gratin. The same as plaice *au gratin* (p. 257), only the chopped-up sweet herbs should contain a certain proportion of fennel.

Mackarel, Fried. Cut off the head; split the fish quite open all along the belly and below it. Lay the fish flat, without removing the backbone; dust with flour, and fry. Serve garnished with fried fennel.

Mackarel may be *Broiled*, prepared as above, omitting

the flouring; but the fish is rather too dry for grilling, and in that case requires smearing with butter or oil.

Potted Mackarel (p. 84).

Gray Mullet, when large, may be boiled and served with the same sauce as mackarel or salmon, to which its flavour is sometimes rather rashly compared. But it is a fish which is very diversely appreciated, owing perhaps to its habit of prowling about the mouths of estuaries and grubbing in the mud. Small Gray Mullet may be baked *au gratin*, or fried.

Red Mullet, or Surmullet, sometimes called the Woodcock of the Sea, because it is usual to cook them scaled, but *without* emptying. Dress them in the oven, *au gratin*, with a liberal allowance of butter. Serve in the dish in which they were cooked; the gravy which comes from them is their best sauce.

Red Mullet are also *Broiled*, wrapped in oiled paper, over a gentle fire. It is a solid-fleshed fish, in high repute with epicures, but not particularly light of digestion by weak stomachs.

Fresh or *White Herring*, in Yarmouth phrase. This valuable fish is too oily to fry, unless treated as Sardines are in the South of Europe, *i. e.* plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil. Coddled in fat in the frying-pan, it is unwholesomely greasy, being almost sure to rise in the stomach.

White Herring, Broiled, A, are excellent, either fresh out of the sea, or salted twelve hours. Crimp or score them, in three or four places, on each side, letting

your knife reach the backbone without touching it. Broil over a clear fire, serving very hot.

White Herring, Broiled, B. Cut off the heads of your fish after scaling them; split them quite down along the belly; lay them flat and take out the backbone. Sprinkle the inside of each fish with pepper, salt, and the least dust of flour. Clap the fish together in pairs, face to face, pressing them down hard, to make the contact as close and complete as possible; then grill, taking care in turning them not to separate the fish. They take somewhat longer time than single herring to do thoroughly.

Broiled White Herring need no sauce except a little salt to eat with them.

Potted Herring (p. 85).

Broiled Sprats. Do them over a sharp, clear fire, and eat them the instant they are off the gridiron. To be really good, they should be cooked in the room in which they are eaten.

Potted Sprats (p. 85).

The Gurnards, Gray and Red, the latter most esteemed because most showy, are firm, white-fleshed fish, of good flavour, and not difficult of digestion—a little dry, perhaps; which the cook must remedy by plenty of butter. The best way of dressing them is to bake them with a stuffing, like pike, or *au gratin*, with crumbs and sweet herbs. Nevertheless, they may be boiled and served with anchovy or other relishing sauce. Quite small ones can be fried.

The Weevers (the Great and the Lesser) have white, dry, agreeable flesh, wholesome, but second-rate in quality.

Great Weevers may be boiled, but the Lesser are mostly too small to be cooked otherwise than by frying. The smaller species affords very pretty angling from piers and jetties, biting freely; but it must be stuck with a fork, to take it off the hook. Both the Weevers are armed with spines, which inflict a sting whose pain, often severe, is believed by fishermen to last until the turn of the tide during which it was received.

The *Conger* has white, dry, poor-flavoured flesh, which people (especially Roman Catholics) put up with as a matter of duty, and for want of something better. Small ones may be cooked in the same way as eels, but are far inferior to them. When large, the best mode of dressing is,

Conger, Roasted. Take a handsome piece out of the middle of a fish; skin it; let it lie a few hours in salt and vinegar, mixed with chopped sage and parsley or other sweet herbs. Stuff it with veal stuffing; bind with broad tape, and roast before the fire with a bottle-jack, dredging with flour and basting well with butter till done.

Thicken the gravy in a stew-pan with a little flour; season with a dash of vinegar, or Harvey or Anchovy sauce, and pour it over the fish on serving. Accompany with lemon cut in halves for each guest to squeeze over his portion of fish.

Conger Pie. The Conger is abundant on the coasts of Cornwall, where the inhabitants cordially welcome his visits. To Cornishmen, nothing comes amiss in a pie. Every thing known as human food is considered by them in its fittest condition when put under a crust. There is

a saying to the effect that the Old One himself never visits Cornwall, for fear of being put into a pie. Conger pie, however, is a local dainty of preëminent and universal excellence, standing quite at the head of the list of articles worthy of a pasty crown of glory. The clotted cream and parsley peculiar to the west are likewise necessary as ingredients. In no other country is conger pie to be had in equal excellence; nowhere else is the luxury so highly valued and so thoroughly understood. Still, the Conger is served in a variety of ways, and it is not only in a pie that he is eaten. As a rule, the pie is his natural destination, but he is also frequently broiled and fried, according to the taste of the consumer.—*Land and Water*, September 29, 1866.

Fricasseed Frogs, Chicken-wise. Although Frogs are not fish, they are classed by the Roman Catholic Church in the list of meager animal food; and therefore their place is more appropriate here than any where else. In spite of the great prejudice against their employment which has existed in England from time immemorial, Frogs afford a light, nutritious diet, especially adapted for invalids. It is a time-honoured, vulgar prejudice, that Frenchmen are a nation who live on frogs; which they do not, for the simple motive that the supposed national dish is far too dear. There is no reasoning about these matters of taste; it is a question partly of fashion, but mainly of use. It will be said that the frog is *a reptile*. True; so likewise is the high-priced turtle: and in the equatorial regions of the world, several large lizards are eagerly captured for the sake of the delicacy

of their flesh. The ancient repute of viper broth, as a regenerator, is notorious.

Time, and international intercourse, will bring about, in all probability, considerable change in our estimate of sundry foreign eatables. Caviare and Paté de Foie Gras are slowly winning their way to popularity, and a similar destiny may be in store for frogs. Fifty years ago, the following advertisement, from the *Times*, would have been considered as a sign of national decadence. Who would have thought, at the commencement of the present century, that England would ever have been thus degraded, and that the blood of Nelson would have been shed in vain? "FRENCH FROGS AND NARBONNE HONEY. —BALL and SON beg to announce, they have received importations of the above delicious rarities in original packages."

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We, therefore, give an esteemed French receipt, without seriously expecting that it will be executed here; because the *best* kind of edible frog (*all* are *edible*), if occasionally found in Great Britain, is very rare. But as many persons, entertaining a strong prejudice against them, have been entrapped (not very good-naturedly) into eating frogs, by calling them spring chicken, a more harmless and more practicable joke would be to offer portions of chicken under the guise of frogs—mock frog, in fact, as we make mock turtle out of calf's head—to find out whether pretended connoisseurs are able to detect the difference.

For those who like them, or who dare venture to taste them, frogs ready prepared for cooking may be

obtained, not only from the above-named firm, but from France. They are not uncommonly sent over as presents to friends. The hind portion only of the animal is eaten; the body being cut in two at the waist, and the upper part rejected. The skin is then stripped off the loins and legs, and the feet chopped off at the ankles. As the flesh is beautifully white, and the legs are twisted in a peculiar way, they may easily be mistaken for wings of chicken that have been skinned before turning back the pinion in the usual way. A dish of mock frogs is no great extravagance, as the remainder of the fowl will make a good chicken pie.

For real frogs, after skinning, make them take a turn or two in a saucepan of boiling water; then throw them into cold water, and put them into a saucepan with button mushrooms, a bunch of parsley, chives, garlic, two cloves, and a bit of butter. Add a pinch of flour, and moisten with a glass of white wine and a little broth. Throw in some pepper and salt, cook them till they are tender. Take them out; boil down the sauce to a smaller quantity; thicken it with yolks of egg, and a bit of butter: throw in some chopped and scalded parsley, and pour it over the frogs in their dish.

Oysters are popularly held to be in season only in the months which are spelt with an *r*, *i.e.* from September to April inclusive. The opinion of the most competent authorities now is that the oyster season both begins and closes too soon. They are hardly at their best before the end of October or the beginning of November; and they are often still excellent till the end of May or the middle of June.

The grand consumption of oysters is made in their uncooked state, with or without a seasoning of lemon-juice or vinegar and pepper. The French make a coarsely ground preparation of white pepper, expressly to eat with oysters, called "Mignionette;" which also, entering in large proportion into a sauce, causes it to be called "Mignionette Sauce." Uncooked oysters have a great reputation as restoratives; but to those for whose stomachs they are found too cold and heavy, we recommend the following receipts.

Stewed Oysters. In opening them, leave the beards on; carefully save every drop of the liquor, which strain from bits of shell and other impurities. At the bottom of a stew-pan put a good lump of butter; when it begins to melt, put to it your oysters and their liquor. Dredge them with *a very little* flour, and dust them with a pinch of pepper and grated nutmeg. Keep shaking them round and round in the saucepan, till the sauce is smooth and well incorporated. Keep them also at a good distance over the fire, or at the side, or on the hot iron plate of your cooking-stove, until the oysters are all well warmed through. If they boil, they become leathery.

At the bottom of a hot vegetable-dish lay a thin slice of toast, nicely browned. On this arrange your oysters with a spoon. Boil up the sauce an instant, and pour it over them.

The genuine flavour of the oysters is preferable to any other; but for those who like it, it may be heightened with lemon-peel, lemon-juice, or essence of anchovy. A

shred of horse-radish adds an agreeable zest, but is apt to be trying to weak stomachs.

Roasted Oysters, A. Open the oysters, detaching them only from the upper shell, with which then cover the oyster and its juice in the lower shell. Put them in an oven until well hot through. Serve them on a large dish, accompanied by pats of cold butter to put into them, and a plate of brown bread and butter.

Roasted Oysters, B. Open the oysters, removing them entirely from their shell, and saving the liquor, which strain, and put into a stew-pan with a bit of butter, chopped parsley, pepper, and lemon-juice. Give the oysters just a warm-up in this. Select the largest and handsomest shells, both upper and under; into each of these put three or four oysters and as much of the sauce as they will hold. Set them in an oven, or on a gridiron, until they are thoroughly hot without boiling, and serve.

Fried Oysters. Procure the largest oysters you can; give them just a scald over the fire in their own liquor; steep them for an hour or two in salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and lemon-juice. Dip them in batter, and fry them lightly in plenty of hot fat, exactly as you would fritters. They require great care not to over-do them; in which case they will turn out horny.

Fried Oysters make an elegant garnish to Boiled Cod or other large fish.

Oyster Pie. Very nice. (American.) Cover a deep plate (a soup-plate answers perfectly) with puff-paste; lay an extra layer around the edge of the plate, and bake

nicely. When done, fill the pie with oysters; season with pepper, salt, and butter; dust over a little flour, and cover with a thin crust of puff-paste. Bake quickly; when the top crust is done, the oysters should be. Serve as soon as baked, as the crust quickly absorbs the gravy. This pie is quite as good cold as hot, and is excellent for picnics or for travelling.

Scalloped Oysters. The proper utensil in which to dress and serve this favourite supper dish is the natural hollow shell of the scallop, or, in default thereof, in small dishes made of tin, in imitation of their shape and size.

Scald the oysters in their own liquor; take off the beards, from which squeeze all the liquor they contain; add it to the other, and strain.

Warm up the bearded oysters in this, with a little pepper, pounded mace, or grated nutmeg, a little piece of butter, and a slight dust of flour, taking care not to let them come to a boil. The liquor of the oysters will contain sufficient salt.

Line the bottom of the scallop-shells with bread-crumbs; on these put a layer of oysters; then a few more bread-crumbs; and then more oysters. Moisten with a few teaspoonfuls of the liquor; cover again with bread-crumbs thickly; lay a few *small* bits of butter here and there; garnish the top with a very small sprinkling of fine-chopped parsley; and set in an oven or under a salamander until the whole is well heated through, and the surface nicely crisp and brown.

Cockles and *Mussels* may be *Scalloped* in the same

way. Hustling them in saucepan over the fire until the meat comes easily away from the shell is a sufficient preliminary cooking.

Oyster Pudding, in Scallop-Shells. Scald the oysters in their own liquor. Take them out, drain, and chop them fine. Take crumb of bread soaked in cream, fine-chopped parsley, chives, anchovy, pepper, and a bit of fresh butter melted to oil. Mix these thoroughly with the chopped oysters, adding at the same time one or two raw beat-up eggs. Smear the bottom of your scallop-shells with butter; fill them with the above composition; sprinkle bread-crumbs over the surface, and set them in the oven till delicately browned.

Scallops require *a deal* of cooking, after which they are wholesome and palatable food—Soyer calls them "exceedingly fine"—but they are never *light*, and cannot be eaten frequently. Raw—in the same way as uncooked oysters—they are apt to cause an indigestion which will take days to get rid of.

On opening the scallops, remove the beards; wash them in two or three waters, to get rid of sand, &c.; and let them lie an hour or two in salt-and-water.

Stew them in water or broth, with a little pepper, butter, and flour, for a couple of hours, or more, till tender. They can then be served, like stewed oysters, on toast; or scalloped; or fried; or put into a pie. For patties, they must be well chopped, and stirred up together with some delicate yet well-seasoned sauce.

Scallops of Cold Veal or Chicken, are a mode of serving flesh under a meager disguise. Mince the meat

small. Warm it up in a saucepan with a little cream, pepper, grated nutmeg, and chopped lemon-peel. Nearly fill the scallop-shells with this; cover with bread-crumbs and a dust of chopped parsley; lay a few little bits of butter on the top, and brown in the oven or under a salamander.

Mussels à la Poulette (French). Hustle your mussels as directed at page 91. When done, remove the half-shell which *does not contain* the meat; take the weed and the crab, if any, from the mussel, and arrange each half-shell containing its mussel neatly piled or packed in an open dish.

Pour over them, scalding hot, a sauce made as follows. Make melted butter, not with water, but with the liquor from the mussels, after letting it settle, with a liberal allowance of butter. Add a sprinkling of pepper, and as much vinegar as will give it a decided sharpness. Some cooks heighten this sauce with nutmeg or mace, chopped parsley and chives; the Doctor prefers it without these latter.

Muslingnudler, *Norwegian Mussel Powder*, in bottles or tin cases. If the latter, the lid (fastened down with wax) must be *heated* in order to get it off. Useful for Fish Soups, Quenelles of Fish, Fish Puddings, Sauces, or as an accompaniment to dishes of that description. The following directions are Norwegian, and may be varied to suit the English taste.

With half a pint of milk, boil salt, cayenne pepper, grated nutmeg, cream, and butter. Add thereto a quarter of a pound of Mussel (or other) Powder, grated

crumb of bread, and a glass of white wine. Keep stirring gently with a spoon. When the mixture is complete, the dish is ready.

This preparation may be served in scallop-shells, bread-crumbed at top, and browned under a salamander.

Hummernudler, *Norwegian Lobster Powder*, is employed exactly as the preceding. It is very convenient to have in the house, in case Lobster Sauce, or Lobster Patties, are unexpectedly required. For the former, steep it in milk half an hour, and then treat it as directed either for Lobster Sauce, or, better, as in Lobster Sauce without Lobster (p. 115).

Crabs, *Lobsters*, *and Sea Crawfish* may be bought ready-cooked in London and other large towns—a great convenience. Crabs especially require great attention in boiling. They *must* be put on the fire with the water *cold;* if it is hot, or even if it warms too quickly, they have the extraordinary faculty of shooting their claws; a crab plunged into hot water will in half a minute, or less time perhaps, have thrown off every one of its claws; and both they and the dismembered carcase will be spoiled, not only in appearance, but also in quality, by the water entering them. And the difficulty is, that all these crustaceans cooked *after* death are either quite inferior or good for nothing. In mild weather, wrapped in a damp cloth or in sea-weed, they will live a considerable time out of water; but a short exposure to frost kills them even more rapidly than the summer's heat.

The lobster does not shoot its claws so readily as the crab; still it is better to set it on the fire with the water

cold, letting it heat very gradually; which causes the creature to faint away, rather than to die a sudden death. Although these animals are so ferocious and destructive that we need have no scruple in *eating* them, one would not put them to unnecessary suffering. An American direction is, "To boil a lobster, the pot should be full of strong salted water, boiling hot. Put the fish in the pot, alive, while boiling hard, *with its head downward, that it may die as quickly as possible;*" but it is difficult to understand how a lobster, with a couple of fine claws protruding before it, can be made to take this fatal header into the pot. The crawfish, having no large claws, can perform the feat more easily.

When the shell-fish, set on in cold water, is quite dead, throw in a good handful of salt. Remove the scum as it rises. After boiling up, a large crab or lobster will take from twenty minutes to half an hour's further boiling, *well covered and galloping.* Some fishmongers and cooks are apt to take them up too soon; the former to avoid diminishing their weight, the latter to retain their juiciness and flavour: but in that case the contents of the body or the head are likely to be *not set*, watery—which is a great defect.

Abroad, shell-fish are mostly boiled in court-bouillon; a practice which neither suits English tastes nor stomachs. Boiling in plain salt-and-water is preferable, especially if it is desired to retain the genuine flavour of the fish.

Crab is reputed more digestible than lobster; and the claw of the lobster than the tail. The crawfish is the most indigestible of the three, with harder flesh, and a

slight musky flavour which is far from agreeable to many palates. Cheap Paris Restaurants sometimes serve crawfish (*Langouste*) instead of the true lobster (*Homard*); but the substitution is permissible for imitation lobster sauce, at most. The crawfish has a wider southern range; it is found in tolerable plenty in the Mediterranean, at the bottom of whose clear waters it is speared and spoiled: whereas, the far more delicious lobster is found abundantly on the rocky coasts of Norway, the United Kingdom, and North America. Preserved lobster, hermetically sealed in tin cases, from distant fisheries, is acceptable, for want of better; but it is far inferior to and more uncertain in quality than our own home-caught and home-boiled fish.

Crab, Plain, Cold, opened and with its claws cracked, accompanied by the cruet-stand, and a little fresh salad, is as agreeable and wholesome a way as any of serving it.

Crab, Dressed, Cold. Open the crab, by raising its body (in which the limbs are inserted), from the carapace or shell, without breaking the latter. Carefully remove the gills and other uneatable parts. Pick all the white meat from the claws and body; do the same with what is good of the inside, *i.e.* the white and yellow curd and the coral. Chop these tolerably fine; mix them together, seasoning with oil, vinegar, mustard, and pepper; then return them to the empty shell, garnishing with sprigs of fresh green parsley.

It is usual for crab so dressed to be accompanied by salad, rolls, and pats of nice butter.

Crab, Dressed, Hot. Pick and prepare your crab as

before, adding bread-crumbs and pounded mace or grated nutmeg to the seasoning. Give this a gentle warm-up in a saucepan; replace it in the crab-shell; sprinkle bread-crumbs on the top, and brown it under a salamander.

The female crab is more delicate than the male; her inside, also, is almost always fuller and firmer. The difference of sex is known at a glance. The female has a *broad apron*, the male a *narrow* one. The male has the larger claws of the two, but with a coarser quality of flesh.

Lobster Mayonnaise. See that Sauce (p. 124), and witness the making of a Mayonnaise of Lobster, or merely undo one which has been sent up by a tasty and first-rate French Chef.

Lobster, Plain-Boiled, is sometimes eaten *Hot.* The best sauce with it is a mixture of mustard, oil, and vinegar; but it often tempts people to eat too much of it.

Lobster, Plain-Boiled, Cold, is served with salad, pats of butter, and bread; and, in this way, has a better chance of being partaken of in moderation.

Lobster Salad. [From *London Society,* November 1863.] All receipts utterly fail in utility, if the concocter be not an artist.

Having caught or possessed yourself of a fine lobster, which you intend to eat, it is, of course, first necessary to cook it. And here I find myself differing with various culinary men of distinction. Generally, their advice is, "Put them alive, with their claws tied together, into the

water when boiling hot." Lobsters must be boiled; they are bred to be boiled and turn red in the face; and a little more or less of suffering is only the difference of extracting a double or a single tooth. We all go to the dentists; the lobsters go to pot: in that pot, let your water be cold: if near the sea, water from the ocean; if inland, water well salted; the time of cooking commencing from the bubbling of the water.

Take eggs in accordance to the size of your salad; let them be boiled as hard as eggs can be boiled, then cooled in fresh, or iced water, if possible; extract the yolks, and with a well-cleaned silver or porcelain spoon —the latter preferable—pound them into fine powder.

This done, mix the eggs with salt, mustard, and cayenne, and the berry (if it be a female), and some of the selected interior of the animal; to which add vinegar and the most fresh and luscious cream. It avails nothing to tell you of the proportions—the mere smattering of a cookery-book; I leave it to the taste of the concocter.

Your sauce well and sufficiently mixed, extract the nutritious flesh of the animal from all parts save the head —though some *savans* will tell you that the fat of the head or body is, *par excellence*, the best part of the lobster—and cut it in pieces, but not too small.

Take several fine yellow-hearted lettuces; do not soak them in water, but take leaf from leaf; use only the best; dip them, so as to be perfectly free from dirt or insect, in fresh water, and cut in tolerably large pieces—not too large, however, for the most delicate

mouth. Mix lobster, sauce, and lettuce with a few turns of the spoon, but do not bury it in the liquid, and at the top let a small quantity of the crisp lettuce appear.

There are various other modes of making lobster salads. Many prefer oil to cream; and some, wanting oil or cream, even use melted butter, and add Worcester and other sauces. But I say, use cream. If, however, you prefer oil, as many do, then use it; but, recollect, it must be first-rate, of the very finest Lucca.

Lobster salads are also made in moulds, and a very elegant, nutritious, and agreeable addition they are on the supper-table. Hen Lobsters are decidedly preferable for this lady-like dish. It is merely placing a lobster salad in a mould decorated with gherkins or beetroot. I have seen the leaves of the damask-rose added in refined houses. Let it be well frozen, and turned out of the mould only a short time previous to being placed on the table. This dish, in all respects to be approved of, should be prepared by a skilful hand.

Lobster Curry. [Idem.] Lay the meat, not too small, in a pan, with real gravy and cream at discretion, following the rules of art and good taste. The excellence of any dish depends upon this and the high class of the material used; bad curry-powder, and stale lobster, with thin cream, cannot possibly produce the desired effect. Then rub with butter two teaspoonfuls of curry-powder —if not powerful, three: put them into a pan and simmer for an hour, adding a *soupçon* of cayenne and salt. Half a glass of first-rate sherry or madeira will add to the aroma. A lobster curry may, however, be excellent

without the addition of any vinous or other excitement. Some add mace and lemon, and perhaps they are right. If so, I am wrong: I eschew them.

All lobster curries are based on the goodness of the materials, the groundwork being a fresh lobster, good thick cream, and first-rate curry-powder, with the hand of art to mix.

A Gratin of Lobster, A [Idem], is an artistic dish, requiring genius, thought, and consideration to make it presentable at a table where refinement of eating takes the place of gluttony, or the mere satisfying the appetite; while beauty reigns at the board, and conversation vies with the sparkling champagne. It may be thus produced:

Procure the finest and freshest of lobsters possible; cut it in halves, detaching the head from the body; take out all the meat, and save the shells; cut the meat into slices, then put a teaspoonful of chopped shallots in a stew-pan, with a piece of butter the size of two walnuts; pass them a few minutes over the fire; add a teaspoonful of flour, well mixed with half a pint of milk, and stir over the fire, boiling about five minutes. Then add the lobster, which season with a little cayenne, salt, chopped parsley, and essence of anchovies. Set it again on the fire, stirring until boiling; then stir in the yolk of an egg; take off the fire; fill the shells of the lobster; sprinkle bread-crumbs over it, with a little butter; put in the oven twenty minutes, and serve. To give it a nice colour, use the salamander.

No one ought to sit down before this dish without care and the power of abstaining.

Gratin of Lobster, B. Split the lobster down its whole length, if possible, without detaching the shell of the head from that of the tail.

Pick out all the white meat of the body (not the tail) and the claws; mix it with the green curd, and the coral (if any) minced fine, and the spawn (first well washed, and then crushed in a mortar). Put these in a saucepan with a bit of butter, a dust of flour, pepper, pounded mace, a glass of good red wine, and a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies. Slice the two halves of the tail, add them to the above, and warm together over the fire, stirring carefully. With this ragoût fill the two entire half-shells of your lobster. Dust bread-crumbs or biscuit-raspings over all, and brown in a brisk oven, or under a salamander.

N.B. Cookery-Books in general make more of lobster-spawn than it is worth. It is almost always full of sand or grit, which spoils every combination into which it enters; and to get rid of which, it is obliged to be so thoroughly and repeatedly washed, that the little flavour it has is washed out of it too. It is then good only to please the eye, plague the teeth, and defy the digestion.

Roasted Lobster. Boil your lobster until half done; take it out of the water, and as soon as it has drained, and the shell is dry, rub it all over with sweet fresh butter. Set it in an American oven before the fire, and continue basting with butter until enough. For sauce, take the butter left in the latch-pan, and mix with it a little mustard and vinegar.

Shrimps and Prawns, like lobsters, are often spoiled by French cooks with their court-bouillon, which, in consequence of their small size, penetrates their flesh more thoroughly.

Wash and pick them over carefully, to get rid of foreign substances. Throw them, alive, into boiling salt and water. If sea-water is used, it must first stand to settle. Let them boil about ten minutes, skimming well. Take out two or three with a spoon, to try if they are enough.

IX.

EGGS.

1. DIGESTIBLE.

Eggs on their Dish. Heat in the oven of your cooking-stove, or in an American oven, a large dinner-plate or small dish. Smear it well with a lump of sweet butter, the remains of which you may leave to melt in the dish. Then break into it very carefully, and one by one, so as not to break the yolks, as many eggs as, lying side by side, and not one upon the other, will fill the dish inside its rim. Sprinkle over each egg a dust of pepper and salt, and return it to the oven, which must not be fierce. Watch its progress; as soon as all the whites are set, it is done. A few moments under a red-hot salamander insures the eggs being cooked as completely at their upper as at their under surface. Serve in the dish in which the eggs are cooked, placed in another, or on a small tray or heat-proof mat. They will take from six to ten minutes.

To Boil Eggs for Weak Stomachs. Put the eggs gently, with a spoon, into a deep saucepan nearly full of water on the point of boiling. Let them boil; take them off the fire immediately, and let them stand on the side of the stove for five minutes from the time

of first putting them in. So done, they will be hard nowhere and raw nowhere. Eggs dropped into boiling water, and kept galloping three minutes and a half, or egg-glass time, will have the coating of white next the shell *hard*, while their centre is *raw*. Strong stomachs may indulge in boiled eggs which (if they were round) would serve for billiard-balls: or they may go to the hen-house, and enjoy them as offered by the hen; but either of those states are too heavy for the invalid.

I have seen cooks (Good Plain) cook eggs in a pipkin, with just enough water to half-cover them, and whose scanty quantity is soon still further diminished by evaporation. They thus solve the curious problem, "How to serve boiled eggs with one side hard and the other raw."

Eggs which stand upright in the water are either not fresh, or are cracked and leaky. They may be used, perhaps, in salad or sauce, but cannot appear as Boiled Eggs.

Poached Eggs. Have a large, deep stew-pan, three-parts full of boiling salt-and-water. Crack the shells of your eggs, one by one, on the edge of the stew-pan; hold them over the boiling water and close to its surface, open the shell adroitly with your two thumbs, and let its contents slip into the water in as entire a mass as possible. Keep each egg separate in the water, to prevent their sticking together. If the yolk of an egg is broken, it is spoilt for serving. Take off the scum as it rises, otherwise the stew-pan will boil over.

Poached eggs require some nicety. Their whites

must be more set than in eggs boiled or in eggs on their dish; for if not firm enough, they will have a sloppy appearance; and yet the yolks should not be hard. Take out with a fish-slice or skimmer, in which let them well drain before serving; which is done in various ways.

Poached eggs may be laid each on a slice of buttered toast; or on a bed of chopped cabbage (early York, Savoy, or red), and surrounded with boiled sausages; or on a mixture of sorrel and spinach, trimmed round with toast or fried bread-dice; or seasoned with pepper, vinegar, and butter.

Matelote of Eggs, or *Poached Eggs in Wine.* Put into a stew-pan a pint or more of *vin ordinaire*, or of better wine diluted with water. Add pepper, salt, bunch of sweet herbs, an onion sliced, and a clove of garlic split. Boil five minutes, remove the flavouring materials, and poach eight or ten eggs in the liquor, as above. When done, arrange them on their dish. Thicken the liquor by continually stirring in a lump of butter, rubbed into a spoonful of flour. Let it just boil up, and pour it over the eggs by way of sauce. You may add a few shrimps, shell-fish, or ready-cooked pieces of eel or other fish.

Mashed Eggs. Put a little good gravy or dripping from roast beef, veal, or pork, or a little good soup, or a large lump of butter, into a stew-pan. Throw on the top of this five or six eggs, breaking them immediately with a fork, and stirring constantly. Season slightly with pepper and salt, and cook quite gently and moderately.

While cooking, a few bits of ready-cooked vegetables —such as green peas, asparagus-tops, sprigs of cauliflower, or mushrooms, or a little chopped parsley—may be thrown in.

This dish, though only a rudimental omelette, or an excuse for one, is light, agreeable, and readily prepared. A simpler form of it is—

Egg Toast. Have ready some hot buttered toast cut into quarters of rounds, according to the quantity required. Put a saucepan on the fire with some butter in it. As soon as melted, for a small dish break half a dozen eggs into the saucepan, with a little salt, and stir them well with a fork, all the while they are on the fire, from five to ten minutes, according to its briskness. Lay a good table-spoonful of the eggs on each piece of toast, and serve.

Fried Eggs. Have your deep frying-pan half-full of hot fat. Drop your eggs into it, as for poaching. They will cook more rapidly than in water. Eggs fried in a shallow pan, with a scant of fat, are brown underneath, while they are still raw above.

For fried eggs and bacon, fry the bacon *first*, and then the eggs; it will be better still, if you can *grill* the rashers of bacon or ham *while* you are frying the eggs.

Eggs Fried in Batter. Poach your eggs (not hard); set them aside to drain and cool on a clean napkin. Make ready your deep frying-pan; when the fat is hot, fry enough parsley to cover the bottom of your dish. Dip your eggs in batter with a spoon, sprinkle them slightly with fine-chopped parsley, and fry. When a

nice light brown, they are enough. Arrange them on the bed of fried parsley, and sprinkle with a little lemon-juice. N.B. When fried eggs are wanted for garnishing (hashed calf's head, sausages, &c.), they are more sightly done in this way.

Other receipts for cooking eggs *not* hard, are little more than variations of the above. *Eggs à la Bonne Femme—Good Woman's Eggs*—are *Eggs on their Dish*, surrounded by fried sausages and seasoned with pepper and vinegar. *Piedmontese Eggs* are the same, lying on a bed of bread-crumbs and thinly sliced cheese. *Provençal Eggs* are Poached Eggs with garlic and anchovy sauce.

Receipts for serving *hard eggs* are not given here, but separately by themselves at the end of the Chapter, as a warning that they are better suited to the stomachs of ostriches than of invalids. A curious fancy, worthy of the olden time, is the making of a *Monster Egg*, by separating the yolks and the whites of a number of eggs, cooking all the former together in a bladder, so as to form one big yolk, and then cooking that in another bladder, surrounded by all the whites. Such an egg may amuse the eye, but it would afford but little amusement either to the palate or the stomach, with whatever sauce it may be served surrounded.

Cheesey Eggs. Take a piece of Gruyère, Stilton, Cottenham, or other good white cheese, the third of the weight of the eggs you are going to use, and half *its* weight of butter. Beat up the eggs in a stew-pan, set it on the fire, throw in the cheese (grated or sliced very

thin) and the butter. Season with pepper; the addition of salt must depend upon the saltness of the cheese. Keep stirring continually until the whole becomes a thick succulent mass. Serve on a thin slice of toast on a hot dish. N.B. The toast may be very thinly spread with essence of anchovy or potted meat or fish.

Eggs and Gravy—Œufs au Jus. I was one day travelling with a couple of ladies, whom I was conducting to Melun. We had not started very early in the morning, and we reached Montgeron with an appetite which threatened to clear away every thing before it.

Vain menaces! The inn where we halted, although respectable enough in outside appearance, did not contain a scrap of provisions. Three diligences and two post-chaises had passed that way, and, like the Egyptian locusts, had clean devoured every thing. So said the *Chef*, the Head of the Kitchen—*Anglicè*, Man-Cook.

Nevertheless, I beheld a slowly turning spit laden with a perfectly *comme il faut* leg of mutton, at which the ladies, out of mere habit, directed their most coquettish glances. Their smiles, alas! were misdirected. The mutton belonged to three Englishmen, who had brought it with them, and who, impatiently waiting for it, were beguiling the time with a bottle of champagne.

"But at least," I said to him, with an air of combined annoyance and supplication, "could you not let us have these few eggs done in the mutton gravy? With the eggs and a cup of cream-and-coffee, we will try and bear our lot with resignation."

"With all my heart," replied the *Chef*. "The

gravy is my perquisite by the Law of Nations; I will arrange your affair immediately." So saying, he set to work to break the eggs with due precaution.

When his attention was otherwise engaged, I stealthily drew near the fire, took out my pocket travelling knife, and inflicted on the forbidden mutton a dozen deep wounds, through which the gravy could not help flowing to the very last drop. I followed up this first operation by superintending the concoction of the eggs, lest any little accident should occur to our prejudice. As soon as they were done to a nicety, I took possession of them, and carried them off to the room where our table was laid.

There we enjoyed our impromptu treat, laughing like mad at the idea that we were in reality swallowing the substance of the mutton, leaving to our English friends the task of chewing the residue.—*Brillat Savarin.*

Scambled Eggs (American). Put in a spider (a sort of frying-pan) enough sweet butter to oil the bottom of the pan. Put in the eggs without breaking the yolks. Add a bit of butter as large as a walnut for every dozen eggs; season with very little salt and pepper. When the whites harden a little, stir the eggs from the bottom of the spider, and continue to do this until cooked to suit the family. When done, the yolks and whites should be *separate*, although stirred together—*marbled*, in fact—and not *mixed* like mashed eggs.

"*Preserved Eggs*," says Cobbett, "are things to run *from*, not after." They often are so; but in any case many dishes which cannot be made without eggs are not

things to run from; and therefore preserved eggs must be had, unless you mean to disappoint the young folk of their Christmas plum-pudding. In Norfolk, eggs are saved from putrefaction by immersion in lime-water, to which some housewives add salt. Cooks say they answer *their* purpose; but they are quite uneatable *as eggs*, and only *not offensive* to the smell.

Réaumur's experiments with varnish appear to have succeeded; but varnished eggs would be too troublesome for preserving on an extensive scale. At St. Kilda, where the inhabitants subsist on the eggs of sea-fowl during several months of the year, they preserve them in stone pyramids, scattering turf-ashes under and about them, "to defend them from the Air, dryness being their only Preservative, and moisture their Consumption" (*Martin's Voyage to the Island of St. Kilda:* London, 1698). Later travellers inform us that the same system still continues to be practised.

The shells of these sea-birds' eggs are more fragile than those of the common hen, which circumstance must cause them to be more difficult to preserve; and turf-ashes clearly make a sweeter and more effectual packing than lime-water, or the means usually adopted in England. But they are only to be had in certain localities; and wood-ashes are too light, and cinder-ashes too loose, to exclude the air. The Irish plan of smearing fresh-laid eggs with butter answers well for a limited time, but is insufficient to keep them through the winter. The method I have found to succeed best, and recommend, is to dip each egg into melted pork-lard,

rubbing it into the shell with your finger, and then to pack them in an old fig-drum or butter-firkin, setting every egg upright, with the small end downwards. Eggs thus prepared in August, directly after harvest, have been boiled and eaten with relish by myself and family in the following January. They were not like the eggs we were used to in spring; but they were much better than any kept eggs we could buy.

Omelettes,* in general, are composed so very nearly of eggs alone (with the addition of what may be considered mere flavouring matters), that their place is quite as appropriate here as amongst Made Dishes or Sweets. They deserve, however, their full share of attention; for they are light, nutritious, quickly prepared; and few things are more likely to please a delicate appetite than a nice, hot, juicy, big-bellied omelette, cooked to a second.

Plain Omelette. Break into a bowl as many eggs as you think will be required; from six to eight will make a convenient-sized dish. Season them with fine salt, add a little water or milk, and beat them up well. The more you beat them, the lighter your omelette will be. Melt some butter in a frying-pan or omelette-pan—the best utensil for the purpose is one of the French coarse earthenware stew-pans or *casseroles*, which are lined

* The etymology of the word *omelette* has puzzled many. *Œuf* (plural *œufs*) is French for "egg," and *mêler* for "to mix or mingle." Now, in a volume of the *Théâtre Italien*, printed in 1692, the word is spelt *œumelette*, and not *omelette*, evidently meaning *œufs-mêlés*, "eggs mixed together;" so corresponding with the definition given by the abbreviated Dictionary of the Académie: "Omelette; eggs beaten together, and cooked in the frying-pan with butter or bacon."

inside with a greenish glaze. Pour your eggs in after a final beating, and shake the pan well while they are cooking, to prevent them from sticking. When the omelette (on turning up its edge) begins to show a nice bright colour, slip under it a small piece of butter. You *may* (if you stickle for English ways) turn the omelette completely over to the other side; but the established custom with French cooks is to fold it in two, just before it is fit to serve. In this way, it will not be so dry, and consequently lighter and more delicate. Serve instantly it is done.

Sweet-herb Omelette. Add parsley, chives, and a little chervil, all minced together exceedingly fine, to the seasoning of the Plain Omelette before beating it up. It is then cooked in exactly the same way.

N.B. When you wish to add to your omelette either vegetables, mushrooms, thin slices of truffles, morsels of meat or fish, they ought all to be previously cooked nearly or quite enough for serving. They may also either be mixed with the eggs after beating, or dropped into the omelette a little before folding it.

Veal-Kidney Omelette. Cut up a sufficiency of cold roast-veal kidney (not too much done) with *a little* of the fat, into small dice or thin slices. Put it in a saucepan and warm it over the fire in a little savoury gravy, with salt, pepper, minced parsley, and chives. When hot enough (it must not boil), make a plain omelette; and before doubling it in two, put your kidney ragoût into the middle. Other kidney omelettes may be done the same way.

Salmon Omelette. [This excellent formula is Brillat Savarin's famous *Omelette au Thon*, acclimated to Great Britain and Ireland.] Take, for six persons, two carp (or mackarel) milts; wash them well in cold water, and then plunge them for five minutes into boiling water, with a little salt in it.

Take, also, a piece of fresh-boiled salmon as big as a hen's egg; add to it a small shallot already minced to atoms. Chop up the milts with the salmon, so as to mix them well together, and throw the whole into a saucepan with a sufficiency of butter to *sauter* them until the butter is melted, *and no more than melted.* Herein consists the speciality of the omelette. If fried or boiled in the butter, they are hardened, and refuse to mingle with the eggs.

Now take at discretion a second lump of butter; blend it with chopped parsley and chives, or green spring onions; put it in a deep, oval, fish-shaped dish, which is destined to receive your omelette; pour (not squeeze) some lemon-juice over it, and set the dish on your hot iron plate, or on hot ashes.

Beat up a dozen eggs (the fresher the better); then add to them the *sautéd* milts and salmon, and stir until they are equally mixed together. Then cook your omelette in the usual way, doing your very best to keep it long, thick, soft, spongy, and succulent. Overdoing will ruin it. Transfer it skilfully to the hot dish prepared to receive it; serve at once, and cause it to be eaten forthwith.

This dish should be reserved for delicate repasts, for

meetings of amateurs who know what they are about, and who never eat as if they were afraid of missing the train. Take, on the top of it, a glass of good old wine, and you shall see what you shall see—something delectable and marvellous.

Cold-Fish Omelette (a useful formula, on account of its great adaptability and versatility). Warm in a saucepan scraps of cold turbot, sole, whiting, lobster, or any other delicate fish, with any remnant you may happen to have of anchovy, lobster, shrimp, or oyster sauce. Let there be only just enough sauce to *moisten* the fish, not to flood or drown it.

As in the preceding receipt, braid up, with a good-sized lump of butter, a little chopped parsley, and green spring onions. Put it, when done, into a deep oval dish, into which the omelette is to go; add the juice of a lemon, and set it on your hot plate, to melt and warm thoroughly.

Put the yolks of a dozen eggs into one bowl, and the whites into another. Season the yolks with a teaspoonful of mixed pepper and salt, and beat them up well. Then beat up the whites till they are quite in a froth. Then mix all together, whites and yolks. By this method the omelette cannot fail to be light—a most important point.

For the frying, put your earthen pan on the fire, and in the pan a lump of butter—a *good* lump of butter, nearly half a pound; you need not waste it afterwards. "You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs," said the Duke of Malakoff when he took the Tower; "You can't fry an omelette without melting butter," the

Doctor says. Keep your omelette stirring in the bowl, and as soon as the butter is hot and a little brown, pour it in. Then drive your locomotive gently; don't catch fire, and don't stick by the way at the edges. Ease it up all round with your slice, and keep it shifting from side to side, and backwards and forwards, just a little. It will soon be of a bright golden colour beneath, although you cannot see its under surface. It should now be as round as a full moon, and a little stiffer than a good firm custard. Put in the middle of it, with a spoon, a sufficient quantity of your warmed-up fish. Then double it in two, so as to make it into a half-moon. Leave it a few moments, to allow the two surfaces to unite at their edges. Remove it cleverly into your hot receiving dish with the oiled parsley and butter at the bottom, where it should present the inviting appearance of a plump, light, juicy, tender, long-shaped, savoury, semi-solid lump of delicacy.

Sweet Omelette, A. Beat up the eggs as for the Plain Omelette, previously adding to them finely minced lemon-peel and powdered lump-sugar. Fry, and serve on a hot dish, well dusted with powdered sugar. Then dust the omelette itself with sugar; set it under the salamander for a minute; or, for want of that, crisp its upper surface with a red-hot shovel; or score it in lines, herring-bone fashion, by a red-hot poker held close to it. This omelette may also be flavoured with orange-flower water, rose-water, noyau, &c.

Fruit-preserve Omelette. Proceed, as directed for the Sweet Omelette; only, before beating the eggs, add to

them a sufficiency of fruit-preserve or jam to give flavour without too much weakening the consistency. Finish off in the same way.

Strawberry Omelette. Beat up a dozen eggs, whites and yolks separately, frothing the whites as for the cold-fish omelette. But mix with the yolks, instead of salt, a bumping table-spoonful of pounded lump-sugar. Remember that, as pepper and salt give the tone to a savoury omelette, so sugar gives the tone to a preserve or fruit omelette. Fry and manipulate as with the Cold-Fish Omelette. At the proper time, put into it a liberal allowance—four bumping spoonfuls—of strawberry jam, in which the strawberries are whole. Let the jam lie a minute in the open omelette to get well warm through; then double the whole into a half-moon, keeping the jam well tucked up inside. Dish it; and dust it well at top with a snow-shower of the whitest sugar you have.

Rum Omelette. Beat a dozen eggs exactly as before, only putting an extra dose of sugar to the yolks. Fry, keeping it as light as possible; for *this* omelette ought to melt in the mouth, stimulate the stomach, and calm the nerves. Heat a deeper dish than the one used for the Strawberry Omelette. Warm cautiously in a pipkin a tumbler or a tumbler and half of the best old Jamaica rum until it is lukewarm. Double the omelette: dish it; dust thickly with sugar; slip it under the red-hot salamander, not too close to the iron, and watch. When the dust sugar is converted into an orange-brown crust of sugar-barley, it is done. Just outside the dining-

room door, pour the warm rum into the dish, set fire to it, and serve blazing.

Any one who has made and succeeded with the above, will have no difficulty in executing any other omelette from the mere indication of its contents. Omelettes may be made to enclose in their substance preserved ginger and candied citron-peel; bacon or ham cut small; cheese; bread cut into dice and fried; the same mixed with shreds of anchovy or Yarmouth bloaters; shrimps, prawns, or oysters; asparagus-tops, green peas, sorrel, and other vegetables, either singly or all mixed in a ragoût, then called *à la Jardinière*. A *macedoine*, or medley, of omelettes, consists in making—instead of one large omelette filled with one kind of preserve—several small ones, each containing a different kind of fruit-jam, and all served together on the same dish.

Sweet Omelette, B (English receipt). Beat up the yolks of four eggs with four spoonfuls of cream; sweeten to your taste with fine white sugar. Beat the whites to a strong froth; add them to the yolks, and mix well just before you are going to fry. When well set, lay on the sweetmeat, whatever it may be; such as preserved apricots, raspberry jam, or currant jelly. A large tablespoonful will be sufficient for an omelette of this size. It should be laid on in a lump rather than spread about. Fold one half of the omelette over the other, as if you were doubling a slice of bread-and-butter. Dust sugar over it, and send to table on a napkin. N.B. The quicker an omelette is made and cooked, the lighter it is sure to turn out. It should appear on the table the

instant after it is out of the pan; and it is better that the guests should wait two minutes for it, than it should wait half a minute for them.

Savoury Omelette (English). Beat the yolks of four eggs; add a little onion chopped very fine, and a little minced parsley. Beat the whites to a strong froth; mix all together; season with pepper and salt, and fry. Double it in two when nearly enough; give it another minute's frying, and serve on a hot dish, with a little good gravy poured over it.

Savoury omelettes, as has been suggested, may be varied to a great extent. They may be flavoured with different kinds of herbs, such as a few pinches of dried and powdered sage, or knotted marjoram and sweet basil, or chives and chervil minced exceedingly fine together, instead of onions and parsley. Or, leaving out the herbs entirely, the omelette may contain cold veal or other meat cut into dice. Minced meat is less commonly used than herbs, but is often convenient to make a change for persons who require a light, nutritious diet.

Omelette Soufflée. The success of this will mainly depend on the beating of the eggs, and the steady briskness of the oven. Separate the whites and yolks of half a dozen eggs. Flavour the yolks with orange-flower water, vanilla, or any thing else that is delicate; sweeten with sugar rubbed on the rind of a lemon; add a small teaspoonful of flour and a table-spoonful of cream, and beat all *well.* Next beat the whites to a froth, and mix the whole together lightly.

Have ready a deep, open dish buttered in the inside—a silver or plated one is the best, because the soufflée must be served in the dish in which it is cooked—pour in your omelette; set it in the oven immediately. When well raised and browned, it is ready, and must be instantly transferred to the dining-table, previously dusted with sugar, for you can *see* it fall with every moment's delay. Indeed, the grand merit of an omelette soufflée consists less in its flavour (which should be slight) than its hotness and puffy, swollen proportions. The Parisian restaurants require at least twenty minutes' notice before serving this particular dish.

Eggs à la Neige, or *Snowy Eggs.* Put a pint of milk into a wide, shallow stew-pan, with three ounces of lump-sugar. Flavour with vanilla, or with a dessert-spoonful of orange-flower water, or two dessert-spoonfuls of rose water. When on the point of boiling, set it aside on your cooking-stove, keeping it hot.

Take half a dozen eggs; put the whites into one bowl and the yolks into another. Sprinkle a little powdered lump-sugar on the whites, and beat them with a whisk (either of tinned iron wire or of white osier-twigs—even a fork will do) until they rise into a strong, stiff froth. It is with this froth that you are to make your snow. In summer, beat it in the coolest convenient place.

Have ready at hand (cold) the large flat porcelain dish in which your *Eggs à la Neige* are to be served.

Set your stew-pan with the milk on the fire again. When near the boiling point, throw into it, one by one, *large* table-spoonfuls of your frothed white of eggs. The

bigger you can make them, to keep together, the more effective will be the appearance of your dish. Turn them over in the hot milk with a ladle or fish-slice kept for the purpose, so as to cook their whole surface regularly throughout. When done, take up, and arrange them neatly on your porcelain dish, leaving small spaces between each lump or pile of snow.

Lastly, break up your yolks, diluting them with a spoonful or two of milk, and with them gradually thicken the milk remaining in your saucepan, stirring well to prevent knots, and not allowing it to boil, in order to avoid "quailing" and hardening of the yolk.

Pour this, not *over*, but *between* your lumps of snowy eggs, which should represent icebergs standing amidst a yellow sea. The whole, nicely executed, makes an ornamental sweet or supper dish, very agreeable to most palates, as well as light and easy of digestion. With care and neatness, it is not difficult to make, and is an elegant addition either to a third course or to a supper. A dozen eggs and half a pound of sugar are commonly used for a pint of milk.

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2. INDIGESTIBLE.

Eggs stuffed with Anchovies. Boil hard as many eggs as you want, not forgetting the American hint to boil them an hour. When cold and shelled, cut them in two in the direction of their length; take out the yolks, arrange the halved whites, with their hollows uppermost, on the dish on which they are to be served.

For each egg take one anchovy; scrape off the scales, and strip the flesh from the bones. Chop the flesh very small; mix it thoroughly with the egg-yolks crushed; put this mixture into a saucepan, with a lump of butter melted at the bottom, and stir till it has imbibed the butter. Fill the hollows of the whites of eggs with this mixture, and serve as hot as possible.

Some kind of sauce may be poured over the whole, such as Dutch Sauce, or Parsley and Butter.

Eggs stuffed with Parsley are prepared exactly as above, except that chopped parsley is substituted for the anchovies, and pepper and salt are added.

Eggs with Tomato Sauce, or White Sauce. Cut hard-boiled eggs into halves or quarters; arrange them on a dish, and pour over them Tomato Sauce, or White Sauce.

Eggs à l'Allemande—German fashion. Put a large tumbler of milk into a saucepan, with butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Give it a boil up, and then throw in hard eggs cut across in slices. Let them stew ten minutes, and serve.

Eggs à la Tripe—Tripe fashion. Fry chopped onions brown in butter and flour, and then dilute with a little good stock. When the onions are cooked, put in hard eggs cut in slices; let them *sauter;* season with pepper and salt and a dash of vinegar, and serve.

Curried Eggs. Fry sliced onions brown in butter, add a dust of flour, and dilute with stock.

Put into a basin a table-spoonful of curry-powder and a dessert-spoonful of arrowroot. Gradually stir into

this some milk or cream until it is of the thickness of batter. Work this up smoothly with the fried onions, regulating with stock the quantity and consistency of the whole. When all is nicely blended, warm up in it your hard-boiled eggs, which may be either whole, halved, quartered, or sliced. The best *appearance* will be given to the dish by a judicious proportion of all those forms. When they are nicely arranged or piled, the curry ragoût can be poured over them.

Curried eggs ought to be accompanied by a dish of boiled rice, if only to give the stomach something to feed upon.

Eggs à la Poulette. Put into a stew-pan a tumbler of milk, with a bit of butter, pepper and salt, and a little chopped parsley. Boil up, and, ten minutes before you want to serve, throw in hard eggs cut across in slices. A few button mushrooms are a nice addition; you may also put in from the first an onion or two, which you will take out before serving.

Take up the slices of egg with a spoon: arrange them on the dish; thicken the sauce with a dust of arrowroot, and pour it over them.

Eggs à la Maître d'Hotel, A. Cut hard eggs in quarters; arrange them in a dish that will stand the fire; put bits of butter amongst them here and there. Chop some parsley, with which may be mixed a small proportion of tarragon, chervil, or chives; sprinkle it over the eggs, with pepper and salt. Set the dish on the hot plate or in a gentle oven, till the butter is completely melted and warmed, and turn the eggs without breaking them.

Eggs à la Maître d'Hotel, B. Make a white roux, and cook in it some chopped onions, without letting them brown; or take some white sauce made of flour, milk, and butter, and cook the onions in that, seasoning with pepper and salt. Throw in a little fine-chopped parsley (let the sauce be quite hot when this is done); add a fresh lump of butter, and the juice of a lemon. When these are well blended, warm up in them the hard eggs cut in pieces, and serve as hot as possible.

Eggs à l'Aurore—Dagmar, or Daybreak Eggs; perhaps from their golden or orange-brown colour. Boil a dozen eggs hard; when cold, take off the shells, and cut them in halves. Take out the yolks, and pound them in a mortar with three raw yolks, and a quarter of a pound of butter; add pepper and salt, grated nutmeg, grated crumb of bread, and enough cream to moisten them.

Fill the empty whites of egg with this stuffing in such a way that the cut surface shall be entirely covered; butter the bottom of a dish that will stand the fire, and cover it with a thin layer of the stuffing; on this arrange your half-eggs, with the convex or round part downwards; heat up in a gentle oven, and colour the upper surface brightly under a salamander. You may encircle the dish, as garnishing, with little patties, small strips of toast, or fried parsley.

Eggs en Surprise—Eggs Surprised. Poach your eggs in water, without doing them hard; then let them steep for several hours in lemon-juice, salt, and chopped parsley.

When wanted, take them out to drain; dip them in

frying batter (p. 75); sprinkle them with stale bread-crumbs, crushed biscuit, or French roll-raspings; fry them two or three at a time in a deep pan with plenty of hot fat, till they are a light bright brown, and serve on a bed of fried parsley.

This dish, if carefully managed, need not be so very hard or indigestible; it is, moreover, convenient and nice-looking, *if* delicately executed.

Eggs au Surprise—Surprising Eggs. The number of eggs must depend on the size of your dish; a dozen will be enough for a party of eight or ten. Boil them hard, cut them in halves, take out the yolks, which pound in a mortar with a quarter of a pound of butter, cream, pepper and salt, grated nutmeg, a very few bread-crumbs, and two raw eggs.

Then pare out the insides of the whites, till they are as thin as they will hold together without breaking; save these parings. Fill half the number of the hollowed whites with the above prepared stuffing. Mix fine-chopped parsley with what remains, and with it fill the rest of the whites.

Chop the parings of the hollowed whites, and mix them with the remainder of the stuffing, which lay as a bed or a mound at the bottom of a metal or earthenware dish that will stand the fire.

Clap together, two by two, the differently stuffed half-eggs, making them apparently whole again; and arrange them symmetrically on the mound of stuffing. Set them into a gentle oven, and serve as soon as they are well hot through.

Egg Pies, Penitential, for Lent. Boil a dozen eggs hard, and chop them fine. Add to them about the same weight (in all) of butter, sugar, well-washed currants, and bread-crumbs. Moisten with white wine, and season with pounded cinnamon and mace. These Egg Pies may be made like mince pies, in larger or smaller patty-pans.

Egg Patties. Crush the yolks and mince the whites of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs. Mix these thoroughly with the crumb of a penny roll soaked in milk or cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, a table-spoonful of fine-chopped parsley, pepper and salt, or other spice to taste. Beat all these together till they form a tolerably liquid paste, which can be diluted with cream, if too stiff.

Put a sufficient quantity of this mixture into tartlets or patties made of puff-paste, and bake in a smart oven.

Hard Eggs in Clear Jelly. Common eggs, like those of the hen, will rarely be served with the honours of Jelly, which will be reserved for those of the Guinea fowl, the plover, the rook, the sea-gull, the water-hen, and such-like oval delicacies—the whites of several of which remain semi-transparent after boiling.

A clear jelly, rather highly seasoned, is made with calves' or pigs' feet. With this, a mould is partially filled; when cold, the hard eggs are arranged in the jelly, and more liquid jelly poured over them. If the mould be large enough, there may be two strata of eggs. Let stand (all night, or longer) till the jelly has got quite firm and cold. To turn it out, dip the mould for an instant into a bucket of hot water.

Hard Egg Sandwiches speak for themselves. The slices of egg may be seasoned with pepper and salt, and relieved with a slight spread of essence of anchovy. A few bits of cress (garden or water) will also help them. But, of all known sandwiches, those of hard egg are, perhaps, the worst—not even excepting the five-pound note which the sailor at Portsmouth ate between bread-and-butter.

X.

MADE DISHES.

A DISTINGUISHED French Ex-Officer of the Mouth has defined *Hors d'Œuvre* to be a kitchen term applied to every dish which people can do without, without injuriously affecting the service of a dinner. It is, in fact, *an unnecessary*. Cooks admit that you can dine without it quite as well; doctors may be inclined to think better.

The same may be said of Made Dishes (*Entrées*, as they are called, in the classical language of cookery); they are interludes, divertissements, between the serious acts of the real evening's performance. Those who are assembled with the full intention of mainly occupying themselves with *it*, will be wise in paying but slight attention to the charms of its minor accessories.

Nevertheless, Made Dishes are valuable as a means of enabling cooked food to reappear in a novel and economical form; they will often serve as *the basis* of a dinner, on quiet family occasions, hasty visits, friendly and unceremonious meetings, and, above all, for invalids, sedentary people, and patients recovering from a sharp stroke of illness. Large joints, cut-and-come-again pieces, are quite inappropriate to set before *them;* they want something light and tasty, which shall excite them

to eat *a little*, without making them feel afterwards as if they had eaten too much. For it cannot be too often repeated, that the benefit derived from food depends not so much on the *quantity* of nutriment it contains, as on the facility with which that nutriment is digested. Take Beef Tea, for instance; the weight and bulk of the aliment we are able to find in it is very small indeed, and yet, because it is *easily* assimilated, patients gain strength by taking it, who would be thrown back on their bed of sickness by an equal dose of strong Mock-Turtle or Ox-Tail Soup, containing twenty times the amount of nutritive matters.

The present chapter will not contain a long list of Made Dishes, because they will be found scattered up and down the work, under the heads of the elements of which they are principally composed. A few, however, which bear the mark of their own special individuality, must be given, if only to show what may be done in this line—for every body seems to like Made Dishes, nicely prepared. From the weekly Scrap-and-Bone Pie at boarding-school, to the elegant French kickshaws *à la Something-or-other*, the seasoning and the stewing transmutes offal into delicacies; it is *the sauce* which causes the coarse fish to be eaten. As the Cardinal said, when afterwards told that he had eaten a bit of rope, believing it lamprey: "Never mind; it's all one to me. With the same sauce, I'd eat another."

In proof of the favour and popularity which Made Dishes deservedly enjoy, we have only to adduce the fact that many of them are also National Dishes, the

habitual fare of millions of men. Witness the Irish Stews; the Scotch Brose; Sheep's Head and Trotters, and Haggis; the Olla Podridas of Spain; the Curries of India, and numerous others.

The *Pillaw*, for instance, is the national dish of the Persian, whom the *Quarterly Review* considers the Frenchman of the East, as far as cookery is concerned. Nor is it surprising that he should succeed in this art, when princesses study it, and are in the habit of bestowing upon favoured guests the triumphs of their skill.

The Persian Pillaw is a dish of world-wide reputation; even their bitterest enemies, the Osmanli, admit its merit. It is simply a dish of boiled rice, over which is poured melted butter or fat ("chillaw" is rice boiled simply), eaten with some preparation of meat or vegetables. Consequently, the variety of pillaws is great; but the art—and one hitherto unattained, we are told, by either Turkish or European skill—consists in the boiling of the rice and the mixture of the melted butter. The process is probably as simple as that of boiling a plum-pudding—a secret which, somehow or another, does not appear to have been widely divulged on the other side of the Channel. Some French pastry-cooks still obstinately insist that *baked* plum-pudding is *the* right thing.

In the dinners of the more refined inhabitants of Persian towns, a great variety of excellent stews, seasoned with sauces (amongst which is a delicious preparation of the juice of the pomegranate), accompany the boiled rice, served, however, to the guests on separate

plates. The tribes and the poorer classes content themselves with meat or fowls, plainly boiled, and placed in the centre of the steaming pillaw. Sometimes, on great occasions, almonds and raisins are mixed with the rice. The chiefs have huge platters, which two men can scarcely carry, in which the lamb, roasted whole, rests on a bed of pillaw. This is a festive dish, when the reception-hall is full of honoured guests. Sometimes, a monumental pillaw, of prodigious proportions, is brought into the room, and set before the guests by half a dozen men. In the centre of a mountain of rice, stained a bright yellow by saffron, is a sheep, roasted whole. The pillaw itself is a blaze of light, thrown out by little wicks of cotton, floating in melted butter, contained in half-oranges, with their inside scooped out. This is considered a triumph of cookery.

Pillaw, of more modest and possible proportions than the above. Cut up a pound of breast of mutton into small pieces, and a quarter of a pound of fat bacon into dice. Brown them in a stew-pan in fresh butter, and then add gradually a quart of water; let it stew until the mutton is half done. Then add a quarter of a pound of well-washed rice, that has been previously steeped, with pepper, salt, cayenne, and bouquet complete. Let all simmer together gently, until the rice is tender, and your ragoût thick enough to allow of its being piled on the dish in a heap.

Surround this central pyramid of pillaw with several small ones, containing different kinds of meats (as fowl, pork, duck, veal), and diversely coloured; yellow, with

saffron or turmeric; green, with spinach-juice; and red, with cochineal or beetroot-juice.

Turkish Pillaw, with Meat. Take one measure of rice (well washed in tepid water), and three measures of good broth; set them over a brisk fire, in a stew-pan with a close-fitting lid. When it begins to boil, steep two or three threads of saffron (*very* little suffices to give as much flavour as English palates can bear) in a teacupful of warm broth; when well infused, pour it into your stew-pan, and let all boil, closely covered.

When the rice is cooked, spread it on the dish. On this, lay a stratum of ragoût of any meat, or fowl, or game, you have. Cover with a stratum of plain-boiled rice, and pour over the whole a table-spoonful of fresh butter, oiled.

Meager Pillaw. To one measure of well-washed rice, put three measures of water, with a pinch of salt. Omit the saffron, and boil till enough. Strain the rice, and spread it on the dish. On this, lay a stratum of mixed vegetables (whatever is in season), made into a ragoût, thickened with egg-yolk, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and cayenne. Cover with a stratum of plain-boiled rice, into which thrust five bits of butter as big as filberts. Glaze the top with white of egg; set the dish in a brisk oven a few minutes, and serve.

Vol-au-Vent. The best way is to procure the standing puff-crust from a pastry-cook, making its intended contents at home. For, even if the cook succeed perfectly with her puff-paste, it is not every private family who possess an oven suitable for baking it well.

Bakers' ovens glow with an equal heat; whereas cooking-stove and iron ovens give out more heat on one side than on the other; so that, even by frequent turning, it requires great care to make the crust rise equally.

Making the crust of the Vol-au-Vent is one of the things which require to be *seen* done. It is thus performed. Roll out the lightest possible puff-paste to three-quarters of, or one inch in thickness. Lay it on an iron oven-plate. A saucepan-lid will serve to cut out the required circle. Trim away the rest of the paste, which will serve for patties or garnishing. Trace, with a knife heated in hot water (to prevent the paste from sticking to it), a smaller inner circle within it, to form the lid of the Vol-au-Vent, leaving an edge about an inch broad, and making your knife penetrate to nearly half the thickness of the paste. The surface of the whole may be glazed with egg, or otherwise decorated. Put into a brisk oven; when, if the puff-paste has been well made, the whole ought to rise to the height of three or four inches. When well risen, and of a nice light brown, take out, lift the cover immediately, and with your knife remove the underdone paste or crumb within, leaving the hollow which is to receive your ragoût, and taking care not to make any leaks in it. But to accomplish this well is one of the nicest operations in pastry-cooking.

Patties, or *Petits Patés*, of whatever kind, have their crust made in the same way as that for Vols-au-Vent, only on a smaller scale. A number of them may be baked at once on the same iron plate, placing them so

as not to touch each other. When hollowed out, they are filled with diverse contents; so forming oyster, lobster, minced-veal, minced-fowl, hare, and a variety of other patties.

As a Vol-au-Vent may be made of *any thing*, and *must* contain a variety of ingredients, most of which require previous preparation, it is an economical way of producing, in an elegant form, many little remnants which would otherwise be wasted. The housekeeper, on looking over the contents of her store-room, can often out of them *compose* an original Vol-au-Vent. There is scope for her inventive genius. Bits of cold fowl, pigeon, meat, game, and forcemeat; unused oyster, caper, shrimp, or anchovy sauce, &c. &c., will, with judicious additions, costing little, and a well-made, tastefully flavoured sauce, constitute a dish pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate. You may thus turn to a useful purpose delicate joints of poultry, brains, bits of veal; the livers of chicken, ducks, or geese; cocks'-combs and kidneys; morsels of rabbit; small birds, as larks; portions of sausage, stuffing, quenelles, boudins, and balls of fried mincemeat; — any thing, in short, which you have at hand. Meat Vols-au-Vent may have their character varied by a *slight* predominance of mushroom or walnut ketchup; Harvey's, Worcestershire, Reading, or other popular sauce; truffles, lemon-peel, or even a dash of curry powder.

Again: Vols-au-Vent of Fish are excellent, being moreover serviceable for meager days. That of *Shrimps* is one of the best. But cold cod, cods' sounds and

tongues, flakes of turbot, fillets of soles, pieces of eel, cockles, mussels, lobster, crayfish, crab, scallops, &c. &c., will come in usefully. Meagre Vols-au-Vent may be made to differ from each other by a slightly prevailing flavour of parsley, or of mustard and vinegar, of oysters, eels, or anchovy, the sauce in all cases retaining its richness and smoothness.

To almost any Vol-au-Vent you may add either oysters or mushrooms, or both. A few olives improve the more high flavoured. As an example of the general mode of proceeding, we give:

Vol-au-Vent of Sweetbreads and Oysters. A fine Sweetbread will make enough for from ten to twelve persons. The ragoût, when finished, may be divided between *two* Vols-au-Vent (as they are never made large), or saved till another day.

Procure the Sweetbreads as fresh as possible; if the same day on which the calf is slaughtered, so much the better. Put them immediately into cold water, where let them lie half an hour or so, to cleanse and whiten. Then throw them into boiling water, with a dessert-spoonful of salt thrown into it. Let them boil galloping, well covered with the water, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, according to size, until they are enough, not too much, cooked. Take out, drain, let cool, and set aside in meat-safe or larder. They are now ready to be employed in any of the ways in which sweetbreads are served.

For your Vol-au-Vent, then, take your cold sweetbread, prepared as above directed. Cut it into

dice, which you are to salt, pepper, and dredge with flour.

Have ready-opened in a basin two or three dozen oysters, according to size, with their beards on, and all their liquor; also a small teacupful of button mushrooms; also the flesh of two dozen olives, pared as you would pare an orange all in one piece, only as thick as possible, and close to the kernel; which kernels you throw away.

Into your stew-pan put a quarter of a pound of butter; melt it; add a good table-spoonful of flour, stirring well, and pouring in stock gradually, until your sauce attains a creamy consistency. Season with salt, pepper, or cayenne, and a *very little* dust of nutmeg.

Put in your sweetbreads, stirring continually, for fear of their burning or browning. When thoroughly heated and done enough, add, one after the other, your oysters, mushrooms, and olives, a glass of madeira, marsala, or sherry, and a table-spoonful of tarragon or other aromatised vinegar. Stir and heat up again, taking great care not to let it boil. Taste if sufficiently highly seasoned, and serve in the Vol-au-Vent crust, after gently warming it.

Many people like Vols-au-Vent quite as well cold as hot, or even better, as being less rich. Cold Vol-au-Vent makes a nice supper dish, and is just as produceable as cold oyster patties or cold veal pie.

Although we are not yet treating of *Sweet* Dishes, it is still an appropriate opportunity to mention a very agreeable and elegant variety of the above; namely,

Vols-au-Vent, with Fruit (Alexis Soyer). These are generally used for the second course, and do not require to be so high as the others, especially as the fruit ought to be dressed in the form of a pyramid. If the puff-paste, of which they are to be formed, be cut about three quarters of an inch in thickness, it will be enough. When nearly baked, sift some powdered sugar over them, and put them back in the oven to glaze; if not hot enough, use the salamander. Remove the interior, as for savoury Vols-au-Vent, taking care not to make a hole in the bottom or sides. Fill with any kind of fruit you like; but never mix two kinds together, except currant and raspberry.

Sweet Vol-au-Vent, with Rhubarb (Idem). In the spring of the year, this makes a very inviting and wholesome dish, and its qualities purify the blood, which the winter's food has rendered gross.

Cut about twelve sticks of rhubarb into lengths of one inch; put them in a stew-pan holding about two quarts; put over them a quarter of a pound of sugar and a table-spoonful of water. Then set the stew-pan on a brisk fire, stirring well, to prevent browning and consequent loss of flavour. The rhubarb will take but a few minutes to do. When tender, put it in a basin to cool. A few minutes before serving, fill the Vol-au-Vent with it, and serve cold.

Sweet Vol-au-Vent, with Green Gooseberries (Idem). A quart of green gooseberries, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a table-spoonful of water. Put on the fire, and move it about

for ten minutes, or until tender, and forming a thick green marmalade. Put it in a basin till cold; serve in a pyramid in the Vol-au-Vent. A little thick syrup, if handy, improves the appearance.

The same idea may be carried out with cherries (stoned and stewed), apples (quartered and stewed), and strawberries (sugared and uncooked).

Chicken or Rabbit Curry. Cut up the chicken or rabbit, raw, into small joints, fit for serving with a spoon. Brown them in a frying-pan, with sliced onions and butter. When half cooked, put them in a stew-pan, cover them with stock or good brown gravy, and let them simmer until tender. Rub smooth a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of flour, an ounce of butter, two table-spoonfuls of cream, and add it to the stew. Salt to your taste. Arrange the meat in the middle of your dish, and pour the gravy over it.

You may make a curry of *any thing*, fish or flesh; and the better the material employed, the better the curry. For instance, pheasant curry and lobster curry are excellent. *Cold* meat, or fish, for curry, need not be fried, but the onions must.

Boiled rice is mostly served with curry. A common practice is to pile the rice round the dish, and put the curry in the middle. The correct way is to serve them on separate dishes. Each guest then takes what he chooses of each.

Boiled Rice, to be served with Curry. Wash the rice well in two different waters, and throw it into plenty of boiling water, with just a grain of salt in it.

When nearly done (in twelve or fourteen minutes), drain off the water; set it on the side of the stove, with the lid aslant, so as to allow the moisture to evaporate, shaking it up from time to time. The cooking of the rice will thus be finished in its own vapour, and burning (which would spoil both taste and colour) will be avoided. Rice for curries should not be in a mash, but have every grain dry and separate.

Curried Pheasant or Partridges. Cut up the birds into exactly such joints as you would serve at table. Half fry them in butter to a nice brown, together with three or four sliced onions.

Work a lump of butter with a table-spoonful of flour, and the same quantity of curry powder; put it in your stew-pan with a pint of good stock, and stir well till all is smooth.

Pare and core two or three apples; chop them fine; add to them an equal quantity of chopped heart of cabbage, one pickled capsicum minced fine, the juice of a lemon, and a little salt. Put these into your sauce, together with the fried game and a coffee-cupful of cream. Simmer till all is tender, with frequent stirrings. When the meat is done, take it out with a spoon, and arrange it on your dish. Let the sauce boil up, to reduce it if necessary, and pour it boiling hot over the joints of game.

Curries in general. Cut up into joints any fowl, rabbit, or game, you may want to curry; meat or fish, into suitable pieces.

Put four ounces of butter into a stew-pan; when it

is melted, put in the meat or fish, with a couple of sliced onions. Set your stew-pan over a brisk fire till they are nicely browned. Then stir in half a pint of broth, and let all simmer for twenty minutes.

Put into a basin one table-spoonful of curry powder, the same of flour, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these smooth with a little cold water; then put them into the stew-pan, and shake all well together, until your curry begins to boil. Take it off the fire, and let it simmer at the side for another twenty minutes longer. Then add the juice of half a lemon and a table-spoonful of melted butter. Give a final stir up, and serve hot, *accompanied*, not surrounded, by boiled rice.

In all curries, the quantity of curry powder used must depend, first, upon its age and strength; and, secondly, on the degree of spiciness desired. Many persons who are fond of curry find it disagree with them when made *too* hot. In preparing these highly seasoned dishes, the cook should never forget that a curry is one thing and a devil another.

Molé, a *Mexican Ragoût*. Take half a turkey, and cut it in pieces of the same size as if for a curry; put it in a stew-pan with just enough broth to stew it in, seasoning it with pepper and salt. When tender, take it out and strain the gravy.

Make a purée of three or four tomatoes (an equal quantity of bottled tomato sauce will serve the purpose), and mix with it a couple of pickled capsicums pounded in a mortar.

Return gravy, tomatoes, capsicums, and meat to the

stew-pan, putting in with them a clove of garlic split in two, and let all simmer gently together for a little while. The sauce is usually rather liquid, having nothing to thicken it except the tomatoes. At serving, sprinkle over it a slight dust of coriander seed ground like pepper.

Rabbit en Gibelotte, Fricasseed. Cut some fat bacon into small dice; brown them in your stew-pan with a good lump of butter. Take them out of the stew-pan, and put in your rabbit cut up into joints. When that also is nicely browned, put back the bacon. Add a little flour; moisten with broth and a glass of white wine (or red); season with pepper, salt, small onions, mushrooms, and a bouquet complete. Serve with toasts or fried bread laid round the dish.

This receipt is for a *brown* fricassee; and is applicable to many other things, such as ducks, chicken, cutlets, &c.

White Fricassees are mostly made in the way directed for *à la Poulette* (which see).

Rabbit à la Jardinière—Gardeners' way. Cut up a rabbit into joints. Put it into your stew-pan with onions, carrots, green peas, turnips, potatoes, beans, a little celery, bouquet complete, pepper and salt. Fill up your stew-pan with broth; and if you have any good roast veal or beef gravy, add it to the stew in preference to using butter.

Let all simmer together till the rabbit is tender; then take it out and arrange it on your dish. Mash the vegetables together into a purée, and squeeze them

through a cullender. Fry thin slices of delicate white bacon; lay them round the rabbit on your dish. Heat up the purée of vegetables in your stew-pan, and pour it over the rabbit.

N.B. There are *two* ways of serving things (and almost any kind of meat may be so dressed) *à la Jardinière*—a term which explains itself, as implying a liberal use of vegetables: First, the vegetables may be crushed and combined together into a purée, as above; or, secondly, they may be left *whole*, after stewing with the meat, and neatly arranged around and about it, when the meat is served on the dish. This second mode is that usually employed with steaks and cutlets *à la Jardinière*, and is preferred by many. The great variety of vegetables gives a tasteful appearance to dishes so dressed; it has also the advantage of being less troublesome (not requiring the vegetables to be mashed), and consequently more expeditious. Roots, such as carrots and turnips, may be cut into slices, slips, or ornamental shapes punched out with a stamp. *Any* vegetables which the season, or the Gardener's resources, can supply, may be used; *only*, those which would discolour the stew, or communicate to it a bitter flavour (as artichokes and Windsor beans), must be boiled separately, and added afterwards. Potatoes also are best cooked separately.

XI.

BEEF.

THE Railways are reducing every thing to the same level. Formerly, to eat first-rate beef, you had to go to London, where it used to be far better than in its native place, in the immediate neighbourhood of the pastures where it was bred and fattened. Now, people complain, London beef is no longer what it was, beef being every where pretty much alike.

The reason of this is, that beef is a meat which is improved by travelling, *while alive*. Like East-India madeira, it is the better for the journey; only, in the case of the bullock, it must be performed on foot. A moderate degree of fatigue, not amounting to exhaustion, causes the fat to incorporate more intimately with the lean, and the muscle itself to become more tender. Such meat acquired a softer, marrow-like consistency, and was doubtless more digestible than the robust, hard-fibred flesh which reaches Town, without the slightest exertion, by rail. Such is the fact, and it is no use to complain of it. It is one little item in the irresistible course of events, to which we must all of us submit. The cook must make up as well as she can for the ameliorating effects which pedestrian travel once produced in oxen.

Beef is *perhaps* the most nutritious of butchers' meat, mutton claiming equality with it in this respect; but it certainly is not the most digestible, and must therefore be partaken of with considerable caution. None but persons in robust health, taking plenty of air and exercise, may *satisfy* their appetite with beef, without risking unpleasant consequences. This, however, does not debar weak stomachs from tasting it in moderation, now and then,—not making it the staple of a meal, but diluting it, as it were, both with thorough cookery and lighter viands. It is often also the *frequency* with which some particular kinds of food are taken which causes them to disagree. People who can eat roast beef for dinner once a week with impunity, may have their digestive organs over-taxed by its being served to them three or four times—as is the case with families who roast lumps of beef big enough to carry them through the greater part of the week. They may eat pickle with it, cold, and spices with it, hashed; there it is still—beef, beef, beef, in substance; and all the more dangerous because good beef *is very* good.

Many modes of poisoning (as those by emetics) are effected by simply deranging the functions of the stomach. A continued course of indigestible meats is only another form of true slow poisoning. If you can digest beef easily, eat it freely; if you cannot—do as you please, and afterwards sing or sigh, "Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England!"

Beef, nevertheless, is a noble viand, of world-wide utility, as well as of heroic proportions. It is not the

Ox's fault, but our misfortune and loss, if the effects of our modern civilised life—from which not even Royal Beefeaters are exempt—often compel us to regard him with a cautious, even when with a covetous eye. The well-kept Sirloin, roasted to a turn (that is, rosy inside and full of gravy), accompanied by a stimulating sauce—horse-radish or anchovy—is the very dish to set, in winter time, before a numerous and hungry party. The boiled Round, salted and saltpetred to a day, is an admirable and monumental joint, worthy to be sent to any International Exhibition or Exposition whatsoever, especially if surrounded by bastions of vegetables—carrots, turnips, potatoes, and cabbages, disposed in pleasing alternation.

Beef renders good service by its mere appendages. The tail makes a delicious stew or ragoût; its palate affords an excellent and delicate side-dish; the fillet, or "roll," of the loin, sliced artistically thin, laid a few minutes on the gridiron, and served on a hot dish, with no other seasoning than a bit of fresh butter rolled in fine-chopped parsley, constitutes the wonder which the epicurean lights of other days called (after its English inventors) a *Beef's Teak*, stating that it formed the principal dish at their dinners, and that it was worth braving the voyage across the Channel to taste it. And for Soup? How, without Beef, should we manage for Soup?

Roast Beef. Begin by hanging it at a distance from the fire, bringing it nearer when about half or three-parts done. For the *time* of roasting, the general and

approximate rule is, a quarter of an hour for each pound of meat; but much will depend on the brightness and also *the mass* of the fire, the weather, and other circumstances. Continual basting must be observed from the beginning to the end of the operation; dredging with flour is a matter of choice.

Ribs of Beef may be boned (the butcher will mostly save the cook this trouble), rolled, tied round with a string, and so roasted in a solid lump; which is convenient for carving, and also more presentable cold: but it is questionable whether boned joints of meat are quite so juicy and succulent as those in which the bones are allowed to remain. In the former case, however, the bones render service by helping to make stock-broth.

The Loin may be disposed of in various ways, or roasted whole, in its natural state. The Fillet, taken out, makes the tenderest of all beef-steaks; marinaded, and then either roasted or sautéd, it affords a delicious little dish—the very thing for a very small party or a convalescent's dinner. With the Fillet removed, the upper part of the loin may be either boned, rolled, and roasted, like the ribs, or *stewed* whole, with the bones left in it, with carrots, turnips, onions, and a variety of other vegetables, *à la Jardinière*, and seasoned with whole cloves and peppercorns. Any other joint of beef, *Shin*, *Rump*, &c., is stewed in the same way, the only difference being a question of time, as the sinewy parts take considerably longer than those which consist merely of muscular flesh. Stewed Beef affords the convenience of being just as good warmed up again next day, which

also affords the opportunity of completely removing the grease from the gravy. On the first day of serving, for those who object to too much fat or richness in the gravy, when the beef is done, put it in the middle of its dish (made quite hot); arrange the vegetables around it; and then, into the gravy remaining in the stew-pan, gradually stir a dessert-spoonful or so of flour, adding a good table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, and half a wine-glass of red wine. Let it boil; pass it through a cullender, if at all knotty; and pour over the stewed beef and vegetables.

N.B. A metal or earthenware cullender or strainer is preferable to a tammy or sieve for all these purposes. Cullenders and strainers are made pierced with holes of all sizes up to the extreme of fineness. Metal and earthenware are easily cleaned and kept clean; it is the kitchen-maid's fault if the flavour or smell of the things they have strained adheres to them afterwards: whereas horse-hair and linen sieves are more difficult to cleanse, are apt to get mouldy if neglected for a day or two, and are even affected by moisture in the air when the weather is unusually moist or changeable.

Boiled Beef, Salted. All meat takes salt faster in warm weather than in cold. Tastes vary as to the degree of saltness desirable in meats, but moderately salted meat is both more nutritious and more digestible than that which is very salt. When meat has to be preserved for long periods, or dried or smoked, of course the salting *must* be carried to a degree sufficient to effect its preservation.

For private families, beef will be quite enough salted in from four days to a week. First rub it with pounded saltpetre, to give the scarlet tinge to the inside. Too much must not be used, for fear of turning the meat hard: half an ounce will do for a joint of from seven to eight pounds. Then lay the beef in your salting-pan, and cover it completely with common salt well heaped over it. Turn the meat every day, and ladle it with the brine which forms in the dish. Beef so salted is more delicate than when *plunged* into a ready-made brine; which, however, has its advantages when *several* pieces are salted at once, as well as in hot weather, when flies are troublesome. The addition of sugar for salting beef is a matter of taste; it is usually reserved for meat intended to be dried, hung, or smoked. Miss Acton very correctly observes: "Saltpetre hardens and renders the meat indigestible; sugar, on the contrary, mellows and improves it much." The one flatters the eye; the other suits the stomach.

To Pickle Beef in Brine. To three gallons of spring water add six pounds of common salt, two pounds of bay-salt, two pounds of common loaf-sugar, and two ounces of saltpetre. Boil these over a gentle fire, take off the scum as it rises, and let it stand till quite cold before you put your beef in. The beef should be previously rubbed with salt, and allowed to drain for a day or two, in order to draw the blood out of it, before putting it into the pickle.

Hunter's Beef. For a *large* round of beef, of from thirty to forty pounds, take a quarter of a pound of

ground allspice, a little bruised mace, a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, and two pounds of common salt. Mix these ingredients together, and with them rub the beef well twice a day for ten days. Then get three pounds of good beef-dripping, and lay it over the round of beef, covering the whole with a thick paste made of flour and water. Then put it into a very slow oven to bake for seven or eight hours. It must not be cut up until cold. By leaving the crust of paste sticking round it, it will keep good for two or three months if carefully protected from flies and damp.

Beef may be *salted in a hurry* in twenty-four hours, or in a night and morning, thus:

Take a large shallow dish; fill it with water, and lay over it three or four cross sticks. On these place your piece of beef, whose upper and under surfaces should be flat. On the beef pile as much salt as it will carry. The vapour from the water, caught by the salt, will form a concentrated brine, which, trickling down, will rapidly penetrate the meat. If during the time allowed you can turn the meat, applying the salt to the other side also, it will still further hasten the process.

Salt Beef must be set on with the water cold, if it is wished to be tender and to swell in the boiling. Fresh-salted beef may be rinsed, or only wiped; long-salted beef requires steeping in fresh water for a time varying with its condition. Sailors' salt beef is sometimes unsalted by steeping *in the sea*, showing how completely it must have been saturated by the pickle.

Carrots, turnips, and parsnips may be boiled together

with the beef (putting them in when the water boils); French cooks would allow cabbages also to join company with the above. The vegetables can either garnish the beef on its dish, or be served separately (chopped or mashed) in vegetable-dishes, or both.

Beef must be very slightly salted indeed to make the boilings desirable to use for soup. They are usually employed for pease soup; but it is sometimes an economy of the pocket at the expense of the stomach.

Rolled Beef. Take a slice of lean beef weighing a pound, and a similar slice of leg of veal. These slices should be cut *across* the fibre of the muscle, and be about half an inch in thickness.

Then take half a pound of fresh sausage-meat, as much grated bread-crumbs as will fill an egg-shell, soaked in milk; mix these thoroughly together with a beat-up egg.

Sprinkle both the slices of meat with pepper and salt, and spread over them equally the sausage-meat, &c. Then roll up first the beef, beginning at one end, exactly as you would a roly-poly pudding; then roll the slice of veal and its stuffing over the rolled-up beef. Tie all together tightly with string. The beef is put *inside*, because it may be eaten more underdone than veal.

Put the rolled meat into a stew-pan with a lump of butter; when it is nicely browned outside, moisten with stock enough to cook it in. Let it stew for an hour and a half or an hour and three quarters, turning it from time to time.

When done, place the rolled meat in its dish.

Thicken the sauce with arrowroot, adding lemon-juice, mushrooms, and chopped parsley. Boil up, and pour it over the meat.

Bouilli—Boiled Beef, Unsalted (French), from which the day's soup has been made, is served immediately after the soup, accompanied by the vegetables which have flavoured it, and is eaten with mustard and pickled gherkins. The *Ancien Régime* treated this dish with so much respect, that etiquette prohibited your asking for *du bouilli;* the rule was, to request a piece of Beef, *du bœuf.*

English palates despise this insipid, unsalted beef, boiled almost to shreds. They reject it as good for nothing, innutritious. In fact, not a little soup-meat in England is thrown out-of-doors, or given to the dogs. Poor people would be affronted by its being offered to them as a gift. They are wrong; for boiled meat, even when over-done, still contains many alimentary elements. *Some* of its gelatine and fat and gravy certainly have been abstracted; but by no means all. And such meat has the great advantage of being *light and digestible.* It is clean gone and forgotten, perhaps for hours, when the same quantity of underdone roast meat would still weigh heavily on the labouring stomach. The results are a matter of calculation. Suppose that boiled meat—French *Bouilli,* for instance—contains only half the nutriment of roast meat; and that our digestive apparatus, the stomach, is able to assimilate, with ease, a certain quantity of boiled, in the same time that it would reduce, with difficulty, half that quantity of roast, meat, it is clear that

the amount of nutriment extracted would be the same, with less fatigue to the organ in the case of boiled meat. Now, if it be imprudent to over-task *any* of our organs, it is certainly imprudent to over-work the stomach.

By serving both boiled and roast at a meal, the former serves as light filling-up stuff, as wadding, as package (in itself no worthless material), to prevent the vessel's taking in too heavy a ballast of roast. Why, the Doctor himself, though blessed with a model stomach, cannot commit the imprudence of dining heartily—as he always dines—off roast beef and potatoes only, followed by a bit of cheese, without feeling a heaviness, a tendency to indigestion, which he is tempted to throw off by the second imprudence of taking an extra glass of wine. Boiled meats, therefore—even for the healthy, and still more for the sedentary and the convalescent—are analagous in their effects to bread; they fill without repletion, and satisfy without fatigue. Bread itself does the same.

"Why do you eat such a quantity of bread?" the Doctor once inquired of a French out-door labourer.

"The reason is plain," he answered, with a laugh, "if Monsieur will only reflect a moment. Monsieur's horse is very fond of oats; but Monsieur does not feed him entirely on oats. When he has had enough of that, he is obliged to content himself, for the rest of the day, with straw. Monsieur will understand that meat is my oats. I can't afford to live on meat alone; and it might not be good for me if I could. So I make up the rest with bread: bread is my straw."

Beef à la Mode (French). Take any fleshy piece of

beef; remove the bone; lard (prick) it all over with unsmoked bacon, and dust it with finely minced parsley and chives, salt, ground pepper, and other spices. Take a saucepan, into which put a small quantity of ordinary white wine (good cider does well as a substitute), bacon cut small into dice, shallots minced fine, small onions whole, slices of carrot, peppercorns, and a little salt. Lay your beef upon these ingredients: cover the stew-pan close, and put it over a slow fire. Make it simmer gently for five or six hours, and then serve your beef with all its accompaniments and seasonings.

Beef-steaks, French—Bifteks, as they call them. For this purpose, French butchers (in the capital and the larger cities) cut out the whole of the fillet or "roll" of the sirloin, and sell it to restaurants and hotel-keepers at a very high price.

Cut your steak across the fillet, somewhat more than an inch thick. It will be *nearly* circular in form. Make it as much so as you can, by paring off the fibres and loose pieces, leaving as much fat as possible. Flatten it on a block by a blow or two of the flat side of your meat-chopper, or a wooden beater kept for the purpose, till it is reduced to at least half its original thickness. Dip it in tepid butter; dust it over with pepper and salt; and grill it on a gridiron over a brisk charcoal fire, turning it continually. Serve it rather underdone, and full of gravy, on a hot dish, in the middle of which you have laid a piece of butter sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Beef-steaks dressed in the foregoing way are also

served garnished with fried potatoes; or with water-cresses, seasoned with pepper, salt, and vinegar; or with brown mushroom sauce.

This *French Biftek*, which is really both delicious and digestible, is not frequently served in England; because our butchers cannot be expected to make their sirloins unsaleable by robbing them of the fillet. We give the receipt, mainly because it is an excellent restorative for convalescents; and few families will mind sacrificing the appearance of a joint for once, or even for twice, when the health of one of their members requires it,—especially as we have indicated ways of utilising the rest of the sirloin.

Dr. Marigold's Beef-steak Pudding for One. Quantity of Beef-steak arbitrary, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It is a pudding to put a man in good humour with every thing, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat.—*Charles Dickens.*

Rump-steak, Broiled or Fried. No one who has tasted a tender Rump-steak, grilled over a charcoal fire, will ever eat a fried one if he can help it; but, in a land of coal, there is often no choice in the matter.

The meat for this should hang (in the joint) as long as possible; never less than a week, weather permitting. In summer, it must be made tender by beating. Cut it not more than three-quarters of an inch thick. It is a matter of taste and convenience whether to cook it entire in its length, or to divide it into several shorter pieces. For two or three persons, quite a small quantity suffices;

and it is better to make several cookings than to have steak left cold.

Rump-steak, whether fried or broiled, should be done *quickly* over a brisk fire. Broiled steak will require no sauce except a slight sprinkling of chopped parsley, a bit of butter in the dish, and perhaps a dessert-spoonful of mushroom ketchup poured over it at serving. Fried steak may be accompanied by brown mushroom sauce, or by oyster sauce, heightened by a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy and a shred of horse-radish.

Stewed Rump-steak. At the bottom of a stew-pan put a layer of sliced carrots, onions, and any other vegetables to taste, together with a bouquet complete. Moisten with just enough stock to keep them from burning. On these lay your steaks; cover close with the lid, and let them stew very slowly for several hours, until quite tender; stirring occasionally, to make sure that nothing sticks to the bottom. You may serve the gravy with it, either just as it comes from the stew-pan, or you may treat it as directed for stewing the loin.

Beef-steak Pie. Invert a cupful of highly seasoned stock in the middle of your pie-dish. Cut the steaks into pieces of convenient size for serving to each person, or less than that rather than larger. Dust them on each side with flour, pepper, and salt. Arrange them in the dish, intermingling with them a small proportion of fat. A few pieces of veal, with two or three hard-boiled eggs in quarters, make an agreeable variety in the contents of the pie. Pour over these a little well-seasoned stock, cover with a good stout crust, and bake thoroughly.

Beef-steak pie is best hot; but is often convenient cold for travelling and excursions.

A pie composed of beef-steak only is almost too solid a dish for ordinary appetites; but any pie composed of meat, fowl, or game, is the better for having a layer of beaf-steak at the bottom, on which the other ingredients are afterwards placed. The bottom of the pie-dish being in contact with the floor of the oven, the steak acts as a non-conductor, and intercepts the heat which might otherwise over-cook the tenderer meats; it likewise enriches the gravy.

Stewed Ox-cheek. An economical and wholesome winter dish, and a great favourite with many persons.

The fresher your ox-cheek is, the better. Get the butcher to remove the eye, the bones of the jaws, and as much of the internal cartilage of the nostrils as possible. Wash it well; let it steep all night in salt-and-water, to draw away the blood, &c.; wash it again next morning, and let it drain an hour or two, either hung up or on a dish.

Ox-cheek takes a deal of cooking; you may, therefore, without the slightest sacrifice of nutriment, treat it as directed in the boiling of a Calf's Head for Mock-Turtle Soup (p. 147), *i. e. change* the water soon after it has boiled up and been well skimmed. The ox-cheek soup will thus be kept pure, clean, and perfectly free from any objectionable matters.

When the cheek has boiled *in the soup-kettle* for three hours, or a little longer, take it up; remove the bones (which may have been previously cracked to assist in the

operation) and the white warty skin of the palate. Trim off the rough outside edges, so as to make it a handsome oval-shaped lump of meat. Put it in a deep *stew-pan*, and cover it completely with its own liquor, seasoning with salt, cloves, peppercorns, and a bouquet complete. After it has stewed an hour or so, add six or eight middle-sized onions whole, two sticks of celery, three or four turnips cut in halves, and the same of carrots in short lengths. Continue to stew till the cheek is *quite* tender. It will take from five to six hours in all, and may, therefore, be cooked in two doings, which is often a convenience. Serve the vegetables round the meat, and pour the hot gravy over it.

The trimmings, and what is left of the boilings, make excellent soup, with the addition of vegetables.

Bullock's Heart. Wash the heart well inside and out, rub it with salt *idem*, and let it hang as long as the weather will allow.

Stuff it with veal stuffing, and roast or bake, not too quickly, but thoroughly, basting assiduously as often as you can. Any roast-beef or veal gravy you may have left is best for the purpose. Serve accompanied by rich gravy (like that coming from the stewed ox-cheek), well seasoned, with a dessert-spoonful of mushroom ketchup and half a glass of red wine in it.

The flavour of roast or baked Beef-Heart has a slight resemblance to that of hare, which may be increased by marinading it in an infusion of aromatic herbs in wine and vinegar. In this case, roast it stuffed as before, and send up currant jelly with it.

Cold Beef-Heart, sliced, may be warmed up or hashed in its own gravy, adding thereto a dessert-spoonful of currant jelly, and taking care not to let it *boil*. If it does more than simmer very gently, it will turn hard. Forcemeat balls are a proper garnish for hashed Beef-Heart.

Tripe. The quality of this depends on the tripe-shop from which it is procured; when neatly prepared, it is very nice and delicate; but if the operation has been negligently and slovenly performed, it is offensive and uneatable; and it is hardly a cook's place to clean and prepare raw tripe as it is taken from the animal. The first step in dressing it is to boil it (for which some use milk-and-water) until quite tender. It is then allowed to cool, and is finished off and served in various ways: one of the nicest being to cut it into squares, dip it into batter and bread-crumbs, and fry to a light brown.

Tripe Curry. Brown sliced onions, with butter, in a stew-pan; put in your tripe cut into squares; moisten with a few spoonfuls of broth.

Mix in a basin a teaspoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of curry powder, half a teacupful of cream, and a teacupful of stock. When worked quite smooth, add it to the rest, and stew till all is tender, stirring or shaking from time to time.

Neat's Foot, or *Cow-Heel*. These, like tripe, are best bought of persons who make it their business to clean and cook them ready for their final dressing. In whatever manner that is effected, the gelatinous, insipid

substance of Cow-Heel requires to be relieved by well-seasoned sauce, and a dash of vinegar or lemon-juice.

Neat's Foot may be plain-boiled, and served with the sauce recommended for Salmon and Mackarel, *i.e.* melted butter heightened with mustard and vinegar, and perhaps horse-radish. So tasteless a substance may be sauced indifferently as either fish, flesh, or fowl. Or, it may be stewed in brown gravy, with fried onions, mixed vegetables, and aromatic herbs; or, it may be halved, dipped in batter, sprinkled with biscuit-raspings, and broiled. The neatest and most pleasing way of presenting it, is to cut it into smallish pieces, removing all the bones; then to dip these first in beaten egg, and then in bread-crumbs, and grill them till they are of a nice light brown all over. They may, thus, either be served as a side-dish, or will make an elegant addition to any other stewed or hashed preparation of beef. The truth is, that Neat's Foot consists too entirely of gelatine and tendon to constitute a dish by itself. Gelatinous substance—as La Fontaine remarked of virtue—is necessary; but not too much of it. Excess in any thing is faulty. A Neat's Foot, however, boiled down to jelly, is both useful and economical to give richness and consistency to soups, stews, and gravies, of whatever kind.

Beef-Tongue. For pickling and smoking, see the receipts for curing Hams.

Scarlet Tongue. Scald the tongue in boiling water a quarter of an hour. Peel it; rub it well with pounded saltpetre and ground black pepper.

Put a layer of salt at the bottom of a salting-dish;

on this place the tongue; sprinkle it with chopped cloves, thyme, bay-leaf, and other aromatic herbs. Over these pile plenty of salt; rub it well, and turn it in this pickle, every day for a fortnight. It may then be either boiled, or hung up to dry.

To cook it, put it in a soup-kettle full of cold water, with a few onions, two or three cloves, and a small bouquet of thyme and bay-leaves. Let it simmer *very gently* for four or five hours. Let it cool in its liquor, and then take it out to drain and be garnished on its dish.

Beef-Tongue au Gratin, Baked.* Peel the tongue as directed in the preceding receipt. Chop together parsley, chives, tarragon, a few capers or gherkins, and three shallots. Take as much grated crumb of bread as will fill an egg-shell, and a piece of butter of half that size, and mix well with the chopped herbs. Spread this over the bottom of a dish which will stand the fire. Cut the tongue into thick slices; arrange half of them on the layer of herbs; season with salt, peppercorns, and the rest of your mincings. Put a second layer of crumbs, and season in the same way. Cover the whole with bread-crumbs; moisten with a few spoonfuls of broth, and half a glass of wine. Let it bake in a slow oven until done, taking care to add more broth from time to time if it gets too dry. N.B. This dish succeeds with greater certainty when a ready-cooked tongue is used.

* *Gratin* literally means the brown crust or concentrated gravy which sticks to the dish in which any thing has been baked.

Beef-Tongue, Braised or Ovened. Scald and peel the tongue as before; prick with thin strips of bacon. Lay at the bottom of your stew-pan or braising-pan some slices of bacon; on them place the tongue, with sliced onions, carrots, mushrooms, parsley, bay-leaf, pepper, and salt. Moisten with half a pint of broth and white wine. Cover the tongue with slices of bacon. Set the stew-pan on a gentle fire, and put burning charcoal on the lid. In this way the tongue will take five or six hours to cook. When done, split it down the whole of its length, and serve with a Sauce Piquante. When there is no convenience for braising, a tongue may be thus cooked in a slow oven in a well-closed vessel.

Roast Beef-Tongue. Boil it a couple of hours, or till about half done, in water. Take it up, peel off the skin; prick its upper surface with thin strips of bacon; roll it in a sheet of veal or lamb leaf-fat, and roast it (not too quickly) before the fire. When done, remove the leaf-fat, dish it, and pour over it any high-seasoned sauce, or rich brown gravy containing wine and either capers or gherkins cut small.

Miroton of Tongue—Cold Tongue, heated up in Slices.* Lay the slices of tongue, lapping one over the other, round the dish; moisten their upper surface with very good stock or glaze, and set them in a gentle oven *covered with another dish.* When well warmed through,

* A French kitchen term, applied to the dressing of certain meats and fish, or of a collection of several slices of cold meat warmed up and served in a ragoût of onions.

fill the middle of the dish with stewed sliced onions, mashed turnips, purée of sorrel or spinach.

Miroton of Cold Beef. Half fry in butter a good quantity of sliced onions. When they are nicely browned, add a dust of flour, some mushrooms, a little stock, and a wineglass of red wine. Let these simmer over a gentle fire until the onions are cooked to a pulp. Set it on the side of your stove; put in your slices of beef (nicely trimmed and cut very thin) to warm up and absorb the sauce. They must not boil. When it is time to serve, arrange the slices of beef with a spoon and fork all round the dish, and pour the sauce in the middle. Some cooks heighten the seasoning of this with a dash of mustard; but it is apt to disagree with weak stomachs.

Beef-Kidney, Sautéd in Wine. Cut up the kidney into *very thin* slices. Give them a toss or two in butter in a stew-pan over a brisk fire. As soon as they *begin* to cook, dredge in a little flour, chopped sweet herbs, sliced mushrooms (if you can get them); moisten with a small quantity of half good broth and half red wine; season with lemon-juice, pepper, salt, and a dust of grated nutmeg. Let it simmer gently three or four minutes, and serve. You may garnish it round with toast.

Few dishes are more easily spoiled and rendered indigestible than this excellent preparation. Too long or too fiercely cooked, the slices of kidney become like slips of leather; whereas, they ought to be quite tender and full of juice.

Beef-Palates. Steep them in salt-and-water; boil them until the skin will peel off; they are then ready for dressing in various ways—*à la Poulette*, with brown gravy and stewed onions; in a *vol-au-vent*, with sweetbread and mushrooms; fricasseed with pease or cucumbers; sliced, bread-crumbed, and broiled, or in any of the other modes of dishing up things which have not much natural flavour of their own.

XII.

MUTTON AND LAMB.

"HEAVEN," said the Welsh preacher, searching hard for a comparison,—"Heaven is like—is like—is like—Heaven is like—Boiled Mutton and Turnips." But the Cambrian Heaven is still incomplete, if caper sauce be lacking to it.

If Railways have done injury to London beef, they have enriched London's supply of Mutton. We can now enjoy Welsh heavenly mutton, without going to Wales to eat it.

Roast Leg of Mutton may be a vulgar dish; nevertheless, it is both succulent and nutritive, especially if it has made people wait for it, like other self-important personages, and if it also presents an internal aspect as sanguinary at heart as a New-Zealand cannibal. In this case, it retains both its tenderness and its gravy; in other words, to eat it in all its glory, it must not be over-done. At the first cut of the carving-knife, brooklets of juice ought to issue from its streaming sides. Its slices, thin and of a rosy red, will favourably impress the delighted palate, previous to supplying the most weary stomach with an aliment as salutary as it is substantial. If the Leg be not *quite* cooked enough, it is easy to apply a remedy, in the dining-room itself, by

giving a few slices a toss or two in a saucepan, in a little of their own gravy, over a clear fire. If it be *over-done*, the case is past hope, the misfortune irreparable.

Doubtless, the exact point is difficult to hit; a turn or two more will involve the disgrace or the glory of the most aristocratic of Legs of Mutton. But these niceties are not to be learned from Cook-Books merely; practice and experience alone can teach them. The rule, as with beef, of a quarter of an hour for every pound of mutton to be roasted, is only approximative—a near approach to the exact time required. The art of roasting meat to perfection is one of the most difficult existing. For twenty good cooks (of other things), you will not find more than one or two good *Roasters*.

On the Continent, a clove of garlic is often introduced into the flesh of a Leg of Mutton to be roasted, near the knuckle. It is a question of taste. The Doctor does not like it, holding that garlic is incompatible with the flavour of *roast* mutton (although it is admissible into hashes and stews composed of that meat); and that it is quite incongruous with currant jelly as an accompaniment.

Roast Shoulder of Mutton is often tenderer than the Leg, and it has a peculiar flavour of its own which finds its admirers. Who does not remember with unction the satisfaction to be derived from Shoulder of Mutton and Kidney Beans? The Shoulder may be roasted, boned and rolled—a convenience, but hardly an improvement.

All Roast Mutton should be served with *every thing* hot—hot dishes, hot plates, hot gravy, hot spoons to

serve it with, hot vegetables, and (as a novelty) hot knives and forks.

When a leg of mutton is hardly tender enough to bear the honours of the jack, it makes an admirable *Braise*, under the name of a *Seven-Hours' Leg;* served reposing on a bed of vegetables, varying according to the season. It is far too good to be omitted here.

Gigot au Jus, or *à la Royale—Leg of Mutton in Gravy, a dish for a Queen.*

Put a nice leg of mutton into your stew-pan, with eight large carrots cut in slices, twelve onions, a calf's foot, or a pound of knuckle of veal, and a little salt. Cover all with water, and let it simmer over a gentle fire.

When the mutton begins to shrink from the bone, and is about half done, take it out of the stew-pan. Let the rest boil, until it is reduced to about three pints; then strain it through a napkin or a sieve, pressing the vegetables and veal a little hard. Let it cool to a jelly, and take off the fat. It is better to prepare the dish thus far the day before it is wanted.

Replace the leg of mutton in the stew-pan with the gravy-jelly. Let it boil, close covered, not too fast, a couple of hours, taking care to prevent its burning or sticking to the bottom of the pan. Serve in a deep dish with the gravy, which will be concentrated and highly flavoured, garnishing the edge with slices of lemon.

In the north of England, hot mutton (roast especially) is often accompanied by cold Ham; and the association is far from disagreeable.

Boiled Leg of Mutton is one of the simplest and most delicate of meats, yielding only to its offspring, *Boiled Leg of Lamb.* Keep it awhile, but not *too* long; hot water must replace the effects of time. Put it on the fire, well covered, in cold water, with a dessert-spoonful of salt. Take off all scum as fast as it rises. When it boils, draw it aside, allowing it only to simmer gently from three to four hours.

An hour before you judge it will be enough, throw in turnips peeled and halved, carrots *idem*, a few whole onions, and a couple of sticks of celery. If these chill the water too much, the pot can be set on the fire again, to be withdrawn as soon as it boils up afresh.

On serving, garnish your leg of mutton with a circle of the vegetables (whole) on the dish, taking care to reserve turnips enough to mash with cream, pepper, and salt, to be sent up in a separate dish.

Accompany Boiled Leg of Mutton or Lamb with caper sauce, or, in default of capers, with pickled nasturtium seeds and flower-buds, or chopped gherkins, thrown into white sauce.

Boiled Shoulder of Mutton is served as above; only, instead of being accompanied by mashed turnips, it rather calls for onion sauce, *i. e.* onions boiled very soft (together with the mutton), and then either merely mashed with pepper, salt, and cream, or squeezed through a cullender, so as to make a purée; the choice being left to the cook's convenience.

Boiled Neck of Mutton competes with the above in popularity. Being smaller, it is convenient for small

families, and may be further diminished by having a few chops taken from its best end. It takes less time to cook—another convenience.

The Boilings of every joint of Mutton whatsoever will be carefully utilised by the cook.

The Neck may be also roasted and stewed, as well as boiled; the Shoulder lends itself to the same diversity of treatment, enabling the accomplished cook to show that her intellect is an inexhaustible storehouse of learned receipts.

The *Loin* and the *Saddle* (or double loin) are almost always *Roasted;* although the former is occasionally *Stewed.* The Loin, too, is often cut up into chops or cutlets; the various ways of dressing which alone would fill a bulky and elaborate volume. Soyer even invented the plan of cutting up the Saddle into cutlets—a heresy and a profanation, many would say, were not utility and convenience paramount in all things culinary—performing the operation thus:

Soyer's new Mutton-Chop. Trim a middling-sized saddle of mutton, which cut into chops half an inch in thickness, with a saw, without at all making use of a knife (the sawing them off jagging the meat and causing them to eat more tender); then trim them into shape, season well with salt and pepper, place them upon a gridiron over a sharp fire, turning them three or four times. They would require ten minutes' cooking. When done, dress them upon a hot dish, spread a small piece of butter over each (if approved of), and serve. By adding half a table-spoonful of Soyer's Gentlemen's or

Ladies' Sauce to each chop when serving, and turning it over two or three times, you produce an excellent *entrée*. The bone keeping the gravy in whilst cooking, it is a great advantage to have chops cut after the above method. At home, when I (Alexis Soyer) have a saddle of mutton, I usually cut two or three such chops, which I broil, rub Maître d'Hôtel butter over, and serve with fried potatoes round; using the remainder of the saddle the next day for a joint. The above are also very excellent, well seasoned and dipped into egg and bread-crumbs previous to broiling.

Lamb-Chops may be cut precisely the same, but require broiling a few minutes less.

By this plan, the fat and lean are better divided, and you can enjoy both. Whilst the old way of cutting Mutton-Chops produces a lump of meat near the bone, and fat at the other end, which partly melts in cooking, and is often burnt by the flame it makes; the new way, not dividing the bone, keeps the gravy in admirably. If well sawed, it should not weigh more than an ordinary chop, being about half the thickness.

The Doctor's Mutton-Steak. Choose, by preference, a small or middle-sized Leg of Mutton; Welsh or South-down is the best. Cut it in halves, right across the internal kernel of fat reverently spoken of as "the Pope's Eye." Saw the bone neatly through. From the inner side of each of these halves take one or more slices of mutton, not more than three-quarters and not less than half an inch thick, performing the operation with a very sharp knife, and sawing the bone skilfully through.

Your butcher, perhaps, will execute it for you more neatly, and with less hacking, than your cook can do. You will thus have two or more handsome oval-shaped steaks of mutton-flesh.

Slightly pepper and salt your steaks on both sides; grill them over a charcoal fire, turning them several times with your steak-tongs. Serve on a dish so hot that you cannot take hold of it without a napkin, and pour over each steak a dessert-spoonful of first-rate mushroom ketchup, for which Harvey's or Worcestershire Sauce may be substituted.

The Doctor's Mutton-Steak, Fried, is good, but far inferior to *Broiled*. It is also excellent thus:

Stewed. Just brown your steaks on each side in the frying-pan, or in the large, shallow stew-pan in which they are to be finished off. Then cover the steaks with a variety of any good vegetables that are in season; green pease, young carrots, small turnips sliced, celery cut into small pieces, a few leaves of sorrel and parsley, haricots, &c. &c. Moisten with a teacupful of mutton broth, and half a glass of wine (white or red). Let the cover of the stew-pan fit down as close as possible. Simmer very gently over a slow fire, giving a shake from time to time, to make sure that nothing sticks to the bottom. It takes a considerable time to do thoroughly, but has the advantage of being able to be kept hot, and always remaining in readiness.

The Doctor's Steaks help small families or new-married couples to an agreeable way of disposing of that somewhat heavy joint, a Leg of Mutton. Thus, they

can have: First Day, Mutton-Steaks; Second Day, something else; Third Day, Thick End, Roasted; Fourth Day, something else; Fifth Day, Knuckle Boiled or Stewed; Sixth Day, what they please.

Lamb-Chops, with Cucumber Sauce, or *with Purée of Cucumber.* For the Cucumber Sauce, peel, slice, pepper and salt, one or more cucumbers, exactly as if for eating uncooked. At the bottom of a stew-pan put in a little bit of butter; when it is melted, stir in a dust of flour. On this place your sliced cucumber; add just enough stock or mutton broth to cover it, and boil till the slices are quite tender, without, however, falling to pieces.

If you have the means, *broil* the Lamb-Chops, egged and bread-crumbed; if you have not, you have no choice but to fry them.

When done, arrange them regularly round your (very hot) dish. Add a table-spoonful of vinegar to your Cucumber Sauce, give it another boil up, and serve it in the centre of the Chops, so that each person, in helping himself to a chop, can also take a portion of the cucumber.

Supposing that you have *fried* your chops, English fashion, in the least possible quantity of butter sufficient to keep them from burning, you may turn to good account the small remnant of gravy left in the pan, thus: When the chops are laid round their dish, and the vinegar added to the Cucumber Sauce, after boiling up, take out the cucumber with a spoon, and lay it in the middle of the chops. Pour the liquid sauce that is left

in the stew-pan to the gravy in your frying-pan. Set it on the fire, and stir with a fork. When the two are well incorporated, pour the combined sauces boiling hot over the Chops and the Cucumber.

For the Purée of Cucumbers, peel several cucumbers, not too far advanced. Boil the peelings in water or mutton broth, until it has acquired their flavour. Taste that it is not too bitter, in which case it must be diluted, or rejected. When this liquor is to your taste, boil in it your cucumbers, cut into pieces, until they become a pulp which you can squeeze through your cullender. After squeezing, return them to the saucepan, and season with butter, pepper, salt, and vinegar. Give another boil up, taking care not to burn, and pour the purée in the middle of the chops.

Mutton-Kidneys, Sautéd with Wine. The same proceeding as with beef-kidney, and the same precautions not to overdo them.

Mutton-Kidneys, Broiled. Peel off the thin outer skin of the kidneys; split them down the middle on the hollow side, without entirely separating them; sprinkle their inner surfaces with pepper and salt. The kidneys should only be turned once on the gridiron; therefore, to keep the gravy in, expose the *cut* side *first* to the action of the fire, afterwards the outer side. If taken off the gridiron at exactly the right moment, they will be tender and full of gravy; if allowed to remain too long, they will be dry, leathery, and shrivelled up. As soon as the kidneys are dished, put in the middle of each a piece of sweet butter as big as a hazel-nut, and a good

pinch of finely chopped parsley and chervil, to which some cooks add spring onions or chives.

Mutton-Kidneys may be *Fried*, but they require even more cautious treatment than in broiling. In the fat and gravy left in the pan, a few fresh eggs may be briskly fried, and served in the same dish with the kidneys.

Mutton-Kidneys, Roasted or Toasted, in a Dutch or American oven. After peeling off the thin skin and opening them, these are spitted on thin iron spits, and so suspended in the oven before the fire. A considerable quantity of gravy will sometimes drop from them, which may be received on a toast at the bottom of the oven. On this toast serve the kidneys, garnishing each one with butter and minced sweet herbs, as before.

A few roasted sausages make a very nice accompaniment to Mutton-Kidneys.

Mutton-Kidneys, in Champagne Wine. Peel the kidneys, slice them thin, and put them into a stew-pan, with half an eggshellful of minced beef-suet for every half-dozen kidneys. Season with pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and mushrooms. Toss them over a brisk fire. As soon as they begin to cook, dredge in a teaspoonful of flour, and add a wine-glassful or more of Champagne [or any other good light, sweet, white wine; for, between us, and quite in confidence, it comes to the same; even first-rate cider will pass without cavil]. Stir them all the while they are on the fire, on which they must not remain more than four or five

minutes. Just before serving, put in a piece of butter as big as a walnut, and the juice of half a lemon.

Mutton-Cutlets à la Jardinière. Boil in stock or good mutton broth some fresh haricots, green peas, sprigs of cauliflower, all sorts of roots cut into short lengths or punched into shapes, with a few mushrooms. When cooked, throw them into a stew-pan in which you have made a *roux*, and let them simmer.

Meanwhile, fry your cutlets in butter, arrange them on a hot dish, and pour over them your ragoût of vegetables. Of course, you can only employ such vegetables as take the same time to cook; any others must be cooked apart, as also should potatoes, if used. Proceed in exactly the same way with *Veal-Cutlets* or *Pork-Chops à la Jardinière.*

Sheeps' Trotters. You can procure these of your butcher ready cleaned and scalded, fit for cooking. Keep them steeped in cold water until you set them on the fire. Boil them until *enough* done, which will take from four to five hours at least; the test of which is the bones coming away easily from the flesh and tendons. If over-done, they become flabby and insipid. With a knife and fork take out all the bones, and cut up the eatable part which is left into morsels of handsome shape and convenient size to serve with a dessert-spoon. So prepared, the trotters may be set aside, to be finished off in any form which it may be wished to give to them.

As the boilings of the trotters make good stock-broth for soup and other purposes, an hour before they are boiled enough you may add the usual soup vege-

tables, *i. e.* carrots, onions, leeks, turnips, celery, with a bouquet of sweet herbs, and a few cloves and peppercorns; all of which will improve the flavour of the trotters themselves.

Pieds de Mouton à la Poulette—Sheeps' Feet à la Poulette. Take a little of the stock in a stew-pan. Thicken it with yolk of egg, cream or milk, butter, and a very little flour. Add pepper or cayenne, lemon-juice or chili vinegar, salt, white onions boiled tender and well mashed, and a few button mushrooms. Heat the prepared trotters in this, and serve with just enough of the sauce, well boiled up and thickened, to cover them. This dish is largely consumed in Paris.

Another way. Put a good lump of butter into a stew-pan. As it melts, stir in a table-spoonful of flour. Add a little cream, to give the indispensable whiteness, pepper and salt, and dilute with your stock to the required consistency. When it boils, throw in some finely chopped parsley, in the same proportion as for parsley and butter. When your trotters have been thoroughly warmed in this (off the fire), give a final boil up, and serve. N.B. In mountainous countries and other districts where veal is scarce, sheeps' trotters are employed to imitate calf's head; either plain, with brain sauce seasoned with sage, or *à la Tortue*, with the usual accompaniments. They may even be made to furnish very fair Mock Mock-Turtle.

Roast Leg of Lamb (or other small joint of meat), *done in a Saucepan.* You hear, in France, of a leg of mutton being "rôti devant le feu"—roasted *before* the

fire, and "rôti à la casserole"—roasted *in a saucepan;* and both are very good. They will tell you that ours is the country for splendid roasts, when you slaughter your holocaust; but for a little bit, good sense and economy forbid! However good a cut out of twelve or twenty pounds of beef may be, we must admit that Sunday's roast, Monday's cold, Tuesday's hash, Wednesday's mince, and Thursday's broth made from the bones, is enough to send any man to dine at a club.

Therefore should ladies who love their lords know something about roasting in a *casserole* or saucepan. You must have a very poor fire. This supposes that you have nothing more than an ordinary kitchen-range; at which, with care, you may manage to do it successfully. But a good fire will be fatal to the operation. It must be clear, and yet produce but a moderate heat.

"O'er the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The Curate sate, for scantie was his hire,
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toile."

This is just the fire at which to roast in a saucepan. As, in consequence of early habits, you will only gradually renounce large joints, begin with a leg of lamb, if you have an oval iron pot for it (or a copper one); a tin one is out of the question.

Put in a spoonful of dripping; when melted, place the meat in the pot, sprinkled with a little salt; shut down the lid, and leave it over the fire on the trivet. Shake it up from time to time, to prevent it from burning; turn it over and over, that it may be done equally.

Should there not be sufficient moisture, add a little fat; but it will rarely be needed.

When you consider the joint done, there will always be superfluous grease to pour off. After placing the meat on a hot dish, add a little water or stock to the grease, gradually mixing in a spoonful of flour; season with a dust of pepper and salt, or a dessert-spoonful of ketchup or Harvey's sauce; boil up, and it will form a nice gravy, which, after straining, you may pour over the meat; and it is ready for table.

By this method, all the juice and flavour is concentrated in the meat; none can evaporate. The food so cooked is consequently more nourishing. If properly done, it *looks* like a joint roasted before the fire. An experienced person may discover the difference, but many prefer the former. The advantage in the saving of fuel is immense. In one instance, you want the fiercest fire; in the other, the contrary. For veal, this method is incomparably the best, and for all meats much to be preferred in a small family. When adopted as a regular system, cold meat is so thoroughly abolished that, very often, it is only by great good management that you can ever have a nice little bit cold for breakfast.—*London Society.*

Shoulder of Mutton à la Sainte-Ménehould—Saint Ménehould Way.* Bone a shoulder of mutton, and stew it with a little broth, a bouquet of parsley and

* Who St. Ménehould was, the Doctor knows not; but Sainte-Ménehould is a small town in the north of France (Departement de l'Aisne), once famous, on Victor Hugo's authority, for the excellence of its cookery.

chives, a clove of garlic, three or four cloves, a bay-leaf, thyme, onions, carrots, turnips, pepper and salt. When the mutton is cooked, take it out of the stew-pan, drain it, and place it on a dish. Pour over it a little high-seasoned, strongly concentrated gravy, or, if you have none, some of its own gravy with the fat skimmed off. Sprinkle it with crumbs of bread; rub three egg-yolks into a little oiled butter, spread the mixture over your mutton, and then sprinkle bread-crumbs again. Set it a little while in a brisk oven or under a salamander, basting it with a little oiled butter. When nicely browned, take it out, and serve with its own gravy strained and boiled down a little.

Sheep's Tongues with Purée. Simply boil them in your soup-kettle; peel off their skin; split them lengthwise in halves, and serve on a purée of dried peas, haricots, lentils, or potatoes.

Sheeps' Tongues en Papillotes—in Curl-papers. Scald, peel, and stew with vegetables, the tongues which you require to serve. If you have only one or two to cook, you may boil them as above in your soup-kettle. When they are quite enough (and sheeps' tongues take a deal of cooking to make them tender), split them in two, and let them cool. Smear them with butter, into which fine-chopped sweet herbs have been worked; season with pepper, salt, and allspice; wrap each half-tongue in oiled paper; broil them over a gentle fire; and serve very hot, without taking them out of the paper.

Mutton with Haricots. Take a shoulder or a breast of mutton; cut it in pieces; brown them in butter in a

stew-pan, and moisten with mutton broth or hot water, stirring it in gradually. Add your haricots (fresh, in summer; if dried, they must have been steeped all night), with pepper, salt, thyme, bay-leaf, and a morsel of garlic. Let all simmer together for three or four hours.

Harricoed Mutton. Cut up a breast or a neck of mutton into pieces; brown them with butter in a stew-pan over a brisk fire. When nicely *gilt*, take them out and drain.

Peel and slice some turnips, and fry them also to a light brown on both sides; put them into your harrico; moisten with broth, adding pepper, salt, parsley, onions, cloves, and bay-leaf. Stew for half an hour, and take off the fat. If the sauce is too thin, reduce it by boiling. Pile your harrico in the middle of the dish, and lay the turnips round it.

The turnips in the harrico may be replaced by salsify, potatoes, or carrots.

Mutton is converted into Mock Venison by marinading with wine, vinegar, spice, and aromatic herbs.

Hashed Mutton. Cut the least done parts of cold roast mutton into small, neat slices, trimming off any skin or brown outside, especially if the latter is burnt in the least. Dust these slices on each side with flour, pepper, and salt.

Fry a few sliced onions; when brown, put them in your stew-pan with a little broth. Crush in a teacup half a pickled walnut with a dessert-spoonful of Harvey's sauce and half a glass of red wine. Stew these together till the onions are reduced quite to a pulp. Then with-

draw the stew-pan from the fire, put in the sliced mutton, and let it simmer *very gently* for half an hour. If it boil up, the mutton will be hard.

By omitting the pickled walnut, putting in a table-spoonful of currant jelly instead, and adding a bouquet of thyme, basil, and marjoram, and seasoning a little more highly with spice and wine, you will have very good

Mock Hashed Venison.

Sheeps' Brains. In all the animals and birds that are slaughtered for food, the brain is considered as a delicacy; and yet that part, with us, is very often neglected. The reason may be, that large brains, as those of the ox, are unsightly presented whole, and require cooking in portions—which is troublesome; while those of the smaller animals, game, and poultry, are too small to be worth collecting. And yet every body has heard of the prodigality of ancient Roman epicures, who served costly dishes of the brains of peacocks.

Sheeps' brains, being intermediate in size, are perfectly convenient to serve; in large towns, they are easily procured in quantity, at a moderate price; and they make a light and agreeable variety to the ordinary routine of dishes. The great point is to dress them *firm in substance;* to insure which, they must be *fresh.* Brains, for anatomical investigation, are hardened by being boiled in oil; the cook must endeavour to attain the same result by the sudden application of great heat.

In whatever form sheeps' brains are to be sent to table, they must be soaked in salt-and-water, as soon as received, for an hour or two, to cleanse them and draw

out the blood; then thrown into *boiling* salt-and-water, boiled galloping for twenty minutes, and then taken out to drain and cool; when they are ready for further dressing. In this state, they will keep good for a day or longer in quite cool weather; but all animal medullary substance is subject to rapid decomposition, and should never be allowed to remain long in the larder. If a *head* is wanted to be kept for a day or two, the *brains* should be cooked and seasoned immediately.

Sheeps' Brains à la Poulette. Make the same sauce as for sheeps' feet. Moisten each brain with a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; sprinkle it all over with sage-leaves and sweet marjoram, or basil, in powder, or very finely minced; then heat them up together in the sauce, letting them simmer for twenty minutes. Arrange the brains on their dish, heat the sauce to the boiling point, and then pour it over them.

Sheeps' Brains, Fried. It is useless to attempt this dish unless you can command plenty of hot fat in a deep frying-pan. If you can, smear the brains with beaten egg; roll them in bread-crumbs mixed with a little pepper and sage or marjoram powder; plunge them into your fat when it has reached its proper temperature; as soon as they are of a clear, light brown, take them out and serve. They will require little sauce besides lemon-juice.

Sheeps' Brains, Roasted. For want of the means of frying well, they may be done brown before the fire in an American oven, basting them with butter. As soon as they are thoroughly warm through, and begin to show

colour, sprinkle them with bread-crumbs and set them under a salamander. A few forcemeat balls (as below) may be roasted at the same time with the brains, and a little good brown gravy poured over all.

Minced Cold-Mutton Balls. To your minced mutton add a quarter of its weight of sausage-meat; season with pepper, salt, and minced sweet herbs; add as much grated bread-crumbs and beaten egg as will make the whole hang well together. Mix thoroughly; roll the composition into balls, and either fry them or roast them in an American oven. They are useful for garnish, or may be served by themselves as a side-dish, with tomato sauce.

XIII.

VEAL.

ALTHOUGH the Calf is only the nephew of the Ox, he is a worthy successor to his uncle's honours, and, in some points of convenience, is even his superior. He has no need of travel to form his character, quite moderate exercise being best suited to the delicacy of his constitution. The Calf, in his amiable condescension, lends himself to so many metamorphoses that, without any intention of giving offence, we may call him the Chameleon of the Kitchen. Few animals present themselves on our tables under such a variety of disguises. Large as is the number of those which are to be found in the range of Culinary Literature, the brilliant imagination of an accomplished cook will furnish a still more lengthy succession of receipts. It is not merely the Calf's person, properly so called, from which we derive the leading ornaments of our banquets; his appendages, both ex-ternal and in-, supply the material of excellent messes.

His Head, with the skin on, plain-boiled, with brain sauce, can be successfully sent up by a cook in her novitiate. All that is needed is to clean it well, to steep in cold water, to change the water in which it is boiled, after all the scum has risen (see Mock-Turtle, p. 147),

and to boil it *enough*, without letting it fall to pieces. It is a dish both salutary and alimentary, whether hot for dinner or cold for supper—in the latter case, garnished with slices of tongue. Under its more elaborate forms (Mock-Turtle *à la Tortue*, Fried and Hashed), Calf's Head is worthy to exercise the skill of the possessor of the highest culinary acquirements. On foreign tables, the *fraise*, or frill, or white part of the pluck, appears in scores of shapes unsuspected by the eater; it is manufactured into cocks'-combs and capon-kidneys; it forms the substance of *andouillettes*, veal sausages, white puddings, chicken-and-cream forcemeat balls. The feet are the foundation of an infinite diversity of jellies. The tails make a soup or a ragoût, which is perfect ox-tail soup for the use of Young Ladies. The heart makes a dainty little dish for a *tête-à-tête*, or a party of three. The liver, once the delight of Royalty and Royalty's conscience-keeper,* is also served whole abroad, with immense approbation, as follows:

Calf's Liver Burgess-wise, or *à la Bourgeoise* (French). Lard the upper side of a calf's liver with well-seasoned slips of bacon, and put it in a stew-pan, with thin slices of bacon, trimmings of veal, turnips, carrots, a clove of garlic, or two or three shallots, if the former is disliked, bay-leaves, cloves, some good broth, and half a bottle of white wine or good cider. Skim it well as it first heats; cover it with thin slices of bacon; shut down close the lid of the stew-pan, and put burning charcoal on the top of the lid, which should be hollow, to

* George IV. and Lord Eldon.

receive it. Take care not to let it cook too fast. When it is enough, strain the gravy through a cullender; reduce it to one-half over the fire, thicken it with a little flour, and pour it boiling hot over your liver at the moment of serving.

Fried Calf's Liver and Bacon. Slice your liver thin, your bacon the same. Fry your bacon first, enough, but not dried up or burnt; set it in a hot dish on your hot iron plate, to keep it from cooling. Then fry your slices of liver. When done, lay on a hot dish a slice of bacon and a slice of liver, lapping one over the other alternately, till the dish is full.

To the gravy in your frying-pan put a few slices of lemon-peel; dredge in a little flour; moisten with a table-spoonful or so of good hot stock, and half a glass of white wine, if liked; season with pepper, salt, and lemon-juice; keep stirring with a fork till all is brown and smooth; remove the lemon-peel, and then pour hot over your liver and bacon. A few forcemeat balls may be laid round this dish.

Broiled Veal-Cutlets. Procure a few nice cutlets from the best end of the neck of veal. Mix well together pepper and salt, mixed spices, biscuit-raspings, and well-chopped thyme, shallots, and parsley. Roll your cutlets in this mixture one by one, pressing them into it on both sides, so as to make as much of it as possible stick to them. Then wrap them, first in very thin slices of bacon, and afterwards in oiled or buttered paper. Secure the paper with string, and broil the cutlets, so enveloped, on a gridiron over a fire that is not too fierce.

Make in a saucepan, with butter, vinegar, and the remainder of your mixed dressing, a sauce, to be kept hot till wanted.

When the cutlets are thoroughly broiled, take off the paper, arrange them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them.

Veal-Cutlets, without Bone. Cut the fleshy part of a leg or shoulder of veal into slices not larger than the palm of your hand, and not more than half an inch thick. Give them a few smart taps with the flat of your knife to make them more tender. Dust them on each side with flour and *a little* grated nutmeg. Fry them in butter *very quickly*, not putting them into the pan till the butter is quite hot. Arrange them on a hot dish, lapping one over the other. Make, and pour over them, brown gravy sauce, exactly as in the preceding receipt, only adding pickled mushrooms. Garnish with forcemeat balls and slices of lemon.

If you can use up the bones for soup, the meat can be cut out of the neck or loin, and made into cutlets as above.

Veal-Cutlets in Curl-papers, or *en Papillotes* (French). Cut your cutlets rather thin, and lay them on pieces of paper cut out much in the shape of a boy's kite. Season them with pepper, salt, parsley and shallots finely minced, and little bits of butter. Twist the paper round the cutlet, without covering the upper portion of the bone. Oil the paper outside with good salad-oil. Be careful to grill your cutlets over a slow fire without any flame, after having laid a sheet of oiled paper over the

gridiron. Serve them in the paper which envelops them. This dish requires considerable care, and a charcoal fire is almost indispensable.

Calf's Heart, Boiled. Salt it twelve or four-and-twenty hours, then wash it well; stuff with veal stuffing; boil *well* in as little water as will cover it, and keep it from touching the bottom of the pot; serve with sauce *à la Poulette*, or any other white piquant sauce.

Calf's Heart, Roasted. Wash well; stuff with veal stuffing. While roasting, if you have no cold roast-veal or beef gravy, baste well with butter. When done, with the gravy left in the latch-pan make a brown sauce in the way directed for Calf's Liver and Bacon.

Veal Sweetbread au Blanc—Served White (French). Steep a couple of sweetbreads all night in cold water. Peel off all their thin outside skin, and set them on the fire in a stew-pan of cold water. When they are on the point of boiling, take them out, and blanch them in two cold waters, and then return them to the stew-pan in the water in which they were previously scalded.

Add to this a couple of hearts of fine celery, a large onion, butter, salt, white pepper, and grated nutmeg. After boiling for half an hour, take them out and lay them on a dish on which you have put a large bit of butter and a couple of raw egg-yolks.

Now mix in a cup a spoonful of flour with half a pint of milk; stir this into the sweetbread-boilings to make the sauce; add to it the juice of lemon, and pass it through a strainer over your sweetbreads.

The lemon which has supplied the juice may be cut into slices to serve for garnish round the dish.

This is a very delicate, easy, and not expensive mode of serving sweetbreads.

Minced-Veal Cakes. Beat together a pound of lean minced veal, half a pound of minced veal suet, a stale penny roll soaked in milk, a teaspoonful of grated mace, a dessert-spoonful of pepper and salt, and three eggs. Make this up with a little flour into small flat cakes, which you will fry in butter to a nice light brown. Stew them for a while in good beef stock. When enough, arrange them on your dish, thicken and season your gravy, pour it over boiling hot, and serve.

These cakes are useful as garnishings or additions to many made dishes. Their flavour may be varied by the addition of minced lemon-peel, or of sweet herbs—as thyme, sage, marjoram, basil, chervil, parsley—or of a little chopped ham.

Godiveau (Veal Forcemeat), A. Chop well together a pound of beef-suet and half a pound of lean veal. When it begins to be a little small, add salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and a couple of raw eggs. Continue to chop a little longer; then put the whole into a mortar, and pound it, after adding two more eggs, a little cold water, and a dessert-spoonful of fine chopped parsley. Roll out your *godiveau* on a dresser or slab dusted with flour, and mould it into balls with the palms of your hands. Poach them ten minutes in boiling water, and dry them in a sieve or strainer.

Godiveau (Veal Forcemeat), B. Proceed exactly as

above, simply adding mixed spices, minced sweet herbs, and truffles or mushrooms. The balls may be fried (in *plenty* of hot fat) instead of being poached; or they may be browned before the fire after poaching. All sorts of *godiveaux* are made with the white flesh of fowls or game, in which case the beef-suet may be replaced by veal-kidney-suet.

This composition is employed either as forcemeat, or, in the shape of balls or quenelles, as a separate side-dish; when, if fried, they may be served with brown gravy—if poached, with White Sauce, Dutch Sauce, Béchamel, or Sauce *à la Poulette*.

Roast Veal requires little comment. Underdone, it is unsightly, unpalatable, and indigestible; overdone, it is tasteless, stringy, and innutritious. Lemon-peel and lemon-juice are its most appropriate seasoning and garnish. The great fault of English veal is, that it is apt to be killed too young; but whoever kills a calf before it is six weeks old ought to be prosecuted as a vitulicide.* Calves nipped in the bud at that tender age have nothing to yield but a few bits of insipid, watery, flabby flesh. At two months and upwards they begin to acquire the solidity, succulence, whiteness, fat, rotundity, and sapid delicacy, which constitutes their real glory. Without being unpatriotic, we may affirm that, as a rule, and on the average, French butchers offer better, because finer, veal for sale than English.

* In the Doctor's young days these poor little innocents, knocked on the head after they had seen the light of day for not more than a fortnight or three weeks, used to be called "Staggering Bob," because they could not walk without tottering.

The *most elegant* Roast is the Loin with the kidney in its natural place. At table, the carver may cut the kidney and its enveloping fat into slices, may lay them on hot toast cut into squares, season them with pepper or cayenne, salt, and lemon-juice, and either send them round to his guests forthwith, or (especially if they are a little underdone, as they are apt to be) may have them first set for a few minutes under a bright-red salamander. Veal-kidney bears more cooking than any other kidney, and is even the better for it.

Veal-Kidney may be *Sliced* and *Sautéd* with white wine, as directed for beef and mutton kidneys. *Roasted whole*, and by itself, it makes a nice little dish to set before one or two persons, if not too often repeated. We have already mentioned the excellent service which *Cold Veal-Kidney* is capable of rendering by filling an *Omelette*.

The *Leg*, or, as it is called in many parts of England, the *Fillet*, makes the most substantial and imposing *Roast* of veal. Its preparation is very simple. Take out the thigh-bone; fill up the vacancy with veal stuffing; bind the joint so stuffed with string, to keep it round and nicely in shape; roast slowly at first, to let the heat penetrate it thoroughly; towards the close of the roasting, brown the outside nicely, taking care not to let it burn.

Many cooks serve melted butter with roast veal, as well as a tureen of its own gravy.

Roast Shoulder of Veal, though mostly considered inferior to the Leg, is not to be despised. It even contains a greater variety than the leg in the quality of its

substance, there being a small proportion of fat and tendon mixed up with the muscle. Shoulder of veal should also be stuffed. Pass your knife between the blade-bone and the meat on its *upper* surface. You thus easily make a sort of pocket, into which pocket push your veal-stuffing. By making the opening as narrow as may be, there will be no need to sew it up or close it with string. On the contrary, a little delicately browned stuffing, protruding, will help to garnish the joint, and will show the carver where to find the forcemeat.

The Best End of the *Neck of Veal* makes a pretty little *Roast* for a small party; but it is usually reserved for cutlets.

Hashed Cold Veal. Slice and neatly trim the roast meat left; dust the slices on each side with flour, pepper, and salt.

Boil down the bones into gravy, with lemon-peel and a blade of mace. When done, pass the gravy through a cullender, and in it let the sliced meat stew gently for twenty minutes; add any cold forcemeat left, cut into dice, and let all stew another ten minutes; season to taste with salt and lemon-juice; and serve garnished with sliced lemon and toasted bread; also with forcemeat balls, if there was no cold forcemeat to put into the hash.

Minced Cold Veal. Cut all the meat from off the bones; take the best pieces, fat and lean, and chop them fine on your chopping-board.

Boil down the rest into gravy, with the same seasoning as in the preceding receipt. Pass the gravy through

a cullender; return it to your saucepan; thicken it with a dust of flour; put in your minced cold meat, and let it simmer till the gravy is so reduced that the mince is only just moistened, or just *not dry*. Taste, *then*, whether further seasoning is required, for the salt will be concentrated by the boiling down. Serve garnished with sliced lemon and toasted bread; or, you may surround your dish with a wall of delicately mashed potatoes, and into the middle of them pour your minced veal.

This dish, nicely prepared, is very useful for invalids; it is light, nutritious, inviting, and they can partake of it in *as small a quantity* as they please. It may be varied by the addition of mushroom ketchup, soy, &c., or by a teaspoonful or less of curry-powder, in which case rice is the proper accompaniment.

The gravy or sauce for Minced Veal should be so concentrated as to form a stiff jelly when cold. What is left of it may be put into a small basin or mould, as soon as removed from table. Next morning, turned out of the mould, it will make a *Minced-Veal Cheese* for breakfast or luncheon.

Boiled Breast of Veal makes a delicate dish, which, though insipid for strong, is often welcome to weakly, appetites. It enjoys the prescriptive right of being escorted by the sweetbread, also boiled. This being essentially a *White Dish*, some even boil it in milk-and-water.

The proper sauce is either Oyster Sauce, or Sauce *à la Poulette*.

Breast of Veal (a *Brown Dish*), may be *stewed* either

whole, or, better and more conveniently, in morsels of a size for helping, *i. e.* the brisket separated from the long bones, and then each divided between the ribs and at the joints. The brisket alone ought to make a nice little stew; but every thing must depend upon the age and size of the calf.

When your veal is divided into morsels, make a *roux* with butter and flour, brown in it some onions sliced, then put in your veal, moving it about to let the outside of each piece get a little coloured. Then gradually moisten with good hot stock; season with lemon-peel, mace, pepper, and salt. When the meat is about half cooked, put in a few whole onions, whole shallots, two sticks of celery; turnips, whole, halved, or quartered, according to size; young carrots, whole or large ones, cut into lengths; a breakfast-cupful of green pease, if to be had; a large sprig of parsley, and a small one of marjoram. The vegetables must be well covered with the stock. When they are tender and the meat is done, arrange the latter in the middle of a large dish, serve the vegetables neatly round it, removing the lemon-peel and the bunch of herbs; boil the gravy a minute or two, to thicken if required, and pour a sufficient quantity over the contents of the dish.

Knuckle of Veal (divided across, sawing through the bone, into three or four pieces) may also be *stewed* in exactly the same way, only it will take longer to cook than the Breast. Whatever is left of either the above will be a useful addition to the Soup-kettle.

Calf's Head à la Tortue or *en Tortue—Turtle-wise.*

This is one of the Fancy Dishes which accomplished cooks vary slightly, according to the inspiration of their own imaginings, feeling bound to impress upon it some mark of their individual skill.

Boil a Calf's Head, with the skin on, exactly as for making Mock-Turtle Soup. When done (not too much), remove the flesh from the bones, and divide it into convenient-sized pieces, each about half or one-third the size of your hand. Also divide the tongue into presentable morsels to be helped with a spoon.

Make a *roux* with flour and butter; in this, brown some dice of sweetbread. Moisten gradually with good stock and two or three glasses of good Madeira or Marsala. Some cooks put in brandy instead; but it is not the thing. In this Sauce warm up your calf's head, adding, at the same time, ready-cooked cocks'-combs, button mushrooms, forcemeat balls, egg-yolk balls, peeled olives. Season well with salt and pepper, or cayenne. You may heighten both the flavour and the colour by a slight dash of tomato sauce. On serving, you may also garnish with small ornaments made of puff-paste. It is customary with Paris cooks to increase the list of these incongruities—Heaven only knows why—with fried eggs, slices of fried bread, and boiled fresh-water crawfish in their shell.

The calf's head, when boiled, may also be boned and served whole *à la Tortue*, *without* being divided into portions; the latter mode, however, allows greater freedom in the application and arrangement of the decorations.

Calf's Head, Fried. Boil as for Mock-Turtle Soup,

but take it out before *quite* enough. Let it get cold, leaving the bones in their place.

When wanted to be dressed, cut it into slices about half an inch thick; dust them on each side with flour, pepper, and salt. Fry them to a clear, light brown in butter. When thoroughly done, arrange them in your dish, and pour over them a brown gravy made in the frying-pan, as directed for Liver and Bacon; or a medley ragoût, with Madeira, olives, mushrooms, &c., as in the preceding receipt.

Veal Pie. Take a neck of veal; cut it up into cutlets first, and then into smaller pieces. Season with pepper and salt. Invert a cupful of good stock in the middle of your pie-dish, and in it arrange your pieces of meat, interspersing them with dice of sweetbread, bits of lemon-peel, and hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters. When the dish is full, pour in a few table-spoonfuls of good stock, seasoned to taste; cover with the crust, and bake in an oven which is not too fierce.

Veal Pie is often made with meat *without* the bones; which is convenient, if to be eaten cold during excursions, &c. But for a family veal pie, to be eaten hot at home, it is better to leave the bones in, for the sake of the gelatine and marrow which they yield.

Veal Fricandeau. Take a handsome piece of the leg, about three or four inches in thickness. Trim it into an oblong or oval shape; prick its upper surface with thin strips of bacon. Put it into a stew-pan, with the bits of meat trimmed away from it, a little lean ham or bacon, carrots, onions, bouquet complete, whole pepper, and

cloves. Moisten all with just enough stock to keep them from burning and sticking to the bottom, basting the meat frequently with its gravy.

Have ready a purée of sorrel or some cooked spinach. Spread a bed of this over the bottom of the dish in which the Fricandeau is to be served. When the veal is thoroughly done, take it out of the stew-pan, and lay it in the middle of the sorrel or spinach, with the larded surface uppermost.

Strain the gravy left in the stew-pan (as the vegetables, &c. are *not* to be served with it, being used merely to give flavour); return it to the stew-pan, and reduce it by boiling as nearly to a glaze as time will allow; and pour or spread it with a spoon over the veal.

Tendrons de Veau à la Poulette, *Calf's Tendons*, rather a popular dish with French cooks, are nothing but calves' feet divided into convenient-sized pieces, and then treated exactly like sheep's feet *à la Poulette*. They are nicer, however, egged, bread-crumbed, grilled, and served with brown gravy and green pease.

Blanquette, *White Fricassee*, of *Veal* or *Lamb*. The coarsest and most cartilaginous parts, as the brisket or the chump-end of the neck, are mostly used for this purpose. Cut up the meat into convenient-sized morsels. Make a white *roux* with flour and butter, taking care not to let it brown. Moisten with water or clear veal broth, such as that which is left after boiling a breast of veal or a calf's head dressed as for mock-turtle. Put in your meat, with a few sliced white onions, a couple of shallots, a turnip chopped small, a little of the white part

of celery also chopped, a leaf or two of parsley, and a sprig of thyme. Season with salt, ground white pepper, and a blade of mace. Let these simmer over a gentle fire, at such a distance from it that nothing can take colour at the bottom of the stew-pan. When the meat is quite tender, dish it with a spoon. Pass the sauce through a cullender, return it to the stew-pan, thicken with egg-yolks, add a dash of vinegar or lemon-juice, and pour it over the meat in the dish.

Blanquette Sauce should be smooth, rich, and creamy, with enough both of the acid and the spice to relieve it from insipidity.

Cold Roast Veal may be also *Hashed* as a *Blanquette*, or *White Fricassee*, taking care to remove the brown skin and outside parts.

Veal Paupiettes. Paupiettes are slices of meat, or fillets of fish, intended to be spread with forcemeat, and then either rolled up or laid one over the other like sandwiches.

Cut slices of veal about two inches broad, and at least three inches long; flatten and beat them with your cleaver till they are about the thickness of a florin. Spread over each slice any kind of forcemeat you prefer or have ready; that for Godiveau (p. 385), for instance. Then roll the paupiettes; wrap each one in a thin slice of bacon, and fasten it round with string. Roast them before the fire, wrapped in oiled paper. When cooked, undo the string, arrange the paupiettes in a dish, sprinkle bread-crumbs over the bacon, and brown them in a brisk oven or under a salamander.

Serve with brown gravy, highly seasoned. You may make paupiettes with any animal substance that will bear the rolling.

Veal Galantine. Galantine is a sort of meat-cheese, or brawn (to be eaten cold at breakfast, luncheon, or supper, as a *hors d'œuvre*), properly made of fowls or turkey; but as they are not always in season, and cost dear when they are, veal is employed as a substitute all the year round, even when turkey-galantine is to be had likewise. Lamb is also made into Galantine, but less frequently, in exactly the same way. Galantine is sold, like ham and tongue, in slices by all the superior French *charcutiers*—a word for which we have no exact equivalent, as it implies a much more artistic trade than our "pork-butcher."

Completely bone a shoulder of veal. Make a forcemeat with a portion of the flesh, by chopping up a pound of veal together with a pound of bacon. When well minced, spread it an inch thick over the veal, sticking into it here and there bits of bacon, of smoked and salted tongue, slices of truffle, to which some add pistachio nuts. Season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and then spread on all the rest of your forcemeat.

Then roll the shoulder lengthwise, pressing the flesh close together. Tie it round with string; cover it with thin slices of bacon; wrap it tight in a white piece of linen-cloth; tie it again with string, to keep it a handsome shape while cooking.

Then put it in a braising-dish or covered stew-pan, at the bottom of which you have laid slices of bacon.

Around it dispose the trimmings and the bones of the shoulder, a calf's foot ready boiled and split in two, six carrots, eight or ten onions, one of which is stuck with cloves, four bay-leaves, a sprig of thyme, and a large bunch of parsley.

Cover these with veal broth and a glass or two of white wine; boil well, covered with the lid, for three hours, or longer, according to its size. When you judge your shoulder cooked enough, take it out; press it, to get rid of superfluous liquid, especially if you want it to keep a long while. Do not remove its wrapper until it is cold.

Strain the boilings of the shoulder; beat up two or three eggs, and add them thereto; put all in a saucepan over a brisk fire. When it boils up, stir it gently, and set it on one side to simmer half an hour; pass it through a sieve or a jelly-bag, and let it cool. When you arrange your cold galantine on its dish, garnish it with spoonfuls or slices of this jelly.

Calf's Head, Hashed, White. Parboil the head, and cut it and the tongue into slices. Then boil the bones with an anchovy, a little mace, and half a nutmeg. When all their goodness is extracted, let the liquor stand to settle; when settled, pour it off clear into a stew-pan, but adding to it the mace and the nutmeg.

Put the sliced calf's head into this liquor, with a glass of white wine, and salt to taste. Let it stew slowly for about an hour. Beat the yolks of three eggs with half a pint of cream; stir the mixture into the hash gradually, as you would boiled custard, without allowing

it to boil. If, after that, the sauce is not thick enough to your liking, add to it a piece of butter braided in flour. Just as you take it off the fire, incorporate with it the juice of a lemon.

The brains should have been boiled in a cloth. Braid them with a little grated bread, the yolk of an egg, a little nutmeg, salt, and fine-minced sage-leaf. Make them into little cakes, and fry them brown in butter. Fry forcemeat also into balls or cakes, and with them and the brains garnish the Hash.

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XIV.

PORK.

THE Hog is the only animal which beats the Calf in the number of dishes it supplies to our tables. Both, therefore, merit the highest consideration. And, indeed, if the Jews of old adored the Golden Calf, our Cobbett and his disciples all but worshiped the Pig.

The merits of the Hog are so universally acknowledged, his kitchen utility is so deeply felt, that it is needless to pronounce his panegyric here. He is the king of unclean animals, whose empire is universal, and whose supremacy is undisputed. Without the hog, there is no possible bacon, and, consequently, no cookery; without him, no hams, no sausages, no chitterlings, no black-puddings. The doctors only waste their breath while preaching that his flesh is indigestible, heavy, and laxative. People leave the doctors to say their say, who perhaps are not greatly vexed at heart that nobody attends to their warnings; for the pig, as the author of indigestions, is one of their most ancient and faithful allies. True, the Jews regard the Hog with horror; but, though many Christians of the present day are veritable Jews, they do not eschew sausages the more for that.

Every thing belonging to the Pig is good; no part

of his honoured person is to be rejected. Cooks and ham-shop-keepers are not the only artists who are indebted to him for fortune and fame. His bristles were the instrument which enabled Raphael and others to achieve their immortality.

Before considering Hog's flesh bit by bit, and the various ways of preparing it, it will be well to lay before the reader—and that seriously—the general question of its wholesomeness. For ages the subject has been wrapped in mystery. Only within the last few years has the discovery been made *what* the danger is, *where* it lies, and *how* its effects are to be averted.

It has long been a well-known fact that Pork is not always wholesome food; but nobody, as yet, was at all aware in what its unwholesomeness consisted. Without going so far back as the Law of Moses, Works on Legal Medicine contain a certain number of cases, in which preparations of pork are suspected to have caused death, which death was attributed to an actual poisoning. As a natural consequence, a German physiologist, gifted with a lively imagination, coolly invented Ham-Poison (*Schinkengift*), and Sausage-Poison (*Wurstgift*). But the most expert chemists, in spite of both their zeal and their skill, have never been able to find the slightest trace of toxical matter in the pork they examined. It was not chemical analysis, but the microscope, which revealed the real nature of the enemy.

More than thirty years ago the discovery was made that the flesh of certain animals contained minute white corpuscules, just visible to the naked eye. Professor

Owen demonstrated that those white corpuscules contained a worm rolled into a spiral, to which he gave the name of *Trichina spiralis*, from the Greek word for *a hair*. When worms are thus enclosed in a bag, or "cyst," they are said to be "encysted"—a term which it is desirable to bear in mind, because it involves a most important and reassuring fact. These worms usually exist singly within a cyst between the muscular bundles of *the voluntary muscles*. Afterwards, in England, France, Germany, and America, the presence of these encysted hair-worms was ascertained in the muscles of *Man*, the Cat, the Crow, the Jackdaw, the Mole, and *the Pig*. It was made out that the Trichina was communicated by means of the food. M. Herbs found the muscles of two dogs, which had been fed upon parts of a badger containing the worms, to be loaded with them. But as the animals infested by *encysted* hair-worms appeared to enjoy excellent health, the parasites were regarded as inoffensive, and passed, in the eyes of medical practitioners, as simple natural curiosities. Whenever any mischief arose from eating pork, it was the Ham-poison and Sausage-poison which did it.

In January 1851, in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, several persons fell ill after eating ham. It should be mentioned, that throughout Germany it used to be a common custom to eat ham *uncooked*. Before the discovery of the hair-worms, if you ordered a plate of ham at an hotel, the waiter would ask whether you liked it cooked or raw. Of the persons

so taken ill near Hamburgh, three died; the rest remained for a long while in a weakly state.

Great was the general consternation. The Schinken-gift had done its work. Judicial proceedings were instituted. The butcher, who had sold the meat below the market price, was prosecuted. Long afterwards, by a careful scrutiny of the facts, M. Tüngel proved that, in the whole of this business, the only guilty parties were the trichinæ.

On the 12th of January 1860, a young woman of twenty was taken into the hospital at Dresden, in one of the wards under the charge of Dr. Walter. She had been ill about three weeks, and presented symptoms resembling those of typhoid fever. On the 27th of the same month she died. At the *post-mortem* examination of her body, M. Zeucker (who was then pursuing microscopic inquiries into the muscular lesions produced by typhoid fever) found, not what he expected, but, in almost all the organs, an immense number of trichinæ or hair-worms. Now, these trichinæ, *instead of being encysted, each enveloped in its own cocoon*, were perfectly free and extremely active. This first observation was followed by many others of the same kind, accompanied by symptoms differing more or less from the above case.

The alarm being given, a sufficient number of cases were discovered to justify the name of an epidemic. When death ensued, the muscles were found in every instance to be infested with free and active hair-worms. There was, therefore, no more doubt about the matter.

The presence of trichinæ in the organs is the cause of very serious disorder. Now, it was afterwards known that a trichina takes about two months to reach the encysted stage, and that the man or the animal are out of danger if they do not sink before the encystment of the worm. Hence, it became easy to understand why, for so long a period, trichinæ had been believed to be harmless; *they had only been known in their encysted state;* they had been discovered only in patients *who had been able to resist their action.* There could be no misconception for the future. Before M. Zeucker's observations at Dresden, chance had presented none but animals *cured* of the attacks of hair-worms; but such, unfortunately, is not the general result, although it is occasionally.

In February 1865, M. Langenbeck, of Berlin, operated on a man for a tumour on the neck. He remarked in the muscles of the neck a prodigious quantity of encysted trichinæ—the condition to which they arrive after a long sojourn in the flesh of animals.

"Have you not been seriously ill," M. Langenbeck inquired of his patient, "some little time ago?"

"Worse than that, Doctor," he replied; "I have been poisoned."

Being requested to state the circumstances, he continued: "I was inspecting, in company with several of my colleagues, the schools at Jessen, near Mersenbourg. There were eight of us in all. At breakfast we were served with ham and sausage, of which all of us, *except*

one, partook. That one felt no unpleasant consequences; the rest of us were attacked by fever; and out of the seven who ate the ham, four died. Suspicion fell upon the inn-keeper. The authorities took the matter up; the meat was analysed; but although nothing was discovered in it, every body believed that the landlord of the inn had tried to poison us, and he was obliged to emigrate to America."

Doctor Langenbeck smiled as he explained: "The landlord is perfectly innocent. The hog, whose flesh you ate, was trichinised. These are the real poisoners." And he showed him a morsel of his own muscle full of encysted trichinæ.

It is clear then, without quoting further instances, that the trichina has long ravaged the human frame, without exciting the attention of medical men. Trichinosis (infection by trichinæ) is nothing new; it is merely the knowledge of the disease which, unfortunately, is of recent date. This infection is communicated to man by the agency of certain meats, and especially preparations of pork. A mouthful of infected meat suffices to cause the person who swallows it to be infested by hair-worms.

Such being the real facts, it is wise to look them in the face, without needless alarm, but seriously, as a measure of common prudence; and to do so, it is necessary to become acquainted with the natural history of the enemy. The transmigrations and metamorphoses of parasitic animals (of intestinal worms, especially) are so strange, extraordinary, and often so complicated, that

they would defy belief, were they not proved by actual observation.

Who, for instance, would guess that a winged fly (the *Æstrus equi*, a species of gad-fly) passes part of its existence inside the stomach of the horse, in the shape of a grub commonly called a "bot"? Such, nevertheless, is proved to be the case. The female fly deposits her eggs on the hair clothing the knees and sides of the horse, to which they adhere by a glutinous fluid. In a few days the eggs are ready to be hatched. The horse, in licking himself, touches the egg. It bursts; a small worm escapes from it, which adheres to the tongue, and is conveyed with the food into the stomach. There it clings to the lining of the stomach by means of a hook on either side of its mouth; and its hold is so firm and obstinate, that it must be broken before it can be detached. There it remains all winter long, feeding on the mucus of the stomach. In spring, when the time of its transformation arrives, it detaches itself of its own accord, and is got rid of in the natural way. It buries itself in the ground, and becomes a chrysalis, in which state it lies inactive for several weeks; then, bursting from its confinement, it assumes the form of a fly, and perpetuates its species by becoming the parent of other bots, to be reared in other horses' stomachs.

The history of tape-worms is even more marvellous. The hair-worm's biography is, happily for us, comparatively simple. For our knowledge of its habits and migrations, we are indebted to the researches of M. Virchow.

The Trichina is not an infusorial animalcule, as has been supposed by some, but a perfectly characterised worm, sometimes growing large enough to be perceptible by the unaided eye. At the outset, trichinæ, like intestinal worms, were believed to be the result of spontaneous generation. And, in fact, when such numbers were found located in the deepest organs, it was natural to ask how they could get there, and the simplest explanation was to suppose them to be bred on the spot. But observation has proved that neither for intestinal worms nor for trichinæ does spontaneous generation exist. M. Virchow has removed all doubt that the trichinæ found in the most distant and deep-seated organs are the offspring of other trichinæ that have been taken into the stomach.

After Virchow, Messieurs Luckart, Turner, and Claus have demonstrated that the trichina which is swallowed in meat is transformed, in the intestines, into a different creature—the *intestinal* trichina. This produces embryos which pierce through the lining of the intestines, and so penetrate to the different organs of the body. If the man or animal so infested do not die, after a time they become encysted, when they sleep in their shell without undergoing further metamorphosis; to produce which, *they must be eaten afresh by some other animal.* If they cannot escape by being devoured, there they must remain in quiet. Cysts and worms have been found in a state of fatty degeneration, as if they had died of their long imprisonment in the muscle which they had once infested. As before stated, therefore, the

trichina's migrations are much more simple and limited than those of other intestinal worms, which there is no need to follow here.

It suffices that an animal should have been infected by trichinæ for it to be able to propagate the infection. Pigs especially, which devour almost every thing they find, are particularly subject to be infested by trichinæ; and in every case hitherto recorded, the disease has been consequent to the eating of pork. *Herbivorous animals are free from all suspicion of the kind*, except under very peculiar circumstances. For instance, a rabbit has become infested by compelling it to swallow infested meat.

Experiments made on birds by Dr. Cobbold have also had a negative result; and this so far agrees with the experience of continental observers, Professors Pagenstecker and Fuchs, who, though they found that the ingested *muscle trichinæ* acquired sexual maturity within the intestinal canal of their avian hosts, yet never found young trichinæ in the muscles of the birds, nor any evidence of an attempt on the part of the escaped embryos to effect a wandering or active migration on their own account. All kinds of poultry, therefore, and winged game, may be eaten without the slightest apprehension. Carnivorous animals, and especially those which subsist on a mixed diet, appear to be the most liable to entertain trichinæ. It is, however, as stated above, *possible* to rear flesh-worms in herbivora; although, on account of the expense, comparatively few experiments have been made in this direction. It is

quite clear that, in their natural state, herbivorous animals can seldom have an opportunity of infesting themselves; whilst the reverse is the case with swine, carnivorous animals, and ourselves. Looking at the subject in relation to the public health, Dr. Cobbold does not hesitate to say that a great deal of unnecessary fear has been created in this country. English swine are almost entirely, if not absolutely, free from this so-called disease, and not a single case of trichinosis in the *living* human subject has been diagnosed in the United Kingdom. Some twenty or thirty cases have been discovered *post mortem*, and it is highly probable that most, if not all, of these individuals had contracted the disease during life by eating German pork sausages, or other preparations of foreign meat.

The intestinal Trichina contains about one hundred germs; and by the side of those, new ones are constantly and incessantly being formed. Now, the creature remains in the intestine at least from three to four weeks; and, reckoning only two hundred embryos as the produce of every female trichina (M. Gerlach states that five hundred is the correct calculation), it is evident that five thousand females are capable of engendering a million young ones. Now, these five thousand female trichinæ can be easily contained in a single mouthful of meat. The danger to health is naturally in proportion to the number of hair-worms swallowed, and the symptoms vary with the region they invade.

In the intestinal canal, trichinæ determine gastric

symptoms, typhoid fever, dysenteric disturbances. The purging may become so violent as to carry all the parasites away with it—a most happy release! Otherwise, the worms are developed in swarms, and the disease breaks out in all its violence.

The febrile symptoms and the muscular irritation are the consequence of the exodus of the new generation from the patient's intestine into his flesh. According to the strength of his constitution, he will either support the attack or sink under it. It is thus that a patient's body may provide board and lodging for an enormous number of trichinæ, without death being the result. The encysted worm is inactive, and health returns. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to conceal the fact that there is considerable danger whenever trichinæ are swallowed in certain quantities. We would neither exaggerate nor extenuate the truth.

Persons interested in the sale of bacon, hams, and other preparations of pork, have gone so far as to deny the possibility of the infection's being communicated by salted and smoked meat. We can have no interest in wishing to injure any honest trade; but a sufficient reply is afforded by the record of the veritable epidemics which Germany of late years has had to chronicle. The pest has been propagated by smoked sausage, ham, and minced pork, at Dresden, Corbach, Plauen, Calbe, Magdebourg, Quedlenbourg, Rugen, Burgk, Weimar, Hettstadt. In this last town, more than a hundred and fifty persons were taken ill, of whom seven-

and-twenty died. In more than one town the disease was introduced by one single infected pig.

A Hamburg vessel, returning from Valparaiso in 1863, carried a live pig on board. It was killed, and thirty pounds of its meat eaten fresh; the rest was salted. Several of the crew (precisely those who had eaten the pork) fell ill. When the ship sailed into port, two men died, and their bodies were found to be infested with free and active trichinæ. M. Virchow found other trichinæ in a portion of the salted meat. How, then, is it possible to doubt that Trichinosis has swine's flesh for its origin? A negative proof is, that trichinæ have never been found in the flesh of sheep or horned cattle.

In the present state of science, no specific is known capable of driving trichinosis out of the human frame. Something is wanted able to kill the trichinæ while they still establish their quarters in the intestine. All sorts of things have been tried, without success. Arsenic, copper, mercury, phosphorus, spirit of turpentine, have been vaunted as remedies, without justification from the result. Picronitrate of potash and benzine sometimes succeed. Empirics have recommended every imaginable specific. The truth is, that the trichina resists extremely active agents—chromic acid, amongst the rest. Consequently, neither brandy nor vinegar are preservatives against the disease, much less remedies. On discovering in time that trichinæ have been swallowed, all that can be done is to administer strong purgatives, which will often sweep the intruders out of doors.

Remedial measures are, first, inspection of the meat, which is troublesome. Ordinary worms or maggots are visible by the naked eye; in this case we must use a lens—an additional trouble. But the employment of a microscope for a few short minutes renders infection almost impossible. As soon as the minute white spots, characteristic of encysted trichinæ, are perceived, the meat ought to be destroyed, and the seller warned of the danger to which he exposes his customers.

Formerly, German hams were not sent to market until after six months' preparation. At the present day, the requirements of trade no longer admit of such tardy proceedings. Even in Westphalia, a rapid mode of smoking is adopted, which does not in the least affect the trichinæ. Even in this case, to make sure of safety, recourse must be had to microscopic examination. The same recommendation is applicable to smoked sausages, black puddings, and the like.

A second excellent preventive measure presents itself, if we could only be certain that it was *efficiently* performed; namely, *thorough* cooking. But it is much more difficult to ascertain whether meat is cooked to the point required, than to inspect it carefully. Certain sausages, believed to be perfectly cooked, have been the cause of accidents. In 1863, a sausage which, doubtless, was insufficiently cooked, made a whole family, five in number, ill; one of whom, a little boy, died.

Trichinæ, assuredly, cannot bear the temperature of boiling water; they even die at 34° of Fahrenheit less than that temperature, or at the heat which coagulates

albumine; but that degree of heat reaches *all* the parts of a joint much more rarely than is imagined, even in a chop laid over the fire on a gridiron. The superficial portion is really broiled, but the interior does not reach the heat which kills trichinæ. Pork-chops are often eaten still pink in the inside; the same of larger pieces, both roast and boiled: and yet, if only on account of the flavour, pork requires to be thoroughly cooked. Roast pork may, therefore, contain in its centre legions of trichinæ in perfect health. Mere cooking, consequently, cannot be considered a sure and sufficient guarantee.

Last year (1866), the matter became so serious, the French nation was suddenly seized with so intense a trichinophoby, that the government thought it right to send properly qualified persons into Germany, to make inquiries. Their reports were reassuring; based, however, mainly on the facts that infected pigs, if they existed in France, were excessively rare; and that trichinised pork, even when eaten, was less likely to be followed by unpleasant consequences in France than in Germany: *because* the French do not, like the Germans, indulge in the habit of eating raw meat; also, because they *have* the custom of cooking *all* their meat thoroughly. But this latter reason for confidence is much more to be depended on in the case of boiled than it is of roast or broiled meats. The national taste is fast acquiring a relish for underdone roasts, chops, and steaks; so much so, that they are picturesquely spoken of by cooks and waiters as *saignant*—"bleeding."

We will close this unwelcome topic—for the substance of which we are indebted to M. Henri de Parville and other scientific authorities—with the observation, that it *could not* have been allowed to pass in silence. Danger is not diminished by ignoring its existence. On the contrary, duty compelled the Doctor to make the history of the Trichina furnish a prudential and precautionary, if not a pleasant, page to the present Companion to the Kitchen. Fore-warned is fore-armed. And when we remember the mournful effects of the Cattle Plague, we may imagine the horror and dismay that would ensue were Trichinosis to spread over the land. And with free trade in dead meat as well as in live stock, there is no guarantee that it may not appear at any time. Happily, it is in every way both more traceable and more repressible, more easily ascertained and more readily "stamped out," than the disease which has so sorely tried our herds. The microscope will betray its presence, and abstinence from pork put a stop to its progress. There is not, as in the cattle disease, any mysterious contagion through the agency of the atmosphere, or otherwise, but a material and tangible inoculation, which may be guarded against and destroyed beforehand by the application of sufficient heat in the process of cooking.

To Cure Hams, A. If the weather permits, let your hams, when cut out, hang in a cool, dry place for a day or two. Then cover them with salt for two days more. Drain them, and for each ham take one ounce of saltpetre, half a pound of coarse sugar or treacle, one ounce

of juniper-berries, one ounce of allspice, and the same of ground black pepper. Mix all in a quart of good strong beer; boil it up, and pour it hot over the hams. Turn them every day, and baste them well over with the liquor for three weeks, more or less, according to the size of the hams, and the length of time they are intended to be kept before cooking. On taking them out of the pickle, dust them thickly all over with bran, hang them up to dry, and then smoke them to the degree approved.

To Pickle a Ham, B. Boil one pound and a half of salt, one pound of sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre, in sufficient water to cover the ham completely. When the pickle is cooled, so as to be no more than milk-warm, pour it over the ham, which is to remain in it a fortnight.

Pickle for Hams, C. Mix well together, in a stone-ware pickling-pan, one pound of coarse salt, one pound of good brown sugar, half a pound of bay-salt, one ounce of saltpetre, and one ounce of salt-prunella. Rub this well into the hams; turn and rub them every day; let them lie in the pickle a fortnight, at the end of which time pour over one ham (if there is no more) a pint and a half of hot ale, and let it lie in the pickle a month longer, turning it frequently. It will then be fit either to cook green, or to send to the smoking. The above quantity of pickle is sufficient for one large ham.

Pickle for Hams, D. Take one pound of coarse brown sugar, one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of coarse gray salt, and two pounds of common salt. Bruise and

mix these salts well together, and boil them ten minutes in a gallon of water, skimming well. When the pickle is quite cold, rub the ham well with it all over, then put it in the pickle and leave it there, turning it every day for three weeks.

To Pickle Breasts of Pork, or Bacon, E. To two pints of boiling water, put salt enough to make a brine so strong that it will float an egg. Add one ounce each of saltpetre and salt-prunella, both powdered fine, one pound of coarse sugar, and half a pint of vinegar. Mix them well with the brine; put in your bacon, and baste it every day for three weeks. Then let it drain, cover it with bran, and let it smoke for another three weeks.

To Pickle Tongues, F. Wash the tongue well from any slime that adheres to it; let it drain; then lay it in your salting-dish, and over it put one good handful of common salt, one ounce each of saltpetre, salt-prunella, and bay-salt, all well pounded, one handful of coarse brown sugar, and half a teacupful of treacle. Let it lie a month in the pickle; then take it out, and either dry it or smoke it, or boil it as it is. Two tongues may be conveniently salted in the same dish. The same quantity of salt and sugar will be made sufficient by turning them and basting them with the pickle every day.

To Boil a Ham. In proportion as it is dry and long kept, steep it in soft water for twelve, twenty-four, or thirty-six hours. If very dry, to avoid extracting too much of its flavour, when you take it out of the water in which it has been steeped, you may let it lie on a

dish, covered with a damp cloth, for a night or longer, to allow the moisture to penetrate it.

Set it on the fire in a large boiler, covered with plenty of cold water, and let it be as long in coming to the boiling point as possible. This and the steeping is the true secret of making salt meat *swell* in the cooking. Of course, the *quality* of the meat has something to do with the matter; but we take it for granted that your cook has never to prepare any but healthy and well-fed meat. There is a popular belief in many parts of the country that, if a pig is killed during the wane of the moon, its flesh will *shrink* in the boiling, and consequently be hard, unpalatable, and unprofitable; whereas, if slaughtered before she has reached the full, it will swell in the cooking, and be plump and tender. The Doctor has not fully tested the truth of the fact; for *all* the pigs he has fatted and killed into the house have, at the instance of his housekeeper, been despatched while the moon was still in her crescent phases. Their salted flesh *did*, certainly, swell in the boiling, with exceptions so rare, if any, that he has no recollection of their occurrence.

Skim well while boiling up, and simmer gently for an hour or two afterwards. If we did not now know that pork is—pork, we should say simmer gently until the end. As it is, after a couple of hours' simmering, let the ham boil galloping for one full hour, which will drive the heat home to its interior. That done to your satisfaction, let it simmer again. The entire time of cooking will depend upon its size, requiring seldom

less than four, or more than seven, hours for the largest.

When boiled enough, lift it tenderly out of the boiler, lay it on a provisional dish to drain and cool, peel off the skin very carefully, so as not to tear the fat beneath it. While still warm, dust its upper surface with raspings of the crust of French rolls. When cold, shift it to the dish on which it is to appear at table, and garnish with fresh green parsley. Ham, served in slices, may be garnished with the same, and also with dice of clear savoury jelly made of the feet, ears, skin, &c. It is a point of honour to cut such slices excessively thin, in imitation of the famous plates of ham served at the suppers at Vauxhall Gardens; respecting which, tradition says that the carver attached to that extinct establishment had attained such skill that, with one single ham, he could cover the whole area of the Gardens.

Some cooks preserve the skin of the ham to cover it with while standing on the store-room shelf; but it neither keeps off the dust nor the flies, and it does disturb the crust-crumbs and other garnishing. The best protection for a ham in cut is either a cover of the finest wire-gauze, or a clean, light, coarse-grained napkin thrown over it while behind the scenes.

Ham-boilings are good for nothing. Throw them out; *don't* give them to the poor.

Leg of Pork, Boiled. This had better come from a *scalded*, not a *burnt*, pig, as the skin is to be eaten. Salt it for a week or ten days (rubbing it with the pickle

and turning it every day) either in common salt, or in any of the above pickles given for hams. When required, take it out, rinse it well in cold spring water, and let it drain. Boil it exactly in the way directed for hams, only for a much shorter time. About three hours from the time of boiling up will suffice to cook a moderate-sized Leg of Pork thoroughly. When once the boiling point is attained, the more slowly it can be kept up, the better; nevertheless, *it must be kept up*.

When done, place the leg on a provisional dish to peel off the skin, which ought to be so tender as *not* to come away entire. When peeled, you may spot the surface of the fat with patches of ground allspice (after the fashion of old English cook-shops)—an ornament not unpleasing either to the eye or the palate; or you may sprinkle bread-crumbs or biscuit-raspings over its surface, and then set it under a salamander to brown nicely. In either case, after transferring it to the hot dish on which it is to be sent to table, garnish with fresh green sprigs of parsley.

The skin from the ham will make a little Brawn. *A*. Dust its under surface (while hot) with ground allspice and pepper, and then roll it up, and tie it with a string, to be kept on till cold. *B*. Cut it into small pieces; put it into a saucepan with pepper, grated nutmeg or allspice, and as much of the boilings as will cover it. Let it simmer half an hour, and then put it into a basin or mould. Next morning you can turn it out on a small dish, and serve for breakfast. The feet, ears,

tail, and other trimmings, will make pork cheese by exactly the same treatment.

Boiled Leg of Pork is improved by being stuffed with parsley. Chop the parsley as fine as possible, and mix with it a little pepper and allspice. Insert a sharp-pointed knife into the knuckle-end of the leg, close to the bone; let it follow the bone for *nearly* its whole length, so as just *not* to come out at the other end. By working the knife, detach the flesh from the thigh-bone, so as to form a sort of pocket, into which you will stuff your chopped parsley as firm as you can ram it. The leg will then be boiled and finished off as before. It will be much the better, both in flavour and appearance, for this stuffing of parsley, especially when cold; and the orifice made, allowing the boiling water to penetrate to the central parts of the leg, will tend to further its thorough cooking.

The *Boilings* from Leg of Pork which has not been long salted make excellent Pease Soup, especially if the leg be very carefully rinsed (or steeped in cold water a quarter of an hour) beforehand. They will even help to furnish *Pease Soup à la minute*—in *hot haste, to be served at the same dinner* with the leg of pork, thus:

Boil, *with the leg*, carrots, turnips, a parsnip, celery, onions. When quite tender, take them up, and chop them up together quite small in a basin.

Take a packet of Ashby's Prepared Pea-Flour (92 Upper Thames Street, London). The directions on the cover of the packet are: "Well mix a spoonful with cold water; then pour it into the soup, keeping it well

stirred, and in a few minutes it will be fit for table." The Doctor's womankind followed those directions, and we were not satisfied with the result. The pea-flour did not incorporate well with the broth, but sank as a sediment to the bottom. By further experiment, however, it was discovered that, *by steeping the pea-flour in cold water over-night, it made excellent smooth and creamy soup*, quite equal to soup prepared by the longer and more troublesome method of boiling the peas. The manufacturer of the Pea-Flour will be glad to know this, as he can add it to his printed directions.

When, therefore, you are thinking of making *Pease Soup in a Hurry*, steep the pea-flour in water over-night. When the soup is wanted, throw the steeped flour into the pork-boilings, together with the chopped-up vegetables. Boil up for ten minutes, stirring all the while. Put a few toasted-bread dice at the bottom of your tureen; pour the soup over it, and serve.

Sage-leaf powder should be passed round, for those who like it to flavour their pea-soup with.

Boiled Pork should be accompanied by *Pease Pudding*, the farinaceous substance of which acts as an antidote to the fat of the meat, and renders it more digestible.

A quart of pease, either split or whole, will make a nice-sized pudding. White or yellow pease will have the more attractive appearance; blue pease often the better flavour.

Soak the pease all night in the softest water you can

procure. Set them on the fire (tied in a cloth, not too tight, in order that they may swell), in cold water, and boil them until they are soft enough to squeeze through a cullender, so as to separate the inside of the pea from the shell, if any. Stir up thoroughly with the pea-pulp so obtained a table-spoonful of flour and a couple of eggs. The object of these is mainly to make the pudding hang together; because boiled pork does not require to be accompanied by any thing *rich*, but quite the contrary. When the pudding is well mixed, put it into a cloth dusted with flour, tie it tight, and boil galloping for three-quarters of an hour.

Pease pudding requires no sauce, but, being rather unfinished in its outside appearance, may be garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Slices of cold pease pudding are very good and wholesome to eat with cold boiled pork.

Mem. For the sake of variety, to try Ashby's pea-flour for the next pease pudding we make. Boiled pork *must* have pease pudding with it, to supplement and temper its quality; varying the form and aspect of the pudding will therefore be a pleasing task.

"Why *must?*" will ask some culinary sceptic, who doesn't understand being dictated to. "*Must* is all very well to say; but pease pudding, if not exactly vulgar, is a curious relic of antiquity. Why *must*, Doctor, if you please?"

For good reasons, most respected of Cooks (Professed). This very day,* I read in that able weekly

* February 23, 1867.

journal, the *Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette*, the substance of the following little lecture:

Every vegetable substance which we use as food contains (besides a large quantity of water, and earthy materials which would be left in the shape of ashes after burning) the following proximate principles:

I. Nitrogenous or flesh-forming constituents; those which aid in the formation and restoration of muscle; and

II. Substances not containing nitrogen, as starch, sugar, vegetable fibre. These are fitted to support respiration or to lay on fat.*

Now, these principles exist in very varied proportions in different kinds of plants and their products; and it will be found that such products are more or less valuable for different purposes, according as one or other of the desired ingredients prevail.

Thus, Barley-meal will be found to contain 69½ per cent of fat-forming elements, and potatoes only 21½ per cent of the same. Barley-meal, therefore, compared weight for weight with potatoes, affords more than three times the weight of fattening materials.

Again, pease (note this) contain nearly 23½ per cent of flesh-forming matter, while Barley affords but 13, Wheat 14, and Potatoes only 2½ per cent—figures which enable us to estimate the differences which prevail in this respect; whilst in the matter of water we find that Potatoes contain nearly 75—Shade of Cobbett, crow at that!—Oats 12, and Pease a little over 14 per cent of this fluid.

* Please do us the favour to read again our Chapter I., *Generalities*.

Now, as the keeping up of the muscle of an animal on the one hand, and duly balancing the fat-forming and respiratory functions on the other, are important to the development and well-being of *all* animals, *including the highest*, it follows that, if chemical principles and analysis are to be depended upon, these will give us at least an approximate method of estimating the relative value of different food materials.

If experience soon teaches us the value of this guide in purchasing and selecting food for the growth and fattening of the inferior animals, is it not an important matter for Man himself, in his own personal interest, to consider the question, "*What* is Food?"

Now, from tables mostly compiled from Boussingault, it appears that we can only regard Potatoes as food in a quite diluted state, compared with which Pease are a highly concentrated nutriment. If, next, we inquire into the relative feeding value of *meats*, and find Pork to be the *lowest* of all, it will at once acquaint us with *the cogency of marrying Pease Pudding to Boiled Pork.*

On the other hand, we are enabled to trace how it is that Potatoes have become popular at the tables of the rich; namely, because, mixed with a generous diet, they are of importance to aid in its dilution. Pease, again, unfortunately, have almost disappeared from the tables of the poor, as well as of the rich. From the latter, advisedly so (*if* they habitually eat much meat; which all do not); as, in that case, they induce flatulence or indigestion: but for the *poor man* to discard them is

altogether unwise; as his object is, too frequently, not how to obtain luxuries, but how to live.

The Reader will do well to bear in mind that it is not a mere speculation, but an ascertained fact, that *five ounces of flesh-formers are required* to restore the *daily* waste of the body. If these five ounces be forthcoming in rations of *meat*, to get them in addition in the shape of pease must tend to bring about indigestion; and the inconvenience would be felt the most by those who have done growing, and by sedentary persons. But if the rest of the food consumed by the individual be innutritious meat, as fat boiled pork, or vegetables deficient in flesh-forming elements, *then* pease will render most welcome service.

The tables in the Food Department of the Kensington Museum have been arranged upon the following assumptions:

In nutrition, the tissues of the body can only be produced by the agency of FLESH-FORMERS, which are already (as shown in the chapter GENERALITIES) *the same in composition as the flesh to be formed.*

Different kinds of food vary much in the amount of flesh-formers they contain; some, as the Leguminous seeds (pease, beans, &c.), being rich in them [remember the fact that the Chinese manufacture *cheeses* out of pulse]; while others, as potatoes and carrots, are poor.

An adult labouring man must have five ounces of flesh-formers supplied daily in food, to restore the waste of five ounces of the organic parts of his body. It therefore becomes highly important to know *what*

quantities of each kind of food he must consume, to supply the normal waste of five ounces; and what would be *the cost to him* of restoring the waste by the different kinds of food in common use.

Here is a Table of the present cost of Five Ounces of Flesh-Formers.

			Average Cost.	
	lb.	oz.	*s.*	*d.*
Wheat-flour	2	1	0	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Barley-meal	2	6	0	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Oatmeal	1	13	0	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Maize	2	9	0	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Rice	4	13	1	2
Pease	1	5	0	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Potatoes	20	13	0	7

The different quantities of food given in this Table all contain the same amount (five ounces) of flesh-formers; and they must be eaten as the day's supply to enable the labourer to do a day's work. Their relative cost for restoring the daily waste of tissues is the money paid in purchasing the amount exhibited. Experience, however, has taught man that he should *mix* his food, so as to insure a proper balance between the heat-givers and the flesh-formers, and not to depend upon *one kind of food* for the exclusive supply of either.

It follows, then, from the above Table that Rice, which is so much resorted to in times of scarcity, is the dearest of all food; next to it in dearness, if they have to be bought, rank Maize and Potatoes. Whenever, therefore (as at the present writing), Potatoes are

dear to the townsman and nearly lost to the country cottager, some substitute for them must necessarily be found. Bread, of course, will be had recourse to, to make up the deficit; but whenever Pease are relatively cheap, *they* will be a substitute for Potatoes, as the food of a people, whose value can hardly be over-estimated.

The Pea-nail has also been driven further home, in an admirable Paper on "The Physical Condition of the Agricultural Labourer," read by Mr. Henry Cox, at Kingscote, Gloucestershire. He holds that that class of men—and consequently every body arrived at the age of discretion—should be made acquainted with the principles of the Chemistry of Food. Not that they need be chemical manipulators; but that they should be made aware of the great truths taught by men of science, who have made this question the study of their lives.

They should know that, on the same principle as you cannot have a coat from the back of a naked man, nor draw blood out of a gate-post, so they cannot get the right sort of nutriment from bodies which do not contain that nutriment. They should know that strong drinks and tea act in the same way (though perhaps more pleasantly) as the whip—that is, as stimulants—and contain a very small portion, if any, of really nutritious matter. They should know that potatoes and fat meat (though very good for fuel, and to keep up the animal heat and give food for the respiratory organs) give little or nothing to the muscular system, and consequently cannot support strength.

They know too well already that animal food, in

sufficient quantities to support the muscular system, is out of their reach; but they should also know where to find the cheapest and best substitutes for this substance—that all the component parts of our bodies are originally derived from the earth by plants, and are rendered by plants in a fit state for the nutrition of our animal frame. Some of these plants give a large proportion of carbon, or fat-forming matter; others give a large portion of nitrogen, or flesh-forming matter.

Dr. Buckland has shown that *Pease* formerly constituted an important part of the diet of the people of this country—at a time, too, when our forefathers were more hardy than ourselves. Those leguminous seeds are undoubtedly the cheapest and best means of supplying nutritious matter. Their value has been known from the very earliest times;* and before the introduction of the potato, they formed the staple article of food of our soldiers and labourers, and were not then banished from the tables of the rich. Pease and other pulse, if eaten by themselves, will produce flatulence; but *if eaten, as they should be, with potatoes, fat meat, or other carbonaceous substances, such is not the case.*

An adult labourer, in full work, is estimated to con-

* "Then said Daniel to Melzar, Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat: and as thou seest, deal with thy servants. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse" (*Daniel* i. 11-16).

sume about four ounces of muscular tissue and about twenty-three ounces of carbonaceous matter, in the various offices of respiration, perspiration, oil for the joints, &c. [for Man's bodily frame is as much a machine —though infinitely more perfect—as a steam-engine]; so that you see the system requires about six times as much carbon as nitrogen. But the fact that pulse contains more than half as much nitrogenous as carbonaceous matter, shows that this flatulence (which is the escape of waste material from a safety-valve) arises merely from pulse's *over-richness* in flesh-formers, and *not from any injurious substance in its component parts.* And here again we see why the fat of animals should be consumed with *pease and beans*, and not with potatoes or white bread.

An agricultural labourer one day said, "Bless you, sir, it would be no good to have pease in our house; for the children would eat them all raw, if they could get at them; and we have no place where we can lock them up." But the very craving of children for these things shows their need of them. Dr. Lankester says that, to preserve health, there should be a certain quantity of raw food eaten every day; because most of the mineral substances, so necessary to our existence, are washed out or otherwise destroyed by the cook. Hence the nutritive value of Broths and Soups, which retain in their mass every thing that is put into them, except the bones and a portion of water and volatile oils.

Besides the Four Elements of which all Organic Nature is composed—and there can be no life, animal or

vegetable, without them—the human body contains the following inorganic substances; and the absence of either one of them endangers health and engenders disease. Taking the human body to weigh eleven stones, it would contain:

	lb.	oz.	gr.
Phosphate of lime, the principal ingredient of bone.	5	13	0
Carbonate of lime, also in bone	1	0	0
Fluoride of calcium, do.	0	3	0
Chloride of sodium	0	5	·376
Sulphate of soda	0	1	·170
Carbonate of soda	0	1	·72
Phosphate of soda	0	0	·4
Sulphate of potash	0	0	·4
Peroxide of iron	0	0	·15
Chloride of potassium	0	0	·12
Phosphate of potash	0	0	·1
Phosphate of magnesia	0	0	·75
Silica	0	0	3

And we must obtain these salts from our daily bread, as presented to us through the medium of plants. Truly, therefore—again to quote Dr. Lankester—does the question of food lie at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no work, no health, no life, without food; and just as we are fed defectively or improperly, so are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of all earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body.

And now let us return to our Pigs and their belongings.

What we call the Leg of Pork is really the *thigh* of the animal. The real *leg-joint*, or hock (the *jambonneau* of French *charcutiers*), of either the fore or hind quarter, salted a week exactly like the thigh, boiled

idem, and allowed to cool without cutting it up, makes a delicious and convenient breakfast-dish. French cooks roll their *jambonneaux*, while still hot, in grated biscuit.

The *Face*, *Cheek*, or *Chap*, of *small* pigs, may also be salted and served in the same way, but is apt to be a little too fat for every stomach. The brains, and the snout and ears, which are trimmed away, will help to make a shape of pork cheese. *Large* Pigs' Faces are mostly pickled and smoked like hams.

Pigs' Fry, or *Haslet*, is best *Baked*, or rather *Braised*, in a slow oven. Cut the heart and the spleen into slices; the same of such portion of the liver as you use. Divide the frill or sweetbread into handsome, moderate-sized pieces, for helping with a table-spoon. It is needless to say that Pigs' Fry must be *fresh;* it may be used the same day on which the pig is killed, by throwing it into cold water as soon as it is taken out of the animal.

Take a paté-dish with a close-fitting cover; a pudding-basin, covered with an old cracked plate, will answer the purpose for a small quantity. At the bottom lay a few sliced onions, and a bouquet of parsley and thyme; on these place a few pieces of the frill, with pepper, salt, and lemon-peel; then a few more sliced onions, with the slices of heart, liver, and spleen, peppered and salted; then sliced onions again, with the remainder of the frill at the top of all. It is desirable that the dish or basin should not be more than three-quarters full of the meat and onions. Pour over all just enough water to cover them. Put on the lid, and set the dish in the oven.

When thus cooked, Pigs' Fry allows a very broad margin for the time that it may be kept hot without injury. There is no loss by burning or drying up, and it lends itself to various ways of serving. It may be sent to table as it is, in the dish, with no other sauce than its own gravy and a little mustard. Or the Fry may be taken out, laid on a hot dish, and the gravy (after the surface-fat has been removed) thickened with a dust of flour, and seasoned with tomato sauce or highly seasoned aromatic pickle-vinegar, as that from tarragon or Indian pickle. Or, by stirring in a table-spoonful of curry-powder, you make an excellent *Pigs'-Fry Curry*, thereby at the same time assisting the digestion of a dish naturally rich and heavy in itself. The heart, fried, is apt to be hard; the spleen, leathery. Slowly stewed in the oven in this way, they both become tender and full of gravy. Other roots, as carrots and turnips, may be mixed up with the fry from the outset; powdered sage is much liked in the seasoning. Mealy potatoes, laid round the dish, make the most appropriate garnishing.

Pigs' Feet à la Sainte Ménehould. Tie up the Feet with broad tape, to prevent their falling to pieces in the cooking. Put them in a stew-pan with thyme, bay-leaf, carrots, onions, cloves, chives, salt, and a glass of white wine. As they take a long time to do, they must be well covered with water or broth, replacing from time to time the quantity lost by evaporation. Let them simmer gently until quite tender, which will not be sooner than four or five hours after they have begun to boil. When thoroughly done, let them cool in their liquor.

Untie them carefully, and let them remain until next day.

When wanted, dip them into oiled butter, dip them in bread-crumbs which have a little pepper mixed with them, broil them over a gentle fire, and serve without any sauce, unless a lemon to squeeze over them.

In short, things cooked *à la Sainte Ménehould* (and a great variety of animal food may be so dressed) are first boiled, often in court-bouillon, with roots and aromatic herbs, and then covered with bread-crumbs and broiled.

Popular preparations are *Stuffed Pigs' Feet*, *Pieds Farcis*, and *Truffled Pigs' Feet;* the preparation of which is the same, except that the latter are enriched with truffles. The former title is a misnomer, because it is the feet themselves which are the stuffing. They are boiled, all the bones removed, surrounded with sausage-meat, and the whole wrapped in pork-frill or in the skin used for containing sausages. When truffled, the black slices of truffle are visible through this skin.

Stuffed and Truffled Pigs' Feet are rarely made in private houses, but are bought at the shop ready prepared. They furnish a side-dish held in some esteem, with the least possible trouble to the cook. At the shop, they are rolled in fine biscuit-raspings; all she has to do is to set them in her oven (or in an American oven before the fire) for twenty or five-and-twenty minutes. One foot to every two guests is a liberal allowance.

As Truffled Pigs' Feet will bear a day or two's travelling in cold weather, an easy way of having them in

winter (their real season) is to procure them from any of the seaport towns on the north coast of France—Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk—which have frequent and speedy communication with England—and in all of which there are excellent *charcutiers*. The price, there, of a Truffled Pig's Foot varies from a shilling to fifteenpence.

Roast Leg of Pork, like Boiled, must have been scalded. The skin is then scored (without cutting into the fat beneath it) to form the "crackle." In roasting, this requires to be protected by oiled paper, if the fire is very fierce, to be removed towards the end of the process, in order that the crackle may be crisp and nicely browned. It therefore requires considerable attention all the while it is roasting.

Roast Leg of Pork is best accompanied by Mashed Potatoes and *Apple Sauce;* for which latter, peel, quarter, and core your apples; cut them into small pieces; put them into a stew-pan with a tumbler of cider or (if you have none) water, the peel of half a lemon, and three or four cloves. Let boil till the apple is reduced quite to a pulp. Take out the lemon-peel, add the juice of a lemon, mix and mash all thoroughly together, and serve very hot in a small vegetable-dish or sauce-tureen.

Roast Leg of Pork may be stuffed with sage and onions in the same way as with parsley. Chop the onions and sage-leaves finely together; season with salt, pepper, and allspice, and ram them into the hole made in the pork to receive them.

The *Loin* and the *Spareribs* make very nice roasts.

The *Roast Bladebone* (from the shoulder) of a large pig is also a pretty little dish. When Apple Sauce is to be eaten with either of these, they may be basted with cider during the roasting; and, just before serving, their upper surface may be sprinkled with powdered sage-leaf.

Pork and Apple Pie. Procure a sufficiency of pork-chops, with as much of the fat removed as possible. Cut them each into three or four pieces, leaving the bone attached to the meat. Roll them in flour, and season with salt, pepper, and allspice.

Peel, quarter, core, and slice apples, in quantity (bulk) about half that of the pork.

Invert a cup of cider (or stock) at the bottom of your pie-dish. At the bottom put a layer of pork, then of apples, and so on, finishing with sliced apples at the top. Pour in a small cupful of stock or cider. Cover with a good solid crust, not too rich of butter or other fat; and bake thoroughly in an oven that is not too quick.

This old-fashioned dish is palatable and wholesome, and may be partaken of fearlessly by those who are afraid of pork in most of its other shapes.

Pork Pie, Cold, for Excursions. Take three parts (in weight) of lean sparerib or loin of pork, and one of neck of veal. Cut all the meat of both off the bones, divide it into dice, and mix it together, seasoning well with salt, pepper, and allspice.

Chop up the bones; boil them together with a few sweet herbs till all the goodness is out of them; strain

off the broth, and reduce it by boiling if too much in quantity.

If the pie is to appear or travel in its dish, there is no need to put an under crust, unless you like it. If you do like it, or want its services, butter the inside of your dish, and line it with the side and bottom crusts. On these lay a few very thin slices of ham; then put in your chopped meat, interspersing it at pleasure with hard eggs quartered, slices of truffle, button mushrooms, or small forcemeat balls. Pour in enough of the reduced bone-stock to moisten, but not to soak, the meat; put on the top crust, and bake slowly and thoroughly.

Next day, when quite cold, the pie in its crust may be taken out of its dish.

Roast Sucking-Pig is most conveniently *Baked;* there is no danger, then, of its falling to pieces. The proper preparation of Sucking-Pig is so completely a professional affair, that it is almost always purchased ready for cooking in every thing except the stuffing.

Many people avert their eyes from the sight of sucking-pigs lying in a shop, because they remind them of the Massacre of Innocents. May be so; but philosophers will say, First, that such massacres *must* take place; because the returns of the pig population prove that, if we did not eat *them*, they would eat *us*. Secondly, that as the massacre *has* taken place, it is the part of a wise man to profit by it. The thing being done, it's of no use crying over spilt milk. And, in fact, the presence of a sucking-pig at table converts an ordinary dinner into a feast.

Sucking-Pig is sauced and stuffed on two opposite principles: the sweet principle, with bread-crumbs and raisins or prunes; and the savoury principle. We incline to the latter. It may be considerably varied; but take this, which is classical: chop up his liver (previously boiled) with a little beef-suet, bread-crumbs, lemon-peel, truffles or mushrooms, sage, chives, capers, the flesh of an anchovy; season with salt and Jamaica pepper, and bind all together with a beat-up egg. When your young friend has got his belly full of this, stitch it up with needle and thread, lay him in a dish in the pleasing posture of waking repose, smear him all over with the freshest of butter, set him in your oven (or confine him in your cradle-spit), and watch him as carefully as a boarding-schoolmistress does an heiress pupil.

The moment he is on the table, brown and crisp, cut off his head. Unless that is done forthwith, the learned say, his crackle will turn flabby and good for nothing; in which case, better had it been for him never to have left his mother's teat. The rest of the dissection may be performed at leisure—all down the back, and into quarters, affording the choice of loin, shoulder, or leg: all of which require high seasoning, being naturally insipid, oily, gelatinous, and difficult of digestion—to be abstained from, indeed, altogether by sedentary and literary ladies and gentlemen. It is only the robustest of stomachs which can effectually dispose of sucking-pig; but although the viscous quality of its substance resists the action of the gastric juice, and is ever apt to

cause relaxation, we will not take upon ourselves the responsibility of prohibiting it utterly.

Plum Sauce, for Sucking-Pig. Take out the stones from a couple of ounces of raisins; chop them, but not too small; put them into a saucepan with a tumbler of cold water, a glass of wine (white or red), and a little grated nutmeg. When this boils, pour it over a teacupful of grated bread-crumbs, stirring till the raisins are evenly mixed with them; and taking the same precautions as with bread sauce not to have the mixture too thick.

Quarter Pork (*i. e.* the quarters of a pig weighing from five-and-twenty to thirty pounds, and cooked entire) combines the tenderness of infancy with the pleasing elasticity of youth. The hind quarter, crackled, makes a delicious roast from six to eight pounds in weight. The fore quarter, salted for a week, may be divided into two most delicate boils: the very thing to accompany rabbit, boiled fowl, or other white meat that requires to be assisted by the smoothness of fat and the savouriness of salt.

Pork-Chops. Select cutlets (*cotelettes*, little ribs) of the sparerib or loin, with as little fat about them as may be. Dust on both sides with pepper and salt, and broil, if you can; if not, fry. They may also be egged and bread-crumbed. When done, arrange them round your dish; and in the centre put either apple sauce, or purée of tomatoes, or mashed sorrel, or spinach, or chopped cabbage. Stewed red cabbage (which see) makes a nice accompaniment to put in the middle of a dish of Pork-Chops.

There is scarcely any better relish and corrective to

go with Pork-Chops than Tomato Sauce. It naturally combines with, and is improved by, any gravy that may run from the chops; and its purely vegetable substance neutralises the effects of animal fat.

Tomato sauce may be made from a purée of home-grown fruit; but as their season in England is of but short duration (the close of summer), and they are often wanted for other purposes (to serve as a dish of *Vegetable*, which see), the cook must put her main dependence on Tomato Sauce purchased in bottles. This is best obtained from France, for the same reason that it is cheaper to import oranges from the Azores than to grow them in the British Isles. The excellent Tomato sauce which is there prepared might be sold in London in ninepenny and shilling bottles; the former serving well for twice, the latter for three times, sauce-making.

Take a saucepan with a tablespoonful of stock or good broth at the bottom. Open the bottle of sauce, with care that none of the wax with which it is sealed fall into its contents. Take out, with the handle of a silver spoon or an ivory paper-knife, the quantity of sauce required; put it in the saucepan, set it on the fire, and dilute it with stock to the thickness required (that of a thin purée), stirring to prevent burning, and seasoning with salt, pepper, and cayenne, if approved. When hot, pour it between your chops, or serve separately in a sauce-boat; in which latter case, the chops may have some other vegetable (as chopped cabbage or mashed sorrel) in the centre of the dish, which will afford the choice of a variety of sauce-flavours.

As soon as you have taken from the bottle what sauce you want, replace the cork, pressing it firmly in. A bottle of Tomato Sauce, once opened, will not keep long, but should be consumed as speedily as convenient, the admission of air causing it to mould and ferment. This is another reason for buying rather than making it. Home-made tomato sauce will seldom *keep*. Professional manufacturers have the means of hermetically sealing their bottles (and experienced workmen to perform the process), which cannot be expected to be at the command of private families. In the South of Europe, tomatoes are grown in the open fields, and brought to market by cart-loads. They are largely used as a vegetable, and for soups. A bottle of Tomato Sauce, in good veal stock, with a few additions at the cook's discretion, will make a tureen of excellent *Tomato Soup*.

XV.

POULTRY AND GAME.

"I AM a great partisan of secondary causes, and I firmly believe that the grand order of *Gallinaceæ* was created solely for the purpose of supplying our larders and enriching our banquets.

"In fact, from the quail up to the turkey-cock, wherever we meet with an individual of this numerous family, we are sure to find a light and savoury aliment, equally suitable to the convalescent and to persons enjoying the robustest health.

"For who of us, condemned by the Faculty to the meagre cheer of the patriarchs of the desert, has not smiled on the chicken's wing, nicely cut, which announced that we were at last restored to social life?

"And, not content with the qualities which Nature had conferred on the gallinaceous tribes, we have contrived to exaggerate them by art, and, on the pretext of improving them, have made them suffer martyrdom. They are kept in solitude, plunged in darkness, compelled to eat, and so brought to a state of *embonpoint*, which was not their original destiny.

"True, this ultra-natural fat is also delicious; and it is only by means of these wicked practices that the

patients acquire the delicacy and succulence which make them the delight of the very best tables.

"So ameliorated, the fowl is to the cook what the canvas is to the painter and Fortunatus's hat to the mountebank. He serves it up to us boiled, roasted, fried, hot or cold, whole or in portions, with sauce or without, boned, skinned, stuffed,—and always with equal and invariable success."—*Brillat Savarin.*

Fatted fowls are good; but too-fatted are not good—at least, in the Doctor's estimation. He recommends to those who will listen to him, young birds in good plight, from nine to twelve months old, taken from their usual run, and shut up for four or five days, on a diet of barley-meal and water, with a hearted cabbage or lettuce to pick by way of pastime, just to cleanse them,—for cocks and hens are *very* foul feeders. It is taken for granted they have been highly fed ever since the day they jumped out of the shell.

There has been a tendency of late amongst breeders to neglect the quality of the *flesh* of poultry. The English shows, exhibiting *live* birds almost exclusively, have encouraged mainly beauty of feather, purity of breed, lofty stature, exaggerated weight; while the French "Concours," or Competitions of Fat Poultry, have produced astounding specimens of weight and plumpness, but which, to speak the truth, threaten to ruin Poultry by monstrification.

Cook one of these frightful fowls, never mind whether it has been crammed at home or abroad, and what do you get? A mass of heterogeneous

flesh, half of which falls one way, the other half the other. The white, as compact and shining as ivory, slips away from the skin, which has been fed by a distinct supply of nutriment. They are separated by a viscous, gluey stratum, which possesses neither the savour of fat, nor the delicacy of oil, nor the usefulness of cart-grease.

The monstrification of fowls can only be effected by turning their nutritive powers in a wrong direction. The alimentary substances which enter their economy, in order to be equally distributed amongst all their organs and all their tissues, ought to bring to each one of those organs the means of repairing whatever has been expended. But their motionless condition, combined with the abuse of fattening food, deposits in the cellular tissue which lies beneath the skin the whole excess of this unnatural nutrition, forming masses of unhealthy and detestable fat.

Every fowl whose skin does not adhere to its flesh is a fowl to be left, undisputed, to the numerous innocent admirers who are taken by its size and weight. As poultry, its true merits have been killed by kindness; its protectors and guardians did not know when to stop. The wise provider will prefer a fowl with less loose fat and firmer flesh.

Fowls, after plucking, require to be singed, to remove any hairs or down that may be left on their skin; in doing which, care must be taken neither to smoke nor burn them. The operation may be successfully performed by holding the fowl in one hand, and

a wisp of lighted paper in the other; but the surest way of all is over a charcoal fire, allowing the bird almost to lie on the embers for an instant.

Game *may* be kept, some of it (as old pheasants and venison) *must*, for a considerable time; but domestic poultry, after hanging in the meat-safe beyond a certain date, is neither agreeable nor wholesome. Young fowls do not require any long delay before cooking to make them tender; old ones must be made tender by long-continued boiling or stewing. Consequently, there are few things of which the *time* of cooking varies so much as poultry and game. A spring chicken will be done enough in half or three-quarters of an hour; an old cock or hen will take five or six hours' boiling before it becomes eatable. The case is nearly the same with leverets and hares, young and old rabbits, &c.; which shows how difficult it is to give, in a book, *the time* necessary to cook this class of dishes.

Boiled Fowl. French cooks rarely boil any but old cocks and hens, reserving for roasting all that are roastable. The English are wise in making a more frequent use of this delicate and digestible mode of dressing, so suitable for stomachs that are not robust.

When the fowl is trussed, put it on in plenty of cold water. Some cooks boil fowls in a cloth to keep them white; but one is apt to fancy that the fowl or the broth tastes of the cloth. They are best kept clear in the skin by careful skimming. They may be tied round with tape to assist in taking them up. If fashion do not allow the liver and gizzard to be attached to the wing of

a boiled fowl, and if the former be not wanted for sauce, both may be put inside the fowl, and boiled with it. Fowls of white-feathered breeds are mostly selected for boiling; but, in truth, all boiled fowls are best served masked, as the term is, either with a little white sauce, plain melted butter, or parsley and butter, which will conceal any of the little accidents to the skin which will happen in the best-regulated kitchens.

Oyster sauce with boiled fowl is orthodox and excellent. Parsley and butter, Béchamel, and Sauce *à la Poulette*, or white mushroom sauce, go well with it. Plain melted butter is too insipid, while liver sauce and piquante, or brown mushroom sauce, are more appropriate with roast than with boiled fowls.

Partridges, Boiled (trussed as if for roasting) in as little water as will cover them, and accompanied by either bread or onion sauce, or both, make an excellent supper-dish, as well as a wholesome and inviting "light solid" to set before a convalescent. It is quite a mistake to suppose that partridges so dressed become insipid and flavourless. They retain their natural gamey aroma, and give the weakly stomach very little trouble. This mode has also the advantage that old partridges may be simmered or stewed until they become tender. They may even be prepared previously, and warmed up in their own broth when wanted.

Boiled Duck. A favourite old-fashioned Welsh dish. Tourists, returning from the Principality, have tried to reproduce it, and failed, for want of knowing the secret, which is this: *Salt your ducks*, exactly as you would

salt pork, from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before cooking, according to the temperature, the salt taking more rapidly in warm weather than in cold. Put your ducks on in cold water. When they boil, skim; and soon afterwards slip in as many large whole onions as you will require for sauce. When the onions are done soft, mash them well, and heat them up again in a saucepan with a little milk or cream and a dust of pepper. When your ducks are tender, serve them either "smothered" with onions, or with the sauce in a separate boat; in which latter case, you may mask your ducks with just a little parsley and butter poured over them. Boiled goose is equally good, but it requires just a little longer salting, in consequence of the greater size of the bird. Both of them are suitable for weak stomachs which find a difficulty in digesting roast duck and goose.

Wild Rabbit, Boiled. Tame rabbits will scarcely do for this; they would be too much like boiled ba—No! say sucking-pig.

Persons enjoying good health and spirits are apt to regard this and other similar "Insipidities" with the upturned nostril of disdain. But their time may come —we wish it delayed as long as possible—when they too will prefer toast-and-water and gruel to more substantial food and more stimulant drink. The truth is, that the strong and active have no conception of the wants of the weak. Until they have been ill themselves, and gone through the trial, they cannot in the least understand why invalids should entertain almost a

loathing for articles of diet which, in *their* opinion, are the very things to restore their strength. Yet the Doctor has known a pretty little meal to be made off Boiled Rabbit by delicate women, who would have allowed a juicy roast leg of mutton to be taken away from table untouched *by them.*

"Good morning, Mrs. Maynard," I said to a lady—for once, we will call ourselves *I*—a lady who properly loves her lord,—"I've just come from the port, and there's some nice fish landed; but it is quite impossible."

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"It is dear, certainly," Mrs. M. replied; "but you know, sir, where there's a will there's a way."

"Ah! I see it written in your face that you have just been committing an extravagance."

"I don't think so at all. Mr. Maynard's long voyages, and the years he spent in foreign climates, have, between them, made his appetite very delicate. Besides which, on board ship, he had often to eat what didn't agree with him, or else nothing at all; so I am obliged to get what suits him best. This whiting is just the thing for his breakfast to-morrow,—ninepence."

"Why, it's the price of a pound of meat!"

"Yes, sir. But supposing that he *couldn't* eat the pound of meat, and that he *can* eat the whiting? And even if he could *eat* the pound of meat, and couldn't *digest* it afterwards, what would be the amount of benefit that he would derive from the money it had cost?"

"You are right, Mrs. Maynard; you're a true

economist. I am sure that you must have seriously considered *what* is really money's worth."

"Lor', sir, when a woman has got a good husband, isn't it natural she should think of what's most for his good?"

Choose, for boiling, one or two young but full-grown rabbits; truss them as if for roasting (removing the eyes). Leave the kidneys in their natural place; put the liver and heart inside the belly. You *may* also put a slice or two of bacon in the belly; fill up the remainder of the cavity with veal-stuffing, and stitch up the opening with needle and thread. These additions are not *indispensable;* but they are a great improvement, plumping out the rabbit, giving it a more portly appearance, and helping to retain its natural juices.

Set your rabbits, so prepared, over a moderate fire, in a boiler with plenty of cold water: and, at the same time, put in, to cook with them, a piece (not too thick) of white bacon or breast of pork that has been salted some eight or ten days, nicely streaked with fat and lean (a pound, or a pound and a quarter, will be enough), and previously steeped and rinsed a quarter of an hour.

Skim well as long as any thing rises. When the boiling point is reached, throw in a stick of celery, three turnips sliced, three carrots ditto, and six or eight large white onions (the Tripoli and Madeira varieties are excellent for this purpose). These vegetables will chill the broth; skim again, as soon as it returns a second time to the boiling point. Then set on one side to simmer, or slacken the fire, until all is done enough;

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which will be in about an hour from the first boiling up.

Take up the onions, mash them as smooth as possible with a wooden spoon in a basin, seasoning with pepper, and adding a couple of table-spoonfuls of cream or milk. Rinse the bottom of a saucepan with a dessert-spoonful of the broth (to prevent burning); put in your mashed onions, and heat them thoroughly. Dish the boiled rabbits; pour the mashed onions over them: they are then called *Rabbits Smothered in Onions.*

Serve the bacon on a separate dish, garnished with parsley, and with the carrots and turnips placed symmetrically round it. Slices of the bacon are to be offered to whoever partakes of the rabbit. Carve the rabbit, by cutting off the legs and wings, like those of a fowl; then divide it into portions *across* the back and loins. A portion of the loin is the choicest morsel to offer; after that, the leg.

The liver and heart of hares and rabbits are no great dainties, either to palate or stomach. With boils, stews, and civets, they are served as a matter of routine, but may be allowed, without regret, to fall to the share of the favourite cat or the faithful dog.

N.B. Boiled liver, from any kind of bird or animal, cooked *without* salt, and chopped or crumbled fine, makes excellent and handy food for young gold or other fish. Persons who amuse themselves with pisciculture will derive assistance from its use. And it requires such a tiny morsel to give a meal to a whole shoal of fry.

The tit-bit of the rabbit is the kidney; with which

some epicures couple the brains. When the Doctor's ship comes from "Calliforny," he intends producing a dish of rabbits' kidneys sautéd in champagne. The poor will profit by the rabbits' carcases.

Some cooks boil rabbits in a winding-sheet. Objections to the practice have been stated in the case of Boiled Fowl. With the boilings, you may make some Hasty Pease Soup, which, for reasons already given at length, will make an appropriate precursor to the Rabbit and Bacon.

Snipe Pudding, Boiled. This, although not a company dish, or one to be produced on state occasions, is, nevertheless, a welcome introduction to family parties or friendly dinners. It is sure to be received there with a hearty greeting, unless the cook has been greatly in fault; while the increasing scarcity of snipe renders it a mark of liberal entertainment.

Allow a snipe for each person at table, and one or two more over and above that number. When plucked and singed, merely remove the eyes; they must be left whole, *without* emptying, as for roasting.

Take first-rate rump-steak (in quantity which you will easily calculate from the size of your pudding), with the small proportion of fat belonging to it; cut it into shapely pieces, an inch and a half or two inches square; dust them well on each side with ground white pepper, salt, and flour.

Line the inside of a large pudding-dish or basin with pie-crust rolled *thin;* dust this with a little flour. In the pudding-basin, so lined, pack your snipe and your

steak, placing them at equal distances throughout the mass, seasoning rather highly with pepper and salt, and sprinkling amongst them (if not disapproved) as much cayenne pepper as will lie on the point of your penknife. If you have one or two brown or black-gilled mushrooms, clean and *free from maggots*, add them, after removing the stalks and peeling off the upper skin. If not, replace them with one or two dessert-spoonfuls of mushroom ketchup; with this sauce, however, you had better be sparing, as it is apt to be very salt.

Cover your pudding with *thick* crust; tie the cloth (dusted with flour) closely over it; set it on the fire to cook in a large boiler or copper of boiling water, and let it boil galloping for three or four hours, or even longer. The truth is, that you can hardly cook it too much in any reasonable time. Let it boil away, therefore, until the guests are seated at table waiting for it. As soon as it is fished out of the boiler, and set upright on a plate, take off the cloth instantly, without scalding your fingers if you can help it. Transfer the pudding to the dish (standing) on which it is to be sent to table, and serve it in the basin in which it was boiled—unless, by turning it out for appearance' sake, you choose to risk the breaking of the crust, the leakage of the gravy, and the cooling of the whole sooner than it otherwise would. If you determine, at the outset, to send up your pudding turned out of its basin, the crust with which it is lined must be *thick*, which has the inconvenience of absorbing the gravy, and leaving on hand a large stock of cold crust.

Without the snipe, you have *Boiled Beef-steak*

Pudding. Kidney and oysters may be added; as an improvement, however, to the flavour rather than the substance, for the long boiling will reduce them to shrivelled shreds.

Like puddings may be made with small shore-birds—Knots and Stints: these must be emptied. Also with Water-Hens, and the smaller Wild Fowl,—Teal, especially, make an excellent pudding,—Widgeon, Golden Eyed Duck, &c. These must be emptied and cut in quarters. The same treatment is likewise advantageously applied to partridges, pigeons, small rabbits, and chicken.

Sweet sounds are not unfrequently drowned in pies (much sought after) and puddings, in the shape of black-birds, thrushes, and larks. But the Doctor has a whim that Nature did not send them to be eaten *by us.* It is all very well for cruel cats and bloodthirsty hawks to do what "is their nature to;" but *we* ought to have some sense of thankfulness for the number of vermin the two first destroy; while the sweet lark's numbers are not so overwhelming that we cannot spare him a blade of grass-salad and a grain of oats.

That "*Turkey Boiled* is turkey spoiled," is a saying with more rhyme than reason about it. Nevertheless, in the numerous French Cook-Books under which the shelves of our library bend, we cannot find a single receipt for Boiled Turkey, pure and simple. It seems to be a specially English dish, which, in spite of strong-stomached cavillers—*O dura ilia messorum!*—O cast-iron entrails of harvestmen!—is delicate, light, unpretend-

ing, nutritious,—the very pattern of a sociable supper-joint.

Truss the turkey as if for roasting; stuff the crop with veal stuffing, as usual; you may fill the body with chesnuts, from which both the outer rind and the inner skin have been carefully removed; find room for the liver, gizzard, and heart inside. If you do not boil it in a napkin, tie it round with broad tape to help you to lift it out of the boiler. Set your turkey on the fire in plenty of cold water; skim all the while it is boiling up; when it once boils, let it only simmer until done enough, the time for which will vary greatly (from one to four hours), depending entirely on its size and age. If celery sauce is to be eaten with it, the celery may be cooked together with the turkey.

When the simmering has rendered it perfectly plump and tender, serve garnished with parsley and scraped horse-radish. Oyster sauce is an indispensable accompaniment, but bread sauce and onion sauce are admissible auxiliaries. The rump of a boiled turkey is a thing to quarrel about.

Turkey boilings are not particularly delicate; they will nevertheless make a palatable soup, with the aid of a little rice and a few onions and other vegetables.

French cooks employ turkeys, which they cannot roast, either for a *Daube*, or Stew (often eaten cold), or for a Galantine.

Turkey en Daube. Pluck, singe, and empty a dowager hen or an aged cock turkey; wrap it in slices of bacon, or "prick" the breast. Put it into a close-

covered stewing-pot, with parsley, chives, clove of garlic, allspice, pepper and salt, broth, a dram-glass of brandy, half a calf's foot, onions, carrots, bouquet complete, cloves, and bay-leaf. Let it cook slowly, either over a gentle fire or in an oven, for five or six hours, well covered with the liquor and the lid.

When the turkey is tender, take it out, and let it stand to cool. Boil down the sauce till it is strong enough to jelly. Strain it, take off the fat; surround the body of the turkey with the jelly, and serve cold.

It may also be eaten hot, served with all its "trimmings," except, of course, the bunch of sweet herbs.

Turkey-cock à la Bourgeoise. Truss your turkey as if for roasting, but without any stuffing. Brown it with butter, by roasting before the fire. Lay it on its back in a deep stew-pan, with a few slices of veal at the bottom; cover it with slices of bacon, and stew over a very slow fire, moistening with broth or stock; season with bouquet complete, pepper and salt. Strain the sauce, skim off the fat, and pour it over the turkey on serving.

Stuffed Turkey à la Guînoise. An excellent form of *Turkey Galantine, A.*

Prepare thus the broth in which to cook your turkey. Take two pounds of knuckle of veal, half a pound of beef, one carrot sliced, one turnip the same, a fine head of celery, parsley, thyme, a clove of garlic, two onions, thirty cloves, and a little salt. Boil all these for a couple of hours in sufficient water to cover your turkey, replacing with boiling water from time to

time the waste caused by evaporation. Then strain the liquor away, adding to it half a bottle of white wine. The broth is now ready to boil the turkey in.

Now for the turkey itself. Bone it—an operation for the performance of which you will have to take a lesson. Save the blood which comes away from it. Chop up together the liver, lungs, heart, and gizzard (properly cleaned, and with the skin peeled off), with a quarter of a pound of bacon, the same of veal, twenty shallots, some parsley, thyme, a heart of celery, pepper, salt, allspice, and pounded cloves. Mix these well together, adding the blood set aside and a teacupful of button mushrooms. [Those preserved in hermetically sealed tin cases answer perfectly.]

Spread half of this stuffing all over the surface of the boned turkey-flesh; on the stuffing put rows of strips of bacon, of bacon in thin, narrow slices, of truffles also thinly sliced, and of hard egg-yolks cut in halves. Cover these with the rest of the stuffing. Then, first sew up the turkey itself into a sort of bag or pillow, with needle and thread; and next, sew it up completely in a neat piece of linen cloth.

Boil the turkey, so swathed and swaddled in the prepared broth, for three hours. Then remove its linen envelope; put it in a deep dish, as near as may be of its own size; strain the liquor, pour it over the turkey, which you then set aside to be eaten cold.

This preparation certainly gives a deal of trouble; but it makes a nice standing dish for breakfast and luncheon. The lady who has achieved it is proud of her exploit; and Christmas comes but once a year.

Turkey Galantine, B. Take a large turkey-cock; bone it, opening it by the back, and taking care not to tear the skin; draw the tendons of the drumsticks.

Take the flesh of the drumsticks, a piece of lean veal, and their equivalent in weight of bacon. Season with salt, spice, and sweet herbs minced; pound all these together in a mortar.

Spread out your boned turkey on a fine linen cloth, with the flesh side uppermost; spread your stuffing over it to an inch in thickness; then a row of slips of smoked tongue, or of ham; another of truffles; another of blanched almonds, pistachio nuts, and very tiny pickled gherkins. Over these lay what stuffing remains.

Roll the turkey over this stuffing; stitch it together with needle and thread into an oblong shape, and in such a way as to enclose the stuffing completely. That done, cover your galantine with bacon; wrap and roll it in a napkin, tying both the ends tight with string. Bind all outside with string, to keep it in a proper shape; boil it in broth, till done enough; and serve it, as before, cold, in a deep dish, with the boilings, strained and reduced to a jelly, poured over it.

An excellent jelly for the galantine may be made by breaking up the bones and neck of the turkey, boiling them slowly in a stew-pan for four hours, sufficiently seasoned with salt and spice; straining the liquor, reducing it till it will jelly, and then pouring it over the galantine with the addition of a glass of good white wine.

Turkey, Roast. After emptying and singeing your turkey, stuff the crop with veal stuffing. If, however,

the bird has passed the bloom of youth, you may use sausage-meat, or godiveau, or other meat stuffing instead, to impart a little more succulence to the flesh; but for young turkeys, veal stuffing is preferable, as being more delicate.

Procure a couple of pounds of the best chesnuts; remove their outer husk and their inner skin; boil them till tender, and with them fill the body of the turkey. The liver, gizzard, and heart may either be fastened to the wings, as with roast fowl, or put inside the body; the latter is a frequent practice with foreign cooks, and it saves the liver from being scorched and dried up in the roasting. The turkey is then trussed like an ordinary fowl. If the fire is very fierce, the breast may be protected for the first hour with oiled paper, to be removed and allow its browning afterwards. The time will depend on the twofold circumstances of the age and size of the bird, and the state of your fire, which should be brisker as the roasting draws towards its close.

Serve on a hot dish, either plain, in its native beauty unadorned, or garnished with fresh water-cresses—the green look best by candlelight, the brown-tinged are preferred by the amateur. Roast Turkey may be accompanied by bread sauce, onion sauce, or chesnut sauce. Its own gravy may be sent up with it, either in its natural state, as it comes from the dripping-pan, with the fat partly removed (if there is too much of it), or worked into a brown sauce at the bottom of a stew-pan with flour (browned), pepper, half a glass of red

wine, and mushroom ketchup, or perhaps a little tomato sauce.

During the roasting, dredge occasionally with a little flour, and baste assiduously with the gravy that comes from the bird. If it is lean (or a turkey-poult), butter must be used to assist the basting.

Chesnut Sauce, to eat with turkey, when it is not stuffed with chesnuts. Remove the outer husk from half a hundred chesnuts; put them in a chesnut-roaster (a sort of warming-pan riddled with holes) over a clear fire, continually stirring and shaking them, until the second skin will come away easily.

Then put your chesnuts into a stew-pan, with a glass of white wine, as much good stock as will cover them, a good lump of butter, a heaped teaspoonful of pounded lump-sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. When boiled quite tender, but still remaining entire, put the chesnuts in a hot sauce-tureen; reduce the liquor by boiling it a minute or two longer, and pour it over them. They are then fit to be sent up with the turkey.

It is impossible to dismiss Roast Turkey with our blessing, without devoting a page or two to Truffles, which gravitate towards that bird by a law of natural affinity. Home-keeping English youth have no idea of the importance of Truffles in connection with the American feathered biped.* In France, the influential

* Turkeys were brought to Europe from Mexico, where they had been domesticated from time immemorial, being the principal available resource for animal food. The ancient Mexicans were extremely poor in live stock. They possessed not a single beast of burden; not a horse, an ox, an ass, or a camel. They had not even the alpaca,

effects of truffles spread, like oil, over the waters of society. They have been called the diamonds of the kitchen; and, to help the comparison, there *are* black diamonds. They have even given their name to an epoch; Villèle's Ministry was called the *Ministère Truffé*. A truffled *pâté* or a truffled fowl will suffice to soothe an angry friend, to open the doors of a future father-in-law, and even to turn the key inside the lock of official gate-ways. Turkeys pure and simple, in their natural state, are a source of immense revenue. By their aid, many a farmer pays his rent, many a farmer's daughter saves her dowry. But in the mere financial view of the question, Truffled Turkeys claim special notice. It was calculated forty years ago that, from the beginning of November to the end of February, there were consumed in Paris three hundred truffled turkeys per day, or a total of thirty-six thousand. At present, the consumption is immensely increased. But say that the average price of every turkey so prepared was then only twenty francs (too low a figure), it makes seven hundred and

which affords the Peruvians a feeble means of transport. The sheep and the goat were equally unknown.

The animal food, which they were unable to obtain from flocks and herds, was furnished by the chase and the few animals which they had domesticated. Like the Chinese, they ate a variety of dog, called *techichi*. But their principal meat was Turkey, called *totolin*, which they reared in enormous quantities. Turkeys were a drug sufficiently abundant to cause a national surfeit. Cortes relates that the poultry-yards of Montezuma's palace were stocked with several thousand turkeys; and Bernal Diaz tells how, every day, a couple of hundred were sacrificed to feed the beasts in the Emperor's menagerie; proving, first, that the said menagerie was vast, and, secondly, that turkeys then were not very dear.

twenty thousand francs in all—a pretty little sum to be put in circulation by the partnership between a single species of bird and fungus. An equal amount of money was assumed to be laid out in the purchase of the truffled fowls, pheasants, chicken, and partridges, which tantalise the appetites of francless men from the windows of restaurants, roasters, and charcutiers.

The latter's displays have often caused us to observe that the close relations between truffles and pigs are both curious, retributive, and reciprocal. Piggy was the first to discover the truffle, for his own private eating. Man took the truffle away, and ate it himself. Man's Dog pushed the pig on one side, and helped his master in truffle-hunting instead. The charcutier now unites the two old acquaintances in one common grave —the paté, sausage, truffled pigs' feet, truffled boar's head, or whatever other form of combination may be devised. As pigs were the first to uproot truffles, so truffles now enjoy the sweet revenge of increasing the shouts of joy and triumph which are uttered over the carcases of innumerable pigs. It is a bloody mode of retaliation, especially when black-puddings are concerned.

For the few persons who do not know, it may be well to state what truffles are. *Tuber cibarium* and *Lycoperdon tuber* are learned names for a curious plant; a fungus which grows completely underground; a vegetable which has neither leaves, roots, flowers, nor stems, that we can perceive. Truffles have been found in England, in the downs of Wiltshire and Hampshire;

they probably occur in many places where they escape observation, from their subterranean habits: but as drought and heat are necessary to their perfection, British-grown truffles are worth but little. Where the vine thrives, there thrive truffles; in Burgundy, well—better, more to the south. About Périgord, and at the foot of the Pyrenees, the truffle best produces its irregular lumps of vegetable flesh.

There are animals that you would hardly take to be animals; and there are plants that few would believe to be plants. The truffle is one on the latter list, as wild and unmanageable in its nature as it is possible to be. Pliny called it the excrement of the earth. It thrives best in a mixture of gravel and clay, on spots which the sun occasionally (and occasionally only) bakes to the heat of a natural oven. Favourable localities are the slopes of hills, the skirts of woods, the uncultivated brinks of summer torrents and unrestrained brooklets, and the shadowy places beneath the arms of vast oaks, poplars, birches, and willows. Like mushrooms, truffles often make a sudden growth after thunder-storms and heavy summer showers. It was once believed that storm-clouds *laid* them, as a hen lays eggs.

Some say they are found more plentifully at full and new moon. It is clear that a night-search at the former bright period must greatly aid the dogs in finding, by the dew on the ground causing the scent to lie. Hogs were formerly used for the discovery of truffles; dogs are now. A tame grunter, who knew the taste of truffles, was taken out for a rural walk; he was sure to

make a point at every spot where savoury odours arose from the ground; his proboscis went to work; a cry of exultation escaped him at the moment when the dainty morsel was attained; then came down upon him a shower of thundering blows with the stick; his master compelled him to relinquish his prize, and content himself with a handful of acorns.

Truffle-dogs do not require such severe discipline; they are better trained and better treated. They are little bright-eyed, wiry, mongrel terriers, rather inclined to give themselves airs. They look as if they wanted to let you know, "You may patronise me or not, just as you like. I am a perfectly independent dog. If truffle-finding should happen to fail, I can at any time earn my living (and a comfortable one too) by rat-catching." They are taught the smell and taste of truffles; they scratch the ground when they scent the black pearl hidden beneath; and a few truffles are now and then given them for their pains. For Man's propensity to truffles is shared in common by dogs, foxes, wolves, and swine.

But there are men who make a trade of truffle-gathering without any animal assistant whatever. Most of those with whom we have talked on the subject, refer the faculty (when exercised by *men*) to a kind of instinct, which they exercise without being able to give an account of it. As Fine-ear, in the fairy tale, could hear the grass grow, so these Fine-eyes or Fine-noses perceive or sniff the hidden tuber. They can look through a millstone which has *no* hole in the centre. They

pretend to take rank with the treasure-discoverers or water-diviners whom the mysterious agency of a hazel-rod conducts to their object. But in this there is nothing really miraculous; the human mind cannot always retrace the steps which itself has taken. Calculating boys have given correct arithmetical results, which they would have a difficulty in working out on paper.

As old experience doth attain to something like prophetic strain, so truffle-hunters may acquire nicely discriminating powers by practice. Outward symptoms for their guidance are far from being wanting. Where the gravelly surface is bare of vegetation; where, struck with a stick, it gives a hollow sound; where there are slight little swellings and bulgings of the soil; where there are certain unusual cracks; where tiny clouds of minute blue flies hover constantly over the same spot, as if they had found a *nidus* for their eggs,—there is the place to search for truffles. Not, however, in too great a hurry: for if the ground is broken before the truffles are ripe, the bed suffers, even although the earth be returned immediately—truffles being, like others of their class, gregarious and social in their mode of growth. But the more numerous they are on the spot, the less is the volume of individual specimens. Truffles vary greatly in size, from two or three lines to five or six inches in diameter. Their average bigness is less than that of a hen's egg; they seldom weigh more than seven or eight ounces, though much heavier specimens are on record. The chances are that the fourteen-pound

truffle, seen by Haller, was not of genuine unsophisticated growth. As a general rule, the peasant extractors and the local speculators in truffles are not over-scrupulous in the means they employ to put off inferior merchandise.

They easily, for instance, make large truffles out of little ones. The process is simple. They pin together, by means of thorns or small wooden skewers, a number of small truffles. The block of truffles once formed, they fill up all the gaps with moist earth; they cement every chink, till the cluster of ordinary truffles is taken for one enormous monster. Truffle-fanciers swallow the bait. The wonder circulates in the commercial world, and is bought and sold again like the Pigot diamond. To the final consumer, when the phenomenon is washed, is revealed the bitter truth.

Although truffles refuse to grow in *wet land* (as well as in ground that has been manured), yet rainy summers and wet springs are favourable to their development. If accounts are correct, truffles must enter the catalogue of plants gifted with the power of motion. It has been remarked that in August, when the truffle begins to ripen, it rises nearer to the surface of the soil which covers it. It even appears to mount with an elasticity of sufficient force to cause it occasionally to come out of the ground into the open air. How this is effected has not been stated. It is generally believed that if truffles are once disturbed in the ground, although they have no root-fibres, they cease to grow, and remain stationary, imbibing no further nutriment from the earth. There

they seem to lie like a dry seed in its pod. But if left quiet, they increase insensibly.

The season for truffle-digging is from the month of October to the end of December, and sometimes even up to February. If not gathered when arrived at maturity, they rot, and their remains serve as the means of reproducing a future generation of tubers. At the beginning of summer—sooner or later, according to the warmth of the weather—the little truffles are found, about the size of peas, reddish without, and white within. The subterranean peas gradually increase in bigness. At a later period, they are taken up in the shape of what are called *white truffles*, which are immature, and comparatively insipid in flavour. It has always been considered impossible to propagate truffles by artificial culture.

In England, there are not many besides French cooks who make use of truffles. It is only lately that English epicures have pronounced in their favour, and that their consumption has mounted beyond the merest trifle. All the truffles consumed in England by the gourmand world come from France. They are sent over fresh during the season, and are afterwards preserved in bottles. The fresh ones may be good; but the chances are against the quality of those in bottles. In general, the English are reputed inferior connoisseurs in affairs of the table; they do not stand first-rate as gastrosophs. Nevertheless, truffles are beginning to make their way.

Toulouse, from its position, has excellent truffles,

which are more studiously manipulated than in many other parts of France. The preparation of the article is in the hands of persons who make it up in pâtés, in terrines, or earthen pans covered with grease, in pots, and in tin cases, with fowl or game. On listening to the language and the Garonienne assurance of these gentry, you would believe them to be in possession of the most advanced secrets of the gastronomic art. They fix the price current, and despatch their circulars to every great person in the four quarters of the world. In all the towns and villages of Périgord, truffles are employed as at Toulouse, with the exception of a few slight differences. Fowls and game are manipulated "aux truffes," after a preliminary cooking in boiling fat, a seasoning, and a spicing. But in Périgord the atrocity is committed of peeling the truffles and pounding the rind to enter into the composition of stuffing—a villanous piece of roguery, seeing that the asperities of the tuber do not contain an atom of its perfume. A great number of small towns, all situated in this part of France, have an enormous renown for the preparation of truffles in the above-mentioned forms, and also in galantines, or boned fowls. Some of the principal are —Ruffec, Périgeux, Barbézieux, Angoulême (where naughty men steep truffles in water, to make them weigh heavier), Limoges, Brives, Sarlat, Souillac, Bergérac, and Nérac; but at the last place they have been reproached with being too heavy-handed with bacon and spices. Cunning virtuosi hereabouts hold that, to make a perfect truffled turkey, the truffles ought to be

introduced immediately after the bird is killed and plucked.

The Alsacians, and notably the people of Strasbourg, have the merit of rendering due justice to truffles. Pastrycooks mostly rule the culinary art. Some score of these personages in Strasbourg are the sole makers of the immense number of truffled goose-liver pies which are dispersed throughout the face of the globe. Some of them are extremely rich, and consider themselves of no little importance, in consequence of their frequent intercourse with nobles and millionaires.

A singular adventure happened to one of them. A distinguished person from Germany gave this pastry-cook an order for a truffled goose-liver paté of enormous dimensions, which were indicated by making a circle with the finger on an unusually large dining-table. If historians do not err, six hundred francs, or 24*l.*, was the price agreed on. Four-and-twenty hours were allowed for its delivery; a handsome sum on account was paid; and a penalty in case of failure was fixed, more to insure exactitude than as any indemnity to the illustrious personage. The artist was by no means surprised at receiving so extravagant an order, because he was aware that the Germans are fond of setting large joints upon their table. It is not rare to see a whole roebuck figuring in the midst of a substantial dinner.

Our paté-maker, overjoyed beyond measure, went to work immediately. He suspended all his other tasks, slaughtered hecatombs of geese, procured the required supply of livers, recruited several supernumerary assist-

ants, kneaded the paste, and began by laying the foundation of the paté, which promised to assume the proportions of a brewer's mash-tub. That done, and the circumferential wall of crust built round it, he filled his paté, trimmed it, affixed the decorative architecture, put the top on, and added the glazing. It was already a charming edifice, highly finished, in the composite order.

Night was far advanced when the exploit was completed. It was the proudest day of his life. He marched in ecstasy round his marvellous work. He regaled his *aides-de-camp* with bumpers of Rhine-wine. One thing alone annoyed him—that there would not be time to carry this masterpiece in triumph through every street of the town.

In short, after a few moments' delay, spent, naturally enough, in copious libations, the oven was heated, its temperature tested, and at last the paté, borne by four of the most eminent disciples, presented at the oven-door. But—overwhelming sorrow!—the oven-door was too narrow—too narrow by half!

"Malediction, rage, despair!" they shouted, smitten with sudden stupefaction. "We are lost—undone!"

"The reputation of my old-established house is destroyed," said the chief. "Kill me, my friends. I cannot survive this blow."

They tried in vain, in all directions, to get the paté in—cornerwise, or any how. The time was spent in useless lamentations, until the moment of delivery arrived.

"If I lose the paté, I had better not lose my

customer too;" a reflection which helped to calm his agitation. So he resigned himself to fate, waited on his patron, and, cotton nightcap in hand, stated the unfortunate disappointment, with the humblest expressions of penitent affliction. The great man only laughed, like an apathetic German as he was, gave up the instalment already paid, and dismissed him with the consolatory advice: "Mein Herr, de next time you make a grand baté, you vill take your timensions petter!"

Economically Truffled Turkey. For a small turkey, take a quarter or a third of a pound, for a large one, half a pound, of truffles. Large tubers are to be preferred, with the fewest irregularities on their surface; smell them, to be sure they are not mouldy. Wash them carefully, scrubbing off with a soft brush every particle of earth or grit that sticks to them; let them drain and dry. Do not peel them, but slice them across as thin as possible.

Skin and boil a good quantity of the best chesnuts, as directed for ordinary Roast Turkey. Mix your sliced truffles with these, and with them fill the *body* of your bird two or three days before it is to be cooked. On the day of cooking, fill the *crop* of the bird with veal stuffing, and roast as before. Send up with it its own gravy in a hot sauce-boat. You *may* accompany your turkey with bread sauce and onion sauce, for the use of heretical epicures; but, as a rule, the truffle admits no rival flavour to approach it.

This mode, which is elegant and yet unpretending, will give quite as liberal a taste of truffles as will be

cared for by people who are not *excessively* fond of them, and more than enough to satisfy many—for the passion for truffles is an acquired taste. Novices make light of them, comparing them to turnips impregnated with tar. The price of truffles varies so considerably from year to year, that no estimate can be formed of the probable cost of this economical dainty dish. Last Christmas, the Doctor expended at least half-a-crown on truffles only; but during the winter of 1866-7, truffles were unusually abundant and cheap.

Extravagantly Truffled Turkey. Take a very fine young cock-bird of the current year; kill him at home; pluck, empty, and singe him immediately; and before he is cold, stuff him throughout, crop, body, abdomen and all, as full as he can stick, with the best of truffles (cleaned as above, and with any suspicious parts of their surface cut out), whole, halved, quartered, sliced, chopped in pieces,—any how that will help you to pack his carcase with the precious cargo,—until his skin is as tight as a drum. Let him hang till sufficiently "mortified;" then roast him ceremoniously with all the honours. The cook ought to be indulged with a couple of assistant-basters, and an admiring public may be admitted to the kitchen gallery to behold and sniff. When done to a turn, send him to table in triumph, accompanied by nothing but his own proper gravy.

Turkeys truffled on this profuse scale will be most cheaply, as well as most conveniently, procured from France. In cold, dry weather, they will be improved by the journey, and they arrive quite prepared to go

through their fiery ordeal. The price of a handsomely truffled turkey will vary from one to three or four pounds sterling, and upwards—a mere trifle for the possession of a culinary gem of the first water-in-the-mouth, in artistic setting.

It is curious, we think—we don't quite exactly know; for truffles are altogether a paradox, a mystery, a contradiction, an enigma—but we are diffidently of opinion that truffles derive their renown not so much from their *flavour* as from *the quality of their substance.* It is not the sense of taste alone which is peculiarly gratified, but also that of feeling, and of pleasurable action and exercise of the organs employed in mastication and deglutition. Arab couriers prevent their salivary glands from falling asleep by perseveringly sucking pellets of gum. As a schoolboy, the Doctor has chewed a lump of India-rubber for hours together, and has often witnessed the performance of a similar operation, for a shorter period, on a mouthful of nuts. Truffle-eating borders upon these enjoyments, besides gently touching upon sundry others.

Young people are rarely capable of appreciating truffles; nor are working people. It requires an education to understand them properly. But for those gifted with the true faculty—respectable old gentlemen, for instance, who have no other thought or pleasure than eating and drinking—truffles are the superlative of edible substances. They are sought for with avidity; they are devoured by the eyes before they reach the mouth; their odour causes every nerve to tremble; and

the effect on the palate of the ecstatic gourmand is a sensation of ineffable delight. To some palates, a slight amount of apprehensive trepidation is combined with the foretaste of anticipated pleasure. On first receiving a piece of truffle into your mouth, you are afraid it should turn out nasty, and it proves tolerably nice; you doubt whether you can chew it properly, and your molars succeed beyond your expectation. It coquettes with your palate, plays with your tongue, and challenges your teeth with pleasing provocation. When you have got it safe, you don't know whether to treat it as a bit of gutta-percha, a slice of crisp carrot, a fleshy mushroom, or a solid Brazil nut. It is the puzzle which pleases—the perplexity which proves so piquant.

With a slice of beef on your plate and a mealy potato, or the wing of a fowl and a few green peas, you go on with your meal straightforwardly enough; you chat your ordinary chat, and take your ordinary allowance of wine, with every-day indifference. But with a coal-black slice of the subterranean fungus adorning the prongs of your fork, you assume the right to make gallant speeches to your fair neighbour opposite; you make ready, present, and fire your wit, if you have any, and find the best substitute you can, if you haven't; you put middle-aged claret aside, and take to ancient port or Burgundy; in short, there are truffles on the dinner-table.

Are truffles indigestible? Very weighty authorities (whose wish, perhaps, is father to their thought) hold that they are *not* indigestible, citing, amongst other

instances, the case of Doctor Malouet (a notorious gourmand, who swallowed truffles enough to put an elephant's stomach out of order, but who still reached the respectable age of eighty-six). Nevertheless, people, half whose teeth have emigrated, while the other half are not in coincident positions, should be careful how they masticate truffles; otherwise, the tuber is pronounced to be perfectly digestible.

Are truffles invigorating, restorative, and exciting food? French popular literature sets up a unanimous shout in the affirmative; and yet, the matter is far from clear. About truffles, there is nothing proved or certain; they are the Cynthias of the minute, whom you must catch in a cloud, and do the best you can with them afterwards. Our own medical attendant, whom we have confidentially consulted as to the constitutional effects of truffles, says: "As restoratives, truffles are almost always taken in combination with Tokay, Burgundy, and other powerful wines; it may, therefore, be the wine alone which produces the beneficial effect, if any. They are not in themselves at all exciting, any more than mushrooms, morels, laver, cheese-mould, fern-root, or any other cryptogamous condiment; and yet, *they are.* You never dream of eating truffles when you are quietly supping or dining alone or in family. When you eat truffles, it is always at a grand entertainment, with abundance of succulent and high-seasoned dishes, with extra wine both in quantity and quality, and under the mental spur applied by cheerful, witty, and imaginative conversation. I therefore do think that, after you have

been feasting on truffles, it will be only prudent to exercise all the self-control and circumspection you can." But he did not hint a single word about repudiating truffles, friendly dinners, or little suppers to a moderate amount.

French cooks make a dish of Turkey Giblets, as we do of Goose Giblets; but our way of trussing does not admit of that; moreover, we do not want to be robbed of so delicate a morsel as the turkey-pinion. Those pinions (*ailerons*) they collect in quantities, to garnish the most incongruous dishes, as well as to constitute a dish by themselves. But fancy high-flying epicures delighting in salmon stewed in a couple of bottles of champagne, garnished with glazed turkey-pinions and fresh-water crawfish cooked in the same nectar! Ude gives a receipt for a Harricot of Turkey Pinions.

There are international differences in the mode of carving Turkey, the mention of which must not be omitted. Abroad, the white flesh—the *blanc*, and the brown flesh—the *bis* (the same word is used to denote brown bread), are held in general estimation; although, as with us, ladies often prefer the white, male gastronomes the brown: but, just as frequently, both like *both*. With us, if the legs *happen* to be left, they are afterwards served either cold, hashed, broiled, or devilled. In French family life, the legs will be openly cut off, and set aside for future use. Many coarse jokes have sprouted out of the practice. "*Ma fille, serrez les cuisses*" —"My daughter, shut up the thighs in the closet:" "Such," according to the *Almanach des Gourmands*, "is

the first word the mother of a family addresses to her eldest girl the moment the turkey is dissected; and instantly the thighs disappear from the table, to appear next day *en Rémoulade*,* or stewed with onions, or with Sauce Robert. At opulent tables, the thighs are not shut up, but eaten; nevertheless, it is usual that, before distributing them, the carver should receive the repeated order of the master of the house. The guests do not fail, out of politeness, to pretend a faint resistance to the act of distribution; but, at the bottom of their hearts, they are very glad that the thighs are not always "shut up in the closet."

It is true that these droll and parsimonious tactics are a trait of the manners of the First Empire; but every body knows that old-established ways linger long in the habits of a people.

Another way of dividing a turkey at table (which is not only permissible, but even convenient, when a small family are quite alone) is to take from it the *Bonnet d'Evêque*, or the *Bishop's Cap*, and set that aside for to-morrow's use, making the remainder serve for to-day.

With your carving-knife, disconnect the thighs from the fore or white-fleshed part of the bird, but leave them still attached to the back and side bones. Then cut through the back, so as to divide the turkey into two

* *Sauce Rémoulade*, for cold roast meat. Take parsley, chives, or spring onions, capers, anchovies, shallots, and a couple of blanched celery leaf-stalks; chop these all together. Stir them, pouring over them oil, vinegar, and a little mustard, till you have mixed them to the consistency of a sauce. Pour it into your sauce-boat, and serve cold. —A piquant but wholesome sauce.

tolerably equal halves. Set the hind part on a dish, with the rump and the two drumsticks pointing upwards, and you will see at once that you have got a *Bishop's Cap*, a *Three-cornered Mitre*, procured with less trouble than those which poor Yorick complained his head was never made to fit. The *Bonnet d'Evêque*, warmed up in a stew-pan and nicely garnished, makes a very presentable introduction next day. Curry is one of its most appropriate sauces, and Boiled Rice its best accompaniment. A large fowl or capon will also furnish a minor Bishop's Cap, if desired.

This division of the bird likewise gives rise to jokes, often at the expense of the niggardly host. One of the tit-bits of the turkey is the side bone, so highly estimated as to be named the "*Sot-l'y-laisse*"—the "Fool-leaves-it-there." It is not, as some dictionaries say, "the Parson's Nose," which is the Rump, but the two delicate morsels lying on each side of the back-bone, adjacent to the rump.* Now, the *Sot-l'y-laisse* forming part of the *Bonnet d'Evêque*, when the latter has disappeared, shut

* "Some people have come to such a pitch of luxury, that they would accept for their own eating only one part of a bird. Thus Capitolinus called the Emperor Pertinax illiberal, because he sometimes sent to his friends the loins of fowls ; but perhaps unjustly—for I should rather believe he did it to gratify their palates. Although there is but little flesh on the back, yet the skin itself, and especially in a well-fed hen, is fat, and a first-rate delicacy. So that Matron in Athenæus speaks of

'fatted hens in silver dishes,
Unfeathered, of like age, with backs like pancakes'—

that is, as I expound it, with nice backs (*dorso gratas*), not with reddish backs, as some interpret; since a pancake is not reddish, but whitish."—*Aldrovandi's Ornithologia :* De Gallo Gallinaceo.

up in the *buffet*, some sly guest will search perseveringly in the dish of what is left—in vain. "What are you looking for?" asks the host; "what shall I help you to?" "Oh, nothing of the least consequence," replies the innocent wag. "I was only looking for a *Sot-l'y-laisse*, my favourite morsel; but they have both been eaten." Whereupon, the sorely vexed host is obliged, in common politeness, to send for the Bishop's Cap back again, and,—unless the other relents in his longing,—to his shame and sorrow, cut it up.

French cooks, in like manner, divide a *Hare* into two portions; the fore quarters and the hind quarters. This division has the convenience of furnishing two quite distinct and different dishes at the *first* dressing. Of the hind quarters, called the *Râble*, and consisting of the two legs and the loins with the kidneys attached, is made *Roast Hare*. From the fore part (the head, fore legs, neck, chest, liver, heart, &c.), they obtain the very popular and useful dish, known as *Civet de Lièvre*.

But far better than this penurious kidnapping of innocent joints of turkey (which want nothing better than to be relished and enjoyed on the spot) is it to let the friends admitted to your table partake unrestrained of *all* the goods the gods provide them; and *then*, if any thing is left, to serve it without fuss in the shape of

Hashed Turkey. Cut the remnants of Turkey into convenient pieces, smallish rather than largish; reject the upper warty part of the neck and the head—from which, however, you may take the brains. Roll the

cut-up pieces of turkey in flour, and dust them with pepper and salt.

Take what cold roast-turkey gravy you have left, provided it be perfectly clean, and free from smoky flavour and bits of cinder that may have fallen into the latch-pan. If not suitable, take butter. Put it into a stew-pan; melt it over the fire, and in it half-fry sliced onions to a nice light brown. Add a dessert-spoonful of flour, brown it, and stir in gradually a pint of broth. Put in your bits of turkey; cover closely with the lid of the stew-pan, and let them simmer gently for an hour, so that the turkey is thoroughly saturated with the sauce and its vapour. Put in the remnants of stuffing to warm.

Take up your hashed turkey bit by bit with a spoon, and arrange it neatly on a hot dish. To the sauce in the stew-pan add a dessert-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, the same of pickled-walnut vinegar (or half a pickled walnut crushed in a teacup), a little grated nutmeg, a small pinch of cayenne (if approved), and half a teacupful of pickled mushrooms (if you have them). Boil up, stirring meanwhile, to prevent burning and keep all smooth, and pour it over the turkey on the dish.

You may garnish with toasted bread and slices of lemon; also with forcemeat balls, if little or no stuffing remained in the cold turkey.

Civet de Lièvre—Stewed Hare (French). "A civet without hare," is equivalent to our expression of, "Your dinner without your victuals." Therefore, get a hare,—a nice, fresh-slain, three-quarters-grown one, if you can.

Skin and empty it, saving all the blood in a basin. Cut it into joints and half-joints.

Melt in your stew-pan a good lump of butter; add a quarter of a pound of bacon cut into dice; do them to a light brown; mix in gradually two teaspoonfuls of flour; stir well. When all is brown, and the *roux* is made, add six small onions whole. When the onions are cooked, put in your hare; brown it outside, as if you were frying it. Add a pint of water (broth or stock, if you have it), half a pint of red *vin ordinaire* or claret (a less quantity of port will suffice), and the bouquet of parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf.

Stew it smartly for an hour—longer, if the hare is an old one. When it is nearly enough, add the blood, another glass of wine, pepper and salt. Serve hot.

Civet de Lapin—Stewed Rabbit—is done in exactly the same way, but takes less time to cook, that time depending on the age of the rabbit.

Boning a hare, and roasting or stewing it rolled, is a feat which is performed rather for the glorification of the cook, and the convenience of the carver, than for the gratification of the parties who are to partake of it. "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the flesh," as the man said in excuse of his choice of a scraggy wife; and where *all* the bone is taken away, there is sure to be a considerable loss of sweetness. The same is true, more or less, of all boned meats,—boned shoulder of mutton, rolled ribs of beef, boned turkey, and, of all things in the world, boned whole lamb! They form irregular cylinders of meat, which are easy to slice when hot, and

easily kept hot, and are quite presentable when cold; but the true and rational epicure (by which is implied a term of praise, and not of blame), who prefers genuine and natural flavour to unnecessary manipulation of the meat he eats, will leave them to those who take pleasure in over-artificial devices. The real object of cookery, we hold, is to improve indifferent and inferior articles, and not to render good articles of food less pleasing to the palate than they would have been if dressed by more simple methods.

There is no comparison between French *Roast Râble* and English *Roast Hare*,—the latter being altogether superior. A nice young hare, *not quite* full-grown, with its inside lined with a few slices of delicate white bacon, and then completely filled with extra-aromatic and rich veal stuffing; with its limbs trussed close to its body, and firmly tied in their places with string; its throat cut, to let out any undue congestion of blood; basted with milk during the first period of its roasting; then dredged with flour, and finished off with butter; sent up smoking, with currant jelly and onion sauce in humble attendance,—such a hare, for succulence, flavour, and digestibility, is worth whole ovens-full of dried-up, unstuffed, unsupported *râbles*. It is even better, hashed, at its second appearance, than the other is at its first.

An old hare is only good for Soup (p. 149); or to be made entirely into a Civet; or to become

Jugged Hare, very light and digestible; and convenient, on account of being just as good warmed up as at its first serving.

Cut up your Hare into joints and half-joints, as for a stew. Procure a pound of rump-steak, with its fair proportion of fat; cut it into pieces not more than an inch and a half square. Mix them with the cut-up hare, and season all with pepper and salt.

Take a tall, upright earthen jug, pot, or jar, with a cover fitting to the top. Take care that its inside is well rinsed, and free from all dust or mouldy smell. At the bottom put a few of the fattest pieces of beef, and over those some of the hare; then fill the jug with the rest, mixing with them, at pretty equal distances, the peel of half a lemon, six or eight whole onions, a tea-spoonful of peppercorns, two or three blades of mace, half a dozen cloves, and a few sprigs of thyme and parsley; a couple of bay-leaves, also, if approved.

Throw in a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, and a breakfast-cupful of water (in default of good beef or veal stock), and put on the cover of the jug. Then set it in a large boiler or small copper of hot water, of such a depth that it (the water) shall not reach the top of the jug nor enter it. Let the jug boil in this way (replacing the water in the boiler as it flies off in steam) for four, five, or six hours, till the hare is tender. It takes long cooking; for, in fact, the hare is really stewed in a bain-marie, or hot-water bath.

Serve in its own juice (which should be clear and thin; no kind of thickening is to be added), and garnish round with forcemeat balls.

Rabbit may be *Roasted* in the same way as hare, but is difficult to keep from drying up, unless wrapped in

slices of bacon, or protected by oiled paper. Dressed in either of the three following ways, rabbit retains its juices better.

Rabbit en Gibelotte, Fricasseed. Brown small bacon-dice in a stew-pan with a good lump of butter; take them out of the stew-pan, and put your rabbit in. Brown it nicely all over, as far as you can, and then put back to it the little bits of bacon. Throw in a dessert-spoonful of flour; moisten gradually with broth and white wine; season with pepper, salt, and bouquet complete; add small onions and button mushrooms. Serve with fried or toasted bread laid as garnishing around the dish.

Rabbit à la Jardinière. Cut up your rabbit into joints; put it in a stew-pan with sliced onions, carrots, turnips, potatoes, green peas, celery, bouquet complete, pepper and salt. Pour in water or broth enough to cover all; stew, with the lid close down, till the rabbit is tender.

Fry a few slices of white bacon in a frying-pan. Lay them on a hot dish alternately with joints of stewed rabbit. Squeeze the vegetables to a purée through a cullender; heat up the purée again, and pour it over the rabbit. Or, which many will prefer, serve the mixed vegetables as they are, round, or in the middle of, the rabbit and bacon.

Rolled Rabbit. Bone a rabbit, tearing the flesh as little as possible.

Make a forcemeat with the livers of chicken, ducks, or geese, the rabbit's liver and heart, bacon chopped

fine, mushrooms the same, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Bind these together with a very few bread-crumbs and a beat-up egg.

Spread your rabbit-flesh on the table; cover it with this stuffing; roll it together; give it a few stitches with a needle and thread, to prevent any of the forcemeat from escaping; wrap in a strong, untorn piece of pork, lamb, or veal leaf-fat; twist tape once or twice round it, to keep all tight; stew it, closely covered with the lid, in broth, with a glass of good white wine in it.

When done, remove the tape and the leaf-fat. Skim the fat off the liquor, season it to taste, thicken with a little arrowroot, and pour hot over the rabbit.

Roast Rabbit. A genuine Warren receipt. [Delamer's *Pigeons and Rabbits.*] Make a forcemeat of bread-crumbs, minced beef-suet, lemon-peel, grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, and a little lemon-thyme, if sweet herbs are approved. Beat up two eggs, and mix with them the whole into a paste. Put this forcemeat inside the rabbit, sew it up, and skewer it into the proper form. Rub the outside of the rabbit over with butter; flour it a little; and stick on very thin slices of bacon by means of small skewers of iron-wire. A French cook would lard the back of the rabbit with a larding-needle. These slices of bacon will roast up, till they are become quite crisp and dry; the fat which oozes from them will keep the rabbit moist and juicy. Still, it ought to be well basted while roasting.

Make a gravy with a small piece of beef (or the livers of the rabbits, if they are not roasted inside), a whole

onion, some whole peppercorns, a blade of mace, a clove or two, and a small crust of bread toasted very dry and brown, but not burnt. When the gravy is boiled enough, strain it, and then add a little ketchup and flour well braided together. Make the gravy *just boil up* (not for a minute or two), before serving with the roast rabbit in a separate tureen by itself. Some add a glass of port wine to the gravy.

Rabbit Paté. (Idem.) A very useful standing dish for reference; may be had of any size—the larger the better.

Have ready your rabbits, skinned and emptied; cut them into joints; have also an earthen or stoneware paté-dish, with a close-fitting cover. This kind of paté is made without any crust. At the bottom of the dish lay slices of bacon, and over that a layer of minced meat of any kind you happen to have at hand, mixed with chopped parsley, chives, a large clove of garlic, mushrooms, and pepper. Upon this bed lay the whole of your rabbits, as closely as you can pack the pieces, and then the remainder of your mincemeat, and some more slices of bacon to cover the whole. Shake it well together, to settle the meat in its place. Throw in a glass or two of white wine; put the cover on the dish, lute it down with paste, and set it in a slow oven until enough. It must not be touched, to be eaten, till it is cold.

Roast Fowl and Water-cresses. The excellence of this simple dish must be our excuse for noting it, rather as a refresher to the plain cook's memory, than as a receipt for her direction.

The Fowl (whether pullet, cockerel, or capon) must be quite young, and as fat (naturally) as may be. These conditions are difficult to combine, because growing birds seldom make much fat. If lean, a very thin slice of the whitest bacon, laid over the breast, must remedy the defect. Truss the legs pheasant-fashion, *i. e.* with the shanks left on, but the toes chopped off. Tuck his head under his wing (poor thing!), after the proper twist of the pinion; attach the liver and heart to one wing, and the gizzard (duly cleaned and peeled) to the other. Roast the dear creature with the utmost care, as if your life (or an advance of wages) depended on the issue.

You have now to combine a couple of contradictions —to make tragical mirth to roar an it were a sucking-dove, to produce red-hot snow, to ice glowing embers.

Have ready a lot of the tenderest, delicatest, freshest of water-cresses, crisp, and full of sap, and yet with every leaflet dry. Not a dew-drop of moisture should adhere to them. This result is obtainable (after the carefullest of picking, and reiterated washings) by first swinging them in a salad-basket till your arm is tired of playing pendulum, and then suspending them till wanted in a coarse dry napkin tied by the four corners: it would be an insult to you to say, "a *clean* dry napkin."

When the critical moment arrives, and the fowl is done,—frothed, browned, and steaming,—on a cold dish lay *plenty* of watercresses, so as to form a green, elastic bed; on this bed drop your foaming fowl; send it to table instantly; and if a bone of it comes away unpicked,

you will be excusable if you set to work to pick it yourself.

No sauce, besides its own gravy, is needed with this princely piece of incongruity; which was one of the few ornaments of Louis XIV.'s Court never regarded by rivals with a jealous eye.

Broiled Fowl, or *Spread Eagle.* At a quiet repast, you may be content with Broiled Fowl; on a state occasion, you must have Spread Eagle, and *two* of them, if only to display the double head and neck. For the former, you may cut off the neck an inch above its junction with the body, and remove the shanks entirely; for the latter, you must retain neck, head, and all, and leave the legs pheasant-length.

Broiled Fowl is the very dish for a pleasant supper, in company with some beloved object.

> "And when the long hours of the public are past,
> May we meet with champagne and a chicken at last!"

could refer to no other than Chicken Broiled. It is, in its very essence, an intimate dish, a confidential dainty, a private treat.

Singe your fowl, empty it, decapitate the head and neck, amputate the shanks. Split it open down the back, from the insertion of the neck to the rump. Lay it open, press it flat, and keep it flat with the aid of skewers and string.

When nicely arranged, put it into a stew-pan with just enough water to cover it, and a teaspoonful of salt. Put in also the head and neck cut into three or four pieces, the gizzard, heart, liver, and the two white

kidneys, if any. Let these boil gently until the fowl is cooked, but slightly *under*-done. Take it out and set it aside to cool; it may be kept in that state till next day, or whenever wanted. Take out also the liver and kidneys, cut off the wattles and comb, and take the brains from the head; put them aside. Let the rest continue to boil, to make the heart and gizzard quite tender, and extract all the goodness from the head and neck.

For the *Sauce to Broiled Fowl:* Fry sliced onions, in a stew-pan, in butter; add a little flour; moisten with the boilings of the fowl, stirring to keep all smooth; remove the onions; season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. When that is done, and you have obtained a creamy, thick, brown sauce, throw into it the fowl's comb and wattles, the kidneys, the liver cut in two, the gizzard cut into four, the brains, two table-spoonfuls of pickled mushrooms, and one dessert-spoonful of the vinegar from them: the mushrooms are indispensable. Keep your sauce hot in a bain-marie till wanted.

Smear the upper surface of your opened and cold boiled fowl with oiled butter; broil it, presenting the under side first to the fire. When thoroughly hot through, turn it on the gridiron to brown the upper surface. When nicely done, lay it on your dish, remove the skewers, and pour over it the hot sauce with all its contents.

Roast Duck is one of the simplest things to cook, and yet it is not always done well, for want of attention to the important point, namely, basting it continually from

the moment of putting it down to the fire until it is done.

The Duck is trussed like the Goose; cut off the pinion-joint of the wing, the feet, and the head and neck; these, together with the heart, liver, and gizzard, will form *Duck's Giblets*, useful for soup, stews, or pies, and sold, like Goose Giblets, in some provincial markets, by themselves, without the bird from which they were taken, at so much per set of giblets.

If you do not make giblets, you may leave the feet on (tucking them against the duck's back after cutting off the claws), and put the liver inside, with the stuffing. The other portions you can boil down for gravy or stock.

For the *Stuffing*, take onions enough to fill the duck's inside; chop them up with a good quantity of sage-leaves, and season with pepper and salt. For those who do not like duck-stuffing too strong, its flavour may be moderated by using a smaller quantity of sage and onions, and making up for the deficiency by an admixture of bread-crumbs. It is *not* usual to bind this latter stuffing with beat-up egg, though there is no reason why it should not be employed. Indeed, in that way, a delicate stuffing can be made, with only a slight trace of sage and onions—just enough to relieve it from insipidity.

When your duck is stuffed, tie it round with string above and below, to keep the legs and wings in their places close to the body, and the stuffing in. You may let it warm through, lying in the latch-pan, and basting

it with a little broth. Begin to roast at a moderate distance from the fire; dredge with flour; then bring it nearer to the fire, to brown and finish off, basting incessantly all the while.

Duck roasted in a cooking-stove, or baked, is often a failure, for want of this continually basting, and in consequence of the *dry heat* of the oven. The skin of all roast water-fowl must be kept moist with its own gravy, which will render it tender and succulent; dried up and parched, it acquires an oily flavour and a leathery consistency which are any thing but agreeable. Roast Duck should not be over-done.

If the cook cannot conveniently roast her duck *before* the fire, roasting it in a stew-pan (as directed for Leg of Lamb, p. 372) is far better than doing it in an oven. The following are approved ways of varying this mode of cooking. Ducks sautéd in a stew-pan are not usually stuffed.

Duck, stewed with Green Pease. After trussing your duck, put it in a stew-pan, with a good lump of butter, over a brisk fire. Keep turning it till it is nicely brown all over. Take it out for a few minutes, and lay it on a dish.

Then make a roux, by browning a dessert-spoonful of flour in your stew-pan; stir in some stock; and when it is smooth, replace the duck; add a quart of green pease, with some sprigs of parsley, thyme, and sage. Season with pepper and salt, and stew slowly over a gentle fire. Serve the pease round the duck on the same dish.

Duck, with Turnips. Nearly the same as the preceding. After emptying, singeing, and trussing your duck, with its feet tucked behind it, make a roux, and in it brown your duck; then stir in a couple of ladlefuls of good broth. Season with pepper, salt, and bay-leaf. Keep turning your duck till the liquor in which it is stewing boils; then put in a bunch of parsley and chives or spring onions.

In another frying-pan or stew-pan, toss up in butter some turnips cut into handsome slices, until they are fried to a bright light brown; let the grease drain away from them, and put them to the duck when it is three-parts cooked. Then stew slowly till it is done enough. Serve your duck surrounded with the turnips. Thicken the gravy with arrowroot or flour; season more highly, if required; boil up, and pour it hot over the duck. If you want to make this dish still more showy (especially when you have a couple of ducks), boil sliced turnips till they are quite tender; drain them; mash them *in a basin* (not in a cullender), with a *little* pepper and salt, a heaped teaspoonful of powdered lump-sugar, and a coffee-cupful of rich white cream. When well mixed, return them to the saucepan, heat up, and thicken by evaporation, stirring all the while.

On serving, spread this white purée over the bottom of your dish; on it lay the well-browned ducks, and round them the browned slices of fried turnip.

Duck, with Olives. Prepare your duck as before, trussing it to be as round and plump as possible. Rub it all over with lemon-juice; brown it with butter in a

stew-pan; when coloured, throw in a dessert-spoonful of flour; continue browning, and stir in a couple of ladlefuls of soup.

Remove the kernels (by peeling them thick) from as many pickled olives as will be eaten; scald them in no more boiling water than will cover them. When the duck is almost cooked, put them to it. When done, put the duck in the middle of the dish, serve the olives round it, and pour the sauce over all.

Olives are neither digestible nor nutritious; weak stomachs will set them down at what they are worth—things to beguile the masticating organs—and principally bestow their favourable notice on the duck itself and its gravy.

Wild Duck, Widgeon, Teal, Dun Birds, &c. &c., are simply roasted, *without* any stuffing. They may be accompanied by a good brown gravy (or rather sauce) made with their own gravy thickened in a stew-pan, and seasoned with ketchup, red wine, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, or other condiments; but they are as often eaten with no other zest than lemon-juice and cayenne. Sometimes, indeed, the carver renders them uneatable by slicing the breast and devilling it with cayenne, till it is as hot as—a heat which ears polite may never hear mentioned. If a whole party is agreed in liking this strange abuse of fiery ingredient, all well and good; but if only a single vote is doubtful, and *two* wild ducks are served, the carver may then devil one of them, and that on a separate dish. Wild Fowl bear over-roasting even worse than Tame Duck.

Wild Fowl are excellent either Baked in a Pie or Boiled in a Pudding. See Snipe Pudding (p. 448). Plovers and Lapwing are capital for this latter purpose. The old French proverb says :

"Qui n'a point mangé vanneau,
N'a point mangé bon morceau"—

"He who has not eaten lapwing has missed a tit-bit."

Roast Goose. *Green*, or Youthful, *Goose*, killed at any time before, say, the close of August, is much more digestible than after the bird has completed its growth and education; what it gains then in solidity and savouriness, it loses in lightness. Still, Green Goose should not be snatched away from its honoured parents in too immature a state; as it is apt in that case to turn out a mere lump of flabbiness, fat, and gristle. But taken at the right point of adolescence, trussed, stuffed, and roasted exactly like Duck, and accompanied by plenty of young green pease, it is a dish to set before—no matter whom. Goose requires the same precautions as Duck in respect to basting; and may bask a considerable time in the latch-pan, with repeated turnings, before being suspended in front of the fire.

Goose is trussed exactly like Duck, only the feet are never left on, but go with the giblets, which become a matter of consideration in a bird of this size. They consist of the head, neck, pinions, feet, heart, liver, and gizzard.

Full-grown Goose is commonly stuffed like Duck; but it differs from its smaller cousin in being entitled to the honours of Apple Sauce. In that case, it may be

basted, at the outset, with a teacupful of cider; then, when it begins to warm, dredged with flour; afterwards basted with its own fat and gravy, mixing with the cider. The roasting of a full-grown goose takes at least a couple of hours; and the nearer it draws to a close, the more assiduous must be the basting; the fatter the goose, the more liberal may be the dredging with flour.

A French Stuffing for Roast Goose. Roast a hundred chestnuts, without burning them. Peel them carefully. Chop up half the quantity, and put them into a stew-pan with a pound of sausage-meat, a lump of butter, the goose's liver chopped, and parsley, chives, shallots, and a clove of garlic, all chopped. Heat them up, all together, over the fire for a quarter of an hour. When your goose is singed and ready, fill it with this stuffing, and stitch up the flap of the belly to keep it in.

Prepare the remainder of the chestnuts in the following way, to accompany the goose: Put them in a stew-pan with a glass of white wine, a couple of spoonfuls of good stock, and a little salt. Stew the chestnuts in this liquor until it begins to reduce and thicken, and then serve them round the roast goose.

Goose en Daube, Stewed, A, to be eaten cold. You will destine to this mode of embalming a bird which has attained a certain age, and is no longer tender enough to roast. After emptying and singeing, truss as for roasting. Take an oval or oblong boiler just big enough to hold the goose. At the bottom lay a few slices of bacon and veal; on these lay the goose, and cover its breast with thin slices of bacon. Round it put parsley,

chives, three or four shallots, half a clove of garlic, thyme, bay-leaf, and basil, all chopped together; salt, whole pepper, and grated nutmeg. Over these throw a quart of water, half a pint of wine, and a dram-glass of brandy. Cover the pot close with its lid, luting it down with paste, and let it stew *very* slowly, over a very gentle fire, for five or six hours; or you may set it for that time in a very slow oven.

When the goose is cooked, put it into a deep dish. Skim the fat off the liquor, and pour it over the goose, supposing it to be stiff enough to jelly when cold; if not, you must reduce it to that consistency by boiling down.

Goose en Daube, Stewed, B. Cover the bottom of your oval boiler with thin slices of bacon; lay your goose (or turkey, or large old cock) upon them. Surround it with a calf's foot cut in pieces, bouquet complete, cloves, onions, sliced carrots, pepper, salt, and blades of mace.

Pour over it a dram-glass of brandy, a glass of white wine, a pint of stock, and the same of water. Close the lid hermetically, and stew or bake slowly, as before, for five or six hours.

This may be either eaten hot, with its accompaniments; or cold, with the gravy about it, in the shape of jelly.

Either of these *Daubes* will be found acceptable at breakfast, luncheon, and pic-nic parties, and deserve to be more generally known in England: for what better can you do with an aged Goose or Gander?

Giblet Pie. Prepare the Giblets thus: After carefully

plucking and singeing those which are covered with skin, cut off the beak, take out the eyes, and split the head in two; cut the neck into not less than three lengths; chop the pinions, across, in two; skin the feet (by scalding), and cut off the claws; cut the heart in two; the gizzard (which is double), after skinning and cleaning, into four; leave the liver as it is.

Rinse these well in salt-and-water; then put them into a stew-pan with half a pound of rump-steak cut into dice, and as much good stock as will cover them; season with pepper and salt, and stew till *nearly* tender. At this point, taste if the seasoning is sufficient. Transfer the giblets, with their gravy, to the pie-dish, and set them aside.

When wanted, cover them with the crust, and bake.

Goose Giblets help a soup, or make a stew, both which are wholesome and agreeable. The gizzard takes so much longer than the other components to cook, that it ought to be boiled separately beforehand.

The best giblets are Swan (*i. e.* Cygnet) Giblets; but they do not fall to every body's lot.

The poor Goose is very unjustly regarded in England as an emblem of stupidity. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him;—give a goose a bad name, and roast him. It is an excuse for eating him without qualms of conscience. "Stupid as a goose," is an erroneous comparison; for the goose has intelligence, affection, fidelity, and a host of virtues which shall not be enumerated, for fear of taking away the reader's appetite the next time he sits down to our friend lying in state.

Our neighbours put the dunce's cap on a head which fits it better. They call a stupid fellow, not a goose, but a *dindon*—a turkey. French literature swarms with examples. Thus: "Whoever is fond of turkey—and who is not?—cannot hate the Jesuits; for, it is said, to those worthy Fathers—who were no turkeys themselves—we owe the introduction of the bird to France. . . . The turkey must be kept for a certain time; but as it is much more difficult to 'mortify' a fool than a clever man, this will be an affair of several days, depending on the temperature of the atmosphere. . . . Turkey's legs may be eaten *à la Sainte Ménehould.* It is said they tend to cause sleepiness—which is only natural; for one is apt to fall asleep in the company of turkeys," &c. &c.

Roasted Pheasant, say initiated epicures, is an ambrosial morsel, which ought to be eaten on one's knees; the paper which wraps it during the first stage of roasting should be a sheet of nothing less than an epic poem. In short, it is one of the things about which people, otherwise sober-minded, occasionally lose their senses.

Young pheasant, fresh killed, is not particularly savoury: neither so delicate as a pullet, nor so perfumed as a quail; old pheasant is tough, leathery, and dry. The pheasant, says Brillat Savarin, is an enigma, whose solution is revealed to adepts only.

Every alimentary substance, he discourseth, has its apogee of esculence. Some substances reach that turning-point *before* their full development: examples—capers, asparagus, cauliflowers, gray partridges, squab pigeons, &c. Others reach it at the moment when they have

attained the full perfection of which their organisation is capable, as melons and the generality of fruits, beef, mutton, roe-deer, and red partridges. And, lastly, other things arrive at their edible point when they begin to decompose; instances of which are medlars, the woodcock, and, above all, the pheasant. Taken at the right moment, its flesh is tender, high-flavoured, sublime; it has the delicacy of poultry and the aroma of venison. This happy moment is the critical point when the decomposition of the bird commences; so much so, that the French have invented a verb, *faisander*, to express the act of keeping meat till it acquires a venison taste. There are various rough methods of doing this with pheasants; one is, to hang up the bird by the tail, and, when it falls to the ground, to pluck and roast it; another is, to hang it up on Shrove Tuesday, and eat it on Easter Sunday; another, to keep it as long as an author, who has never flattered any body, has to wait for a literary pension. But this last period might be too long, even for pheasant.

But the truth is, tastes differ in this respect, some going to the very verge of insanity. A brace of pheasants sent as a present to France (the bird is all but worshiped by Gallic gourmands) were, on their arrival, condemned by the police as unfit for human food. They were in a state of putridity so forward, that it was considered needless to burn or bury them; they were merely thrown out on a public dunghill, in the belief that nobody, not even if starving, would ever dream of eating them.

Next morning, the pheasants had disappeared; and it was eventually discovered that a wealthy epicure, who had witnessed this casting out of culinary pearls, had waited and watched till the dead of night, and then, unseen, had rescued the precious morsels, which, next day, were dressed and eaten, in private committee, with ecstatic relish.

The moment makes itself known to the profane by the smell, and by a change of colour in the belly of the bird; the initiated divine it by the same kind of instinct which enables a finished roaster to decide at a glance whether to take a fowl from the spit, or allow it to have one or two turns more. A great point is not to pluck your pheasant too soon. Accurate experiments have proved that birds kept in their feathers acquire a higher flavour than those whieh hang long in a state of nudity; either because the contact of the air neutralises a portion of the aroma, or because a portion of the juices, destined to nourish the feathers, is reabsorbed, and enriches the flesh. In any case, decomposition must be allowed to commence before the day for cooking a pheasant is fixed. Then its full flavour is developed, through the instrumentality of an oily fat which requires a slight fermentation to attain its full ripeness; exactly as the oil in coffee is made to give out its fragrance by the process of roasting.

Nothing can be plainer than the English mode of dressing pheasants: roasting them, without any stuffing, before a quick fire, basting well, dishing them in their own gravy, with bread sauce as an accompaniment. We

have an idea, however, that the flesh of the bird is improved in juiciness by filling *the crop only* with veal stuffing, containing a little more beef-suet than ordinary. If an old cock-pheasant *must* be roasted, let him hang in the larder till the last possible moment, and then stuff him throughout with rump-steak, fat and lean, chopped small. The beef, if left, will make capital potted meat afterwards. But the best way of disposing of old cock-pheasant is to *Curry* it, with not too large an allowance of curry-powder. It can thus be stewed down to any degree of tenderness, even to the flesh falling off the bones; while the moderate amount of seasoning will bring out the game flavour without overpowering it.

French cooks fill pheasants with a variety of stuffings, principally sausage-meat, truffles, mushrooms, roast chestnuts, and bacon; they surround it with olives, and send up with it sauces seasoned with sundry zests,—as verjuice, pepper and salt, lemon-juice, or Seville orange-juice.

Brillat Savarin's receipt is famous, but expensive. In his time, however, woodcocks were much cheaper than they are now. Several towns in the north of France—as Abbeville and Montreuil-sur-Mer—were once celebrated for their snipe and woodcock patés; but such things have become rarities. What between the drainage of land, and the rapid communication with England, the few birds that are still to be had speedily find their way to the best market.

Take a couple of woodcocks; bone them and empty them. Divide the proceeds into two lots,—one con-

sisting of the flesh, the other of the livers and entrails.

Take the flesh, and chop it into a forcemeat with beef-marrow that has been cooked by steaming, a little grated bacon, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and a sufficient quantity of good truffles to fill the internal cavity of the pheasant. Take care to secure this stuffing in such a way that it cannot escape; which is sometimes difficult when the bird is "forward." Nevertheless, there are various means of succeeding: amongst others, by cutting a crust of bread to act as a plug, and fastening it in its position by a string.

Take a slice of bread a couple of inches broader and longer every way than the pheasant laid upon it lengthwise. Then take the livers and entrails of the woodcocks, and pound them together with two large truffles, an anchovy, a little minced bacon, and a good lump of butter. Spread this paste equally over the slice of bread, and place it under the pheasant while roasting, so as to catch every drop of gravy that falls from it. When roasted, serve your pheasant gracefully reposing on its bed of toast, surround it with bitter oranges, and make your mind easy as to the result. Its success is guaranteed by the very nature of things. Treated according to the preceding receipt, the pheasant, already a bird of distinction in itself, is saturated externally by the carbonised fat of the savoury bacon; internally, it is impregnated with the odorous emanations escaping from the truffles and the woodcock-flesh. The toast, already so richly garnished, receives, besides, the triple com-

bination of gravies which trickle down from the roasting bird.

Chartreuse of Partridges, or of Pigeons, or of any other Poultry, Game, or Meat. Both the title and the composition of this dish are a slander, or a satire, or a libel on Carthusian monks, who, professing abstinence from meat, contrive to enjoy it nevertheless.

It would be curious to form a collection of the various ways in which popular opinion has evinced itself covertly, when it dared not, or could not, do so openly. Few people who have laughed at the comic circus scene, "Billy Button; or, the Tailor's Ride to Brentford," are aware that it was originally an acted caricature of Robespierre. That monstrous individual, combining, as often happens, cowardice with cruelty, and having to appear at one of his grand occasions on horseback, manifested such evident fear of his steed, as to excite ridicule and contempt in all his beholders. We are writing from memory, but think it was at the *fête* when he deigned to acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being. The horse-riders of the day tickled the public fancy by an exhibition which every body understood. The thing became popular, crossed the Channel, and "Billy Button's Ride" excited the mirth of spectators long after its sarcastic allusions were lost. But it put a stop to Robespierre's horsemanship; and, still more marvellous to tell, it does not appear that its authors were guillotined in consequence.

There are several ways of making a *Chartreuse;* the following is the simplest and easiest: Take an oval or

oblong mould, large enough to hold a couple of partridges, and sufficient vegetables to cover and conceal them completely.

Boil carrots and turnips in broth; when cooked, take them out to drain. Boil Savoy or other hearted cabbage separately in water; when cooked, let them drain in a cullender, and squeeze, with a wooden spoon, all the moisture out of them. You may also have cooked any other good vegetable that is in season,—as green pease, kidney beans, small onions, &c.

The partridges may be put into the Chartreuse whole; but if cut in quarters, they will be more convenient to serve with a spoon, with as little demolition of the Chartreuse as possible. Stew the quartered partridges till tender in as little well-seasoned gravy as may be. This stewing allows partridges to be employed which are not young enough to make a first-rate roast.

You will now proceed to pack your Chartreuse. If you have once seen one served, you will have no difficulty in imitating it. Butter the inside of your mould; at the bottom lay strips and slices of carrot and turnip cut into any shapes and lengths you fancy; but the broader and the longer they are, the better they will hold together. You will dispose them in some kind of pattern. Line the sides in the same way with sliced carrots and turnips. Then put in a lining of cabbage, pressing it down tightly, to make the Chartreuse easier to turn out of its mould. Then put the stewed and quartered partridges all together in the middle; over and about them lay your more delicate vegetables,—as pease, kidney beans, boiled let-

tuces (thoroughly drained and squeezed); then fill up every vacant cranny with cabbage, packing it as tightly as you can.

When finished, put your mould into a hot-water bath, taking care that no water enters it. Let it stew there for an hour, to heat thoroughly, and help the ingredients to combine. When wanted, clap a hot dish to the open top of the mould; invert them by a rapid movement, so that the mould is standing on the dish; give a few gentle taps with the handle of a knife, and the mould will come away, leaving the Chartreuse unbroken. Pour round it the heated-up and thickened gravy in which the partridges were stewed, and serve.

This dish is really worth the trouble it gives. It may be varied by the addition of sausages or bacon to the ragoût of birds. If a hot-water bath is not available, the Chartreuse, once packed in its mould, may be heated up over hot ashes (with care not to burn), or in a sand-bath. It is the turning it out of the mould which requires the greatest precaution and dexterity. To effect this with more certainty, some cooks put an oval piece of paper at the bottom of the mould, and line its sides all round with one broad strip; others make use of linen-cloth in the same way—which is better. This is done more especially when the vegetables and game are only three-parts cooked before putting them into the mould, and the cooking is finished off *in it*.

Carrots and turnips, boiled in soup to flavour it, will serve perfectly to make the walls of a Chartreuse. In winter, they may be agreeably varied with slices of

parsnip and salsify. The upper and lower borders of the Chartreuse may be garnished with green pease, arranged like a string of beads, with kidney beans, or with cauliflower divided into small sprigs.

Pigeons [from Delamer's *Pigeons and Rabbits*], *Quails, and other dark-fleshed Birds*, have the reputation of being a heating diet, which is probably correct. But, however that may be, one epicurean rule holds good with pigeons,—which is, whatever receipts may be given to serve them hot, in all forms they are better eaten cold. There are, in fact, only two orthodox English ways of cooking pigeons, namely, in a baked pie, and in a boiled pie, or pigeon pudding (see p. 448).

Baked Pigeon Pie. Pluck, singe, and draw the birds. Cut off the heads and necks, and put them aside with the livers and gizzards. Boil these down for gravy, with a piece of beef, adding pepper, salt, and mace.

Some cooks put the pigeons whole into the pie-dish; but they are more convenient to help at table if divided into quarters, by first splitting them lengthwise down the back and along the breastbone, and then cutting them across.

Put a pie-cup inverted in the centre of the dish to retain the gravy. At the bottom of the dish put a layer of lean beef-steak; you may substitute veal for it, if preferred. On the steak lay the quartered pigeons, until the dish is full. Have ready some hard-boiled eggs peeled from the shell; halve them crosswise, and make use of them to fill up any hollows that may be left between the pigeons, with the view of giving to the

crust as level an outside surface as possible. Pour in the gravy over all. The feet and legs of the pigeons should have been cut off at the knee.

When the crust is on the dish and the pie is finished making, stick a bunch of these feet and legs in the middle, to mark what sort of pie it is. This pie is intended to be eaten cold: as a rule in cookery, all meat-pies containing hard-boiled eggs are meant not to be eaten hot. The pie-dish is here mentioned thus particularly, because it is not the general fashion to make Pigeon Pie with a standing crust, the bird being too small to bone without a deal of trouble.

Pigeon Paté (French). Take six fine young pigeons; singe and empty them. Take their livers, hearts, gizzards, and lungs, and chop them very small (to make a forcemeat), together with a dozen shallots, one clove of garlic, parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, mixed spices, the eighth of a pound of beef-suet, and the same of lean veal (both chopped small). Add to these a raw egg, and a spoonful of brandy. Mix all together, and with it stuff the bodies of your pigeons.

At the bottom of your earthen paté-dish put a layer of slices of bacon sprinkled with shallots and sweet herbs chopped small; then a layer of pigeons; then thin-sliced bacon sprinkled with shallots, &c.; and so on. Fill up the top with knuckle of veal cut into small pieces, to form the jelly; throw in a tumbler of white wine, or wine-and-water if the wine is very strong. Lute the cover of the paté-dish down with paste, and send it to the baker's to pass the night in his oven.

This preparation possesses many good qualities. It is economical, for there is nothing wasted; it is convenient, for it is always ready so long as it lasts; and it is agreeable, for it furnishes a savoury cool repast in sultry weather.

Rook Pie. On estates where there are rookeries, a proportion of the young birds are often killed off in spring. As they must be shot immediately they leave the nest, while still sitting perched on the branches around it, and before they have taken flight with their parents, they afford easy practice for juvenile gunners, and may be afterwards converted into an excellent pie.

Skin the birds; quarter them; let them lie all night in salt-and-water; and then treat them exactly as for Pigeon Pie.

Roast Pigeons (French). Idem. The birds should be killed by having their necks broken, and should not be bled. When they are plucked, drawn, singed, and trussed, cover them with three or four thin slices of bacon, and as many vine-leaves, tied around them with a coarse thread. Roast them on a spit, and baste them with good veal broth and a slice of butter. If they are young and tender, half an hour is long enough to cook them. If they are to be eaten hot, dish them up as they are, simply taking off the thread which confines the vine-leaves and the bacon, and serve them with a *Sauce Piquante* made by mixing a little mustard, salt, tarragon vinegar, and pepper with the gravy which comes from them. If the gravy is poor or short in quantity, add a little *very good* Florence oil.

If the Roast Pigeons are to be eaten cold, as advised, they will keep a better shape if the thread is not removed till they are quite cold, supposing it be intended to let the bacon and vine-leaves remain upon them. In this case, serve with a garnishing of watercresses, nasturtium and borage flowers, and the heart-leaves of cabbage-lettuces. Let them be accompanied by a sauce-boat containing salad mixture. If the larding (as bacon so employed is called) and vine-leaves be removed, the pigeons must be glazed, or *glacéd*, when they are half cold, with *a glazing* made by boiling down the remains of a ham, with a small knuckle of veal, or a piece of shin of beef. Garnish with slices of lemon and savoury jelly turned out of very small moulds.

To carve roast pigeons, cut them in quarters, leaving the portion of breast attached to each wing or leg that is helped.

Pigeons à la Crapaudine—Broiled Pigeons (French). Idem. Select young birds, which have the down still hanging to the tips of their feathers. Singe them as before; cut off the neck from the body, and split them open down the back. Flatten them as well as you can without breaking too many bones. Smear them with oil or butter, and sprinkle them with salt, pepper, and parsley and chives minced fine. Make this seasoning stick on in as great a quantity as possible. Cover them also with bread-crumbs or raspings, or with grated biscuit. Lay them on the gridiron, and grill them over a slow fire, which, of course, should be made with charcoal. When they are nicely browned and thoroughly

cooked, serve them with a sauce made of verjuice or vinegar, salt, pepper, minced shallots, and a morsel of butter; or they may be served with the above-mentioned *Sauce Piquante.* Young Rabbits may be cooked in the same way.

Broiled pigeons, rabbits, and "such small deer," will come to table a better shape if they are flattened and held together with fine iron skewers, parboiled for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour *in good veal broth,* instead of water, suffered to cool, and the skewers then withdrawn. So prepared, they are convenient for innkeepers and others to have at hand, to put on the gridiron and serve at ten minutes' notice. The sauce for Broiled Pigeons most agreeable to English palates is Mushroom Sauce, *i. e.* pickled mushroom buttons thrown into melted butter, with which a little ketchup, Reading Sauce, Soy, or other approved browning, has been previously mingled.

Pigeons à la Tartare, with Tartar Sauce. Broil them as before, and when they are of a light brown and well hot through, serve them on a hot dish, surrounded with Tartar sauce.

Pigeons may be *Roasted in a Stew-pan,* like Leg of Lamb (p. 372).

Pigeons and Green Pease. Put them into a stew-pan, with a good lump of butter and some white bacon cut into dice. Give them a toss or two over the fire, and then let them have a dusting of flour. Make them take a good colour; then add a quart of young green pease, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a sprig of mint. Moisten

with a little broth, cook till they are done enough over a slow fire, and serve surrounded with all the pease and only a small quantity of the gravy.

Instead of pease, you may employ the tender green stalks of young run-up asparagus-plants chopped to about the size of pease.

Stuffed Pigeons. Select fine and full-grown pigeons of the current year. Pluck and singe them, and empty them by a small opening made in the side, in order to fill them better with stuffing.

Make a light forcemeat with any remains of cold fowl, veal sweetbread, truffles or mushrooms, and a little minced bacon, seasoned with pepper and salt, and bound together by beat-up egg. Brown them with butter in a stew-pan for a quarter of an hour, add a ladleful of stock, cover them closely with the lid of the stew-pan, and stew slowly until they are enough.

Pigeons en Papillotes—in Curl-papers. Cook them slowly in a stew-pan, with chopped bacon, butter, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. When they are half-done, add small herbs, mushrooms, and a minced shallot. Care must be taken not to overdo them. When they are cold, cut them in halves down the back and breast, cover them with their seasoning, and wrap them in oiled or buttered writing-paper. Grill them over a slow fire for twenty minutes.

Woodcock and Snipe. These birds, as cooked in the usual way, *without* drawing the intestines, are regarded by different persons with very different eyes, according to the state of their stomachs or their prejudices. By some, the Woodcock is regarded as the Queen of the

Marsh, and one of the most distinguished roasts which it is possible to offer to persons of the highest consideration. No culinary tribute of respect (except the pheasant) can rival the estimation in which the Woodcock is held. This precious bird is so venerated by epicures, that they render it the same honours as are paid to the Grand Lama. Not only are its dejections, or trail, carefully caught on buttered toast moistened with lemon-juice, but they are afterwards eaten in solemn silence by fervent and admiring amateurs.

Others, regarding Snipe and Woodcock with disgust, repudiate them altogether; for few persons would have the courage to request their cook to empty the birds before roasting them, and fewer cooks would dare to obey the order, if critical guests were expected to be present.

It is just possible that the one set of persons do not get so much as they fancy they do, and that the others need not be so very much afraid of swallowing what they naturally regard with aversion. Woodcock and snipe, it appears, when wounded, relieve both their stomach and their bowel of any thing that might prove offensive.

Mr. Knox, in his *Game Birds and Wild Fowl*, suggests another reason for the bird's being a more cleanly morsel to eat than is generally supposed. "I succeeded in rearing a young woodcock," he tells us, "by feeding him plentifully with earth-worms—the species called brandlings, which abound in old heaps of compost, were the best. These, when mixed with wet mould, he devoured greedily; and I found no small difficulty in

furnishing him with a sufficient quantity, while I varied his diet occasionally with gentles, tadpoles, and the larvæ of aquatic insects.

"He became quite tame and reconciled to his place of captivity, which was an outhouse, the door of which had been removed and replaced by a fragment of an old fishing-net. Like all pets, however, he met with an untimely fate. One afternoon, an inquisitive spaniel managed to creep under the net, and although a speedy rescue was attempted, it was too late; his career was ended. Being in excellent condition, he was handed over to the cook, and a better bird never appeared upon a table. *So rapid was his digestion, that the stomach was perfectly empty*; and the other viscera, or 'trail,' contained only the peculiar cream-like matter usually found in the woodcock, while its flavour was positively irreproachable, although he had breakfasted that very morning on nearly half a flower-potful of worms."

XVI.

VEGETABLES.

Once upon a time there lived and flourished people so ignorant of the constitution of the human frame as to hold it to be "vulgar" to eat vegetables. They might almost as well have held it to be vulgar to eat at all. Beau Brummel, asked whether he had never eaten any vegetable, replied, with a sneer, that he believed he once ate—a pea. The consequence was, that fresh vegetables were but scantily supplied on fashionable or would-be fashionable tables; and we may be certain that the health of that generation suffered by the spread of scorbutic disease, and the prevalence of many ill-defined complaints.

Since that time, common sense and dietetic science have made considerable strides in advance. Nobody now, in well-educated society, would venture to plead guilty to having "once ate a pea." On the contrary, plants in general are recognised as the basis and support of animal life. Philosophers have exercised their intellects in discussing which, if any, of the planets and their satellites are inhabited by sentient and intelligent creatures. Our curiosity would be satisfied could we only ascertain which of those worlds possessed a world of vegetables; the rest would follow. Without plants,

the existence of animal life is scarcely conceivable: with them—with the sustenance and shelter which they offer in unlimited profusion—we may fairly assume that the Benevolent Being who created *them* would also create higher organisms to profit by the supplies they furnish.

Plants are the agents which achieve the first difficult step of converting inorganic into organic material. The moss and the lichen on the naked rock squeeze carbon from the atmosphere; which carbon becomes in time a bed of vegetable mould. Larger and more luxuriant plants succeed, without exterminating, their humble predecessors. Then come insects and herb-eating animals, to check the plants' luxuriance; and then come the insectivorous bird and the flesh-eating animal, to thin the swarms of caterpillars and the troops of grazers and browsers.

In the sea, also, exactly the same sequence of production and consumption occurs. First, we have sea-plants—not one of which is poisonous, while many are nutritious and medicinal; then, the mollusk feeding on the sea-plant, and fed on by fishes with teeth and stomachs adapted to their diet; finally, the innumerable feeders, great and small, who live by preying on one another.

Oysters, mussels, cockles, and other shell-fish which live, according to the popular expression, by "suction"—by microscopic particles brought to them by watery currents caused by the vibration of their cilia—are not a whit less than their greedier neighbours the dependents and the offspring of the vegetable world. Although

their flesh secretes from the waters inorganic matters to form their shell, the food they take in (however minute) to increase their *fleshy* growth is entirely organic. Their diet consists either of minute vegetable particles, or of infusorial animalcules that have fed on vegetables.

The human race tops the ladder of organic life very much in the style of "The House that Jack Built." For, this is the Sportsman that shot the Duck, that swallowed the Snail, that gnawed the Cabbage, that grew as a Plant in garden-ground. And this is the Lady that picked the Lobster, that killed the Codling, that devoured the Star-fish, that crushed the Whelk, that bored the Periwinkle, that nibbled the Fucus, that grew as a Plant in the bed of the Sea. All flesh is grass, and all fish too. How, then, can we do without vegetables?

The extreme importance of vegetables or fruits entering in large proportion into our daily rations is less strongly forced upon our observation, in consequence of the profusion and constancy with which they are supplied to us. Our summers, happily, are rarely so hot and dry as to cause "greens" to fail; while our winters are seldom so severe as to destroy and reduce them to a pulp by frost. Covent-Garden Market is never empty at six o'clock of a week-day morning, and the greengrocer has always *something* to show, more or less fresh and attractive to the eye.

Many people fancy that the principal value of potatoes, cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other vegetables furnished by the kitchen-garden and the field, consists in their *cheapness*, in their supplying a large quantity of food at

a low rate of cost, in their filling the stomachs of families without drawing too deeply on the family treasury. They would treat themselves and their households to more meat, they think, and eat fewer potatoes and other filling-up stuff, were not the former so dear in price. They would do this rather to gratify their palates, than out of considerations respecting health and strength. They are aware that meat is strengthening, but they forget the wholesome influence of vegetables. By "vegetables," of course, is meant here the fresh produce of the kitchen-garden; although all dry grain, corn, flour, rice, maize, and the like, equally belong to the vegetable kingdom. *They also* have their beneficial effects on health, but in a different manner and degree to those of kitchen vegetables.

To realise fully the medicinal influence of a diet in which fresh vegetables supply their share, we have only to read the accounts of navigators, especially of Captain Cook and his predecessors. They made the discovery that fresh vegetables are a specific against that terrible disease, the scurvy, of which Willis says, "It is not any particular disease, but a legion of diseases." Enough *meat* is not enough; it must be qualified by vegetables: whereas men can continue to live on vegetables alone in health, if not in the fulness of their possible strength. Not long since, a short-sighted old lady, who refused to touch fruit or vegetables for fear of cholera, actually died of scurvy in consequence of her mistaken prejudice. And such a small quantity of vegetable suffices to manifest its medicinal virtue! Sir Edward Parry,

while exploring that most fearful of *cul-de-sacs*, the North-West Passage, restored several of his invalid sailors to health by cultivating for their use, on the flues of his cabin, mustard-and-cress, "sallets good for the scorbute."

The mystery which formerly hung about the nature of scurvy was the great impediment to its cure and the cause of its spread. Charleton observes, that it arises "chiefly from sharp, saline Particles taken in by Inspiration, from salt and corrupted Meats eaten, from bad Waters drank, from Nastiness, deep Chagrins, &c. Which Sentiment is confirmed by a daily Experience; since Sailors, when at Sea, who breathe continually a salt Air, eat salt and corrupted Meats, drink bad Waters, and do not keep themselves, then, extremely clean, are more subject to it than others." It does not occur to him that sailors on board ship scarcely breathe a salter air, or are less cleanly in their habits, than many of the inhabitants of sea-port towns; but that during a long voyage they are deprived of vegetables, which the latter have daily at their command.

Nevertheless, the old practitioners were aware that "a very exact Diet is of more Effect than the best Medicines; without this, it becomes incurable. Bleeding does not avail; strong Purgatives are hurtful." For the particular symptoms of the disease—and the list is sad—particular medicines adapted thereto were to be used; *only mixing antiscorbutics with them all.* And the principal simple antiscorbutics were, horse-radish, sorrel, butter-bur, scorzonera, sow-thistle, zedoary, polypody,

elecampane, guaiacum, sassafras, mustard-seed, water-cress, water-trefoil, oranges, lemons, and juniper-berries—all fruits, vegetables, or roots.

People on land are as liable as people at sea to scurvy, when confined to a dry and salt meat diet, with a scant of vegetables. In the Memoirs of the French Academy, M. Poupart gives a minute account of scurvy which raged in Paris in the year 1699. Its symptoms and consequences were extraordinary; yet it was a true scurvy, and the persons attacked by it had all the usual scorbutic symptoms.

A striking instance of the magic influence of fresh vegetable food in preserving health is given in Dr. Hooker's most interesting lecture on Insular Floras:*

"Kerguelen's Land, the Isle of Desolation of Cook, is situated in the tempestuous South Indian Ocean, in the south latitude, corresponding to the latitude of Cornwall north, and within the northern limit of floating icebergs. It rears itself from the ocean as a black volcanic mass, girt with sea-cliffs, and perennially swept by terrific storms. At a few miles' distance it appears to be absolutely sterile, and on nearing the coast the scenery scarcely improves. A narrow belt of grass skirts the deep harbours, and above this are brown, rounded heaps of a very peculiar Umbelliferous plant (*Azorella Selago*), growing like tufts of a gigantic moss or saxifrage. These are succeeded by scattered tufts of grass and herbs struggling for existence in a most barren soil.

* See the Nos. of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for January 1867.

"Of the flowering plants, all are perennial, and one of them had a very remarkable appearance. It was a gigantic Cruciferous plant, allied to the northern Scurvy-Grass (*Cochlearia*), and which we christened the Kerguelen's-Land Cabbage, both because of its appearance, and because we used it daily as a pot-herb. During one hundred and thirty days we ate no other fresh vegetable than this, which was served with the ship's salt junk and pork; and during that time there was not a case of illness of any consequence in a company of one hundred and twenty officers and men. It hence well merits its Latin name of *Pringlea antiscorbutica*, the generic name being given in compliment to Sir John Pringle, an eminent writer on that scourge of seamen, the scurvy.

"This plant was abundant near the sea, and is a well-marked feature in the view of Christmas Harbour which is engraved in Captain Cook's Third Voyage. It is allied to no other known plant in the southern hemisphere, and is as remarkable, whether for its curious habit of growth, or its botanical characters, as any of those singular plants which I have indicated as forming peculiar features in the sea-cliffs of the Madeiran, Azorean, or Canarian Islands. Like these, too, it tells no tale as to the origin or affinities of the Kerguelen's-Land Flora."

The importance (under those peculiar circumstances) of a single cruciferous plant could be hardly brought into higher relief; and it will be remembered that many of our most useful kitchen vegetables belong to the

Cruciferous Family, so called because their flowers have four petals disposed opposite to each other in the form of a cross.

The plants cultivated in European kitchen-gardens belong to a comparatively small number of Natural Families—so few, indeed, that they are speedily passed in review.

1. The above-named Crucifers include cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Scotch kale and sprouting kale, couve tronchuda or Portugal cabbage, sea-kale, kohl-rabi or turnip-rooted cabbage, turnips, radishes, garden-cress, mustard, horse-radish, water-cress.

2. The Umbellifers (from the Latin for an umbrella, also for a head of fennel) contribute carrots, parsnips, skirrets, celery, parsley, chervil, fennel, angelica, caraway, coriander, and the *true* samphire.*

* We are all acquainted with one that gathers samphire "half-way down the face" of Dover cliff; but how many of our readers know the taste of the produce of that "dreadful trade"? The samphire business nowadays must be a small concern. One or two species of glass-wort, which grow on mud-banks washed by the sea, are sold and pickled by the style and title of samphire, but are as false a substitute for the real thing as was the fair maid of the ballad who 'listed "under the name of Richard Carr." The pickled Salicornias taste of nothing but the vinegar and the spices, and altogether differ from that classic Umbellifer, the *Crithmum maritimum*, which requires *chalk* for its soil as well as saline vapour for its atmosphere.

John Evelyn, whose *Kalendarium Hortense* marks quite an epoch in our Garden Literature, had a high opinion of the merits of "sampier," as he calls it. "Not only pickled, but crude and cold, when young and tender (and such as we may cultivate and have in our kitchen-gardens almost the year round), it is, in my opinion, for its aromatic and other excellent vertues and effects against the spleen, cleansing the passages, sharp'ning appetite, &c., so far preferable to most of our

3. The Leguminous or pod-bearing, otherwise the Papilionaceous or butterfly-flowered plants, give pease, beans, kidney-beans, scarlet-runners, lentils.

4. The Composite-flowered supply artichokes, cardoons, lettuce, endive, chicory, scorzonera, salsify, Jerusalem artichokes, tarragon, dandelion.

5. The Liliaceous Family furnishes, first, asparagus, and then the whole invaluable tribe of onions, shallots, scallions, chives, leeks, garlic, rocambole.

6. Out of the enormous Solanum Family we get only four esculent species: the potato, the tomato, the aubergine or egg-plant, and the capsicum or cayenne-pepper plant. The first is enormously consumed *here*; the three last are also largely grown in countries whose summer is warmer and longer than that of England.

7. Unless we include the ice-plant (for garnishing desserts), the Mesembryanthemums — another large Family — only contribute the New-Zealand Spinach, *Tetragonia expansa*—a very poor substitute for European spinach, although Captain Cook, by Sir Joseph Banks's advice, administered it to his crew as an antiscorbutic.

8. The Labiate, or lip-flowered, Family supplies many of our aromatics: mint, sage, hyssop, marjoram, winter and summer savory, thyme, balm, basil.

9. The Cucurbitaceous plants give us cucumbers,

hotter herbs and sallet ingredients, that I have often wondered it has not been long since propagated in the potagere, as it is in France, from whence I have frequently receiv'd the seeds, which have prospered better and more kindly with me than what comes from our own coasts. It does not indeed pickle so well, as being of a more tender stalk and leaf; but, in all other respects, for composing sallets it has nothing like it."

melons, and the immense variety of gourds and pumpkins. The first of these is less used in the South of Europe than with us, being employed principally for pickling young as gherkins; the others render considerable service to the inhabitants of the warmer latitudes of the Continent.

10. From the unpromising Docks, the Polygoneæ, we have sorrel (insufficiently appreciated in England), rhubarb (lightly esteemed abroad); and the herb patience, gone out of fashion here, although it is valuable as early spinach, especially if relieved by a mixture of sorrel.

11. The Chenopods, or Goosefoots, give us beetroot, for salad; spinach, the summer plague of gardeners and the touchstone of good plain cooks; and orache, whose leaves are excellent in spring soups.

12. To the same purpose are applied the leaves of purslane, which gives its name to a Family, the Portulaceæ. It is likewise eaten young in salad.

13. The Borages contribute blue and white flowers for garnishing the same.

14. The Tropæolums also give, through the garden nasturtium, flowers for salad, and flower-buds and immature seeds for pickling.

15. Corn-salad, or Lamb-lettuce, is one of the Valerians, which suggests to some palates the taste of a druggist's shop.

16. One of the Campanulas, or Bell-flowers, the rampion, has a root which our forefathers used to scrape and eat in salads, or like radishes, but which very rarely

appears at table now, although the *plant* may occasionally be found in old-established gardens.

17. Finally, the cultivated mushroom represents not merely a Family, but a grand Natural Division of the Vegetable Kingdom.

It thus appears that, in the British Isles, cultivated kitchen-garden vegetables are derived from no more than seventeen Natural Families of plants, which, by careful searching out, might be extended a little beyond a score.

Most vegetables (with a few exceptions, such as green pease, when shelled by fingers known to be clean) should be thrown into cold water immediately after trimming, paring, scraping, or other necessary preparation, and allowed to remain there some time previous to cooking. If fresh, this prevents the evaporation of their natural juices (and in some, as the Jerusalem artichoke, their discoloration) by the contact of the air. If slightly faded, or the weather be hot, it freshens them up. Flaccid vegetables, that have become limp and drooping, never cook so well in that state.

The Cabbage-tribe renders immense service in the kitchen, and even in a first-rate kitchen. A skilful artist finds in these plants great resources for varying his soups, ragoûts, garnishes, and frameworks. A boiled rump of beef (or even an adult partridge stewed) takes it as a compliment to be flanked by a stout wall of cabbage. All depends on the treatment and seasoning. It is exactly thus that the pen of the poet ennobles the most commonplace expressions.

Cabbage, Plain-boiled; either Savoys or hearted summer-cabbage. If the cabbages are large, cut them across at the bottom twice, without dividing them, to allow the water to enter them. Throw them into boiling soft water with salt in it, and let them gallop without the lid on. The time they take to cook will depend entirely on their age and the solidness of their hearts. When quite tender, take them up and let them drain in a cullender, pressing out the water gently with a spoon. Cabbage sent to table dripping is one of the rudest specimens of cookery. After draining in the cullender, transfer them to your *hot* vegetable-dish. Apply a small hot plate to the top; squeeze the cabbage firmly with this, holding the dish sideways to let all the water run out. When no more drops from it, set your dish on the dresser; remove the plate; with a knife cut the flattened cabbage into squares, for the convenience of helping; and serve.

Brussels Sprouts. Boil as above, but drain *well*, without squeezing. They may be accompanied by plain melted butter, Dutch Sauce, or Matrimony Sauce. In Belgium, the small cabbages or sprouts are not esteemed if of more than half an inch in diameter; but this, we hold, is being over-particular. Brussels sprouts are most useful as winter greens. At Brussels they are sometimes served with a sauce composed of vinegar, butter, and nutmeg, poured over them hot after they have been boiled. The top, says Van Mons, in a paper in the *Horticultural Transactions*, is very delicate when dressed, and quite different in flavour from the sprouts.

It is usual there to cut off the top ten or fifteen days before gathering from the stem.

Cauliflowers, Plain. Some cooks serve cauliflowers *whole;* this has two disadvantages: First, they are tempted to send them to table underdone, even so hard as to resist the spoon, for the sake of retaining their shapely appearance.* Secondly, it prevents their dislodging caterpillars or small snails, which will often enter them towards the close of summer. It is better to cut them up into respectably sized sprigs; they will thus be both equally and cleanlily boiled. Take up with a skimmer, drain well, and pile in the dish, which (if the cauliflowers are to be served without sauce) may have a false bottom or strainer.

Plain melted butter or Dutch sauce may either accompany them or be poured over them.

Broccoli, although cooked and served in the same way as cauliflowers, must not be confounded with them. They resemble each other greatly, especially when only the head, or flower, is seen. The leaves of broccoli are of a deeper green, and the heads of a less pure white, than those of cauliflowers; but the grand difference is, that cauliflowers are tender—injured, and even destroyed, by slight frosts, while broccoli bear our ordinary (though not our severe) winters. Consequently, cauliflowers come to hand in summer and autumn, while broccoli

* "Vegetables when not sufficiently cooked are known to be so exceedingly unwholesome and indigestible, that the custom of serving them *crisp,* which means, in reality, only half boiled, should be altogether disregarded when health is considered of more importance than fashion."—*Eliza Acton.*

furnish an early winter, spring, and early summer supply. It must be admitted that the cauliflower is even a more delicate vegetable than the broccoli.

There are white, green, and purple broccoli; the two last being always much smaller, and also agreeing in both *boiling green*. Both are amongst the most delicious of vegetables. In Darwin's *Phytologia*, we read:

> "Oft in each month, poetic Tighe! be thine
> To dish *green* broccoli with savoury chine;
> Oft down thy tuneful throat be thine to cram
> The snow-white cauliflower with fowl and ham!"

The learned Doctor (grandfather of the author of the *Origin of Species*) shows his taste in lauding *green* broccoli, undervalued as they are by cooks because they do not dish so prettily as the white.

Cauliflower, Baked, A. Boil as above. When drained and piled on the dish, pour over them a small quantity of melted butter, good of the butter; grate over them any cheese you like (Parmesan is the real thing), and set them for a few minutes in a brisk oven, or, better, under a salamander.

Cauliflower, Baked, B (German). Boil the cauliflowers, whole, in the usual way, until nearly done enough. Drain well, and arrange them as close together as possible on a dish that will stand the fire. Pour over them a thick sauce made of good broth, butter, flour, and nutmeg, with egg-yolks stirred up smoothly in it. Dust over all some grated Parmesan cheese, and bake half an hour in a not too fierce oven.

On serving, the rim of the dish (well wiped) may

be garnished with slices of smoked tongue or fried sausages.

Cauliflower, Fried. When the sprigs of cauliflower are boiled *nearly* enough, drain them well, dip in batter, and fry to a light brown in a deep pan, with plenty of hot fat.

Tufts of cauliflower, fried in this way, make an elegant border round sundry small dishes.

Cabbage and Sausages. When the cabbage is cooked, drained, and squeezed, lay it on a trencher or broad flat dish; chop it small and evenly, so that no lumps or bits bigger than others are left in it. Return it to a stew-pan, and heat it up again with a bit of butter and a little pepper and salt, without letting it fry or get brown in the least. When nicely hot through, spread it in the middle of your dish, levelling the top with the back of a spoon, and on it arrange your sausages, which may be either boiled or fried; or you may put poached eggs in the middle of your bed of chopped cabbage, and surround them with a ring of sausages.

Turnip-Tops may be treated either like cabbage, plain-boiled and squeezed, or chopped and heated up again as before. Some cooks change the water in which they are boiled, to moderate the strength of their flavour. It is better to boil them in a *large* quantity of salt-and-water, so as to retain their principles, though in a less concentrated form; because they are often eaten as much to purify the blood as for variety's sake. There is an old notion that turnips generally are good for affections of the chest. Lord Chesterfield, the author

of the famous Letters, recommended their use to his son.

The season of turnip-tops is very short, and they must be taken in time, before they get sticky; but they are useful during the few days they are in their prime, since they come at a time when other greens are scarce.

Turnip-tops, minced, are rendered more delicate by mixing them with other greens of less decided flavour. Thus they are excellent, half turnip-tops and half any sort of cabbage or sprouts; or they may be combined in the same proportion with spinach, the patience-dock (which is at its best at the same time of year), or sorrel. The latter mixture especially makes a very agreeable dish of vegetable.

Red Cabbage, Stewed. Shred the cabbage as if for pickling; wash and pick it carefully, to be sure that no worms or insects have insinuated themselves between the leaves. Boil it tender in salt-and-water; strain it well, chop it fine, and return it to the stew-pan with enough good stock to keep it from burning, pepper, salt, and a pinch of allspice. It will then be of a dull purple colour. When it has had a good boil up, and has become quite mellow, stir up with it thoroughly a slight dash of vinegar, which will change its colour to the bright red of pickled cabbage.

Stewed red cabbage is eaten with sausages, boiled salt pork, corned or hung beef, grilled ham, &c. It is also a favourite dish for meager days, and may accompany poached or fried eggs, salt fish, &c.; in

which case, butter or meager broth must be substituted for the stock to heat it up in after chopping.

Savoy Cabbages, Stewed in Cream (German). The Savoys may be boiled in water with a little salt in it until done enough. Let them cool, and gently squeeze the water out. Cut them in quarters, take out the thick stalks; stew the cabbages thoroughly, covered closely, over a slow fire, with a good piece of washed-out butter, a little flour and mace, and enough cream to keep them from burning.

Hot Slaw (American). Cut cabbage in fine shreds, boil in clear water until perfectly tender, allowing so little that, when it is cooked sufficiently, there will be scarcely (almost?) none left in the spider (stew-pan). Just before dishing, add to a common-sized spiderful a teacup of sharp vinegar, a piece of butter half the size of a common hen's egg [what is the size of an uncommon hen's egg?], a little salt, and a dust of pepper; the latter can be added at the table if desired. Many persons dislike pepper; therefore as little as will answer had better generally be used in all cookery. Dish in extra plates at the table.

Cold Slaw. Cut the cabbage (cold cooked?) very fine; dissolve in a cup of vinegar a teaspoonful of sugar, the same of salt; add a little pepper; pour it over the cabbage, and add another half-cup of vinegar.

Broccoli (Idem). Soak an hour in salt water, then boil in a little water till half done; after which, add as much milk as water, and finish cooking; cut it up,

and season with butter, salt, and pepper; or serve whole with vinegar.

Stuffed Cabbages (German). Take three or four heads of cabbage, according to the size of your dish, and scoop out part of their insides at the place of the stalk. Chop up a portion of what is extracted very fine, together with an onion and a good piece of bacon; add to this, and mix well, six fresh eggs, the grated crumb of two rolls, a little mace, a good bit of butter, and a few spoonfuls of fresh cream. Fill your hollowed-out cabbages with this stuffing, cover the hole in each with a cabbage-leaf, and tie all tight with tape or twine crosswise. Lay them in a saucepan closely side by side, cover them well with good broth, and boil until thoroughly done.

When ready to serve, take out each cabbage carefully with a skimming-ladle, lay it in the dish, remove the tape, and pour over all either onion sauce or white sauce made with cream.

This, with the preceding and the following, are national dishes often alluded to in descriptions of German every-day life. Take, for example, one trait from a sketch of a German professor: "He is a curious being. He lives in a poky flat; his wife does the cooking and washing; *he is absurd enough to like cabbage dressed after the fashion of his country*, instead of eating, like a Briton, the simple vegetable as Nature made it, and with the water in which it was boiled nicely preserved in its dripping leaves."—*Saturday Review, March* 18*th*, 1865.

Sauerkohl, Sauerkraut, or *Sourkrout, to make* (German). Shred fine, hard, white-hearted cabbages, as if for salad. To preserve or pickle them, strew over and amongst them a good handful of salt and a spoonful of cream of tartar, putting first a little water to them ; you may also mix in a few carraway seeds. Then cover the shred cabbage with whole leaves ; close the top of the vessel with a well-fitting wooden cover, lay a stone on the top, and put the vessel in a warm place, where its contents will turn sour. At the end of a week or so it will be ready for use. Cook it in a well-closed stone or earthen vessel, with butter, broth, and, when required, a dash of vinegar. Some also like the addition of a large spoonful of capers when the cabbage is nearly done enough.

*Sauerkohl, with Borsdorf Apples** (German). Shred white, well-hearted cabbages in the above-mentioned way ; peel half the quantity (in bulk) of apples, cut them in slices ; take also a few slices of cooked ham ; besmear the inside of a saucepan with butter ; put at the bottom a piece of veal leaf-fat with a bit of butter on it, then a layer of shred cabbage, then a few slices of lemon, a bit of butter, some pounded mace and pepper, a little vinegar, then apple and ham, and again cabbage and butter, continually in layers one over the other, until the stew-pan is full. Cover the whole with a leaf of veal-fat. Bake well three hours in an oven, and serve garnished either with fried sausages or pork cutlets.

* A small variety, highly esteemed in Germany. Any of our good cooking apples will serve as a substitute.

Forcirter Sauerkohl—Sauerkraut in a hurry, or *à la minute* (German). Shred the hearts of cabbages fine, and set them on the fire with one part of boiling water and two parts of vinegar, some well-washed carraway seeds, a good quantity of fat or melted bacon. Let it stew slowly, and finally, according to taste, sprinkle a little sugar over it.

Red Cabbage (German) in the same way must be shred very fine, then covered in an earthen stew-pan, together with a tumbler of red wine, vinegar, butter, and salt. Stew thoroughly and quite slowly. At serving, sprinkle a dust of sugar over it.

Sourkrout Paté. This is a dish of the Chartreuse class, in which more is meant than meets the ear.

Stew a pound and a quarter of Sourkrout for at least three hours in consommé or very good stock, with the addition of a little smoked bacon.

Make the walls of your paté with paste containing a liberal allowance of butter.

Put a layer of the Sourkrout at the bottom; on this place a layer of the meat cut off from a loin of pork which has been powerfully marinaded; throw in, at hazard, a few truffles here and there; spread over these a bed of minced meats of any kind you have; then the flesh of one or two pigeons boned; then a slight sprinkling of more Sourkrout; and lastly, your top crust.

After baking in the oven, pour down the chimney of the paté (not of the oven) some concentrated gravy aromatised with truffles and olives.

In this combination, the Sourkrout is so completely amalgamated with the other ingredients, as to be no longer recognisable in its native condition. It is melted into the general mass; and the bitterest enemy of the Alsacian preparation must be a clever fellow to discover its presence by his unaided palate.—*M. Sauvageon, Advocate and Unmarried Gentleman, Visan.*

Stuffed Onions (German). Choose the largest onions, as many as you want; peel, and boil them in water until done enough. Then take out their insides, leaving only a few of the outer coats remaining. Drain well the portion extracted, and chop it small. Mix this up with a good piece of butter, a few raw eggs, and bread-crumbs soaked in milk. Stuff with it the hollowed onions. Lay them in a tart-pan which has been previously greased with butter and lined with paper. Bake them, if possible, with fire over as well as under them.

For sauce, take broth, butter, flour, chopped parsley, mace, and stir together over the fire in a saucepan with the yolks of a few eggs. Pour it hot over the onions when ready to serve.

Cooked Cucumbers. Peel, cut them into quarters lengthwise, take away the seeds, and stew in butter until quite tender. On serving, sprinkle them with salt and pounded mace. A portion of the juice remaining in the saucepan may be thickened and poured over them.

Stuffed Cucumbers (German). Peel them whole, scoop out the seeds at the stalk-end, and fill up the hollow with a stuffing composed of minced cold veal,

bread-crumbs in small quantity, egg, and finely chopped lemon-peel. Wrap portions of your remaining stuffing in vine-leaves, tying up each separately with thread. Put butter at the bottom of a stew-pan, lay your stuffed cucumbers and rolled vine-leaves side by side, together with mace, pepper, and chopped onions. Cover with good broth, and stew gently till well done. Take them carefully out of the broth, and arrange them on a dish. Reduce and thicken the broth by boiling down; strain, and pour very hot over the cucumbers and the stuffing in vine-leaves.

Stewed Endive. Cut each head roughly into halves or quarters, according to size. Half-cook them in water, and then strain it away. Then rub a little baked flour into some broth, pouring in the latter gradually, so as to keep the whole smooth; add a little butter and grated nutmeg, and stew the endive in it until fit to serve. Well-hearted *Cabbage-lettuces* may be dressed in exactly the same way.

Gray Pease, with Sweet and Sour Sauce (German). Soak the pease all night in soft water, and boil them three or four hours, till tender, in as little water as will keep them from burning.

For the Sauce, thicken a little of the water in which the pease were boiled with two spoonfuls of flour. Add a quarter of a pound of treacle, and a dessert-spoonful of vinegar. Let it boil up, and then throw in some fried bacon cut into diamonds, and one or two finely sliced fried onions.

Cauliflowers with Tomato Sauce. Boil your cauli-

flowers tender; let them drain a minute or two in a cullender placed over the boiler in which they were cooked, to keep them hot. Then arrange them on a hot dish. Have ready some rich melted butter, with plenty of cream or butter in it. Stir into this a liberal allowance of bottled tomato sauce, and as soon as it begins to boil up, pour it over your cauliflowers.

Glazed Turnips. Peel small turnips thick, and make them similar in size and shape. Scald them five minutes in water boiling galloping. Then put them into a stew-pan to finish cooking with strong veal stock, a good lump of butter, and three or four lumps of sugar. When tender, arrange them on a dish; add a little browning to your sauce, reduce it, and pour it boiling over the turnips.

Sea-kale is a truly British dish. M. Vilmorin, in the *Bon Jardinier*, says of it: "Excellent vegetable, indigenous, largely cultivated in England, and deserving equal attention in France. It is a plant nearly related to the Cabbages, but whose perennial root produces every year fresh leaves and shoots. These annual shoots, blanched from the outset of their development by a process which we are about to indicate, constitute its produce."

Some of our garden vegetables are of high antiquity; asparagus was a favourite vegetable with Cato, and onions are inscrutable. Others are quite modern upstarts; one of which is sea-kale. On many parts of the south coast, the inhabitants, from time immemorial, have been in the habit of searching for it in spring in

spots where it grows spontaneously, and cutting off the young and tender leaves and stalks, as yet unexpanded, and in a blanched state, close to the crown of the root. Evelyn, confounding it with "the broccoli from Naples, perhaps the *halmerida* of Pliny [or Athenæus rather], *capitata marina et florida*," mentions that "our sea-keele, the ancient *crambe*, and growing on our coast, are very delicate." But its cultivation is quite a recent practice.

Mr. Curtis, in his "Directions for Cultivating the Crambe maritima, or Sea-kale" (1799), tells us: "Mr. William Jones, of Chelsea, saw bundles of it, in a cultivated state, exposed for sale in Chichester market, in the year 1753. I learn from different persons that attempts have been made at various times to introduce it to the London markets, *but ineffectually*. A few years since, I renewed the attempt myself, and, though *it was not attended with all the success I could have wished*, I flatter myself it has been the means of making the plant so generally known, that in future the markets of the first city in the world will be duly supplied with this most desirable article."

Taste and fashion have greatly changed since then. The faint acceptance has altered to a brisk demand. At present, the quantity of sea-kale annually sold amounts to a very considerable sum; for when good, it is never cheap. Low-priced sea-kale, as a rule, is either imperfectly blanched or run up o' legs; in which case, it is hardly worth the cooking.

Sea-kale, Boiled White. From the time of cutting to cooking, keep it in a *dark* place; a close, damp

cellar is perfectly suitable. The action of light gradually greens it, spoiling both its appearance and flavour. This change for the worse may be observed in sea-kale which has been exposed in open shops for several successive days.

Wash it well, to clear out any earth or sand that may have fallen between the tips of each shoot; cut out decayed or worm-eaten spots; tie it in small bundles of two or three shoots each, for the convenience of taking up; and let it lie, covered with a board or lid, in a pail of cold water till cooking time comes. Then throw the little bundles of kale into a saucepan with plenty of boiling water, in which a little salt has been dissolved.

It is as well to repeat that Sir Humphrey Davy explains that the reason why vegetables and fish should be cooked by plunging them in *boiling* salt-and-water is, that this solution boils at a higher temperature than plain water, and that the sudden scalding fixes the albumine, mucilage, and other nutritive parts of the viand, instead of their being macerated and sodden, and so partly lost, in lukewarm water.

Keep the water boiling galloping. In twenty minutes or a little more, according to its age and freshness, the sea-kale will be done enough, which may be known by trying it with a fork. Take care to let it *be* done enough. The usual mode of serving is to pile it, like asparagus, on sippets of toasted bread previously dipped in the kale-boilings (*if* the kale is perfectly blanched, and the water consequently remains clear

and colourless; otherwise, not), and to pour over it some white sauce, or melted butter made with milk instead of water.

If allowed to get a little too forward, or if light has been admitted to it before cutting, sea-kale is apt to contract a slight bitterness,—which, however, is not disagreeable to every taste. For those who dislike it, it may be considerably diminished, if not entirely remedied, by transferring the kale, when half-cooked, from one saucepan of boiling salt-and-water to another.

Sea-kale, Boiled Brown, or Stewed. Boil it as before till three-parts done; take it up, drain well, and cook it till quite tender in as little good stock as will cover it, to which you may add any roast-beef, roast-veal, or other good brown gravy you may have at hand. Add also a little browning, or a bit of burnt onion. When done, arrange the sea-kale on slices of toast. If the gravy is still thin, reduce it by boiling a few minutes longer, or thicken with a dust of flour or arrowroot; season to taste with pepper and salt, give a final boil, and pour it hot over the sea-kale.

Sea-kale à la Poivrade. Cold boiled sea-kale (white), dressed with pepper, oil, and vinegar—those seasonings should be applied to it in the above-named order—is a very wholesome and agreeable accompaniment to cold fowl or other meats with which sliced cucumber is usually served.

Stewed Celery, White. Trim off all the coarse outside leaves; wash and pick carefully, to get rid of any

grit that may have insinuated itself; let it lie in cold water an hour or two, and then boil (about half an hour) in salt-and-water. When a fork will penetrate it easily, it is done. Pile it neatly in your vegetable-dish, and pour over it a thick white sauce, rich with cream or butter.

Stewed Celery, Brown. Proceed exactly as with Sea-kale, Brown.

Fried Celery. Boil it till half-cooked or a little more; take it out, and let it drain well on a napkin. Dip it in batter, and fry to a light brown. This dish, if well done, is excellent; but it is useless to attempt it without a deep frying-pan, and plenty of oil or fat to plunge it into.

Celery has the reputation of being stimulant in its nature; still, delicate stomachs find a difficulty in digesting it raw. But although it loses a portion of its medicinal properties by cooking, epicures think it wise not to forget that it is an aromatic, heating, stomachic, tonic vegetable, and has consequently a tendency to produce excitement. The *Almanach des Gourmands* relieves its conscience by warning timorous young gentlemen of its stimulant qualities, in order that they may abstain from it, and not be led into making rash offers of marriage. For the same reason, it is not the salad to recommend to old bachelors who wish to remain so.

Ude agrees with this, in opining that Celery is a very heating, but easily digested, vegetable; it will be found, however, of great use in cookery, as it is to be

seen in so many preparations,—soups, salads, sauces, and *entremets* of all descriptions.

Artichokes (which enjoy a wide-spread medicinal and anti-rheumatic reputation) are commonly eaten *Raw* in France, as a salad or relish, thus: The eater makes upon his plate a mixture of pepper, oil, vinegar, and salt, commonly called a *Poivrade*. He then takes the artichoke in his left hand, holding it by the top or the tips of the leaves, and with the knife in his right hand he cuts successively from the bottom very thin slices, to each of which is attached a leaf. Then, holding the leaf between his finger and thumb, he dips the sliced bottom into the *poivrade*, and duly masticates it as he would uncooked celery, radishes, and the like; and it is not a bit more wholesome or digestible. This "Receipt" for *Raw Artichokes* is given in the belief that (without offence) it may enlighten a few of our countrymen. The Doctor would have been glad to see it in his younger days. The first time he ordered an artichoke in a Paris *restaurant*, the waiter brought him a *raw one*, as a matter of course; and *he did not know what to do with it.*

Artichokes, Plain-Boiled. Throw them into *plenty* of boiling salt-and-water, and let them gallop away until quite tender. Pull a leaf; if it comes away easily, they are done enough. Full-grown, forward artichokes will take about thrice as long to boil as those which are young and tender; it would therefore be absurd to attempt to state the number of minutes required to cook them.

Boiling them in a large quantity of water helps to

remove their bitterness—a quality which is often more strongly developed in autumnal than in summer artichokes. When quite tender, serve them either in a vegetable-dish with a strainer at the bottom, or arranged neatly upon a napkin.

Melted butter, or oiled butter, is commonly served with them; in default of which, a dust of salt makes an excellent seasoning. *Cold Boiled Artichokes* are very nice and wholesome, eaten with a little pepper, oil, and vinegar.

There is another way of cooking them, which leaves more of their natural flavour, and consequently is preferred by some. After washing well and shortening the stems, remove the small outer leaves at the bottom, and trim the artichokes as small as possible by cutting off the tips of the rest of the leaves. Put them in a stew-pan topsy-turvy, with no more water than will cover them, to which you will add both pepper and salt. Close the lid down tight by the help of a linen cloth, to keep in all the steam you can.

Artichokes are much more generally used on the Continent than they are in England. They are grown on a large scale in the market-gardens; and are sold ready-boiled in numerous shops in Paris, covered with cloths to keep them hot.

Stewed Artichoke-Bottoms. Boil as before. When done (not *too* much), remove the leaves and the woolly portion (the flowers) called the "choke,"* and trim the under-side of the bottoms neatly, peeling away any fibres that may have united them to the stem.

* French cooks call it the *foin*, or "hay."

Have ready some rich, brown, well-seasoned gravy; stew the bottoms in this a quarter of an hour or so; arrange them in your dish with a spoon, and pour the gravy over them.

The artichoke-bottoms may be prepared the day before; they can then be served stewed at a quarter of an hour's notice.

This makes an elegant and agreeable dish; but, to fill it adequately, a good many of the bottoms are required; which (as the leaves are likewise rejected) makes it come expensive, except in neighbourhoods where artichokes are plentiful and cheap, or not appreciated by the residents: for the Doctor has known artichokes to be *thrown away* by people who did not appreciate or understand them.

Fried Artichoke-Bottoms. Boil as before; taking them up just a little *under*-done. Set aside to drain, and cool.

Dip them in batter; or flour, egg-yolk, and bread-crumb them; and then fry them to a light brown, in plenty of boiling oil or fat. Serve piled in the centre of a dish; you may sprinkle them with a very little finely powdered salt. This is a very elegant, light, and palatable mode of dressing, but, like the preceding, is not economical.

Batter for Frying Vegetables or Fritters. Into the quantity of water you are likely to want, stir as much flour as will bring it to the consistency of thick cream. Then add a little salt, a table-spoonful of olive-oil, and half as much again of good brandy. Beat up all well

together, and, just before you are going to make use of it, add the white of an egg beaten up to froth.

When the batter is to be employed for sweet dishes—as apple, pear, or peach fritters, &c.—put in less salt, and add a little sugar.

Fried Artichokes. Cut them into six or eight pieces, according to their size; take away the choke and the largest outside leaves, and cut off the tips of those which you leave. Wash them well in two or three waters; drain them, and dip them into batter made of flour, cream, and yolks of eggs. Fry them in plenty of oil or sweet pork-lard. As you take them out of the frying-pan, sprinkle them with a dust of finely pounded salt, and dish them on a bed of fried parsley.

Artichoke-Bottoms à l'Italienne. Boil and prepare the bottoms as in the preceding receipts, leaving them a little underdone.

Chop a few onions very small; brown them in butter; mix them, without mashing them, with equal quantities of grated bread-crumbs and grated cheese. Fill the artichoke-bottoms with this mixture, piling it up; set them in the oven to brown; and serve hot without any sauce, but accompanied by a lemon to squeeze over them.

The *Jerusalem Artichoke*, the *Helianthus tuberosus*, or *Tuberous-rooted* Sunflower, is really a native of Brazil. The cooks, therefore, who dignify *Jerusalem-Artichoke Soup* with the title of *Palestine Soup*, are a little abroad in their kitchen geography. The name "Jerusalem" is probably a corruption of the Italian *girasole*, or turn-sun,

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i. e. sunflower; the usurped name "artichoke" (to which it has no right whatever) has reference to its flavour.

The great point in preparing Jerusalem Artichokes (after washing them) for cooking is, to have a basin of pump-water at hand, while peeling them, to throw the raw artichokes in, one by one, as soon as they are peeled. This keeps the cut surface from contact with the air, and prevents its turning black, as it would otherwise do; exactly as a pared apple turns brown.

Jerusalem Artichokes, Boiled. Throw them into boiling salt-and-water; if large, from twenty to five-and-twenty minutes will mostly do them; if small, a quarter of an hour. When dished, pour over them a rich White Sauce, exactly like that for celery.

Jerusalem Artichokes, Mashed. Boil a little longer than for serving whole; then mash them, like Turnips, with pepper, salt, and cream or butter; but they are less easy than turnips to mash smooth and free from lumps.

Jerusalem Artichokes, Fried. Small ones may be fried whole; large ones must be divided into two or three. Boil them half the time required to cook them; let them drain and cool. Dip them in batter; or smear them with egg and cover with bread-crumbs. Fry them to a clear, light brown. They will be very poor, if there is any scant of fat to fry them in. When well done, they are thus converted into a sort of Fritter or *Beignet.*

As a table-root, it must be confessed that some persons dislike them much; while others, like Soyer, are as fond of them.

The Jerusalem Artichoke, he writes, is one of the

best and most useful vegetables ever introduced to table, and any thing but appreciated as it deserves to be. To prove to you that I am a great admirer of it, you will find it very often mentioned in my receipts. In using them for the second course, I choose about twelve of the same size, peel them and shape them like a pear, but flat at the bottom, wash them well, boil gently in three pints of water, one ounce of salt, one of butter, and a few sliced onions. When tender, I make a border of mashed potatoes on a dish, fix them on it point upwards, sauce them over with either cream sauce, white sauce, melted butter, or maître d'hôtel, and place a fine Brussels sprout between each; which contrast is exceedingly inviting, simple, and pretty.—*Alexis Soyer.*

Salsify, Boiled, although seldom seen in England, except on the tables of gentlemen who grow it in their own gardens, is an excellent and wholesome root, rendering good service at a time of the year (Lent) when other vegetables are both scarce and are also in greater request than ordinary, in consequence of the religious tenets of many of our countrymen. The only objection to it is, that it takes a deal of boiling—from an hour to an hour and a half, or even longer, according to the quality of the roots and of the water, and the briskness of the fire. In order to be *certain* to have it ready at the exact dinner-hour, it is a good plan to boil it tender beforehand, and then heat it up in its sauce in a *bain-marie.*

Salsify is a long, taper root, in shape like horse-radish, only not so thick, covered with a black, soot-coloured

rind. Scrape off this rind, till you come to the flesh of the root, which in colour and firmness resembles the parsnip. Cut the scraped roots immediately into three-inch lengths, and throw them into a pail of cold water for an hour or two. The water will become discoloured, assuming a strong tinge of reddish brown. Throw your salsify into boiling salt-and-water, and continue to boil galloping; when *quite* tender, take it up and drain it; then arrange it neatly on your heated dish, and pour over it plenty of white sauce, rich with butter and cream. So served, it will be a welcome substitute to help you to wait till sea-kale is more plentiful and asparagus has come.

Salsify, Fried, is an excellent preparation. Boil as above; when cold and well drained, dip the three-inch lengths of root in batter, and fry them in a deep hot bath of oil or pork-lard, till they are of a clear, bright brown. When done, do not throw them helter-skelter on the dish, but pile them like biscuits or arrange them in some pleasing form. If really well fried, they merit serving on a napkin; when they will be approved (especially by those who have not tasted them before) as a delicate novelty, with which a further acquaintance is desirable.

There are several ways of complicating and varying the two receipts given above; but the Doctor warrants that, carefully executed in all their simplicity, they will be found, not only satisfactory, but excellent.

I do not know (Soyer remarks) why this vegetable, which is held in such high estimation on the Continent, should be so little esteemed with us.—There are

several pleasant roots (Mr. Delamer observes), of which Salsify (or Goat's Beard, *Tragopogon porrifolium*) is one, which are rarely cultivated in England—although their culture is of the easiest—except in aristocratic gardens, but which are seen in abundance on the Continent, in the markets of every small town and village. The others are *Scorzonera*, *Chicory*, and *Skirrets;* the latter being the less common.* They are all served either separately, plain-boiled, and then covered with white sauce; or they are made to enter largely into the composition of such dishes as beef à la mode, harricoed mutton, ragoûts, &c., in the same way as young carrots, asparagus-tops, and green pease are used in summer. In either condition, they afford an agreeable and salutary variety to our list of winter vegetables; and they are all so easy of culture and so hardy, that they deserve to be brought forward out of their present state of neglect, especially as they were not always so much despised and forgotten in Great Britain. Skirrets, particularly, were formerly much esteemed in cookery. In the north of Scotland, they were (and may be still, unless driven out by the intrusive potato) cultivated under the name of "crummocks."

The stalks of over-year's plants of salsify are sometimes cut in the spring, when about four or five inches high, and dressed like asparagus. In this way they make so sweet and delicate a dish, that it may be set

* In 1682, Worledge declared them to be the sweetest, whitest, and most pleasant of roots. Indeed, their *sweetness* is so decided as to be objected to by some.

before an intelligent epicure as a puzzle, with the request that he will guess *what* plant it is.

Scorzonera, or *Spanish Salsify*, *Boiled or Fried*, with exactly the same treatment as that for Salsify.

The name of this excellent root is derived from two Spanish words, *scorza*—root, and *nera*—black; and the uninviting colour of the outer rind greatly restricts its general use. Housekeepers do not like to waste their time in scraping it; but in the markets of most large towns in France, Scorzonera may be bought ready cleaned for cooking.

Scorzonera differs from salsify in not being fit for use till the *second* year; and so far the progress of its vegetation is remarkable. Other esculent roots, after having flowered and ripened their seed, become tough, woody, and uneatable; but scorzonera, sown in spring in rich soil, quickly forms its long, straight roots, without putting forth any ramifications. The majority of the plants display their yellow flowers, and subsequently bear seed. If those plants were taken up *then*, they would be found so stringy as to be useless for the table; but in the spring of the following year, the fibres have disappeared, the roots become fleshy, tender, and full of milky juice, exactly as they were before flowering; and they continue to increase in size, without losing their good qualities.—*Delamer.*

Chicory-Roots are eaten on the Continent, in the same way as Salsify and Scorzonera. They are more bitter and less delicate in flavour; but they have the merit of yielding a larger crop, and afford a considerable supply

of wholesome nutriment to palates once accustomed to its taste.

Chicory-Leaves, Blanched, as a winter salad—and they make an excellent one. See the next Chapter.

Carrots, Stewed. A spring or early summer dish of vegetables. Take young short-horn carrots, that have been grown in a frame, when they are about the size of walnuts. The fresher gathered they are, the better; request the gardener to cut off the green tops immediately they are drawn out of the ground. Cut off their tails; *scrape,* not peel them, leaving them in their natural shape; throw them into cold water until you cook them.

Put your carrots into a stew-pan, and more than cover them with good veal or beef stock, duly seasoned with salt, spice, herbs, and vegetables. Keep the lid on the stew-pan till it boils, then finish cooking the carrots (which will take from twenty minutes to half an hour) with the lid off, in order to reduce the stock by evaporation. When its quantity is much diminished, stir now and then, to prevent burning, and to cook the carrots equally.

When quite tender, transfer the carrots with a spoon to a deep vegetable-dish; if the sauce is sufficiently thick and savoury, pour it over them at once. If not, bring it to your taste with a little browning and seasoning; but a rich gravy is all that you require, as it is not desirable to overpower the delicate flavour of young frame-grown carrots.

Carrots à la Ménagère—Housekeeper's Carrots. Take carrots, still young, but nearly full-grown, and before

they get old and sticky. Peel them lengthwise; wash them in cold water.

Take a stew-pan half-full of any good broth or unthickened soup; add a glass of common white wine, or a tumbler of cider; season with pepper, salt, mace, and bouquet complete. Slice your carrots thin into this liquor; stew them till tender; then arrange them on your dish. Thicken the liquor with a lump of butter worked in flour; add a little browning. When all is smooth and thoroughly combined, boil up and pour it over the carrots.

This, although not so good,—because not such a novelty as the preceding,—is excellent either as a simple dish of vegetable, or to accompany any kind of boiled meat. In the latter case, it will be improved by a dash of either gherkin, caper, or tarragon vinegar.

Carrots and Cream. Boil your carrots (whole) in water, without sweet herbs or other seasoning, until they are tender. Then put into a stew-pan a cupful of cream and a lump of good fresh butter. Slice your carrots across into this, and let them stew for a quarter of an hour. Arrange the carrots on your dish; thicken the cream with egg-yolk or arrowroot; pour it over them, and serve.

Green Pease, French Fashion. When the pease are shelled, do not wash them, but pick them over carefully by rolling them, a few at a time, on a flat dish or plate, to remove any worm-eaten pease or other impurities. Put them into a saucepan with a lump of butter; as it melts, stir the pease in it till their surfaces are completely

oiled with it. Then add a bunch of parsley and three or four small onions; let them stew slowly, closely covered with the lid of the stew-pan. When nearly done, season with a pinch of salt and a dust of sugar. Let them stew till quite tender, and *almost* falling to a mash. Before serving, remove the bunch of parsley only.

N.B. Some cooks, when uncertain *who* shelled the pease, *do* wash them in as little water as will cover them, skimming off the dust, &c. as they rise to the surface of the water. They say it is the only way of effectually getting rid of them. They then carefully dry the pease in a napkin. The onions, also, are often omitted; or the hearts of lettuces are substituted for them: the main principle of this mode of cooking being, that the pease *are stewed in their own sap*, which, and the steam arising from it, are retained by the butter varnishing and stopping the pores of the skin. This method has the further advantage of subduing the hardness of not very young pease, without losing the juices of the younger ones that may happen to be mixed with them.

Green Pease, English Fashion. These you *may* wash; but not in more water, nor leaving them longer in it, than necessary.

Drain them well in cullender; throw them into little more boiling water than will cover them. Put into the water a small saltspoon of salt, a lump of sugar (if the pease are not of a sweet variety), and, if the water is hard, half as much carbonate of soda as will lie on a sixpence. Boil galloping with *the lid off*. The addition of a sprig of mint is a matter of taste; it is appropriate if

the pease are to accompany lamb, calf's head, or other meat eaten with any kind of sweet-herb sauce. But, as some persons dislike mint, the head of the house should be consulted respecting its use.

Pease cooked in this way must not be overdone, otherwise their sweetness goes into the water. When tender, drain the water away from them; transfer them from the cullender to a *very hot* vegetable dish; stick in amongst them a lump of butter, and, as it melts, stir them about a little with a spoon warmed by plunging it into boiling water. Some serve the sprigs of boiled mint together with the peas; they are unsightly, but indicate the flavour which predominates.

Besides the English varieties of pease, early and late, which are excellent, first-rate indeed,—and new ones, at least in name, are annually raised by our gardeners,—there are races of kitchen pease, less known in England than on the Continent, namely, the Sugar Pease, the *Zuckererbse* of the Germans, and the *Pois sans parchemin*, Skinless Pease, and *Mange-tout*, Eat-alls, of the French. In these, the *peashell* is unusually developed in fleshiness, succulence, and sweetness. As the inner lining of skin and the stringy fibres are also wanting in the best varieties, the peascods of these are cooked entire or divided, as we cook French Beans, only slowly stewed for a long time in butter or gravy.

Those who have a garden, and cannot procure Sugar Pease at market, can grow them as easily as any other kind of pea.

The Peashells of our ordinary pease may be made to render service in two quite different ways.

Peashell Browning, for Soups. After shelling pease, select the cleanest, plumpest, and most uninjured of the shells. Put a single layer of them (as close together as you please, but not heaped) on an iron plate, such as you bake cakes on. Set them into a slow oven, of such a temperature as to dry and *brown*, without burning or charring them. This may also be done in an American oven before the fire; but in either case it requires *time* and patient watching. When done, they will keep in a dry closet. Half a dozen or more of these browned peashells, thrown into soup or broth while cooking, will not only impart a nice golden hue, but also be an improvement to its flavour.

Peashell Purée, for Soups and Stews. After shelling pease, reject any of the shells that are dirty, bruised, or otherwise injured. Wash the rest in a pail of water; first pour off the foreign matters that rise to the top, then transfer the peashells to a boiler; cover them with cold spring-water, with a spoonful of salt in it, and boil slowly for an hour or more, with care that none of the peashells stick to the bottom.

Pass the liquor through a large-holed cullender, and add to it all you can squeeze out of the peashells with the back of a wooden spoon. Strain it again through a finer-holed cullender, and it is ready to heighten the flavour of Green Pease or other vegetable soups, or of ragoûts and dishes *à la jardinière*, into which vegetables enter largely.

French Beans, *Kidney Beans*, *Haricots Verts*, of very many varieties and qualities. When *quite* young, *i.e.* not full grown, the only preparation and trimming they require is to toe and heel them, by taking off the tip and the stalk at its junction with the pod. If older, the string which runs down the back of the pod must be peeled away, and the pod cut once across; if still older, larger, and broader, they may also be either slit down the middle, or cut across slantwise into several pieces.

On the Continent, favourite varieties are those in which the strings of the pod and its inner lining-skin are either absent, or reduced to almost nothing, so that no knife is needed for trimming the pods. They are prepared by simply breaking them in two with the fingers; when the thread, if any, will come away of itself. These varieties, too, are perfectly suitable for the kitchen at an advanced stage of maturity, when the seeds are approaching to ripeness; they are consequently mealy and *nutritious*, while the *pod* is at the same time more fully charged with sugar and mucilage.

After this preparation, throw your kidney beans, of whatever age or kind, into cold water for half an hour. Then throw them into plenty of boiling *soft* water, with a little salt in it, and boil them galloping, and *uncovered*, until tender; which can only be known by trying them from time to time. The time they take to cook is so variable, that all that can be said about it is, that for young and tender kidney beans it will be not less than twenty minutes. If your water is hard, you must make it soft by a pinch of carbonate of soda: that is, if you

are particular about the *colour* of your kidney beans; but do not forget that too much of the alkali gives them an unpleasant *flavour*, which strongly reminds one of washing-day.

When cooked, Kidney Beans may be served plain, or with a bit of butter put to them, as for Pease, English Fashion.

Haricots Verts, French Fashion, comprises several different ways of serving them. French cooks often plain-boil their Kidney Beans, and, when enough, set them aside to cool, to be ready for dressing afterwards. A common and agreeable mode of heating them up is:

Kidney Beans, with Parsley and (Oiled) *Butter.* Chop young and tender parsley-leaves fine; put them into a stew-pan with a lump of sweet, fresh butter; then add your cold, ready-cooked Kidney Beans. Keep stirring while the butter is melting, so that the beans may be completely oiled, and the chopped parsley equally distributed amongst them. That done, cover down close with the lid, and simmer gently for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

Haricots Verts au Gras—Kidney Beans with Meat Gravy. Have ready cooked Kidney Beans, as before. Fry with butter, in a stew-pan, parsley and onions, both chopped fine; season with pepper and salt. Then put in your cold kidney beans (which should have been well drained); toss them for eight or ten minutes; then moisten with good stock and roast-meat gravy; let them stew gently a quarter of an hour. Take up your kidney beans with a fish-slice; pile them on a hot dish. Thicken

the gravy in your stew-pan with two or three egg-yolks, and pour it over them.

Cold Kidney Beans make an excellent *Salad*, and are very commonly eaten under that guise, especially the kinds which are presentable with the seeds advanced in ripeness. All that is required is, to drain them thoroughly while cooling, and then to dress them with oil and vinegar, or any other form of salad-mixture that may be preferred. Besides this, they are often sprinkled with fine-chopped parsley, or seedling onions, or chives, or chervil, or tarragon-leaves—the two latter in quite small quantity: they can likewise enter into the composition of a Mayonnaise, or any other fancy salad. In short, French cooks, from the highest to the lowest, never *waste* cold kidney beans: they would prefer to eat them themselves; which is a great deal to say of any kitchen remnant.

White Haricots, the dried seeds of certain varieties of kidney bean. *The skins of these must be removed before cooking;* which is effected either by steeping them in soft water overnight, or, more effectually and readily, by pouring boiling water over them, and letting them stand in it until it is cold, then pouring that away, and again pouring boiling water over them, and leaving them in it until they are cool enough to be handled, when it will be found that their coats will easily come away.

Put them on to boil in as much cold soft water as will cover them, filling up with hot water as it is absorbed by the beans and escapes by evaporation. When thoroughly cooked, there should be no more

liquid left than is just sufficient to moisten them. In this state, they are set aside by French Cooks, ready for dressing in various ways, which are mostly meager, on account of their utility on abstinence-days. White Haricots likewise enter largely into most meager soups.

White Haricots à la Maître d'Hôtel. When your haricots are boiled tender, as above, drain them, and put them still hot into a stew-pan with a lump of fresh butter. While it is melting, sprinkle over them chopped parsley and chives (or seedling onions), pepper and salt, and a dash of vinegar. Mix well, heat up thoroughly, and serve. You may substitute lemon-juice for the vinegar —or suppress them both.

This light and nutritious winter vegetable dish ought to appear oftener than it does on English tables. Not only has it the convenience of being meager in itself, but it makes an excellent accompaniment to any kind of meat or poultry.

White Haricots, in Gravy. Boil your haricots as above. Make a roux with butter and flour; brown in it a few chopped onions; moisten with roast-meat gravy and a little good stock; season with pepper and salt. Add your haricots, and toss them well in it for eight or ten minutes. If they are to support a joint of roast mutton, enrich them with a spoonful or two of the gravy.

White Haricots and Cream. Boil two or three white onions till you can mash them to a purée. Put them into a stew-pan with a teacupful of rich cream, a lump of butter as big as a large walnut, pepper, salt, and a dust of grated nutmeg. Then throw in your ready-cooked

haricots. Set them on a gentle fire; keep stirring till all is thoroughly heated, without actually boiling. When that is done, they are ready to serve.

This dish goes well with boiled fowl or turkey, boiled breast of veal and oyster sauce, sweetbreads served white, and other things of the kind.

Cold Boiled White Haricots are very generally served as a *Salad.* They admit considerable variety in the vegetables which may be employed to accompany them; chopped parsley, chervil, chives, or seedling onions; sliced onions, baked beetroot, cold potatoes; celery, frizzled and cut into short lengths; mustard-and-cress.

Scarlet Runners will hardly be eaten by those who can obtain any more delicate species of the useful genus *Phaseolus;* nevertheless, they are highly relished by some, whom we leave to their own ways, provided they let us have ours. Scarlet Runners are prepared and boiled exactly like kidney beans, only they hardly lend themselves to so many different ways of dressing afterwards.

Broad Beans, Windsor Beans, Mazagan Beans, Dwarf Fan Beans, Fèves de Marais, and other members of the same group of leguminous plants, make in their season, which is not long, a pleasant and wholesome variety, for those who like them—which all do not. Many, however, without admitting them as a recognised item on their bills of fare, still like to see and taste them twice or thrice during the course of the summer.

Beans and Bacon, boiling the full-grown beans with the pickled pork, is a dish which has its admirers,

although it is coarse, and is not so substantial as popular prejudice holds it to be. Its substantiability is often made out by the quantity eaten, and by the bread and cheese and beer employed to fill every remaining crevice in the stomach. It belongs to the category of rustic feasts,

> "Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
> Are at their sav'ry dinner set
> Of herbs, and other country messes,
> Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

The only direction we need give to Phyllis is, not to put in her beans until the bacon has begun to boil.

Broad Beans are best taken when about three-parts grown, while young and tender, and the skins can still be eaten. Throw them into boiling water with a tea-spoonful of salt in it. When done, drain them; pile them in a hot dish, and thrust a bit of butter into the heap, exactly as for Green Pease, English Fashion.

N.B. French cooks boil with Broad Beans, sprigs of *sarriette*, or Summer Savory (as we do mint with Pease), and a great improvement it is (to *our* taste), the flavour of Summer Savory being more delicate and less over-powering than that of mint. It is an annual plant, of the easiest culture; when once established in a garden, it will sow itself, if allowed, like mignonette.

Broad Beans and Cream (Full-grown). Boil them in salt-and-water, with sprigs of Summer Savory. When very nearly or quite done enough, drain them, peel off their skins (which French Cooks call their *robe*), and put them in a stew-pan with a lump of butter, a dust

of flour, the same of sugar, and a little parsley and summer savory chopped very fine. Give them a few minutes tossing in this; add a cupful of cream. When all is well heated, take up your beans, pile them on a hot dish; thicken the cream with yolk of egg, and pour it over the beans.

Asparagus, Boiled. Procure it as fresh-cut as possible. Scrape off the outer skin from the white end of each shoot; cut them into nearly equal lengths; tie them with string into small bundles of five or six shoots each, and throw them into cold water till cooking-time comes.

Then throw the little bundles into boiling salt-and-water, and let them boil galloping, without the lid, till tender, which will take from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Lay toasted bread at the bottom of your vegetable-dish. Take out your little bundles of asparagus with a fork, and untie them over this, depositing the heads of asparagus on the toast, all lying in one direction. If the water which drains from them be not enough to soak the toast (in this case called the "sippet"), pour over them a spoonful or two from the saucepan.

You may either pour melted butter over asparagus, or serve it separately in a butter-boat. On the Continent, oiled butter is often eaten with asparagus, and an excellent sauce for that vegetable it is.

Asparagus, in imitation of Green Pease. Take the slim, green, run-up shoots of young asparagus-plants, which are not old enough to produce ordinary asparagus. Scrape off any tough outside skin they may

have, and cut them into short lengths about the size of marrowfat pease. Then treat them exactly like Green Pease, French Fashion.

These are used rather to go with meats cooked *à la Jardinière*, stewed Pigeons, and other things of the kind, before real green pease come in, than to be served as a dish by themselves. The cook, doubtless, finds them useful; but the gardener's opinion may be taken whether the removal of these shoots do not injure his young asparagus-plants, and retard their production of asparagus really worthy of the name.

Sorrel is a curious instance of the high estimation which one country may accord to things that are utterly despised and neglected in another. Sorrel is one of the Frenchman's staves of life. With its raw leaves he eats his afternoon crust of bread. With it he makes his meager-day soup; on it he deposits his feast-day fricandeau. It purifies his blood, opens his appetite, and regulates his digestive apparatus. So necessary is sorrel to his cookery, that it is salted and boiled down for winter use.

The dressing of sorrel is of the simplest. In spring, when tender, it is merely shorn from the crown of the plant, washed, roughly drained, put into a stew-pan with a bit of butter and the water adhering to it, and then worked over the fire with a spoon into a purée or mash. In summer, if the midrib of the leaf is tough, the green part of the leaf on each side is stripped off, and then stewed down to a mash as before.

Sorrel so treated is excellent to accompany veal

cutlets, fricandeaus, poached eggs, boiled sausages, and other little things of the kind. Many cooks also dilute its acidity by a liberal admixture of spinach, orache, chervil, and especially the patience-dock, whose insipidity it greatly relieves. A little sorrel may also be advantageously combined with chopped-up cabbages or turnip-tops, to be served with pork-chops, broiled kidneys, sausages, &c. Moreover, a Purée of Sorrel may be enriched with egg-yolks, flour, cream, and (for non-abstinence days) meat-gravy or consommé. In any case, *wash* the sorrel well, that there be no grit adhering to the leaves.

Spinach requires a deal of dressing, and likewise of "additionals." A gentleman who was fond of having his vegetables *good*, managed his spinach after this fashion:

Say it was boiled on Monday, and sent to table, properly seasoned, as the cook supposed: it went away untouched. The next day it was warmed, with an additional piece of butter, and again not eaten; and so on for four or five days, each time absorbing more butter; until at last, our gourmand, finding it sufficiently good, made an end of it.

Spinach *may* be boiled in plenty of water. The orthodox way is to put it on the fire with a bit of butter and only the water adhering to the leaves, in a close-covered stew-pan. When tender, take it out, chop it fine, and return to the stew-pan to be treated with pepper or nutmeg, salt, more butter, and cream or gravy. Spread it on your dish, smooth the surface, and garnish with fried bits of bread.

Spinach Tart. To make a *Tart of Spinnage*, we hash the *Spinnage* very fine, and mix it afterwards with melted Butter, Salt, Sugar, and some pounded Almonds; then we put the whole Mixture in Paste, and have it bak'd; being bak'd, we send it to Table with Sugar over it.—*Dennis de Coetlogon.*

Several pot-herbs and salad-plants may be treated like spinach, especially with the help of a dash of sorrel. We might call them spinach of endive, of chicory-leaves, of orache, of dandelion-leaves. Endive so cooked approaches the flavour of sea-kale. Corn-salad or lamb-lettuce makes an excellent spinach; and the roughest gardener can have it in abundance in early spring, when other vegetables are scarce. Indeed, this humble little plant runs up to seed so soon that its seasons are autumn, winter, and early spring.

Potatoes, Boiled. Ought potatoes to be set on to cook in hot water or in cold? Theory answers at once, "in hot." Practice observes that every thing must depend upon the quality of the potato. Waxy potatoes, like some of the small Dutch kinds, may be thrown into boiling water. But if *very* mealy potatoes are treated in the same way, their outsides will fall to pieces, and be dissolved in the water, while their insides still are hard. Such potatoes, therefore, must be set on in cold water, in order to heat gradually and equally through, and to cause their whole substance to be cooked through at nearly the same moment.

The same reasoning applies to the question whether potatoes should be cooked *with* their jackets or without

them. Waxy potatoes may be cooked peeled; mealy potatoes are best cooked unpeeled, to have their skins removed after cooking, and drying in the saucepan with the water poured away from them.

Mashed Potatoes must be mealy, well cooked, and yet not sloppy, but thoroughly dry. Heat the bowl before you put them in (to help to drive off moisture), and mash them to a pulp (or rather to a pasty powder) with a wooden spoon. You may add a little dust of salt, and perhaps pepper, if desired. But some cooks mix in butter and milk or cream, which are all very well if you want *a purée of potatoes*, which is a thing by itself, quite different from genuine mashed potatoes. The former you may make with any inferior quality of potato; the latter, in its perfection, is to be obtained only from the most floury, and is one of the nicest ways of dressing that vegetable.

Mashed Potatoes may be served simply heaped on the dish;

Or, when so dished, they may be set under a salamander, to have their surface browned, which will also help to drive off superfluous moisture;

Or, they may be put into a pudding-basin or mould (buttered inside), and set into the oven just long enough to gild the surface in contact with the mould. They are thus not only heated and dried, but their cooking is thoroughly consummated.

Sautéd (commonly called) *Fried Potatoes.* One of the nicest things in the world when well done, and one of the nastiest, ill-done.

Wash the potatoes before you peel them; wipe them dry, and then peel them. Wipe them again after peeling. Small potatoes (less than a walnut) may be sautéd whole; larger ones must be divided or sliced. After division or slicing, dry them well between the folds of a napkin.

You may sauté potatoes in either pork-lard, butter, or oil; but whichever you use, you must have *enough* of it. You may sauté potatoes in quite a small pipkin, provided it be *deep* enough.

When your fat is hot, put your potatoes into it (not too many at once), and keep stirring them about until they are evenly coloured all over of a clear, light brown, and mealy and soft inside. Properly done, they are dry, not greasy, and may be eaten like a biscuit without soiling the fingers. The operation is one which ought to *be seen done*, and is well worth taking a lesson in.

The *Tomato*, although a fruit, fulfils the office of a vegetable. It is not common enough in England to be used on a large scale for soups or sauces, but makes a handsome side-dish to accompany various meats, by being boiled whole, for about five minutes, in any good stock or gravy, and served in it without losing its original form.

Mushrooms are principally consumed as buttons in pickles, sauces, stews, and ragoûts. Large open brown ones are excellent *Stewed*. See that they are free from maggots, which are apt to infest them in sultry weather; peel off the upper skin; shorten the stalks, and put the mushrooms in a stew-pan, with a little good stock, a

piece of butter, pepper, and salt. A few minutes over a brisk fire will cook them.

Large *Mushrooms* may also be broiled. Peel off the upper skin, and lay them, with the gills upwards, on the gridiron. Sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and drop little bits of butter over them here and there.

When there is no convenience for broiling, they may be cooked in the same way on a dish in the oven.

XVII.

SALADS.

Farmer. You are willing to make yourself useful, are you? But why did you run away from your last place?

Candidate Ploughboy. They giv' me sich a lot o' salad all the summer, that I was a-feared they'd make me eat hay in the winter.

"Salad cools without weakening, and comforts without irritating; I even hold that it helps people to grow young again."—*Brillat Savarin.*

The above contradictory sentiments fairly represent the different estimation in which salad is held on the opposite sides of the English Channel. The quantity of salad eaten in England amounts only to a fractional part of the mass which is consumed in France. For, there, it is grown not merely as the rich man's luxury, but as the sustenance of the labourer.

What is Salad? Some reader may answer, "Uncooked lettuce shred into a bowl;" which is as if he were to define "a Tart" to be "Raspberries and Currants baked under a crust." It is the minor, but not the major, of the question; the individual does not comprise the class. After reflection, we cannot limit the term "Salad" more closely than as "A preparation of food to

be eaten cold, one or more of whose ingredients have been obtained from the vegetable kingdom." For we find, amongst others, a Salad of Potatoes, a Salad of Eels, a Salad of Partridges, a Salad of Chicken, and a Salad of Oranges; the latter dressed in the same way as a Salad of Uncooked Pears, only substituting rum for brandy in the seasoning.

In the matter of Salads we have greatly degenerated. Evelyn's *Acetaria, or Discourse of Sallets*, proves (even although pickles are included in the term*) that a more varied and artistical sallet could be served two hundred years back, than now; and that our only mode of advancement in this line is to revive old fashions. Where is *our* list of "sallet-plants, reduced to a competent number, not exceeding *thirty-five?*" We may be inclined to refuse the sow-thistle, so "exceedingly welcome to the late Morocco ambassador;" but such a thing as a good salad is now never dished in England, if there be truth in the Italian proverb:

"L' insalata non è buon, ne bella,
Ove non è la pimpinella"—

"The salad is neither good nor pretty which does not contain pimpernel." This *pimpinella* is the common burnet; "but," says Evelyn, "a fresh sprig in wine recommends it to us as its most genuine element"—which may well account for its being "of so cheering

* "*Melon.* The abortive and after-fruit of melons, being pickled as cucumber, make an excellent sallet.—*Potato.* The small green fruit (when about the size of the wild cherry), being pickled, is an agreeable sallet."

and exhilarating a quality." "Sampier," too, is cruelly neglected both as a pickle and a salad-plant. In short, one of the great difficulties of modern times is, What is *the* mode of dressing *sallet?* Family quarrels have arisen on the subject; and the salad-bowl may yet lead to divorces *à mensâ*, especially as we have now no supreme professor powerful enough to command by his dictum the acquiescence of the gastronomic world.

Some of our readers may be old enough, like ourselves, to remember hearing their parents or grandparents mention the Frenchman who used to dress salads in London, for the modest fee of a guinea per salad. The fact is perfectly historical, and he was led to take up that profession thus:

He was a Limousin gentleman, who had escaped to England during the horrors of the first French Revolution. His name was D'Aubignac or D'Albignac. Although his finances were very restricted and his pittance small, he nevertheless happened to be dining one day in one of the best London taverns: for he was a believer in the system that you can dine well off one single dish, provided that dish be excellent of its kind.

While he was finishing a slice of juicy roast beef, five or six young dandies of aristocratic birth were feasting at a neighbouring table. One of them rose, stepped up to him, and said politely, "Monsieur Frenchman, it is reported that your nation excels in the art of dressing salad. Would you have the goodness to oblige us by dressing one for us?"

After some hesitation, D'Albignac consented. He

called for what he judged necessary to execute the masterpiece that was expected of him, set to work with a will, and had the good luck to succeed.

While measuring out his doses, he frankly replied to the questions that were put to him respecting his present position. He said that he was an *émigré*, and avowed, not without a blush, that he received assistance from the English Government—a circumstance which doubtless authorised the young men to slip a five-pound note into his hand, and which he accepted after making a slight resistance.

He had given them his address; and, therefore, a few days afterwards he was not greatly surprised at receiving a letter begging him, in the most gentlemanly terms, to come and dress a salad at one of the best houses in Grosvenor Square. D'Albignac, perceiving at once the future advantages that might ensue, did not hesitate an instant. He arrived punctually, armed with a stock of such ingredients as he judged likely to give his work the highest finish. On this occasion, he had the time to reflect and arrange the composition of his salad beforehand. He again achieved a success, and received a gratification which made a handsome addition to his scanty income.

The young gentlemen for whom he had operated in the first instance had, as may be supposed, vaunted even to exaggeration the merit of the salad which he had dressed for them. The second party made even more fuss about the matter; so that D'Albignac's reputation spread like wild-fire. He was qualified as "The Fashionable Salad-Maker," and all the exquisites in the

metropolis were pining for salad of the Frenchman's making. "I am dying for it," was the expression of the day.

D'Albignac acted like a wise man in not allowing the opportunity to slip. He soon started a vehicle to transport himself more rapidly to the different localities where he was sent for, together with a servant, carrying in a mahogany chest all the ingredients with which he had enriched his stock—such as vinegars of various aromatic flavours, oils with or without the taste of fruit, soy, caviare, truffles, anchovies, ketchup, savoury jelly, and even hard-boiled egg-yolks, which are the distinctive character of a Mayonnaise.

At a later period he got similar salad-chests made, which he completely furnished with the necessary materials, and sold by hundreds. In short, by pursuing his novel profession with prudence, politeness, and punctuality, he made a little fortune of eighty thousand francs, or upwards of three thousand pounds, with which he returned to France when the times became more settled. He made no attempt to shine in Paris society, but provided for his future maintenance. He invested sixty thousand francs in the public funds, which were then down to 50; and with the remaining twenty thousand he bought a little property in the Limousin, where he lived to a good old age, happy and contented, because he knew how to limit his desires, and to cut his garment according to his cloth.

As a *General Rule for Salad*, be prodigal of oil, prudent with salt, and parsimonious with vinegar. But

every salad-maker will not admit *all* those ingredients, few as they are. Take, for instance,

East-Anglian Salad, a preparation well deserving an impartial trial. Shred *cos* lettuce (cabbage-lettuce is not crisp enough) tolerably fine into a bowl. Just moisten it with *a very little* vinegar—enough to let you know that vinegar is there—sprinkle it with sugar (not too much) and serve immediately.

Many a literary genius has amused himself with salad-making. Amongst others, we give, as probably new to many of our readers,

Alexander Dumas's Winter Salad. I nearly fill—the great romancer tells us—my salad-bowl with rounds of beetroot, slices of celery, rampion-roots, with their plume of blanched leaves, and boiled potatoes.

At the outset, I clap a dish on the salad-bowl, turn the latter topsy-turvy, placing the full dish beside me, and the empty bowl before me.

I then put into the salad-bowl a hard yolk of egg for every two persons—six yolks for a dozen guests. I crush them in oil till they form a paste. To this paste I add chervil, crushed tunny (which may be bought preserved in bottles), pounded anchovies, some of Maille's mustard, a large spoonful of soy, gherkins cut in slices, and the whites of the hard eggs chopped in pieces. Finally, I moisten the whole with the very best vinegar I can procure. Then, and then only, I restore the salad to the bowl, causing it to be well stirred by my domestic [the bumptious bone in the great man's arm prevented his stirring it himself]; and, on the stirred-up salad,

I let fall from on high a pinch of paprica—that is to say, of powdered Hungarian capsicum. In default of which, I employ cayenne, but in an infinitely smaller proportion.

The effects of the mixture remain to be told. From 1814 to '16, says the professor of salad in the Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, every Wednesday I gave suppers, at which I assembled a dozen artists and men of letters. There were painters, singers, and actors amongst them —all capital appreciators of savoury messes and difficulties vanquished. *Eh bien!* those who were detained on the stage, or were prevented from coming by any impediment whatsoever, sent their servant with a plate for their share of salad, which was protected, when it rained, by a huge umbrella. Ronconi, for one, never failed to apply, in whatever part of the world he might happen to be.

Sidney Smith's Winter 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 so 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, on 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!

Endive, in Salad. There are two very distinct kinds of endive: the curled, the *chicorée frisée* of French gardeners; and the broad-leaved, or *scarole.* The former is the more ornamental in the bowl, the latter the more satisfactory on the plate. Both, however, are excellent, provided they have been properly and completely blanched. Both, also, are late summer, autumnal, and winter salads, and may be kept far into the season, if stored in any dry, dark cellar or shed into which frost cannot penetrate, and deposited there with balls of earth to their roots, care being taken previously to remove not only decaying leaves and vegetables, but *snails and slugs.*

When your endive, whether plain or curly, is nicely picked, washed, and freed from every drop of adhering water, by swinging it in a salad-basket or a coarse, dry napkin, then—and not till then—put it into your salad-bowl. Over it pour one or two table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, or more, according to your quantity of endive. Then continue stirring and mixing incessantly, until the oil has come in contact with every part of every piece of leaf. Have ready a little finely chopped tarragon leaf, or chervil, or both; fine-minced chives is a proper addition, when the taste of onion is not objected to. Dust these over your salad so that they shall adhere to the oiled leaves, which will then have the appearance of being speckled with them. Mix thoroughly again, in order that those ingredients may be equally distributed. Then put into your salad-spoon, a salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper, a mustard-spoonful of made mustard, not more than a dessert-spoonful of vinegar if

strong, just a little more if weak. Mix these together in the spoon; let them fall drop by drop on the salad, and stir all together well again until the seasoning has pervaded the whole contents of the bowl.

Blanched Chicory Salad. This and the following excellent salads, though largely used on the Continent, are rarely to be bought in English markets out of London. But as their growth and blanching are so easy and simple that any body with a little bit of ground may cultivate them, we abridge Mr. Cuthill's directions, from Delamer's *Kitchen Garden:*

"When the plants have done growing, some time in November, the crop of chicory-roots is dug up and stored. In cutting off the leaves, you must not injure the centre; for out of the centre comes all the salad. In 1836, I had a quantity of mould put into a cellar, and planted a bed of chicory-roots as soon as they were taken up from where they had grown during the summer. I planted three hundred roots in the bed, keeping them four inches apart, with light and air entirely excluded. They soon began to grow, producing long, fine, cream-coloured leaves; and when about six inches long, I sent them in as salad, cutting off the leaves carefully; for if you cut into the quick, it would stop a second, third, and fourth crop of leaves which a root produces, until its cells are as empty as a honey-comb or until entirely exhausted. From the number of plants in the cellar, I could have supplied ten such families as that I lived with; but it was not until the severe winter of 1838 that I sufficiently appreciated the use of chicory as salad.

The frost and snow were severe: all endive, lettuce, and celery was gone rotten. Our salads were the best in London. Every one that dined inquired what it was, and every one ordered it to be grown afterwards.

"When I came here (to Camberwell), I grew the roots with the view of introducing chicory salad into Covent-Garden Market. I had it planted into a pit where there was a flue, and covered the glass with mats to exclude the light. I had also five or six roots put into a large-sized pot, and turned the next smaller-sized pot reversed over the heads, stopping the hole in the bottom of the top pot, to exclude air. This last is a very easy method, and it answers well for a small family, just putting in a few pots in heat any where." But when he had grown it, he had a difficulty in getting rid of it. No one had ever seen it—no one had ever heard of it—and no one would buy it. "But I am in hopes," Mr. Cuthill philosophically continues, "even now to see it largely brought into public markets. It sometimes takes many years' hard fighting to persuade people to their own benefit."

The growing of chicory salad at home, in pots, would be made still easier by *buying*, instead of growing one's self, the chicory-roots to be so planted; in that case, the salad-grower does not want a garden at all, but only a dark, warm cellar or outhouse to set the pots in.

Chicory, without being "the finest of all salads, the finest of all tonic bitters," as Mr. Cuthill holds, is, nevertheless, very pleasant and wholesome, and particularly welcome in the dead time of winter. Its

inviting appearance is also much in its favour. It is dressed exactly as endive salad, except that tarragon-leaves (unless forced) will be hard to procure; but there will be little difficulty about chervil and chives (or the green of onions) at any season; and a little water-cress, or garden-cress and mustard, can be chopped fine and used to sprinkle it with.

Barbe de Capucin, or *Capuchin's Beard*, is a delicate salad, which is consumed in large quantities in Paris during winter and early spring. It is the same thing as the foregoing chicory; only the object of the French gardeners is to get the roots as small, instead of, like Mr. Cuthill, as fine, as possible. For this purpose, chicory-seed is sown late in spring, broadcast, and very thick, on poor, meager soil. The result is, that the chicory is starved, and a quantity of long, straight, slender roots are produced. At the commencement of winter, these roots are taken up and tied in bundles (of about the size you can grasp with both your hands), after all their leaves are removed, care being taken not to injure the central bud. This task is a work of patience. The bundles of chicory-roots are then removed to a perfectly dark cellar, where a bed of garden-mould has been prepared. The bundles are roughly and closely planted in the bed; the roots soon begin to vegetate, and send forth long, narrow, yellowish-white leaves, which constitute the salad. The bunches are simply taken up and brought to market, roots and all, just as they are; and the sample so offered really has a slight resemblance to the hoary beard of some venerable monk.

This and chicory are admirably adapted for furnishing salads on shipboard, when a vessel is far away from land. Roots planted inside barrels half-filled with mould, as thick as they will pack, would afford a welcome supply. The barrel-head would help to blanch it; and on board ocean-steamers there would be little difficulty in forcing a succession of salads at pleasure.—*Delamer.*

Capuchin's Beard is a wholesome salad, although there is a slight bitterness in its flavour, which to many people is far from disagreeable; of course, like all other uncooked vegetables, its digestion is aided by complete mastication. The dressing is the same as for Endive and Chicory.

Dandelion Salad. In the north of France, this plant is gathered in spring, just as it grows in the fields and pastures. If its shoots happen to be partially blanched by the earth of a molehill, all the better. Its consumption by the French population is very considerable. Even in Paris, wild dandelion is largely sold for salads. In this state, however, it is both too tough and too bitter for British palates; respecting its wholesomeness for those who *can* eat and digest it, there can be little doubt.

Both the toughness and the bitterness of Dandelion salad may be got rid of by blanching it thus:

Late in autumn, or at the beginning of winter, collect a quantity of dandelion plants. Pick off all the leaves, leaving the crowns of the plants and the roots uninjured, although the latter may be shortened if inconveniently long or forked. Plant them as thick as they will stow in flower-pots, in any common garden-mould, with their

crowns on a level with the edge of the pot. Give one good watering, to settle the earth about the roots. When they have drained, set them away in any convenient corner of a dark, warm cellar. Complete darkness is indispensable to success. After a certain lapse of time, depending on the temperature, you will find that the dandelions have sent up shoots of ivory whiteness. They are fit to cut when about three, or not more than four, inches long, and make an agreeable salad, fresh and crisp, delicate in substance, with a delicious nutty flavour. No one, who was not aware, would ever guess the despised weed which furnished them. Dandelion salad, more or less completely blanched (mostly by means of earth and sand) is also sold in French markets, but of course much dearer than in the natural state. The second cutting afforded by the plants is only trifling in quantity. Persons willing to give it a trial, might readily import it in spring (as Queen Elizabeth obtained her salads from Flanders), were it not so easily grown at home.

Dress in the same way as Capuchin's Beard, or simply with oil and vinegar.

This, and one or two other salad-plants, says Delamer, are worth mentioning, if only for the purpose of reminding the reader of the resources open to soldiers and sailors when marching across country, encamped, out at sea, or landed on a wild coast. Many plants, that would be scorned by the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease, would be thankfully received, both as pleasant and healthful, by the working members of our army and navy.

The Doctor's Salad, for Gala Days. Boil three eggs very hard, *i. e.* let them *boil galloping* not less than a quarter of an hour. When quite cold (which may be hastened by throwing them into water fresh from the pump), take them out of their shells, cut them in halves lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Save the whites; chop the yolks as fine as you can, put them into a small basin, pour over them a table-spoonful of salad-oil, and crush all together as smooth as possible with the back of a silver spoon. When well incorporated, add gradually, stirring all the while *with a fork*, two more table-spoonfuls of oil.

Put a good mustard-spoonful of made mustard into a table-spoon; fill up with vinegar, and mix with your fork. Then gradually work the mustard and vinegar, with your fork, into the oil and egg-yolk. Put no pepper and no salt. When smooth and creamy, and free from knots, this makes *Salad Mixture, A.*

Take the yellow hearts only of fine cabbage-lettuces; pick them to pieces leaf by leaf; wash and drain them thoroughly. When perfectly free from adhering moisture, fill your salad-bowl with them three-quarters full; pour your mixture over the salad, and mingle thoroughly. Surround the inside of the bowl with a row or garland of brown, orange, and yellow nasturtium-flowers. Cut the hard whites of egg into long, narrow strips, and with them form a star in the middle of the salad. At the end of each ray of the star drop a blue borage-flower (without the calyx); if you have white borage-flowers also, place them alternately blue and white. Cover the dressed

salad exposed to view with a few bits or leaves of fresh undressed, and serve as soon as the operation is finished. Dressed salad should never have to wait long; the vinegar in the dressing causes it to fade, and soon deprives it of all its crispness.

N.B. The flowers are intended to be eaten.

Salad Mixture, B. For those who are prejudiced against the very name of oil, often because they never tasted it; or, possibly, tasted it without knowing what it was.

Into a small basin put a teaspoonful of mustard in flour, a salt-spoonful of salt, and half that quantity of pepper; work into these gradually a teacupful of the very best cream. Then stir in, according to its strength, a dessert- or a table-spoonful of vinegar, which may be tarragon or other aromatised vinegar. Keep the mixture continually stirred until you pour it over the salad.

Salad Mixture, C, for the same class of eaters. At the bottom of a basin put three raw egg-yolks, mustard-flour, salt, and pepper, as before, and a bumping table-spoon of fresh, rich cream. When these are thoroughly incorporated, with a fork stir in the juice of one or two lemons, according to the degree of acidity liked. Again stir, until the mixture is applied to the salad.

Salad Mixture, D. What you buy ready-made at the shops in bottles. *Mem.* When taken, to be well shaken. After a bottle is once opened, its contents should be consumed with no long delay.

Dr. Kitchener's Cooked Salad. Arrange in a tasty way, in the centre of a deep dish, a pile of cold cauli-

flower, delicate cabbage (with the water well squeezed out), asparagus-tops, sea-kale, green pease, kidney beans, artichoke-bottoms, or whatever vegetable happens to be in season. A variety is advantageous rather than not. When nicely packed together in a heap, pour over the whole a liberal allowance of salad mixture,—which may be made with aromatised pickle vinegar, and have a table-spoonful of capers, pickled nasturtium-buds, or chopped gherkins thrown into it. As a final decoration, shred very finely over the surface a few fresh leaves of either cos or cabbage lettuce, so as just to conceal what lies beneath them.

This makes a nice dish in sultry weather,—cooling, yet not insipid, and light of digestion. By making a foundation for the cold-cooked vegetables with joints of cold fowl or game, cold roast veal, or other meat, you have a sort of *Chartreuse Salad*, which is substantial as well as acetarious. Crab and lobster, or cold fish,—as salmon, turbot, sole, or eels,—can likewise so make their unexpected entrance. They will thus nearly approach a Mayonnaise. With fish, a sprinkling of picked shrimps, together with the fresh-shred lettuce-leaves, makes a pretty addition to the dish.

Seedling-Lettuce Salad. A favourite Continental spring salad consists of tiny lettuce-plants, called *Laitues à Couper*, or Lettuces to Cut, which are sown thickly in frames, like mustard-and-cress, on hot-beds or under bell-glasses, and, when they have made three or four leaves, are cut with a sharp knife, dividing their tap-root, just below the surface of the ground. These should

be dressed delicately, with a sufficiency of oil or cream, and a sparing allowance of other condiment. They go well in company with other small salading,—as mustard-and-cress, or young radish-plants in their cotyledons or seed-leaves. Lettuces, as an article of diet, are said to have a slightly anodyne or tranquillising effect on the system,—which is another recommendation of this Seedling Salad.

Any kind of lettuce-seed, Delamer informs us, will serve for growing *laitues à couper;* but green kinds are preferred to brown, and cabbage to cos. The Parisian gardeners make use of early dwarf kinds, which would scarcely form a heart if suffered to stand. They (as well as every other salad-plant) must never be stinted in their supply of water, if they are to retain their crispness. Salads that are starved, and allowed to grow slowly, are sure to turn out tough and ill-flavoured. Any one who has room enough to grow mustard-and-cress, or even has only a few unused mignonette-boxes, may indulge in seedling salad from time to time; while, by successive sowings, and the employment of hot-beds, *laitues à couper* may be had all the year round.

When mustard-and-cress are intended to be eaten together, the mustard, which germinates the more quickly of the two, should be sown a few days later.

Corn Salad, *Lamb Lettuce*, *Mâche*, is valuable in consequence of its earliness. Sown in autumn, it affords supplies throughout the winter and early spring. The leaves are fresh-looking and delicate, even when taken from beneath the snow. Their flavour is peculiar, and

somewhat physicky, which does not prevent its being liked by many. "The French," says Evelyn, "call them *salade de prêtre* (priest's salad), from their being generally eaten in Lent."

Dress Corn Salad with plenty of oil and *all* the other usual condiments. It may also have a sprinkling of fine-chopped onion or shallot, and fine-chopped celery. The admixture with it of any other small salading is a decided improvement.

Water-cresses, besides serving as an accompaniment and a garnish to many meats, are also employed as a genuine salad, with which it is not usual to mix any thing else. In this way, they are excellent during the autumnal months, before the frosts have touched them. Their best dressing is plenty of oil, enough salt, little vinegar, and no mustard or pepper. Water-cress salad may be garnished with hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, anchovy fillets in oil cut into strips, picked shrimps or prawns, capers, or gherkins cut into slices. Aromatised vinegars scarcely harmonise with the natural pungency of the plant. Water-cresses should be gathered, or grown, only in *running* water; the nearer to the head of a spring, the better. During the first four months of the year they require particularly careful picking, to remove any spawn or parasites that may adhere to them. After that time, they run up to seed, and are out of season during the summer.

Salmagundi Salad. For this, use a large, circular, shallow dish.

Boil eggs hard; chop up separately the yolks and the

whites into a coarse powder. Grate a quantity of hung beef; cut filleted anchovies or Dutch herring into strips.

In the middle of the dish make a compact heap of Capuchin's Beard or other white salad, or of perfectly blanched lettuce-hearts. Surround the foot of this heap with a circle of water-cress, garden-cress, or other dark or bright-green salad. Next to this strew a circle of powdered egg-yolk, then of the whites, then of the beef. Make an outer circle of whatever salad you have that is freshest and most convenient; cut up small. Decorate the central heap with the strips of herring or anchovy, and garnish the outer rim of the dish with a few patches of pickled red cabbage and chopped parsley or chives placed alternately round its circumference. Send up Mayonnaise sauce or salad mixture in a separate boat.

This medley salad (which may be greatly varied as season and circumstances render convenient) looks well upon a supper-table, and makes a nice accompaniment for cold fowl, game, roast meats, paté, cheese, &c., as each guest can help himself to the ingredients that best suit his taste.

Lettuce and Cream is a salad which must be eaten the moment it is dressed. Season the lettuce (the cos varieties are the best for this) with vinegar, pepper, salt, and pounded sugar, all in sparing quantity. Then pour over it the thickest cream you can get, mix well in the bowl, and present it to the guests.

Partridge Salad. Remove from the bones any meat of cold roast partridge you happen to have left. Put

it in a basin, and pour over it some good salad-oil, tarragon vinegar, a ravigote (p. 129), pepper and salt. When it has steeped in this a little while, put it in the middle of a dish; surround it with hearts of lettuce cut into halves or quarters, according to their size; garnish with hard eggs cut in quarters, small pickled onions, capers, and fillets of anchovy. Then pour over the whole the seasoning remaining in the basin.

Chicken Salad. Cut up the remains of cold chicken into joints; put it into a salad-bowl with lettuce or broad-leaved endive; pour over it some salad mixture. Put a circle of water-cress round the edge, and decorate the middle with hard eggs sliced, strips of anchovy, olives with the kernels removed, sliced gherkins, and parsley, with tarragon or chervil chopped very fine.

Salade d'Estrées, a French winter salad, named after Gabrielle d'Estrées, who is supposed to have been fond of celery as a sweetener of the breath.

Have some cold boiled roots of Celeriac, or Turnip-rooted Celery,—a variety which is of even easier culture than ordinary celery,—some cold boiled potatoes, and beet-root which has passed the night in the oven.

In the middle of your bowl or dish, make a heap composed of broad-leaved endive and blanched celery-stalks in short lengths and frizzed, in equal quantities. Surround this heap with slices of the cooked celeriac, potatoes, beet-root, and truffles, lapping over each other alternately, and stamped or cut into neat and pleasing shape. Pour over the whole a good rémoulade sauce or other highly seasoned mixture, and you have the

salad wherewith the fair Gabrielle was wont to solace her pensive hours.

Pear Salad, uncooked, for Dessert (French). Peel pears of any good crisp-fleshed variety; cut them in thin slices, and remove the pips and cores. Dust them with pounded sugar, and moisten them with brandy or rum. This preparation must not be made until just before it is wanted, as the sliced pears would turn brown by being made to wait.

Orange Salad, for dessert (Franco-Algerian). Do *not* peel the oranges, but treat them in other respects exactly like the pears in the above receipt, with a liberal allowance of rum or brandy. An idea prevails amongst the French occupants of Algeria that oranges are unwholesome there, causing fever and other grave ailments, unless eaten with this seasoning.

Cowslips and Cream. Half-fill a small bowl with the petals only (removed from the calyx) of fresh-blown and fresh-gathered cowslips. Cover them with thick cream, well flavoured with sugar and orange-flower-water. This makes a delicious accompaniment to eat with a crust of bread or common cake.

XVIII.

SWEETS AND THIRD-COURSE DISHES.

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Plum Pudding. Few cooks are agreed about this old English dish, each one considering her own way the best. French cooks even go so far as to insist that *baking* is the proper way of cooking it; while others introduce all sorts of strange ingredients, not hesitating to recommend carrots as one of them. We have every reason to be satisfied with the following.

Beat up four eggs well; add to them, first, half a pint of new milk and a teaspoon of salt. Then mix in half a pound of beef-suet, chopped very fine; a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped; a quarter of a pound of currants; a quarter of a pound of brown sugar; one nutmeg grated; one ounce of candied peel, cut into thin, small strips. Stir all well together, and add another half-pint of new milk; then beat in sufficient flour to make it a stiff paste. Add a glass of brandy and a glass of white wine. Tie it up close, and boil it, if in a mould or basin, five hours; if in a cloth, four: but the pudding is better, as well as more shapely, when boiled in a shape or mould.

For *Sauce*, make some good melted butter; put in some loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine and a glass of brandy; make it boil up; pour half of it over the pudding, and serve the rest in a hot sauce-boat.

This pudding may be made with the grated crumb of household bread, as well as with flour. It is better so, if to be eaten cold.

Plum puddings may be made a fortnight or longer before they are wanted, and will be all the mellower for the keeping, if hung up in a dry place, where they will not mould.

Christmas plum pudding is often served with a sprig of holly stuck in the middle; this makes a pretty garnish; but, N.B., the scarlet berries of the holly are *poisonous*, and therefore, in spite of their very good looks, are just as well excluded from table.

Plum Pudding au Vesuve, Vesuvian Plum Pudding, is sure to please the youngsters, and perhaps the oldsters. On the top of the pudding cut out a hollow nearly as big as an ordinary wine-glass. Warm, in a small saucepan, a wine-glass or more of good cognac. Let your assistant carry this, while you carry the pudding, to the dining-room door. Arrived there, let her pour the cognac into the hollow, set light to with a strip of paper (not a lucifer match), open the door, and serve blazing.

Carrot Pudding, A (Alexis Soyer), confessedly such, is given, to save our plum puddings from that humiliating intrusion.

Mix in a bowl half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of grated carrot, a quarter of a pound of raisins stoned, a quarter of a pound of currants, and a quarter of a pound of sugar, brown or sifted white. Place these in a mould or dish;

beat up two whole eggs and the yolks of four in a gill of milk; grate a little nutmeg in, and add it to the former. Bake or steam forty-five minutes.

Carrot Pudding, B (French). Boil in water, with just a little salt, a dozen fine carrots, selected as the reddest to be had, and carefully scraped. When cooked, pour away the water, and let them dry in the boiler by the side of the fire. Then take out and reject the yellow hearts, and squeeze the red outsides through a cullender, making them into a coarse purée.

Then make a cream or custard, in a saucepan over the fire, with two dessert-spoonfuls of arrowroot or corn-flour, and a pint of milk. When this is smooth, incorporate it with the carrot purée, adding a dessert-spoonful of orange-flower-water, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Then stir in, one after the other, four whole eggs; and then six yolks of eggs, the whites of which you will set aside. Stir in well with all this a quarter of a pound of oiled butter.

Three-quarters of an hour before you want to serve your pudding, whip the six whites of eggs to a froth, and mix them thoroughly with the rest. Put the whole into a stew-pan, or into a buttered mould, and set it into a steady oven. When baked enough, turn out your pudding on a hot dish, and serve immediately.

Potato Pudding, Sweet, A. Boil eight or ten large, mealy potatoes; when well drained and floury, mash them.

Stir up a dozen egg-yolks with a teacupful of good cream, and add them to your mashed potatoes. tir

them together for ten minutes, with a bit of vanilla and a quarter of a pound of pounded lump-sugar.

Melt a good lump of butter in a stew-pan; when it is quite hot, put a round of writing paper at the bottom of your stew-pan; upon it put your mixed ingredients. The butter will rise round the sides of the stew-pan, and prevent the pudding from sticking to them. Put the lid of the stew-pan on, and cover it with burning embers. Cook the pudding in this way, and over the fire, for half an hour. Turn it out topsy-turvy on the dish, and serve with thick, well-sweetened cream poured over it.

Potato Pudding, B. Boil ten or twelve fine, mealy potatoes, with their jackets on. When done, let them drain and dry; peel them, and pound them with a lump of butter; dilute this paste with milk, until you get a sort of batter, which is neither too thin nor too thick. Add a little brandy, a couple of table-spoonfuls of pounded sugar, and some fine-chopped lemon-peel. Let it simmer for a while over the fire, and then leave it to cool. Then add three egg-yolks beaten up with milk; mix all well together, and then stir in the three whites of egg whipped to a froth. Butter a pudding-dish, and in it bake your pudding in a brisk oven.

Chestnut Pudding. Boil and peel half a hundred fine chestnuts; when thoroughly cooked, pound or crush them finely. Add a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar, the minced rind of half a lemon, a dessert-spoonful of orange-flower- or rose-water, a coffee-cupful of stale bread-crumbs, the same of sugar biscuit in crumbs, and a teacupful of good cream. Stir in with these half

a dozen eggs well beaten up, yolks and whites together. Put the whole into a buttered mould (or this quantity may be divided between two), and bake in a steady oven. On turning the pudding out of the mould, dust it with sugar, and set it for an instant under a glowing salamander.

Almond Blancmange. Take half a pound of sweet almonds, and ten bitter almonds; blanch them, and pound them in a mortar with a little milk. Melt a pound of sugar in four tumblers of milk, and in it boil the pounded almonds, flavouring with vanilla. Strain the whole through a piece of coarse muslin; and, while the ingredients are still hot, stir into them half an ounce of isinglass, previously dissolved in boiling water and then strained. Then put the whole into a mould, which must remain twenty-four hours in a cold cellar, or six hours on ice, before turning the blancmange out of the mould.

Boiled Rice Cake, with White Wine. Rinse half a pound of rice, and boil it gently in a little water. Before the rice is quite soft, take it off the fire, and drain the water away from it. Then add half a pint of sherry or Madeira, half a pint of water, six ounces of pounded lump-sugar, the juice of a lemon, and its rind minced as fine as possible. Set it on the fire again, and let it simmer until the rice is thoroughly cooked.

Butter the inside of a mould, and rinse it slightly with white wine. When the rice has cooled so as to be no more than tepid, pour it into the mould, and let it stand all night to get firm. Do not turn it out until just before it is wanted, when you will ornament it tastily

with variously coloured candied fruits,—such as angelica, citron, and orange-peel cut into narrow strips, preserved cherries and strawberries whole, crystallised apricots, &c.

Apple Pudding (French). Cut apples, peeled and cored, into very thin slices; boil them for half an hour; adding a sufficient and appreciable quantity of pounded lump-sugar, well-washed currants, Malaga raisins, and white wine.

When these are boiled together so that the apple will mash into a marmalade, smear with butter the bottom of a circular dish which is rather deep, and will stand the fire. Break up into crumbs a good quantity of sugar biscuits; strew a layer of these crumbs at the bottom of the dish, and over them put a layer of marmalade, then another layer of crumbs, and so on, continually diminishing the circumference, so that the pudding is conical in shape, almost terminating in a point. The top layer should be composed of biscuit.

Beat up five whole eggs with half a pint of milk and a dram-glass of kirsch-wasser; pour this over the pudding, and immediately set it, on a three-legged stand, in a moderate oven. Leave it there for half an hour, and serve the instant it is taken out of the oven.

Apples and Rice. Boil a quarter of a pound of rice, in a sufficient quantity of milk, until it is soft, adding an equal weight of sugar and some finely chopped lemon-peel.

Pare ten apples, take out their cores with a scoop, and boil them until tender in water, with some sugar and the juice of a lemon. When tender, take them out,

and make a marmalade with some other apples in the liquor in which they were cooked. Mix this marmalade with the rice, adding four yolks of eggs. Spread the marmalade over the bottom of a circular dish; on this arrange your apples, partially burying the bottom layer; fill up their hollows with currant jelly or any other fruit preserve; pile the rest as you would a dish of fruit, garnishing with candied angelica in thin strips; set it in the oven a few minutes, and serve.

Lemon Pudding, Baked, A. Mix together nine eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, the juice of three lemons, and their rinds finely minced. Line the bottom of a pie-dish with thin paste; pour the mixture in; and bake an hour in a very gentle oven.

Lemon Pudding, Boiled, B. Mix together a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, the same quantity of beef-suet minced very fine, the same of good powder sugar, the juice of two lemons, the peel of one shred fine, and three beat-up eggs. Put these in a mould or pudding-basin; tie them down with a well-floured cloth; boil for three-quarters of an hour; and serve with sweet sauce (as for plum pudding) poured over your lemon pudding.

Lemon Pudding, C. So called, because it is principally composed of Apples.

Obtain possession of an ordinary pie-dish. Next, procure a certain number of apples. Experiment will teach you the number of apples requisite to fill your dish. Peel them; cut them in quarters; take out their cores; put them in a stew-pan with a little powder

sugar, a little water or cider, and the rind of a small lemon minced to microscopic minuteness. If the season is advanced, or your apples are mealy and deficient in flavour, add the juice of the lemon. Boil these (with the lid on) till the apples are soft enough to be crushed with a fork. Crush them accordingly; then set them aside to cool.

Now line the bottom and the whole inside of your pie-dish (previously well buttered) with thin puff-paste. This pudding scorns to be hidden beneath an oppressive upper crust. Set your dish, so lined with puff-paste, into the oven, to raise the crust and cook it all but enough.

Beat up well two or three eggs with a table-spoonful of first-rate rose-water, which will communicate a distinguished and aristocratic flavour. Mix the beaten eggs with the cold cooked apple-pulp; pour the whole into your pie-dish, which ought to be full without overflowing. Grate a little nutmeg over the surface. Bake it in a moderate-paced oven, neither too quick nor yet too slow. On taking it out, sprinkle over it a snow-shower of finely pounded sugar.

This exquisite pudding ought to prove neither too dry, nor too juicy, nor impregnated with any too decided flavour. In short, it ought to be delicate and harmonious. It is nourishing, refreshing, inviting, and, above all, entertaining. It is equally good eaten cold as hot; better, perhaps, if it *can* be better one way than another.

Tradition relates that its invention is due to the daughter of the Druid who planted the first apple-tree

in Britain, and who, with her pocket full of lemons, led the first colony of hens which arrived from the East. Others hold Lemon Pudding to be nothing else than the "Sacred Cake" which the Druids, in their Sunday costume, first offered up to their gods, and which they ate themselves after the ceremony; washing down their luncheon with successive draughts of beer, mead, cider, mum, metheglin, and hydromel. After which, they danced round the mistletoe-bough, some of them jumping over it, others remaining under it. However that may be, one thing is certain: that man's existence is but incomplete who has neither seen the Sea, nor climbed the Alps, nor felt the transports of Love, nor eaten Lemon Pudding.

A Light Sponge Cake. To three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar put a teacupful of boiling water. Set it on the fire, and make it boil. Then pour it hot over six eggs; whisk them together for half an hour; then add eight ounces of flour, and the minced peel of one lemon. Mix them all well together, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

A Plain Cake, for Children. Well mix together one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, half a pint of new milk just warm, and half a pound of grocers' currants washed and steeped in tepid water. Add the currants the last of all, and bake in not too slow an oven.

Sweet Biscuits. Mix half a pound of butter with half a pound of loaf-sugar, half a pound of flour, six

eggs, half a dozen drops of essence of lemon, and two table-spoonfuls of well-washed currants. When these are thoroughly beaten together and incorporated, lay lumps of the mixture with a spoon on an iron plate, and set them in a briskish oven.

Almond Biscuits, A. Mix half a pound of lump-sugar with two ounces of bitter almonds, two ounces of sweet almonds, the yolks of three eggs, and just sufficient flour to make them a proper stiffness for rolling out. Cut into shapes with a pastry-cutter or wine-glass, and bake on an iron plate.

Almond Biscuits, B. Take a pound and a quarter of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of fine powder sugar, and two ounces of bitter almonds blanched and beaten fine. Make these into a paste with four eggs, or rather less in warm weather.

Almond Biscuits, C. Take one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, six eggs, leaving out three of the whites, a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds blanched and pounded, the rinds of two lemons minced very fine, and three ounces of butter. Work these well together with the hand; then form the biscuits, and bake them on an iron plate.

A Rich Cake will be the result of working together one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, eight eggs, two ounces of sweet almonds bruised, and a glass of brandy.

Bath Cake is composed of one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a quarter of a pint of yeast, half a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of carraway seeds,

and a quarter of a pound of sugar. This cake must be allowed to rise before putting into the oven.

Lemon Biscuits. Mix up with three eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of rolled lump-sugar, and twenty drops of essence of lemon.

Common Biscuits. Mix up with two eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Work these up into small round balls, flatten them with your hands, and bake in a moderate oven.

Small Rice Cakes. Mix together, first, a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of flour, and half a pound of loaf-sugar ground and sifted; then add four eggs, leaving out two of the whites, and half a pound of butter melted, but no hotter than will bring it to a liquid state. If liked, you may add a few well-washed currants. Distribute this composition into cakes, in baking-tins, and set them into the oven immediately. A brisk oven will bake them in less than half an hour.

Lemon Cakes. Mix together one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, the rinds of two lemons minced very fine, and four eggs. Roll them out thin, cut them into shape with the top of a wine-glass, and bake them in a slow oven on tinned sheet-iron that has had its surface buttered.

Cup Cakes. To half a pint of new milk put a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, a little new yeast, six ounces of powder sugar, and flour enough to make it of a proper stiffness. Cover it with a cloth, and set it before the fire to rise. While it is rising, butter

the insides of your cups; fill them with the cake-paste, and set them in the oven to bake. As soon as done, turn them out of the cups, and leave them bottom upwards on a dish to cool.

Rice Cheese-Cakes. Thicken a quarter of a pound of ground rice in a little milk over the fire; add a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of washed currants, and two ounces of sugar. Stir in three eggs.

Butter the insides of your patty-pans, line them with thin puff-paste, fill them with the above mixture, and set into a brisk oven to bake.

Potato Cheese-Cakes. To make a dozen, boil a quarter of a pound of mealy potatoes, and mash them well. Then add to them two table-spoonfuls of brandy, or three of white wine, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter oiled, four eggs, and the rind of half an orange minced very fine.

Mix these ingredients well together, and bake, as above, in hollow patty-pans lined with puff-paste.

Cheese-Cakes. For the "meat," or central portion of the cakes, mix together half a pound of "golden tags" (the slang term among pastry-cooks for potatoes well boiled and pounded fine), half a pound of butter, the same of powdered loaf-sugar, three beaten-up eggs, and half a pound of currants that have been well washed in tepid water; a little grated nutmeg, white wine, crumbs of sponge-cake, and, if you like, a *very* small portion of volatile salts to make the whole light. Line the bottoms of your patty-pans with a thin layer of the following *Paste*, which will be found valuable for many other

similar purposes. For one pound of flour, take twelve ounces of butter. Rub two ounces of this into the flour thoroughly. Roll it out, put in more dabs of butter; dust it with flour; double it up; roll it out again; dab in more butter, and dust with more flour, till the whole paste is well worked up together. The more light-fingered and rapid the cook is in performing this, the lighter and more delicate the pastry will be. Slow and heavy-handed pastry-cooks are sure to turn out heavy batches of tarts and puffs, no matter what amount of good things they may put into them.

For *Sweet Paste*, use the same proportions of flour and butter as before, with the addition of a small quantity of powdered loaf-sugar; beat up two eggs thoroughly well, and mix with them a sufficiency of cold water to make up the paste with. The only other difference in this case is, that *all* the butter is rubbed into the flour previous to mixing, so that the paste only requires once rolling out.

Paste for Standing Crust. Put three pints of cold water into a saucepan, to which add three pounds of tried-up beef-suet (*i. e.* beef-suet that has been melted), and three pounds of butter, and let it remain over the fire till all is liquid. Pour it boiling hot into your flour, and make it into a stiff paste. The quantity of flour cannot be exactly stated in weight, as some flour will absorb more liquid than some other. When cool enough to handle, mould and shape it into the form required for your pasties or patés. The above is sufficient for a good-sized goose pie.

Lemon Cheese-Cakes. Take six ounces of butter; melt it; then add six ounces of sugar rolled fine, the yolks of four eggs, and the white of one. Beat up these well together, and to them add the rind of one lemon grated very fine (or, better, peeled exceedingly thin, and minced with a knife), the juice of half the lemon, and a small wine-glass of brandy.

Line your patty-pans with light puff-paste, fill them with the above ingredients, and bake in a brisk oven, taking care the cheese-cakes do not burn.

Gougère au Fromage—A veritable Cheese-Cake. [From an old French Manuscript.] Put into a stew-pan three-quarters of a tumbler of water, with three ounces of fresh butter and a little salt. When the water boils, throw in six ounces of flour, and keep stirring till the paste is well cooked. Then take the stew-pan off the fire, and add to the mixture, first, four yolks of eggs; then their whites beaten to a froth; then three ounces of Gruyère cheese cut up into little bits. Mix the whole well together.

When these ingredients are thoroughly combined, spread the paste in the form of a circular cake on a plate of sheet-iron; lay on the top thin slices of cheese; glaze the whole with the yolk of an egg; and set it in the oven, heated exactly as if for baking bread. Leave it there five-and-twenty minutes, and send it to table piping hot.

There is nothing nicer than this *Real Cheese-Cake.*—*Baron Brisse.*

Pulled-Bread Biscuit. The word *bis-cuit*, meaning

"twice cooked," is particularly applicable to this preparation.

Take the crumb of bread or roll, if under-baked all the better, and pull it with the fingers into irregular-shaped pieces not larger than a walnut. Lay them on an iron plate, not touching nor piled over each other, and set them into a brisk oven until their outside is crisp and of a bright, light brown. They make a pleasant and wholesome accompaniment to cheese, radishes, caviare, or other hors d'œuvres.

Wine Biscuits. Mix eight ounces of flour with six ounces of butter, six ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, one egg, and a few drops of essence of lemon.

Roll out this paste thin, and bake the biscuits briskly on plates of tin-iron buttered.

Cracknels. Beat up thirteen eggs with a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf-sugar until they are quite light; then stir in three pounds of flour and a quarter of an ounce of volatile salts reduced to a very fine powder. When these are well mixed together, roll out the paste to the thickness you approve; cut out your cracknels with a wine-glass or a tumbler; throw them into *boiling* water for one or two minutes; then put them into cold water. Take them out soon afterwards, and bake in rather a quick oven.

Gingerbread, A. There are probably several scores of towns and villages which claim the honour, not of being Homer's birthplace, but of furnishing the best gingerbread in the world. The Doctor would be sorry to have to decide between them. To avoid jealousy, he

suppresses the name of the locality which supplies the following:

Mix together a pound and a half of flour, a pound of sugar, a pound of treacle, half a pound of butter, an ounce and a half of grated ginger, and half an ounce of pounded cloves. Make up into cakes and bake.

Very peculiar, and not unpleasing, gingerbreads of Teutonic origin are produced by flavouring highly with cinnamon, and substituting honey for treacle.

Gingerbread, B. [Mrs. Smith's.] The same prudential reasons restrain us from divulging to *which* Mrs. Smith we are indebted for this:

Take one pound of treacle, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, two ounces of candied peel, and one ounce of ginger in powder. Beat up all well together; make it into a shape that pleases you, and set it *immediately* into the oven. Bake in tins.

Gingerbread, C. Stir well together the following three ingredients: two pounds of flour, one ounce of ground ginger, and a bumping table-spoonful of baking-powder. Then mix in two pounds of treacle.

Bake the gingerbread in a slow oven, putting it in as soon as made.

Of this economical receipt, our lady friends remark, that it would be improved by the addition of butter. Other amateurs are of opinion that it would be all the better for a little more ginger. Others, again, flavour their gingerbread with allspice, nutmeg, pepper, or cayenne, or any other aromatics they happen to fancy. The danger lies in overdoing it, by making the

mixture too hot of the spice. Baking is a nice point: it must not be set in a fierce oven, so as to get burned, or even crusty, like household bread; but in a slow oven, and with careful watching.

Gingerbread, D (Plain). Largely made for sale. Put one pound and three-quarters of treacle into a saucepan; set it over a slow fire, and stir till it begins to boil up. Then pour it into a large basin; let it stand till almost cold. Stir in half a pound of flour, half an ounce of alum, and an ounce of "American ash." Let it stand till next morning; then add a few carraway-seeds, a few pounded cloves, and one ounce of ground ginger. Bake in a slow oven.

Gingerbread, E. Knead well together a pound and a half of flour, and three-quarters of a pound of butter. Then add a little ground cinnamon and mace, an ounce of ground ginger, a little candied peel, and a pound of treacle. Drop it on tins, and bake slowly.

Gingerbread, F. Knead together one pound of flour, half a pound of powder sugar, half a pound of butter, four table-spoonfuls of ground ginger, the rind of a lemon chopped fine, and as much treacle as will enable you to drop it on baking tins. Do it crisp, without burning.

Gingerbread, G. In a large earthen pan put half a pound of butter melted, one pound of powder sugar, half a pound of treacle, one ounce of ground or grated ginger. Beat all well together; add one ounce of candied lemon-peel, and then beat in as much flour as will make the whole into a very stiff paste.

Lemon Drops. Mix together a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of flour, the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of cold water, and a little fine-minced lemon-peel. Drop lumps of this composition, the size of a walnut, on a buttered tin plate, and bake in a brisk oven.

Ratafia Drops. Beat the white of an egg to a froth; add to it one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded fine. Over these, sift six ounces of pounded loaf-sugar. Drop the paste so formed in small spoonfuls on paper, and bake in a smart oven.

Sponge Cake. Mix together five ounces of flour and the peel of half a lemon chopped very fine.

Break six eggs into a bowl, add to them the juice of the half-lemon and six ounces of sugar. Beat them well up with a fork; when nicely risen, stir in quickly the flour and lemon-peel, fill your cake-moulds instantly, set them in the oven, and bake about twenty minutes.

Country Cake. Beat to the consistency of thick cream, three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of oiled butter, and the yolks of six eggs. Beat up the whites of the eggs separately with three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar rolled fine. When frothed, mix all together, and bake briskly about twenty minutes.

Tea Cakes. Mix two table-spoonfuls of yeast with two pounds of flour and three eggs. Melt two ounces of butter in a pint of milk. Mix all together to a batter, and set it before the fire to rise like bread. Butter the insides of patty-pans or tea-saucers, fill them with batter, and bake in a quick oven. When the upper surface

of the cakes is done, turn them, to brown the under side.

Sugar Biscuits. Mix well together a pound of flour, a pound of pounded lump-sugar, a few blanched and pounded almonds, six table-spoonfuls of rose-water, and eight eggs beaten up to froth. When thoroughly blended, put portions of the mixture into small tins of various shapes, and bake them with only the heat of an oven after the bread is drawn, keeping the oven-door well closed.

Rock Cakes. Put well together a pound and a half of flour and half a pound of butter. Then add half a pound of fine sugar, half a pound of currants, four eggs, six table-spoonfuls of good cream, a wine-glass of brandy, and a little mace. When completely mixed, drop on paper lumps about the size of a walnut, and bake in a slow oven.

A Light Plain Cake. Knead together two pounds of bakers' dough, half a pound of butter, one pound of washed currants, a quarter of a pound of candied lemon-peel, half a pound of sugar, one grated nutmeg, four eggs, and a dust of ground ginger. When these are well incorporated, let your cake stand an hour in a warm place to rise before baking.

Soda Cake. Mix well a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with a pound of flour. Put to it half a pound of butter melted, three eggs well beaten up, half a pound of currants, half a pound of powder sugar, and a few bruised carraway-seeds. As soon as all is thoroughly incorporated, bake your cake in a brisk oven.

Baked Custard in a Saucepan, with Burnt-Sugar Sauce—Flan Anglais au Caramel. Make an ordinary custard of six eggs to a pint of milk, leaving out three of the whites (which will make another very pretty dish), and, above all things, flavour the custard. Nothing is so disappointing as insipid cookery.

Have a small enamel-lined saucepan with a flat cover. Put into this a few lumps of white sugar, and very little water, only sufficient to moisten the sugar. Let it be on the stove till it begins to assume a bright golden tinge; then take it off, or it will speedily be black. In a few seconds, it will be a nice bright brown; then add as much water as it will bear. It must not taste watery, neither must it be syrup. Practice alone will guide you in this. Never mind wasting a few lumps of sugar; for your lesson in cooking will not, even then, be very expensive. You must turn and twist the saucepan about, until the *caramel* (that is its name) has touched the side all round. Then pour in the custard, put on the lid (which you must strew with hot embers), and let it do gently for about the same time that you would bake it. It will turn out very well, and is a pleasing change. It is eaten as often hot as cold.

Pommes Meringuées—Apple Meringos. Made with the whites of eggs left above.

Pare and cut up two apples; put them in a saucepan with a small piece of butter and some sugar; let them boil to a marmalade; then spread them on a small, flat dish.

While they are cooling, beat the whites of the eggs

to a firm froth with some pounded sugar. When quite stiff, with two dessert-spoons shape this froth into *meringues* or meringos (egg-shaped lumps), which you must place side by side over the marmalade, until you have covered it and completely hidden the apples. Strew pounded sugar very lightly over it; put it into a quick oven for a few minutes, till crisp and bright yellow. Serve instantly; it is good for nothing cold. If you have a lemon at hand, it will improve the flavour of the apples to put a little both of the rind and the juice into the marmalade.—*London Society.*

Virgin Cream. Boil half a pint of cream in a quart of milk, with sugar and lemon-peel, until it is reduced to one-half the quantity. Take it off the fire, and when it is tepid stir into it the yolks of eight eggs; strain it, and thicken it in a hot-water bath, stirring continually. When done, pour it into a deep, hollow dish.

Then whip up the whites of the eggs with a whisk. Take the froth as it rises, and pile it over the cream in the dish, heaping it as high as you can. When you can add no more, dust it with finely pounded sugar, and set it under a salamander to glaze.

Rice Cream. Stir ground rice into warm, fresh milk, with sugar and half a dozen egg-yolks. Thicken it over a gentle fire, stirring all the while, and serve hot.

Boiled Custards, which the French call *Crêmes.* These must be concocted over a *very* slow fire; but by far the best way is to do them in a hot-water bath.

For the proportions: To every pint of thin cream put three eggs, leaving out the white of one; stir these

together steadily but continuously, sweetening to your taste. It is usual to flavour boiled custards with lemon-peel and brandy; but their taste may be varied with the same ingredients as mentioned for Blancmange. When worked to the proper consistency and smoothness, pour your custard into glasses (or, better, into old china teacups), grate a dust of nutmeg over the top of each, and store them till wanted in the coolest corner of your pantry.

Boiled Custards are often made by substituting arrowroot for eggs, and the result is perfectly satisfactory to *the palate*. This economical change is all very well for persons who eat custard merely to play with a spoon and tickle their mouth; but for the sustaining of a weakly frame, give us the eggs instead of the arrowroot.

Syllabubs are best made the day before they are wanted, or, at any rate, early in the morning, if they are to be sent to table the same evening. They require time to settle and let their froth get firm.

Whenever you intend to make them, steep, *overnight*, the thin rind of two lemons in a pint of white wine, covered down close.

Next day, remove the lemon-peel from the wine, and put it in a large bowl with a pint and a half of rich cream, three table-spoonfuls of brandy, and the juice of the two lemons; sweeten to taste.

Beat these to a froth with your whisk of osier-twigs, Have your syllabub-glasses at hand on a tray, and as fast as the froth rises, skim it off with a table or gravy

spoon, and ladle it into your syllabub-glasses, heaping it as high as you can get it to hang together. Continue whisking with all your might and main till there is nothing more left in the bowl to whisk. Then set your tray, laden with syllabubs, in the coolest nook you have, that is free from dust, draughts, and intrusive cats. Syllabub-whisking is good exercise for young ladies, and might be made an agreeable branch of calisthenics in female educational establishments.

Solid Syllabub. Put into a bowl three-quarters of a pint of cream and the juice of one large lemon; mix these well together, and flavour with sweet wine, brandy, and sugar to your taste.

Put an ounce of isinglass in a saucepan, with half a pint of water, and boil it slowly, with a piece of lemon-peel in it, until the isinglass is quite dissolved. Then pour it into the bowl over the other ingredients, stirring well for five minutes. Then pass it through a cullender, and put it into your moulds, to cool and stiffen.

If this syllabub is to be served in glasses, a smaller quantity of isinglass will suffice.

Syllabub under the Cow. Put into a large china bowl a good handful of sugar in lumps, over which pour half a bottle of sherry, Madeira, or other good white wine, a glass of brandy, and half a bottle of old cider. When the sugar is dissolved, take it to a cow warranted not to kick, and have the cow milked into the bowl, so that the froth shall rise in a heap over its contents. Milk it as full as it will hold without running over. Set it on a table, and grate a little nutmeg over the top of the

froth. Then put it aside in a cool place for a few hours; if all night, so much the better.

N.B. Try to get your syllabub made at one of the cow's milking times. Let her be half milked into the pail, and then present your bowl to receive what comes afterwards. The *last* milk from the udder is the richest; the very last, called "the strippings," is the richest of all.

Syllabub under the Cow, without a Cow. Fill a large teapot with fresh, tepid milk, with which you may mix a little cream. Set the bowl, with the wine, &c., on the floor. Mount the highest stool or table in the house, and from that eminence pour the milk out of the teapot into the bowl, frothing it as much, and spilling it as little, as possible.

You will succeed even better (in the unavoidable absence of the cow), by putting the warm milk into a large, powerful syringe, and so squirting it violently into the bowl. Where there's a will, there's a way, even to make sub-vaccine syllabub. The French kitchen vocabulary contains no word for syllabub.

Artificial Cream, to eat with Fruit or Fruit Tart. Put a pint of new milk into a saucepan, add a couple of lumps of sugar, set it on a very slow fire, or the hot iron plate of a cooking-stove; break into it the yolks of two new-laid eggs, and keep stirring always one way, until it becomes as thick as ordinary cream. It must never reach the boiling point.

Lemon Cream. Beat up well the whites of three eggs and the yolk of one; add to them the juice of two large

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lemons, half a pint of water, and half a pound of loaf-sugar pounded fine. Mix these well together; set them in a stew-pan over a gentle fire, stirring constantly the same way. When warm, put in the rind of one lemon, peeled very thin, to make it yield its volatile oil the more readily. When of a proper consistency, remove the lemon-peel, and take your cream off the fire. On no account may it be allowed to boil.

Blancmange. For two pints of new milk, allow one pint of cream and two ounces of isinglass. Flavour with lemon-peel, and sweeten to your taste. Boil for twenty minutes, and then remove the lemon-peel. When nearly cold, add a wine-glass of sherry and a liqueur-glass of brandy, and pour into your mould to cool and stiffen.

The flavour of Blancmange is open to considerable variation; which is desirable for invalids, to whom it may be needful to offer it frequently. For this purpose, cinnamon, rose-water, orange-flower-water, and vanilla will render good service. Half a stick of vanilla will suffice; and (N.B.), if washed and dried after using, it will serve for several times, either for blancmange, custards, creams, or other delicate and sweet preparations. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the *second* flavouring yielded by vanilla has a strong resemblance (in consequence of weakness) to the second sweetwort drawn from malt, and the second brewing from the gossips' tea-pot, when economy forbids the putting in a few more pinches of Hyson and Pekoe.

Jaumange. "Which will you take, ma'am,—Blue

Mange, or Jew Mange?" is a question we once heard put by a host who was ignorant of the French etymology of those dishes, namely, that *Blanc Manger* meant, to eat something white; and *Jaune Manger*, to eat something yellow. There is no Blue at all, and, still more luckily, no Jew, to be eaten.

Dissolve over the fire an ounce of isinglass in a pint of water, with the peel and juice of half a lemon. Let it stand aside for a while, to imbibe the flavour of the Lemon-peel. Then remove the lemon-peel, and stir in gently half a pint of white wine, and the yolks of four eggs. Sweeten to your taste, and pour it into moulds to cool.

Coffee Cream. Into three pints of cream put two dessert-spoonfuls of ground coffee and sugar, to taste. Boil it for half an hour; then let it stand to settle. Pour off the cream from the coffee-grounds, and mix in eight egg-yolks, in a hot-water bath, simmering until it is of the consistency of thick-boiled custard. Serve in cups or glasses, with a ratafia or small macaroon on the top of each cream.

Vanilla Cream. Boil a stick (or less) of vanilla in a quart of milk, until it has imbibed the perfume. Take it off the fire, and sweeten to your taste, removing the vanilla, which will serve for several times, if washed and laid aside to dry, supposing you are content with the mildest of flavours.

Break six egg-yolks and one whole egg into a bowl; beat them up; pour in your milk, stirring all the while, to mix them completely. Then thicken as before in the hot-water bath, and serve in the same way.

Tea Cream. Pour a quart of boiling milk over green tea in a teapot. Put the lid on, and let it stand on your hot plate to infuse for a quarter of an hour. Then pour off the milk, mix it with a quart of good cream, stir in the yolks of six eggs, sweeten to taste, and thicken in a hot-water bath, or over a very gentle fire.

Chocolate Cream. Take half a pound of chocolate, cut it into thin shavings, steep it in a little cold milk, set it over the fire, and crush it smooth as it heats; then gradually pour in a quart of milk, stirring continually. Mix ten egg-yolks with half a pint of rich, sweet cream, stir them into your chocolate and milk, and thicken as before in the hot-water bath.

Pancakes, Plain. The batter for these should be made three or four hours beforehand, in order to allow it time to rise, and insure the pancakes being light.

For a moderate quantity, break four eggs into a large bowl; add to them a tablespoonful of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, a glass of brandy, and a little powdered cinnamon or grated nutmeg. Beat up these well together.

In another smaller basin mix as much flour and milk as will bring the whole to the proper consistency of batter. When it is smooth, mix it with the ingredients in the larger bowl. Cover it with a cloth, and set it in a warm place to work.

When the pancakes are fried, it is better to send them to table, hot and hot, in small quantities, instead of waiting till all are done. Let them be accompanied

by pounded sugar and oranges cut in halves, to squeeze the juice over them.

Apple Pancakes. Make the paste or batter as above, adding to it a few apples, peeled, cored, and chopped very small. These must be stirred up in the batter each time a pancake is taken from it. They render the pancakes light and delicate; but *too much* apple makes them fall to pieces in the frying.

German Pancakes. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; mix with it half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, twelve egg-yolks, and a pint of lukewarm cream. Beat the whites of the eggs to snow, and add them together with a little powdered cinnamon and lemon-peel cut thin and chopped very fine.

The pancakes are to be done on one side only, and placed in a pile one over the other, so as to form a cake, sugar and cinnamon being strewn between each. The pile to be cut downwards like a cake, and served with wine or jelly sauce.

Whipped Cream. Put a quart of good cream into a large bowl; mix in a basin the white of an egg with orange-flower or rose-water, and pounded lump-sugar. Stir this well into the cream, and whip with a whisk. As the froth rises, remove it with a ladle, and pile it on your dish. You may garnish it round with candied lemon-peel. It is eaten with cake or cooked fruit.

Some cooks use a little gum-arabic dissolved in water instead of the white of egg.

Charlotte Russe, with Cream. Line the inside of a mould with sponge biscuits. Fill up the whole of the

interior with whipped cream (either the preceding, or any modification of it), surround your mould with ice, and turn out the Charlotte just before serving.

Charlotte of Apples (French). Butter well the bottom and sides of an iron mould, and line it with slices of fried bread. Fill the interior with apples prepared as for apple sauce, only they may be more cooked and reduced in quantity, so as to make them into a sort of apple marmalade. The addition of a beat-up egg with the apple will help it to hold together better. Cover the marmalade with a slice of toasted bread cut into a shape which will close the whole completely. The mould should have a metal lid. Put it into the oven for half an hour or so, where it will brown without burning. Turn it out whole on a dish, and serve as it is. No sauce or garnishing is needed.

Charlottes may be made in the same way, with an outer case of bread, containing other cooked fruit—as pears, apricots, gooseberries, greengages, &c.

German Apple Pie. Boil apples cut into quarters in as little water as possible, with a glass of red wine, some sugar, and lemon-peel. When cold, put them into a pie-dish that has been well smeared with butter.

Then stir into a little cream a spoonful of butter melted. Add nine eggs, a quarter of a pound of flour, a pint of cream, and a pound of sugar. Mix all well together, pour it slowly over the apples, and bake.

Cold Cherry Dish (German). Boil fresh, ripe cherries in sugar-and-water, until they fall to pieces.

Add sufficient potato-flour or arrowroot to thicken them, and pour them into a dish to cool.

Trifle is much better made the day before. Take a large round or oval glass dish; fill it a little more than half-full with sponge biscuits, macaroons, and ratafia drops. Soak them with any sweet white wine. Distribute amongst them, in small spoonfuls, currant jelly and raspberry jam. Pour over that a little boiled custard, by way of sauce, and cover the whole completely with whipped cream or syllabub froth.

Tipsy Cake. Have an oval glass dish. Bake a sponge cake that will fit nicely into it in a mould the shape of a porcupine or other hog-shaped animal.

Blanche a lot of sweet almonds, and split them lengthwise. Stick them all over the back of the porcupine, to represent quills. Set it in the dish, and pour round it (not over it) as much Madeira, sherry, or other strong white wine as it will absorb, to which some add brandy and rum.

The addition of custard, syllabub, or jam, is contrary to the traditions of the supper-table. Tipsy Cake is not Trifle, but something much more serious.

Beignets, Fritters, are simply fruit (whole, halved, or in slices) dipped in batter, and fried. When well executed, and served hot, they make a light and elegant third-course dish, which is sure to be received with favour.

For the *Batter*, mix two spoonfuls of oil (or oiled butter) with a pint of flour, a pinch of salt, and a little water. Then add two egg-yolks, and gradually pour in

as much water as will bring the whole to the consistency of thick cream. Beat up the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them. You may put in a dessert-spoonful of yeast; and if you can keep the batter in a warm place for a couple of hours, it will be all the lighter.

Apple Fritters. Peel the apples; slice them across into rounds, from which you will remove the cores. Dip them in the batter, and fry to a light brown and until tender. Pile them regularly in the dish, and dust with sugar before serving.

Oil is the best to fry them in; but whatever fat you employ, it is of no use attempting Fritters unless you have plenty of it.

Some steep the sliced apples in brandy before dipping them into the batter.

Apricots and *Peaches*, halved, and *Oranges*, sliced, are also made into Fritters, which are much admired; but the peach loses flavour by cooking, while that of the apricot is concentrated. The orange lends itself to cooking with a very bad grace. Large *Strawberries* make delicious Fritters, but it is clear that *they must* have a deep pan of fat to be immersed in.

Pear Fritters are cooked like Apple.

Potato Fritters. Roast potatoes in the ashes. When done, put their contents in a basin, and pound them with a pinch of salt, a little cream and butter, and a glass of brandy. Mash with them a beat-up egg, till you get a paste thick enough to roll into balls. When quite cold, dip them in batter and fry them. Dust with sugar before serving them.

Hollow Fritters still retain their old French name (*Pets de Nonne*), though quite incompatible with modern delicacy.

Boil the rind of a lemon with a pinch of salt and a lump of sugar, in a pint of water. When it has had a good boil up, remove the lemon-peel, and stir into it a pint of flour previously mixed with a little water. Do this gradually, stirring continually, and preventing the formation of knots. Cook your paste till it is thick enough for the spoon to stand upright in it. The thicker it is, the lighter it will be.

When you have taken it off the fire, beat up four or five eggs, as if for an omelette; mix them little by little with the paste, and let it get cold.

When you want to make your hollow fritters, and your boiling fat (in plenty) is ready, take with a spoon a lump of the paste as big as a walnut, and throw it into the fat. Put in as many as there is room to fry at once. When they are swollen and nicely browned, take them out of the fat, let them drain a minute on a hot napkin, and serve piled on the dish, dusted with sugar. They should resemble brown, opaque soap-bubbles in appearance.

All Fritters should be served dry enough to eat with the fingers.

Rhubarb affords the latest instance of the intrusion and establishment of strange herbage in our kitchen-gardens. Mr. Cuthill records that Mr. Joseph Myatt, of Deptford, was the first to cultivate rhubarb on a large scale. It is now nearly sixty years since he sent his two

sons to the Borough Market with *five bunches—of which they could only sell three!* The next time, they took ten bunches, all of which were sold. *Coming events cast their shadow before;* and from the small but increased sale, Mr. Myatt judged that rhubarb would become a favourite. He therefore determined to increase its cultivation, and year after year added to his stock. For his first dozen roots he was indebted to his friend Mr. Oldacre, gardener to Sir Joseph Banks. They consisted of a kind imported from Russia, finer and much earlier than the puny variety cultivated by the Brentwood growers for Covent Garden. Mr. Myatt had to contend against many prejudices; but time, that universal leveller, overcame and broke down every barrier, and rhubarb is no longer called *physic.*

Indeed, the foot-stalks of the physic-plant are now regarded as a necessary, rather than a luxury, in culinary management. In the English dietary, they produce the same good effects as sorrel (their near relative) does in that of the French. Forced rhubarb has much less flavour than that grown in the usual way. In preparing it for

Rhubarb Tart, it is not necessary to remove the outside portion of the stalk. The best way is simply to wash and wipe it, and then cut it into pieces at least an inch long. By no means peel off the outer skin, by doing which you deprive it of the beautiful scarlet tinge which growers take so much pains to obtain. Invert a cup filled with water in the pie-dish, to help to increase and retain the juice. Half fill the dish with the cut rhu-

barb; sweeten with powder sugar; put in the rest, and sweeten again before putting on the crust.

N.B. The addition of a couple of table-spoonfuls of strawberry jam will impart to your rhubarb tart a pine-apple flavour.

Rhubarb is equally good in open as in covered tarts.

The flavour of *Apple Pie* is heightened and improved by a few cloves, the rind of half a lemon, and two or three dessert-spoonfuls of quince marmalade.

Marbled Jelly. This pretty dish resembles both in appearance and in the process of making it the very ornamental marble known as *breccia;* it consists of various fragments united by a cement of a different colour. It may be either made with the remains left after a supper-party, or various kinds of jelly and blancmange, or firm creams may be made on purpose, which may be coloured yellow with saffron, turmeric, or egg-yolk, green with spinach-juice, pink with cochineal or beetroot-juice, and white with milk or cream. Blancmange has a very good effect for the veining, but any other jelly will do.

At the bottom of your mould lay bits of various jellies broken up into pieces not too small. Over these, pour the jelly for the veins of the marble, only just liquid. If too warm, it will melt the pieces and cause the jelly to become cloudy. It is better not to put too many pieces in at once, otherwise (unless very stiff indeed) they will fall together by their own weight, and prevent the liquid jelly from filtering in between them. Cool the jelly as rapidly as you can, and then add more broken-up jelly and bind it together as before, until your

mould is quite full. These harlequin or mosaic jellies admit of great variety in their composition: for instance, the different jellies, without being broken up, can be made to lie one above the other in regular strata; each jelly can have a different flavour; and the mixture of opaque with transparent jellies produces a very pleasing effect.

A pretty contrast is obtained by cooling jelly in a cylindrical mould (oval or circular), so as to leave a hollow in the middle, to be filled up with whipped cream.

Orange Jelly. Grate the rinds of two Seville oranges, two St. Michael's ditto, and two lemons. Take the juice of three of each; add half a pound of sugar and half a pint of water, and boil all together till it almost candies.

Have ready a quart of jelly, made with water and a couple of ounces of isinglass. Add this to the orange syrup; let it just boil up once, and then strain it. Let it stand a while to settle, and then pour it into your moulds.

Currant Jelly, A. Weigh your currants, in order that you may allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar for every pound of fruit.

Strip the currants from their stalks; boil them a quarter of an hour; strain off all their juice through a cullender, without squeezing the fruit. Then return the juice to the stew-pan; add the sugar, boil up, and skim. When clear, put your jelly into the glasses.

Some boil the sugar *with* the fruit; which occasions a loss, as the skins and pips of the currants retain a good deal of the sugar adhering to them.

Currant Jelly, B. Pick your fruit into a stone jar. Set the jar on the fire in a boiler of hot water. Let it boil until the fruit is cooked and the juice drawn. Strain the juice through a flannel bag into a stew-pan. Set the stew-pan on the fire, and skim till the juice is quite clear. While it is boiling, prepare your sugar (in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pint of juice), by pounding it rather fine and heating it before the fire or in the oven. After the juice has boiled clear, take it off the fire, and stir in the sugar until dissolved, when you may pour the syrup into your pots and glasses.

Currant Jelly, C.—Another way. Strip your currants into a stew-pan; let them boil until well cooked. Pour them into a jelly-bag, and let them strain, taking care not to squeeze them. Return the juice to the stew-pan, and to every pint of juice put half a pound of sugar. Let it simmer gently, and skim. When it forms a jelly on the spoon, it is enough done, and you may put it in your pots. So managed, it will be beautifully clear. Next day, put brandied paper on the surface of the jelly, and tie down close either with paper or with wetted bladder.

Orange Marmalade. Boil the rinds of six oranges until quite tender. Then pound half of them to a pulp, and cut the other half into strips or shreds.

Dissolve a pound and a half of loaf-sugar in a little of the water the orange-peels were boiled in. Carefully remove the white skin from the flesh of the oranges; cut it in slices; and then boil all together—orange-peel, peel-water and sugar, and orange-flesh—for half an hour.

Orange Marmalade can now be bought so good and cheap, that it is not worth the trouble of making it at home, except in very retired or distant localities.

Compote of Pears. Peel the pears, cover them with water in a stew-pan, and boil them for five hours, allowing a quarter of a pound of broken loaf-sugar for every pound of fruit. Then put the pears in your dish or jar. Reduce the juice by boiling; add to it either a little rum, or kirsch-wasser, or lemon-juice, and then pour it over them.

Rice Jelly. Wash a pound of rice in several *cold* waters, and in two boiling waters. Put six quarts of water into a large stew-pan; add the rice, and set it on the fire to boil for an hour exactly. Then strain the whole through a sieve or coarse muslin.

NOTE. The perfection of the jelly depends on the promptitude with which it is strained.

Set it immediately again on the fire, with a pound of loaf-sugar broken small, the minced peel of a lemon, and its juice strained from pips and pulp. When the sugar is melted, throw in a glass of kirsch-wasser, and take the stew-pan off the fire, on which it must not be allowed to remain after receiving the kirsch.

Smear the inside of a mould with oil of almonds, or very fine olive-oil. Pour in your jelly, and let it stand all night to cool and stiffen. On serving, surround the jelly with raspberry syrup, or preserved cherries, or any other fruit jelly or jam. Apple marmalade also goes well with it.

This makes an inexpensive dish, which is both presentable and serviceable.

Lemon Jelly. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of water. Add a pound of loaf-sugar, and the juice and rinds of a couple of lemons. Boil ten minutes, and strain it into your mould prepared as before.

Chocolate Cream, to be eaten with cake. Mix together, without boiling, three ounces of scraped chocolate, six eggs, and a pint of milk sweetened to taste. Stir it over a gentle fire until it is of a smooth and creamy consistency.

Toast slices of any light, common cake, lay them on a hot dish, and pour the hot Chocolate Cream over them.

Cherry (or other) *Tart*, for Third Course or Dessert.

Have one pound of flour and one pound of butter; take half the butter, and work it into the whole of the flour (except the little you reserve for dusting with). Then add the yolk of an egg, and just sufficient water to knead and form it into a paste.

Then roll it out, and stick in all over it little bits of butter. Dust with flour; roll it out again; fold it in three; and leave it for half an hour to rise. After that, beat it with the rolling-pin, and stick it a second time full of little bits of butter. Dust, roll, fold in three once more, and leave it for another half-hour.

Again beat it with the rolling-pin, and take a portion of it for the bottom of your tart. Roll it out, and put it at the bottom of a tart-pan, which should have been previously buttered and dusted with flour.

Take a couple of pounds of cherries of some acid variety (or other stone-fruit,—as plums, greengages, or apricots); cut them in halves, and remove the stalks and

stones. Spread them all over the tart, except round the edge reserved for the rim; dust them with half a pound of powder sugar. With the rest of your paste form the rim of the tart (as lightly as possible), and the little strips which cross each other over the fruit. Finish off by varnishing the whole of the paste with a feather dipped in yolk of egg. Bake your tart immediately in a lively oven.

Few young ladies will be so dull as not to be able to make a tart according to these directions.

Cream Tart. This, like the preceding, can be made of any dimensions, from the largest the door of your oven will admit, down to the tartlet to place on a lady's plate. Phenomenal cart-wheel tarts are sometimes made, half cream, half fruit jam, giving them the appearance of being modelled after the full moon half-eclipsed. Or the cream and the jam are deposited in alternate rays, which confers on the tart a more symmetrical look.

The crust and fabrication of the tart are exactly as described above; only the fruit is replaced by so-called cream, made thus: it should be a little thicker than good boiled custard. Take a quart of milk; if to be flavoured with vanilla, boil it in the milk. Stir in gradually, over the fire, four or five tablespoonfuls of the finest flour; sweeten to taste; remove it from the fire; flavour, if not with vanilla, with orange-flower or rose-water, and stir in the yolks of half a dozen eggs beat up. When smooth and free from lumps, your cream is made. Pour it into your tart or tartlets, and bake them.

Cream for tarts is often nothing more than milk thickened with arrowroot, and flavoured with vanilla or orange-flowers. Cinnamon or nutmeg are admissible additions.

Preserved Cucumbers (*Sweet*). Take large cucumbers, that will quarter like citrons, and smaller ones, to be left whole. Put them into a wide-mouthed pot; pour over them a strong brine; lay a cabbage-leaf on the top, to keep them down; tie a paper over the top of the pot, and set it in the chimney-corner until the cucumbers turn yellow. Then set them over the fire in fresh salt-and-water, closely covered with a fresh cabbage-leaf over them. Let them heat gently, to green them; but they must not boil.

When they are of a good colour, take them off the fire; let them stand in the liquor till cool; then put them into cold water, changing it several times to take out the salt, previously quartering the large cucumbers and taking out their seeds.

Make enough syrup to cover your fruit by putting a pound of sugar and an ounce of scraped ginger to every pint of water, with some very nice lemon-peel. Boil it to the proper thickness, and let it cool. Drain the cucumbers, put them into a jar, and pour the cool syrup over them. They require looking to a few days afterwards. If necessary, boil up the syrup again, and return it to them after cooling.

Greengages, Preserved in Syrup. Make a syrup with a pound of lump-sugar and half a pint of water. While boiling up, remove the scum as it rises. When

clear, put in as much fruit as can be well covered with the syrup; let them simmer slowly for five minutes; set them aside to cool; then put them into your preserve-glasses, covering the surface with brandied paper, and tying paper over that.

Apricots (halved) may be *Preserved* in the same way. Crack the stones; blanch the kernels in boiling water; and put them, with the apricots, into the syrup.

Cabinet Pudding. This Pudding is despised by some persons for the very reason which constitutes one of its merits in the judgment of others; namely, that it may be, and often is, made with stale sponge biscuits and the remains of cake. It is nevertheless a very elegant, light, and agreeable dish, and much of it is seldom allowed to leave the table.

Spot the inside of a buttered mould (not too thickly) with dried cherries, or, in default of them, with the best raisins split in halves. At the bottom put a few macaroons and ratafia drops, and over them slices of sponge cake. Line the sides of the mould either with sponge cake in slices or with sugar biscuits. Half-fill the inside with bits of cake, intermixed or not with small pieces of any candied fruit you have.

Make as much custard as will fill the mould with eggs and milk (the eggs predominating in quantity), flavoured with sugar and a glass of cognac, or of some liqueur, as noyau or curaçoa. Pour some of this over the cake in your mould; fill up with more cake, and then pour in the rest of your custard. When it is well soaked in, cover the top with a piece of buttered paper,

tie a floured cloth tightly over that, put it in boiling water, and let it boil galloping three-quarters of an hour or an hour, according to size. A few minutes too long is better than a few minutes too little, in order to have the pudding quite firm.

When done, turn it out of the mould, and serve it with sweet sauce poured round it, made in the same way as for plum pudding, only flavoured with the same spirit or liqueur as was used for the custard that helped to set the pudding.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding. Soon done, as an impromptu addition to a dinner, and almost universally liked.

Take an open pie-dish of the size required; butter its inside.

Cut slices of very thin bread-and-butter, and do not be afraid of the butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with these slices, and sprinkle them with *a few* well-washed currants; it is quite a mistake to put too many currants; it is an improvement to mix with them just a few good raisins halved and stoned. Then put another layer of bread-and-butter, again sprinkling with currants; and so on, till the dish is little more than half-full, allowing room for the swelling of the bread. Do not sprinkle currants over the top layer of bread-and-butter, as they are apt to be dried up and uneatable; that, however, is a matter of taste and judgment.

Beat up (not to a froth) three or four eggs, according to the size of your pudding; add to them an equal quantity of milk; sweeten liberally, and flavour with rose or

orange-flower water; pour this over your slices of bread-and-butter; let the pudding stand a while to soak; grate a little nutmeg, and sprinkle a few split raisins over the top. Bake in not too fierce an oven. When the surface is crisp and light brown, the pudding is enough.

Baked Fruit-Batter Pudding. Take a shallow pie-dish; butter the inside.

Make batter enough to fill it three-quarters full, in the following proportions: to each half-pint of milk, put one table-spoonful of flour, one egg, a salt-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pounded sugar, and one egg over for the dish. When this batter is worked smooth, pour it into your dish. On it drop enough fruit to cover its surface, plunging it into the batter, although you allow it to float afterwards. Scatter also a few lumps of butter over the surface. The batter should not be too deep in proportion to the quantity of fruit; which may be apples, halved or quartered and cored; apricots, halved and with their blanched kernels added to them; Orleans and other plums, damsons, cherries, &c., whole. Bake briskly; send to table very hot; and, as soon as taken out of the oven, dust with a liberal sprinkling of sifted sugar.

Baked Batter Pudding, Savoury, with Meat. Make the batter as before, only omitting the sugar. When it is poured into the buttered dish, drop into it a few fresh sausages, or thin slices of delicate unsmoked bacon, or three or four cutlets of veal, pork, mutton, or lamb. Bake briskly, and serve instantly it is taken out of the oven. This and the preceding pudding can

be baked in an American oven before the fire. If any is left cold, it can be sliced and fried or ovened before the fire.

Toad in a Hole. Make batter as before. Have a deep baking-dish, buttered inside. In it lay a solid lump of meat (usually beef, but any butchers' meat will do), with a fair proportion of bone and fat. Over this pour your batter, till the dish is as full as it will hold without spilling or boiling over. Bake till the meat is thoroughly done. Send up the toad to table still lying in its hole, but have a hot dish ready to receive it when removed by the person who carves.

This is an excellent way of freshening up under-done remains of cold joints of meat. If a little cold gravy be poured over it, the pudding is just as good as if made with fresh meat.

Yorkshire Pudding. For the usual latch-pan under a roasting joint of beef, substitute a shallow, flat, tin dish with upright edges about three inches high. Put this under the meat when about half-done. When thoroughly hot, and a little gravy has dropped into it, nearly fill it with batter made like the preceding, only with a smaller proportion of milk. Let it roast under the meat before the fire.

You may turn the pudding when browned at the top, in order to brown the under side; or you may let it finish cooking as it is, which is much the safer plan; for the richer your pudding is, the more difficult it will be to turn it.

Meat may be baked over a pudding of this kind,

supported just above it on a little three-legged or four-legged iron-wire framework made for the purpose. These unpretending dishes are wholesome, excellent, and almost sure to please, if served the moment they are ready; but they become heavy and greasy—spoiled, in short—if kept back for any length of time.

Frummety, sometimes called *Firmity* and *Furmity*, which always makes us think of the maid who asked her would-be sweetheart: "And pray what is your occupy-ation?"

Frumentum is Latin for wheat; and the East Anglians say correctly, *Frummety*.

This is usually made with wheat gleaned in the harvest-field; but the truth is, *that* wheat is already too old for the purpose; it will exercise the robustest jaws to eat it. Coax the farmer to let you have a little wheat three or four days before it is fit to cut. After threshing, winnowing, and washing, boil it tender, if you can, in as little water as will keep it from burning. The gluten of the wheat will form a jelly. When done, take it off the fire, stir in beat-up eggs, milk or cream, sugar, and grated nutmeg. You may likewise flavour with vanilla, rose or orange-flower water. Serve either warm in a deep dish, or cold in custard-cups or glasses.

Winter Cream. Grind a quarter of a pound of well-roasted coffee; pour over it ten table-spoonfuls of fresh milk at the boiling point. When the milk has passed through the coffee in the strainer, sweeten it highly.

Make a custard with six egg-yolks, a glass of milk, and sugar. When it is made, and while still hot, stir

into it (over the fire, but without ever allowing it to boil) the milk which has passed through the coffee.

Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of isinglass in a small quantity of boiling water; strain it through muslin, and add it to the custard just before you take it off the fire. Meanwhile, whip up a pint of fresh cream; when it is sufficiently compact, incorporate with it the coffee-custard, continuing to whip all the while. Pour the whole into a mould, which you will set into ice an hour and a half before serving. Do not turn it out until you require it.

This cream can be flavoured with either vanilla, maraschino, chocolate, curaçoa, or noyau, instead of coffee. If no ice is at hand, put the mould into the cellar, or set it in a dish of cold water, changing it for fresh-pumped from time to time. In that case, it will be expedient to make the cream early in the morning (or even over-night), and to add at the same time with the isinglass a couple of egg-whites beaten to froth or snow.

Colonial Cream—of Coffee, Chocolate, Vanilla, and Caramel. Boil a quarter of a pound of high-coloured, fresh-ground coffee in a quart of milk, aromatised with vanilla, together with two dessert-spoonfuls of not too brown caramel. Take it off the fire, strain it, and stir in six egg-yolks.

Boil a tumbler of water, and into it throw as much pulverised chocolate as would make three cups. Keep stirring until it is melted and smooth; a very short boiling up suffices. Take it off the fire, combine it with

the cream already prepared, and finish it off in the hot-water bath.

This cream is served in cups or glasses. It may be simplified by omitting either the coffee or the chocolate. It may also be put into a mould and iced.

Many housekeepers avoid attempting dishes prepared in moulds, because they exaggerate the difficulty of making them, and especially of turning them out of the mould. But nothing is easier. Jellies and the like, served in flat dishes or glasses, are considered quite the infancy of the art, to be handed over to third-class tables. When, without any considerable increase of expense, it is possible to increase the elegance of a table, it would be inexcusable to neglect the advantage for the sake of avoiding a little trouble.

The best moulds are those made of tinned iron; not only are they less expensive than copper moulds, but there is no danger of poisonous results from pouring in *hot* ingredients to be left there to cool for a certain length of time.

The turning out is readily effected by twisting round the mould for a few seconds a towel dipped in boiling water. The contents should not be *shaken* to separate them from the mould, as is generally done with cakes and pastry. Place the dish upon the mould, and reverse them, keeping the two in close contact; then lift the mould, leaving what it contained in its place on the dish.

XIX.

BEVERAGES.

THE portion of our aliment which most requires Every Man to be his own Physician, is probably that which we take in a liquid form; namely, what we *drink*. In eating (except in the case of excessively brutal or diseased appetite), there arrives a moment when nature says unmistakably, "Enough! It is now time to say Grace *after* Meals. Let us thank a Bountiful Providence for what we have received!"

Not so with beverages. There is no beverage, not even water, which we may not contract the habit of sipping in quantities greater than the bodily frame requires. There may be intemperance with diluents as well as with stimulants, bringing on dropsy instead of delirium tremens.

The good effects of fermented drinks in moderation are incontestable. We are induced to take them by a sort of instinct. It *ought* to be as easy for a man to know when he has had enough beer or wine, as to know when he has had enough solid food; such, however, is not universally the case. A perfectly healthy stomach, governed by a perfectly self-controlling mind, will measure the limit with decisive prudence; nevertheless, wine, from the earliest antiquity, has lured its lovers into occasional excess. Such excess should not be

blamed with ultra-severity, when it is only occasional. Accidents will happen. Deep sorrow is dry. Fatigue cannot always exactly estimate how little it needs to restore its strength. There are times and seasons when fermented liquor lays hold of us sooner than it does at others. Some particular taps or bins have a peculiar quality of getting *home* speedily. Any of these causes may take a man by surprise, make him go further than he intended, and astonish him when he finds how far he has gone.

Wine was drunk for ages after ages without the drinkers once suspecting that it was possible to extract the spirituous portion which gives it its strength; but the Arabs having taught us the art of distillation (which they invented to obtain the perfume of flowers, of the rose especially), it was thought possible to discover the special element which gives to wine its peculiar flavour, and enables it to produce such singular effects. After successive experiments, there came forth, at last, alcohol, spirit of wine, brandy (the king of strong drinks), exciting the sense of taste to its highest pitch.

The different combinations of alcohol have opened, in liqueurs, a new source of pleasure, and, in elixirs, have endowed drugs with an energy and concentration unknown before their union with this agent. They have supplied settlers in savage countries with a formidable weapon; for the natives of Australia and the New World have been destroyed at least as much by fire-water as by fire-arms.

Spirits nevertheless render invaluable service in cases of extreme urgency, such as excessive loss of blood, extreme fatigue, or sudden and overwhelming mental

emotion. In these cases, they must be administered by competent bystanders; no person should venture to prescribe them to himself. But the main value of strong drinks, as remedial potions, lies in the *promptness* of their effects. They are absorbed into the system with extreme facility; they go to work without the least delay; and the relief they afford is all but instantaneous. Supply a man, worn out with fatigue, with food of a substantial nature; he will scarcely be able to eat it, and, for a while, will feel little the better for it. Give him a glass of wine or a thimbleful of brandy, and in a couple of minutes he will be a different man.

In cases of great weariness, a capital restorative is a plateful of good, hot soup, with either a glass of wine or a table-spoonful of brandy stirred into it.

Natural thirst is merely the instinct which urges us to maintain the equilibrium between the transpiration from our bodies (sensible or insensible) and the fluid needed to supply the loss. It is clear that this will be greatly modified by the degree of dryness of the atmosphere, the temperature of the season, the exercise taken, and the labour performed. No rule can be laid down, no allowance meted out, under conditions so changeable in their nature. Healthy feelings and common sense can alone be relied upon as competent guides. Artificial or adventitious thirst (which is peculiar to the human race) is the craving which drives us to seek in drink a strength which is not naturally our own. The gratification of this kind of thirst is a factitious indulgence, rather than a natural want; for it is really inextinguish-

able. The liquids taken to assuage it, only excite the craving, by adding fuel to fire. This thirst, become habitual (its certain destiny), is the generator of all the drunkards in the world. They cease to drink, either when there is no more liquor, or when the liquor drunk has made them incapable of drinking more.

This thirst goes on, and on, increasing; it becomes so intense and habitual, that the sufferer cannot pass the night without drinking, but must rise from his bed, a slave to the dram; until, at last, it reaches its climax, which climax is no other than—Death.

"I have attentively observed the workmen who come to us," said a Dantzic spirit-shopkeeper to Brillat Savarin; "and when they once give way to a passion for strong drink, they all reach their end in exactly the same way.

"At first, they only take their dram in the morning; and this quantity suffices during several years. Moreover, the habit is common to all our work-people; a man who did not take his morning dram would be shunned by his fellows. Then, they double the dose; that is, they take a dram in the morning and another at noon. They continue this allowance for two or three years. Then they take it morning, noon, and night. Soon, they must have their dram at every hour of the day, and they refuse all spirit not seasoned with spice. When they are come to that, they have not more than six months to live, at the very outside. They dry up to skeletons; fever seizes them; they are taken to the hospital; and are seen no more."

After a long walk, fatigue, or strong exercise, or any other exciting cause of thirst, whatever the beverage with which you quench it, first rinse the mouth, either with water or the beverage itself.

That pure (or rather unmixed) water is in such cases an unwholesome drink, is a popular belief, confirmed by many striking instances. *Why* it should be so, is rather mysterious; *i.e.* the cause is not known with certainty. That it contains the germs of intestinal parasites may be true in many cases, but far from in all.

To Cool Drinks, in Sultry Weather. Wine or other beverages may be agreeably cooled in summer by first pumping five or six pails of water out of a deep well. Make use of the seventh or eighth pailful to plunge in it the bottle containing the drink to be cooled, half an hour before it is required.

When that resource is not at hand, wrap the bottle in coarse rag or matting, dip it in the coolest water you have, and hang it in a current of air. If you have no draught or current, hang it in the shade at the end of a long string, and make it swing backwards and forwards. The more rapidly the evaporation of the moisture in the rag takes place, the more effectual will be the cooling.

Intense cold may be obtained by mixing together salt and pounded ice or snow. A moderate degree of cold is produced by the dissolution of common salt in water; still stronger cold is to be had by dissolving powdered nitre in water. In both these cases, the cold is the result of the change in the state of aggregation of the

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atoms composing the salt and the water, or the nitre and the water, consequent upon their admixture.*

In Bengal, where ice is never formed naturally, it is artificially produced by the following means. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with straw; and on the straw, flat pans containing water are exposed by night to the clear firmament. The water is a powerful radiant, and sends off its heat copiously into space. The heat thus lost cannot be supplied from the earth—this source being cut off by the non-conducting straw. Before sunrise, a cake of ice is formed in each vessel.

It appears that the condition most suitable for the formation of ice in this way is not only a clear air, but a *dry* air. The nights, says Sir Robert Barker, most favourable for the production of ice, are those which are clearest and most serene, and *in which very little dew appears after midnight.* To produce the ice in abundance, the atmosphere must not only be clear, but it must be comparatively free from aqueous vapour. When the straw in which the pans are laid becomes wet, it must be changed for dry straw; the reason, according to Professor Tyndall, being, that the vapour rising from the wet straw, and overspreading the pans like a screen, would check the chill and retard the congelation.

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1. DILUENTS AND STIMULANTS.

Toast-and-Water. Have ready the jug (with a cover

* See Tyndall's admirable work, *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.*

to it) in which your toast-and-water is to be made, and another jug of somewhat larger dimensions. Boil the water in a kettle, and pour it into the larger jug. While it is standing a minute or two to settle, toast a dry crust of bread, and *allow some portion of it to catch fire and blaze.* Blow out the flame immediately; put the charred bread into the smaller jug, and over it pour the hot water from the other jug. Put on the lid, and let it stand to cool. The bread may be left in it as long as any fit for use remains. If wanted in a hurry, the cooling may be hastened by plunging the jug in a pan of cold spring water.

If the toast-and-water is required to appear in decanters, as "President's Sherry," it should be poured away from the bread as soon as it has taken sufficient colour.

Some tell you *not* to let the bread catch fire,* but it is well-known that an excellent plan of purifying water

* "Toast bread slowly, without burning. The usual method of burning bread for toast-water is as absurd as burning coffee to a coal, instead of browning it chestnut colour; and there is as much difference in the toast-coffee, well prepared or not, as in a good or indifferent cup of coffee. All dishes cooked for the sick should be prepared as nicely as possible, and served with taste."—*Mrs. E. F. Haskell.*

"The idea that bread must be burnt black to make toast-and-water is quite a popular delusion, for nothing nourishing could come from it: if your house was burnt to ashes, it would be valueless; and the same with burnt bread, which merely makes the water black; but the nutriment of the bread, intended to relieve the chest, has evaporated in smoke by being burnt."—*Alexis Soyer.*

The above opinions are founded on the notion that invalids drink toast-and-water for the sake of the *nutriment* it contains; in which case, they had better take ox-tail soup. But when we remember that a mild diluent is what is wanted, the mode of preparing it assumes a different aspect.

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is to stir into it a little pounded charcoal. Bread charcoal, for that purpose, is as efficient as wood charcoal; and an invalid will be glad to have his drinking water purified as well as softened.

To avoid too high colouring, this drink may be made with a large piece of toasted bread and a small bit of burnt crust.

Barley Water. Put a teacupful of pearl barley into a quart of very pure, cold, soft water; when it boils up, skim carefully, and let it continue boiling for at least half an hour. Then strain off the water from the barley, and let it cool.

Some sweeten barley water, and flavour it with the peel or juice of lemon; but it is usually administered pure and simple.

The same barley may be boiled again twice or thrice.

Lemonade. Peel a lemon very thinly, cut the flesh in slices, and put the whole into a jar with a few lumps of sugar. Pour over them a quart of boiling water, and let them stand covered until cold.

Orangeade is made in the same way, substituting orange for lemon. Very useful for affording a variety in the beverages of feverish patients.

Syrup, for making Lemonade immediately. In a pint of water, boil a pound and a half of lump-sugar. Throw in half an ounce of tartaric acid; when cold, flavour with essence of lemon, and put it immediately into bottle. A table-spoonful of this stirred up in a tumbler of cold spring water makes a refreshing draught without the least delay.

Raspberry Vinegar, A. To be added to water as a cooling draught in summer, or to quench feverish thirst.

Put a pound of raspberries into a bowl, and crush them well with a wooden spoon; pour over and mix with them a quart of the best white-wine vinegar.

Next day, strain the liquor over another pound of fresh raspberries; next day, do the same; but in these two last cases do not *squeeze* the fruit, only *drain* the liquor away as completely as you can. Then bottle your Raspberry Vinegar, and set it aside for future use. Small bottles or phials (containing about half a pint) are the most convenient, in order to have the vinegar fresh and fresh, instead of letting it get flat by standing long in a large bottle that has been opened.

Raspberry Vinegar, B. Put a good quantity of raspberries into a stone jar, and cover them with white-wine vinegar. After standing, well covered, nine or ten days, squeeze and strain through a jelly-bag. To the juice add an equal weight of lump-sugar pounded. Set it on the fire, and keep stirring until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Do not let it boil, for fear of its becoming too thick; but skim well, and when nearly cold, pour off into bottles. Cork well, and keep in a cool place to avoid fermentation.

Other agreeable fruit vinegars may be made with strawberries, currants, cherries, &c.

Apple Drink. Into a couple of quarts of boiling water throw two table-spoonfuls of rice and half a dozen apples, peeled, cored, and sliced. Boil an hour; then pass the liquor through a cullender, pressing the rice

and apples with a spoon, but not squeezing them through. This may be sweetened if the patient desires it, but it allays thirst better without any sugar.

Sherbet. Put into a large bowl one pound of loaf-sugar and the juice and rinds of three lemons. Pour over them a quart of boiling water, and let them stand all night.

Next day, strain the liquor through a cloth; add to it five bottles of currant wine, and one of rum. Mix all well together, and bottle off for use.

When wanted, mix with cold spring water in a tumbler.

Seltzer Water, Home-made. Have ready a bottle with a metallic capsule, which you have proved to fit hermetically close. Fill the bottle with pure spring water up to the neck; throw into it a dram of tartaric acid and a dram of bicarbonate of soda, both in powder. Screw on the capsule as promptly as you can. In a quarter of an hour it is fit for use. It may be drunk unmixed, as soda water, and is also greatly relished in summer, if poured into a tumbler with a few teaspoonfuls of syrup or a glass of wine at the bottom.

Ginger Beer, or *Pop, A.* Take three-quarters of an ounce of bruised (not grated) ginger, one lemon cut across into very thin slices, one ounce of cream of tartar, and one ounce of loaf-sugar cut into lumps.

Pour over the above one gallon of boiling water, and when cooled down so as to be merely tepid, add two table-spoonfuls of good yeast.

Let it work for four hours; then strain it through

a coarse linen bag. Allow it four hours more to settle; then bottle it, tying down the corks with string. Lay down the bottles on their sides, and it will be fit for use in three or four days.

Ginger Pop, B. Put into a tub or earthen pot two pounds of loaf-sugar, two ounces of cream of tartar, two ounces of best ginger bruised, and two lemons cut into slices. Pour over them three gallons of boiling water; when lukewarm, toast a crust of bread, spread it thickly with yeast, and put it into the liquor; mix with it also the whites of two eggs and their crushed shells. Let all stand till next morning, and then strain and bottle your Pop.

Beer from Sugar and Hops. The cask should be placed on end, as for cider, with a hole bored in the centre of the top large enough to hold a large stone-bottle cork. For a ten-gallon cask, boil one pound and a half of the best hops in eleven gallons of boiling water for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Then strain the liquor upon fourteen pounds of brown sugar, and mix in with it a pint of good new yeast of the best quality. Pour the whole into the cask, and it will soon begin to ferment. The yeast being retained on the top of the vessel by means of the external rim, will, for the most part, fall and dissolve into a liquid shape, and run back into the cask through the central hole. In summer, it will require three weeks or a month to complete the fermentation. For the last fortnight, the cork may generally be kept in the hole, but should be taken out every two days to give vent to the fixed air, and

then replaced. The cork may then be stuck in permanently, and in four days it will be fit for draught or bottling.

May Drink (German). This delicious beverage is limited to the season when the shoots of the Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*) are fresh and tender—say from the middle of April till the middle of June, according to climate and situation. For earlier use, plants may be forced in a hot-bed; but their perfume will be inferior to that of those grown naturally.

Put into a tankard—or into a large covered glass made for the purpose—a small bunch of woodruff, a few lumps of sugar, and two or three slices of lemon, or orange, or both. Then fill up with common, weak, white wine; the poorest and thinnest Rhine wine is the proper thing to use. If not to be had, Sauterne, Vin de Grave, or the white wines of the Touraine, as Beaugency, may be used; but *they* should be diluted with water, if a hearty *draught* is to be indulged in. In moderation, it is a most strengthening drink for convalescents. Half red Rhine wine and half white may be employed. Cider, with a glass of sherry or Madeira in it, makes not a bad imitation.

Let all steep, in a *very* cool place, a few hours, or even all night, with the cover down, and serve with the things floating in it.

Malt Wine (Ten Gallons), *A*. Make a strong sweet-wort, thus:

Mash one bushel of malt with nine gallons of water, and then boil it three-quarters of an hour with three-

quarters of a pound of hops. The *first* wort of this is to be used for the wine; the second will make you some nice small beer.

Boil twenty-four pounds of loaf-sugar in eight gallons of water for half an hour, skimming well. Put it into a tub, and when milk-warm, add two gallons of the above sweet-wort, the fermentation of which should have commenced.

In three days, put it into a cask, and fill it up daily until it ceases to ferment. Then draw off a sufficient quantity to allow space in the cask for the following articles: Four pounds of good raisins chopped, one pound of brown sugar-candy, one ounce of isinglass, and a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds.

The addition of these generally causes a second fermentation; the bung, therefore, must only lie light over the hole until it subsides, when you will add a quart of brandy, and *then* stop the bung down close.

This wine should be kept for two years before it is drunk.

Malt Wine (Six Gallons), *B.* Pour twelve quarts of boiling water over eighteen pounds of lump-sugar. When cold, add to it six quarts of good sweet-wort or tun. Mix them well, and put them into the cask with one pound of best raisins chopped small, half an ounce of isinglass, and a pint of brandy. Let it work itself clear, and then put it into bottles.

Ginger Wine. Take four gallons of spring water, three pounds of lump-sugar, ten ounces of ginger, and the rind of eight lemons. Boil these together half an

hour, and when cooled down to about milk-warmth, put the decoction into the cask, with the juice of the eight lemons, one pound of chopped raisins, and a little yeast. Let it work for about six days, filling it up and stirring it from the bottom. Put in a pint and a half of brandy, and a little isinglass. Close it up with the bung, and let it stand three or four weeks before bottling, when you will put a little brandy at the bottom of each bottle. The beginning of March is the best time to make it.

Grape Wine. Pick the grapes off the stalks, measure their quantity, and then bruise or crush them well. Add to them the same quantity of spring water as there was of uncrushed grapes. Let it stand eight-and-forty hours; then strain it, and to every gallon put four pounds of loaf-sugar. Put it into the cask, and when a little settled after fermentation, enrich it with brandy, and a few of the best raisins cut in halves.

We would further suggest that the stalks of the grapes be also steeped together with the fruit. Some of the elements which render wine restorative are derived from the *stalks* of the bunches of grapes.

White-Currant Wine. Measure your fruit; bruise it well, stalks and all; to every peck of fruit allow five quarts of water. Stir up the fruit and the water together, and let them stand steeping for twelve hours. Then squeeze and strain it off, and to every gallon of juice add three and a half pounds of sugar. When the sugar is completely dissolved, put it in the cask, and set it to work.

*Parsnip Wine.** To three pounds of sliced parsnips put one gallon of water. Boil them till quite soft, then strain the liquor away. Add to it three pounds of sugar; boil up again, removing the scum as it rises, and then treat like other home-made wines.

Orange Wine. To each gallon of water allow three and a half pounds of loaf-sugar. Boil them together, and take off the scum. When cold, add (for each gallon of water) the juice of twelve or fourteen oranges, and one-third of the peel cut thin. Let it stand so for four-and-twenty hours. Then work it with a toast spread with yeast. Let it stand for two days, and take out the peel before putting it into the cask.

Some housekeepers consider the addition of a few lemons a great improvement.

Raisin Wine. Allow one gallon of water to every six pounds of chopped raisins. First, put half that quantity of water to the fruit, and let it stand for ten days, stirring it every day; then strain it off. Then put the other half of the water to the raisins, and let it stand another ten days. Strain it off, and tun the two liquors together.

You will have to draw off the wine two or three times before it is fit to bottle. March is the best time of year to make it.

* "Parsnip wine is said to surpass the other home-made wines as much as East-India Madeira does that of the Cape. In Ireland, a pleasant *table-beer* is made from *parsnips*, brewed with hops."—*Mistress Margaret Dods.*

*Orange Liqueur.** Into a wide-mouthed glass jar put a quart of good brandy, a pound of lump-sugar reduced to powder, and a quarter of a stick of vanilla. Stir these until the sugar is melted. Then put in one fine, smooth-rinded, unspotted orange *whole*, without being cut in any way. Cover the jar down close, and set it aside in a warm place. This liqueur takes two or three months to make, so as to be well impregnated with the perfume of the orange.

Home-made Curaçoa. Highly approved. Take the rind of six oranges, peeling it off as thin as you can, without leaving any of the white skin adhering to it. Put it into a large glass jar with a metal cover closing tight. Pour over the rinds a quart of the best brandy, and as much of rectified spirits of wine. Let them

* Liqueurs are highly esteemed in England, are costly to import, and yet are easily made at home.

A ghastly anecdote, illustrative of the deep sincerity of dinner-friendships, and the profound attachment whereof boon companions are capable, long survived the miserable Fauntleroy, and was, within these twenty years, told for truth by one of his generation.

His elegant dinners had been particularly renowned for some remarkable and unmatchable Curaçoa. He had been frequently asked at his own table of whom he bought it, but always kept the secret. When he was ordered for execution, three friends, bound to him by the remembrance of many feasts and many glasses of this famous liqueur, had a parting interview with him in his condemned cell. They had discharged themselves of such edifying remarks as they had brought with them, and had taken their final leave of him, and were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said,

"Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the tomb, and Eternity awaits you. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out. At so supreme a moment, have you any objection to say how and of whom you procured that Curaçoa?"—*Old Stories Retold*, in "All the Year Round," vol. xvi. p. 475.

steep in a warm place (on the kitchen mantelshelf or in a sunny window) for a fortnight. Then strain the liqueur carefully away from the orange-peel.

Melt in a saucepan two pounds of loaf-sugar, with the help of a wine-glass of water—not more. When melted, and nearly cold, pour it into the liqueur, stirring well. Then bottle it off.

If wished to be highly and brightly coloured, put in *a little* saffron to infuse together with the orange-peel.

N.B. In making any similar liqueurs, note that the syrup or sugar is not to be added until *after* the flavouring ingredients have been withdrawn. Otherwise, *they* would absorb their share of sugar, which, consequently, would be wasted.

Cassis—Black-Currant Liqueur; a great favourite. Does this derive its name from the little French seaport on the Mediterranean coast? The skins only of the black currants are used; and exemplary housewives have the patience to squeeze out the pulp from the currants, one by one, between their finger and thumb.

Steep a pint of the skins in a quart of rectified spirit for a fortnight in a warm place. Then strain the liqueur from the skins, and add to it a pound and a half of sugar.

Angelica Liqueur, reputed highly stomachic. Use the same proportions of sugar and spirit, after infusing in the latter several angelica leaf-stalks. This liqueur, when finished, should be of a light sea-green hue.

Raspberry Liqueur. Proceed as above, allowing three pints of raspberries to a quart of spirit.

Cherry Brandy. Wipe the cherries well; see that

they have no blemish, not even the slightest scratch or spot; cut the stalks to half their length.

To three pints of cherries allow a quart of good brandy or rectified spirit of wine, and keep in a warm place for the first fortnight or three weeks.

Home-made Noyau. Put a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds and the same quantity of bitter ditto, both blanched and cut small, with one pound of loaf-sugar, into a quart of British gin. Keep them in a warm place; mix and stir them frequently during a fortnight; then strain and filter into your liqueur-bottles.

Lait de Poule au Rhum—Hen's Milk and Rum. Pleasant Cure for an Unpleasant Complaint. Boil a pint of good, fresh milk. Beat (not froth) an egg until it has become as liquid as you can make it. Pour it slowly into the milk, stirring gently all the while. When well mixed, add three lumps of sugar. If it be a *grown* person who has caught the Bad Cold, throw in a wine-glassful of rum; for young people, the dose must be proportionally less. Swallow this cordial hot at bed-time, or, better still, after going to bed. Its effects are so agreeable and comforting, that the only fear is, having taken it once, you will catch another bad cold at the first opportunity, to afford you a pretext for taking it again.

Sherry Cobbler (American). Take a glass one-half full of sherry wine; sweeten, and fill with fine ice. Suck it through a straw or slender glass tube, to prolong the pleasure and avoid the tooth-ache.

Fruit Cobbler (American). Take half a glass of the juice of any fruit; sweeten to taste, and fill up the glass with ice broken very fine.

Milk Punch, A. Mix together two quarts of old milk, one quart of good brandy, the juice of six lemons, of six oranges, and six ounces of lump-sugar. Run this through a jelly-bag into which you have put the peel of two lemons: or you may rub the lumps of sugar on the lemons, before dissolving them in the brandy and milk. Bottle immediately, and it will keep as long as you please.

Milk Punch, B. Peel off the rinds from sixteen lemons, and steep them for three days in a quart of rum. Then add three quarts of rum, five quarts of water, the juice of three lemons, three pounds of loaf-sugar, and two quarts of boiling skimmed milk. Cover the whole close, and let it stand for two hours. Then fine it through a flannel bag, and bottle it off.

White-Wine Whey. (To be drunk hot, as a Sudorific.) Boil half a pint of new milk with the same quantity of water, and a table-spoonful of pounded sugar. When it boils up, throw in a couple of wine-glasses of sherry or Madeira.

Treacle Posset. Set half a pint of new milk and half a pint of water on the fire in a saucepan. Stir in two table-spoonfuls of treacle, and boil up. This and the preceding may be made with pure milk—*if* the patient's stomach can bear it.

Cream-of-Tartar Drink. Put into a large jug one ounce of cream of tartar, one lemon sliced, and a few

lumps of sugar, to taste. Pour over the whole one quart of boiling water, and set it aside to cool.

Raspail's Labourers' Drink. For a thousand parts of water, take four parts of liquorice-root, four parts of vinegar, and from ten to twenty parts of brandy. Boil the liquorice-root in the water, then mix in the other substances, and pass the whole through a funnel imperfectly plugged with a bunch of lavender, marjoram, thyme, wormwood, sage, and other aromatic and innoxious plants. This drink is cheap, and eminently wholesome for haymakers, harvestmen, and others, who have to work in summer exposed to the sun.

Lemon or Vinegar Whey. Instead of adding wine to the sugared milk, use sufficient lemon-juice or vinegar to form a curd. Boil up, and strain clear. This drink is less heating than white-wine whey.

Fruit-ade (American). Take one part of the juice of any fruit to one of water and one of ice; sweeten to taste.

Barley Negus (American). To one pint of barley water, put half a pint of wine, a table-spoonful of lemon-juice, with grated nutmeg and sugar to taste.

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2. HERB-DRINKS AND TISANES.

There is a branch of the culinary art, once cultivated by our housewives in the olden time, which is too much neglected by the modern English, though our neighbours on the Continent avail themselves of its aid whenever need

requires. In our Cookery for the Sick, we have a great variety of nice little tempting dishes of the solid and nutritious class; such as puddings, jellies, and blancmanges, besides eggs and farinaceous food under various aspects: but we are limited in our resources as to liquid preparations.

Those which we make nowadays are mostly too good for invalids. Strong beef-tea and concentrated mutton-broth are more fitted to feed any internal fire than to quench it. Sick men's soups, with us, are hardly diluent enough to drench and wash away a tenacious indisposition, and to sweep it before it by a deluge of draughts. Our real English soups—mock-turtle, ox-tail, or giblet—are meat, drink, and vinous refreshment, all in one; and excellent they are for men in robust health, taking strong exercise; but we really are deficient in those mild, yet not utterly limpid and simple, beverages, which inundate the bodily system, as the Nile overflows its valley, drowning many a noxious intruder, and leaving behind it a decidedly beneficial influence.

Herb Drinks, or *Tisanes* (more learnedly spelt *Ptisanes*, being derived from πτισανη, husked and pounded barley, and also the barley water prepared from the same), are a class of domestic medicines always made at home. Of all the forms of taking physic, Tisanes are the most largely employed in France. Without consulting the doctor, and by a sort of instinct, people have recourse to them at the slightest indisposition. Often they form the only treatment. Professional men

prescribe them always, either on account of the real service they render, or in obedience to the public opinion touching their utility, or simply to quiet the sick man's mind. Even when useless, they amuse the patient with the semblance of a serious treatment; they gain time, and allow the healing power of nature to work unchecked by the grosser diet which they replace for the time.

Sick people mostly crave for something to take to do them good; they are hard to be persuaded that, in many cases, nature alone will effect their cure. It is a matter of importance to humour them; and herb-drinks step in to fill the gap (playing the part of proxy to active drugs) in the shape of a harmless beverage. Their utility is so universally recognised, that recourse is had to them at the first symptom of indisposition, whether in consequence of thirst and heat felt by the patient, or in deference to wide-spread and traditional notions. The addition of a considerable quantity of liquid absorbed and carried into the circulation, and brought into contact with the different tissues, has actually real advantages in the majority of cases. The benefit derived from Tisanes, whose use is the result of the sick man's longing, is fully proved by experience. They comprise the whole pharmaceutical machinery necessary to set going, in order to obtain the multitude of cures which, with Tisanes' humble aid, nature alone suffices to effect.

It may be boldly stated that more than half the illnesses (not fatal) suffered in France are brought to a happy issue by the sole employment of an appropriate

herb-drink; and, in those illnesses in which more decided means are obliged to be employed, the herb-drink comes in for its full share of credit. A malady to be treated without Tisane scarcely enters into French ideas of general therapeutics, unless in certain local affections, or in a few external and inconsiderable lesions. Many a patient attributes his recovery to the herb or the blossom of which his drink is made, who would have been thrown into great depression and perplexity by advising him to abstain from Tisane, and to trust to the unassisted vital energies of his own constitution.

Tisanes, then, are liquids which contain in dissolution a certain quantity of medicinal principles, and which are intended to serve as the habitual beverage of sick persons. Tisanes may be grouped into several distinct classes in respect to the elements which they hold in suspension. The selection of the class to be administered to different patients, or to the same patient at different stages of his complaint, must rest with the medical attendant, or with the whim or inclination felt by the invalid, and the faith he places in its curative powers. Many valetudinarians have their favourite herb-drink which, and no other, they firmly believe will restore them to their wonted health.

Herb-drinks, too, are subject to the fashion of the day. They have their rise and fall, like gigot-sleeves, short waists, crinoline, and mustard-seed. A long-lived physician will have seen the reign and the decadence of toast-and-water, chicken broth, ground-ivy tea, and many others. Tisanes, also, have local reputa-

tions. In England, in Sydenham's time, small beer was in vogue; mountainous countries generally patronise buttermilk and whey; the Spaniards put their trust in cacao. Very weak tea, made by boiling a mere pinch in a tea-kettle, is fast rising in Continental esteem.

As the amount of active or nutritive principle contained in Tisanes is exceedingly small in proportion to their bulk, they approach homœopathic remedies in one respect. Regarding them in another light, they act by a sort of moral power or psychical force, through the implicit confidence placed in them by a numerous body of patients; while the quantity of fluid they contain has an undeniable influence, especially when taken warm, in promoting perspiration and other aqueous discharges from the human frame. With this very object in view, they are always concocted to be as agreeable to the taste and as light to the stomach as possible.

There is, however, a Purgative Tisane which ought to be banished from the realms of medical art, in consequence of its sinning against this very rule, although it is known by the style of Royal Tisane. We can understand the wish to prolong *agreeable* sensations, and the desire to have a neck as long as a crane's when a man has epicurean delicacies set before him; but it seems a wanton self-torture to expose one's gustatory organs to the slow passage over them of a pint or more of liquid highly flavoured with senna, liquorice, gayac, rhubarb, sarsaparilla, squills, coriander, and lemon-juice. We are perfectly content to cede the royal draught to those who have the right divine to quaff

it, and to content ourselves with the same ingredients swallowed under a plebeian pilular form.

The true way of effecting a tisane-cure of the numerous small ailments which few people die of, but which *are* ailments and annoyances nevertheless, is to do as you would in a case of water-cure, of grape-cure, or any other regimen in vogue, viz. adhere strictly to your orders, and be true to your flag. You must swallow no other drink but Tisane so long as you are seeking restoration through its aid; and certainly some effect—often beneficial—must be produced on the frame by a complete abstinence for a week or ten days from strong tea or coffee, in repeated cupsful; from porter, by the pot; from pale ale and Guinness, in reiterated pints; from bottles of brown sherry, and the same of port; from whets and drams, and sips of liquor innumerable; from double and triple nightcaps of hot brandy-and-water, rum-punch, or whisky-toddy; not to mention American cooling draughts, such as cobblers and juleps, taken during the course of the day, which count for nothing in the consumer's estimate.

From all these incendiaries the stomach is assured, as long as the Tisane policy is taken up. The first effect may be a slight lassitude and a lackadaisical sort of feeling; but afterwards comes activity of the perceptive powers, combined with lightness and freshness of the bodily feelings, till an increased appetite and a longing for the individual's usual diet shows that Tisane has done its duty, and that the patient may be his usual self again, provided always that his original and every-day self do not

indulge in habits of such excess that long continuance in them is impossible to mortal man.

Of course, no invalid on the verge of *delirium tremens*, or within it, can suddenly renounce his stimulant and confine himself to Tisane without running a risk; but medical men can prescribe the amount of stimulant or sedative to be taken medicinally during a course of Tisane, as they can the administration of any other drug that may be specially required. Moreover, when once a man is fairly attacked by *delirium tremens*, the best thing he can do is—we mean, the best thing he could have done would have been—to avoid the causes of *delirium tremens*.

Tisanes are easily prepared by travellers on land; for several of the plants affording them are almost cosmopolite. On board ship, a small packet of dried simples would supply the ordinary requirements of a crew, a scarcity of water being the only obstacle to be apprehended. Be it remembered, too, that the herb-teas of our ancestresses, many of their still-room secrets, and the drinks given by Ladies Benevolent to their well-behaved poor, and by Beauties Bright to their wounded knights, were neither more nor less than true Tisanes. They have all this grand merit,—that, if they do no good, they can scarcely do harm.

The temperature of this class of medicaments is not a matter of indifference. In general, they are taken warm, or hot; the rule is good in a great number of cases, but is far from applicable to every derangement of health. Inflammatory diseases, other than those of the respira-

tory passages or the skin—genuine fevers—affections which are accompanied by a sensation of inward burning, and in which the breathing is impeded, difficult, or retarded by debility,—require cold drinks; some of them, even iced Tisanes. In disease of the lungs, on the other hand, whether with fever and cough, or even without fever, but of a catarrhal character, cold drinks are injurious; hot Tisanes are best, because they facilitate expectoration. Skin diseases also require hot Tisanes, for different reasons. As to the quantity to be imbibed, the patient is generally permitted to drink at discretion.

In a few dropsical cases only would restriction be laid on the daily allowance, which would vary according to the state, habits, constitution, and complaint of the drinker.

And now for the Receipts to make various Tisanes, from high scientific and official authority. They are much less difficult than either Medea's broth, or the more modern composition prepared by Macbeth's witches.

Burdock Tisane; a purifier. Take of roots of burdock, slightly pounded in a mortar, three-quarters of an ounce; of boiling water, one quart. Infuse three hours, strain, and decant. Prepare in the same manner tisanes from the roots of smallage, angelica, asparagus, elecampane, Roland-thistle, male-fern, strawberry, marsh-mallow, patience, and soapwort. Exactly the same for bark tisanes, from gray quinquina, yellow quinquina, fir-tree buds, elder, and simarouba—a Jamaican tree.

Polygala Tisane. Take of Virginian polygala, a quarter of an ounce; of boiling water, one quart. Infuse

two hours, and strain. In the same way you may make tisanes from the roots of bitter quassia, sassafras, valerian, and box.

Couch-grass Tisane; an emollient diuretic, in high repute. Wash three-quarters of an ounce of couch-grass (the roots and the plant) in cold water; bruise them in a marble mortar, and boil them for an hour in a quantity of water sufficient to obtain a quart of tisane; strain and decant. In the same way, you can make tisane of the roots of the Provence cane, *Arundo Donax*, and of comfrey.

Borage Tisane. Borage-leaves (dried), half an ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse for an hour, and strain. In the same way, prepare tisanes from the leaves of mugwort, capillaire, or maiden's-hair fern, vernal speedwell, blessed thistle, chicory, fumitory, orange-tree, parietary, wild pansy, soapwort, scabious, scolopendrium, brooklime, senna, rupturewort, and various species of veronica.

Hyssop Tisane. Hyssop-leaves, a quarter of an ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse for an hour, and strain. Proceed similarly for tisanes from the leaves of calamint, ground ivy, horehound, balm, marjoram, and sage. Here we are in the category of aromatic herb-drinks; and why need a man die whose garden gives him sage?—

"Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto?"

Tisane of Arnica-flowers. Flowers (dried), the sixth of an ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse

for an hour, and strain through a thick cloth. The same preparation for tisanes of camomile-flowers, field poppy, fever few, and elder.

Mullein-flower Tisane. Mullein-blossoms, a quarter of an ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse for an hour, and strain. The same for tisanes of the little centuary, marsh-mallow, common mallow, red roses, lime-tree, coltsfoot, and violets. All these are tonic and mucilaginous bitters, excitants of perspiration.

Aniseed Tisane. Seed, a quarter of an ounce; boiling water, one quart. Infuse two hours, and strain. So also are prepared tisanes of juniper-berries, bitter-orange peel, and linseed, commonly called linseed tea.

Prune Tisane. French Plums or Prunes, two ounces and a half; cut them in two, and boil them an hour in a sufficient quantity of water to make a quart of tisane; strain through a sieve. Thus, likewise, for tisanes of dates, figs, and jujubes.

Rice Tisane, known better as *Rice Water.* Boil half an ounce of rice, till it is cracked and broken up to a mash, in a sufficient quantity of water to make a quart of the beverage; strain through a coarse sieve. The same mode serves for *Pearl-barley Water* and *Oatmeal Water.*

Veal Broth. Lean fillet of veal, the third of a pound; river-water, one quart. Cook over gentle heat in a close-covered vessel for two hours; strain the broth when cold. The same for broths of calf's lights, chicken, fresh-water crawfish, tortoises, and frogs—none of which ever want a good word from those who speak their

praise—to which list many tisane-lovers would add snails, and even snakes.

N.B. Several of the above-named simples, as borage and marsh-mallow, often produce, when administered as tisane, a loading of the stomach or nausea, which the medical attendant may be tempted to attribute to causes unconnected with plants of so little activity. This inconvenient and injurious effect is owing to the stiff bristles found on the borage and the cottony down on the calyces of the mallow. These substances, if allowed to pass into the tisane by the employment of a coarse or imperfect strainer, irritate the stomach by their *mechanical* action. All tisanes from downy plants should, therefore, be strained through several folds of fine cloth, or, better, through filtering paper.

To the above remarks let us add, that it is better to make tisane in small quantities, as wanted, just as you would do to have a delicate-flavoured cup of tea. If the flowers or herbs remain too long in their infusion, you extract from them *more* than you want—bitter and rough principles belonging to the herbs, which are better left behind. Quick-drawn tisane, like whisky from an illicit still, is good, *because* it is made in a hurry. Only the most volatile and aromatic particles enter into combination with the liquid so prepared.

The reader, who now knows the mystery of Herb-Drinks, is entreated to make a reasonable use of his knowledge, and not to run into pernicious excess. The French are actually fond of tisanes, and drink enormous quantities for the mere love of the thing. We have

heard of hypocritical people visiting their sick friends, not through any real sympathy, but from the selfish motive of sipping their tisane. In the north of France, the passion is restrained within moderate limits; but in the south, there are hypochondriacal monomaniacs who keep the tisane-pot stewing from morn till midnight, Sundays and working days. They change the materials of their tisane several times a day, injure their stomachs, disorder their digestion, upsetting every intestinal function, till they make themselves really and seriously ill; at which they drink more and more tisane, running the round of what is called "a vicious circle."

For such doleful sufferers, the most fortunate event would be to have their tisane-pot blown up by a school-boy's squib, and to find their unpalatable draught replaced by a tender mutton-chop and a bottle of good old claret.

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XX.

WRINKLES.

WOMAN'S special occupation is the administration of her household.

The most useful and honourable knowledge and employment for the mother of a family is the science of housekeeping.

It is good order, and not sordid sparing, which raises straitened families to easy circumstances.

Order has three advantages: it relieves our memory; it saves our time; and it preserves our property.

Economy is a virtue in poverty, a prudential measure in moderate circumstances, and a vice in opulence.

Can the world show a spectacle more touching or worthy of respect than that of a mother surrounded by her children, directing the labours of her servants, insuring her husband a happy life, and wisely ruling her family?

"The subject of cookery is worthy of study, and one to which English people would do well to give their attention. If that man is a benefactor to his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one did before, that art must be worth cultivation that enables a person to make one pound of meat go as far, by proper cooking, as two by neglect and inattention."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food."*

Sarah Cole's Receipt for Scolding Dames. Take of:

Common Sense, thirty grains;
Decent Behaviour, one scruple;
Due Consideration, ten grains.

Mix and sprinkle the whole with *one* moment's *thought.* A dose to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.—(Signed), S. C.

Never allow yourself to speak in a fretful manner to your help; as, by so doing, you lose your own self-respect and their esteem. When any fault needs correcting, do it in kindness, speaking in a lady-like manner.

Take interest in the moral welfare of your help, and show yourself their friend; and a servant worth keeping will fully repay your kindness by faithful service. We should hear less complaints of servants, if mistresses would oftener do their duty to those under them.

During fly-season, the plates should be turned bottom-side up.

Gastronomic Logic. Digestion is the stomach's business; indigestion is the doctor's affair. Therefore, when you are once sat down to a good dinner, you need think about nothing but enjoying yourself.

Not only is it necessary to point out delinquencies kindly, but every improvement should be as constantly noticed. "Sally, your floor looks nicely," goes a long way towards another scrubbing. When any article is broken, unless it happened through disobedience to some order, pass it lightly with, "I am sorry it is broken; try to be more careful for the future;" and, generally, it will have the desired effect. Never dismiss help in anger; they will surely give you a bad name. Servants are sometimes very quick-tempered, and will themselves speak improperly. Leave them immediately, without noticing what they say, and they will soon cool down, and often ask forgiveness. If they do not, leave it for the present, and at some future time calmly say: "If we cannot get along pleasantly, we must part."

Polish for Furniture, A. Melt over a slow fire, an ounce and a half of bees'-wax, a quarter of a pint of turpentine, and a piece of resin the size of a hazel-nut. Take care the mixture do not catch fire. When melted, stir into it as much rose-pink as will lie on a sixpence.

Furniture Paste, B. Boil a pennyworth of Castille-soap, cut up into small pieces, in a pint of water, until it is reduced to half a pint. Then add half an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of common yellow bees'-wax. When these are dissolved, put in half a pint of turpentine, and mix all well together.

Bandoline, for Beautifying the Hair, A. Soak starch, or Irish moss (whichever you please), in rose-water, until dissolved and smooth. If you wish it to be pink, colour with a little pounded cochineal.

Bandoline, B. Half fill, with quince-pips, an upright, wide-mouthed bottle,—an empty pickle-bottle will do. Fill the bottle nearly to the top with water, and boil for an hour in a hot-water bath. The resulting decoction makes capital bandoline. Scent and colour it with whatever you please.

Excellent Stimulant Wash for the Hair. On reflection, the Doctor retains this amongst his unpublished Mss., because it contains a dangerous ingredient—Spanish Fly, or Cantharides.

Pleasant Liquid Dentifrice. Kept in the closet (the directions say, *in any dark place*) for the same reason. People may not trifle with chloroform. It is dangerous to play with edged tools.

Dye for Improving the Hue of the Hair. Ditto, idem. People have been known to be poisoned with sugar-of-lead.

Cold Cream. Melt together at the bottom of a basin, one ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of oil-of-almonds, and a piece of white wax as big as a hazel-nut. When these are melted and well mixed, pour over them a pint of cold spring water, and let them stand for four-and-twenty hours. Then pour away *all* the water, and pound the mixed residue in a mortar.

A Perfume (French). Mix together the fresh petals of roses, jessamine, clove-carnations or pinks, and violets. Take an upright glass jar, such as is used by confectioners to display sweets in their windows. At the bottom of the jar put a layer of mixed petals; then a thin layer of pounded lump-sugar; then another layer of petals, and so on, till the jar is full, pressing all down tight.

Then cover the jar close, and set in the sun for a week. Then empty its contents into a woollen cloth; squeeze out the liquid by means of a press, and bottle it in phials for use, corking them tightly.

Essence of Ginger. A favourite Stomachic. Mix four ounces of powdered ginger with a quart of gin. Let it stand for ten days, and shake it up every day.

Dose: A teaspoonful in a glass of cold water; to be

occasionally taken as a relief for flatulence, or to aid slow digestion.

Curry Powder, Home-Made, may be obtained by reducing to powder the following ingredients:

Three ounces of coriander seed, three ounces of turmeric; one ounce each of ginger, mustard, and black pepper; half an ounce of lesser-cardamums; a quarter of an ounce each of cayenne pepper and cummin-seed. Pound and mix these together thoroughly, and keep them in a well-stopped bottle such as the druggists use.

N.B. Those who are fond of curry-flavoured sauces, may steep three ounces of the above Powder for ten days in a quart of white wine or vinegar, shaking the mixture now and then. They will thus get a liquor impregnated with the essences contained in the Powder, which they can use to flavour any sauce they please.

Anglo-Indian Mixed Pickle. Prepare your pickle-liquor thus: to six pints of vinegar put half a pound of salt, two ounces of bruised ginger, two ounces of mustard-seed, one ounce of mace, half a pound of shallots, a dessert-spoonful of cayenne pepper, and a stick of horse-radish *sliced.*

Boil the above together for a quarter of an hour; then put it into your jars, and cover down close. When cold, you may throw in for pickling any green fruit or vegetable you please. Only be careful to cut or gather them when *dry*, and to put them fresh into the vinegar as they come in season.

Pickled Onions, White. Select small, round onions; peel off their brown outside skin.

Have ready a stew-pan of boiling salt-and-water; throw into it just as many onions as will cover the surface of the water. When well scalded, and transparent or clear outside, take them up as quickly as possible; lay them on a dry cloth; cover them close, and proceed to scald more.

When cold, put them into jars or bottles, throwing in with them a few peppercorns. Pour over them hot (not boiling) white-wine vinegar. When cold, stop them down and cover close.

French Beans, Pickled. Gather them before they are stringy, without taking off the stalk-end. Put them into strong brine until they turn yellow; then drain them on a cloth. Put them into a jar by the fire, and pour boiling water over them, preventing the escape of the steam. By repeating this for four days, they will turn green again. Then put them into the pickle-jar, where they are to remain; throw in a few peppercorns and a little bruised ginger, and pour hot vinegar over them.

So-called Samphire (Glasswort) is pickled in the same way.

To Preserve Furs from Moths during Summer (American). Procure a whisky-barrel, perfectly tight; place it in a dry garret; dust it out, but do not wet it. Shake the furs, &c., well, and lay them in the sun, or before a

fire. Then pack them smoothly in the barrel, and close tightly. You may put half an ounce of bergamot with them, to overpower the smell of the whisky which they will contract. Camphor, cedar-shavings, snuff, cloves, and other spices and volatile and essential oils, are preventives against the attacks of insects, which cannot exist in a confined space that is filled with a poisoned atmosphere.

Home-Made Cheese. The following are receipts, from the *Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette*, for Cream Cheese and Bath Cheese,—the one a rich, and the other an ordinary, curd:

Cream Cheese. Take a quart of cream, or, if not desired very rich, add thereto one pint of new milk; warm it in hot water, till it is about the heat of milk from the cow; add rennet (a table-spoonful); let it stand till thick; then break it slightly with a spoon, and place it in the frame, in which you have previously put a fine canvas cloth; press it slightly with a weight; let it stand a few hours; then put a finer cloth in the frame, and shift the cheese into it. A little powdered salt may be sprinkled over the cloth. It will be fit for use in a day or two.

Bath Cheese. To one gallon of new milk add two quarts of cold spring water, and rennet sufficient to turn it (not hard). Take it gently out with the skimming-dish, and lay it in the vat until full. Put a weight upon it, and apply dry cloths for a day or two when turned out on a plate. Cover it with another plate, and turn it occasionally. It will be ready for use in about a fortnight.

To Bottle Wine. Before you bottle wine, make sure that it is very clear, by putting a small quantity in a glass, and then placing it between your eye and the light. If it is not irreproachably transparent, you must wait until it has become so; and, if you cannot attain that result, you must transfer the wine to a fresh, clean cask, fine it again with white of egg; when, after a certain time, it will indubitably have acquired the requisite limpidity. The shells and whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and mixed with the wine by means of a stick, are sufficient to fine a cask containing three hundred bottles.

Cold weather is the best for bottling wine. At all times of the year it is desirable to avoid stormy weather, and winds blowing from the south and the west.

The bottles should have been most carefully rinsed; for the slightest negligence in this particular may cause vexatious consequences. Shot, or small nails, are usually employed in this operation; but are far from suitable for the purpose. A shot or a nail often remains fixed between the side of the bottle and the internal swelling. The lead which thus remains in contact with the wine may, in certain cases, become a source of real poisoning. The iron is not injurious to health, but it spoils the colour of red wines, and blackens white wines. It is, therefore, much more prudent to employ river-gravel, which cleans the bottles perfectly, and a few grains of which, if left in the bottle, produce no inconvenience.

The choice of corks is extremely important. Some corks are very porous, and, although they stop the bottle

well in appearance, they allow the wine to evaporate. Hard and dry corks have this effect. The best corks are those which are fine-grained, soft, yielding to the finger, and showing the fewest pores possible.

To insert the cock, you tap the cask about an inch and a half above the rim. As soon as a few drops of the liquid begin to issue, you withdraw the augur, and drive in the cock by hand, avoiding any shock which might disturb the lees. As you cannot always manage that, it is a good plan to put the tap in its place the day before bottling the wine. Beneath it, you set a salad-bowl or basin, to catch the wine which escapes when the cock is not turned back in time, and which runs over when a bottle is filled too full. The bottle applied to the tap to be filled ought to be held in a slanting position, to prevent the wine from forming a froth, which would hinder its being properly filled.

The bottles should be perfectly corked as fast as they are filled. The cork is driven in with the bat till it projects only a quarter of an inch, or less.

When the wine nearly ceases to flow by the tap, the cask is tilted behind, and kept in a position sloping forwards by means of a wooden wedge. The operation must be done steadily, and without shaking, to avoid disturbing the lees. But after the cask is once tilted, the wine left in it must be drawn immediately, whether it be clear or thick. The bottles of thick wine should be set on one side, upright, to settle, when they may be decanted into other bottles, and definitely corked.

In order that the bottles may pile well, they ought,

as far as possible, to be of the same size and shape. If they are of different sorts, they must be ranged in classes of the same dimensions.

After levelling the sand or the earth of the cellar where they are to be packed, you place the first row, leaving an interval of half an inch between each bottle; and as they ought to lie horizontally, their necks are raised by placing laths beneath them; then you place a lath beneath the necks and another on the bodies of the bottles of the first row; and you place the second row in an opposite direction to the first. The pile ought scarcely to be built to a greater height than three feet, unless the bottles are very strong, and exactly similar in size and shape.

The corks should be covered with rosin, to prevent them from moulding and from being eaten by the insects with which many cellars abound. An excellent preparation for sealing bottles is, two pounds of rosin mixed with a quarter of a pound of yellow bees'-wax, or a couple of ounces of tallow, to prevent its being too brittle. It may be coloured with red lead, red ochre, ivory black, or any other ingredient. Melt and mix it well in an earthen vessel over a gentle fire; then let it cool so as to be only just liquid, when you may dip the necks of the bottles in it up to the rim round the neck, Leave the bottles standing upright until the wax is perfectly cold, when they may be piled in their places. Great caution is requisite not to dip the bottles in the wax until it has cooled sufficiently; for if too hot, it will cause the necks of the bottles to split and burst.

It is better to dress a small quantity of salad in a large bowl, than a large quantity in a little bowl. In the latter case, it is difficult to make the mixture effectually without spilling some of the contents; besides which, economy suggests that no more salad should be dressed at a time than is likely to be eaten at that meal.

Accidents have happened in consequence of Fool's Parsley, or the Lesser Hemlock (a poisonous plant), having been mistaken for True Parsley. Such a dangerous error, one would think, could only result from extreme carelessness or utter ignorance; since, although there is a resemblance between the outward aspect of the plants, their *smell* is completely different. The mistake, however, may be avoided with certainty by using only *curled* or *double parsley*, which is equally well flavoured, more ornamental as garnishing, and just as easy to cultivate as the common plain-leaved sort, which we owe to the rocky dells of Sardinia.

People have been poisoned by eating the scraped root of Monk's-hood, which was served to them instead of horse-radish. When the two plants are in a growing state, it is scarcely possible to confound them; but when they are leafless or cut down in winter, a very negligent gardener's help might be capable of substituting one for the other. Extirpate Monk's-hood, therefore, from your garden. Its only recommendation is, that it is an old-fashioned cottage-garden flower. But its colouring is

dull and lurid, and there is something forbidding in its aspect. It is easy, now, to supply its place with hundreds of beautiful, hardy, and *innocent* plants.

In the receipts which some Cook-Books give for Custard, &c., for "laurel-leaf," read "bay-leaf." The first is poisonous, containing prussic acid; the latter is simply aromatic, with a perfume approaching to that of cinnamon. The two plants are quite different, and belong even to different Natural Families. The so-called Laurel is a Cherry, *Cerasus Lauro-Cerasus;* and its cousin, the common cherry, contains prussic acid in the kernels of its fruit.

The Bay-tree, *Laurus nobilis, is* a Laurel, and is a near relation to the Camphor-tree, *Laurus Camphora*, a highly useful and medicinal plant. The confusion may have arisen from *Laurier's* being French for bay-tree, and so finding its way into translated receipts; but to avoid all error, it is usually spoken of as *Laurier à Sauce*, or Sauce-laurel, whereas the other is correctly called the *Laurier-Cerise*, or Cherry-Laurel.

Cherry-laurel leaves should be banished from cookery, for fear of the results of an over-dose. True, they are used, in very small quantities, with no perceptible evil effect; but so may arsenic and prussic acid be taken (and are even administered medicinally) in doses of extreme minuteness. Therefore, we repeat, in cookery, for "laurel-leaf," read invariably, "bay-leaf."

Mustard Foot-Bath, in cases of Apoplexy, &c. Take care that the water be not *too* hot. The quantity of ground mustard to be mixed with it will depend on the orders given by the medical attendant. It varies from a quarter to half a pound, or more, for an ordinary-sized foot-bath; something will also depend on the tenderness or hardness of the patient's skin. Be cautious not to keep the feet in too long; when tingling and pricking is felt, or, in cases of unconsciousness, when the skin turns very red, it is time to remove them, as blistering of the epidermis must be avoided. Great caution is advisable, especially as the foot-bath can always be repeated.

Mustard Poultice, or Sinapism, for Sore Throat, or for application to the Feet or Legs. Mix mustard with tepid water; spread it thick upon a cloth, and apply it to the part affected, until sharp tingling is felt, and the skin is well reddened. As soon as that occurs, and before the epidermis rises, remove the poultice, and swathe the part with flannel or with soft, thick, warm linen. Some mix the mustard with vinegar, to increase its strength; druggists will tell them that they do just the contrary, and lessen its efficacy instead.

Bread without Yeast: Question and Answer (from the *Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette*).

To every half-quartern of flour, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and half a teaspoonful of salt.

Mix all together; then, to the water sufficient to make a dough, add half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Put into the oven at once. This makes beautiful, sweet bread; but the question is—Is it wholesome?—*Laura.* [Perfectly.]

Aërated Bread. I cannot indorse your answer to Laura. The bread will contain tartrate of soda, which I admit is not poisonous; but it is medicinal—slightly purgative even: and no medicinal substance ought to be employed in food, except in cases where its use is indicated. Muriatic acid neutralises soda as well as tartaric, and the resulting compound is only common salt. I have made such bread; and where yeast cannot be got, this mode of making it is valuable.—*S. B.*

Hooping Cough simply and quickly Cured. Let the child take, morning, noon, and night, a dose of finely ground alum mixed in a *small* quantity of powder sugar, for three or four days. The dose varies from one to two grains, according to the age of the child, and goes on gradually increasing. If necessary after the fourth day, a child eight years old must take seven grains of ground alum three times a day. Milk diet must be abstained from, and all draughts of *cold air* carefully avoided.

For a Weak Chest. The Carrageen, or Irish Moss, of the shops, is a sea-weed, *Chondrus crispus*, which dwellers near a rocky coast may gather for themselves

in abundance. It varies greatly in appearance, attaining its greatest size at the mouths of streams where fresh water, and the matters it brings with it, mingle with the sea. Some of the forms which it assumes are frequently very much lobed and fringed; notwithstanding which, those who have seen it once will have little difficulty in recognising it again. In Harvey's excellent *Atlas of British Sea-weeds*, two varieties are given at Pl. XLIV. Fig. 202. The samples sold in the shops are mostly bleached or colourless. As it grows, it is of a dull, brownish red, increasing in depth with age. Spring and summer are the best seasons for gathering it.

When fresh, it requires several careful washings and pickings over, separating the tufted fronds into sprigs. Boil it down (for two or three hours) in plain water to a jelly; pass it through a cullender, and let it stand to settle. Pour it off from the impurities at the bottom, and use it for the preparation of jellies and blancmanges, exactly as if it were isinglass.

Carrageen is one of the restoratives which require faith on the part of those who take it. When rendered as nearly insipid as possible by repeated steeping and washing (in which case much of its virtue may be also washed away), it still retains a certain flavour of the shore, which is distasteful to some, although others get to like it by use, just as there are patients who become fond of cod-liver oil. A course of Irish-moss blancmange is worth while continuing, as it cannot be otherwise than good for constitutions with any tendency to scrofulous disease.

Red Dulse, or *Dillisk*—*Rhodymenia palmata* (Harvey's *Atlas*, Pl. XLI. Figs. 189 and 190). Another Sea-weed, mostly eaten uncooked as a salad, no doubt with benefit to the general health.

At first sight, Harvey's *Synopsis of British Sea-weeds* tells us, it will scarcely be supposed that the specimens selected for the illustration of this species belong to the same plant; and yet these figures by no means exhibit the extreme of variation; for there are varieties more simple than the one, and more finely divided than the other.

When such varieties are seen in a dried state in the herbarium, they appear so different that one may anticipate much difficulty in tracing the limits of the species. But on the shore, the collector experiences no such difficulty. If he has once seen and *tasted* a piece of Dulse, the characters, irrespective of form, are too well marked to allow of his puzzling himself with mere variations in outline; and, what is very remarkable, the broad and the slightly divided varieties may often be found growing side by side with the finely cut narrow ones.

In Ireland and Scotland, this plant is much used by the poor, as a relish with their food. It is commonly dried in its unwashed state, and eaten raw, the flavour being brought out by long chewing. On many parts of the west coast of Ireland, it forms the only addition to potatoes in the meals of the poorest class. The variety which grows on mussel-shells between tide-marks is preferred, being less tough than the other forms; and

the minute mussel-shells and other small shell-fish which adhere to its folds are nowise unpleasing to the consumers of this simple luxury, who rather seem to enjoy the additional *goût* imparted by the crunched mussels. In the Mediterranean, this plant is used in a cooked form, entering into ragoûts and made dishes; and it forms a chief ingredient in one of the soups recommended, under the name of St. Patrick's Soup, by M. Soyer to the Irish peasantry.

Pepper Dulse, *Laurencia pinnatifida*, has often, though not invariably, a hot and biting taste. In Scotland it is eaten along with the preceding, and in Iceland is used instead of spice.

Laver, *Ulva Lactuca*, one more sea-plant, sent in pots ready prepared from the south-west of England, because people there have long been in the habit of eating it, although it is generally distributed round the British coast. When so procured, all that is needed is to heat it up with a little butter and orange or lemon-juice, and serve it as an accompaniment to roast meat in general, and mutton in particular. When received fresh, as gathered from the rocks, it requires careful washing in sea-water, and a long, patient stewing in soft, fresh water.

Soyer says: "It is merely washed, boiled, pulped, and potted by the fishermen's wives. It is considered wholesome; but I see nothing particular in it that can make it so, *unless it is the small quantity of iodine that it contains.* It should be dressed like spinach, and sent up

very hot." His "unless" settles the question. At one time, doctors could discover nothing in burnt sponge that should make it cure the goitre, *unless* it was the iodine. One of Soyer's predecessors (1807) tells us that "Laver is a great sweetener of the blood. It is seldom liked at first, but people become extremely fond of it by habit." As a rule, old-established popular belief in these matters is seldom quite without foundation.

For a Cough. As a sort of preserve to suck and keep the mouth moist from time to time, take a quarter of a pound of figs, open them, put a small sprig of rue inside each fig, and put them into a covered jar. Place a thin layer of powder sugar, or some brown sugar-candy, between each layer of figs, and pour over them a quarter of a pint of rum, and the same quantity of good vinegar.

Drink for a Cough. Into four pints of cold water put two large handfuls of good, sweet, and new bran, from the best wheat. Boil it till it is reduced to half the quantity; let it stand to settle, then strain it, and add half a pound of the best raisins opened and stoned. Sweeten it with brown sugar-candy, and take it whenever the cough is troublesome. It will be observed that this drink contains no opiate or anodyne; but, acting merely as an emulcient, may be taken without apprehension as often as the irritating fit comes on.

Cough Medicine. As much finely pounded saltpetre as will lie upon a sixpence taken every morning in a

tea-spoonful of honey will be found to relieve the breathing greatly. The remedy is simple; but those who have tried it pronounce it to be a very good one.

Raspail's Eau Sédative—Sedative Lotion.

Liquid Ammonia, two ounces;

Camphorated Spirit of Wine, one-third of an ounce;

Coarse kitchen salt, one ounce;

Rain-water, one quart.

Mix separately in a bottle the camphorated spirit with the liquid ammonia; stop carefully, shake the bottle, and let the mixture repose an instant.

In another vessel dissolve the salt in the water, adding a few drops of liquid ammonia. When the salt is completely dissolved, and its impurities settled, pour it off gently, or filter it through filtering-paper. Then pour in rapidly the mixed spirit and ammonia; cork it, and shake all well together. It is then ready for use; and must always be kept carefully stopped.

This lotion is excellent to apply to the bites of vipers or venomous insects.

Raspail's Treatment of Chilblains. Bathe the chilblained member (foot or hand) for ten minutes in a mixture of half tepid water and half the above Sedative Lotion. Then wipe the member; wrap it in linen greased with camphorated pommade or cerate, taking care to keep it warm in large and thick gloves or stockings.

If the chilblain is obstinate, wash it frequently, sometimes with camphorated spirit, sometimes with rain-water.

If the skin is cracked, cover it with camphorated cerate and linen, and apply a bandage soaked in sedative lotion to the unbroken parts.

N.B. The cause of chilblains is the influx and congestion of the blood in the capillary vessels of the cutaneous tissue, under the influence of an abrupt transition from warmth to severe cold.

Raspail's Aromatised Oyster Liquor, or *Saline Lemonade.*

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Water, one quart.

Coarse kitchen salt, one ounce.

Dissolve the salt (which will be a good handful) in the water. When the impurities of the salt have settled at the bottom, and the water has become limpid again, decant it carefully into another vessel, and add to it the juice of a lemon. It is then an aromatised oyster liquor; but the lemon-juice is only an accessory.

An excellent vermifuge, and even an active aperient, is, morning and night, to chew and swallow a bit of camphor as big as a pea, and then to take the half or the quarter of a tumbler of this saline lemonade.

Coarse, unrefined salt is preferable, for the purpose, on account of the iodides and bromides which it contains.

De Rheims' Paper, for Chilblains, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, &c.

This receipt alone is worth the price of the book. The reader, after trial and approbation, may testify his gratitude, by sending a nicely made sheet or two, addressed to us at the Publisher's.

Our friend, the late M. Charles De Rheims, of Calais, who gave us the receipt, was a man of great acquirements, simple manners, and cheerful disposition; a good linguist, well versed in the physical sciences, with extensive observation, and a kindly heart. He spent nine years as "Pharmacien" with Napoleon I.'s army in Spain, and, while there, often amused himself with the ignorance and superstition of the people. One of his freaks was to walk into a blacksmith's shop, when crowded with gossips, and ask for a red-hot iron at which to light his cigar. On a glowing bar being presented to him, he would complain that it was too cool; which he proved by licking it with his tongue, and begging them to heat it a little hotter! Of course he passed for a sorcerer of the blackest species; and the Inquisition, doubtless, would have laid hands upon him, only that *they had to come and take him.*

We know now how and why M. De Rheims was able to lick a red-hot poker with impunity; but, at that time, neither M. Boutigny had written his treatise on the Spheroidal State of Matter, nor Dr. Tyndall his masterly *Heat considered as a Mode of Motion.*

The invention of the Paper is due to observations made by M. De Rheims' father of the curative effects of pepper, in case of wounds or other injury.

Make a strong tincture of capsicum-pods by

steeping them for several days, in a warm place, in twice their weight of rectified spirits of wine.

Dissolve gum-arabic in water to about the consistency of treacle. Add to this an equal quantity of the tincture, stirring it together with a small brush or a large camel's hair pencil, until they are well incorporated. The mixture will be cloudy and opaque.

Take sheets of silk or tissue-paper; give them with the brush a coat of the mixture; let them dry, and then give another. Let that dry, and, if the surface is shining, there is enough of the peppered gum; if not, give a third coat.

This Paper, applied in the same way as Court Plaister to *chilblains that are not broken, and burns that are not blistered*, speedily relieves the itching and the pain. It acts like a charm, and effects a rapid cure. The same with cuts and discoloured bruises. It likewise allays rheumatic pains in the joints. Its great value is that, besides acting as ordinary sticking-plaister, it abates suffering and hastens the process of healing. So great is our experience of its usefulness, that we never stir without it—when we happen to have it.

In the tropical countries whence we procure capsicums, and where their culture is of the easiest, they are both abundantly used as an article of diet, and also employed as *external* tonics and stimulants. Another kind of pepper is used by Ethiopian negroes to cure the tooth-ache. Slave-masters in the Indian Islands use decoction of the true Guinea pepper to wash the backs of negroes who have been flayed with the whip, not as an

additional punishment or torture, but to prevent their wounds from gangrening. West-Indian doctors employ the leaves of the Jamaica pepper-tree to make baths for the legs of dropsical patients, and in fomentations for limbs attacked by paralysis.

From Dr. Edward Smith's Handbills (for Distribution amongst the Poor), indicating the Cheapest and Best Kinds of Food.

Select households or seconds bread or flour.

Do not eat bread when it is new; but keep bakers' bread one day, and home-made bread three days. Do not keep it too dry, but cover it up in an earthen pan. When it has become dry, make it into puddings or add it to broth.

New milk is *better* food than skim milk. Skim milk is *cheaper* food than new milk; and, when used for a pudding, you may make it as good as new milk by adding a little suet—say from a quarter to half an ounce—to each pint.

Pease are very strong food for both grown people and children, and should be eaten once or twice a week all the year round. If you bake your bread at home, add sometimes one pound of pea-meal to the stone of flour, and it will make a more nutritious bread.

When potatoes are grown by the labourer, they cost only the rent of the land, the manure, and the seed, and are therefore very cheap food; but when they are bought, they are very dear food—much dearer than

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flour. Do not peel them before boiling, unless you have a pig to eat the peel; but boil them first, and peel them as you eat them.

Fats of some kind are most necessary to health, and particularly for growing children and youths who cannot obtain sufficient new milk. Do not buy much butter or lard. Fresh butter is a very dear food. If you can buy the fat which butchers cut off the loin and neck of mutton at fourpence or fivepence per pound, do so. Render it down, or cut it into bits and add it to puddings, or fry the vegetables with it. Obtain as much dripping as possible from your richer neighbours —who will give away (not allow to be wasted) what is not wanted for their own household requirements.

Never take tea without real food, as bread; and never regard tea as food. When made very weak, it is only useful from the warm water, sugar, and milk which it contains: yet one ounce of tea costs as much as several pints of good, sweet skim milk.

"Although starch is insoluble in water, and is thus unfit for digestion, it is easily converted into sugar. All ferments convert it into sugar. The saliva secreted in the mouth contains a ferment known by the name of *salivin*, which immediately converts starch into sugar. Hence, when we take starch into our mouths, it is converted into sugar; and it is in the form of sugar, which is soluble in water, that it is carried into the blood. On this account, it is important, in eating food containing

starch, that it should be retained a short time in the mouth, in order that it may be well mixed with saliva. The practice of making babies swallow starch-food hastily is injurious, as the starch is thus prevented from being converted into sugar, is not therefore digested, clogs the stomach and bowels, and frequently produces disease."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food,"* p. 32.

"Fat is so essential to the maintenance of healthy nutrition, that the quantity contained in the daily food cannot be much reduced without the greatest risk. The importance of fat in nutrition should be studiously borne in mind by those who construct diets for the poor, for public institutions, or for the treatment of obesity, diabetes, fatty degeneration, dyspepsia, and the like."—*Dr. Dobell's "Manual of Diet and Regimen."*

"A healthy man, weighing 154 pounds, contains in his body twelve pounds of fat. This constitutes more than a thirteenth part, by weight, of his body. When this proportion is not maintained, the body gets thin; and this is characteristic of some of the most dangerous diseases to which the human body is subject. The loss of fat is especially seen in that commonly fatal disease, consumption; and one of the most effectual methods of treating this fatal disease is the administration of fatty articles of food. One of the most readily appropriated oils is cod-liver oil, and this substance is consumed throughout the world in prodigious quantities as a remedy in consumption, scrofula, and allied diseases.

Other forms of fatty food may be successfully taken where cod-liver oil is objected to, or cannot be procured. Thus, cream may be given with great advantage to children, and the diet of scrofulous children and consumptive persons may be always improved by the addition of cream cheese."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food,"* p. 39.

"A wholesome receipt for a stout person is, Eat no butter at breakfast, and no bread at dinner."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food,"* p. 41.

XXI.

BILLS OF FARE.

WITH REASONS FOR THEM.

EVERY repast, however frugal, has necessarily its Bill of Fare, simple or complicated, written or unwritten; that is, a decision must be made as to *what* food is intended to be served, and orders in accordance given; for which orders, reasons will exist.

The most elementary, though not the least important, Bills of Fare, are those in which the sick-room is concerned; when, the crisis of an illness being past, the means of restoring strength are sought, with as little exertion of digestive power as possible. These more particularly belong to the Doctor and the Nurse, who will often undertake to prepare herself the nutriment she has thus to administer. As aids to her memory and suggestive hints, the preceding pages will be found to contain an ample choice of light things for the composition of invalid *menus;* to which we will add a few words here.

First, there is the Beef-Tea and Essence-of-Meat question to consider.

Beef-Tea, A. Take one pound of gravy beef, and cut away every particle of fat. Mince the beef with a chopping-knife, and set it on the fire in a saucepan with

three-quarters of a pint of cold water. Press it with a wooden spoon till it boils. Add a salt-spoon of salt, and let it simmer gently for a quarter of an hour; then pour the tea from the beef, but do not strain it, and serve with dry toast, or rice boiled lightly, as for curry. My nephew, Dr. Priestly, says that beef-tea should *not be too clear;* a portion of the fibre he assumes to be very advantageous and nutritive.—*Mrs. W. H. W.*

Dr. Dobell's Beef-Tea. "Beef (rump-steak, minced), 1 lb.; cold water, 1 lb. Macerate two hours at a temperature not exceeding 150° Fahrenheit: to yield one pint of beef-tea."

Dr. Lankester's Beef-Tea. "It is one peculiarity of albuminous food, that it digests more easily before cooking than after; oysters, although eaten alive and raw, are found to digest very easily. The longer albumen is cooked, the more indigestible does it become. Thus, in making beef-tea, it becomes important to prevent the albumen of the blood from coagulating. The beef should therefore be sliced, put into cold water for an hour or two, then squeezed and removed, and heated up to the point at which it is pleasant to drink."

Dr. Edward Smith, in his *Practical Dietary*, demonstrates, with irresistible logic, the small dietetic value of *Essences* or *Extracts of Meats.* They are prepared from fresh meat, in such a manner that the fibre and the fat are rejected, and only the osmazome (or flavouring property), certain salts, and a very small quantity of albumine, remain. In consequence of the presence of the first-mentioned substance, with a teaspoonful of the

Essence about a pint of soup may be made, which, although thin to the palate, is as full of the *flavour* of meat as when beef-tea is prepared at home. The salts are not perceptible to the senses; but they consist in part of phosphates, and are very valuable. The albumine is necessarily in very small quantity, from the small amount of the extract of meat which is used.

Now, *no combination* of nutritive elements can be offered to the body in a form more concentrated than its own flesh; and the flesh of animals is almost identical in composition with our own. It is true that flesh consists of water to the extent of 77 per cent, and that only 23 per cent of the whole is nutritive material; but the solid elements cannot be obtained in a nutritive form without water; neither could they be digested in a solid state. But it is affirmed that one ounce of the Essence, derived from thirty ounces of beef, nevertheless contains the nutritive parts of those thirty ounces.

Can this be so? asks Dr. Smith. A large amount of fibre, with fibrine, gelatine, fat, and some albumine, are rejected; and it is affirmed that the former is not nutritious, because dogs fed *exclusively* upon it do not live! The fallacy of this is, fortunately, as obvious as it is serious. That fibre *is* digestible, is proved by the fact that, in fresh meat, nearly all of it is digested; that it is highly nutritive, is proved by its chemical composition. Hence, to throw away this material is a folly of the grossest kind. That it will not *alone* support life is certain, in consequence of the fact that salts—necessary to life—and fat—highly important to life—have been re-

moved; but this does not in the least prove that it is not of great value as *a part* of our dietary. It was clearly shown in our opening chapter that a *varied* alimentation is indispensable to health.

As fibre and fat constitute by far the greater proportion of the solid parts of flesh, it follows that the so-called *Essences* contain so small a proportion of the nutritive parts of flesh, that they can scarcely be regarded as nutrient foods. When one teaspoonful of the essence or extract has been dissolved in about a pint of hot water, and seasoned with pepper and salt, it forms an agreeable and stimulating food; and in this respect, as well as in the small quantity of nutriment which it offers, it must be ranked no higher than tea or coffee. It may be advantageously thickened with a little sago; vermicelli, maccaroni, and other Italian pastes, are also agreeable and useful additions.

For persons in health, it is manifestly better that the housewife should make beef-tea from shins of beef (so as to obtain much gelatine), or from gravy-beef; and should serve up the solid part, as food, at the same meal. Our Continental neighbours eat their *bouilli* and *potage* at the same repast; and so should we. The great value of Liebig's essence of meat consists in its *readiness in emergencies* during illness. It is also useful to the traveller; since it occupies a very small space, and, with hot water, he may at any time prepare a basin of soup in two minutes, which will be more useful to him than any other fluid. It is particularly suited to those who abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Oatmeal Gruel. According to the thickness required, rub smooth in a basin one or two table-spoonfuls of oatmeal, with three of water. Stir, by degrees, into this a pint of boiling water; set it on the fire in a saucepan, and boil ten minutes, stirring all the while. Then strain it through a cullender into the basin in which it is to be served.

Gruel thus made with milk is more nutritious; seasoned with salt and butter, it is less insipid. With the medical man's permission, a dessert-spoonful of brandy, or a table-spoonful of wine, may be added.

Gruel made from Oaten Groats requires more water, and takes longer boiling. When ready, the groats may be either strained away, or eaten, if liked, together with the gruel; in which latter case, they will help to give support.

N.B. The nutritive properties of oatmeal gruel ought to be more widely known than they are. Although the Scotch bothy system of diet will never be adopted in England, it is yet advisable to insist on the fact that the regimen of oatmeal and milk has produced some of the finest specimens of humanity. General Mackenzie used to be fond of relating how he became acquainted with the finest man in the Guards. He saw him breaking stones by the side of the road; and, struck with his application, as well as his symmetry, he questioned him as to his manner of living. The answer was: "Porridge for breakfast, porridge for dinner, and porridge for supper." The wonderful endurance of the Scotch regiments when on foreign service—who, we are told, take a little raw

oatmeal from their meal-bag, and stir it up with water from the brook or pond—is another proof of the value of this grain. Indeed, we may assert, no other food is to be found so capable of sustaining health and strength as oatmeal and milk: the latter containing all that is required, even to the water and salts; and the former being so nicely balanced, as regards its carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter, as to require very little addition, being 102 flesh-formers, and 68 fat- and heat-formers, or very nearly what science teaches us is wanted for wear and tear, besides leaving a small portion of fat to be deposited against emergencies of exposure to cold.

Game, Dressed for an Invalid. Take the plump breast of a fresh partridge; remove the skin, with any fibres or sinews, and mince it very fine. Put it in a saucepan with two or three table-spoonfuls of any very light stock, or cold water, and a little salt. Stir it, and let it simmer gently for half an hour; serve hot.

Hare, done in the same way, will be found equally light and easy of digestion.—*Mrs. W. H. W.*

As the curd in Wine Whey is indigestible, for invalids it should be strained through muslin, or a fine milk-sieve.

Panada. Break into a saucepan, crumb of bread a little larger than an egg; cover it with water, milk-and-water, or broth; boil it five minutes, stirring all the while. Then add half a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces

of butter, and a couple of raw egg-yolks. Stir well together, and serve in a basin.

For *Chicken Panada*, reduce the quantity of bread, substituting for it the white meat of fowl minced very fine. The egg-yolks may be omitted or not.

Within the last thirty or forty years, a wonderful change has taken place in the English mode of serving meals. One of the most strenuous advocates of reform in this matter was the late Mr. Walker, a metropolitan police magistrate, who, in his *Original*, forcibly demonstrated the possibility of dining well off very few dishes, and with a moderate allowance of fermented beverage. The movement spread; private families rapidly discovered the convenience, the wholesomeness, the economy, and, consequently, the comfort of the plan. "Little Dinners" —that most agreeable mode of meeting friends—became recognised as an institution, especially when it was found that several pleasant, easily arranged entertainments might be given for the cost of one expensive, troublesome, and wasteful monster banquet. No more mountains of remnants were left, which no family could consume while they were eatable. There was found to be truth in the homely adage, "Enough is as good as a Feast,"—better even.

All persons in easy circumstances were benefited; but especially the Professional, Literary, and Sedentary Members of Society; the two first, by the saving of time thereby effected; all, by the relief to their digestive organs.

Indigestion is a malady which sorely troubles sedentary and studious persons, whether they be themselves producers, or investigators merely, of literature. The form of indigestion to which they are most liable is, probably, that known as saburral,—which is an imperfect digestion of previous meals, a loading of the stomach, producing an unpleasant sense of fulness immediately a few mouthfuls have been eaten. The remedy for this is as much air and exercise as possible, together with *slight* aperients, if needed; and, above all, great moderation in the quantity of food taken,—something, in short, approaching to abstinence,—until the indisposition has completely passed away.

Emetics are sometimes administered in these cases; but they are, to say the least, an uncertain means of cure, and *may* cause derangement of the digestive functions worse than that they were called in to remedy.

A young lady, suffering from indigestion, was dosed with strong and repeated emetics until she refused to take more. But the vomiting continued after the first exciting cause of it was withdrawn. Scarcely a meal could be retained on the stomach; tonics and effervescent drinks were tried in vain. The patient became thinner and thinner, rapidly losing strength, until considerable uneasiness was felt by her friends. Internal medicines seemed unavailing, when she was suddenly and effectually cured by the application of a blister to the pit of the stomach. But she will never take an emetic again.

Persons whose habits or whose avocations keep them much within doors, should never eat large quantities of

food at a time; if gifted with a hearty appetite, they must gratify it with the utmost caution. In their case, it may be safely surmised that indigestion is more frequently brought on by the quantity, rather than the quality, of the food they have eaten. So convinced are we of the truth of this fact, that we give a few simple Bills of Fare, suggesting to delicate stomachs a selection of meals which offer *a sufficiency* without tempting to excess.

DIETARY DINNERS,

COMPOSED OF LIGHT SOLIDS, MORE OR LESS SUBSTANTIAL IN THEIR QUALITY.

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1. A cup of Beef-Tea, with a few little bits of toasted Bread in it.

   Boiled Sole. Plain Melted Butter. Mashed Potatoes.

   Boiled Custard.

   One glass of good old Rhine Wine or Moselle, to be repeated every day till the bottle is finished.

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2. A cup of Brillat-Savarin's Elixir.

   Scalded Whiting. Plain-boiled, mealy Potato. Melted Butter. The cruet-stand, with a drop of Soy, *or* Essence of Shrimps, *or* of Anchovies, *or* Harvey's Sauce, may be in attendance.

   Bread-and-Butter Pudding.

   One glass of good Sauterne, to be repeated every day till the bottle is finished.

3. Oysters, uncooked (plumpest natives, if possible).
Brown Bread and Butter.
Plate of Mock-Turtle Soup.
Boiled Bread-crust Pudding, with sweet Wine Sauce.
Glass of Pale Ale. No wine.

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4. Tapioca Soup.
Boiled Neck of Mutton. Caper Sauce. Mashed Turnips.
Lemon Pudding.
One glass of Vin de Grave.

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5. Mutton Broth, with Pearl Barley.
Boiled Turbot. Shrimp Sauce. Mashed Potatoes, browned in a mould in the oven, or without a mould under a Salamander.
The wing of a hot, roast Chicken. Water-cresses.
Orange Marmalade, eaten with thin toast.
A glass and a half of old Claret (Bordeaux Wine—St. Estephe, for instance), to be repeated next day, when assistance must be called in to finish the bottle.

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6. Green-Pease Soup (made with or without green pease), with a few dice of toast.
Cod-steaks. Mock-Lobster Sauce. Boiled Potatoes in their jackets.
The cold thighs and side-bones of a Chicken.
Salad, hearts of Lettuce. Mayonnaise Sauce.
A taste of Caviare on a crust of Bread.
Glass of Guinness's Stout. No wine.

7. Vermicelli Soup.
   Broiled Beef-steak (fillet of the loin). Oyster Sauce.
   Jerusalem Artichokes.
   Baked Custard.
   One glass of Port.

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8. Julienne, or other vegetable Soup.
   Cods' Tongues. Egg Sauce.
   Broiled Mutton-chop. Sautéd Potatoes.
   Snowy Eggs.
   Glass of Marsala at the bottom of a tumbler, filled up with Ginger-beer.

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9. Stewed Oysters, garnished with toast.
   The half of a Chicken, boiled. Parsley and Butter.
   Stewed Celery.
   Sweet Omelette.
   Glass of Sherry.

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10. Hare Soup.
    The other half of the Chicken, broiled. Mushroom Sauce.
    Cabinet Pudding. Sweet Sauce.
    Glass of Burgundy.

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11. Pot-au-feu Soup, with crusts of Bread.
    Poached Eggs, with Sorrel and Spinach.
    Veal-cutlet. Cauliflower or Broccoli. Melted Butter.
    Green-Gooseberry Tart. Cream.
    May Drink. No wine.

12. Rice-and-Onion Soup.
Boiled Calf's Head. Brain Sauce.
Apple Fritters.
Morsel of Cream Cheese, eaten with a leaf of Salad or a sprig of Water-cress.
Good Table-beer, bottled. No wine.

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13. Pease Soup.
Hashed Calf's Head, or à la Tortue. Boiled Rice.
Asparagus. Melted Butter.
Tartlets.
Glass of Sherry.

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14. Hustled Cockles.
Boiled Duck. Onion Sauce.
Grilled Mutton-kidney.
Slice of Sponge-cake.
Glass of Champagne at the bottom of a tumbler, to be filled up with water.

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15. Cabbage Soup.
Vol-au-Vent.
The Doctor's Mutton-chop. Kidney-beans.
Baked Apples, or Stewed Pears.
Glass of good Devonshire Cider.

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16. Half a dozen boiled Shrimps. One slice of Brown Bread and Butter.
Sheeps' Trotters à la Poulette.
Boiled Leg of Pork, stuffed with Parsley. Pease Pudding.

Stilton Cheese. Biscuits.
Glass of Scotch Ale. No wine.

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17. Old-Hen Soup.
Boiled Leg of Lamb. Brussels Sprouts. Matrimony Sauce.
Baked Rice Pudding.
Tumbler of Brown Sherry and Water.

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18. Carrot Soup (of young, spring, short-horn Carrots, grown in a frame).
Boiled Mackarel. Fennel Sauce. New Potatoes.
Roast Duck. Green Pease.
Cheshire Cheese. Pulled-Bread Biscuit.
Two glasses of old Macon.

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19. Giblet Soup.
Roast Mutton. Currant Jelly. Kidney-beans.
Soused Mackarel. Salad of Cabbage Lettuce-hearts. Mayonnaise Sauce.
Glass and half of Hermitage.

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20. Maccaroni Soup.
Hashed Mutton. Summer Cabbage.
Roast Fowl, with Water-cresses.
Bread-and-Butter Pudding.
Glass of old St. George.

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21. Julienne Soup.
Stewed Rabbit; its own gravy, seasoned with Curry, in a separate sauce-boat. Boiled Rice.

Apple Pudding, *i. e.* Apple Dumpling boiled in a basin.

A glass and a half of good Hungarian Wine, of which there are many excellent sorts, which deserve to be more generally patronised in England.

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22. Oyster Soup.

Boiled Partridge. Onion Sauce. Bread Sauce.

Mutton-cutlets à la Jardinière.

Strawberry-Jam Omelette.

Crust of Bread and morsel of Cheese.

Pint of Pale Ale. No wine.

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23. Boiled Haddock. Caper Sauce.

Boiled Sausages, surrounding a bed of chopped Savoy Cabbages, with poached Eggs lying in the middle.

Maccaroni, with Cheese, baked or salamandered.

A tumbler of cold Punch and Water.

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24. Ox-tail Soup.

Sheeps' Trotters à la Poulette. Stewed Celery (white).

Roast Hare, with stuffing. Currant Jelly. Winter Greens.

Morsel of Paté de Foie Gras and crust of Bread.

Tumbler of hot Whisky-toddy.

It is evident that most of these *Menus* will serve for quiet-living families and for persons of simple habits

messing together—as in boarding-houses mainly frequented by invalids—as well as for such individuals as are careful to avoid any thing approaching to repletion. Nothing is easier than to vary them, by reference to the preceding chapters, when once the principle is adopted, *That it is desirable to vary the composition of dinners from day to day*, instead of combining great variety in *the same* meal or dinner.

Entertainments, or dinners given to friends, cannot be so simple as the above; yet, they will be found to go off better, to be more thoroughly appreciated, and to accord with the common sense of the guests invited, if they are governed by the rule of having as few unnecessaries as possible. This rule, of course, hangs to a sliding scale depending on the dinner-giver's position and income; but it is surely possible to hit the happy mean which harmonises with the entertainer's means and station. This maxim, however, may be safely laid down: that, for a limited number of guests, as at a dinner—*i. e.* when *a crowd* is not expected, as at a ball, rendering the calculation of quantities difficult—it is vulgar, and in bad taste, to put *too much* upon a table.

This branch of the subject is best illustrated by examples. Some excellent Bills of Fare, with the preparation of the dishes composing them, are given in *Cœlebs in Search of a Cook*. To these we can only refer the reader; the book is well worth the trifle it costs. We present a few others, which have not yet been published in any *volume*.

"A Derbyshire Peakrill," writing to the *Times*, says:

"I like occasionally to dine my friends, and to do so without draining my pocket. I, therefore, give you the fare provided for my ten guests yesterday. You will perceive that I adhere to home productions as much as possible, and that economy is strictly studied.

"First, I had crawfish soup, made upon a veal-stock foundation (the stock prepared as for vermicelli soup), the tails of the fish cut into long, thin strips, and the remainder rubbed through a sieve.

"My only Fish was Dove Grayling boiled, plain melted butter, and home-made mushroom ketchup, with a boiled potato, hot, mealy, and not overdone. A glass of good old-fashioned brown sherry, matured under a tropical sun, was the only concomitant.

"Rabbits? Yes; rabbits boiled, or rather gently stewed, in milk (with a garnish of alternate slices of broiled ham and fat boiled bacon, home-cured, rolled round, and enclosing the white pulled fibres of another rabbit), were accompanied by stewed celery and white sauce, and sea-kale and good melted butter. No toast under either vegetable, to absorb the flavour and be left in the dish.

"A Haunch of small mountain mutton, which had hung five weeks, with mashed potatoes and fresh, hot, boiled ditto, for the next remove. The only two side dishes were sweetbreads and oyster patties; and these I would gladly have dispensed with, but my better-half had two handsome silver (electro-plated) side dishes, and these must necessarily be used. Sparkling Moselle (no

sham Champagne will I tolerate) was now to me very agreeable.

"A grayhen and a couple of woodcocks, all roasted before an open fire; captains' biscuits and mushrooms; a cabinet pudding, and a damson tart,—concluded the dinner.

"The Dessert consisted of apples, pears, olives, preserved ginger, and some nondescripts—the joy of some people's hearts, but not of mine; the garnish, mountain heath, moss, and bilberry boughs.

"The wines: Full-bodied inky claret (!); matured, but not exhausted, port; and East-India brown sherry. The dinner was served up hot; and no hitch occurred, simply because too much was not attempted. Though your professed gourmand may sneer at my simple fare, I assure you that smiling faces and good digestions insured a pleasant evening. I trust I may learn from the *Times*, the world's instructor, how to give a better dinner at the same expense."

The above Bill of Fare is excellent; especially because it admits of variation to any extent, *retaining the groundwork of the original plan.* It is also capable of simplification. The gray hen and woodcocks, after the mountain mutton, are unnecessary. When game is served, by giving *plenty* of it, it takes the place of the roast, which may be suppressed. "Inky claret," we venture to suggest, is an error; accidental, probably. The beauty of claret (next to its bouquet) consists in its brilliant limpidity. The word "claret" is derived from the French *clair*—clear, light-coloured; and *clairet*,

therefore, or claret wine, should not be inky. The Derbyshire Peakrill is advised to try some of the best Hungarian wines, which, without being "inky," are full of flavour.

In the same number of the leading journal, "A Housekeeper to 800*l.* per annum" gives a practical illustration of the difference of cost between an Old-Fashioned and a Reformed Dinner, the prices given being those of the locality in which she lives, and which of course might vary in other neighbourhoods.

Old Dinner for Twelve: Fish, 5*s.*; Turkey, 6*s.* 6*d.* Plum-pudding, 2*s.*; Sweetbread, 1*s.*; Dutch Jelly, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Duck, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Pastry, 1*s.*; Curry and Blancmange, 2*s.*; Game, 3*s.*; Beef, 9*s.* 6*d.*; Soup, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Eggs à la Tripe, 9*d*; Jelly, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Tongue, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Basket Tart, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Oyster Patties, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Cream, 2*s.* 6*d.* Total, 2*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The corner and side dishes were put on the table, with the soup and fish. The whole took half an hour to dish up. The reader will judge how warm such a dinner can be.

Reformed Dinner for Twelve: Tables laid without fruits and flowers; fruit much the same in quantity as heretofore; dishes to be brought in one by one, hot from the kitchen, and carved at the side-table.

Soup, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Fish, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Oyster Patties, 1*s.* 3*d.*; Sweetbread, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Beef (8 lb. instead of 16 lb.), 4*s.* 3*d.*; Turkey, 6*s.* 6*d.*, and Tongue, 2*s.* 6*d.*, handed together; Game, 3*s.*; Pudding, 2*s.*; Jelly, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Cream, 2*s.* 6*d.* Total, 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Each guest may thus partake of ten dishes. Those over ten, on the old system, served merely to fill the table.

This, too, is a good dinner, not difficult to serve hot. It is also capable of simplification; the Sweetbread and the Game are quite superfluous. For English dinners, we repeat, *are* passing through a revolutionary phase, which is not even yet quite complete nor universally adopted.* While taking care to have sufficient, let there be abundance *without* profusion. A rich man can always display his wealth in the quality and the kind of

* In reference to this topic, we cannot refrain from quoting a letter addressed by S. G. O. to the *Times:*

"A comparatively poor man myself, I have ever pitied the great unemployed rich class; they can get through a great deal of wealth's inconvenience by paid agency, but no one can eat, drink, sleep, and digest for them: these are duties which cannot be done by deputy. The wealthy, per force of their position, must have large, expensive establishments; they are doomed to live in 'show' houses; they are the proper consumers of the produce of decorative art; but they yet have to eat: and here comes the question, How can they eat in character? How can they dine up to their pictures, sculpture, plate, music, &c.?

"As I have often gone through the process of participation in one of these so-called good dinners, I am quite alive to the effect which can be produced by a deep and skilful attention to kitchen and cellar chemistry, with its appropriate accompaniments; whether the result was worth the labour, I may have doubted. Yes, I have mused at such a scene on what the affair has cost in the actual value of the articles called into use; on the skill necessary to develop the full resources of the culinary staff; on the training necessary to qualify the gentleman, the under-gentlemen, and the liveried attendants. I by calculation arrived at the fact that for such a dinner for sixteen persons, there would never be less than 1500 articles each day to be placed and displaced, a great proportion of them requiring cleaning; in some houses, many more articles are used for such a party. It was an affair, perhaps, of two hours from leaving the drawing-room to returning to it. Sixteen people had dined, out of whom it might safely be said some six or eight had previous to the dinner-hour really taken all *the food* (how vulgar a

the dishes he offers you, without overwhelming you with their number. In short, never put too much upon the table.

The error is much easier to avoid now than it was thirty or forty years ago. The merit of moderation, then, was a distinguished mark of good taste and discernment. In olden time (see the Cookery Books, with dinners for every month, and even every day, of the year), a table, at each course, had to be covered with a set number of dishes, as precisely fixed and as numerous

word!) they really needed, or really cared for. Still, 'the thing' had been well done, the guests had been gratified with a good dinner of 'the day;' it was now established, the dinners at —— house are first-rate; the sons of the house receive all club homage for the fact; the fathers are satisfied it should be so, and pay the cost, mental and financial.

"I have no disposition to moralise on this feature of opulent life; I know all that can be said about it in a 'serious' spirit is too evident to require rehearsal at my hands.

"If I pity the rich man in table difficulty, I have no feeling for 800*l.* a year sufferers. If these will ape the customs and aim at the table appliances of the opulent, they can but fail, and look the fools they are. Let them stick to joints, chops, steaks, and occasional cutlets; get these well done; have good potatoes, well boiled; be particular in their beer and porter; as to wines, let them get, if they can, good sherry and port, but even with these be chary of *daily* extravagance. As to all the fiddle-faddle about side dishes, flowers, and fruit for the table, it is in their case simple flunkeyism, belongs to the school where white-cotton gloves mask the gardener's good, honest, soil-grained thumbs, and the coachman (so-called) has to tread delicately for the day, that he may not savour of the stable at dinner. I believe the dinners of the middle classes, of the clergy, professional men, and small esquires, are, as the rule, excellent in their way, wherever the ruling power of the house has the common sense necessary to offer only what can be served with ease, served plainly, and well cooked,—when, with no fear of a break-down, the host or hostess, or both, can give themselves to entertain their guests at an unostentatious meal in keeping with the house and the known means of the owner."

as the pieces on a chess-board. They served for ornament rather than for use, as it was impossible to taste one-third of them hot; and the leavings of a dinner-party were awfully hard work for a family to get through with. At present, the modern fashions of substituting the white table-cloth for the brown mahogany at dessert, of decorating the table with that dessert and with flowers from the beginning, and of carving joints at side-tables and handing the dishes round, relieve the dinner-giver of all temptation to make ostentatious displays of masses of meat.

On the other hand, as excess in the quantity of the united meal is coarse and vulgar, so scantiness in the supply of any one particular dish is not mean (for it is sometimes unavoidable), but simply absurd. A dish should never have *le goût de trop peu*—"the taste of too little." This is the great objection to side dishes containing a few mouthfuls of some expensive delicacy, "to please the ladies," when one lady could clear the dish without assistance. Therefore, if you cannot produce enough green pease, asparagus, or early strawberries, for each person who sees them to have a fair portion, suppress them altogether. Remember Thackeray's sketch in *Punch:* "Will you take a little game, my dear?" A lady and gentleman are entertaining. The servant lifts an immense silver cover from a vast silver dish, on which reposes—a roasted lark!

Apropos of plate and silver: A *plated* dinner-service, for every-day family use in the dining-room, although a considerable outlay at first, pays itself in the end by the

saving of breakage. It neither excites the envy of neighbours nor the greed of thieves, like the golden dishes of royalty.

Once, when Louis XIV. of France was giving a state dinner to the royal family, the courtiers (as was then the custom) crowded round the table, to witness the grace with which his Majesty picked a pheasant-bone. Amongst them, Arlequin Dominique, the famous actor, could not take his eyes off a brace of partridges which lay upon a golden dish. The king observing it, good-humouredly said, "Give that dish to Dominique." "Really, Sire! and the partridges too?" replied the ready Arlequin. His Majesty, stupefied, hesitated an instant; and then, laughing at the fellow's impudence, added, "Yes, and the partridges too!"

Every body wishes to give good dinners. Large dinners puzzle the givers, because they have not considered the theory of dining—which theory our dining-room reforms enable us now to put in practice. The old system was as if a party of twenty were an individual ogre possessing a twenty-man appetite. But a dinner-party is not an individual; it is an assembly of individuals, a combination of units. Take, therefore, a good dinner for one; multiply its quantity by twenty, and you have a good dinner for twenty. One man cannot partake of fifty different dishes at the same meal; neither can twenty men each partake of fifty different dishes at one repast. Only, in providing for a party, you may have a few more dishes than in providing for one person, *to allow for the difference of tastes.* If the tastes of the

guests were alike and accordant, not a single extra dish would be required.

What, then, is a good dinner for one? Let us take the standard universally acknowledged as sufficient in Paris. It may be tasted any day at such convenient places as the Dîner de Paris, Passage Jouffroy, nearly opposite to the Théâtre des Variétés; or at the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre, Rue des Filles St. Thomas, leading out of the Place de la Bourse.

Each person is supposed to require a plate of soup; then a *hors d'œuvre* or two (*i. e.* a bit of butter, an anchovy, or a radish—a plaything, in short), to pass the time. Then, three dishes, one after the other, which really constitute the substance of the dinner; but, in Paris, fish counts as a dish, and vegetables (cauliflowers, pease, or asparagus, for instance) are a dish. Then, either an ice, a *beignet* (fritter), an omelette soufflée, or other kickshaw; and, finally, a trifle of dessert, and a glass of liqueur. Wine, at discretion, is taken with the meal. In France, it is the height of orthodoxy to commence a *déjeûner* or a dinner with oysters, which are eaten *before* the soup, and are hardly considered to form part of the meal.

Now, to apply these principles to a dinner-party: First, every guest will have a bill of fare beside his plates that he may make his selection. There may be two kinds of soup, suited to the season, to choose from; as julienne and tapioca in summer, and ox-tail and mock or real turtle in cold weather; or, at any time, a white and a brown soup, or a thin soup and a mouthful soup.

The *hors d'œuvres* will be disposed up and down the table, adding to its ornamentation, and inviting a trial.

Two kinds of fish, with their appropriate sauces, will suffice. This mode allows small fish to be served; as their selection need not be principally guided by the appearance they will make top and bottom.

Remembering that a private entertainment may be more liberally supplied than a low-priced restaurant dinner can be, there may be four or five kinds of flesh dishes, quite moderate-sized joints (whether of beef, veal, mutton, lamb, poultry, or game), each with a fitting accompaniment of vegetable (as we eat vegetables *with* our meat), and some served white and some brown. Of course, a servant is ready with salad, for those who choose to eat it with the roast.

Then, a choice of two or three sweets, intended for the ladies rather than the gentlemen; and then, the standing and fixed dessert.

Celery will be a *hors d'œuvre* to go with the cheese; which may be taken either English fashion, between dinner and dessert, or may form part of the dessert itself, as is the custom in France.

The wines must depend on the entertainer's generosity, the wealth of his cellar, and the taste of his guests.

No one can call such a dinner either extravagant or a bad one, if well cooked and well served. It may be varied greatly, without increasing either its cost or its cumbrousness. Its scale is enough, and not too much: and its remains will not tax the family's digestive powers. Good waiting is of the utmost necessity.

A writer in the *Times* would introduce a similar principle of simplification into those magnificent messes, the Lord Mayor's dinners; which, he says, are really very bad, not creditable to the wealth of the City, and not gratifying to the majority of the visitors. He once had to dine off green pease only, although tempted with a long list of things which it was impossible to obtain. The Lord Mayor's guests would be in the same predicament as the First Napoleon's—obliged to eat a hearty dinner before going out to dine, through want of victuals in one case, as through want of time in the other; for the Emperor, on state occasions, remained at table thirty minutes, neither more nor less; at ordinary dinners, fifteen minutes only.

The correspondent of the *Times* advised the City Committee for Lord Mayor's Day to imitate the public dinners given at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris. Let them provide a complete dinner for a party of eight; namely, the turtle and another soup; the turbot and another fish; two *entrées;* the venison and roast beef; the sweets and the ices. Let them avoid the riot and uncertainty of a hundred other dishes named in a *menu;* and, sticking to these, multiply them by the number of parties of eight invited. Let them also insist that each set of waiters attend only to their own party of eight, and not wander off to distant Common Councilmen with the prime cuts of turbot and venison. By following this simple method, they may inaugurate an epoch of reform in civic dinners, which is extremely needed.

Actual Bills of Fare show what may be done. The

following was served, with great approbation, to about fifty or sixty guests, in the dining-room of the Hôtel de Brabant, Brussels.

Soup.
Roast Beef. Sautéd Potatoes.
Pork-chops, with chopped green Cabbage.
Roast Chicken, *à la Tartare.*
Roast Leg of Mutton. Kidney-beans.
Roast Thrushes.
Tongue. Salad.
Cakes.

Every thing hot, and excellently cooked. Price, two francs and a half (two shillings) per head, exclusive of wine.

Dinners considerably more expensive are daily served to a numerous party at the Grand Hotel, Paris. It is worth while giving a specimen of the usual

MENU (BILL OF FARE).

I.

Soup. Crécy, with Fried Bread.
Rissoles of Fowl.

Removes. Whitings, *au Gratin.*
Beef, *à la Mode.*

Entrées. First Course. Ducklings, with Green Pease.
Maccaroni, *à la Milanaise.*

The Roast Meat. Chicken, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Entremets. *Third Course.* Celery in branches,
à l'Espagnole.
Rice Puddings, with Fruit.

Ice. Bombes,* *à l'Orange.*

Dessert.

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Price, eight francs, including wine. Service and cookery first-rate. This is what a cook of the old school would call quite a small dinner, and yet it is more than enough to satisfy any reasonable appetite. It will be noted that there are *no* "side dishes;" which is really what *was* understood by the word *entremets* in former times. Every thing is served in its turn, and nothing is set on the table merely to be looked at. Nevertheless, the *menus* in Paris are regarded at present as elaborate, the ingredients being so ingeniously tortured that it is difficult to recognise meat, or to distinguish it from fish or fowl.

We add a few more instances of the same system of serving dinner.

II.

Soup. Turtle, *à l'Americaine.*
Marinaded Sheeps' Brains, fried.

Removes. Salmon Trout. Dutch Sauce.
Braised Fillet of Beef, *à la Chipolata.*†

* *Bombes* are ices containing citron-peel or pine-apple, chopped into small pieces.

† *Cipolletta* is Italian for scallions, chives.

First Course. Chicken. Sauce Suprème.
Mutton-chops, Bread-crumbed; with Chicory.

The Roast Meat. Wild Ducks.
Salad.

Third Course. Mushroom Toast (Croûtes aux Champignons).
Pithiviers Cake.*

Ices. Vanilla and Raspberry.

Dessert.

III.

Soup. Consommé, with Italian Paste.
Mayonnaise of Sheeps' Brains.

Removes. Salt Cod, *à l'Anglaise.*
Legs of Mutton, with Purée of Potatoes.

First Course. Chicken, sautéd with Truffles.
Hamburgh Tongues, *à la Jardinière.*

The Roast Meat. Wild Ducks.
Salad.

Third Course. Cauliflowers, with Dutch Sauce.
Jelly of Fruit preserved in Liqueurs.

Ice. Châteaubriand.†

Dessert.

* An old-fashioned French cake. A flat sponge-cake, cut in two horizontally, and spread with jam between the slices.

† This ice contains minced citron and lemon-peel, and very small Smyrna raisins.

IV.

Soup. Julienne, with Consommé.
Cramoski.*

Removes. Red Gurnard, *à la Maître d'Hôtel.*
Braised Ribs of Beef, garnished with Saurkraut.

First Course. Hashed Game, with Mushrooms.
Veal Sweetbreads, with Green Pease.

The Roast Meat. Poulardes (caponised Pullets), with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Third Course. Artichokes sautéd, *à l'Italienne.*
Fruit Tartlets.

Ice. Dames blanches† au Kirsch.
Dessert.

V.

Soup. Crust in the Pot.
Little Cases of Fat Livers (*Caisses de Foies gras*).

Removes. Fried Soles.
Roast Beef, with sautéd Potatoes.

First Course. Vol-au-Vent, *à la Toulouse.*‡
Lambs' Kidneys, *au Gratin.*

The Roast Meat. Chicken, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

* Hollow Fritters, *Beignets Soufflés,* or *Pets de Nonne,* containing a small quantity of truffles chopped very fine.

† White ices, piled high, like little sugar-loaves.

‡ Toulouse is celebrated both for its truffles and also for its geese, and consequently their livers. It is likewise a great place for turkeys and a long list of other good things, the produce of the south.

Third Course. Speckled Haricots, *à la Maître d'Hôtel.*
Charlottes Russes, *à la Vanille.*

Ice. Perfect, Moka Coffee.

Dessert.

VI.

Soup. Vermicelli, in Consommé.
Croquettes of Fowl.

Removes. Fresh Cod, with Dutch Sauce.
Saddles of Mutton, with stuffed Mushrooms.

First Course. York Ham, with Spinach.
Fillets of Beef, *à la Béarnaise.*

The Roast Meat. Chicken, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Third Course. Green Kidney-beans, *à l'Anglaise.*
Meringues, *à la Chantilly.*

Ice. Bombes, Vanilla and Raspberry.

Dessert.

VII.

Soup. Royal Consommé, with Asparagus-tops.
Little Patties, *au naturel.*

Removes. Fillets of Sole, *à la Colbert.*
Braised Fillets of Beef, *à la Dauphine.*

First Course. Chicken, with Tarragon Sauce.
Legs of Veal, *à la Jardinière.*

The Roast Meat. Turkey Hens, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Third Course. Haricots, *à la Maître d'Hôtel.*
Croûtes aux Ananas (Pine-apple Toast).

Ice. Perfect, Coffee.

Dessert.

VIII.

Soup. Julienne, with Pease Purée.
Mayonnaise of Sheeps' Brains.

Removes. Turbots, with Dutch Sauce.
Legs of Mutton, with Purée of Potatoes.

First Course. Pigeons, with Périgueux* Sauce.
Loins of Fresh Pork, *à l'Anglaise.*

The Roast Meat. Capons, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Third Course. Artichokes sautéd, *à la Lyonnaise.*
Bavarois,† *au Chocolat.*

Ice. Dames Blanches au Kirsch.

Dessert.

IX.

Soup. Tapioca, *à la Crécy.*
Bouchées *à la Reine.*‡

* Périgueux, famous for truffles.

† Whipped Cream, made firm in a mould with the aid of ice.

‡ Little patties, or tiny vols-au-vent, one of which suffices for one person. Their hollow interior is filled with minced chicken-flesh and tongue, stewed in cream or Béchamel, and seasoned with salt, lemon-juice, and pepper. *Bouchées à la Reine* means "mouthfuls for a queen." Almost every first-rate *chef* will have his own way (the only correct one) of making them.

Removes. Brill. Sauce Genevoise.
Joints of Beef, garnished *à la Flamaude.*

First Course. Fricásseed Chicken.
Mutton-chops, with a Purée of Chestnuts.

The Roast Meat. Wild Ducks.
Salad.

Third Course. Green Pease, French fashion (19th February 1867).
Baba au Rhum (sort of Tipsy Cake).

Ice. Bombes, Vanilla and Raspberry.
Dessert.

X.

Soup. Brunoise (brown and thickened).
Hors d'Œuvre.

Removes. Salmon Trout. Caper Sauce.
Roast Beef, with sautéd Potatoes.

First Course. Nantes Ducklings, *à l'Orange.*
Little Cases of Périgueux Fat Livers.

The Roast Meat. Poulardes, with Water-cresses.
Salad.

Third Course. French Beans, *à l'Anglaise.*
Macédoine (Medley) of Fruits, in Maraschino.

Ice. Perfect, Moka Coffee.
Dessert.

A great merit in the above Bills of Fare is, that by simply reducing the *quantity* of the provisions dressed,

they will serve just as well for a dozen persons as for a couple of hundred. They are based on the common-sense principle, that the number of guests who partake of a dinner should have no influence whatever on the number of the different dishes composing it. The requisite amount of food is obtained by increasing the quantity of the meats already determined upon, and not by increasing their variety. The serving of ices in the depth of winter is a question of fashion, taste—and wholesomeness.

There is another class of Bills of Fare which merits serious consideration; namely, those recommended to families who like a good dinner on Sundays and Holidays (acknowledged by the Church as Feast-Days), but who still wish to occupy the time of those whose duty is to serve them as little as possible. A cold Sunday dinner suggests itself as the easiest way of meeting the difficulty; but, besides the fact that something hot is pleasant, wholesome, and sometimes necessary, during great part of the year, in the climate of the United Kingdom people cannot live in winter, even in the kitchen, without a fire; and, where there *is* a fire, it would be carrying "an idea" too far not to make a moderate and reasonable use of it. The labour of servants can be very much eased by abstaining from dishes which require much Sunday preparation. Cold dishes may pleasantly form *part* of a meal; they do so every day without our noticing the fact, and therefore, on Sundays, they may fairly be made to do so with a purpose. Few cooks will object to warm up things

ready prepared and easy to manage, or to do things fresh which take little time and give little trouble. The cook need not, by thus consulting her employers' comforts, either neglect her religious duties, or debar herself from the sight of her friends. The waiting may be simplified by laying the table at an early hour, and by ornamenting it, *à la Russe*, with *every thing* to be eaten cold, removing all (except the dessert) as soon as it is done with, and it will then serve for the kitchen supper; for we belong to the school of economists who do not give white bread to the master and brown to the servant, but feed the whole household on the very same joints, only taking the first cut ourselves. In short, we would suggest a compromise between the absolutely cold Sunday Dinner and the luxurious and elaborate Sunday Feast. The hint once given, the housekeeper can improve on the miscellaneous samples offered here.

I.

Pease Soup (containing mouthful-pieces of Hock of Pork).

Chopped Green Cabbage, surrounded by Boiled Sausages, and supporting Poached Eggs; an Egg and a Sausage for each person.

Cold Roast Beef. Horse-radish. Pickles.

Apple Tart. Boiled Custards.

The soup will only require warming up. Boil, drain, and squeeze the cabbages the day before. When wanted, chop them, and warm up in a stew-pan, with a

little butter, pepper, and salt, and keep them hot on the iron plate of your stove.

In another large stew-pan boil your sausages; when they are done, serve your cabbage on its well-heated dish; surround it with the sausages, and poach your eggs in the water in which they were boiled. You may garnish with small bits of toasted bread.

II.

Spring Soup.
Boiled Salmon. Plain Melted Butter. Plain-Boiled Potatoes.
Cold Veal Pie.
Cold Roast Mutton. Cucumber. Salad.
Baked Custard. Open Fruit-Jam Tart.

III.

Scotch Brose, with the Chops and Pearl Barley.
Cold Roast Pork. Pickles.
Boiled Asparagus. Melted Butter.
Soused Salmon (reserved from last Sunday). Salad.
Mayonnaise Sauce.
Vol-au-Vent of Fruit. Baked Custard.

IV.

Soup, Tapioca, in good Veal Stock.
Mutton Chops, *à la Jardinière.*
Cold Boiled Leg of Pork. Pease Pudding, cold, garnished with Savoury Jelly.
Broiled Fowls. Mushroom Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
Bread-and-Butter Pudding, Cold.

The veal stock to be made on Saturday; the tapioca to be thrown in while it is heating up. The chops to be ready trimmed and bread-crumbed for broiling; the ragoût of vegetables, for pouring in the middle, prepared, and only requiring warming up. The same of the Mushroom Sauce and the parboiled fowls for broiling. The same clear or charcoal fire which does for the chops, will do for the fowls. The potatoes may be mashed overnight, and put into *small* tin moulds. These, set into the oven, will not take long to heat through and brown on their surface.

V. *Ash-Wednesday, A.*

Common Soup Maigre.
Boiled Salt Cod. Egg Sauce. Parsnips.
Matelote of Poached Eggs.
Stewed Celery, White.
Eels in Jelly. Salad.
Welsh Rabbits.

Cod steeped two days before; eggs boiled hard, parsnips parboiled, and celery quite boiled, the day before, only requiring heating up. To the melted butter remaining from the egg sauce, milk or cream may be added to go with the celery.

VI. *Ash-Wednesday, B.*

Spring Soup, Meager.
Cods' Sounds and Tongues Pie, Cold.
Poached Eggs on a Purée of Sorrel, garnished with hot Buttered Toast.

Large Soles, or Red Gurdnard, *au Gratin.*
Maccaroni and Cheese.
Apple Pie. Baked Custard (both cold).

On Tuesday, make the Pie, prepare the Sorrel Purée ready for heating up; have the required number of eggs counted out in a basket; the fish ready cleaned for setting into the oven; the sweet herbs gathered, and their stalks stuck in water; the maccaroni steeped, and the cheese grated. With the fire lighted, the cooking-stove oven hot, and boiling water ready, this dinner will not take long to serve.

VII. *Good Friday, A.*

Pease Soup, Meager.
Omelette of Sweet Herbs.
Boiled Pike, Stuffed. Anchovy Sauce.
Cods' Tongues, Fried. Egg Sauce.
Cold Eel Pie. Salad.
Tartlets. Cheese Cakes.

The day before, the Soup can be made; the herbs for the omelette gathered, and set with their stalks in water; the eggs put aside in a basket; the pike stuffed and tied in a round, ready to put into the fish-kettle; the Cods' Tongues boiled and put away cold; and the eggs boiled hard for the sauce. The same saucepan of melted butter will make the anchovy sauce and the egg sauce.

VIII. *Good Friday, B.*

White Soup, Meager.
Vol-au-Vent of Oysters and other Fish.
Baked Cod, or Pike, Stuffed (hot).
Sea-Kale. White Sauce. Haricots, *à la Poulette.*
Collared Eel. Salad.
Fruit-Preserve Omelette. Trifle.

On Thursday afternoon, have the Vol-au-Vent crust sent in from the pastry-cook, and make the ragoût of Oysters and Fish. Prepare and stuff the Cod or Pike, and put it in the baking-dish, *dry*, adding the butter, &c., just before setting in the oven. Wash and pick your sea-kale overnight, and wrap it in a damp napkin. Boil the haricots, and make the poulette sauce; you will then have only to heat up the two together. Get out the pot of fruit preserve, the required number of eggs, and the bowl to mix them in.

IX. *Easter Sunday.*

Ox-tail Soup.
Cold Pigeon Pie.
Veal Kidney and Ham Omelette.
Cold Roast Hind-Quarter of Lamb. Salad.
Rhubarb Tart. Creams. Syllabubs. Tipsy Cake.

The Kidney and Ham Ragoût, for putting into the Omelette, made over-night, and only requiring heating up.

X. *Easter Monday.*

Vermicelli Soup, of any stock in hand.
Hashed Lamb. Plain-boiled Potatoes.
Cold Boiled Beef. Pickles. Salad.
Cake. Syllabub under the Cow.

The Syllabub to be made on Saturday at the same time with those for Sunday. The salad will be part of the purchase for Sunday's use. *Undressed* salad will keep very well for four-and-twenty hours in a bowl covered with a plate (or in a damp napkin) in a cool place. Where there is a garden, it takes so little time to cut and pick a salad.

XI. *Whit-Sunday.*

Green Pease-Soup, without green pease. Toasted Bread-Dice.
Vol-au-Vent of Sweetbreads, Oysters, and Mushrooms.
Stewed Beef, with Vegetables, Hot.
Cold Roast Fowl. Cold Tongue. Salad.
Green Gooseberry Tart. Creams. Cake.

Vol-au-Vent and its Ragoût made on Saturday, stewing the Beef at the same time. When the latter is cold, the fat may be removed from the gravy, and the dish, when served, will turn out all the better for having been cooked the day before. With a good working stove, and a good will, this dinner may be sat down to within three-quarters of an hour of the time of beginning to warm up, including the hot plates off which the hot dishes are to be eaten.

XII.

Soup, Giblet.

Calf's-Head Pie.

Hashed Duck and Green Pease.

Cold Boiled Leg of Pork, in slices. Radishes and Small Salading.

Raspberry and Currant Tart. Creams.

The Calf's-Head Pie and the Giblet Soup can be made on Friday, if more convenient. The boilings of the calf's head, if used for the soup, will make it all the better. On Saturday, roast your Ducks (not too much); when cold, cut them into handsome pieces; season and flour them; prepare the gravy ready for the hash. Cook the Green Pease French fashion; if there is plenty of them, the surplus, with the addition of a chop or steak, will help out Saturday's dinner; and two quarts of green pease give no more trouble *to cook* (though they do to shell) than one. On Sunday, warm up separately the ducks in their gravy, and the pease *in theirs*. Arrange the ducks round a large, hot dish, and serve the pease in the middle. You may garnish with toasted bread, or stewed mushrooms.

XIII.

Soup, Brown Gravy.

Oyster Patties (cold).

Cold Roast Veal. Savoury Jelly. Tongue.

Windsor Beans. Boiled White Bacon (hot).

Boiled Fowls. Parsley and Butter. New Potatoes.

(All hot.)

Blancmange. Sponge Cake.

On Saturday, parboil the Fowls and the bacon; unless particularly objected to, or the bacon is very salt, they may be cooked in the same boiler. Early on Sunday morning, shell the beans, and set them aside in a salad-bowl covered with a plate; gather the parsley for the sauce, and put its stalks in water. Wash and rub off the skin from the new potatoes, and leave them in a basin of water fresh from the pump.

When the Fowls and the Bacon have had a boil up, they can be set aside to make room on the fire for the beans and potatoes; while these are doing, the parsley can be chopped, and the melted butter made for the sauce.

XIV.

Soup (Rice and Onion, White) made with Calf's-Head Boilings.

Cold Roast Beef. New Potatoes (hot). Pickles.
Mutton-chops. French Beans (hot), French fashion.

Calf's Head, *à la Tortue.*

Rum Omelette.

On Saturday, the ragoût for the Calf's Head (already boiled) can be made, the French Beans cooked ready for warming up, and the Mutton-chops trimmed, seasoned, and bread-crumbed. The omelette will be mixed and cooked while the first part of the dinner is being eaten.

XV. *Christmas Day, falling on a Sunday.*

Giblet Soup.

Cold Roast Beef. Pickles. Plain-boiled, mealy Potatoes.

Boiled Turkey, the crop filled with veal stuffing, the body with chestnuts. Oyster Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
Curried Lobster. Boiled Rice.
Hot Plum Pudding, with Wine Sauce. Cold Mince Pies.

The turkey to be stuffed, trussed, and parboiled on Saturday, taking it out of the boilings, which you will save. By putting it on the fire again on Sunday, with the boilings cold, it will soon be enough. Melted butter for the sauce made over-night, oysters opened on Sunday before going to church, and set aside. By boiling *plenty* of potatoes to accompany the Beef, the surplus can be mashed while *it* is eaten. Curry prepared and rice steeped over-night; rice boiled while soup and beef are being eaten.

Plum Pudding made a week beforehand, and heated up. Sweet sauce made over-night; wine or brandy added on warming up.

XXII.

CONCLUSIONS.

AFFECTING SEDENTARY, PROFESSIONAL, AND LITERARY PERSONS.

THERE are two kinds of *labour*, bodily and mental, differing widely in their effects on the human frame. There are likewise the same two kinds of *exercise;* namely, exercise of the corporeal powers, and exercise of the intellectual faculties. By exercise, we mean action of any kind voluntarily undertaken, and continued so long only as it is pleasurable, and ceasing the moment a person has taken enough of it to his liking; whereas, labour is exertion prolonged, under either physical or moral compulsion, for definite periods, not always in conformity with the labourer's tastes and wishes, but obliged to be continued during those periods, whether the pleasurable point has been passed or not.

The reader will readily call to mind instances of the difference between bodily labour and corporeal exercise. Galley-slaves were made to toil at the oar, harder and longer than was agreeable to their feelings; boating is the act of playing with that implement, to the extent which suits the boatman's convenience. It is true that in boat-races, and in the preliminary training, exercise, taken in excess, may be converted into labour; or, in

other words, you may make a toil of a pleasure,—which only renders the distinction more clear.

The same of mental exercise and labour. Creatures gifted with an intellect cannot let it lie utterly dormant. They exercise it, therefore, with animated discussion, interesting inquiries, pleasant projects. Although cheerful talk will be only an exercise of the tongue and the powers that guide it, an elaborate speech may become a real labour. However amusing may be the process of observation, research, and speculation, the putting of the result on paper in orderly, logical, and producible form will often turn out a laborious task. The reader who skims through a scientific treatise which gives the most recent views of some difficult subject, may be fairly said to exercise his mind; while the author, who had to write it in a given time, amidst other avocations, with facts to discover and conclusions to draw, will probably have undergone actual labour.

It is curious that most people whose experience is limited to work executed by the limbs, should feel a difficulty in admitting that mental labour *is* labour at all. Who are the objects of envy to the working class? Emperors, ministers of state, victorious generals; distinguished, popular, and marvellously productive literary persons: of whose heavy burdens and ceaseless travail they do not entertain the slightest conception. Work performed sitting in an easy-chair, and in the tempered air and light of a comfortable study, cannot, according to their ideas, be allowed to pass as serious work. They can see in it nothing but the *dolce far niente*, the delicious

profession of nothing to do. Money earned by the pen is, with them, synonymous with money picked up in the streets. An industrious Parisian refused to believe that Scribe, the dramatist, had made a large fortune solely by play-writing; because, "If he had, every body else would do the same."

On the other hand, nobody holds that bodily labour is not labour. Nobody, that can help it, wishes to live by bodily labour. There are even whole races and communities of men, as the Jews, who contrive to escape it. Fair-weather exercise in moderation, under pleasant circumstances, all accept; but manual toil, as a habitual, compulsory, and perennial means of livelihood, no one. All who do *so* work, look forward to, and hope for, the time when they shall be able to live without it.

And yet ordinary labour (out-door, especially), when not excessive, and when wholesome food is obtained in sufficient *quantity*, is particularly healthful in its tendency; for not only does it aid the circulation, and apply the great stimulants of air and light, but it thereby insures the proper assimilation of the whole amount of aliment that is taken in. For, it cannot be too strongly urged, it is not the food eaten, but the food digested, which nourishes. Food, however rich, passing away undigested and unassimilated, might as well have been chaff or chips, for any good the eater derives from it.

Besides those who labour only with their limbs, and those who labour only with their brains, there is a mixed and intermediate class, whose professions compel them to work with both. Happy are they, perhaps, without

knowing it; for one kind of labour, one set of influences, corrects the untoward tendencies of the other. Exercise of the muscles calms irritation of the nerves, and relieves the brain of any undue supply of blood. The stomach indirectly profits by it, and performs its functions with greater ease. Fresh air, one of the best of calmers, acts as a remedy against sleeplessness; and the sunshine radiated from the Orb of Day brings with it sundry other influences, which we acknowledge rather from their beneficent effects than from what we have yet learnt about their nature. Such persons—those employed on railways, for instance—may be hard worked and much exposed; but, with proper precautions of clothing and regimen, their work and their exposure will help them to enjoy far better health than if their destiny had chained them to the accounts of the office or the compositions of the study.

Convalescents will generally, and wisely, be guided in the food they take by their medical adviser; their relatives and attendants will see to its being properly administered. After the crisis of an illness has passed, and the patient has safely got round Danger Corner, it often requires very little to set him going in the right way forward; but it requires that little to be offered at the nick of time, and to be repeated, with proper variation, at frequent and regular intervals. Friends, in their zeal and anxiety, are apt to urge the taking of too much nourishment at once; but the grand secret of nursing convalescents is, to give them little and often. They must not be put too forward, nor be tried beyond

their strength in any way—beyond their strength of digestion, their strength of bearing sitting up, or their strength of attending to serious business.

Convalescents may take light nourishment with advantage early in the morning, as soon as they awake—an egg, for instance, beat up with sugar and a little rose-water, or even with milk, if the stomach will bear it, and perhaps with a bit of sponge cake soaked in it. If the patient is so weak as still to require watching, a little good, warm beef-tea or chicken broth should be ready to give, in the case of his waking during the dead of the night, when the vital powers are at the very lowest, and the great majority of deaths occur. An orange to suck, or lemonade to sip, though innutritious, are refreshing and antifebrile; and whatever tends to give tone to the system is a step made towards the recovery of strength.

The effects of easily digested, strengthening food—such as light puddings, custard, meat soup, delicate fish—may be enhanced by serving them with what may be called "moral sauce;" by contriving agreeable little surprises; by having something sent unexpectedly, the moment something is wished for, from the pastry-cook's, as a present from a neighbour, or a token of remembrance from a distant friend. The snack (for it should be no more, until strength returns) will be still more highly relished, if accompanied by a pleasant bit of news, an amusing note (which may be caused to be written), the prospect of some desired event about to happen, or some object pleasing both to the sight and the spirit, such as an early flower or fruit. Even the outside of a new and

interesting book, which *must not be read* until permission is given, will have its beneficial effect. In all these details, the instinct of affection will find its way, and will surely work wonders in the end, provided that it carefully remembers that The more Haste, the worse Speed; and that Slow and Steady wins the Race.

The dietary for Sedentary Persons cannot be considered without dividing them into two widely differing classes; namely, those who have nothing, and those who have something (perhaps a great deal), to do. To the former, the simplest advice to be given would be, "Cease to be sedentary; be up and stirring." And thankful would hundreds be could they only follow it. For indolence is not the sole cause of inactivity. General debility, lameness, or other bodily infirmity, keep many at home who would otherwise be often abroad and out-of-doors, not to mention that frequent depression of spirits and disinclination to go far from the house which by no means amounts to actual hypochondria or mental disease.

As a rule, sedentary persons should take light, nutritious food, in quite moderate quantities, at not long intervals of time. By eating too heartily or too frequently, they tire the digestive organs, giving them no rest, and indigestion surely follows. On the other hand, by fasting too long, the stomach grows faint and weak, appetite is gone, less nutriment is taken in, and that little less easily digested. Individuals, otherwise similarly circumstanced, differ so much in the quantity and frequency of meals that suit them, that each person must be, in a great measure, guided by his own experience and

feelings, keeping always on the safe side, by neither making the meals too heavy nor the interval between them too long.

Dr. Edward Smith addresses excellent advice to *those who lead a sedentary life:* "Persons of sedentary habits are liable to become either thin, feeble, and dyspeptic, or else to grow stout, according as the original state of their constitution and the attendant conditions of life have led. A certain amount of exertion is necessary to enable a person to breathe the pure air in sufficient quantity to carry on the function of digestion and other vital actions in activity and vigour; and when this is not obtained, the quantity of food which is supplied must be reduced, or fulness of the system, or derangement of digestion and general health, will follow. If the reduction of the appetite for, and the digestion of, food be greater than the necessary wants of the system can tolerate, the former result occurs; but if they remain good, the system will, at least for a time, store up fat within it, and the person will become stout.

"When, with the sedentary occupation, the person becomes thin, feeble, and dyspeptic, it is necessary that the same plan should be adopted which has been laid down for persons of feeble constitution, viz. the frequent supplies of small quantities of hot food; and, as animal food excites the vital actions more than vegetable food, it should be preferred, and the quantity of it gradually increased. There are many in this state who hesitate to take milk and eggs, from having felt uncomfortable after their use; but they should be encouraged to take

them, nevertheless, in the form which is least disagreeable to their taste. Milk in puddings or with chocolate, and eggs fried or made into herb omelettes, are the best forms of food. Meat is not objected to; but care in its cooking and flavouring, and variety of meat (excluding pork, and perhaps veal and fish), are necessary. Meat should be eaten twice a day; and, at the tea meal, potted meats, ham, or eggs, should be added. Curries are valuable, and all the meat should be hot, fresh, and seasoned. So long as the sedentary habit is continued, the total quantity of food which is supplied should be less than would be requisite under other conditions; but it should be largely of an animal nature. It will, however, often be necessary to seek the medical adviser, in order to keep the functions of the body in a state as consistent with health as may be possible; and, above all things, arrangements should be made by which exertion of somewhat a severe kind may be taken at one or more regulated periods daily, and thus obviate the ill effects of the sedentary occupation."—*Practical Dietary.*

Unoccupied sedentaries have a great advantage over those who have their living to get, in this: they can take a substantial midday meal or dinner, accompanied by a moderate dose of fermented beverage, both which the others are obliged to abstain from—if for no other reason, for fear of the flagging attention, or even drowsiness, which such indulgence is apt to induce. They cannot, in fact, really dine, though they may call it dinner. They make a light meal, often without meat or even eggs; their beverage is water, or tea or coffee, which suits

them better then than at a later period of the day, the wakefulness it causes being now advantageous—the contrary to what it would be at night. Such persons, to keep up their strength, must make up at an early supper (or late dinner) for the sparing allowance taken at dinner or luncheon. They will then entirely abstain from tea and coffee, and make good, sound beer or wine-and-water, with perhaps a glass of wine pure, their beverage. This moderate amount of stimulant will calm the nerves and conduce to sleep, especially if they can screw out the time for a little out-door exercise before their evening meal. An hour's walk, even in the dark, or in the rain with an umbrella and a cloak, will wonderfully freshen the spirits, sharpen the appetite, and aid the digestion.

Sedentary persons will, of course, attend to the regularity of the more obvious functions of their frame; they are specially urged to take great care to keep up the action of their skin. Because the insensible transpiration escapes our notice, it is not the less important to health. It carries off, unconsciously and without our notice, what would otherwise soon produce disease. Persons still ignorant of the important part which the Skin plays in the animal economy, cannot do better than study attentively the late Dr. Andrew Combe's admirable *Principles of Physiology applied to Health and Education.* There they will learn the close relations which exist between the Skin, the Lungs, and the Bowels; how one acts upon, relieves, assists, or deranges the functions of the other. There is little doubt that Dr. Combe's valuable but pre-

carious life was prolonged by due attention to the functions of the skin, and the whole of what he has so clearly written on this subject is particularly worthy of serious study.

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Sedentary persons, debarred from throwing off noxious particles from their frame by the free action of the lungs and skin induced by out-door exercise, should therefore keep the latter in full play by the daily use of sponge-baths, cold or tepid. If the warm reaction does not speedily follow the application of cold water to the surface of their body, after it is well dried and rubbed, it will, in that case, be more prudent to make use of tepid. In very severe winter weather, the sponge-bath need not be employed more than every other day, or thrice a week, but never less than twice a week by persons leading a sedentary life. This simple, cleanly, and wholesome measure will often save them from attacks of gout, irritation of the lungs, dysentery, offensive breath, and feverish colds, which result from the disturbance of the balance of the natural secretions. When the skin fails to do its work, other organs have to do the work for it; and they *do* do it at first, but not so well; because, as disobliging servants say, "it is not their place." By continuing to do it, their powers are overtaxed, and various disorders of the system are the necessary consequence. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of keeping the skin in proper action; and this, in persons enjoying moderate health, may be nearly insured by the daily use of the sponge-bath and proper clothing.

There have been medical men who, assuming that

the cause or principle of gout is of an acid nature, have prescribed alkaline baths—*i.e.* hot water with washer-woman's soda dissolved in it—as a remedy, or, rather, a prophylactic. And the results, gouty patients say, have been favourable. We ourselves, with some personal experience of the matter, doubt much whether the alkali has the special effect attributed to it. In the first place, it is not proved that gout consists in an acid humour; it may not be a humour, nor even an entity at all; like heat, it may merely be a mode of motion—a form of inflammatory action; in which case, there being no acid to neutralise, the alkali cannot combine with what does not exist. But, as the addition of soda renders water smooth and soft, and more efficacious in its *cleansing* effects, there is little doubt that water so prepared makes an excellent bath,—especially for persons who do not use sponge-baths frequently. And *that* we hold to be the probable explanation of the fact, if it be one.

As to persons who, like the modern Romans, are washed from head to foot twice only during their sojourn on earth,—as soon as they are born, and after their death,—the wonder is they are so well as they are. When such persons, by accident, do get a bath, the removal of their crust of dirt feels to them like the loss of an article of clothing. But sedentary persons especially ought to observe the strictest cleanliness; not only with regard to what meets the view, but throughout the whole surface of their bodily frame. Like the Indian, although in another sense, they should consider themselves as "all face."

Many hold that sedentary people will help their digestion by taking only a very limited quantity of fluid; this is true, so far as that they expend less fluid than persons much in the open air. During out-door exercise in warm weather, or with dry winds blowing, the evaporation is considerable; and the sensation of thirst is providentially given to warn us to supply the loss. But abstinence from liquids must not be carried too far, even by the most stay-at-home individual. Enough drink must be taken during the twenty-four hours to allow of a sufficient secretion from the kidneys: it is through them that the waste of animal food and the worn-out material of the tissues are mainly eliminated from the body; and if, through a deficient supply of fluid, the drainage of the system, by their agency, is imperfect, the germs of disorder will accumulate until they manifest their presence by producing illness. Nature and common sense will mostly indicate the extent to which thirst may be allayed.

Professional persons are placed in such various conditions, that it is not easy to speak of them in general terms; one circumstance, however, is common to them, —want of time for repose and refreshment, and full employment of their time during the middle of the day, *i. e.* the greater part of the morning, and all the afternoon. This points to the desirableness of making a breakfast which shall be nutritious without being heavy, and concentrated in substance rather than bulky in mass. It may include eggs, delicate bacon, mutton or lamb chops, cold meat pie, kidneys, cold fowl, game, or any

first-rate, delicate, and not greasy fish. Beef, hot or cold, is too heavy at breakfast for persons whose brains want to retain all their energies instead of lending a part of them to help the stomach to do its work. Fruit, preserves, or marmalade (except as adjuncts), are not sufficiently nutritious. Scotch breakfasts are too substantial for our climate, except for persons who spend the morning out of doors,—they are apt to induce a feeling of drowsiness, until their digestion is three-parts completed. The French *déjeûner à la fourchette* is both too heavy, and is eaten at too late an hour, to suit professional persons in England. It approaches too nearly to a hot lunch, and is partaken of all the more freely from not having been preceded by a breakfast. Where *every body* (professional and business men included) takes his *déjeûner à la fourchette*, or dines at noon, the custom may be complied with without inconvenience; but, in England, such a serious sit-down meal, at such an hour, is difficult for busy people to take. It involves a loss of time which they can ill afford; and it often brings on (especially if fermented liquors are taken with it) a listlessness and a disinclination to work, the struggle with which causes a painful effort. It raises, in fact, the important question of Luncheon for Professional and Business People.

Busy men, in short, *must* dine late: they are obliged to take their principal meal after the brunt of their work is over. They cannot breakfast *very* substantially; they cannot lunch or dine with their wives and children at one o'clock; what, then, are they to do to support nature

during that long interval? For, without some refreshment containing more *food* than the customary biscuit and glass of sherry, the constitution must eventually suffer.

"There are many merchants' and banking houses," says Dr. Edward Smith, "where no opportunity is allowed to the clerks or salesmen to take food until five or six o'clock at night. This seems to me a most tyrannical exercise of power, and one which I have known to exert the most prejudicial influence over the health of young men. A certain interval, however small, should be allowed for dinner; and facilities for obtaining suitable food should be afforded. If, however, the clerk so circumstanced will provide himself daily with a cold meat pie, or with meat sandwiches, and milk, which he may perhaps be able to warm, he may find opportunity to eat them, and thus make a moderately good dinner."

Again: "The absence of a good midday meal, in the case of business men, is founded upon the want of facility for obtaining it, or of time in which to eat it, or on the sense of unfitness for clear thought which follows it; but it is contrary to reason that health can be uniformly maintained at its highest pitch when, after an early breakfast, there is continued and close application to business until from four to six p.m., without relaxation, and almost without food. We have copied the French habit of late dining, but have omitted its essential accompaniment—the substantial *déjeûner à la fourchette.*

"The objection which may be fairly taken against late dinners is very greatly lessened if a sufficiently good

lunch be eaten in the middle of the day. All such persons should take at least meat and bread as a lunch: the former to the extent of three ounces, in the form of sandwiches or otherwise, accompanied by a glass of wine (if that be usually taken), or simply by water, and that restricted to the smallest quantity which is consistent with a sense of ease during digestion. If the labour which is to follow be rather bodily than mental, it would be better to take a hot chop, or a supply of other hot meat, with bread, and perhaps a potato, so as to make the meal somewhat as valuable as a dinner."

The very best midday refreshment for busy people, with the least possible interruption of their pursuits, is a basin of good soup: such as *consommé*, with vermicelli or maccaroni, mock-turtle, ox-tail, giblet, or mouthful pease soup (which see). All these combine the advantages of being hot, of taking little time to eat, and of containing much nutriment in a small bulk, with sometimes a little of the vinous element, combined in such moderate proportion as to sustain without exciting or troubling the intellectual powers. Bread may be soaked in any of the above. If they cause thirst, it may be allayed with a wine-glass of toast-and-water, or a little cold tea.

Another speedily despatched and simple hot luncheon may be made off a couple of soft-boiled eggs and bread-and-butter, with a cup of savoury mutton broth, beef-tea, or any good stock broth as the beverage. But indispensable refreshment has often to be taken in places where there is no fire and no kitchen to cook or warm

up the simplest article of food. In that case, the professional worker must fall back on sandwiches containing *plenty* of meat, with a fair proportion of fat, nicely seasoned, or made with a combination of salt and fresh meat, such as salt beef and fowl, veal and ham, mutton and tongue, pork and sliced sausage. For variety, a piece out of a cold calf's-head pie, with a roll, will serve; or a cold roast fowl cut up into small joints, and accompanied by bread and a pinch of salt screwed up in a paper. The latter affords an excellent snack in respect to the substance of which it consists, but has the disadvantage of requiring either a knife and fork and plate, or to be picked with the fingers, neither of which are permissible under many circumstances when support is needed.

When broth, or other warm unfermented drink, is not to be had, one of the nicest afternoon beverages for busy-minded people is cold tea, ready sugared and milked, and carried in a pint bottle. It is a great favourite on such occasions with many sportsmen, who find that even the small quantity of alcohol contained in a glass of ale or porter affects their quickness of sight and surety of aim. Soda-water (plain, without wine or brandy) answers well, but has the reputation of having a lowering tendency; effervescent lemonade is too sweet and syrupy; ginger beer (when not too gingered) is better than either. Theory would obviously recommend milk for such occasions; but many adult stomachs cannot bear it even when boiled, finding it heavy, indigestible, and the cause of thirst,—as is also frequently the case with French *café au lait*, or boiled milk and strong coffee mixed

together in equal proportions, or with a preponderance of the milk. Milk, too, does not carry well, turning sour in summer, and separating itself from the cream in all weathers. Cold, weak tea will be found to have few superiors for the purpose now under consideration.

After a hard working day, sustained by refreshment, a hearty but not a heavy dinner, nutritious and well-seasoned, with not too many dishes, may be fairly allowed as a recompense for the labour undergone, *supposing that no mental work has to be done in the evening.* But if the brain has still two or three hours' occupation before it, then for the dinner it will be prudent to substitute a meat-tea, not more substantial than is necessary to prevent exhaustion; and, after the work is over, to take a light supper, with beer, ale, wine-and-water, or other accustomed stimulant, in moderation. By this arrangement, the strength will be sustained, and sleeplessness (often caused by the recent activity of the brain) will be avoided. There is no reason why a few whiffs of a cigar should not be afterwards resorted to as a further tranquilliser, if in accordance with the person's habits.

Busy people often get an indigestion by eating too fast; in vulgar phrase, they "bolt" their food, without masticating, and almost without tasting it. They are wrong to read letters or newspapers at meal-times, which call off their attention from the still more important act of repairing the waste of their bodily and intellectual energies. As their time for refreshment is limited, they should never have to wait for their meals, which ought

to be ready at the minute.* It is better they should eat in company, and that, of course, agreeable company. The remarks they hear, as well as those they make, will prolong the process of tasting and swallowing. No considerate wife or child will select the family table as the place to communicate unpleasant news, dilate on grievances, or make complaints, however reasonable. Some other opportunity will be chosen. It is the interest of the family, as it ought to be, and mostly is, their wish, that the mainstay of the household should enjoy his hasty meals with cheerfulness and peace of mind.

Professional persons who are fully employed cannot afford to *reduce* themselves by any depletive or weakening course of diet or medicine. They have need to husband all their energies for the fulfilment of their heavy duties. If at any time their system seems to require a little lowering, it is wonderful how surely and speedily that is effected by mere abstinence for a day or two from the usual allowance of fermented beverage or meat. The simple act of continuing to live incessantly wastes the stock of material in hand; much more must such be the case when exertion of mind and body are superadded. In the great majority of instances, deple-

* "When food is taken into the mouth, it should be masticated, especially vegetable food, as by this process the starch comes in contact with the saliva. The saliva contains a principle called *salivin*, which serves to convert the starch into sugar, and render it soluble. Meat requires mastication, in order that it may be cut into small pieces and rendered easily digestible in the stomach. It is not well to 'bolt' any kind of food; and, as a rule, those who take their food deliberately, digest it better than those who take it in a hurry."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food,"* p. 61.

tive and cathartic treatment may be believed to be a mistake; for what, after all, is life or vitality but the manifestation of accumulated strength? and what is death, but the result of weakness fallen to an extreme degree? What is the maintenance of life, but the sustaining, the *keeping up*, of the vital powers? All forms of bleeding, therefore, all violent purging, all extraordinary abstinence, should be refrained from, and never permitted but on those exceptional occasions when the physician's orders are paramount.

Professional persons, especially, will do well, for their own sakes, to study the Tonic Treatment of Disease, as insisted on by Mr. Skey.* He is not alone in objecting strenuously to that system of medicine which seems to regard the liver as the most pestilent member of the human frame, needing constantly to be assisted by blue pills and black draughts. But few medical men have insisted so long and so perseveringly on the worthlessness of drugs as compared with food as a means of cure; for the tonics which Mr. Skey so strongly recommends are curative rather as food than as medicine. They supply a want in the bodily system, just as wine supplies it; and, in fact, wine is the chief of the tonics which Mr. Skey recommends. "I consider wine," he says, "indispensable to the tonic treatment of disease."

The theory on which Mr. Skey proceeds is this: If we inquire into the recent history of any one suffering

* *Hysteria, &c.* Six Lectures delivered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1866. By F. C. Skey, F.R.S. The *Times* describes them as containing "some useful hints, and much common sense."

from illness, whatever form it may assume, we shall hear of something tending to reduce the vital powers of the body, and to cause exhaustion of some sort. There is always a loss—it may be of blood, or of food, or of heat, or of sleep; and the method of cure must consist in making up for the loss. "I consider the treatment of the great majority of diseases," says Mr. Skey, "to consist in increasing the quantity of healthy blood and giving force to the action of the heart. *You can't*," he continues, and the italics are his own,—"*You can't cure disease with a feeble pulse.* Mend the pulse, and nature will do the rest of the work." He accordingly brings forward a number of examples to show how disease is produced by exhaustion, and is thrown off when the animal economy is properly supported.

For instance, he states that the late Mr. Jones, of Jersey, was a remarkably successful operator; in operations for the excision of diseased joints, he succeeded in a series of five-and-twenty cases without the loss of a single patient, at a time when in England the mortality in similar cases was very great, recovery being rather the exception than the rule. What was the secret of this? On making the inquiry, it was discovered that Mr. Jones invariably gave every patient on whom he operated at least a pint of port wine on each of the two days following the operation; and he acknowledged that he learnt the treatment, which had been followed by such remarkable results, from his observation of the success which had attended Mr. Skey's practice in St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

What has been said of Professional applies with still greater force to Literary Persons, especially when the latter are rapid producers of original literature. Authors, male and female, *might* enjoy excellent health, their original constitution permitting; there is nothing in their pursuits themselves to prevent it; only, in their zeal and industry, they are often tempted to carry what is really good to an excess which then becomes pernicious. For the mind is not the body's enemy, but quite the contrary. A well-regulated activity of the brain is communicated through the nerves to all the organs, and aids them in the performance of their functions.

It is not by leaving the central force in idleness that we can hope to acquire stronger or steadier health. During sleep, while the brain is taking its rest, even the vital functions of nutrition are somewhat slackened. Absolute immobility of that organ finally terminates in death. It is expedient, therefore, or, rather, necessary, to exercise it: but it must not be distressed or overworked. Any exertion of the brain which is either too violent or too long-continued, by concentrating the forces of the system on one single point, reduces the rest of the organism to a state of languor. The natural equilibrium is disturbed; sensibility is no longer distributed according to the requirements of the vital processes; and the animal economy soon falls into fits of alternate prostration and over-excitement. Every intellectual excess will tell, in the end, on the bodily frame. The process of giving out heat and light is also a *consuming* process.

One of the first to call attention to these facts was

Tissot, a medical practitioner at Lausanne, while Rousseau and Voltaire were residing there, and who, therefore, witnessed the morbid melancholy of the one, and the convulsive irritability of the other. In the eighteenth century, whoever could wield a pen looked upon himself as if armed with a sword. Men of letters formed a body militant, who claimed the privileges of the victorious soldier, despising constraint, and giving themselves up to the reckless pursuit of both intellectual and sensual pleasures. The double license soon bore its fruit; mental diseases increased in frequency, and deranged health was the almost certain consequence of the intemperate cultivation of literature and science. Tissot, believing that it was time to remind literary persons of certain prudential and hygienic rules, made them the subject of the inaugural discourse with which he took possession of his Professor's Chair at the Academy of Lausanne, on the 9th of April 1766. This discourse (originally written in Latin), after several enlargements and modifications, has finally taken its place as a standard work under the title of *De la Santé des Gens de Lettres*—"On the Health of Men and Women of Letters." The greater part of its contents is as valuable now as when first written. In these days we think it strange that he should have been reproached with lowering the dignity of science by making it comprehensible to the multitude. But he had no thought of rendering his readers independent of the physician's advice; he merely wished to enable them to avoid imprudence and errors leading to evils beyond the physician's power to cure.

The maladies of literary persons arise from two principal causes; namely, long-sustained labours of the mind, and continual repose of the bodily frame. When the intellect is at work, the organs of the brain are more or less in movement, under a greater or less strain; those efforts and movements fatigue the brain; after a long and difficult meditation, it is as much exhausted as a robust person is by violent exercise. Whoever has thought deeply, only once in his life, must have made the experiment in his own person; and there is not a man of letters who has not sometimes left his study with a hot head aching violently. The marks of fatigue are seen in his eyes; and if we look at a man plunged in meditation, we observe that the muscles of his face are tightly stretched, and sometimes almost in convulsion. Kirkpatrick, who translated Tissot's work into English (London, 1769), says in his preface, "I knew a gentleman of very active mind, who, whenever he was thinking deeply, had all the fibres of his forehead and of a part of his face as visibly agitated as the strings of a harpsichord when it is played upon with spirit."

Tissot then quotes a fragment to the purpose from the *Adventurer* (Vol. I. No. 2): "The multitude who live by bodily toil, imagine that study does not fatigue; they are greatly mistaken. Thought is real labour, which is not less fatiguing than that of the ploughman or the artisan, without enjoying its advantages. The latter gives health, strength, cheerfulness, easy slumbers, a good appetite; whereas the effects of studious and sedentary habits are disorders which poison and shorten

life, prevent sleep, impair the appetite, and cause continual anxiety."

Whenever the brain is exhausted by mental labour, the nerves necessarily suffer; their derangement brings about the derangement of health, and the constitution is gradually injured without the presence of any other influence. "Many, like myself, may have experienced," says Bonnet, "that long thought weakens the organs of sight; if the organs of hearing do not manifest the same weariness, it is doubtless because they are less delicate."

The brain, which is, so to speak, the theatre of war; the nerves, which branch off from it; and the stomach, which contains many very sensitive nerves,—are the organs which usually suffer the soonest and the most from excessive intellectual labour: but there is no organ which does not feel the consequence, if the cause continues too long in action. These facts are particularly observable when young persons are forced to undue application while their growth still is incomplete. Children of great promise, compelled to study without intermission, have broken down, and died, or become epileptic for life.

The derangements of the brain, brought on by inordinate intellectual exertion, are the consequences of three laws which govern the animal economy:

First. *When the mind, by long-continued toil, has excited the brain to an unduly powerful degree of activity, it is no longer able to repress that activity.* The excitement continues in spite of itself; and, reacting upon itself,

causes it to entertain ideas which are truly delirious, because they no longer answer to the impressions produced by external objects, but to the internal condition of the brain, a portion of which has become incapable of receiving the communications transmitted to it by the senses. This maxim, full of physiological truth, gives us the real theory of dreams and mental alienation in one of its essential forms. It explains the hallucinations and the tendency to insanity which often follow violent emotions, absorbing sorrows, over-weening self-esteem, passionate love, excessive religious fanaticism, and dramatic events occurring in real life, as well as intemperate addiction to scientific pursuits. Thus, Spinello, having to paint the Fall of the Rebellious Angels, became so absorbed in the portrait he gave to Lucifer, that he could never afterwards banish it from his mind. During the rest of his life he fancied that the demon was constantly in his presence, venting his anger at having been represented so hideous and so terrible. Space alone prevents our citing many other like instances.

The obvious means of avoiding such a state are, as soon as over-excitement or over-weariness of mind begins to be felt—or, with hard-worked brains, whenever an opportunity occurs—to take a spell of rest, never mind how short. It will be, as it were, a lull in the tempest, allowing the waves to subside and the winds to calm. It will be a check to the ever-accelerated velocity with which the train of ideas would otherwise run on.

Happy are the busy brains which *can* thus bring their own activity to a stand-still; for when the mind

has once been taken possession of by one absorbing idea, it is often in vain that friends advise us, and that we resolve ourselves, to "think no more about it." There it is, preventing sleep, and driving out every other thought. When the down-hill impetus has once been given, it is in vain to whistle to the stone to stop.

It is said that the late Duke of Wellington through the course of his Peninsular campaigns, and the present Lord Brougham during the busiest part of his career, enjoyed the faculty of being able to say, "I will sleep for twenty minutes, or for half an hour;" and that, at the end of that interval of repose, they would wake up, giants refreshed. This habit may have been at least one of the causes which enabled those valiant veterans to retain their strength and clearness of intellect, the one to a good, the other to extreme, old age.

The persons soonest put out of order by mental efforts, are those who are ceaselessly occupied by a single object; in their case, only one portion of the sensorium is strained, and that portion is always on the stretch. No repose is afforded to it by others being called into action; it is wearied and worn out all the sooner. In the bodily frame, when a single muscle, or a limited group of muscles, is made to work incessantly, the constitution suffers considerably more than if the same amount of action were successively shared by all the muscles. The case is precisely the same with the brain. When its different portions are called into action one after the other, it suffers much less fatigue; the portions which rest regain their strength, whilst the

others are performing work. This plan of "Rest, and alternate labour," is the most certain mode of preserving health. It is well expressed in the homely proverb: "Change of work is as good as play."

Instances and examples of this truth are again omitted, solely for want of space.

The second law to which the human frame is subject, and on which depend many of the maladies occasioned by laborious study, is, that *The humours tend to accumulate in the parts in action: "Ubi stimulus, ibi fluxus."* While the brain is at work, it receives an additional quantity of blood, which, causing too great a tension and motion in the vessels, produces the sensation of pain and heat already mentioned. In short, there arises an incipient state of determination of blood to the head.

Zimmermann, the author of the celebrated *Essay on Solitude*, experienced in his own person the effects of severe mental effort in determining a rush of blood to the brain. "Having the day before yesterday been requested," he writes to his friend Tissot, "to compose a Mémoire of great interest to our public, and which admitted of no delay, I resolved to finish it on the spot, and set about it with all my might and main. I made the necessary inquiries, and composed the Mémoire in the space of four hours. I went to bed afterwards in good health, but with my mind more excited than it had been for some time past. I slept; but yesterday, on getting up, *I had a head-ache so severe that I would not have believed it possible to occur in nature.* It almost drove me out of my senses, and only left me reason

enough to say to myself, 'This is the consequence of too great a mental strain.' Until noontime, the pain kept getting worse and worse. Cream of tartar, very hot leg-baths, milk of almonds, and small doses of quinine, set me right again."

A slight irritation of the brain suffices to cause sleeplessness; stronger irritation produces convulsions; carried to a still further degree, it brings on apoplexy—a too frequent cause of death with literary persons. They are punished through the offending member. Study—that is, study carried to excess, and not the due and regular exercise of the brain—weakens that organ to such an extent as to bring on hypochondria, childishness, imbecility, idiotism, especially when other circumstances concur in driving to it a considerable quantity of blood.

Great preachers and illustrious professors have been known to die in the pulpit and the lecture-room, as happened at Leipsic to the celebrated Curtius. Livy has recorded the story of King Attalus, who, exhorting the Bœotians to conclude an alliance with the Romans, fell dead in the middle of his speech. Actors have not unfrequently expired on the stage, or immediately after removal from it: ascetic bigots pronounce such a fate to be a "judgment" inflicted on their worldly profession; medical men more wisely refer it to the emotions of their part, and the strain on their memories. At Bâle, during an Academic ceremony, one of the candidates, already exhausted by long preliminary studies, had to make such exertions to get through

with his discourse, that he was seized with apoplexy, and died on the spot.

The third law, in consequence of which excessive literary labour becomes the cause of still further disease, is, that *Animal fibre becomes hardened by exercise.* The whole bodily man, as he grows older, hardens, and old age is a general conversion into horn. With workmen, the working members are indurated; with literary persons, it is the brain that works; and often do they become incapable of connecting their ideas, and grow old before their time. In children, the brain is still too soft; in old people, it has grown too hard; and either excess is an equal hindrance to the complete exercise of its proper functions. The memory, the first to give the signs of failing, presages the weakness of the other faculties.

Over-activity of mind and inaction of body are the principal causes of disorder with literary persons; but they are not the only ones. The student's very attitude cannot be otherwise than injurious to health. The folding and compression which the vessels suffer, in a sitting posture, at the upper part of the thigh and beneath the knee, impede the circulation in the lower members, one of the consequences of which is cold feet and legs. The stoop of the body affects the abdominal viscera, and is an additional cause of indigestion; the stomach is doubly a sufferer. Hence, not a few literary men have wisely performed their work in an erect position, by means of a desk at which they can *stand* and write. A standing desk is useful to have in one's study, if only for the

purpose of varying the disposition of the limbs during a spell of work.

Night-work may be regarded as a fourth exciting cause of malady in learned folk. A man who has been working during the day, toils much too hard if he continues to work during part of the night. The time allowed for sleep is unduly shortened, and is insufficient to repair the previous wear and tear. Moreover, the sleep which follows long-continued exertion is never calm and tranquil. It does not produce the effect it ought, because the brain continues in a state of excitement. It is found impossible to break the thread of thought; the over-weary labourer cannot sleep, or if he do, it is a state of half-asleep and half-awake, during the course of which restless ideas increase fatigue without rendering service. The ancients were well aware of the danger. Asinius Pollio, consul and orator, who was the first in Rome to collect a library, was so conscious of the risk of evening studies, that he would not even read his letters after the tenth hour, that is, two hours before sunset.

Of all the functions, when once disordered, sleep is the most difficult to reëstablish. We lose it gaily; we lament it bitterly, and almost always uselessly.

Respecting *Those who labour in the night, and rest during the day*, as readers, compositors, and others engaged in printing-offices, and many other nocturnally exercised professions, Dr. Edward Smith remarks: "There is much diversity in the plans pursued by different persons of the same class, some of which are, I

think, prejudicial to health. The proper plan is to take a good dinner almost immediately before going to duty, as, for example, from 4 to 6 p.m., and a good meat supper about midnight. A small breakfast should then be taken on leaving the office and before going to bed, and a good breakfast, similar to the French *déjeûner à la fourchette*, on rising, at from 12 to 2 o'clock. There will thus be three good meals taken during the 24 hours, and the body will be sustained by nourishment at the period when exertion is made, and when the human system is at its lowest point of vigour."

It is dangerous for literary persons who are no longer young to apply themselves abruptly to sciences different from those which they had hitherto cultivated. The new ideas which occupy their attention cannot do otherwise than disturb the system of nervous persons. An able theologian absolutely ruined his health by renouncing his usual studies in order to learn Hebrew; and a respectable parish priest, promoted to a theological professorship at the age of fifty, fell into a state of debility which brought him to the grave, in consequence of his endeavours to fulfil the duties of his new vocation.

If a changed course of study is injurious to persons of mature age, continuing to labour is not less so when advanced age has been attained. We all remember the sad results of Sir Walter Scott's working when he should have worked no longer; and Southey was another sufferer from not resting when he ought to have rested. Few men are born with the happy constitution of Gorgias de Leontium, who reached the age of one hundred and

eight years without discontinuing his studies and without infirmities; or of his disciple Isocrates, who wrote his *Panathenæi* at the age of ninety-four, and lived to ninety-eight.

Our soul is unquestionably immortal; but, so long as it is united to the body, it follows the latter's destiny; it seems to be born, to gather strength, and to grow old together with it. The diminution of our corporeal forces is a warning to diminish our intellectual labours; the one can no more support the same amount of study, than the other can bear the same weight of burden; the mental faculties are weakened, as well as the muscular strength. Few old people seem to be aware of this truth; some will not even bear to have it mentioned; all are, in this respect, Archbishops of Grenada. But the truth is not the less real for that; and those who moderate their toil in proportion as their age advances, take the steps most likely to prevent infirmities and insure continued health. Voltaire, who wrote at eighty with all the fire and gaiety of thirty, is probably a unique example.

It is the fashion, now, for head-workers to seek a renovation of their health and strength in an annual excursion or trip, during which they are exposed to physical conditions greatly differing from those of their usual life; and it may often be questioned whether the change be not both too severe and too sudden. It may be doubted whether exhausting walks are the best restoratives for hard-worked professional men, who have been pent in cities for the ten months previous. The change is too abrupt and too complete to be healthy. Conti-

nental travel and mountain ascents (the favourite mode of relaxation) are, for such persons, like exposing a greenhouse-plant to the rude climate of a steeple-top. Remembering the delicacy of the human organism, combined with the powerful effect of habit, it is evident that, in carrying out this plan, great precaution is requisite, both in respect to clothing and diet. In the first place, the transition should be made as gradually as time and circumstances permit; the immense change should be softened as much as possible; and there are efforts and degrees of endurance which no wise man, however strong, would expose himself to make, without a certain amount of previous training.

Persons unaccustomed to behold the sun once a day (often not once a week), and living within walls and under an atmospheric canopy which cut off nearly all radiation from themselves, are abruptly plunged into floods of sunshine, and exposed to an amount of radiation from without and from within, which they never felt before in their lives. They rush into showers of sunbeams, and other influences darted out by our great luminary, while they incur sudden losses of animal heat unknown to their city experience. It cannot be a very salutary tonic to be roasted at one end, and iced at the other. The effects of the cooking are visible in the noses and lips they bring down to the valley.

When either of these radiations are excessive, the results are fatal. Sunstrokes are produced by radiation from the sun; moon-blindness is caused by the chill on

the eyes consequent on the radiation *from them* into open space, the brilliant shining of the moon being merely an accompaniment to the clearness of the atmosphere. Against these unaccustomed influences, prudential measures are to be sought in various modes of protection—in double-lined umbrellas, used as parasols; in veils, various wraps, and general clothing warm rather than flimsy in its texture. The Turk and the Arab wear thick turbans, to keep their heads *cool*.

Michelet, speaking of the beneficial effects of change of air,* says: "Transitions, especially, ought to be made with great caution.

"Can we, without preparation, without some modification of living and regimen, be abruptly transferred from a completely inland climate (Paris, Lyons, or Dijon) to a sea-side climate? Can we, until we have breathed the sea-air for a considerable time, begin taking sea-baths? Can we, without some habituation of prudent hydrotherapy commenced inland, brave, in the open air, the nervous constriction, the horripilation, caused by cold water, which sticks to you as you try to get out of it, and often with a high wind blowing? These preliminary questions will more and more attract the attention of medical men.

"The extreme rapidity of railway travelling is an antimedical circumstance. To go, as we do, in twenty hours from Paris to the Mediterranean, traversing different climates from hour to hour, is the most imprudent act in the world for a nervous person to commit. You

* *La Mer*, p. 360.

reach Marseilles with your head in a whirl, full of agitation, inebriated.

"When Madame de Sévigné took a month to go from Brittany to Provence, she passed gradually and by cautious stages through the violent opposition of those two climates. She proceeded insensibly from the western to the eastern maritime zone, and thence to the inland climate of Burgundy. Then, slowly following the Upper Rhône into Dauphiny, she confronted with less difficulty the high winds of Valence and Avignon. Finally, resting for a while at Aix, in inland Provence, away from the Rhône and from the coast, she became a naturalised Provençale, as far as breathing and the chest were concerned. Then, and then only, she encountered the Mediterranean."

Contrast this with the rapid flights made nowadays from Westminster Hall to the top of Mont Blanc, and then reflect which plan is likely to be most suitable for persons not in the robustest health.

Whenever pedestrian travel is in view, great care should be paid to the management of the feet. Every intending pedestrian ought to take serious thought *how* he means to be shod; for it is not enough merely to have something between the stones and the soles of your feet. A doggrel philosopher has enunciated the axiom, that "Without feet, you can't have toes;" we may carry the truism further, and assert that without good walking toes and feet, you can't walk. But sedentary people are apt to forget that there are two sorts of human feet: feet to walk with, and feet to sit still with. We

treat our sedentary feet at home exactly as they should be treated, by carrying out the golden rule to keep the head cool and the feet warm. But walking feet must be otherwise managed; they must be kept cool and dry: hence, partly, the pedestrian exploits performed by nude-footed people, as the Scotch and the Arabs. Thick stockings, which encourage, and boots, highlows, or *bottines*, which confine, moisture, are bad. At the end of a long summer-day's journey, you will have your feet tender, sodden, half-skinned, approaching the condition of an overboiled fowl; for which misfortune (when it occurs), the best remedy is to enclose your toes and the parts affected in a linen rag soaked in brandy and olive-oil, before drawing on your stockings. Wear thin socks or stockings of finest wool, and thick-soled shoes, cut low rather than high, and already worn before starting. If you must have gaiters, to keep out gravel and bits of stick, let them be of brown-holland or hempen cloth, or at least of some material not impervious to vapour.

In starting for an eminence whence a view is to be admired, take with you a woollen comforter and a flannel under-shirt; an overcoat also is a wise precaution. You arrive perspiring at the top; you immediately change your wet flannel for dry. If the air is keen, as mostly happens, you don the additional outer clothing, and enjoy your panorama in comfort and safety. These and other useful items will go into a little hand-bag, easily carried by deputy if not convenient to do it yourself.

The appetite will be increased by travelling, and may

be safely indulged within moderate bounds. The digestive powers partake of the stimulus which travel applies to the whole economy. Indigestion connected in any way with hypochondria is often forgotten; and such indigestion, forgotten, is cured for the time. A more substantial breakfast than that usually taken at home is required by most constitutions, while making a pedestrian tour especially, or one which involves much exercise on foot. The foreign fashion of drinking wine-and-water at breakfast may be even adopted with advantage by many whom it would render uncomfortable at home. Extra fatigue requires extra restoratives; and a man's appetite for meat and drink is very different amongst the Alps to what it is in a city counting-house.* His after-dinner digestion, when he has only to lounge out-of-doors and admire a sunset, is also different from what it

* We are glad to find our views confirmed by high and undoubted authority:

"As great activity of body leads to great waste of the structures of the body and to the rapid destruction of food, it is necessary that it be followed by a large amount of food; and as it is usually accompanied by a good appetite, an abundant supply may be taken at each meal. The increase should be of all kinds of food alike, both animal and vegetable, particularly of meat, fat, bread, and fresh vegetables; but the amount of fluid which is taken should be increased in a less degree.

"Thus, to one who makes much bodily, or bodily and mental, exertion during the day, as in hunting or campaigning, the following quantity of food daily would not be excessive: Cooked meat, 8 oz.; bacon, 4 oz.; butter, 2 oz.; sugar, 2 oz.; cheese, 2 oz.; besides one or more eggs and the less important foods which enter into a daily dietary. Soldiers and sailors, in time of active service, obtain from 1 lb. to 1½ lb. of uncooked meat; and as they do not have the variety of food just enumerated, and cannot thoroughly cook their food, so large a quantity is no doubt necessary."—*Dr. Edward Smith's Practical Dietary.*

is when he has to retire to his study and do two or three hours' work.

Persons returning from active out-door to in-door sedentary habits, must at once return to their usual clothing and their usual diet, under pain of serious functional derangement. If they can again make the transition gradual, so much the better. They must again keep their head cool and their feet warm. Again must they breakfast lightly, lunch lightly, eat at all times with great moderation, and reserve what fermented beverage they take, as far as may be, for a night-cap. If, at first, their travelling appetite remains, they must obstinately persist in refusing to gratify it; their frame has no longer a call for such liberal supplies of nourishment as it lately had. If their appetite flag, they need not be uneasy on that account. It is no sign of failing health, but the contrary; being simply a notice that the expenditure of their corporeal system is less. When only a moderate fire is required to be kept up, a moderate supply of fuel suffices. The same reasons explain why young men who have just completed their growth, and have entered on a life of in-door application, ought not to be surprised if their appetite is no longer what it was during the days of their boyhood. Their future health will be all the better in consequence of its moderated vigour.

The first difficulty to be overcome with literary persons, when their health is in question, is to get them to believe that they can possibly be in the wrong. They are like lovers, who fly into a passion if you venture to hint that the object of their affections has a fault. Warn

them, reason with them, entreat or scold them; it is often nothing but labour in vain. They deceive themselves in a hundred different ways. One reckons on the strength of his constitution; another, on the force of habit; a third hopes to escape punishment, because he has not yet been punished; while a fourth relies on the example of others, which has nothing at all to do with his case. All resist the physician's advice with an obstinacy which they mistake for firmness, of which they are proud, and to which they fall victims. It may be stated generally that literary persons are the most difficult of all patients to manage; and for that very reason it is our duty to enlighten them respecting the means of preserving and reëstablishing their health.

The first preservative, without which all other help is useless, is to allow the mind sufficient relaxation. Indeed, it is often during relaxation that the happiest ideas suggest themselves. A country walk or drive will often lay the foundation, or supply the substance, of a successful work. The mind is expanded in the open air, while the narrow walls of a study contract it. Gesner, the German poet, wrote his best compositions in a summer-house in the midst of a garden. The beneficial influence of the open air is still further enhanced when combined with moderate exercise. The two united refresh the system, help the circulation, favour transpiration, vivify the nerves, and strengthen every member.

After a man has spent several days busily occupied in his study, he feels his head heavy, his eyes inflamed, his mouth and lips dry; a certain uneasiness oppresses

the chest, with a slight tension at the pit of the stomach; he is more inclined to ennui than to cheerfulness; he sleeps less soundly, and feels a weight and a numbness in every limb. If he continues to shut himself up, these adverse symptoms go on increasing, until serious disorder is the result. Two or three hours in the country would dissipate them completely, and restore serenity, freshness, and vigour.

Literary people are scarcely enough aware of the influence of the body on the mind; and yet great geniuses have been convinced of the fact, and have admitted that the mind, as well as the body, must submit to the laws of medicine. "The soul," said Descartes, "is so dependent on the temperament and disposition of the bodily organs, that if it were possible to discover a means of increasing our penetration, it is through medicine that we should have to seek it." Every literary person ought, therefore, strictly to devote at least an hour or two daily to exercise; which Boerhaave advised to be taken before dinner. Walking has its advantages; but the best of all exercise is riding on horseback.

It is very important, nevertheless, not to take strong exercise immediately after a meal. Digestion is neither the fermentation, nor the dissolution, nor the trituration of food, but an operation partaking of all the three, which requires quiet for its due performance. It needs the assistance of the nerves, and suffers if they are otherwise employed by violent exertion. The food should not be shaken about in the stomach; because the shaking

continually disturbs the digestive process already commenced. For this reason, of all exercise immediately after meals, trotting on horseback is the very worst.

Literary persons should pay attention both to the selection of their food, and to its quantity. Errors in either respect produce bad consequences; but, of the two, it is better to make an injudicious choice than to exceed a due allowance as to quantity.

Improper aliments are: All fat and greasy things, which further relax the fibres of the stomach, deaden the action of the saliva and the gastric juice, and occasion uneasiness in the stomach, in consequence of the slowness with which they are digested.

All viscous, pasty, glutinous things act nearly in the same way as greasy things. Amongst these are included fried things, pancakes, fritters, creams, the feet of animals, &c.; certain fish,—as eels, skate, cuttle-fish, &c.

All meats which are either hard naturally, or are hardened by salting and smoking, on which a weak digestion acts too slowly,—rest a long time in the stomach, and irritate it by their weight and their acrid qualities. Pork, sucking-pig, ducks and geese, are not usually aliments adapted to the digestive powers of sedentary, convalescent, or literary persons.

Their most proper aliments consist of: The young and tender meat of the animals which are usually sent to table; scaly fish, whose flesh is firm and delicate, whether from the sea, the river, or the lake; the cereal grains, such as the different varieties of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and rice; those vegetables which are neither too laxative

nor too acid; most of the common garden-roots, which, besides their farinaceous elements, contain a proportion of sugar and flavouring matters, whose effects are very beneficial; bread, which is the common basis of the food of every civilised nation; eggs; milk; well-ripened fruits.

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Meat should be eaten either roasted or cooked in a very small quantity of water; when boiled in a large quantity of fluid, many of its nutritious particles go into the broth. Tender beef, good veal, mutton fed in dry pastures, chicken, capons (when not too fat), guinea-fowl, young partridges, and leverets, are the properest meats for delicate persons, and to which, perhaps, they would do right in confining themselves. Fish is never more wholesome than when it is boiled.

Fresh eggs, uncooked or very slightly boiled in the shell, are a mild aliment, which does not irritate, which is very nutritious, and is easily digested; but if not fresh, they are unwholesome, and if boiled hard, indigestible. Eggs are good for persons subject to acidity in the stomach. Those who cannot digest the entire substance of an egg, will derive benefit from taking the white only, which is the more easy of digestion, and affords considerable support to weak constitutions.

In the choice of food, precautions have to be taken which cannot be laid down in general rules, but which every body ought to discover for himself, by observing what things suit and what disagree with him. Some people digest meat more easily than vegetables, which cause a disagreeable sensation at the pit of their stomach;

whilst others find them lighter than meat, being less liable to cause sleeplessness and feverish symptoms. Some literary persons feel acidity after eating bread, so that they are obliged to restrict themselves to a very small quantity. Milk does not suit every body, and eggs disagree with many people, without its being possible to assign a reason. In short, in respect to food, it is absolutely necessary to consult each individual stomach.

Men of letters (which includes women of letters), like Augustus Cæsar and all other delicate persons, cannot bear severe cold, nor great heats, which try them sorely, because it is more difficult to protect one's self against them than against cold. Milton, in summer, used to fall into a state of prostration which bordered on intellectual dulness. Less illustrious instances are far from rare. Severe cold irritates the nerves, and produces even worse effects on nervous persons. Literati and literatæ should take care to avoid extremes. It is not always in their power to choose their place of residence; the country, with its pure air, and the clear thoughts it inspires, is not always a convenient home for men of letters, whom many circumstances compel to live in cities; but at least a healthy dwelling may be found, with lofty ceilings, well lighted and well ventilated, exposed to the summer breeze and the winter sunshine, and with no source of noisome smell or exhalation in the neighbourhood.

Cold feet, to which people are exposed who continue motionless for long intervals at a distance from the fire, are injurious to weak temperaments, by causing heavi-

ness in the head, pains in the throat and chest, and obstinate colds; they check the natural transpiration, disturb the digestion, occasion violent colics, and prevent sleep. Scientific men, who had vainly sought sleep by the use of potent anodynes (for them almost always a dangerous remedy), have found it by obeying the recommendation to warm the soles of their feet every night before the fire, before going to bed, even to the point of feeling pain. A bottle of hot water applied to the feet in bed, is another excellent remedy. With literary people, the blood has such a tendency to rush to the head, that no means should be neglected of preventing that accident. Some, to continue their work a little longer, tie a napkin dipped in cold water round their head; it is a dangerous experiment, which they will be wise to refrain from; but they are right in keeping their head habitually either slightly covered or not at all, and to wash it in cold water every morning, unless the hair be an obstacle.

On feeling the head suddenly oppressed and heated, the best thing to do is to remain for some moments perfectly motionless, not even attempting to speak; afterwards, to take a little cold water, and avoid all mental application for several hours.

For the same reason, studious persons should avoid taking an after-dinner nap, which has a tendency to accumulate blood in the head. If it is an old habit, or cannot be resisted, the slumber should be made as short as possible, in imitation of Augustus, who, when he took a short repose, covered his feet and put his hand before

his eyes. Before going to sleep, the cravat and shirt-collar should be unfastened, as well as the garters, if any. In general, literary persons should avoid all sorts of ligatures as much as possible; they are injurious to every body, by checking the course of the circulation, and the injury they do increases in proportion as the circulation is feeble. It is very important to do literary work in loose habiliments, which cause no compression, and do not pretend to "fit," like the dresses in which people present themselves in society.

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