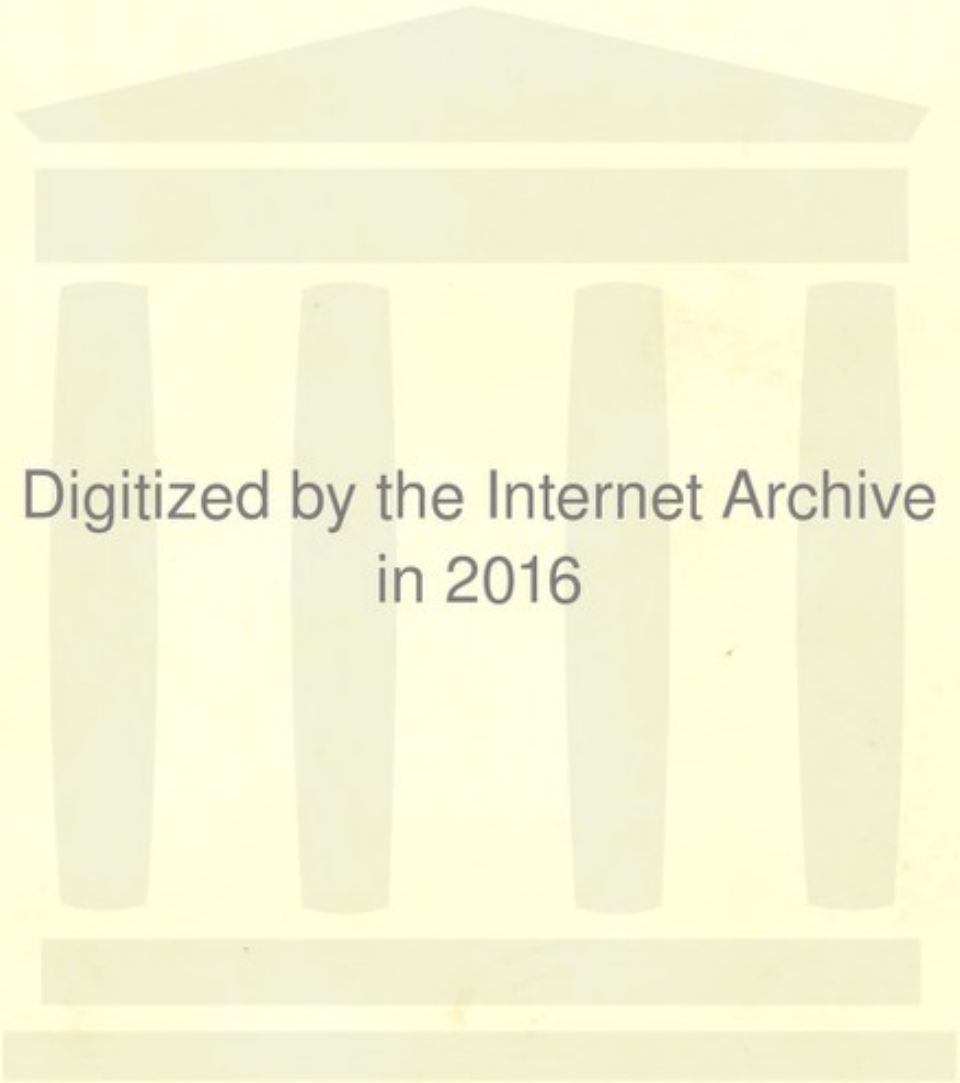
The art of dining : or, gastronomy and gastronomers.



THE

ART OF DINING;

OR,

GASTRONOMY AND GASTRONOMERS.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1853.

LONDON : PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE groundwork of this little book is taken from two articles in the *Quarterly Review*, by the same writer; the first of which, entitled *Gastronomy and Gastronomers*, appeared in July, 1835, and the second, being a review of the late Mr. Walker's *Original*, in February, 1836. The following pages are an attempt to consolidate those articles, and to bring down and adapt to the present time the disquisitions, descriptions, and directions contained in them.

Among the many distinguished and accomplished persons who have kindly fallen in with the humour of the undertaking, and have supplied the writer with valuable materials in the shape of hints, recipes, and illustrative anecdotes, he deems it an imperative duty to acknowledge his obligations to Count d'Orsay, Lord Marcus Hill, the Right Hon. Colonel Damer, the Hon. W. Stuart (attached to the British Embassy at Paris), Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., Sir H. Hume Campbell, of Marchmont, Bart., the Editor of the Quarterly Review, the

Author of the Spanish Handbook, Lady Morgan, and (last, not least) the author of 'Stuart of Dunleith.'

In preparing the second edition for the press, he has corrected what has been proved to him to be erroneous; but his excuse for not adopting more of the alterations and improvements suggested by able critics is to be found in the limited scope and humble object of the work.

A. H.

Temple, January, 1853.

CONTENTS.

THE ART OF DINING.

M. Henrion de Pensey, late President of the Court of Cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer Collard) of whom "regenerated" France had most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute." Most rational and candid persons will coincide with the judge, to the extent of thinking that mankind are deeply interested in the due cultivation of the art which improves health, prolongs life, and promotes kindly feelings, besides largely contributing to a class of material enjoyments which are only reprehensible when tinged by coarseness or excess. The history of gastronomy is that of manners, if not of morals; and the learned are aware that its literature is both instructive and amusing; for it is replete with curious traits of character

and comparative views of society at different periods, as well as with striking anecdotes of remarkable men and women, whose destinies have been strangely influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits. Let it, moreover, be remembered, that a tone of mock seriousness or careless gaiety does not necessarily imply the absence of sound reflection. The laughing philosopher may prove better worth attention than the solemn pedant; and the thoughtful reader of the following pages may learn from them, not merely how and where to dine best, but by what means, and upon what principles, convivial intercourse has been carried to the highest pitch of refinement in circles like those described by the poet:—

> "When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,
> And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply,
> When Siddons, born to melt and freeze the heart,
> Performs at home her more endearing part."

As regards the historical parts of our lucubrations, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned—bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France and England.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *pièce de résistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is plausibly, if somewhat hastily, inferred that the Greeks had not then discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire.

This discovery is supposed to have reached them

from Egypt, and they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly resembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy, by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. "This great writer," says Athenæus, "had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them; but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept."

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestratus succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus;

in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's History of New York, who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all which was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens for the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it would be ludicrous to suppose that they neglected the *cuisine;* and there can be little or no doubt whatever, that when, at a somewhat later period, the Grecian philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians flocked to Rome as the metropolis of civilization, the cooks of Athens accompanied them. Yet concentrating, as the Roman banquets must have done, all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, they were much more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The sole merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness; and if a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be the desideratum, commend us to Cleopatra's decoction of pearls—although even this was fairly exceeded in originality and neatness of conception by the frail fair one—the famous Mrs. Sawbridge, we believe—who, to show her contempt for an elderly adorer, placed the hundred pound note, which he had laid

upon her dressing-table, between two slices of bread and butter, and ate it as a sandwich. Captain Morris, in one of his songs, has set the proper value on these fancied Roman luxuries.

"Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

"At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes."

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite startling to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks—for forks are clearly a modern discovery, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum—and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sat up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, although one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus—and bears the name of 'Apicius,' in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thou-

sand pounds sterling left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages, was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his Capitularies, took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, two or three centuries later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect. Sir Walter Scott had good authority for the graphic details of their real or affected refinement which are contained in his description of Prince John's banquet in 'Ivanhoe.' But the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it there began to be cultivated with success, but it met with the most enlightened encouragement from the merchant-princes of Florence, and the French received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris.* There is a remarkable passage in Montaigne, which shows that the Italian cooks had learnt to put a proper estimate on their vocation, and that their mode of viewing it was still new to the French.

"I have seen amongst us," says Montaigne, "one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffa. He discoursed to me of this *science de gueule* with

* It is clearly established that they introduced the use of ices into France. *Fricandeaus* were invented by the *chef* of Leo X. Coryat, in his 'Crudities Gobbled Up,' writing in the reign of James I., says that he was called "Furcifer" by his friends, from his using their "Italian neatnesses namely forks."

a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology. He expounded to me a difference of appetites: that which one has fasting; that which one has after the second or third course; the methods now of satisfying and then of exciting and piquing it; the *police* of sauces, first in general, and next particularising the qualities of the ingredients and their effects; the differences of salads according to their season; that which should be warmed, that which should be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations—

> 'Nec minimo sane discrimine refert
> Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur.'

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man."

The strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians, and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not those principles been understood, and those effects been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner from the above passage, we infer that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress to enable Montaigne's acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good

* This argument is well put in Webb's 'Dialogues on Painting.'

reason to believe that it had made some progress in England, for Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire and for the especial use of his Holiness the Pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no authentic materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.* The name of his celebrated *maître d'hôtel,* Béchamel—a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay—affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence

* Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, as were *Côtelettes à la Maintenon* to protect the royal stomach against grease.

of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—

"I wrote you yesterday," says Madame de Sévigny, "that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jon quils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected. This affected Vatel. He said several times, 'I am dishonoured; this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.' He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him,—'Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the king.' He replied,—'Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'Nothing of the sort,' said the prince; 'do not distress yourself, all is going on well.' Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, 'Is

that all?' 'Yes, Sir.' The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, 'Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace.' Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept: it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause."

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sévigny narrated one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history. "Enfin, Manette, voilà ce que c'était que Madame de Sévigné et Vatel! Ce sont ces gens-là qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis Quatorze."* We subjoin a few reflections on the same subject taken from the Epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately

* Vanderdoort, who had the charge of Charles I.'s collection, hung himself because a miniature by Gibson was missing at the moment. — *Walpole.*

prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands*:—

"Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé, who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea-fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses.

"Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maître d'hôtel* of the following century; and in *this* philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maîtres d'hôtel* present and to come! and it they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care, by all means human, that sea-fish be never wanting at our tables."

The Prince de Soubise (immortalized by the sauce named after him) rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with princely notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *menu*. The *chef* presented one with an estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this,—*fifty hams*. "Eh! what!" said he; "why, Bertrand, you must be out of your

senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?" "No, Monseigneur! only one ham will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnoles*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my —" "Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass." "Oh, my lord," replied the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of Waverley has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganlesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

"We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons—wild-fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrevisses*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month."—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Decisive evidence of the palmy condition of the art in the seventeenth century is afforded by 'The

Accomplisht Cook' of Robert May, the first edition of which appeared in 1665. In the dedication to Lord Montague, Lord Lumley, Lord Dormer, and Sir Kenelm Digby, the author says, "In the mean space, that our English world may know the Mæcena's (*sic*) and patrons of this generous art, I have exposed this volume to the public, under the tuition of your names, at whose feet I prostrate these endeavours."

He speaks rather contemptuously of the French *cuisine*, but acknowledges himself "not a little beholding to the Italian and Spanish treatises; though, without my fosterage and bringing up under the generosities and bounties of my noble patrons and masters, I could never have arrived to this experience." This fosterage was certainly remarkable. From "a short narrative of some passages of the Author's Life," modestly prefixed to the book, we learn that, having attained to some perfection under his father, one of the ablest cooks of his time, the old Lady Dormer sent him over to France, where he continued five years, in the family of a noble peer and first president of Paris. On his return he was bound apprentice to "Mr. Arthur Hollinsworth, in Newgate Market, one of the ablest workmen in London, cook to the Grocers' Hall and Star Chamber. His apprenticeship being out, the Lady Dormer sent for him to be her cook, under his father (who then served that honourable lady), where there were four cooks more; such noble houses were then (about 1610) kept, the glory of that and the shame

of this present age. Then were those days wherein were practised the triumphs and trophies of cookery." One of these triumphs is the construction of a ship of confectionery, with guns charged with actual powder, and a castle of pies, containing live frogs and birds. After giving directions as to the firing of the guns, he proceeds :—

"This done, to sweeten the stink of powder, let the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other. All dangers being seemingly over, by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pyes; where, lifting first the lid off one pye, out skip some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shreek; next after the other pye, whence come out the birds, who, by a natural instinct, flying in the light will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company: at length, the candles are lighted, and a banquet brought in, the musick sounds, *and every one with much delight and content rehearses their actions in the former passages*"—i. e. whilst the candles were out.—"These were formerly the delights of the nobility before good housekeeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these."

Under Queen Anne, again, the gouty queen of gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apicius*, for her pet physician, and who, in fact, achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but,

soon after the accession of the House of Brunswick, a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art :—

"The last branch of our fashion," says Horace Walpole, "into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glass or seas of silver-tissue. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained that, after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. '*Imaginez vous*,' said he, '*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*'

"The Intendant of Gascony," adds Walpole, "on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy

birth of an heir to the monarchy."—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the Channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the Regent Duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, "*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal.*" There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the Regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes.*

It was the fashion of his day for each guest to place a piece of gold in every dish of more than ordinary merit. This was an admirable method of calling out the genius of the artists; for judicious praise is as necessary as discriminating censure to inspire energy and animate exertion. The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of 'Tancred' terms "the finest judge in Europe" to provide him a *chef.* Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over he observed, "So I find you have got the Duke's cook to dress your dinner." "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the Duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with

tears in his eyes and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the Duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh no, my lord; I would stay if he had: he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord.'" To facilitate criticism and individualize responsibility, it is the practice at some distinguished Russian and German tables—at the Royal table of Hanover, in particular—to print in the *carte*—a copy of which is placed beside the plate of each guest—the name of the cook by whom each dish has been dressed, like the programme of a concert with the names of the performers. See the Appendix, No. 1.

Louis XV., amidst his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonises with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye:—

"At the petits soupers of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism—a table and a sideboard, which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this

singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life."—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135, *note*.

It was to please Louis XV. that the Duchesse de Mailly invented the *gigot à la Mailly*. Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escars for his grand *maître d'hôtel*—a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel*. "Gentlemen," he would exclaim, "say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary, that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world! he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him."

M. d'Escars' fate was the harder because he died a victim to gastronomy. It is related of Herbault, of

bonnet-making fame, that, when he was occupied with the more recondite mysteries of his art, his porter was wont to put off visitors with, "Monsieur n'est pas visible, *il compose.*" When the Duc d'Escars and his royal master were closeted together to meditate a dish, the ministers were kept waiting in the antechamber, and the next day the following announcement regularly appeared in the official journals:—"M. le Duc d'Escars *a travaillé* dans le cabinet." Louis XVIII. had invented the *truffes à la purée d'ortolans*, and, reluctant to disclose the secret to an ignoble confidant or menial, he invariably prepared the dish with his own royal hands, assisted by the Duc. On one occasion they had jointly composed a dish of more than ordinary dimensions, and duly consumed the whole of it. In the middle of the night the Duc was seized with a fit of indigestion, and his case was declared hopeless: loyal to the last, he ordered an attendant to wake and inform the King, who might be exposed to a similar attack. His Majesty was roused accordingly, and told that his faithful servant was dying of his invention. "Dying!" exclaimed Louis le Désiré —"dying of my *truffes à la purée?* I was right then. I always said that I had the better stomach of the two."

The Revolution bade fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to

the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously.

What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish *à la financière!* They were replaced, however, although slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, although they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles, of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this mushroom generation was Cambacérès, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from "the great object of life." On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he was observed, when the hour became very late, to show great symptoms of impatience and restlessness. He at last wrote a note, which he called a gentleman usher in waiting to carry. Napoleon, suspecting the contents, nodded to an aide-de-camp to intercept the despatch. As he took it into his hands, Cambacérès begged earnestly that he would not read a trifling note on familiar matters. Napoleon persisted, and found it to be a note to the cook, containing only the follow-

ing words: "*Gardez les entremets—les rôtis sont perdus.*"

When Napoleon was in good humour at the result of a diplomatic conference, he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with—"Go and dine with Cambacérès." His table was, in fact, an important state-engine, as appears from the anecdote of the Genevese trout sent to him by the municipality of Geneva, and charged 300f. in their accounts. The Imperial *Cour des Comptes*, having disallowed the item, was interdicted from meddling with municipal affairs in future. The fame of Barrère's suppers had preceded that of Cambacérès' dinners. Sir James Mackintosh relates, in the Diary which he kept at Paris in 1814, that in 1794 Metternich presented to Trautmansdorf, his colleague at Brussels, a Frenchman, a persecuted Royalist, probably a spy, saying, "Here is M. ——, just arrived from Paris, who says that peace ought not to be made with Robespierre." Trautmansdorf maintained the contrary. M. ——, to confirm his own opinion, said, "I supped at Barrère's fifteen days since, and he told me that Robespierre's government would not last six weeks." "I have never supped at Barrère's," replied Trautmansdorf. "It is impossible," rejoined M. ——, "to understand the Revolution without having supped at Barrère's." Barras, also, was famous for judicious attention to his table.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the Revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to

emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan on Carème's authority, came in with the National Convention,—potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror,—and it was under the Directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carème are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from a brief sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher: Spenser waiting in Southampton's ante-room was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their independence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the Revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now

constitute the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her "Mitres," "Turks' Heads," &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern-life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well-founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies*, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*) to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the Almanach as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution, "for the English," said the writer, "as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns." Secondly, "the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*." Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the

public for support. Robert, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was ci-devant *chef* of the ci-devant Archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their Epicurean inclinations at an eating-house.* Be this as it may, at the commencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814 they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

About this time, however, a reactionary movement took place. Many of the best cooks were again formed and retained in private establishments. The illustrious strangers who repaired to Paris after the peace vied with the native Amphitryons, royal and noble, in munificent patronage of the art; and the ten or fifteen years immediately subsequent to the Restoration may be specified as the epoch during

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who had enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. "What does —— mean (said a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?" —"He means to join them at the proper season," replied an old Indian, who proved right.

which French cookery had reached its culminating point.

If a new Pantheon or Valhalla were set apart for eminent cooks, the following, who matured or laid the foundations of their fame during the first quarter of this century, would have been held entitled to niches, pedestals, or inscriptions within its hallowed precincts:—Robert (inventor of the sauce), Rechaud, Merillion; Benaud, the *chef* of Cambacérès; Farci, *chef de la Bouche Impériale;* Boucheseche, Chevalier, Louis Esbras, Plumeret, and Paul Wéry, who formed the famous culinary brigade of Talleyrand; Legacque, cook to Marshal Duroc, and the founder of a *restaurant* which, under the Empire, became celebrated for its *parties fines;* Joubert, many years cook to M. Lafitte, and afterwards to Prince Esterhazy; Baleine and Borel, of the renowned *Rocher;* Tailleur; the brothers Véry; Robin, afterwards in the service of the late Lord Stair; Beauvilliers, Carème, &c. &c. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carème used to be considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.*

* Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—"Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and bitter to be *relatively* pleasing; which both

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivalled Véry in the favour of "*nos amis les ennemis.*" He made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke as much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had dined two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had

are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in *the art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!"—*Philosophical Essays.*

thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he alone had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But he vanished after having supported this Amphitryon-like character for a few minutes, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. "Beauvilliers," says the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, "made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs." Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which, according to Lord Bacon, every man owes to his profession (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid), by the publication of his *Art du Cuisinier*, in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carème, like his great rival, is an author, and an intrepid one, for in the preface to his *Maître d'Hôtel Français* he says, "I have proved incontestably that all the books, down to the present time, on our *cuisine*, are full of errors;" and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carème is a lineal descendant of that celebrated

chef of Leo X. who received the name of *Jean de Carème* (*Jack of Lent*), for a soup-maigre which he invented for the Pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by *our* Carème himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; although it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters belong to one and the same category;—*on se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôtisseur—poëta nascitur, non fit.* He next placed himself under M. Richaut, "*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé*," as Carème terms him, to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the *belles parties des froids;* and took his finishing degree under *Robert l'Aîné*, a professor of *l'élégance moderne.*

The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was of course unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He became by turns *chef* to the Emperor Alexander, Talleyrand, the present Lord Londonderry, the Princess Bagration, &c. Early in his career, he was induced by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months. We have heard that, whilst he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices were given by aldermen for his secondhand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The most tempting offers to return were subsequently made to him, but in vain;—*mon ame* (says he),

toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France;—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild of Paris, who, in common with the English branches of the same distinguished family, nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*.

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carème as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?—*nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum.* But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say, that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carème for invention,—that Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, and Carème discovered a new one,—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carème snatched a grace beyond them,—that there was more *à plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers, more curious felicity in Carème's,—that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carème sublime in an *entremet*,—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *rôt*, but should wish Carème to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant or our grandfather.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's animated sketch of a dinner by Carème at the Baron Rothschild's villa:—

"I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie*

* 'Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle ferait manger son grand-père ou un éléphant.'—*Almanach des Gourmands.*

without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and, in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange-trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

"To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water.

Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

'On tepid clouds of rising steam'—

formed the *fond* all. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonnaise* was fried in ice (like Ninon's description of Sévigné's heart),* and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondu* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

"With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreaths of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carème for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carème, and such Amphitryons as his employers!"—*France in* 1829-30, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have been at considerable pains to learn the history, as well as to ascertain the precise merits, of the principal Restaurants of Paris at the present time; but what we may have to say regarding them is always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his Agricultural Chemistry, Sir Humphry

* Ninon's comparison was to "*une citrouille frite à la neige.*"

Davy described science as "extending with such rapidity, that, even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary." Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat*'s prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame. Confidence gives firmness, and a quick eye and steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection and infuse the last *soupçon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or to execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard-table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of 1852.

We must also pause to commemorate one defunct establishment, the far-famed *Rocher de Cancale*, which has been broken up since the Revolution of 1848. It first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Baleine, its founder, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include

the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game; and at length, taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to and attained the eminence which, for more than forty years, the *Rocher* enjoyed without dispute. To form a just notion of his enterprising spirit, it is necessary to bear in mind the state of the French roads, and the difficulties of transport, in 1804. His fulness of reputation dates from November 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the 'Almanach,' exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses pièces*, four *plats de rôt*, and eight *entremets*. Indeed, to dine in perfection at the Rocher, a dinner of ten covers should have been ordered a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a-head, exclusive of wine; nor was this price deemed excessive, for three or four louis a-head had been ordinarily given at Tailleur's.†

If unable to make a party, or compelled to *improvise* a dinner, connoisseurs were in the habit of asking the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; and it was amusing to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he

* Apicius is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year.

† Cambacérès was present at one of Tailleur's three louis a-head dinners, given by M. des Androuins, and exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm, *M. Tailleur, on ne dîne pas mieux que cela chez moi.*

dictated his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—*Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent dîner!* Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in a *menu* by a tyro of the party, who had interpolated a *salmi* between the *bisque* and the *turbot à la crême et au gratin.* "*Messieurs,*" said he, as he brought in the turbot according to the pre-ordained order of things, "*le poisson est* NATURELLEMENT *le relevé du potage.*" The whole establishment was instinct with the same zeal. A report had got about in the autumn of 1834 that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, "*Messieurs, il vient se montrer;*" and the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief but pregnant conversation with a man whose works were more frequently in the mouths of his most enlightened contemporaries than those of any other great artist that could have been named.

It is an odd coincidence that this zeal was most remarkable in the staff of another establishment which has also been discontinued, namely, Grignon's. On one occasion—to give an illustration of the head *garçon's* taste—he was apologising to the writer for the length of time a particular dish would take in dress-

ing. "*Mais Monsieur ne s'ennuiera point*,"—he added, presenting his neatly-bound octavo volume of a *carte*—"*voilà une lecture très-agréable!*" On another occasion—to give an illustration of his good faith—a friend of ours resolved on finishing with the very best wine that could be had, and the *Clos de Vougeot* was fixed on. The *garçon* took the order, but hesitated, and, after moving a few paces as if to execute it, stood still. It was evident that conflicting emotions were struggling for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend's favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table, and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richebourg* instead. Now, Richebourg is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery.

Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical Richebourg at any long subsequent period; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheads—and in Paris, where even some of the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first-rate wine of any sort may be described in the terms applied to a virtuous despot by the late Emperor Alexander; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar,

is said to have exclaimed pathetically,—"Alas, Madam! I am nothing but a happy accident." When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is very seldom that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again—pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it.

To return to the *Rocher*—it was particularly famous for frogs and robin-redbreasts. Frogs are excellent in fricassee or fried with crisped parsley. But they must be bred and fed with a view to the table, or they may turn out no better than the snails on which Dr. Hutton, and Dr. Black, of chemical renown, attempted to regale, in imitation of the ancients. These learned Scotch Professors caused a quantity of common snails to be collected in the fields and made into a kind of soup. They took their seats opposite to each other, and set to work in perfect good faith. A mouthful or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure; but each was ashamed to give in first. At last Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, "Don't you think they taste a little green?" "D—d green!" emphatically responded Hutton; "tak' 'em awa, tak' 'em awa!"

The robin-redbreast is remarkable for a delicate bitter flavour; but as our ingenuous recommendation of him as an eatable commodity has been occasionally regarded as symptomatic of a latent tendency to cannibalism, it may be as well to state that the popular notion of his amiability, which rests upon the somewhat apocryphal story of the Children in the Wood, is altogether a mistake. Ornithologists are agreed that he is one of the most quarrelsome of birds; and his loneliness is, in fact, the natural result of his pugnacity. At all events, the following argument does not admit of a logical reply:—

"Le rouge-gorge," says the Almanach, "est la triste preuve de cette vérité—que le gourmand est par essence un être inhumain et cruel! car il n'a aucune pitié de ce charmant petit oiseau de passage, que sa gentillesse et sa familiarité confiante devraient mettre à l'abri de nos atteintes. *Mais s'il fallait avoir compassion de tout le monde, on ne mangerait personne;* et commisération à part, il faut convenir que le rouge-gorge, qui tient un rang distingué dans la classe des becs-figues, est un rôti très succulent. On en fait à Metz et dans la Lorraine et l'Alsace, un assez grand commerce. Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi."

The following letter from one of the most eminent of cotemporary connoisseurs (the late Count d'Orsay) contains an accurate classification and description of the principal Restaurants of Paris; and we do not know that we can do better than print it as it stands:—

"Paris, May 1, 1852.

"I must confess with regret that the culinary art has sadly fallen off in Paris; and I do not very clearly see how

it is to recover, as there are at present no great establishments where the school can be kept up.

"You must have remarked, when you were here, that at all the first-class restaurants you had nearly the same dinner; they may, however, be divided into three categories. Undoubtedly the best for a great dinner and good wine are the Frères Provençaux, Palais Royal; Philippe, Rue Mont Orgueil; and the Café de Paris: the latter is not always to be counted upon, but is excellent when they give you a *soigné* dinner. In the second class are Véry (Palais Royal): Vefour: Café Anglais; and Champeaux (Place de la Bourse), where you can have a most *conscientious* dinner, good without pretension; the situation is central, in a beautiful garden, and you must ask for a *bifstek à la Châteaubriand.* At the head of the third class we must place Bouvallet, on the Boulevart du Temple, near all the little theatres; Defieux, chiefly remarkable for corporation and assembly dinners; Durand, Place de la Madeleine; Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées, where is also Guillemin, formerly cook to the Duc de Vincennes. The two best places for suppers are the Maison d'Or and the Café Anglais; and for breakfasts, Tortoni's, and the Café d'Orsay on the Quai d'Orsay. In the vicinity of Paris the best restaurant is the Pavillon Henri Quatre, at St. Germains, kept by the old cook of the Duchesse de Berri. At none of these places could you find dinners now such as were produced by Ude; by Scyer, formerly with Lord Chesterfield; by Rotival, with Lord Wilton; or by Perron, with Lord Londonderry.

"I must not forget to mention the two great contractors for dinners and suppers: these are Chevet, of the Palais Royal, and Potel, of the Boulevart des Italiens. The best possible materials may be procured at these establishments, but the dinners of Chevet and Potel are expensive and

vulgar—a sort of *tripotage* of truffles, cocks'-combs, crawfish mounted on the back of a fillet of beef, and not a single *entrée* which a connoisseur can eat; the roast game always *tourmentés* and cold, for their feathers are stuck on again before they are served up.

"You are now *au fait* of the pretended French gastronomy. It has emigrated to England, and has no wish to return. We do not absolutely die of hunger here, and that is all that can be said."

This letter, complete so far as it goes, suggests a few reflections, and admits of a few additions. The transitory nature of gastronomic glory needs no further illustration when we find *Véry* degraded to the second class. The two brothers of that name once stood at the very head of the first. Allusion has already been made to a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the Allied Sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as their establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

> "Whilst stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> And whilst Rome stands, the world —"

but when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri.* Death, too, intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*,

with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles.*

The establishment of M. Philippe is close to what was once the *Rocher de Cancale*, but on the opposite side of the *Rue Mont Orgueil*, and (making due allowance for the general decline of Parisian cookery) it fills pretty nearly the same relative place in the estimation of the connoisseur. His prices are not extravagant; and a party of six or seven may have an excellent dinner for twenty francs a-head, exclusive of wine. This was the price of a dinner which made some noise in the spring of 1850. The party consisted of Lord Brougham, M. Alexandre Dumas, Count D'Orsay, Lord Dufferin, the Hon. W. Stuart (attached to the embassy), Mr. John Dundas, of Carron, and the writer of these pages. It was ordered by the writer after an anxious consultation with Count D'Orsay; and it was delightful to see the enlightened enthusiasm by which M. Philippe, his *chef*, and his waiters, were, one and all, animated on the occasion. The most successful dishes were the *bisque*, the *fritures Italiennes*, and the *gigot à la Bretonne*. Out of compliment to the world-wide fame of Lord Brougham and M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Philippe produced some *Clos de Vougeot*, which (like his namesake in 'High Life Below Stairs') he vowed should never go down the throat of a man whom he did not esteem and admire; and it was voted first-rate by acclamation.

Amongst the dishes most in fashion at Philippe's may be specified, in addition to the three named

above, the *potage à la Bagration*, and quails *désossées et en caisse.*

An elaborate dinner for a large party at the *Trois Frères* is certainly inferior to a corresponding banquet at Philippe's; but, on the other hand, an improvised dinner in the common room for two or three is, on an average, the best thing of the sort in Paris, if it is ordered by a qualified *habitué.* Amongst the favourite dishes at the *Trois Frères* are the *bisque*, the *potage à la purée de marrons*, the *côtelettes à la Provençale*, the *omelette soufflée à la vanille*, and the *croûte aux ananas.* The wines at this establishment are much esteemed, particularly the *Pichon* (a light dinner-wine), the *Grand Lafitte* of 1834 and 1841, the *Fleur de Sillery*, the *Vieux Pommard*, and the *Romanée Gelé.*

The *Café de Paris* has declined in general reputation of late years, but it still retains some of its pristine merits and advantages. The rooms are lofty; there is no lack of fresh air, the look-out on the Boulevards is gay and enlivening, and the fish is generally good. The *filets de sole à l'Orly* is a *plat* which may be had in perfection at the *Café;* and it may be taken for granted that M. Véron would not dine there every day, the centre of an admiring circle, unless a great many other good things were to be had. The *Maison Dorée* is famous for its *croûte au pot.* Vachette's, on the Boulevard Montmartre, excels in genuine French cookery of the less ambitious order. The *Pavillon Henri Quatre*, at St. Germains, favourably mentioned by our correspondent, will justify his praise; its fried gudgeons

are superior to those of the York House at Bath, and the *filet de bœuf à la Bernaise* is not to be had anywhere else. The choicest champagne there is called *vin du Président*, being, we presume, the precise description of wine which the Emperor, when President, caused to be served out to the troops at Satory, and it probably harmonizes admirably with sausages.

Hardy and *Riche* have been condemned to a critical kind of notoriety by a pun—'Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi.' Hardy has been immortalized by Moore in the *Fudge Family*:—

"I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette:*
Then, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curs'd tea and toast;
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out
One's pâté of larks, just to tune up the throat;
One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote;*
One's erudite cutlets, dress'd all ways, but plain—
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne;
Then some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or mayhap
Chambertin, which you know 's the pet tipple of Nap.*
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er failing, and—glorious appendix—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips."

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is still the favourite for a *déjeûner;* and *parfait-amour* is obsolete. Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, was the decision of Johnson, and there can be no doubt that old Cognac is your true *chasse* for the heroes of gastronomy. If tempted to indulge

* In justice to Napoleon, it ought to be remembered that *Chambertin* was not his "pet tipple" on serious occasions. In his carriage, taken at Waterloo, were found two bottles nearly empty—the one of *Malaga*, and the other of *Rum*.

in a liqueur or *chasse-cafè*, they generally confine themselves to *curaçoa*. Even with ladies, *parfait-amour*, notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute; they have adopted Maraschino in its place, and sip it with such evident symptoms of enjoyment, that once upon a time, when a certain eminent diplomatist was asked by his *voisine*, at a *petit-souper*, for a female toast, to parallel with the masculine one of *Women and Wine*, his Excellency gave *Men and Maraschino*, which elicited very general applause.

Colonel Damer was one day dining at Beauvilliers', in 1814, just after the first Restoration, when a Russian officer, having finished his dinner, inquired what liqueur was most in vogue. The waiter replied "*La liqueur a la mode, Monsieur?—mais c'est le petit lait d'Henri Quatre.*" Here the waiter had the best of it. But the writer was once dining at the *Rocher de Cancale*, soon after the suppression of the last Polish insurrection, in company with a Russian officer, when the waiter having thought proper to give vent to his enthusiasm for the Polish cause rather too audibly, was suddenly ordered by our Russian friend to bring us *un jeune Polonais bien frappé.*

The following advice may still be implicitly depended upon:—

"If some who 're Lotharios in feeding, should wish,
Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick)—
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't?—*des Panoramas*,
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen."

The place indicated is *Madame Felix's*, the demand for whose *pâtés* was once said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the Revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it—or rather of one of its great stages—which are most dramatically indicated by the author of the *Physiologie*.

"By the treaty of November, 1815," says M. Brillat-Savarin, "France was bound to pay the sum of 50,000,000 francs within three years, besides claims for compensation and requisitions of various sorts, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue; the more particularly as all was to be paid in specie. 'Alas!' said the good people of France, as they saw the fatal tumbrel go by on its way to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, 'Alas! our money is emigrating; next year we shall go down on our knees before a five-franc piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of all sorts will fail; there will be no such thing as borrowing; it will be weakness, exhaustion, civil death.' The event proved the apprehension to be false; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in finance-matters, the payments were made with facility, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during the whole time this superpurgation lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France; which proves that more money came into than went out of it. What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that effected this miracle?—*Gourmandise.* When the Britons, Germans, Cimmerians, and Scythians broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and

stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

"The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they *must* come to Paris; when there, they *must* eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!"—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moet of Epernay; but he considered himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the North having more than doubled since then, although most of the champagne drunk in Russia is made in the Crimæa. M. Moet's cellars, be it said in passing, are peculiarly deserving of attention, and he is (or was) always happy to do the honours to travellers. We ourselves visited them in 1835, and were presented, at parting, with a bottle of the choicest wine—a custom, we understand, invariably observed in this munificent establishment.

Be the cause what it may, the taste for French cookery is now universally diffused; nor is it confined to the Old World, for amongst the other special missions intrusted to M. Armand de Bremont by

Bolivar was that of bringing over the best cook he could get. Those who may be intrusted with similar missions would do well to consult Mercier's *Tableau de Paris*, where cooks are classified by provinces. "The best," he says, "are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all." But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health. The orthodox doctrine on this point has been fully developed in an elaborate essay, entitled *De la Santé des Cuisiniers*, from the pen of no less a person than Grimaud de la Reynière, the editor of the Almanach—

"L'index d'un bon cuisinier doit cheminer sans cesse des casseroles à sa langue, et ce n'est qu'en dégustant ainsi à chaque minute ses ragoûts qu'il peut en déterminer l'assaisonnement d'une manière précise. Il faut donc que son palais soit d'une délicatesse extrême, et vierge en quelque sorte, pour qu'un rien le stimule et l'avertisse de ses fautes.

"Mais l'odeur continuelle des fourneaux, la nécessité de boire fréquemment et presque toujours de mauvais vin pour humecter un gosier incendié, la vapeur du charbon, les humeurs et la bile, qui, lorsqu'elles sont en mouvement, dénaturent nos facultés, tout concourt chez un cuisinier à altérer promptement les organes de la dégustation. Le palais s'encroûte en quelque sorte; il n'a plus ni ce tact, ni cette finesse, ni cette exquise sensibilité d'où dépend la susceptibilité de l'organe du goût; il finit par s'excorier, et par devenir aussi insensible que la conscience d'un vieux juge. *Le seul moyen de lui rendre cette fleur qu'il a perdue, de lui*

faire reprendre sa souplesse, sa délicatesse, et ses forces, c'est de purger le cuisinier, telle résistance qu'il y oppose ; car il en est, qui, sourds à la voix de la gloire, n'apperçoivent point la nécessité de prendre médecine lorsqu'ils ne se sentent pas malades."

The late Marquis of Hertford had a cook who, in his master's opinion, was inimitable in a *suprême*. Dining one day with an intimate friend, a distinguished Privy Councillor, who had frequently contested the point, his Lordship declared the *suprême*, which he was with difficulty persuaded to taste, detestable. "Now I have you," exclaimed the Right Honourable friend; "that dish was dressed by your own *chef*, who is at this moment in my house." "Then all I can say," replied the Marquis, "is, that you must have spoiled his palate by drinking beer with him."

We have now arrived at the literature of the Art. The 'Almanach des Gourmands' was the first serious and sustained attempt to invest gastronomy with the air of an intellectual and refined pursuit. But incomparably the completest essay on what may be termed the æsthetics of the dinner-table, is the famous *Physiologie du Goût*, and a short biographical sketch of the author may not be unacceptable as an introduction to a few extracts from the work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the Constituent

Assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed President of the Civil Tribunal of the department of *L'Ain*, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation he was made a judge of it. During the reign of terror he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits. He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immor talize himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the distracted air of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: "My dear sir," said our gastronomer, recovering himself by a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey." He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and, after filling several employments of trust under the Directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the Court of Cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published some time in

the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular mixture of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world—*bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories, and instructive dissertations—which it presents; and if, as is currently related, Walton's Angler has made thousands turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the 'Physiology of Taste' had converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The Meditations (a term substituted for chapters) form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:—1. *the senses;* 2. *the taste;* 3. *gastronomy*, definition, origin, and use; 4. *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5. *alimentary substances in general;* 6. *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7. *frying*, its theory; 8. *thirst;* 9. *beverages;* 10. *episode on the end of the world;* 11. *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly as regards conjugal happiness; 12. *gourmands*, by predestination, education, profession, &c.; 13. *éprouvettes gastronomiques;* 14. *on the pleasures of the table;* 15. *the halts in sporting;* 16. *digestion;* 17. *repose;* 18. *sleep;* 19. *dreams;* 20. *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams;* 21

obesity; 22. *treatment preventive or curative of obesity*; 23. *leanness*; 24. *fasts*; 25. *exhaustion*; 26. *death*; 27. *philosophical history of the kitchen*; 28. *restaurateurs*; 29. *classical gastronomy put in action*; 30. *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the *menu* of this book. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we quote the following reflections on the pleasures of the table, in the hope that they may help to dissipate some portion of the vulgar prejudice against *gourmets*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness:

"The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

"Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal, to have the pleasure of swallowing a second. . . . . The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognized by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew

the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas.* We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure *data* for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira* and the last glass of punch."

It may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was of a sober, moderate, easily-satisfied disposition; so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. The writer of these pages has been frequently exposed to depreciating remarks of the same tendency, but has contrived to bear up against the calumny.

An anecdote (related to Colonel Damer by Talleyrand) may help to rescue the fair fame of Brillat-Savarin from the reproach of indifference, and illustrate the hereditary quality of taste. He was on his way to Lyons, and was determined to dine at Sens. On his arrival he sent, according to his invariable custom, for the cook, and asked what he could have for dinner? The report was dispiriting.

* The custom of taking Parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand.

"Little enough," was the reply. "But let us see," retorted M. Savarin, "let us go to the kitchen and talk the matter over." In the kitchen he found four turkeys roasting. "Why!" exclaimed he, "you told me you had nothing in the house. Let me have one of these turkeys." "Impossible!" said the cook, "they are all bespoken by a gentleman upstairs." "He must have a large party to dine with him then?" "No, he dines by himself." "I should like much to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating." The cook was sure that the gentleman would be glad of his acquaintance; and M. Brillat-Savarin immediately paid his respects to the stranger, who turned out to be his own son. "What, you rogue, four turkeys all for yourself?" "Yes, sir; you know that, whenever I dine with you, you eat up the whole of *les-sots-les-laissent*"—the titbit which we call the *oyster* of the turkey or fowl—"I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am, ready to begin, although I did not expect the honour of your company."

It may not be deemed an unpardonable digression to state here that the late Lord Alvanley had his *suprême de volaille* made of the *oysters*, or *les-sots-les-laissent*, of fowls, instead of the fillet from the breast; so that it took a score of fowls to complete a moderate dish. The same distinguished epicure, who was also one of the three or four pleasantest companions and wittiest men of the century, held

that partridges were only worth eating in July, and he used to be regularly furnished with them from his own estate during that month.

To proceed with our extracts:—

"But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

"1. Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

"2. Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

"3. Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean, and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

"4. Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.*

"5. Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

"6. Let the order of progression be, for the first (the dishes), from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines), from the simplest to the most perfumed.

"7. Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

* "I write," says the author in a note, "between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d'Antin."

"8. Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs chosen by the master.

"9. Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may notwithstanding remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

"10. Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

"11. Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

"12. Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let everybody be in bed by twelve.

"If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis."—vol. i. pp. 297-302.

M. Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very important requisite, which it may be as well to supply without delay from another section of his book.

"APHORISM.—*Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.*

"I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

"I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary (Cambacérès); and at the appointed moment, half-past five, everybody had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the court-yard; some faces announced

stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. 'Alas!' replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, 'Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!' 'Is that all?' I answered, with an air of indifference which was alien from my heart; 'that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to day—they can have no motive for making us fast.' I spoke thus; but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour the discontent became general, and everybody complained. 'When *will* he come back?' said one. 'What can he be thinking of?' said another. 'It is enough to give one one's death,' said a third. By the fourth hour all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to when I ventured to say that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite

overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard, 'Monseigneur went out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return.' He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay."—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

On the part of the guests, also, punctuality should be regarded as imperative; and the habitual want of it may commonly be set down to affectation or to long-indulged selfishness. Rather than place the slightest restraint on himself, the transgressor makes a whole party uncomfortable. It is no answer to

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacérès.

say that they can sit down without him, for a well-selected company may be spoilt by a gap; and a late arrival causes discomfort and confusion in exact proportion to the care that has been taken in the preparatory arrangements. Lady Morgan, in one of her early works, speaks of a young nobleman who never saw soup or fish except at his own table. This was understood to refer to an ex-Foreign Secretary. The late Lord Dudley used to say that the most unpunctual persons he ever knew were two distinguished brothers—the survivor is now a peer—for, added his lordship, if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you got Charles on Thursday at eight.

It is currently related of a distinguished peer that he was once observed mounting his horse for his afternoon ride by the party assembled for dinner in his drawing-room. The authenticity of this anecdote, however, may well be doubted; for his lordship is one of the most liberal and uncompromising patrons of the culinary art, and would never have risked the reputation of his *chef*—although he might have made light of the health and comfort of his guests—by such an unprincipled and unfeeling disregard of the essential duty of a dinner-giver. The great Carême was in his service for a short period; and his lordship once gave a very remarkable proof of his enlightened and patriotic desire to make his own country the head-quarters of gastronomic refinement. Dining (so goes the story) with the Baron de Rothschild, at Paris, he was so

struck with the whole arrangements, as well as with the exquisite composition and execution, of the dinner, that the very next day he intimated, through a trusty agent, to the Baron's *maître d'hôtel*, *chef*, and confectioner, that engagements at increased salaries were at the disposal of all three, if they would exchange their Jewish allegiance for the service of a Christian nobleman. They are said to have refused, with some marks of indignation; and it must be admitted that the offer partakes somewhat of the spirit in which Christian noblemen dealt with Jew financiers in the olden time; for you might as well draw a man's teeth at once as deprive him of the means of employing them with his wonted gusto.

The Meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, some of whom, since Lord Byron's * silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear the professor on this subject:—

"*Gourmandise* is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms: her nap-

* Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

kin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

"The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

"Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a-day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instru-

ments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France, had not escaped the English novelist; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of 'Pamela' the different manner in which two married couples finish their day."—vol. i. pp. 244-251.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, no one will be surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next Meditation is headed *N'est pas Gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

"There are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognised the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unfortunates, badly provided with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard to objects of taste, what the blind are with regard to light. The second is composed of *distraits*, chatterboxes, persons engaged in business, the ambitious, and others, who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled. Such, for instance, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything he did. The moment appetite was felt it was necessary

that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places, and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word."—vol. i. p. 252.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, (as the German novelist, Hoffman, who was in the town, asserts) the Emperor's energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon's irregularity as to meals injured his health and shortened his life. The general order to his household was to have cutlets and roast chicken ready at all hours, night and day, and it was observed to the letter by his *maître d'hôtel*, Dunand, who had been a celebrated cook. In his more dignified capacity, he contrived to fall in with the humours of his Imperial master, and, by so doing, to be of essential use at critical emergencies, when an hour of prolonged flurry or iritation might have cost a province or a throne. On one occasion, when matters had gone wrong in some quarter, Napoleon returned from the *Conseil d'Etat* in one of his worst tempers and most discontented moods. A *déjeûner à la fourchette*, comprising his favourite dishes, was served up, and Napoleon, who had fasted since daybreak, took his seat. But he had hardly swallowed a mouthful,

when apparently some inopportune thought or recollection stung his brain to madness; receding from the table without rising from his chair, he uplifted his foot—dash! went the table—crash! went the déjeûner; and the Emperor, springing up, paced the room with rapid and perturbed strides, indicative of the most frenzied rage. Dunand looked on without moving a muscle, and quietly gave the fitting orders to his staff. Quick as thought, the wreck was cleared away, an exact duplicate of the déjeûner appeared as if by magic, and its presence was quietly announced by the customary "*Sa Majesté est servie.*" Napoleon felt the delicacy, and appreciated the tact, of this mode of service. *Merci bien, mon cher Dunand!* and one of his inimitable smiles, showed that the hurricane had blown over. Whether Napoleon was a hero to his *valet de chambre* we will not pretend to say, but he was certainly a hero to his *maître d'hôtel.*

An occupied man, who values his health and wishes to keep his physical powers and mental energies unimpaired, should sedulously eschew business, as well as agitating or anxious topics of all kinds, whilst the digestive organs are at work. When M. de Suffrein was commanding for the French in the East, he was one day waited upon by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He desired an aide-de-camp to inform them that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to

attend to business of any sort at dinner-time; and the deputation departed, lost in admiration at the piety of the Commandant. To dine alone is neither wholesome nor agreeable. To solitary diners may be applied the fine lines of Goldsmith :—

> "Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
> To fill the languid pause with finer joy."

Better, indeed, far better, to rank with the class described by Byron, which, by the way, may sometimes include a connoisseur,—

> "Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
> When seated near them, of some pretty lisper."

But what a deceased clerical wit called "flashes of silence" may occasionally intervene. We were once dining with the author of 'Vanity Fair' at the *Rocher*, when a *matelotte* of surpassing excellence was served up. "My dear fellow," exclaimed the distinguished moralist, "don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish." He is not less eminent as a dinner-giver than as a diner-out, and conceives himself to have discovered that a slight infusion of crab is a decided improvement to curry. This reminds us of an anecdote related of a deceased Irish nobleman, who had expended a large fortune in (as he said) the cause of his country. When dying, he summoned his heir to his bedside, and told him he had a secret to communicate which might prove some compensation for the dilapidated condition of the family property. It was—that crab sauce is better than lobster sauce.

If this was a fair sample of his Lordship's judgment, no wonder he was ruined.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise*, are thus described by M. Brillat-Savarin :—

"They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found : they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated ; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessaries of a gastronomic meeting.

"Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes ; whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are, above all, deficient in *embonpoint : it is they who invented trowsers.* The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal." —vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *éprouvettes :*—

"We understand by *éprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence that their bare appearance ought to excite, in a human being properly organised, all the faculties of taste ; so that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of

desire nor the radiance of ecstacy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it."

A distinguished gastronomer, refining on this invention, proposes *éprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote. Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would have appeared ridiculous, but the Cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. "Be of good faith, your Eminence," was the reply; "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Delight was in every face—it was the moment of the *éprouvette positive*. The *maître d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *éprouvette negative*; but the *maître*

d'hôtel suddenly turns to the attendant—"Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The second appeared, and the *éprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.

We offer no apology for having devoted so many pages to M. Brillat-Savarin, since his book indisputably affords the most favourable specimens of gastronomic literature. There exists nothing in English at all comparable to it; for, unluckily, Dr. Johnson rested satisfied with beating the Academy in another field. "Women," once observed the sage, "can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles." His mode of eating, however, was exceedingly coarse; and, according to Mrs. Piozzi, "his favourite dainties were a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef." He has been known to call for the butterboat containing the lobster sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum-pudding. His disqualifying sentence on women, also, should not be received with implicit acquiescence. Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr. Hunter; but Mrs. Rundell's was her own, and is certainly not devoid of merit, although hardly equal to Ude's, Soyer's, or Francatelli's more ambitious productions. In our humble opinion, too, women make far the best English cooks, practically speaking; and

the fair sex have supplied some tolerably apt pupils to the French school; but they seldom arrive at distinguished proficiency unless they are both handsome and *coquettes*—for the simple reason that no Frenchman who affects taste will take pains to teach a woman who is not able and willing to minister to the gratification of his vanity.

It may consequently turn out no great hardship after all to be obliged to follow the advice given in the New Almanach des Gourmands (of 1830): "Si les gages d'un cuisinier, et surtout les habitudes de l'artiste, vous le rendent trop dispendieux, bornez-vous au *cordon-bleu*. Faites choix d'une *cuisinière* active, propre," &c. This passage may suffice to refute the common error of supposing that *cordon-bleu* means a first-rate artist of either sex. In gastronomic language, the term is exclusively applicable to females, and the original cause of its being so applied was an involuntary and enthusiastic recognition of female merit by Louis XV. The confirmed opinion of this royal voluptuary was, that it was morally and physically impossible for a woman to attain the highest pitch of perfection in the culinary art. Madame Dubarry, piqued by his frequent recurrence to this invidious theory, resolved to bring him over to a way of thinking more complimentary to her sex. She accordingly sought out the best *cuisinière* that France could produce, and gave her the minutest private instructions as to his Majesty's favourite dishes and

peculiar tastes or caprices. If the story we are now repeating be a lie, it is certainly a lie circumstantial, like the account of the duel in the *School for Scandal*—for tradition has handed down the exact *menu* of the supper prepared under the Dubarry's supervision by her *protégée*. It comprised a *coulis de faisan, les petites croustades de foie de lottes, le salmis de bécassines, le pain de volaille à la suprême, la poularde au cresson, les belles écrevisses au vin de Sauterne, les bisquets de pêches au noyau*, and *la crême de cerneaux*. The dessert consisted of some *raisins dorés*, a *salade de fraises au marasquin*, and some Rheims biscuits. Every dish prospered, and the enraptured monarch, instead of starting up, like Dryden's Alexander, and rushing out to fire a city, sank back in his chair with an ineffable feeling of languid beatitude, and, if Désaugier's verses had existed at the time, would doubtless have sung—

"A chaque mets que je touche
Je me crois l'égal des dieux,
Et ce que ne touche ma bouche
Est dévoré par mes yeux."

"Who is this new *cuisinier* of yours?" exclaimed the monarch, when this unparalleled succession of agreeable surprises was complete. "Let me know his name, and let him henceforth form part of our royal household." "*Allons donc, la France!*" retorted the delighted *ex-grisette*. "Have I caught you at last? It is no *cuisinier* at all, but a *cuisinière;* and I demand a recompence for her worthy

both of her and your Majesty. Your royal bounty has made my negro, Zamore, governor of Luciennes, and I cannot accept less than a *cordon bleu* for my *cuisinière.*" There was probably nothing which the King (or the lady) would not have granted at such a moment, but the name of this *cuisinière* was unfortunately not inscribed in the register of the Order, and she has thus been cheated of her immortality.*

There is no part of the world in which the connoisseur may not find some delicacy peculiar to the place—as the turkey, fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus, at Athens; the famous *minestra del riso*, at Milan; the *pesce reale* (royal fish), at Naples; the *ombre chevalier* (a large species of char), of the Lake of Geneva; the red trout of the lake near Andernach; the crawfish from the Rhine, or the thrushes from the Rhenish vineyards; the *pâté de chamois*, on the Simplon; the white truffles of Piedmont; the wild boar, at Rome; the *coquille d' écrevisse*, at Vaucluse; the *ortolan* and *beccafico* of the South of Europe, &c. &c.—for the list might be indefinitely extended. Yet, to the best of our information and experience, whenever a dish attracts attention by the art displayed in its conception or preparation apart from the material, the artist will commonly be discovered to be French. Many years ago we had the curiosity to inquire, at the Hôtel de France at Dresden, to whom our party were indebted for the enjoyment

* Lady Morgan says that the title of *cordon bleu* was first given to Marie, the cook of the fermier-général who built the Elysée Bourbon.

they had derived from a *suprême de volaille*, and were informed that the cook and the master of the hotel were one and the same person—a Frenchman, *ci-devant chef* of a Russian minister. He had been eighteen years in Germany, but knew not a word of any language but his own. "*A quoi bon, Messieurs,*" was his reply to our expression of astonishment; "*à quoi bon apprendre la langue d'un peuple qui* "*ne possède pas une cuisine?*"

The same cannot be affirmed of England, much as we may be indebted to our neighbours across the Channel in this respect. It is allowed by competent judges that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude,* we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a-head; and the dinner was ordered by the late Count d'Orsay.

"*Premier Service.*

"*Potages.*—Printannier: à la reine: *turtle.*

* "I will venture to affirm that cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world."—*Ude*, p. xiiii.

"*Poissons.*—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*) : saumon à la Tartare : rougets à la cardinal : friture de morue : *white bait.*

"*Relevés.*—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine : dindon à la chipolata : timballe de macaroni : *haunch of venison.*

"*Entrées.*—Croquettes de volaille : petits pâtés aux huîtres : côtelettes d'agneau : purée de champignons : côtelettes d'agneau aux points d'asperge : fricandeau de veau à l'oseille : ris de veau piqué aux tomates : côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle : chartreuse de légumes aux faisans : filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade : boudins à la Richelieu : sauté de volaille aux truffes : pâté de mouton monté.

"*Côté.*—Bœuf rôti : jambon : salade.

"*Second Service.*

"*Rôts.*—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose.*

"*Entremets.*—Asperges : haricot à la Française : mayonnaise d'homard : gelée Macedoine : aspics d'œufs de pluvier : Charlotte Russe : gelée au Marasquin : crême marbre : corbeille de pâtisserie : vol-au-vent de rhubarb : tourte d'abricots : corbeille des meringues : dressed crab : salade au gélatine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

"*Relevés.*—Soufflé à la vanille : Nesselrode pudding : Adelaide sandwiches : fondus. Pièces montées," &c. &c.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes—turtle, white bait, and venison—relieve the French in this dinner; and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French. The execution is

said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiriting success. The price was not unusually large. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a-piece. It might well have cost twice as much, for, amongst other acts of extravagance, they despatched a special messenger to Westphalia to choose a ham. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was to have been formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; but it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the Albion, at ten guineas a-head; and the ordinary price for the best dinner at this house (including wine) is three guineas. In our opinion extravagance adds nothing to real enjoyment, and a first-rate English dinner (exclusive of wine) ought to be furnished for a third of the price.

This work would be incomplete without some attempt to commemorate the great artists who have acquired, or who are in a fair way to acquire, a culinary reputation on British ground.

Vilmet, Leclair, Henry Brand, Morel, Grillon,

Chevassut, Goubeaud, and Huggins, were famous in their time, and formed the eminent culinary brigade of Carlton House; Courroux, Honoré, Ménil, Morel senior, Barge, House, Cotton, Mills, Sams, Oudot senior, Farmer, Pratt, and Dick Wood, were first-rate cooks. Honoré was many years cook to the late Lord Holland and to the late Marchioness of Hertford. Florence, cook to successive Dukes of Buccleuch, is immortalised by Scott, as inventor of the *potage à la Meg Merrilies*. Farmer, for many years cook to the late Earl of Bathurst, is said to have been the very first English artist of his day. Pratt was head cook to his late R. H. the Duke of York.

At the head of the celebrities here enumerated, we must not forget to place Louis Eustache Ude. For upwards of twenty years he had the honour of educating the palate of the late Earl of Sefton, who, in his day, was considered a great *gourmet* as well as a great *gourmand*—and, be it understood, these qualifications are seldom united. The difference between a *gourmet* and a *gourmand* we take to be this: a *gourmet* is he who selects, for his nice and learned delectation, the most choice delicacies, prepared in the most scientific manner; whereas, the *gourmand* bears a closer analogy to that class of great eaters ill-naturedly (we dare say) denominated, or classed with, aldermen. Ude was also once *maître d'hôtel* to the late Duke of York, from whom he contrived to elicit many a hearty laugh through his clever mimicry. Under his auspices, also, it was that "the great playhouse" in

St. James's, yclept Crockford's, was ushered into its destructive career.

Louis Eustache Ude was verily the Gil Blas of the kitchen. He had, in his latter days, a notion of writing his memoirs; and if they had not proved deeply interesting, those who knew him well can with truth assert that many would have relished the curious scandal and pleasant gossip with which his astonishing memory was so well stored. Ude's mamma was an attractive and lively milliner, who married an underling in Louis XVI.'s kitchen. She thought Master Eustache too pretty a boy to be sacrificed to the "*Dieu ventru.*" The consequence was, that after an attempt made by his sire to train him in his own "*glorious path,*" the youngster absconded, and apprenticed himself, first to a "*bijoutier en faux,*" then to an engraver, next to a printer, and lastly to a haberdasher! after which he became traveller for a mercantile house at Lyons. Something occurred at this point which occasioned him to change his vocation once more. He returned to Paris, and there tried his genius as an actor at a small theatre in the Rue Chantreine. He soon, however (aided by a discriminating public), discovered that his share of the world's cake was not on that stage, and, by some means, he set up an office and a "*cabriolet,*" and forthwith started into life as an "*agent de change.*" This scheme did not last long; he got "cleaned out" on 'Change, and shortly after was installed as an inspector of gambling-houses. He soon tired of this appointment,

and, on relinquishing it, determined to return to his original calling, and became once again a cook.

After practising in the culinary profession some few years in the early dawn of the fortunes of the house of Bonaparte, Ude raised himself to the post of maître d'hôtel to Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Here our artist remained for about two years, when, owing to some difference of opinion between Madame Letitia and himself in matters arithmetical, he somewhat suddenly left that lady's service to honour our land with his presence; and ever after, when fitting opportunity presented itself, he was wont to express his indignation against the "*usurpateur*" and all his family. Good cooks were scarce in England in those days, and, shortly after his arrival, the late Earl of Sefton secured his services at a salary of 300 guineas per annum; and not only proved himself a liberal and kind-hearted patron during his lifetime, but, with that benevolence for which he was remarkable, handsomely provided for the old age of his favourite cook by leaving him 100*l.* for life.

On Ude's retirement from the active duties of his high vocation at Crockford's, his mantle fell on Charles Elmé Francatelli—an author of merit, and a man of cultivation and accomplishments, as well as an eminently distinguished artist. His treatise on Gastronomy, published by Bentley, were alone sufficient to place him in the front rank of the scientific professors of the art. He was many years *chef* at Chesterfield House, when its dinners were the admira-

tion of the gastronomic world of London. We subsequently trace him by his reputation to Rossie Priory (Lord Kinnaird's), and to the Melton club, or *reunion*, of which Lord Kinnaird, Sir W. M. Stanley, Mr. Rowland Errington, Mr. Lyne Stevens, and the late Count Matuzavicz were the members. He succeeded Ude as *maître d'hôtel* at Crockford's, and was afterwards, through the discriminating patronage of the late Earl of Errol, promoted to the honourable and enviable post of *maître d'hôtel* and chief cook to the Queen. It is generally understood that his skill, zeal, and judicious economy obtained the full approval of her Majesty and her Royal Consort; but what can such exalted personages know of the intrigues of the basement story of a palace? or how can they be fairly made responsible for the heart-breaking humiliation and injustice that may be perpetrated by their authority? At the end of two years Francatelli was displaced, or reluctantly resigned, the victim (he doubtless believes) of some pantry, scullery, still-room, or steward's-room cabal, and the Coventry Club was fortunate enough to possess him for a period. At present, if we are not misinformed, he is in the full enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate*, and of a handsome competence to boot—a circumstance at which we should rejoice more cordially, did it not militate very seriously against the gratification of our palates.

Soyer is another *artiste* and writer on gastronomic subjects, whose name has been a good deal before the public. He is a very clever man, of inventive

genius and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen than by his soup.

Amongst the most eminent cooks of the present time in England are Pierre Moret, of the Royal Household; Aberlin, chef to the Duke of Devonshire; Crépin, of the Duchess of Sutherland's household; Dunand, Paraire, Gérin, Mesmer; Labalme, cook to the Duke of Beaufort; Bony, cook to the Duke of Buccleuch; Auguste Halinger, cook to Baron de Rothschild; the brothers Mailliez; Brûnet, cook to the Duke of Montrose; Lambert, to Mr. Charles Townley; Valentine, to Lord Poltimore; Hopwood, to Lord Foley; George Perkis, to the Marquis of Bristol; Louis Besnard, to Mr. Maxse; Frottier, to the Duke of Cambridge; Carpentier, to the Earl of Sefton; Perron, to the Marquis of Londonderry; Bernard, to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby; Guerault, to Mr. H. T. Hope; Chaudeau, to the Marquis of Lansdowne; Rotival, to Lord Wilton; Douetil, to the Duke of Cleveland; Palanque, to the Carlton Club; and Comte, to Brookes's. Paul Pasquier, Alphonse Gouffé, and Fouillois are the first *pâtissiers* of the day. Perugini, Raffaelle, Vincent, and Mauditt are the first confectioners.

The present Duke of Beaufort had a Neapolitan confectioner who was thoroughly impressed with the dignity, and imbued with the spirit, of his art. His Grace was one night in bed, and fast asleep, when he was roused by a knock at his door, which was impatiently repeated. He asked who was there.

"It is only me, Signor Duc," said the artist; "I was at the Opera, and I have been dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti's, and I have got an idea. I have this instant invented a sorbet; I have named it after that divine composer, and I hastened to inform your Grace." This is almost as good as Herbault's address to Lady D., when he hurried into her hotel, and thus announced the felicitous completion of an order for a turban adorned with ostrich feathers:—"Madame, après trois nuits d'insomnie les plumes sont placées."

Young men rising into reputation are: Mortière, cook to Lord Hardwicke; Dubois; Sevestre, to the Duchess of Gloucester; Montoy, to Lord Castlereagh; Charles Lion, to Lord Ernest Bruce; Denise, Tessier, Cartal, Débille, Amato, George White, George Tredway, Filippo Betti.

It is a curious fact that almost all the great artists in this line are erratic, restless, and inconstant. They seldom stay long with the same employer, be he as liberal, indulgent, and discriminating as he may. Is it that they sigh, like the Macedonian, for new worlds to conquer, or that—extending the principle of the German *Wanderjahr* to the whole of human life—they fancy that knowledge and intellect are cramped and restricted by becoming stationary? The phenomenon well merits the serious attention of the metaphysician.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of the culinary art, and have only a single cautionary observation to add.

Without appliances and means to boot, it is madness to attempt entrées and entremets; and "better first in a village than second in Rome" is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. "A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor." So said the late Earl of Dudley; and such a dinner can be better served in England than in any other—or, more correctly speaking, there is no other country in the world where it could be served at all. But before proceeding to illustrate the advantages of the simple style of dinner-giving when the Amphitryon does not happen to be a millionaire, we must pay a well-merited tribute to the memory of the man who did for it almost as much as *Brillat de Savarin* effected for the more composite style amongst the French. We allude to the late Thomas Walker, formerly one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, and author of 'The Original.' This remarkable publication appeared in weekly numbers, beginning May 20th, 1835, and was continued till the commencement of the following year, when the series was abruptly discontinued by the lamented death of the writer. To enable our readers to estimate his weight as an authority on dinner-giving, we shall begin by bringing together a few of the quaint and amusing reminiscences he has printed of himself. The following are prefixed, by way of introduction, to a series of papers 'On the Art of attaining high Health,' which commence with the third number of the work:—

"During these years (he is speaking of his early youth) and for a long time after, I felt no security of my health. At last, one day when I had shut myself up in the country, and was reading with great attention Cicero's treatise 'De Oratore,' some passage—I quite forget what—suggested to me the expediency of making the improvement of my health my study. *I rose from my book, stood bolt upright, and determined to be well.* In pursuance of my resolution I tried many extremes, was guilty of many absurdities, and committed many errors, amidst the remonstrances and ridicule of those around me. I persevered, nevertheless, and it is now, I believe, full sixteen years since I have had any medical advice, or taken any medicine, or anything whatever by way of medicine. During that period I have lived constantly in the world—for the last six years in London, without ever being absent during any one whole week—and I have never foregone a single engagement of business or pleasure, or been confined an hour, with the exception of two days in the country from over exertion. For nine years I have worn neither great-coat nor cloak, though I ride and walk at all hours and in all weathers. My dress has been the same in summer and winter, *my under garments being single and only of cotton, and I am always light shod.* The only inconvenience I suffer is occasionally from colds; *but with a little more care I could entirely prevent them; or, if I took the trouble, I could remove the most severe in four-and-twenty hours.*"

The time and manner of his determination to be well strongly resemble Major Longbow's no less strenuous determination on board the steamer, that no human consideration should induce him to be sick; and from his power of preventing or rapidly removing colds, we should suppose Mr. Walker re-

lated to the Marquis of Snowdon, immortalised by Mr. Hook in 'Love and Pride,' who scouts, as a reflection on his nobility, the bare supposition that a Plinlimmon could catch cold. But it is unnecessary to resort to fiction for instances of the exemption obtained by great men, apparently by mere dint of volition, from the ordinary wants and weaknesses of humanity. The Duke of Wellington is said to have been enabled to sustain the extraordinary fatigues of the late war in the Peninsula by the acquired habit of snatching sleep at any period of the day or night indifferently. Lord Brougham's capacity for intellectual exertion on a corresponding scale is, in part, owing to the same habit. We are the more particular in our enumeration of instances, to prepare the reader for the still more startling assertion of personal privilege or exemption which comes next. Our author is describing the results of an abstemious diet:—

"Indeed, I felt a different being, light and vigorous, with all my senses sharpened—I enjoyed an absolute glowing existence. I cannot help mentioning two or three instances in proof of my state, though I dare say they will appear almost ridiculous, but they are nevertheless true. It seems that from the surface of an animal in perfect health there is an active exhalation going on which repels impurity; *for when I walked on the dustiest roads, not only my feet, but even my stockings, remained free from dust. By way of experiment, I did not wash my face for a week, nor did any one see, nor I feel, the difference.*"

Yet even these things may be paralleled from the memoirs of a hero of real life, who resembles Mr.

Walker both in his personal peculiarities and manner of telling them. The famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury says in his Life,—

"It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats, and other garments I wear next my body, are sweet beyond what either easily can be believed or hath been observed in any one else—which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time. I scarce ever felt cold in my life, though yet so subject to catarrhs that I think no man ever was more obnoxious to it; all which I do in a familiar way mention to my posterity, though otherwise they might be thought scarce worth the writing.'

It was said of M. de Fitzjames that he might be rolled in a gutter all his life without contracting a spot of dirt. Still we are not surprised to find Mr. Walker endeavouring, in a subsequent number, to corroborate his statement by a high medical authority :—

"My most staggering assertion I take to be this"—['The Original' here repeats it]—"Dr. Gregory says of a person in high health, the exhalation from the skin is free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration—exhalatio per cutem libera et constans, citra vero sudorem—which answers with remarkable precision to 'my active exhalation,' and the repulsion of impurity is a necessary consequence. In fact, it is perspiration so active as to fly from the skin instead of remaining upon it, or suffering anything

else to remain; just as we see an animal in high health"—[*e. g.* M. de Fitzjames]—"roll in the mire and directly after appear as clean as if it had been washed. I enter into these particulars, not to justify myself, but to gain the confidence of my readers, not only on this particular subject, but generally—more especially as I shall have frequent occasion to advance things out of the common way though in the way of truth. Well-grounded faith has great virtue in other things besides religion."

It is needless to repeat Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's remark on a French lady's expressing some astonishment at the not quite spotless condition of her hands. Miss Berry, in her clever and agreeable book on the Social Life of England and France, quotes this reply in illustration of the coarseness of the times; but the inference is hardly just, for, assuming Lady Mary to have been acting on Mr. Walker's theory, her frank avowal was simply tantamount to saying that she was ill. At the same time, in case of confirmed ill health, it might be advisable to try the effect of an occasional ablution instead of trusting to "active exhalation" exclusively. Mr. Wadd, in his Treatise on Leanness and Corpulency, records the case of an elderly female who had shunned all contact with water, both hot and cold, for more than twenty years, under a belief that it was bad for the rheumatism, to which she was a martyr; when, long after she had given up all hopes of cure, she had the good fortune to get half drowned in a pond, and the immersion, combined with the consequent stripping and rubbing, effected her perfect

restoration to health. It may also be just as well to caution Mr. Walker's admirers against following his example as to clothing too rigidly, particularly in the article of cotton stockings and thin shoes; for by going "lightly shod" in wet weather they may incur an inconvenience of a very different description from cold. The Baron de Béranger relates that, having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of being singled out for such an attempt:—"Why, Sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flat*."

At the conclusion of Mr. Walker's first Number appeared this attractive intimation:—

"*Notice.*—I propose ere long to enter upon three subjects of interest and importance—the Art of Dining and Giving Dinners, the Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health—all from experience."

These three "Arts" formed in fact the staple commodities of the collection. The art of dining and giving dinners, in particular, was expounded with such comprehensiveness of view, and such soundness of principle, although with little show of refinement or delicacy of taste, that we are tempted to employ his remarks as a kind of text-book, and to convey our own peculiar notions in the shape of commentary. The subject is pursued through ten or twelve Num-

bers, at the rate of three or four pages in each, but Mr. Walker deals so largely in that kind of amplification which rhetoricians find useful in impressing opinions on the mass, that we shall be able to give the pith of his observations and theories within little more than a fifth of the space he has devoted to them. It seems best, however, to quote the greater part of the introductory paper as it stands—

"According to the lexicons, the Greek for *dinner* is *Ariston*, and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiry critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining, *aristology*, and those who study it, *aristologists*. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for, so far as they are concerned, we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary, it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by an union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. *Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment.* Indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health; and, as to enjoyment, I shudder when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it; how often I have sat in durance stately to go through the ceremony of dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, *and how often in this land of liberty I have felt myself a slave!*

"There are three kinds of dinners—solitary dinners, every-day social dinners, and set dinners; all three involving the consideration of cheer, and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, *because solitude tends to produce thought,*

and *thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers.* When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention, and by directing it to some agreeable object."

We do not know what agreeable object was particularly meant here—but the author of 'The Parson's Daughter,' when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is reported to have apologised by saying—"When one is alone, the bottle *does* come round *so* often." It was Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, being asked on a similar occasion, "Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?" answered, "No—not quite that—I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira." To return to the *Original:*—

"As content ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner should be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort is to have what you want when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait for first one thing, and then another, and to have the little additions brought when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little foresight is good, and, by way of instance, it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard upon the table before the arrival of toasted cheese. There are not only the usual adjuncts, but to those who have anything of a genius for dinners, little additions will sometimes suggest themselves which give a sort of poetry to a repast, and please the palate to the promotion of health."

The inconveniences of certain modish observances,

and the present bad system of attendance, are the first subjects of detailed commentary :—

"There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance—I mean attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot so well do for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself. The cause of this perversion is to be found in the practice and example of the rich and ostentatious, who constantly keep up a sort of war-establishment, or establishment adapted to extraordinary instead of ordinary occasions ; and the consequence is, that, like all potentates who follow the same policy, they never really taste the sweets of peace—they are in a constant state of invasion by their own troops. I am rather a bold man at table, and set form very much at defiance, so that, if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me ; but the moment I am espied, it is nipped up from the most convenient to the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist among rational beings, and in a civilised country, is extraordinary ! See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly starving at the sides, whilst everything pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attendance, provokingly lagging, one thing after another, so that contentment is out of the question ; and all this done under pretence that it is the most convenient plan ! This is an utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have everything actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else; as, for example, for a party of eight, turbot and salmon, with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster-sauce, cucumber, young potatoes,

Cayenne, and Chili vinegar; *and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease.*

"With respect to wine," (he continues, after complaining of the laborious changing of courses and the constant thrusting of side-dishes in his face,) "it is often offered when not wanted; and, when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then, perchance, being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; *and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself.* How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it! I could enlarge upon and particularise these miseries at great length; but they must be only too familiar to those who dine out; and those who do not may congratulate themselves on their escape."

Lord Byron was strongly impressed with the same evil, which has been sadly aggravated of late years:—

——— "I hate a lingering bottle,
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,—
Especially with politics on hand."

The ladies are deeply interested in discountenancing the prevalent fashion of being helped to wine by servants, as it has ended by nearly abolishing the old English habit of taking wine together, which afforded one of the most pleasing modes of recognition when distant, and one of the prettiest occasions for coquetry when near,—

"Then, if you can contrive, get next at supper,
And if forestall'd, get opposite and ogle."

So says the noble author of 'Don Juan,' who had some slight experience in this sort of tactics; but whether you get next or opposite, one of the best-contrived expedients for deepening a flirtation has been destroyed. There was once a well-known lady-killer who esteemed his mode of taking wine to be, of all his manifold attractions, the chief; and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chose his time, the air with which he gave the invitation, the feeling he contrived to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he kept his eye on the fair one's every movement till she was prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he was all the while looking full into her eyes—all these little graces were inimitable, and all these little graces have been lost. The difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way began many years since to exercise the ingenuity of mankind. Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the épergne, and bow to the flowers."

But the inconveniences of the fashions in question are aggravated as they descend:—

"I have been speaking hitherto of attendance in its most perfect state, but then comes the greater inconvenience and the monstrous absurdity of the same forms with inadequate establishments. I remember once receiving a severe frown from a lady at the head of her table, next to whom I was sitting, because I offered to take some fish from her to

which she had helped me, instead of waiting till it could be handed to me by her *one* servant; and she was not deficient either in sense or good breeding; but when people give in to such follies, they know no mean. It is one of the evils of the present day that everybody strives after the same dull style,—so that, where comfort might be expected, it is often least to be found. *State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst.* In conclusion of this part of my subject, I will observe that I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service if they were to fall into the simple refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe that, if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar-rich, the very last class worthy of imitation."

This is just and true in the main—we have put in italics a maxim worthy of Bacon—but to desire the gorgeous establishments of our first-rate Amphitryons to be broken up, and the ornate style of living to be totally suppressed, would be as unreasonable as to propose the suppression of palaces because houses are better fitted for the ordinary purposes of life. The golden rule is, let all men's dinners be according to their means;—discard the degrading fopperies of affectation, and the imitative meanness of vanity.

It is, however, undoubtedly true that the art of waiting is not understood at one house in a hundred. Servants, meaning to be very polite, dodge about to offer each *entrée* to ladies in the first instance; confusion arises, and whilst the same dishes are offered two or three times over to some

guests, the same unhappy wights have no option of others. One set of waiters should commence from the top, and go quietly and regularly round, whilst another set, simultaneously commencing from the bottom, should do the same. Where there are more than four side-dishes besides flanks and removes, the *entrées* ought to be in duplicates at opposite corners. The true principle is few *entrées*, but well-filled dishes; for, if the *entrées* are first rate, the presumption is that each guest will eat of each. The *service à la Russe* divides the opinions of the best judges; but we once saw it most pleasingly and originally put in practice. The party at a country house (Sandoe House, in Northumberland) having become too large for *one* ordinary round table, the hostess hit upon the happy idea of having *two* in the same room, each holding eight or nine persons, and served *à la Russe*. The respective advantages of differently formed tables depend upon the number, age, dispositions, and qualifications of the party; with reference to which you must determine whether it is best to facilitate tête-à-tête or general conversation.

A practical exemplification of Mr. Walker's principles comes next:—

'As, like most people I suppose, I can write most easy upon what is freshest in my mind, I will give you, dear reader, an account of a dinner I have ordered this very day at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall,—where, if you never dined, so much the worse for you. This account will serve as an illustration of my doctrines on dinner-giving

better than a long abstract discourse. The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason, upon which good fellowship mainly depends, for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but whitebait; which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse; which are to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly, pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch; with the whitebait, champagne; with the grouse, claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless perchance a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care there is Cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle; and that brown bread-and-butter in abundance is set upon the table for the whitebait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in a convivial entertainment. The dinner will be followed by ices and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally, without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wishes his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot according each to his own wild fancy. Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, which I hope you approve; *and I cannot help thinking that if Parliament were to grant me* 10,000*l.* *a-year in trust to*

entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any hugger-mugger measure ever devised."

The success of the Blackwall dinner is subsequently described :—

"It was served according to my directions, with perfect exactness, and went off with corresponding success. The turtle and whitebait were excellent; the grouse not quite of equal merit; and the apple-fritters so much relished that they were entirely cleared, and the jelly left untouched. The only wines were champagne and claret, and they both gave great satisfaction. As soon as the liqueurs were handed round once, I ordered them out of the room, and the only heresy committed was by one of the guests asking for a glass of bottled porter, which I had not the presence of mind instantly to forbid. There was an opinion broached that some flounders water-zoutched between the turtle and white-bait would have been an improvement,—and perhaps they would. I dined again yesterday at Blackwall, as a guest, and I observed that my theory as to adjuncts was carefully put into practice, so that I hope the public will be a gainer."

Turtle, in our opinion, is out of place at a Blackwall or Greenwich dinner, and would have been most advantageously replaced by a course, or two courses, of fish. It appears, from the grouse, that Mr. Walker's dinner took place after the 12th August, which is too late to eat whitebait in perfection. They are then large, and without their characteristic delicacy.

Two *menus* of first-rate fish dinners will be found in the Appendix, but it may be doubted whether the "Dinner for the Pope" would not be best executed in London, where every variety of fish may be procured. The peculiar attraction of a Blackwall or Greenwich dinner consists in the trip, the locality, the fresh air, and perhaps the whitebait —for, although served at most of the leading clubs, it loses in delicacy by transportation, and is seldom so well dressed as in the immediate proximity of its haunts. At Greenwich or Blackwall nothing more solid than ducklings, or chicken with broiled ham, need follow the fish courses.

The duties of the master of the house as to introducing his guests to each other, and bringing their various talents of the convivial order into play, are specified in the 'Original;' and the use of centre-pieces (épergnes, &c.) is vehemently decried. The popularity of bachelors' dinners is accounted for by the absence of form, and the fondness of females for garnish is compared to "the untutored Indian's fondness for feathers and shells." Then come sundry sound observations on the form, size, lighting,* warming, and decorations of dining-rooms, well meriting the attention of the epicure, but we pass them over to come to another of Mr. Walker's highly interesting experiences:—

* "Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole dei corpi molto grate."—*Leonardo da Vinci.* This quotation is borrowed from Mr. Rogers, whose dinner-table is lighted by sconces placed in such a manner as to reflect the light from the finest pictures. No lights are placed on or over the table.

"To order dinner well is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season. The same things are seen everywhere at the same periods, and, as the rules for providing limit the range very much, there are a great many good things which never make their appearance at all, and a great many others which, being served in a fixed order, are seldom half enjoyed; as, for instance, game in the third course. This reminds me of a dinner I ordered last *Christmas-day* for two persons besides myself, and which we enjoyed very much. It consisted of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding, just as much of each as we wanted, and accompanied by champagne. Now this dinner was both very agreeable and very wholesome, from its moderation; but the ordinary course would have been to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish, at the same time overloading the appetite. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are."

This is a good plan enough when you are well acquainted with your guests' appetites, and know that they will be satisfied with a woodcock apiece; but we have seen eaters who would experience very little difficulty in despatching single-handed the dinner ordered by Mr. Walker for three. The lord-lieutenant of one of the western counties ate a covey of partridges for breakfast every day during the season; and there is another nobleman who would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman

ate a Solan goose, for a whet, and feel like him astonished if his appetite was not sharpened by the circumstance. Most people must have seen or heard of a caricature representing a man at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on,—"Capital beef, landlord," says the gentleman, "a man may cut and come again here." "You may cut, Sir," responds Boniface; "but I'll be blowed if you shall come again." The person represented was the nobleman in question; and the sketch was founded upon fact. He had occasiou to stay late in the City, and turned into the celebrated Old Bailey beef-shop on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation, he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens. The exploits of a well-known literary and political character at Crockford's were such, that the founder of that singular institution more than once had serious thoughts of offering him a guinea to sup elsewhere, and was only prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in 'Roderick Random' as received by the master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had been already bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronise the establishment.

Another unanswerable objection to the above dinner is its palpable want of harmony with the season. Roast beef and roast turkey are indispensable on Christmas-day. The truth is, Mr. Walker is some-

what wanting in discrimination, and his dishes are by no means uniformly well chosen. His essential merit consists in being the first who publicly advocated the principle of simplicity.

The important topic of vegetables receives a due share of attention in its turn:—

"One of the greatest luxuries to my mind in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables, well served. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except indeed whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at the best; and then, like other delicacies, they are introduced after the appetite has been satisfied; and the manner of handing vegetables round is most unsatisfactory and uncertain. Excellent potatoes, smoking hot, and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality, would alone stamp merit on any dinner; but they are as rare on state occasions, so served, as if they were of the cost of pearls."

The remark of a late Q.C. and M.P. on the late Baron Hullock was—"He was a good man, an excellent man. He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life." A distinguished connoisseur, still spared to the world, contends that the moral qualities of a hostess may in like manner be tested by the potatoes. If this test be accepted, the palm of superior morality must be awarded to Mr. (the Hon. Edmund) Byng, of Clarges Street. The importance attached by another equally unimpeachable authority to the point, was sufficiently shown by what took place at the meeting of a club-committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Eng-

lishman from the Albion, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude; the eminent divine to whom we allude was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was,—"Can you boil a potato?"

We have already given two of Mr. Walker's practical illustrations. We now come to a third, which will be found equally replete with interest:—

"In entertaining those who are in a different class from ourselves, it is expedient to provide for them what they are not used to—and that which we are most in the way of procuring of superior quality. Many people, from their connexion with foreign countries, or with different parts of their own, are enabled to command with ease to themselves what are interesting rarities to others; and one sure way to entertain with effect is, to cultivate a good understanding with those with whom we deal for the supply of the table. By way of illustration of what I have said on the subject of choice plain dinners, I will give an account of one I once gave in the chambers of a friend of mine in the Temple to a party of six—all of whom were accustomed to good living, and one of whom was bred at one of the most celebrated tables in London. The dinner consisted of the following dishes, served in succession, and, with their respective adjuncts, carefully attended to. First, spring soup from Birch's on Cornhill, which, to those who have never tasted it, I particularly recommend in the season as being quite delicious; then a moderate-sized turbot, bought in the city, beautifully boiled, with first-rate lobster sauce, cucumber, and new potatoes; after that ribs of beef from Leadenhall market, roasted to a turn, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad; then a very fine dressed crab; and, lastly, some jelly. The owner of

the chambers was connected with the city, and he undertook specially to order the different articles, which it would have been impossible to exceed in quality; and, though the fish and beef were dressed by a Temple laundress, they could not have been better served, I suppose principally from the kitchen being close at hand and her attention not being distracted. And here I must remark that the proximity of the kitchen was not the least annoyance to us in any way, or indeed perceptible, except in the excellence of the serving up. The beef deservedly met with the highest praise; and certainly I never saw even venison more enjoyed. The crab was considered particularly well introduced, and was eaten with peculiar zest; and the simplicity of the jelly met with approval. The dessert, I think, consisted only of oranges and biscuits, followed by occasional introductions of anchovy toast. The wines were champagne, port, and claret. I have had much experience in the dinner way, both at large and at small parties, but I never saw such a vividness of conviviality either at or after dinner; which I attribute principally to the real object of a dinner being the only one studied; state, ornament, and superfluity being utterly excluded. I hold this up as an example of the plain, easy style of entertaining.

"As the success of this dinner so strongly illustrates my positions in favour of compactness of dining-room, of proximity of kitchen, of smallness of party, of absence of state and show, of undivided attention to excellence of dishes, and the mode of serving them in single succession, I am tempted to add the names here by way of authentication, and to show that my guests were competent judges, not to be led away by want of experience. The party consisted of Lord Abinger, then Sir James Scarlett; Sir John Johnstone, the present member for Scarborough; Mr.

Young, private Secretary to Lord Melbourne; Mr. R. Bell, of the firm of Bell, Brothers, and Co., who occupied the chambers, and acted as caterer; and, lastly, my excellent friend the late Honourable George Lamb, whose good-humoured convivial qualities were held in high estimation by all who knew him, and who on this occasion outshone himself.

"It is the mode that I wish to recommend, and not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost, any joints, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and unexpensive introduction like the crab, and a pudding,—provided everything is good in quality, and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts—will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer."

The principle here propounded hardly admits of a cavil—for it is not merely the expense, but the trouble and fuss of dinner-giving on the present system, that checks the extended practice of "the Art," and imposes a galling restraint on sociability. Many a man, to whom a few pounds are a matter of indifference, is rationally alarmed at the prospect of having the lower part of his premises converted into a laboratory for a week. We shall, therefore, endeavour to facilitate the adoption of the simple method, by adding a useful rule or two to Mr. Walker's, and by enumerating some of the many excellent things to be found within the precincts of our own country by those who know when and where to look for them.

Turtle-soup, from Painter's in Leadenhall-street,

is decidedly the best thing in the shape of soup that can be had in this, or perhaps in any country. "The first judge in Europe" asserts that Painter is the *only* turtle artist in Europe. The chief rule to be observed in making the ordinary soups is to use none but the very best meat and vegetables, and carefully to clear the meat of fat. The grouse-soup at Hamilton Palace is made on the principle of a young grouse to each of the party, in addition to six or seven brace stewed down for stock. It has very recently been asserted in *Blackwood* that Scotland stands pre-eminent in soups, and the boast is not entirely without plausibility.

Fish richly merits a book to itself; but we must confine ourselves to a limited number of hints. Our first relates to the prevalent mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover, the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated; and covering hot fish with cold green parsley is abominable. Sometimes one sees all these barbarities committed at once; and the removal of the cover exhibits boiled and fried fish, both covered with parsley; the fried fish deprived of all its crispness from contact with the boiled, and both made sodden by the fall of the condensed steam from the cover: so the only merit the fish has is being hot, which it might have just as well if it followed instead of accompanying the soup. It is commonly made an object to have *fine large slices* of cod, as

they are called. There is no error greater than this. Cod ought to be crimped in thin slices, and you will then have the whole of your fish boiled equally, whilst in thick slices the thin or belly part is overdone before the thick part is half boiled. Another advantage is, that you need not put your fish into the kettle (it ought always to be put into *boiling* water) until your guests are arrived. Of sauces, Dutch sauce is applicable to all white-fleshed fish, except perhaps cod, when oyster sauce may be allowed. There is little mystery in the composition of oyster sauce; but lobster sauce is not so generally understood.* The Christchurch and Severn salmon are decidedly the best in England; for the Thames salmon may now almost be considered extinct. The salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is a thing apart, and unfortunately inimitable. The Dublin haddock is another delicacy peculiar to the sister island; but to prevent Scotland from becoming jealous, we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside of it. The Hampshire trout enjoy a prescriptive celebrity; but we incline to give the Colne and the Carshalton river the preference, with the exception of the genuine and indigenous Thames trout, which must not be confounded with all trout caught in the Thames. The Clyde trout, above the Falls in the part of the river belonging to Mr. Baillie Cochrane's estate of Lamington, are excellent. Perch (Thames) and tench are also very good with Dutch sauce. Perch are best

* See Appendix.

water-zoutched, or fried in batter, as they used to be at Staines. The abundant introduction of sea-fish has unduly lowered the character of carp; a fat river carp is a dish for a prince. Pond carp acquire a muddy taste; to counteract which a learned monk suggests the prudence of giving them for companions a few small pike, who nibble at their fins when they are half sunk in the mud, and compel them to take exercise. He had probably meditated on the analogical case of the hunted hare, which is much improved by a long run. Pike (Dutch sauce again) are capital if bled in the tail and gills as soon as caught; they die much whiter, and look better at table. Pike is capitally dressed at the White Hart at Salisbury. London is principally supplied with eels from Holland; and whole cargoes are daily sent up the river to be eaten as Thames eels at Richmond, Eel-pie Island, &c. Pope's well-known line—

"The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,"

were alone enough to bring poetical authority into discredit. The Kennet is a slow river; there are no eels at all in the upper part, and those in the lower part are too large. The silver eel, from a running stream with a gravelly bottom, may be eaten in perfection at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton. He is best spatch-cocked. The best lampreys and lamperns are from Worcester.

The late Duke of Portland was in the habit of going to Weymouth during the summer months, for the sake of the red mullet which formerly abounded

there. The largest used to be had for three-pence or four-pence a piece; but he has been known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half. His Grace's custom was to put all the livers together into a butter-boat, to avoid the chances of inequality; very properly considering that, to be helped to a mullet in the condition of an East Indian nabob, would be too severe a shock for the nerves or spirits of any man. The mullet have now nearly deserted Weymouth for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog-days, taking care to pay his respects to the dories of Plymouth on the way,—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin. London, however, is now tolerably well supplied with mullet from Hastings. There are epicures who combine these luxuries, eating the flesh of the dory with the liver of the mullet; but though the flesh of the mullet be poor, it is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it, and we consequently denounce all combinations of this description as heterodox. The Brighton dories are also very fine, and the Jersey mullet are splendid, weighing often three or four pounds a-piece.

We shall next set down a few specialities regarding birds. The greatest novelty, perhaps, is the poachard or dun-bird, a species of wild fowl, supposed to come from the Caspian Sea, and caught only in a single decoy on the Misley Hall estate, Essex, in the month of January in the coldest years. Their flesh is exquisitely tender and delicate, and may

almost be said to melt in the mouth, like what is told of the celebrated canvas-back duck of America; but they have little of the common wild-duck flavour, and are best eaten in their own gravy, which is plentiful, without either cayenne or lemon-juice. Their size is about that of a fine widgeon. The dotterel is also highly and deservedly valued by the epicure.

Ruffs and reeves are little known to the public at large, though honourable mention of them is made by Bewick. The season for them is August and September. They are found in fenny counties (those from Whittlesea Meer, in Lincolnshire, are best), and must be taken alive and fattened on boiled wheat or bread and milk mixed with hemp-seed for about a fortnight, taking good care never to put two males to feed together, or they will fight *à l'outrance*. These birds are worth nothing in their wild state; and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks in Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerately (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment

to participate) observed him, and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late: the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.

A similar anecdote is current touching wheatears, which, in our opinion, are a greater delicacy. A Scotch officer was dining with the late Lord George Lennox, then commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attacks. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his attention to another dish. "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply, "these wee birdies will do verra weel." We have heard that some canvas-back ducks, sent by Mr. Prescott the historian to an English friend, were accidentally forwarded to Melton, and eaten by a select party as common ducks. Due honour, however, was paid to a similar present from the same illustrious quarter at Lady Morgan's.*

Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond of ruffs and reeves, his regular allowance during the season being two a-day: they are dressed like woodcocks. Dunstable larks should properly be eaten in Dunstable; but the late Lord Sefton imported them in tin boxes (in a state requiring merely to be warmed before the fire) with considerable success. Larks

* The first canvas-back ducks that arrived in England were a present from Mr. Featherstonehaugh, the well-known author and diplomatist, to Sir Roderic Murchison, the eminent geologist. Mr. Ford, also, has received them in high order from Mr. Prescott.

are best in January. Surrey and Sussex are the counties for the capon, and also for the same animal in his more natural though less aristological condition; Norfolk and Suffolk, for turkeys and geese. These counties are also renowned for partridges, which are worth nothing in a grass district. A Leicestershire partridge is never dressed at Belvoir Castle. A pheasant, sent by Fisher to Lord William Bentinck at Paris, weighed four pounds, wanting an ounce; but we are not aware in what county it was killed. It is a singular fact, with regard to woodcocks, that the average weight is full fifteen ounces, yet the largest invariably falls below sixteen. The largest common grouse ever known weighed twenty-eight ounces. A cock of the woods, weighing very nearly ten pounds, was sent to Lord Balcarres, by Fisher, of Duke-street, St. James's, confessedly the best poulterer in London. These magnificent birds have been naturalized in the Highlands by Lord Breadalbane. Fisher certainly defies comparison in one particular—having actually discovered the art of sending fowls with two liver wings to his friends. He enjoyed the unlimited confidence of Lord Sefton, which is one of the highest compliments that can be paid to any man directly or indirectly connected with gastronomy; and he is, we believe, the sole purveyor to the royal table. He has, by dint of diligent study, acquired the art of fattening ortolans, which he sells at a tenth of the price they used to fetch in London. He recently sent a fine bustard to Windsor, price 7½ guineas. Morell of Piccadilly once

sold a Norfolk turkey, weighing thirty pounds, and filled with French truffles, for eighteen guineas. A well-conditioned snipe, or a fresh landrail, is as good a bird as can be eaten, either in or out of Great Britain.

Most people know that a roast leg of four or five year-old mutton (it were superfluous to expatiate upon the haunch) with laver *served in the saucepan* is a dish of high merit, but it ought never to be profaned by the spit, which lets out the gravy, and shocks the sight with an unseemly perforation. Neither is a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with caper sauce, to be despised. Besides, it gave rise to a fair enough *mot* of Charles Lamb's. A farmer, his chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions, in the jargon of agriculturists, about crops. At length he put a poser—"And pray, Sir, how are turnips t' year?" "Why, that, Sir (stammered out Lamb), will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope, the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare,—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle,—

"for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study;
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught; and, after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming—"A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!" The late Duke of Devonshire's passion was a broiled bladebone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brookes's. The late Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beefsteaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the Beefsteak Club (where he himself never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town. An excellent beefsteak may be had at the Blue Posts, in Cork-street.

It may encourage many a would-be Amphitryon to learn by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be ensured.

We have seen Painter's turtle prepare the way for a success which was crowned by a lark pudding. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders; and a noble-looking shield of Canterbury brawn from Groves's diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morell's Montanches hams, or a woodcock pie from Bavier's of Boulogne, would be a sure card; but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by

surprise, provided a beefsteak be put over as well as under the birds, and the birds be placed with their breasts downwards in the dish. Game, or wildfowl, is never better than broiled; and a boiled shoulder of mutton, or boiled duck or pheasant, might alone found a reputation. A still more original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy. They actually ordered a roasted turbot, and were boasting loudly of the success of the invention, when a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish. "Why, Sare, you no tell; we no roast him at all; we put him in oven and bake him."

Marrowbones are always popular. So is a well-made devil, or a broil. When a picture of the Dutch school, representing a tradesman in a passion with his wife for bringing up an underdone leg of mutton, was shown to the late Lord Hertford, his Lordship's first remark was, "What a fool that fellow is not to see that he may have a capital broil!" A genuine *hure de sanglier*, or wild boar's head, from the Black Forest, would elevate the plainest dinner into dignity. The late King of Hanover used to send one to each of his most esteemed friends in England every Christmas; and it was a test of political consistency to remain long upon his list, for all who abandoned his Majesty's somewhat rigid creed of orthodoxy in Church and State were periodically weeded out.

On the subject of roast-pig it would be profanation to appeal to any one but Charles Lamb:—

"Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

"I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—these hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or præludium of a grunt.

"Behold him while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

"See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away.

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of a judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

"Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing

these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

"I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, 'whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?' I forget the decision."*

A true gastronome is as insensible to suffering as a conqueror. Ude discourses thus on the skinning of eels:—

"Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

"Several reviewers" (he adds in a note to his second edition) "have accused me of cruelty because I recommend

* Dissertation on Roast Pig, 'Essays of Elia,' First Series.

in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin."

The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very logically applied; but M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning,* but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble spirit of endurance that has been attributed to the goose. "To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary," says a writer in the 'Almanach,' "to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that

* One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Bentham and his disciples to the world is a formal refutation of the common fallacy as to eels. "No eel is used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several eels." So says the sage in the last of his works, the pamphlet entitled 'Boa Constrictor.'

his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific pâté, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the theory of C. Lamb, M. Ude, or M. Corcellet, as regards pigs, eels, or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero :—

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

When climbing-boys first became the object of popular sympathy, a distinguished member of the Humane Society suggested that a chimney might be swept by dragging a live goose from the bottom to the top. To the obvious objection on the score of humanity, he replied that, if it was thought wrong to impose this curious imitation of keel-hauling on the goose, a couple of ducks might do as well. Identically the same line of argument has been opened to the gastronomer by the discovery that the liver of the Toulouse duck is even better than that of the Strasbourg goose. *Revenons à nos cochons.* The late Duke of Cambridge, being on a visit at Belvoir Castle for the celebration of its popular and munificent owner's birthday on the 4th of January, was shown the bill of fare for the day, admirably imagined by an admirable *chef*, and was asked whether there was anything else that he fancied. "Yes," answered his Royal Highness ; "a roast pig and an apple dumpling." Messengers were de-

spatched in all directions, and at length a pig was found, notwithstanding the season.

The delicacy of a roasting pig, except in the case of flagellation, depends on his being nurtured exclusively on mother's milk from his birth to his dying day. The delicacy of pork is ineffably enhanced by giving the pig the full enjoyment of fresh air, combined with moderate warmth and strict cleanliness. It is therefore fortunate that the nurture and education of this animal have become a fashionable rural pursuit with the fair sex. An acquaintance of ours actually placed a pig of more than ordinary promise under the exclusive care of a female attendant, with directions to give him a warm bath every day, and the result was eminently prosperous. Diet, of course, is of primary importance. According to Mr. Ford, the animals which produce the famous Montanches hams, manage to exist in summer-time on the snakes which abound in the district—*Mons anguis*—and fatten rapidly in the autumn on the sweet acorns —those magnificent acorns, a parcel of which was deemed by Sancho's wife a becoming present for her husband's friend, the Duchess. The Montanches hams are *les petits jambons vermeils*, commemorated by St. Simon (who describes them as fattened exclusively upon vipers), and they must be carefully distinguished from the Gallician and Catalan hams. Our familiarity with them, as with whatever else is worth imitating in the Spanish cuisine, is derived from Mr. Ford.*

* See his *Spanish Handbook*, vol. i. p. 68; or his dinner-table, at 7h. 30m. P.M.

The only place at which we ever saw the genuine Montanches ham for sale in this country is Morell's.

Mr. Morell is a man of cultivated taste, well read in the *Physiologie du Goût*, and imbued with much of its spirit. He knows, and will say at once, whether he can supply the genuine article or not. The late Mr. Beckford sent for him one Sunday at midday, and set him down to lunch on Westphalia ham and Silleri champagne, desiring him, if they turned out to be of first-rate quality, to buy up all the hams and wine of the same kind which he could find on sale. The decision was not favourable; indeed, Mr. Morell is of opinion that Silleri is greatly over-estimated in England, and that Westphalia hams have deteriorated since the demand for them has increased. He says that the dressing of a ham is one of the most difficult and trying of culinary operations, and is seldom well performed except by those who have made it their special study. Mr. Ford rightly contends that a Montanches ham is best hot; but we have somewhere read or heard that a man who would eat hot ham, would kill a pig with his own hand.

We turn, by an unforced transition, from hams to salads, which have taxed the ingenuity of the wisest and the wittiest. Sydney Smith's poetical recipe will be found in the Appendix. According to the Spanish proverb, four persons are wanted to make a good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir all up. The sauce should be kept in a sepa-

rate bowl, and not be poured over the rest of the materials until the moment before the salad is to be eaten. It is surprising that such a proficient as Mr. Walker, when talking of excellence in salad, should mention "*drying* the leaves of the lettuce." It is, to use his own words, "abandoning the principle and adopting some expedient." Lettuces ought never to be wetted; they thus lose their crispness, and are *pro tanto* destroyed. If you can get nothing but wet lettuces, you had certainly better dry them; but if you wish for a good salad, cut your lettuce fresh from the garden, take off the outside leaves, cut or rather break it into a salad bowl, and then mix.

The comparative merits of pies and puddings present a problem which it is no easy matter to decide. On the whole, we give the preference to puddings, as affording more scope to the inventive genius of the cook; but we must insist on a little more precaution in preparing them. A plum-pudding, for instance, our national dish, is hardly ever boiled enough; and we have sometimes found ourselves, in England, in the same distressing predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap; yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, it appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup. "Upon this failure in the production (says our authority) he was fre-

quently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance"—as if the loss of a whole day's thought and labour was not enough to excite the petulance of any man, let alone his belonging to the *genus irritabile!*

A green apricot tart is commonly considered the best tart that is made; but a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. A cherry dumpling is better than a cherry tart. A rhubarb pie is greatly improved by a slight infusion of lemon when eaten. A beefsteak pudding, again, is better than the corresponding pie; but oysters and mushrooms are essential to its success. A mutton-chop pudding, with oysters, but without mushrooms, is excellent.

The late Lord Dudley could not dine comfortably without an apple-*pie*, as he insisted on calling it, contending that the term *tart* only applied to open pastry. Dining, when Foreign Secretary, at a grand dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, he was terribly put out on finding that his favourite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring pretty audibly, in his absent way, "God bless my soul! no apple-pie!"

Jekyll was dining at Holland House with the late Duke of York, and, knowing his Royal Highness's taste, requested the honour of taking cognac with him. Wonderful to say, there was none in the house, and Lady Holland accused Jekyll of having called for it with full knowledge of the fact. "Really, Lady Holland," was the reply, "I

thought that, if I had called for a slice of broiled rhinoceros in Holland House, it would have been handed to me without a moment's delay."

With regard to drinkables, the same attention to unity and simplicity is to be enforced :—

"I should lay down the same rules as to wines as I have already done as to meats, that is, simplicity on the same and variety on different days. Port only, taken with or without a little water at dinner, is excellent, and the same of claret. I think, on ordinary occasions, such a system is by far the most agreeable. Claret, I mean genuine, undoctored claret, which, in my opinion, is the true taste, is particularly good as a dinner wine, and is now to be had at a very reasonable price. I would not wish better than that given at the Athenæum at three and sixpence a bottle. Rhenish wines are very wholesome and agreeable, drunk simply without other wines. I must not here pass over altogether the excellences of malt liquor, though it is rather difficult to unite the use of it judiciously with that of wine. When taken together, it should be in great moderation; but I rather prefer a malt-liquor day exclusively now and then by way of variety, or to take it at luncheon. There is something extremely grateful in the very best table-beer, and it is to be lamented it is so rarely to be met with in the perfection of which it is capable. That beverage at dinner, and two or three glasses of first-rate ale after, constitute real luxury, and I believe are a most wholesome variety. Good porter needs no praise; and bottled porter iced is in hot weather most refreshing. Cider cup lemonade, and iced punch in summer, and hot in winter, are all worthy of their turns; but I do not think turns come so often as they ought to do. We go on the beaten track without profiting by the varieties which are to be found on every side."

Instead of icing punch, the preferable mode is to make it with iced soda-water.* The gin-punch made on this principle at the Garrick Club is one of the best things we know. It was the favourite beverage of the late Theodore Hook. One hot evening in July he strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make trial of the punch, and a jug was compounded immediately, under the personal inspection of the inventor, the late Stephen Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always ate little; on this occasion he ate less; and a friend inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three."

The wines which may be deemed indispensable at a complete English dinner, and which consequently it is of paramount importance to have good, are sherry, champagne, port, and claret. The palate is confused and made indiscriminating by a greater number; although anything supremely good of its kind will always be welcome as a variety. Age is

* Pour half-a-pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, sugar, a glass of Maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The result will be three pints of the punch in question.

not a merit abstractedly and in itself, although the richest and fullest-bodied wines will keep longest, and the best vintages are most carefully preserved. The Comte de Cossé, who succeeded the Duc d'Escars as maître d'hôtel to Louis XVIII., possessed some port which was more than a hundred years old, bought originally for his royal master. It had lost its colour, and its flavour was by no means fine. On the other hand, competent judges are agreed that about the finest port ever known was found at Wootton, in 1824, in some cellars that had been bricked up not later, and perhaps much earlier, than the time of George Grenville, the minister, who died in 1770. The sherry produced at the City banquet given to the Queen and Prince Albert was as remarkable for its quality as for its age. The Rhenish wines are no exception to the rule; and what is produced as "old hock" in this country is commonly thin and acid. It is the year, or vintage —not the mere lapse of time—which stamps the value. Thus, hock of 1811 (the comet year) is more valuable than hock of 1801, and claret of 1834 than claret of 1824.

Canning used to say that any sane person who affected to prefer dry Champagne to sweet, lied. The illustrious statesman had probably never tasted the original Stock's dry champagne, the memory of which is still dear to the connoisseur. It used to be drunk at Crockford's at 7*s.* a bottle. It subsequently sold for a guinea a bottle. Lord Lichfield, Lord Donegall, and Mr. Orby Hunter, bought a

great deal of it. To the best of our information, this was the very wine of which four Irish members drank fifteen bottles at a sitting, at a celebrated club, in the worst year of Irish distress.

The portentous growth of London has astonished and puzzled many who have not duly reflected on the causes of this phenomenon. Amongst these, the increased and daily increasing facilities for social enjoyment must not be lost sight of. One effect of steam communication, by land and water, has been to concentrate in the metropolis a vast variety of formerly untransportable luxuries, which have consequently ceased, in a great measure, to give local distinction to the localities in which they are respectively produced. It is no longer necessary to travel to the coast of Devonshire to enjoy John dory, or to Worcester to taste lampreys in perfection; and Charles, of Pimlico (as the frequenters of the Carlton Club can testify), contrives that Severn and Christchurch salmon, caught in the morning, shall be served at a seven o'clock dinner in Pall-Mall.

But the improvement and multiplication of Clubs is the grand feature of metropolitan progress. There are between twenty and thirty of these admirable establishments, at which a man of moderate habits can dine more comfortably for three or four shillings (including half a pint of wine) than he could have dined for four or five times that amount at the coffee-houses and hotels, which were the habitual resort of the bachelor class in the

corresponding rank of life during the first quarter of the century. At some of the clubs—the *Travellers'*, the *Coventry*, and the *Carlton*, for example—the most finished luxury may be enjoyed at a very moderate cost. The best judges are agreed that it is utterly impossible to dine better than at the *Carlton*, when the cook has fair notice, and is not hurried, or confused by a multitude of orders. But great allowances must be made when a simultaneous rush occurs from both Houses of Parliament; and the caprices of individual members of such institutions are sometimes extremely trying to the temper and reputation of a *chef*. During Ude's presidency over the Crockford *cuisine*, one ground of complaint formally addressed to the Committee was, that there was an admixture of onion in the *soubise*.

Colonel Damer, happening to enter Crockford's one evening to dine early, found Ude walking up and down in a towering passion, and naturally inquired what was the matter. "The matter, Monsieur le Colonel! Did you see that man who has just gone out? Well, he ordered a red mullet for his dinner. I made him a delicious little sauce with my own hands. The price of the mullet marked on the *carte* was 2*s.*; I added 6*d.* for the sauce. He refuses to pay the 6*d.* That *imbécille* apparently believes that the red mullets come out of the sea with my sauce in their pockets!" The *imbécille* might have retorted that they do come out of the sea with their appropriate sauce in their pockets; but this forms no excuse for damping the genius of a Ude.

Having now glanced over the whole of Mr. Walker's contributions to the art of dining, we shall endeavour to convey some notion, however faint, of the varied and extended interests which the subject may be fairly considered to comprise :—

"I have already," he says, "alluded to the importance of the city being well provisioned; and although city feasting is often a subject of joke, and is no doubt sometimes carried to excess, yet I am of opinion that a great deal of English spirit is owing to it, and that, as long as men are so often emboldened by good cheer, they are in no danger of becoming slaves. The city halls, with their feasts, their music, and their inspiriting associations, are so many temples of liberty; and I only wish that they could be dispersed through the metropolis, and have each a local government attached in proportion to the means of the establishment. Then would there be objects worthy of the highest intelligence united with social attractions, and improvement in government might be expected to become steadily progressive."

One class of City dinners are or were altogether peculiar of their kind, namely, the dinners given by the Sheriffs, during the Old Bailey sittings, to the judges and aldermen in attendance, the recorder, common-serjeant, city pleaders, and occasionally a few members of the bar. The first course was rather miscellaneous, and varied with the season, though marrow puddings always formed a part of it; the second never varied, and consisted exclusively of beefsteaks. The custom was to serve two dinners (exact duplicates) a-day, the first at three o'clock,

the second at five. As the judges relieved each other, it was impracticable for them to partake of both; but the aldermen often did so; and a late chaplain, whose duty it was to preside at the lower end of the table, was never absent from his post. This invaluable public servant persevered from a sheer sense of duty till he had acquired the habit of eating two dinners a-day, and practised it for nearly ten years without any perceptible injury to his health. We had the pleasure of witnessing his performances at one of the five o'clock dinners, and can assert with confidence that the vigour of his attack on the beefsteaks was wholly unimpaired by the effective execution a friend assured us he had done on them two hours before. The occasion to which we allude was so remarkable for other reasons, that we have the most distinct recollection of the circumstances. It was the first trial of the late St. John Long for rubbing a young lady into her grave. The presiding judges were the late Mr. Justice Park and the late Mr. Baron Garrow, who retired to dinner about five, having first desired the jury, amongst whom there was a difference of opinion, to be locked up. The dinner proceeded merrily; the beefsteaks were renewed again and again, and received the solemn sanction of judicial approbation repeatedly. Mr. Adolphus told some of his best stories, and the chaplain was on the point of complying with a challenge for a song, when the court-keeper appeared with a face of consternation to announce that the jury, after being very noisy for an hour or so, had sunk into a

dead lull, which, to the experienced in such matters, augurs the longest period of deliberation which the heads, or rather stomachs, of the jurymen can endure. The trial had unfortunately taken place upon a Saturday; and it became a serious question in what manner they were to be dealt with. Mr. Baron Garrow proposed waiting till within a few minutes of twelve, and then discharging them. Mr. Justice Park, the senior judge, and a warm admirer of the times when refractory juries were carried round the country in a cart, would hear of no expedient of the kind. He said a judge was not bound to wait beyond a reasonable hour at night, nor to attend before a reasonable hour in the morning; that Sunday was a *dies non* in law; and that a verdict must be delivered in the presence of the judge: he consequently declared his intention of waiting till what he deemed a reasonable hour, namely, about ten, and then informing the jury that, if they were not agreed, they must be locked up without fire or candle until a reasonable hour (about nine) on the Monday, by which time he trusted they would be unanimous. The effect of such an intimation was not put to the test, for Mr. St. John Long was found guilty about nine.

We must add a few words as to the use that may be made of dinner-giving in creating or extending political influence.

Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes, was the sum of Napoleon's instructions to the Abbé de Pradt, when despatched to gain over Poland to his cause.

From Sir Robert Walpole's time downwards, the Whigs have acted on Napoleon's maxim with singular and well-merited success; and no one who knows anything of human nature will deny, that it is of the last importance to a party to have a few noble or highly distinguished houses, where all its rank and beauty, wit, eloquence, accomplishment, and agreeability may congregate; where, above all, each young recruit of promise may be received on an apparent footing of equality, his feelings taken captive by kindness, or his vanity conciliated by flattery. Many a time has the successful débutant in parliament, or the author just rising into note, repaired to Holland or Lansdowne House with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which, as the Rev. Sydney Smith has very truly observed, warms more than dinner or wine:* he is presented to a host of literary, social, and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated: it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds or thinks himself irrecoverably committed, and, suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitively Whig. Far be it from us to say or insinuate that the hospitality of these noble houses was ever calcu-

* 'Life of Mackintosh,' vol. ii. p. 503.

lated with direct reference to such an end; for we believe the late Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne to have been actuated by a genuine sympathy with intellectual excellence, and a praiseworthy desire to raise it to that position in society which is its due. Our observation applies merely to the effects—as to which, it would appear from their imitative zeal, the noble or wealthy leaders of most of the parties, or sections of parties, which now divide the political world, agree with us. Dinner-giving, in short, has become one of the received modes of gaining or conciliating political adherents. Need more be added to enhance the dignity and importance of the subject, which has been discussed in these pages with the more humble object of facilitating convivial enjoyment and promoting sociability?

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Copies of Two of the late King of Hanover's Bills of Fare, as printed.

N.B. The copies placed by the plates of the lady guests were printed on rose-coloured paper.

Dîner le 11 *Septembre*, 1845.

Girot. Un potage à la Princesse.
Girot. Un potage en hoche-pot aux queues de bœuf.
Huitres au naturel.
Verclas. Truites au bleu au beurre fondu, sauce de cavice.
Jlsen. Longe de veau à la broche au jus, garnie de croquets de pommes de terre.
Girot. Purée de coqs de bruyères, garnie de petites bouchées.
Girot. Epinards, garnis de côtelettes d'agneau glacées.
Verclas. Filets de sandats à la marinière à l'aspic.
Jlsen. Poulets rôtis.
Verclas. Une compote de poires.
Verclas. Ris anglo-française à l'ananas.
Robby. Glaces de fraises.

Dîner le 27 *Septembre*, 1845.

Girot. Un potage de perdreaux au chasseur.
Girot. Un potage clair à la printanière.
Huitres au naturel.
Körtling. Sandats bouillis au beurre fondu, sauce à l'essence d'anchois.
Girot. Une culotte de bœuf à la Flamande.
Girot. Filets de poulets à la Marengo.
Körtling. Haricots nains, garnis d'escalops de mouton grillés.
Ebeling. Lievreaux rôtis à la gelée de groseilles.
Körtling. Une compote de pommes à la Strélitz.
Körtling. Une fanchonette aux amandes.
Robby. Glaces de pêches.

No. II.

Fish Dinner at Blackwall or Greenwich.

La tortue à l'Anglaise.
La bisque d'écrevisses.
Le consommé aux quenelles de merlan.
De tortue claire.

Les casseroles de green fat feront le tour de la table.

Les tranches de saumon (crimped).
Le poisson de St. Pierre à la crême.
Le zoutchet de perches.
„ de truites.
„ de flottons.
„ de soles (crimped)
„ de saumon.
„ d'anguilles.
Les lamproies à la Worcester.
Les croques en bouches de laitances de maquereau.
Les boudins de merlans à la reine.

Garnis de persil frit.
- Les soles menues frittes.
- Les petits carrelets „
- Croquettes d'homard.
- Les filets d'anguilles.

La truite saumonée à la Tartare.
Le white bait : *id.* à la diable.

Second Service.

Les petits poulets au cresson—le jambonneau aux épinards.

La Mayonnaise de filets de soles—les filets de merlans à l'Arpin.

Les petits pois à l'Anglaise—les artichauds à la Barigoule.

La gelée de Marasquin aux fraises—les pets de Nonnes.

Les tartelettes aux cerises — les célestines à la fleur d'orange.

Le baba à la compôte d'abricots—le fromage plombière.

No. III.

A Fish Dinner for the Pope, in case he should visit England.

4 Potages.

À la tortue claire—de filets de soles à la Bagration.
Les perches en souchet—les petites limandes en souchet.

4 Relevés.

Le saumon à la régence.
Le turbot à la Parisienne.
L'esturgeon à la royale.
Le brochet à la Chambord.

4 Hors-d'œuvres.

Les white bait—le curry de homards.
Les gougeons frits—les laitances de maquereaux frites.

8 Entrées.

Les lamproies à la Beauchamp.
Le vol-au-vent de Bonne morue, à la Béchamel.
Les filets de truites au velouté d'écrevisses.
Le pâté-chaud de filets de merlans à l'ancienne.
Les filets de maquereaux, sauce ravigotte verte.
Les filets de rougets à la Beaufort.
La matelote de carpe et d'anguille au vin de Bourgogne.
Les escalopes de filets de soles à la Hollandaise.

Second Service.

4 Rôts.

Les bandelettes de saumon fumé, grillées—les moules au gratin.
Les Finnan haddies grillées—les huitres au gratin.

12 Entremets.

Les écrevisses en buisson.
Les prawns en buisson.
Les truffes au vin de Champagne.
Les croutes de champignons.
La mayonnaise de thon mariné.
La salade de homards.
La croute de pêches à la Chantilly.
Les poires coquettes au riz.
La gelée de fraises.
Le pain d'ananas.
Le savarin au sirop d'oranges.
Le pudding de pommes vertes glacé.

No. IV.

Specimens of Bills of Fare of a Recherché Character for each of the Four Seasons.

SPRING.

2 Potages.

Potage printanier—purée de volaille à la reine.

2 Poissons.

Les truites à la Génévoise—les filets de maquereau, sauce ravigotte verte.

2 Assiettes volantes.

Les petits pâtés à la Monglas—les kromeskÿs de homards.

2 Relevés.

Le jambon au Madère—les petits poulets à la Macédoine.

4 Entrées.

Les côtelettes d'agneau panées aux pointes d'asperges.
Le suprême de volaille aux concombres.
Les bouchées de lapreau à la Pompadour.
Les filets de pigeons à la de Luynes.

Second Service.

2 Rôts.

Le chapon du cresson—les combattants à colerettes.

2 Relevés.

Les bouchées au parmésan—le savarin aux cerises.

6 Entremets.

Les asperges à la sauce blanche.
L'aspic d'œufs de pluviers.
La crême Bavaroise en surprise.
Le Châteaubriand à l'ananas.
La gelée au marasquin garnie de fraises.
Le pudding à la maréchale.

SUMMER.

2 Potages.

Purée de pois verts aux croutons — consommé de volaille à la royale.

2 Poissons.

Les filets de soles à la Vénitienne—Christchurch salmon, lobster and Dutch sauce.

White Bait.

2 Assiettes volantes, *or* hors-d'œuvres.

Les niochi au parmésan—les petites croustades de laitances de maquereaux.

2 Relevés.

Le filet de bœuf piqué, garni de laitues farcies, sauce Madère.
Les poulardes à l'ivoire, sauce suprême.

4 Entrées.

Les boudins à la reine, à la purée de champignons.
Les côtelettes de cailles à la duchesse, aux pois verts.
Les escalopes de levrauts aux truffes, sauce demie-poivrade.
Les côtelettes de mouton à la Dreux, garnies d'une nivernaise.

Second Service.

2 Rôts.

L'oisillon—les ortolans.

2 Relevés.

Le soufflé glacé au marasquin—le gâteau de Compiègne à l'abricot.

6 Entremets.

La salade de prawns à la Bellevue.
L'aspic à la royale.
La grosse meringue à la Parisienne.
Les pêches au riz à la Condé.
La gelée de fraises au jus de groseilles.
La Charlotte à la crême d'amandes.

Table de côté, asperges, petits pois, pommes de terre nouvelles.

AUTUMN.

2 Potages.

À la purée de choux-fleurs à la crême—à la Julienne, essence de faisan.

2 Poissons.

Le moyen turbot à la Normande—les rougets aux fines herbes.

2 Hors-d'œuvres.

Les yaprakï—les rissolettes d'huitres.

2 Relevés.

Le carré de venaison piqué à la crême à l'Allemande.

Les petits poulets poëlés au velouté d'écrevisses, garnis de bouquets de queues d'écrevisse et truffes.

4 Entrées.

Les noisettes de veau à la Villeroi, garnies d'une soubise.
Le salmis de perdreaux à l'ancienne, aux champignons.
Les quenelles de levrauts, saucées d'une espagnole au fumet.
Les filets de volaille à la maréchale, aux haricots verts.

Second Service.

2 Rôts.

Les vanneaux—les grouse.

2 Relevés.

Le soufflé de pommes à la Parisienne—le gâteau de noces Cobourgeois.

6 Entremets.

Les quartiers d'artichauts à la Lyonnaise.
Les concombres farcis, garnis de croutes à la moëlle.
La macédoine de fruits au noyau.
La charlotte de reine-chaude.
Le bavaroix à la Vanille.
Le pudding à la Londonderry.

WINTER.

2 Potages.

À la jardinière, essence de volaille—à la purée de grouse aux croutons.

2 Poissons.

Les filets de merlans à la Dieppaise—les tranches de Cabillaud à la sauce aux huitres.

2 Hors-d'œuvres.

Les amourettes de bœuf marinées frites — les rissoles à la Milanaise.

2 Relevés.

La dinde truffée, à la sauce Périgueux.
Le jambon de Galice, garni de céleris braisés.

4 Entrées.

Les filets de faisans piqués, à la financière.
Le pâté-chaud de mauviettes farcies, garni de champignons.
Les côtelettes de mouton, demie-provençale, purée de carottes.
Les boudins de volaille à la Richelieu, garnis de rognons de coqs.

Second Service.

2 Rôts.

Les canards sauvages—les bécassines.

2 Relevés.

Les ramequins en caisses—le pudding soufflé, garni de cerises de conserve.

6 Entremets.

Les cardons d'Espagne, à la moëlle.
Les moules en coquilles au gratin.
La gelée d'oranges transparente.
La crême au café vierge.
Les croutes de Compiègne aux pommes.
Le gâteau de châtaignes, garni d'abricots

Recipe for Dutch Sauce.

Yolks of two eggs.
One quarter pint of rich cream.
Two and a quarter table-spoonfuls of elder-flower vinegar.
A small quantity of the best fresh butter.
One blade of mace.
Flour enough to render the sauce the consistency of a custard, which it should nearly resemble.

Recipe for Lobster Sauce.

The lobster should be chopped much smaller than ordinarily; and the sauce should be composed of three parts cream to one of butter, a little salt, and a slight infusion of cayenne. The whole of the inside and coral of the lobster should be beaten up with the cream and butter, and the meat then cut in.

Sauce for Wild Ducks, roasted.

1	salt-spoon	salt.
½ to ¾	,,	cayenne.
1	dessert-spoon	lemon-juice.
1	,,	pounded sugar.
1	,,	ketchup.
2	,,	Harvey.
3	,,	port wine.

To be well mixed, heated, and poured over the bird, it having been previously sliced, so that the sauce may mix with its own gravy. The duck must not be too much roasted, and must be put in the dish without *anything*.

Salad Sauce.

Rub with a fork the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, and cold, in a salad-bowl, with fresh mustard and a little salt; four table-spoonfuls of oil to one and a half of tarragon, mixing it into a cream. Cut in the whites of six lettuces well blanched; some tarragon, chervil, a few young onions and burnet, and

stir it well. The sauce should be kept in a separate bowl, and not be mixed with the salad until the moment before it is to be eaten, or it may lose its crispness and freshness.

Recipe for a Winter Salad, by the late Rev. Sydney Smith.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give.
Of mordent 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!

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET