

Epicure's year book & table companion / [Blanchard Jerrold].

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Publication/Creation

London : Bradbury, 1868.

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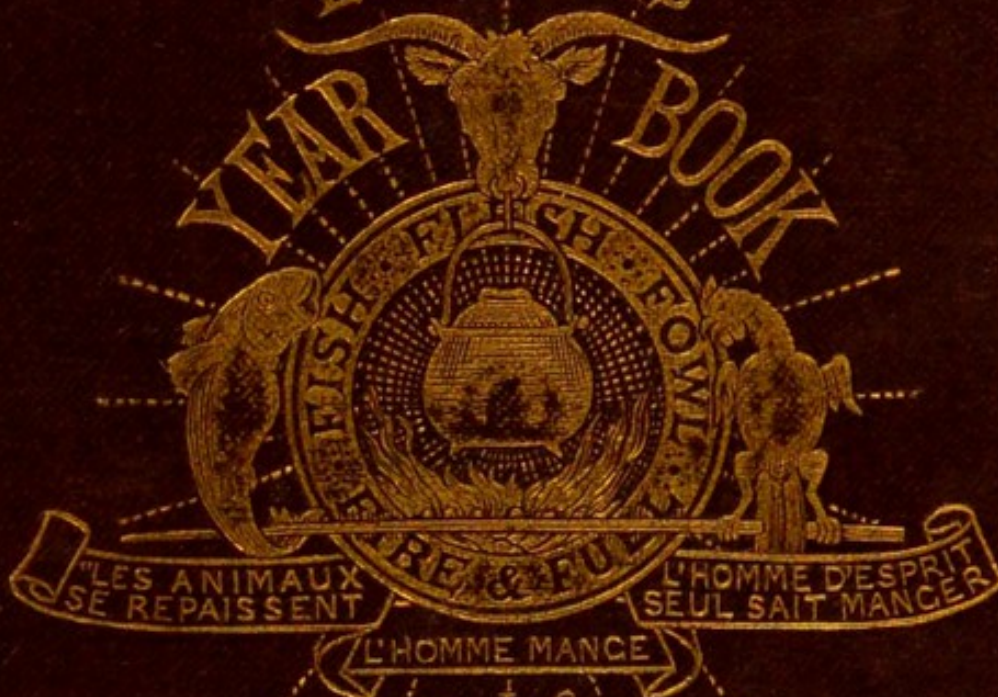
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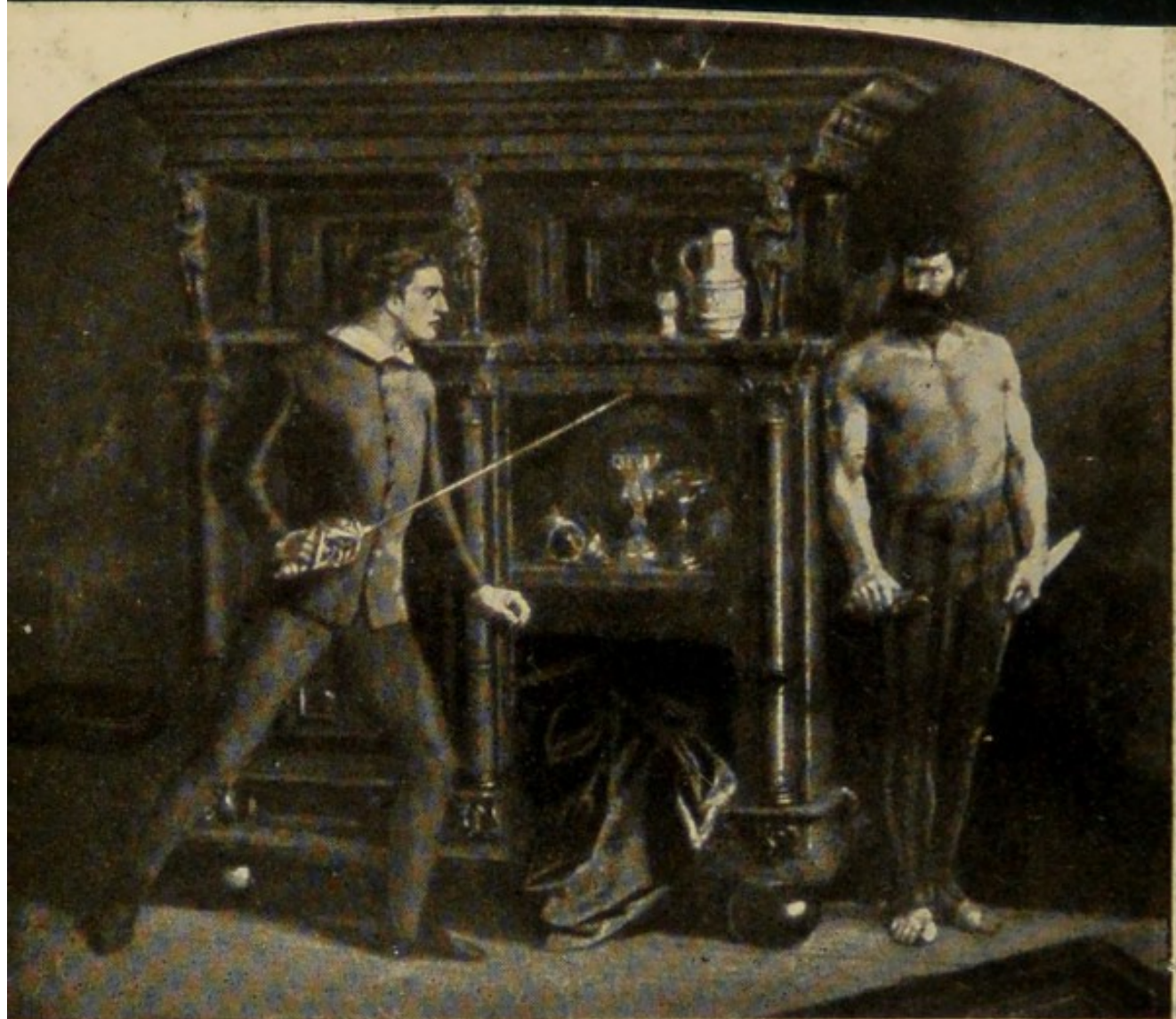


THE
EPICURE'S
YEAR BOOK



18  68.





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THE
EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK.

TERROLD,

William Blanchard

("Fai - bee")

pseud.)

THE
EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK

AND
Table Companion.

"For these men's palates let not me answer, O Muses! It is not my fault
if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin."

BEN JONSON, *Masque of Hymen*.



LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1868.

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PREFACE.

MORTIMER, in his "Elements of Commerce" (1772), says: "We remember to have seen somewhere in the Low Countries a print of a bookseller digging in the tomb of an author, and saying to himself as he works, '*Il y a de plus.*'" With something of this tenacious spirit have I dug into the gastronomic literature of my country, in search of something to the advantage of the living generation of gourmets. I have turned up almost barren ground. The fruit and blossoms lie scattered in foreign lands; and chiefly about that which yields the noblest wine and the sweetest olive. And yet gastronomy is of the heart and head as well as of the stomach. Mr. Walker, of "The Original"—almost our only authority—was led to gastronomy by bad health; and pretends to have been his best physician by becoming his own table student. Perhaps the best dinner in the world is to be had in England. I can call to mind no better *menu* than

that of the Rouher dinner,* drawn up by Colonel G. H. Money, and cooked in the *cuisine* of Willis's Rooms. I should not like to assert that Monselet or Dumas is a gourmet of higher rank than Captain Hans Busk. We have half-a-dozen clubs in London wherein a dinner equal to anything done in Paris may be eaten. And yet—albeit a knowledge of eating is spreading fast—we have no gastronomic literature, no organ of gastronomy.

This Year Book, which in all humility is submitted to the gastronomic worlds of England, America, and France, is to be regarded as a first endeavour to create a centre for English gastronomy. It is a tentative work. Yet it includes, for the first time, something like a chronicle of the gastronomic festivals which have been held in 1867; a calendar, wherein events of import to the gourmet are set down; and the seasons, as they affect the scientific and artistic kitchen. It has been deemed necessary, seeing the condition of English table literature, to dwell on divers elementary subjects. The novices whose trembling fingers hardly dare to touch the hem of Gasterea's

* Page 91.

dainty robe, are re-assured with directions, and hints, and advice.

A good dinner does not proceed from the kitchen only. Let me peep into the dining-room at any hour in the day, and you shall know the dinners that deck its "mahogany tree." I bear in mind an ancient Scotch gentleman, whose noble dinners, in which the highest French art was exercised upon British and Scotch dishes (was ever cockaleekie like his?)—whose noble dinners, I observe, were the subject of many learned discourses in Whig circles some five-and-twenty years ago. He might be seen early o' mornings (the gourmet is up betimes) issuing from his house, and carrying his seventy years as so many air-bubbles. He was on his marketing round. To him fell the first choice of fish, the plumpest capon, the green-grocer's freshest and finest. It was a picture I heartily wish had been preserved upon canvas, to see his merry lip, and twinkling eye, when Billingsgate had been generous. The fishmonger delighted in his scholarly visits—for, be it noted, there is scholarship in marketing. He had the cream of the day's provisions. He composed his

menu when he had made his round. Marketing for table, then, has been dwelt upon; and he who has not mastered the art and mystery of a learned and complete provision for his kitchen is led in the right path.

A table should be a delight to the eye. The art of laying the table is not to be mastered by a heavy hand, nor by an uneducated person. *Diner Russe* or *diner intime*, the table should be a work of art—a sketch, for the *intime*, and a rare display of form and colour for the Russe: but see “The Art of Laying a Table.” Of wine, *de gustibus*, &c. Shrewd and venerable authorities there are who will never be brought to admit that you or I, dear reader, can possibly like dry champagne. They vote it an insolent affectation. Of wine, what is to be said, save that it is impossible to give a man, that which all men pretend to have in the utmost purity, viz., a natural taste for good wine. You see the hypocritical eye of beardless boy examining the glow of the grape in the light. He would take it as a very great liberty should one of us upon whom the “pepper-box of care” has been shaken lustily, venture to lay a forefinger upon his arm and

say to him, "Nay, but young sir, at your years you cannot be judge : be pupil honestly."

I leave a nice point for discussion—are more lies told about wine—or about woman ? Of wine herein is not criticism, but a chronicle of vintages, and of vineyard doings.

It happens to the most beloved of guests, that he is handed over to the care of public restaurateurs. He may be a stranger in London, or in Paris ; let him read how we counsel him, and he shall be satisfied. He is recommended where I have tasted and approved, and in the company of the *élite* of Forks. He who has made the acquaintance of the royal fish at Naples, or the red trout of the lake by Andernach, will desire to taste the white-bait of the Thames. I beg his honour to observe how we feasted in 1867, and that we have taken the courage to invent dishes to our great men. Let him carry *truite à la Knowsley* in his note-book.

The gastronomic books of the year are overborne by one commanding volume, written in the kitchen, and in which the latest thing in culinary science is spoken.

I have kept a scrap-book.

Lastly, it has been decided that kitchen economies, and simple dainty dishes, should be set forth briefly at the end of the book—for beginners ; who in the years to come, shall be notable contributors of weighty experience to the Year Book.

Whatever the merits or demerits of this first year's work may be, I enter a claim for a large measure of indulgence on this score, that it is an incursion on a new field ; it is a standard planted in a fresh country, about which all good gourmets and true are invited to rally. Their correspondence is solicited. Shall a new dish come upon the table of 1868, and a note not be made of it for the Year Book? In the course of the year, six Epicure banquets will be held ; and it will be strange indeed if English gourmets should permit anything to escape their devoted trencherman, FIN BEC.

P.S. I think it was Grinrod who gave notice in one of his *Almanachs* that he would not receive even a Strasbourg pie, unless it was forwarded franco. Certainly a puppy from the Celestial Empire, unpaid, even if the daintiest of pups, would not be welcomed.

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*[The Title-page and Chapters of this book are
garnished with a Vignette and Ornamental Initials
by JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.]*

THE
EPICURE'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY, xxxi Days.

1. WED.	Henri Heine <i>b.</i> 1800. Grinrod de la Reynière founded the <i>Almanach des Gourmands</i> , 1803. Truffles are now at their best.	16. THU.	Eat larks this month.
2. THU.		17. FRI.	
3. FRI.		18. SAT.	
4. SAT.		19. SUN.	
5. SUN.		20. MON.	Codfish spawn.
6. MON.	Cardinal Fesch <i>b.</i> 1763.	21. TUE.	
7. TUE.		22. WED.	Saint Vincent, patron of the wine grower.
8. WED.	Twelfth Cake Day.	23. THU.	
9. THU.	Wild Duck and Geese.	24. FRI.	Prince Soltikoff <i>b.</i>
10. FRI.	Partridge Shooting ends in Ireland.	25. SAT.	Sir T. N. Talfourd, <i>b.</i> 1795.
11. SAT.	Felix, the confectioner, <i>b.</i>	26. SUN.	If very cold, the poachard, or dun-bird, will appear on the Misley Hall Estate, Essex, and only there.
12. SUN.		27. MON.	
13. MON.	Talleyrand-Périgord <i>b.</i> 1754.	28. TUE.	
14. TUE.	Literary Society's Dinner, 1867.	29. WED.	
15. WED.	Altcar Club Coursing Meeting.	30. THU.	
		31. FRI.	Dr. Véron <i>d.</i> 1867.

FEBRUARY, xxix Days.

1. SAT.	Salmon fishing begins. Partridge and Pheasant shooting ends.	15. SAT.	Henri Heine <i>d.</i> 1856.
2. SUN.	<i>Le Gastronom</i> founded by P. L. Jacob and Charles Lemesle, 1830. Only complete copy known in the Bibliothèque Impériale.	16. SUN.	Charles Lamb <i>b.</i> 1775.
3. MON.		17. MON.	Waterloo Coursing Meeting.
4. TU.		18. TUE.	
5. WED.		19. WED.	
6. THU.		20. THU.	
7. FRI.		21. FRI.	Prévost <i>b.</i> (the inventor of galantine).
8. SAT.		22. SAT.	
9. SUN.	Pigeons lay.	23. SUN.	Partridges pair.
10. MON.	Rabelais <i>b.</i> 1483.	24. MON.	The capucin Chabot, inventor of the omelette purée de pintade, <i>b.</i>
11. TUE.		25. TUE.	Pancake Day.
12. WED.		26. WED.	Dr. Kitchiner, author of the <i>Cook's Oracle</i> , <i>d.</i> Salt fish at its best. Fresh-water fish leave winter quarters.
13. THU.		27. THU.	Hare hunting ends.
14. FRI.	Véry <i>b.</i> Lodge of Plurality Dinner, Freemasons' Tavern, 1867.	28. FRI.	Veuve Clicquot <i>b.</i> Dinner to the Prince [of Wales, Mansion House, 1867.
		29. SAT.	

MARCH, xxxi Days.

1. Sun.	Oysters in perfection.	17. Tue.	Antonin Carême <i>b.</i>
2. Mon.	Horace Walpole <i>d.</i> 1797.	18. Wed.	
3. Tue.		19. Thu.	Banquet to Alderman Cotton, 1867.
4. Wed.	Pheasants crow.	20. Fri.	
5. Thu.	Asparagus appears.	21. Sat.	
6. Fri.	Snipe and teal depart.	22. Sun.	
7. Sat.	<i>Chief</i> Plumerey <i>b.</i>	23. Mon.	
8. Sun.	Salmon fry descend rivers.	24. Tue.	Prince de Soubise <i>b.</i>
9. Mon.		25. Wed.	Lady Day.
10. Tue.		26. Thu.	Capercali and red grouse pair.
11. Wed.	Woodcocks depart.	27. Fri.	
12. Thu.		28. Sat.	Lampern fishing ends.
13. Fri.	Sir T. N. Talfourd <i>d.</i> 1854.	29. Sun.	
14. Sat.	Dinner, Vintners' Hall, 1867.	30. Mon.	Dinner by Captain Hans Busk. See "Menus."
15. Sun.			
16. Mon.	Fresh-water fish begin to spawn.	31. Tue.	

APRIL, xxx Days.

1. WED.	Trout fishing in Thames begins. Lamb [meets mint sauce and early peas.	17. FRI.	Green peas make their appearance.
2. THU.		18. SAT.	
3. FRI.		19. SUN.	
4. SAT.	Dr. Gastaldy <i>b.</i> Game licence expires.	20. MON.	Eel fishing begins.
5. SUN.		21. TUE.	Judgment of the Jury of Gourmands delivered on the Abbeville eel pies of M. Richard, 1807.
6. MON.		22. WED.	
7. TUE.	Tortoni <i>b.</i>	23. THU.	The Shakspeare Dinner at New York, 1860. Annual Dinner of the Military Store Staff, 1867.
8. WED.	The mackerel is the usher of the sturgeon.	24. FRI.	Grand Festival of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England, Free-masons' Tavern, 1867.
9. THU.	Hot Cross Bun Day. The Blue Seal Club Dinner, 1867.	25. SAT.	
10. FRI.	[Herefordshire. Woodcocks last seen. Simnel cakes are made in Shropshire and Easter Sunday. Lamb and Gooseberry [Pie Day.	26. SUN.	
11. SAT.		27. MON.	Prince de Metternich, proprietor of the Johannisberg cru, <i>b.</i>
12. SUN.		28. TUE.	Two Thousand.
13. MON.		29. WED.	
14. TUE.		30. THU.	Brillat-Savarin <i>b.</i>

MAY, xxxi Days.

1. FRI.	Trout fishing begins.	18. MON.	
2. SAT.	Chickens and [turkey poults.	19. TUE.	
3. Sun.	Colnet (author of <i>L'Art de dîner en</i> <i>[Ville] b.</i>	20. WED.	The first number of <i>The Original</i> , by Thomas Walker, appeared, 1835. Tal- leyrand-Périgord <i>d.</i> 1838. Balzac <i>b.</i> 1799.
4. MON.	Chevet <i>b.</i>		
5. TUE.	Baron Brisse <i>b.</i> Dilettanti Society's Dinner, 1867.	21. THU.	
6. WED.	Montreuil leads the way with early cher-	22. FRI.	Artichokes from the sweet South.
7. THU.	<i>Chef</i> Dunan <i>b.</i> [ries. Chester Cup.	23. SAT.	
8. FRI.		24. Sun.	Alexandre Dumas <i>b.</i> 1802.
9. SAT.		25. MON.	Marquis de Béchamel <i>b.</i> Admiralty [Dinner, 1867.
10. Sun.	Ducklings from Rouen; at a pinch, [Aylesbury.	26. TUE.	Derby.
11. MON.	Quails arrive.	27. WED.	Melons, cucumbers, strawberries!
12. TUE.	Nestor Roqueplan <i>b.</i>	28. THU.	
13. WED.	Cardinal Fesch <i>d.</i> 1839.	29. FRI.	2nd Life Guards' Banquet, Willis's Rooms, 1867.
14. THU.	Young pigeons and green peas!	30. SAT.	Whit Sunday. Berchoux (author of <i>La</i> <i>Gastronomie</i>) <i>b.</i>
15. FRI.			
16. SAT.		31. Sun.	
17. Sun.	Camerani <i>b.</i>		

JUNE, xxx Days.

1.	MON.	1st Life Guards' Dinner, 1867.	16.	TUE.	
2.	TUE.	De Montmaur <i>b.</i>	17.	WED.	
3.	WED.	Robert (inventor of the sauce) <i>b.</i> , buried in Père la Chaise; note epitaph. 10th Royal Hussars' Banquet, 1867.	18.	THU.	
4.	THU.		19.	FRI.	
5.	FRI.		20.	SAT.	Company of Cordwainers' Whitebait Din- ner, "Ship," Greenwich, 1867. Part- ridges are hatched.
6.	SAT.		21.	Sun.	
7.	Sun.	Trinity Sunday. Siraudin, dramatist and confectioner, <i>b.</i> GRAND PRIX.	22.	MON.	Maille (of the mustard), <i>b.</i>
8.	MON.		23.	TUE.	Strawberries ripen.
9.	TUE.	Ascot.	24.	WED.	
10.	WED.		25.	THU.	Banquet given by the Union des Arts Appliqués à L'Industrie, in the Inter- national Club, Paris, 1867. Naval Club Dinner to the First Lord of the Ad- miralty, 1867.
11.	THU.	[fungus," is in abundance. The <i>Fistulina hepatica</i> , or "poor man's Sussex Club, Greenwich Dinner, "Ship," [1867.	26.	FRI.	
12.	FRI.		27.	SAT.	
13.	SAT.		28.	Sun.	
14.	Sun.		29.	MON.	
15.	MON.		30.	TUE.	Aimé Picot (the great truffle eater), <i>b.</i>

JULY, xxxi Days.

1. WED.	Poultry of all kinds are on the scene. Try Maine or Houdan pullets.	15. WED.	St. Swithin. Go to Plymouth to eat dories, and to the coast of Cornwall for mullet.
2. THU.		16. THU.	The Rouher Dinner, 1862.
3. FRI.	Véfour <i>b.</i> Trout!	17. FRI.	
4. SAT.	Royal Bucks Yeomanry Dinner, 1867. Prince de Soubise <i>d.</i> 1787.	18. SAT.	
5. SUN.	Figs, apricots, and peaches are ripe.	19. SUN.	
6. MON.	Raspberries ripen.	20. MON.	Banquet to the Belgian Volunteer Officers, [1867.
7. TUE.		21. TUE.	
8. WED.		22. WED.	
9. THU.		23. THU.	
10. FRI.		24. FRI.	
11. SAT.	Banquet to the Viceroy of Egypt; Mansion House, 1867.	25. SAT.	Prince de Condé (potage Condé) <i>b.</i>
12. SUN.	The Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain's Dinner, Willis's Rooms, 1862. Apples begin to ripen.	26. SUN.	
13. MON.		27. MON.	
14. TUE.		28. TUE.	Goodwood.
		29. WED.	
		30. THU.	Samuel Rogers <i>b.</i> 1763.
		31. FRI.	

AUGUST, xxxi Days.

1. SAT.	Lammas Day. Too early for the truffle. The sucking-pig month.	16. SUN.	Horace Raison (author of the <i>Code</i> [<i>Gourmand</i>]), <i>b.</i>
2. SUN.		17. MON.	
3. MON.	Apricots ripen.	18. TUE.	Pears begin to ripen.
4. TUE.	Count d'Orsay <i>d.</i> 1852.	19. WED.	
5. WED.	Oyster season opens, for those who can eat oysters in any condition.	20. THU.	Balzac <i>d.</i> 1850.
6. THU.	Southern Railway of India Whitebait Dinner, "Ship" Tavern, 1867.	21. FRI.	Blackcock shooting begins.
7. FRI.	Banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers, 1867.	22. SAT.	
8. SAT.		23. SUN.	Theodore Hook <i>d.</i> 1841. Lampern fish- ing begins. Greengages in perfection.
9. SUN.		24. MON.	Saint Louis. Fête of the Cooks.
10. MON.		25. TUE.	
11. TUE.		26. WED.	
12. WED.	Grouse shooting begins.	27. THU.	Ruffs and reeves; remember, reverend sirs, this month and next.
13. THU.		28. FRI.	Baden.
14. FRI.	Ministerial Whitebait Dinner, 1867.	29. SAT.	
15. SAT.		30. SUN.	
		31. MON.	Quails, leverets!

SEPTEMBER, xxx Days.

1. TUE.	Partridge shooting begins.	Peaches [ripen.	17. THU.	Buck hunting ends.
2. WED.			18. FRI.	
3. THU.			19. SAT.	Wealds and Sussex hops offering at 10 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> to 11 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> , 1867.
4. FRI.			20. Sun.	"Epicure's" Russian Dinner, 1867.
5. SAT.			21. MON.	Partridge shooting in Ireland begins.
6. Sun.			22. TUE.	Theodore Hook <i>b.</i> 1788. Autumn pears ripen.
7. MON.	Eat artichokes.		23. WED.	
8. TUE.			24. THU.	Philippe <i>b.</i>
9. WED.	St. Leger.		25. FRI.	
10. THU.	Salmon and Trout fishing ends.		26. SAT.	
11. FRI.			27. Sun.	Widgeons and teal arrive.
12. SAT.	Woodcocks are in the market. Hop- [gathering general.		28. MON.	
13. Sun.			29. TUE.	Michaelmas Goose Day.
14. MON.			30. WED.	
15. TUE.				
16. WED.	Bouvalet <i>b.</i>			

OCTOBER,

xxx

Days.

1. THU.
2. FRI.
3. SAT.
4. SUN.
5. MON.
6. TUE.
7. WED.
8. THU.
9. FRI.

10. SAT.
11. SUN.
12. MON.
13. TUE.
14. WED.
15. THU.

Pheasant shooting begins. The month
[for game.

Horace Walpole *b.* 1717.

Cæsarewitch. Woodcocks arrive.

Snipe, beccaficos. Supreme Council
XXXIII. of England, Wales, and
British Colonies' Banquet, Freema-
sons' Tavern, 1867.

Quails depart.
Alexis Soyer *b.*

16. FRI.
17. SAT.
18. SUN.
19. MON.
20. TUE.
21. WED.
22. THU.
23. FRI.
24. SAT.
25. SUN.
26. MON.

27. TUE.
28. WED.
29. THU.

30. FRI.
31. SAT.

Fox hunting commences.

Cambridgeshire

Jullien, pastrycook, *b.*

Sheriffs' Dinner, Haberdashers' Hall,
Golden plovers arrive. [1867.

Snipes appear.

Dinner of the Foreign Commissioners of
the Paris Exhibition to the Imperial
[Commissioners.

Eel fishing ends.

Hare hunting commences. Sir W. Ra-
leigh executed, 1618.

Thackeray *b.* 1811.

Cutlers' Feast, Sheffield, 1867.

NOVEMBER, xxx Days.

1. Sun.

2. Mon.

3. Tue.

4. Wed.

5. Thu.

6. Fri.

7. Sat.

8. Sun.

9. Mon.

10. Tue.

11. Wed.

12. Thu.

13. Fri.

14. Sat.

Farewell Banquet to Charles Dickens,
1867.

Charles Monselet, *b.*

Let us be thankful for the fresh herring --
sauce moutarde !

Lord Mayor Allen's Banquet.

Martinmas Day.

First "Epicure" Dinner, St. James's
Hotel, Piccadilly, 1867.

15. Sun.

16. Mon.

17. Tue.

18. Wed.

19. Thu.

20. Fri.

21. Sat.

22. Sun.

23. Mon.

24. Tue.

25. Wed.

26. Thu.

27. Fri.

28. Sat.

29. Sun.

30. Mon.

Mr. Quartermaine, of the "Ship" Tavern,
Greenwich, *d.* 1867.

Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers' Dinner,
1867. Scottish Hospital Festival, 1867.

DECEMBER,

xxxi Days.

1. TUE.
2. WED.
3. THU.
4. FRI.
5. SAT.
6. SUN.
7. MON.
8. TUE.
9. WED.
10. THU.
11. FRI.
12. SAT.
13. SUN.
14. MON.
15. TUE.

The month of good cheer.

Strasbourg, Amiens, Chartres, and Périgueux pies are in excellent condition.

Vattel *b.* 1714.

Sixty-ninth Smithfield Club Show of Fat Stock opened, 1867.

Grouse and Blackgame shooting ends.

Woodcocks plentiful.

Smithfield Cattle Show closed, 1867.

16. WED.
17. THU.
18. FRI.
19. SAT.
20. SUN.
21. MON.
22. TUE.
23. WED.
24. THU.
25. FRI.
26. SAT.
27. SUN.
28. MON.
29. TUE.
30. WED.
31. THU.

William Bosville, of Gunthwaite, *bon vivant*, *d.* 1813.

Samuel Rogers, *d.* 1855.

First "Horse" Banquet in England, 1867.
Paris Poultry Show.

Christmas Day. The gourmet eats a perfect English dinner.

Charles Lamb *d.* 1834.

Mr. Bateman's American Dinner, 1863.
Char fishing ends.

“Small store of manners when the king says come
And feast at court, to say I’ve meat at home.”

Quarles.

“Content the stomach, and the stomach will content
you.”—*The Original.*

“Le rôle du gourmand finit avec l’entremets, et celui du
friand commence au dessert.”—*Almanach des Gourmands.*

“Moreover the profit of the earth is for all : the king
himself is served by the field.”—*Ecclesiastes.*

“Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.”

Shakspeare.

THE EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

"Ne touchez pas à la broche."



THE EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK is not a cookery book. A list of modern cookery books will show how completely superfluous another would be. The cooks are many who wield a pen and watch the spit. The "Cook of Cooks" warns us off. "The Royal Confectioner" asks what we have to add to his hundreds of learned pages on the splendours and refinements of the *dîner Russe* table, as he understands it. *Ne touchez pas à la broche*, says the proverb: our way will be clear of the European Cook, the *Cuisinier Durand*, M. A. B. de Périgord, the redoubtable author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and his Cook's Treasury; the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise*; Carême and his *Cuisinière Parisienne*; Pluméry and his volumes of learned receipts; Beauvilliers and his *Cuisine Ordi-*

naire; Francatelli, Ude, Gouffé. M. Alexis Soyer's ground will not be trespassed upon. All his modes of regenerating the kitchen are not ours. His gastronomic phantasies and eccentricities were of a sensational kind. His "Pagodalique" and "Hundred Guinea" dishes are vulgarities. Domestic, vegetable, and vegetarian cookery; the learning of Mrs. Rundell; the simplicities of Mrs. Glasse, serve their homely purpose. Far from seeking to rival any of these scientific or elementary works, we rejoice in their numbers, and shall bid a hearty welcome to every worthy addition to the list. Our function is to represent the guest, not the *cordons bleu*. We are the critics of the picture, not the grinders of the paint, or handlers of the mahl-stick.

Ne touchez pas à la broche! We understand our place, and shall remain in it—watching all the activities of the market, the pantry, the wine-cellar, the kitchen, and the table.

Spenser said of the Irish (A.D. 1580), that wherever they found a plot of shamrocks and watercresses, there they flocked, as to a feast. There were gourmets—it would be foolish to doubt it—among the watercresses. Some gobbled the green food as it came, frogs' spawn and all; others picked the faultless stalks, and marked with a grateful eye, the purple bloom upon the upper leaf. There is music in the grove, and in the frying-pan: to both must the ear be attuned.

"I am told this village is celebrated for the nightingales that sing in it," said I, in the sweetest of

Kentish villages, to a farmer who had just ordered a mug of ale in the village inn.

"May be," he answered. He was born in the village, and generations of his name lay under headstones painted with yellow lichen in the churchyard. Neither they nor he had noticed Philomel. Who is dead to the thrush's note, is dead to Carême's art.

In this belief the EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK is undertaken.

So far back as 1803 it was written in the *Almanach des Gourmands*: "In France, five hundred and forty-three ways of cooking eggs are known." It is not for lack of matter we shall fail. When the first volume of the *Almanach* appeared, and the gourmands had read the *Calendrier Nutritif*, they said among themselves: "This is well—this is more than well—but next year, and next? What can the 'old amateur' do? Impossible to invent new meats, to create new game, to get unknown fish out of a trout stream! The 'old amateur' has propounded his entire proposition in a breath. He should have toyed with his subject, as the satisfied man toys with his dessert."

The "old amateur" replied, in the preface to his second *Almanach*, that philosophically and morally considered, the *cuisine* is a mine of great wealth. The first volume created a profound sensation in Paris, and in the army of Hanover. When the second volume, in due time, appeared, again the "old amateur" was asked, "And now what will you do for a third year? The soups, and wines, and liqueurs; the culinary

maxims and directions which you had forgotten in the first, you have fully supplied in your second *Almanach*. Ha! ha! your third year will find you in despair, leaning over a blank sheet of paper." The wily epicure quietly answered: "It will be time to say something on that question when the St. Martin of 1804 comes round. It is only with the appearance of the truffles and the turkeys that our torpid imagination stirs, and fermentation bubbles in our brain." The tried genius of the *cuisine* would have the outer world know that it would be impossible to cram the existing receipts for soups alone, into ten volumes of the *Almanach*.

Of the influence of cookery upon human affairs, every gourmand who has written, has treated. One of the ladies of the Halle said to the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, "I pay particular attention to customers who give dinners." We are the greatest dinner-givers in the world, and the clumsiest. We dine on every incident of our lives—and how do we dine? Our private dining may be judged by our ceremonial dinners. English charity, gracious and ever-ready, yet carries a knife and fork in the folds of her garments. She is, nevertheless, no *gourmet*, practised as she is. Heady port loosens the purse-strings in the City. In the West, the dinner that flatters the diner lands the subscription. That the public dinners which are given daily during the London season are, with some notable exceptions, no better than we find them, is owing to the low standard

of taste which prevails among us. Not only our merchant princes, but our gentry and nobility, have merely a superficial knowledge of the science of cookery and the art of giving good dinners. Consider the barbarism implied in the popular phrase for ample hospitality ! The table is described as groaning under the bounty of the host. In the year 1862, M. Théophile Gautier attended his first public dinner in England, in the company of the reader's humble servant. It was a painful operation. M. Gautier knew much too well how to eat, to make even a passable dinner. Albeit, the groaning of the table was then, if ever, distinctly audible. The endeavour made by the waiter to bury his slice of saddle of mutton under a pyramid of various vegetables cooked *à l'eau*, dismayed this *redoutable plume et fourchette*. I hope it has blown over, and that he bears me no ill-will. Yet, let the candid reader mark the possible effect of a bungling intrusion of vegetables. The guest might have been a Foreign Secretary, and I might have been pluming my wings for the consulate of Florence. At best, I should have been sent to, say, St. Brieuc—if there be a representative of Her Majesty there to guard the interests of our oyster-boats.*

* Oysters can be eaten only with white wine, generally Chablis. But how to drink *ordinaire* afterwards ? It is necessary, then, to pass to high wines after the soup ; so that a dinner that opens with oysters is always costly. Besides, this bivalve fills, and deposits a kind of film or gluten on the palate, and deadens the taste to the dishes. These considerations lead us to advise that oysters should be eaten only at breakfast ; with cured meats and cheese and good wines, they will do no harm.—*Almanach des Gourmands*.

Among the great results of the first French Revolution, we find the establishment of public restaurants, conducted by the most skilful cooks of the day. The Revolution drove the *noblesse* beyond the frontier, but left the cooks behind, in the turbulent streets. The *cordons bleus* were in the employ of the great. It is said that there were not more than one hundred notable cooks in Paris before 1789, and that fourteen years afterwards there were more than five hundred. The Revolution vulgarised good cookery. The cooks, deprived of their noble masters, took to feeding the mushroom-mightinesses the boiling tide carried to the surface. The Vérys, the Brigaults, the Roberts,* the Beauvilliers, among others, who had lived obscure in the kitchens of the great, became millionnaires, as servants of the mouth to the sovereign people! The "old amateur" is wrath at the change which placed the refined pleasures of the table within reach of the "Revolutionary mushrooms." In 1803, he saw men who were brought up on cheese, feasting on ortolans and truffles. Under the old regime, the *Hôtel des Américains* was almost alone as a comestible establishment. In the reign of Everybody, out of every ten new shops, three were for the sale of clothes, and four for eatables. Even in those days,

* Is it he whose epitaph Father Prout has marked at Père-la-Chaise?

"'Ci gît qui dès l'âge le plus tendre
Inventa la sauce Robert;
Mais jamais il ne put apprendre
Ni son *credo*, ni son *pater*."

however, the Vérys would not receive everybody in their *salons*.

The Revolution, as seen from the kitchen, remains to be written. Turbulent 1789 not only turned the Vérys and Beauvilliers into the streets: it radically changed the habits of the Paris *gourmand*. Under the Bourbons, Paris dined about two or three o'clock. When, at the end of 1789, the Constituent Assembly transferred their sittings to Paris, the dinner-hour in society was modified for their convenience. They sat till four and five o'clock; the dinner-hours were put back to six and seven, and *déjeûners à la fourchette* arose among the leaders of revolutionary society. "In this way," the "old amateur" lamented in 1803, "three or four hundred ignorant country lawyers altered our most sacred manners and customs."

"Our most sacred manners and customs" at home have been altered, on the whole, for the better. Three or four hundred country lawyers have revolutionised our tables also; for we have followed the fashion of France. Our neighbours, wiser in this respect than their obsequious imitators, have kept their business adapted to the chief pleasure of the day. Their debates are carried on still in the afternoon, and are completed before *Madame est servie*. Whereas we open the Parliamentary business of the day, and carry it on through our dinner-hours, to the destruction of senatorial stomachs. He who leads the House, must leave his dinner. With our parliamentary habits, I wonder we have not resumed the "sacred manners and

customs" of the old noblesse of France, and restored the two or three o'clock dinner. As it is, half the west end of London is dining when the debate on which the fate of the Government hangs is at its height.

It has fared well with us, however, in many respects at table, since George the Fourth was King: nay, since Sailor William governed us. Thackeray, dwelling on "Some Old Customs of the Dinner Table," and addressing "dear Bob," says, "Sir, I maintain, even now with a matured age and appetite, that the dinners of this present day are better than those which we had in our youth; and I can't but be thankful, at least once in every day, for this decided improvement in our civilisation. Those who remember the usages of five-and-twenty years back will be ready, I am sure, to acknowledge this progress. I was turning over at the Club yesterday a queer little book written at that period, which, I believe, had some authority at the time, and which records some of those customs which obtained, if not in good London society, at least in some companies, and parts of our island. Sir, many of these practices seem as antiquated now, as the usages described in the accounts of Homeric feasts, or Queen Elizabeth's banquets and breakfasts. Let us be happy to think they are gone." The maxims enjoin the diner to drink champagne after white cheeses; and to avoid ale, "in case a wet night is to be expected." Albeit our neighbours will not quite believe it yet, our finest gentlemen are not three-bottle

men; and hiccups are no longer heard under the dinner-table. We have come to think with Dr. Thomas Brown, philosopher of the human mind, that they do not lose little who lose only what the intemperate lose.

We have passed from coarse, bibulous times, when the servant picked his master from under the host's mahogany—to the exceeding honour of the said host—to claret times, and genial and wise discourse, which ladies may remain to hear. Moderate we have become, losing none of the gold of temperance; and yet alive to the happy influences of the grape. If the temperance of the educated classes has not reached the mass of the people, the halting is due to vicious fiscal legislation. A writer in the "*Edinburgh Review*"* says, "Thomas Campbell, the poet, was wont to relate that in the days of his grandfather the inhabitants of this northern corner of Britain, not yet reduced to degeneracy and corn-spirits by wine duties and the Union, 'fenced in garden, field, and paddock with claret staves.'" Speaking of this with an American a few months ago, he told me that the temperate among his countrymen looked forward anxiously to the spread of vineyards over the warm slopes of the West, and to consequent cheap native wine, as the only cure for the baleful habit of whisky-drinking which is the general Yankee vice—and is general because the United States have not yet commanded cheap wines. They look for temperance in the vineyard, and not in the pump-yard.

* Wine and the Wine Trade.—The "*Edinburgh Review*," July, 1867.

Thackeray beckons Simplicity to take the hand of Temperance. Following De Périgord on the perfect *pot-au-feu*, our British redoubtable Fork preached plain and simple epicureanism.

“Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which Mary, the neat-handed waitress, brings, or used to bring, you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for, ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of Mary were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season, everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison; beefsteak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle; bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as champagne; there is no delicacy in the world which Monsieur Francatelli or Monsieur Soyer can produce which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy. What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality and less show. Properly considered the quality of dinner is twice blest; it blesses him that gives and him that takes. A dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly

meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.”

Hospitality is an art as well as a virtue. We shall be proud indeed, should we become the organ of British hospitality. It is our ambition to make the humble *gourmet* our care, as well as to let the world know how a Francatelli can make a *chaud-froid de poulet*.

The perfect host is the king of men.

While we lay down this solemn truth we have before us the snow-white table of the cottager, the perfect eggs (likened to daisies by Father Prout) and bacon that are scented through rose-porches in English villages. He is a scurvy fellow who will not hear of country dames' elderberry on frosty nights, because he has tossed off Clicquot in the small hours *chez Bignon*.

The French cook is the King of Cooks because he is of a nation of cooks. Some kind of fine taste is perceptible in the kitchens of all classes in France. It is not so long since the writer of this page, ate trout and omelettes under the shadow of the ruins of Henri Quatre's Castle at Arques, prepared in the kitchen of a village wineshop, in a manner that would have earned for the country wench who cooked them, the approbation of Monselet, or the late Bourgeois of Paris.

We shall bear ever in mind our opening motto—*Ne touchez pas à la broche*—leaving the making of cookery books to cooks ; and yet we shall take leave, as often as occasion offers, to give our opinions on certain departments of cookery ; to dwell, for instance, on the

omelette, and point a moral thereupon. It is the simplest of dishes : in France, the peasant's luxury. Just a handful of eggs, some butter, and herbs ; and at a pinch you might ask a Brillat-Savarin to bend his knees under a *couvert*, and assuage his hunger. And yet there is not a country inn in England, nor indeed many hotels in our great cities, where the hungry traveller, *sachant manger*, can confidently pull the bell, and in a firm voice say, "Waiter, an omelette !"

We conceive that it is our mission to put an end to such scandalous ignorance of the A B C of the frying-pan.

Charles Monselet has written a pathetic account of the finding of a rusty spit in an old clothes shop, among rags and tatters and rusty iron. "Who," he cried, "could have believed that the spit could have died out of our life !" He invokes the shades of Carême and Savarin. He hovers tearfully over it as an old soldier over a broken sword. He thinks tenderly of the dogs that in the good old days turned the spit. What a noble sight was it when great and little spits moved harmoniously together before a glorious fire. But big spit and little spit have vanished, and we English are made responsible for the disappearance. In the place of the ancient spit which "resumes an epoch, and explains a civilisation," the French kitchen has been invaded by, according to M. Monselet, a hideous British oven, red and violent, which seizes upon its prey like an assassin, and wounds, and scorches, and burns, and stifles it. The terrible

words must be spoken,—“*Morte la broche,—Mort le rôti,*” and “It is the hideous British oven that has done it!” the worthy pupil of Savarin cries. In such a controversy we should certainly not hold ourselves bound by our motto. We should decidedly touch the spit, and be, we trust, impartial umpires between the horrible oven of perfidious Albion, and the spit which “resumes an epoch.” By the way, Erasmus says it was Amos, an Egyptian, who invented the oven.

THE
SEASONS IN THE KITCHEN.

JANUARY.



THE year opens well for the table. Butcher, fishmonger, poulterer, and fruiterer, present rich stores to the epicure. Butcher's meat is in perfection. Game is plentiful. The fishmonger has his richest show of the year. The garden and the hot-house supply a rare variety of vegetables, salads, and desserts. Ducks, geese, kid, partridges, snipe, teal, and pheasants afford a rich variety of game; and plovers, teal, wild ducks and geese are at their best. In this month, too, is eaten the red-breast.* "This amiable bird," writes the *Vieux Amateur* in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, "is eaten spitted, or en salmi." A renowned naturalist found the delightful songster "delicious upon toast." Salmon, trout, turbot, sturgeon, cod, crevettes, oysters,

* Last autumn vast quantities of swallows were netted on the shores of the Mediterranean, (where they assemble in enormous numbers before their final flight southwards), and sold in the south of France, for the kitchen! The fat lark, upon toast, is a Paris dainty. A dainty, according to the *Almanach* (1803), for a man who has dined. "The finest rouge-gorge or fattest lark are hardly more, in the hands of a man with an appetite, than a little bundle of tooth-picks—fitter to clean the mouth than to fill it. Swallows may be eaten in pies, ragout, and salmis."

smelts, are in perfection. The winter salads are in admirable order. You can get spinach, sorrel, chicory, mallow, celery, cardons, Brussels sprouts, salsify, tarragon, and asparagus. Pears, apples, and grapes, are in fine condition, and great variety. It is the time of good cheer, and the good cheer is abundant, for all classes. The weather invites to the solid and succulent, rather than to the light, dainty diet of warm weather: To beef, and ducks, and pheasants aux truffes,—to cod and turbot,—and not to dishes light as air—to white-bait, for instance. Truffles are in their aromatic glory. We set forth a few seasonable *menus* for quiet enjoyment, which have reached us from various gastronomic authorities. Let us note Charles Monselet's sonnet to asparagus, in which he condemns the monster stalks which French market-gardeners love to cultivate. He says :—

“ *Enorme, elle est bête.* ”

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Oysters.
Potage clair au lièvre.
Turbot à la crème.
Ris de veau piqué à la financière.
Filet de bœuf à la beurre d'anchois.
Saddle of Welsh mutton.
Sauté de faisans aux truffes.
Fondue à la napolitaine.
Beignets d'orange.
Épinards au jus.
Artichauts à la bordelaise.
Concannon.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

2.

Potage à la Condé
Barbue à la Béchamel.
Aloyau au vin de Madère.
Poulets à la peau de goret.
Artichauts à la lyonnaise.
Baba au rhum.

3.

Croûtes au pot.
Merlans aux fines herbes.
Poulet à la chasseur.
Filet de bœuf rôti.
Pommes de terre sautées.
Meringues à la Chantilly.

4.

Potage au macaroni avec parmesan.
 Poularde à la Montmorency.
 Bar grillé, sauce tartare.
 Perdreaux rôtis.
 Purée de marrons.
 Omelette soufflée.

5.

Potage au riz et au tomates.
 Le palais de bœuf en timbale.
 La bécassine.
 Les cardons à la moelle.
 Le soufflé à la vanille.
 (Or October.)

6.

Quenelles de vol au consommé.
 Cabillaud à la crème.
 Quartier de chevreau avec sauce piquante.
 Poularde à la Toulouse.
 Salsifis au parmesan.
 Bombe glacée.
 (Or November.)

7.

Potage à la purée de perdrix.
 Grenadine de veau à la jardinière.
 Oie de la Saint Martin rôtie.
 Moules à la marinière.
 Gaufres d'amandes.
 (Or November.)

8.

Potage à la Condé.
 Barbue glacée sauce aux champignons.
 Jambon à la macédoine.
 Perdreaux rouges truffés.
 Cèpes à la bordelaise.
 Parfait au café.
 (Or September.)

9.

Potage à la parisienne.
 Abatis de dinde à la chipolata.
 Merlans frits.
 Rosbif rôti garni de pommes de terre.
 Salade.
 Gâteau polonais sauce Madère.

10.

Huîtres.
Potages.—Tortue ; printanier.
Poissons.—Turbot à la hollandaise ; éperlans.
Entrées.—Côtelettes à la princesse ; poulets à la provençale.
Relevé.—Quartier d'agneau aux petits pois.
Rôti.—Bécassines.
Entremets de légumes.—Choux-fleurs au gratin ; salade à l'italienne.
Entremets sucrés.—Omelette aux confitures ; Nesselrode glacé.
 CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

FEBRUARY.

THE month when our neighbours, at any rate, regale themselves the most freely ; and when truffled poultry are poured into Paris. With the exception of game, that which is to be had in January may be got in February. We have no Carnival to tempt a whole nation to conviviality. It has been said that in this month there is a perfumed highway from Périgord to Paris. In France, again, mushrooms are now common, whereas we have difficulty in finding many, and certainly of the best variety, in our London markets. The reader will perceive, by reference to our pages on "New and Economic Foods," that the best edible mushroom rarely reaches Covent Garden Market.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Bisque d'écrevisses.
 Truite des Vosges.
 Grenadine de bœuf au Malaga.
 Filets de volaille à la maréchale.
 Truffes au vin de Chambertin.
 Le Bourdaloue.

(Or December.)

2.

Potage aux lazagnes.
 Filets de sole à la Richelieu.
 Rôti de lièvre.
 Grouse.
 Crème au caramel.

(Or November.)

3.

Potage Colbert.
 Carpe du Rhin frite.
 Foies gras à la financière.
 Le faisan rôti.
 Écrevisses à la bordelaise
 Artichauts nouveaux à l'italienne.

(Or November.)

4.

Potage de santé.
 Brème de mer au vin blanc.
 Culotte de bœuf flamande.
 Rôti de bécasses et mauviète.
 Gâteau napolitain.

(Or December.)

5.

Potage à la bisque d'écrevisses.
 Brochet, sauce raifort.
 Vol-au-vent d'œufs à la Béchamel.
 Darne d'esturgeon rôtie.
 Choux-fleurs au fromage.
 Soupîrs de nonnes.

6.

Purée de pois verts au riz.
 Cabillaud à la hollandaise.
 Choucroute aux huîtres.
 Buisson d'écrevisses.
 Salade de légumes garnie de saumon fumé.
 Blanc-manger.

7.

Potage Crécy.
 Filets de soles à l'Orly.
 Aloyau braisé à la royale.
 Poulet rôti.
 Artichauts frits.
 Biscuit glacé au chocolat.

8.

Potage aux laitues.
 Maquereaux bouillis.
 Côtelettes de mouton à la capucine.
 Canetons de Rouen rôtis.
 Laitue à la flamande.
 Gâteau de pistaches.

9.

Riz Crécy.
 Gigot bouilli, sauce aux câpres.
 Anguilles à l'anglaise.
 Vanneaux rôtis.
 Céleri-rave à la demi-glace.
 Beignets de pommes à la d'Orléans.

(Dîner à la Russe.)

10.

Huîtres.
 Potage à la Colbert.
 Potage à la Bagration.
 Turbot, sauce hollandaise.
 Darnes de saumon à la provençale.
 Croquettes à la d'Angoulême.
 Langue écarlate et poulets à la maillot.
 Filet de bœuf aux petits pois.
 Ris de veau à la Toulouse.
 Quartier d'agneau rôti, jambon sauce Madère, salade à la russe.
 Cardons à la moelle.
 Artichauts sautés à la lyonnaise.
 Bécassine ; widgeons.
 Poires à la florentine.
 Savarins à l'anisette de Bordeaux.
 Gelée aux pistaches historiées.
 Pouding glacé à la Théroïne.
 Fondus au parmesan.
 Dessert.

MARCH.

THE opening spring brings new delicacies—with the violets. The sea is never more grateful to the courageous industry of the fisherman than in this month, when oysters are at their best and fattest. The vegetable garden sends forth asparagus, artichokes, *romaines*, lettuces, radishes, beetroot. Were we across the Channel, we might add a dozen other varieties of the kitchen garden to the list; but our gardeners are obstinate, and will not give us variety. The difficulty of getting the sweet young haricot, or the lentil, is almost insurmountable. We have, however, a variety and abundance of fish, and of a quality not to be had generally in Paris, except *chez* Bignon or Voisin, and a few others who know how to serve people who know what to eat.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potages.—Au lièvre; à la lazagne.
Filets de soles à l'Orly.
Filets de maquereaux, sauce hollandaise.
Rissolettes de volaille.
Côtelettes de mouton à la Réforme.
Grenadins de veau à la napolitaine.
Langue écarlate en papillotes.
Filets de bœuf aux raisins de Coqs de Prairie rôtis. [Malaga.
Omelette aux huîtres.
Beignets d'ananas.
Tartelettes à la frangipane.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

2.

Potages.—Brunoise; purée Pales-Filets de soles à la Colbert. [tine.
Maquereaux à la bordelaise.
Croquettes à la Villeroi.
Côtelettes de mouton à la jardinière.
Escalopes de veau à la provençale. [pignons.
Epigrammes d'agneau aux jambons aux raisins de Malaga.
Filet de bœuf au Madère.
Coqs de Prairie rôtis.
Omelette aux huîtres.
Pannequettes aux abricots.
Gelée au Curaçoa.

3.

Potage macaroni.
 Bar grillé au beurre d'anchois.
 Sauté de poule d'eau aux truffes.
 Les éperlans en aiguillettes.
 Soufflé aux zestes d'orange.

(Or May.)

4.

Potage à la Saint-Georges.
 Saumon à la vénitienne.
 Agneau aux pointes d'asperge.
 Poularde truffée.
 Petits pois nouveaux.
 Gelée cardinal.

(Or April.)

5.

Potage d'huîtres à la Plessy.
 Perche gratinée.
 Lamproie à la bordelaise.
 Boudins de carpe Soubise.
 Nouilles au parmesan.
 Suprême de fruits chauds.

(Or April.)

6.

Consommé aux profiteroles.
 Brochet en dauphin.
 Chou farci.
 Selle de mouton rôtie.
 Purée de haricots.
 Omelette soufflée.

7.

Potage au vermicelle.
 Filets de soles à l'italienne.
 Pluviers rôtis en entrée.
 Rognons de veau rôti.
 Asperges à la sauce blanche.
 Soufflé de riz.

8.

Potage à la brunoise.
 Rosbif à l'impériale.
 Cuissot mariné.
 Écrevisses à la marinière.
 Riz à la menthe.

(Or September.)

9.

Les huitres.
 Le potage printanier à l'impératrice.
 Les darnes de saumon, sauce hollandaise.
 Les filets de soles à la vénitienne.
 Les bouchées à la Montglas.
 Les rissolettes d'homard.
 Le filet de bœuf à la piémontaise.
 Le salmi de gelinottes.
 La selle d'agneau.
 La poularde aux cressons.
 La salade à la Cazanova.
 Les cardons à l'espagnole.
 Les beignets d'ananas.
 La mousse à la vanille.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

APRIL.

MARKED changes come upon the aspect of the kitchen, with the full burst of spring, which brings all kinds of garden and hot-house delicacies to meet the quarter of lamb. Green peas make their appearance, with fine *romaine*, and perfect asparagus. Towards the end of the month, we have mackerel. Our neighbours delight in their Bayonne and Mayence hams, and are not indifferent to our "jambons d'Yorck." Mayence, old gourmets insisted, should be eaten with Rhine wine from its native province; and Bayonne with Pic-Pouille, and other Roussillon wines. "It is due to them," said they, "to bathe them in the wine of their own country." But the pleasure of this month is that of expectation. The fruits of the earth are growing for the table. Our store of fruit is ended, and there are only a few forced varieties to fall back upon. The dessert is still in blossom, but the sea is bountiful, and there are young chickens. Next month!

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potage à la duchesse.
 Turbot, sauce aux huîtres.
 Filet de bœuf à la royale.
 Bécasses bardées.
 Asperges en branches.
 Croustade de riz aux cédrats.
 (Or October.)

2.

Potage à la crème d'orge.
 Bouchées à la reine.

Gigot aux laitues.

Chou-fleur au gratin.

Chartreuse de fruits.

(Or July.)

3.

Potage riz purée de pois.

Turbot au gratin.

Bœuf à la mode.

Poulets rôtis.

Artichauts lyonnaise.

Gâteaux fourrés aux confitures.

4.

Potage aux quenelles de volaille.
Pièce de bœuf, sauce Robert.
Ris de veau frits.
Poularde rôtie.
Asperges en branches.
Gâteau de riz.

5.

Potage printanier aux œufs pochés.
Quartier de pré-salé bretonne.
Ailerons de dinde à la chicorée.
Pâté de saumon.
Salade de légumes.
Baba au rhum.

6.

Potage au macaroni.
Soles à la parisienne.
Pigeons aux petits pois.

Filet de bœuf rôti, sauce Madère.
Asperges au beurre.
Omelette soufflée.

7.

Potage paysanne.
Anguille aux montants de laitue romaine.
Oreilles de porc à la lyonnaise.
Rosbif rôti.
Haricots verts à la poulette.
Flan de poires.

8.

Potage à la purée de poireaux.
Brandade de morue.
Pommes de terre, sauce matelote.
Saumon à l'huile.
Macaroni au gratin.
Épinards au sucre.

MAY.

MERRY at the table, as upon the village green. Peas are in plenty. The melon pit yields a delight after the potage. There are young haricots, and cucumbers, and cauliflowers. The garden and the farm-yard smile upon the May morning ; and the market is a picture. The young pigeons invite to contemplation of the green peas. Ris d'agneaux with the emerald points of the asparagus is to be had. The duckling is ready *braisé*. The young turkey may be boned and *piqué*. Salmon, oysters, soles, are all to the cook's hand. An omelette (eggs and butter are at their best,) aux champignons, winds up a little dinner

delightfully. May is the month, in short, when the round of dining seriously begins.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potages.—Julienne ; à la chamoisine.

Poissons.—Saumon au naturel ; filets de sole à la chancelière ; escalopes aux huîtres.

Entrées.—Côtelettes d'homard ; ris de veau aux petits pois ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; chartreuse de volaille.

Rôts.—Selle de mouton.

Relevés.—Petits poussins à la langue de bœuf ; canards sauvages ; mayonnaise.

Entremets.—Pouding à la Prince Albert ; gelée ; crème au café ; bavaroise à l'orange ; fauchonnettes à la vanille. [pignons.

Relevés.—Omelette aux champignons.
CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

2.

Potage à la Crécy.

Truite de Seine.

Dindonneau.

Petits pois à l'anglaise.

Bombe à la poire glacée.

(Or June.)

3.

Potage de levraut au Porto.

Caisse de rougets fines herbes.

Pigeonneaux sauvages bardés.

Petites fèves à la crème.

Gelée de fraises.

(Or December.)

4.

Potage de profiteroles.

Truite, sauce morilles.

Dinde braisée à l'anglaise.

Concombres à la poulette.

Gelée à la liqueur d'Arbouses.

(Or July.)

5.

Potage Condé.

Barbue, sauce hollandaise.

Côtelettes de veau à la Singarat.

Canetons rôtis.

Concombres à la demi-glace.

Pouding à la d'Orléans.

6.

Consommé aux carottes nouvelles.

Raie à la noisette.

Oreilles de veau aux champignons.

Pintades rôties.

Pommes de terre nouvelles sautées.

Courte à la frangipane.

7.

Potage à la Saint Germain.

Turbot, sauce Béchamel.

Lapereaux au chasseur.

Pâté de cochon de lait.

Morilles aux croûtons.

Crème au chocolat.

8.

Le consommé aux quenelles de volaille. [reine.
 La crème de concombres à la
 Le saumon grillé, sauce tartare.
 Les arblettes frites, et à la diable.
 Les côtelettes d'homard à la Victoria.
 Des croustades à la Montglas.
 Les ris d'agneaux aux pointes d'asperges.
 Des côtes d'agneau. [jardinière.
 Les carbonades de mouton à la
 Le caneton braisé à la demi-glace.
 La gelée au Curaçoa.
 Le parfait glacé à la vanille.
 Les tartelettes piémontaises au fromage.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

9.

Purée de volaille à la reine.
 Julienne au consommé.
 Les filets de soles à la vénitienne.
 Les arblettes frites et à la diable.
 Les croustades au laitances de maquereau.
 Les ris d'agneau au petits pois.
 Les tournedos aux pommes nouvelles, sauce Madère.
 Les crepinettes de mouton aux champignons.
 Le dindonneau piqué desossé.
 Sauce Périgueux.
 Les asperges au beurre.
 La mayonnaise de saumon.
 La gelée au noyau.
 Les soufflets au chocolat.

JUNE.

GRACIOUS is the leafy month to him who will eat in season, and who does not run after strawberries in January. The produce of garden and orchard are to be had in abundance—the fruit from the sweet south, as yet; in ordinary years, our climate is treacherous, and will not serve our table regularly. Waiting for the ripening sun, we can get the cherries of Montmorency. The poultry yard yields its sweetest and most succulent produce. In this month veal and mutton are excellent; and whitebait is in admirable order. Greenwich and Blackwall invite. Richmond Park is at its leafiest; and the Castle and the Star and Garter are radiant with flowers, and abundantly

stored. Yet of this month a notable French gourmand has written petulantly, it almost forces a host to feed his guests upon greenmeat! The gifts of nature are seasonable. We have not, in the warmth of the sweet early summer, the plump turkey, the substantial capon proper to the snow of Christmas. But we have the turkey poult, the chicken, the duckling, the pigeon. The creatures that will furnish forth our winter tables, are cropping the emerald meadows, rich after the rains of spring! The light June appetite is provided with red mullet and whitebait; quail cutlets and curried crab, and *macédoines* of vegetables!

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potage Dubarry aux croutons.
 Les maquereaux au gratin. [carpe.
 Les croustades de laitances de
 Les côtelettes d'agneau à la Tou-
 louse. [champignons.
 Le boudin de lapereau aux
 Les rognons à la brochette.
 Le filet de bœuf à la napolitaine.
 Le caneton rôti.
 L'omelette au jambon.
 La gelée au noyau.
 Les gaufres glacées.

2.

Clear soup; white soup à la prin-
 tanière.
 Turbot and lobster sauce.
 Red mullets.
 Whitebait.

Chickens and tongue.
 Saddle of mutton.
 Lamb cutlets à la Soubise.
 Sweetbreads à la financière.
 Quail cutlets à la Villeroi.
 Larded turkey poult.
 Ducklings.
 Curried crab.
 Chartreuse of strawberries.
 Clear jelly.
 Charlotte of oranges.
 Ice pudding, &c.

3.

Potage à la tortue.
 Filets de maquereau à la véni-
 tienne.
 Caneton aux oranges.
 Macédoine de légumes.
 Sultane à la Chantilly.

4.

Potage à la Colin.
 Poulet à la Demidoff.
 Selle de pré-salé rôtie.
 Aubergines à la provençale.
 Flan de cerises.

(Or July.)

5.

Potage printanier aux quenelles.
 Bar au beurre fondu.
 Noix de bœuf braisée.
 Pigeons rôtis.
 Fèves de marais à la crème.
 Tartes aux cerises.

6.

Vermicelle à la hollandaise.
 Mulet grillé, sauce tartare.
 Poulet à la Marengo.
 Filet de bœuf rôti.
 Épinards à la crème.
 Compote d'abricots.

7.

Consommé au vermicelle. [tarde.
 Perches grillées, sauce à la mou-
 Noix de veau piquée à la flamande.
 Caneton rôti.
 Petits pois en cosses.
 Crème au thé.

JULY.

IT has been said by an enthusiastic French *gourmet*, that "the delicate whiteness of Pontoise veal, gives animation to this month." The same authority bids the refined remember, that the orange-trees are in full bloom, and the moment for the orange-flower harvest has come. The apricots and peaches are getting their last kiss from the ardent sun. There are pears ready to my lady's lips. The quails, it has been truly said, keep one in patience, waiting for the partridges. The tomata is reddening; melons are perfect; the greengage is ripe; and the almond lies like a pearl, in its green shell. Here are freshening dainties for the parched throat of July. The juiciest fruit falls into man's hand, in the hottest month. The leveret is ready. The quail lies upon his vine leaf still. This is his noblest place. The lark is served up

in the quail's guise at times, but it was justly observed by a most redoubtable Fork of the beginning of the century, "There is as great a distance between a quail and a lark, as there is between Racine and one of the petty tragedians of our day."

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potages. — À l'italienne ; à la reine.

Poissons. — Turbot, sauce d'homard ; saumon aux câpres.

Entrées. — Ris d'agneau aux champignons ; côtelettes d'homard ; quenelles aux truffes ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.

Relevés. — Selle de mouton ; poulets ; jambon ; langues de rennes.

SECOND SERVICE.

Rôts. — Levraults ; canetons.

Entremets. — Boudin à la Garibaldi ; gelée aux fruits ; meringues ; crème aux framboises ; soufflet de fromage. [cédoine.

Relevés. — Boudin glacé à la Ma-

2.

Julienne.

Whitebait.

Filets de saumon à la maréchale.

Côtelettes d'agneau à la vicomtesse.

Filets de mignons à la jardinière.

Vol-au-vent à la paysanne.

Roast leveret.

Beans and bacon.

Omelette à la reine Claude.

Beignets de pommes.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

3.

Consommé au printanier.

Saumon, sauce aux câpres ; anguilles au beurre de Memphis.

Petites croustades à la Montglas ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; ris de veau à la Toulouse.

Filet de bœuf piqué à la milanaise ; canetons braisés aux olives.

Gelée d'ananas au noyau ; glaces aux framboises.

Rissoles au parmesan.

4.

Croûte au pot.

Carpe à la Chambord.

Filet de bœuf à la Dona Maria.

Turban de merles de Corse.

Gelée d'ananas.

(Or December.)

5.

Potage à la Julienne.

Turbot, sauce au raifort.

Poulets sautés.

Rognon de veau rôti.

Marinade de choux-fleurs.

Mousse aux fraises.

6.

Potage Crécy.
 Chapon au gros sel.
 Queues de mouton frites au par-
 Jambon à la broche. [mesan.
 Épinards au jus.
 Bombe panachée.

7.

Potage à la Saint-Germain.
 Fraise de veau au naturel.
 Moules à la poulette.
 Filet de bœuf rôti.
 Pommes de terre nouvelles sautées.
 Darioles au riz.

AUGUST.

THERE is little that is new in this month—save in game. The Frenchman vigorously discounts the gastronomic pleasures of the winter, by eating even young doves! We have eaten them delightfully served—quail fashion. At Bayonne and Biarritz they are plentiful. But we have grouse, leverets, young rabbits, partridges. Figs are in plenty, and so are peaches. Admirers of Charles Lamb remember that this is the month when the sucking pig is in all his glory. It is the month, however, when the town is deserted for the country, the bath, the sea-side; and people content themselves with plain living, if they do not accompany it with “high thinking.” The traveller must be content with the skill of the caravanserai; let him journey where he may on the beaten track, he will find little worth critical eating. Even the best Paris restaurateurs become careless; they are no longer in the presence of the Vérons (who have disappeared from the scene for ever), the Monselets, and the Eugène Chavettes; and the stranger is a creature who will eat anything, and pay any price for a dish with a sounding name. Let us note that our neighbours do

not yield even to Lamb, in their estimate of the delightful qualities of roast pig. Once before the fire, the cook is commanded to keep the pig in sight as strictly as a marriageable maiden. We are told that our "*petit ami*" once upon the table, should be treated like a gentleman, and be honourably decapitated, to begin with. Treat this "dear animal" otherwise, and he had better have been left at the breast of his mother. "He must be roasted," says Lamb; "I am not innocent that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!"

Observe that the beccafico is ready. Fortunate travellers to the east will find him *en table d'hôte* at Alexandria.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.	Longe de veau rôtie.
Potage au potiron.	Laitues à la crème.
Limande en crème.	Croûte aux fruits.
Poulet frit à la provençale.	
Jambon à la broche.	4.
Pêches à la vanille.	Consommé aux lazagnes.
	Goujons frits.
2.	Langue de bœuf à la sauce tomate.
Potage à la Julienne.	Galantine de dindes.
Homard en casserole.	Macédoine de légumes en salade.
Lapereau de garenne.	Pêches à la Richelieu.
Tomates farcies.	
Gâteau polonais au Madère.	5.
	Potage à la Vert-pré.
3.	Anguille à la Tartare.
Potage de riz au gras.	Ragoût à la chipolata.
Melon.	Gigot rôti.
Matelote d'anguille.	Haricots blancs sautés.
Ramereaux marinés et frits.	Tartes aux cerises.

SEPTEMBER.

GAME has reached the table. The partridge and pheasant are at the cook's service. The grive lies upon his bed of toast. Trout are to be had. Woodcocks are in the market. Pheasant cutlets; quail *financière*; partridge soup *chasseur*; the perfect autumn artichoke! Our market gardeners should turn their serious attention to the plentiful cultivation of the artichoke; "In the hands of a true artist, this vegetable is a veritable chameleon." Truffles appear, but their season has not come yet; just as oysters are to be had, but not in perfection.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potage au tapioca.
Cramouski à la cardinal.
Rôti de grives.
Artichauts à la barigoule.
Charlotte russe.

(Or October.)

2.

Potage aux ravioli.
Turbot, sauce ravigotte.
Côtelettes de faisan.
Cailles à la financière.
Blanc-manger aux pistaches.

(Or October.)

The author of "The Art of Dining: or, Gastronomy and Gastronomers"—a high and subtle gastronomic authority, by the way—gives the two following September dinners which were served to the late King of Hanover.

3.

Potage de perdreaux au chasseur.
Potage clair à la printanière.
Huitres au naturel.
Sandals bouillis au beurre fondu,
sauce à l'essence d'anchois.
Culotte de bœuf à la flamande.
Filets de poulets à la Marengo.

Haricots nains, garnis d'escalops
de mouton grillés.
Lièvreaux rôtis à la gelée de
groseilles.
Une compote de pommes à la
Strélitz.
Une fauchonette aux amandes.
Glaces de pêches.

4.
Potage à la princesse.
Potage en hoche-pot aux queues
de bœuf.
Huitres au naturel.
Truites au bleu au beurre fondu,
sauce de Cairce.
Longe de veau à la broche au jus,
garnie de croquets de pommes de
terre.

Purée de coqs de bruyères, garnie
de petites bouchées.
Épinards, garnis de côtelettes
d'agneau glacées.
Filets de sandals à la marinière à
l'aspic.
Poulets rôtis.
Compote de poires.
Riz anglo-française à l'ananas.
Glaces de fraises.

OCTOBER.

THE fare of October is that of September—with a few additions. All game is in season. The rouge-gorge is to be had. The fruits of winter appear. Poultry is in admirable condition. The first frost ripens the medlar, and the nuts are gathered from the golden trees. The cold brings abundant fish in fine condition, including mackerel and herrings. Plums, pears, quinces, apples, are ripe in great variety. Winter stores are packed—for winter cheer. The menus of October resemble those of September.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.
Potage Faubonne.
Aloyau rôti garni de pommes de
Alouettes en tourte. [terre.
Éperlans frits.
Céleri au jus.
Marmelade de pêches.

2.
Purée de carottes aux nouilles.
Dorade grillée, sauce persillade.
Canards aux navets.
Gigot rôti.
Haricots panachés sautés.
Beignets de pommes.

3.

Potage aux pâtes d'Italie.
 Bouilli en persillade.
 Cailles au laurier.
 Gigot de chevreuil rôti.
 Tomates farcies.
 Meringues à la crème.

4.

Potage aux œufs pochés.
 Esturgeon braisé. [Hubert.
 Côtelettes de sanglier à la Saint-
 Mauviettes rôties.
 Artichauts à l'italienne.
 Compote de poires.

5.

Purée d'artichauts aux croûtons.
 Croquettes de semoule au par-
 Morue à l'anglaise. [mesan.
 Soles frites. [tinées.
 Pommes de terre en purée gra-
 Pommes au riz.

6.

Potage à la purée de gibier.
 Carpe à la Chambord
 Ailes de perdreaux en salmis.
 Filet de bœuf rôti.
 Céleri au jus.
 Blanc-manger aux pistaches.

NOVEMBER.

THE increasing cold, the approach towards Christmas, bring to mind fat cattle; plump turkeys and capons; the oyster in perfect order; and the truffle, the diamond of the kitchen. I refer the reader to the dinner given by the Foreign Commissioners to the Imperial Commissioners of France,* on the 26th of October last, as an illustration of the gastronomic yield of the world at this period of the year. For November's produce, procurable in England, he is referred to the *menu* of Lord Mayor Allen, of the 9th of November last.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Consommé aux œufs pochés.
 Barbue, sauce aux huîtres.
 Ragoût de foies gras.

Rosbif à l'anglaise.
 Laitues à l'espagnole.
 Compote de marrons.

* See Remarkable Dinners of 1867.

2.

Potage à la crème.
 Paupiettes de filets de merlans.
 Côtelettes de pré-salé à la jardinière.
 Perdreaux rôtis.
 Purée de marrons.
 Croûte au Madère.

3.

Purée de pois aux croûtons.
 Cabillaud à la hollandaise.
 Perdreaux truffés.
 Gigot d'agneau rôti.
 Betteraves à la chartreuse.
 Flan de riz meringué.

4.

Potage au pain.
 Bœuf bouilli garni à la flamande.
 Brochet à la Clermont.

Levraut à la minute.
 Pâté de foie gras.
 Crème à la Chantilly.

5.

Potage Soubise.
 Vives au gratin.
 Faisan à l'étouffade.
 Levrauts bardés, sauce poivrade.
 Cardons au fromage.
 Flan de poires.

6.

Potage de semoule à la chiffonade d'oseille.
 Oie en daube.
 Petits pâtés à la bourgeoise.
 Chateaubriand garni de pommes sautées.
 Buissons d'écrevisses.
 Madeleines à la fleur d'oranger.

DECEMBER.

THE month of the year when every Englishman is a *bon vivant*. Fish, flesh, fowl, game, are all in abundance, and in glorious condition. That which I have said of January, applies to this month. Note that now is the time to enjoy the famous pies of Strasbourg, Toulouse, Amiens, Chartres (packed with little plovers), Pithiviers, and Périgueux. It is the venison season. The boar's head rears its noble front; the terrines of Nérac are excellent. I append an admirable menu (No. 1) of a dinner given on the 1st of December, by an English Epicure.

SEASONABLE MENUS.

1.

Potage de lièvre clair aux quenelles.
 Turbot au vin blanc, garni d'éperlans.
 Croustades de volailles à la Montglas.
 Foie gras en caisses aux truffes.
 Côtelettes de mouton à la Rachel.
 Filet de bœuf braisé à la piémontaise.
 Perdreaux poêlés au jus d'orange.
 Terrine de gibier en bellevue.
 Omelette aux huîtres à la diable.
 Tartelettes d'abricot à la napolitaine.
 Gelée au Kirsch-Wasser.

2.

Purée de pommes de terre à la pluche.
 Paupiettes de filets de merlans.
 Poularde à la bourgeoise.
 Gigot rôti.
 Haricots blancs au jus.
 Croûte au Madère.

3.

Consommé à la brunoise.
 Selle de mouton à l'anglaise.
 Anguille à la sauce verte.
 Perdreaux rôtis.
 Poulainte au parmesan.
 Timbale de poires.

4.

Potage au riz au coulis d'écrevisses.
 Rougets grillés à la maitre d'hôtel.
 Noix de veau à la Godard.
 Lièvre rôti.
 Champignons farcis.
 Gelée au rhum.

5.

Purée d'oseille à la hollandaise.
 Blanquette de veau.
 Perches grillées.
 Quartier de venaison rôti.
 Champignons farcis.
 Beignets de pommes.

6.

Potage à la paysanne.
 Oie braisée garnie de choucroûte.
 Rognons de veau sautés, sauce au jambon.
 Brochet à l'huile.
 Macaroni à l'italienne.
 Croquettes de semoule.

7.

Potage à la Colbert.
 Maquereaux grillés, sauce béarnaise.
 Chartreuse à la parisienne.
 Perdreaux bardés rôtis.
 Cardons à l'italienne.
 Parfait garni de gaufres.

I salute the reader, Dutch fashion : "Smaakelyk eeten !" — May you get a hearty dinner !

MARKETING FOR TABLE.



AY I, "without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk," take leave to dwell on the English manner of going to market; and at the same time humbly venture to touch on the possible amendment thereof? In households of modest pretensions, there is little, if any, marketing at all. The tradesmen round about call, some shabby red books are looked through on Monday mornings, and the dull round of duty which furnishes forth the dinner is ended. The dishes of one week are the dishes of the next; it is a see-saw of beef and mutton, chickens roast or boiled. The gastronomy of the house rarely travels beyond a dismal attempt at macaroni, or two entrées of woeful flatness—of overdone flavouring. Plain roast and boiled are always welcome, wholesome eating, and make a happy appearance at the daintiest and most ambitious dinner. I see *selle de mouton rôti*, learnedly placed between *les médaillons de perdreaux à la St. James*, and *le faisan truffé à la Périgueux*, in a *menu* composed by M. Francatelli. This honourable place is the right of the saddle, but the rule is a position between two or three detestably cooked "made

dishes." The very worst housewife is the lady who is ambitious and ignorant.

Why should gastronomic ignorance be so general among the great travelling race of the world? In England is the finest meat, the most abundant fish, the noblest and most succulent game. We must yield the palm in the poultry yard to our neighbours. Their chickens, and poults, and ducklings surpass ours in size, and preparation, and flavour. But all that is needful to the hand of the most famous *cordon bleu*, is in plenty about us. There are signs of a reformation in the English kitchen. Two or three schools of cookery are already established in the metropolis. In the more fashionable suburbs, *chefs* have established themselves, who will send out dainty dishes to those who cannot manage them at home; and these movements may end in the supply of a future generation of scientific, tasteful English cooks. But, our sons must take care of themselves. For the present,

"A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three,"

must be the song of the middle-aged Englishman; and from forty to sixty, it has been laid down, is the prime of the gourmet's life!

There are possible mitigations of his monotonous existence, however, if he will only apply himself to discover or contrive them.

The persistence with which our neighbours hunt for an engaging variety in their food, is nowhere more

whimsically shown than in the gloomy thoroughfares of Soho, where a vast colony of foreigners—but chiefly Frenchmen—has elected to dwell. In these streets will be found all kinds of shops, wholly unlike English establishments ; displaying the delicacies of a Parisian *comestible* establishment (there is a notable and excellent one in Princes Street,) the advantages of a French laundry, the conveniences and contrivances of an artist in hair, and the questionable moralities and lightnesses of the little literature of modern France. Truffled pigs' feet are no rarities here, amid these vivacious shabby gentry. They command all the known varieties of galantine for their mid-day breakfast. The horse-flesh sausage of Lyons, the spicy *mortadella* compounded—learn this ye who scorn the hippophagist—of asses' flesh ; nay, *dinde truffée*, after a fashion are known to them, and garlic reigns supreme, as I can call it to mind bathing everything in a Bordeaux hotel.

Follow me into the squalid market, swarmed with ragged children, and you shall see upon the tumble-down stalls such salads as Mrs. St. John Wood, Q.C., never contrives to get from her grocer. Here are the delicate and soft mallow, and the black radish for *monsieur*, who dwells in a horrible garret round the corner ; but who will turn his few coppers into a variety of food materials. He will not eat onions and watercresses only, because Fortune has proved a scurvy companion to him ; he delights in his humble imitation of *chez voisin*. Were a good day to

dawn for him with to-morrow, he would quickly show us that he does not frequent the cheap comestibles and salads of Soho, because he is unable to distinguish between the delicacies of Princes Street and those of Piccadilly. He has scented the truffles, and feasted with his eyes on the dainties which Morel displays, and which are to be found in the aromatic realms of Fortnum and Mason. He has trotted up Windmill Street, Haymarket, to the famous salad shop (Murrell's), where all possible varieties of salad and fruits are on sale at all seasons. It is not by choice he buys at the Soho stall; there are salads and salads, romaine and romaine, he knows. His skilled eye has lingered before the vegetables of Mary Johnston in Covent Garden Market. The attractions of Ferre, in Marylebone Street, Regent Street, who boasts a fine collection of French provisions, and who is known to most of the *chefs* of the west for dish decorations, are familiar to all Frenchmen who dwell in London, but are unknown to that good lady Mrs. St. John Wood, Q.C. ! I want to know why this should be ?

In Greek Street, Soho, is a famous importer of foreign food produce, B. Perelli-Rocco, where the creamy butter of Milan is imported every week, where are vast stores of maccaroni, and lentils, and Italian cheeses, and Bologna sausages, and tomato paste, all at very reasonable prices. Domenichino Piccirillo, of Broad Street and Wigmore Street, spreads tempting stores of foreign groceries and dainties. It is at Ramblaix' in Soho, however, that the economic gourmet

will find, to his astonishment, that he can get even the *escargot*. William Linguer, of Frith Street, offers a complete gastronomic ramble within the circuit of his little shop: Hamburg bread, Strasbourg sausages, Swiss herb cheeses, olives by the pound, tubs of gherkins, very odorous German cheeses! M. Linguer delights in doing the honours of his Rabelaisian establishment; and it is amusing to tarry there, watching old broken-down gentlemen, who know how to eat, but have not much spare cash, learnedly selecting one or two inexpensive little delicacies. Hard by, is a greengrocer's shop, where are all varieties of the nutritious haricot; if

“Les Soissonnais sont heureux,
Les haricots sont chez eux——”

at least we may gratefully remember, that, thanks to the discriminating taste of Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen, who have settled among us, we may get, with a little trouble, every delicacy which the continent yields, and at small cost. The rich resort to Morel, to Fortnum and Mason, to Domenichino Piccirillo; to Wilton, for their oysters; to Cadbury, in Bond Street, for their cheeses; and to the new establishment of Alfred Duclos in Oxford Street for their confectionery; to Tucker, in the Strand, for their Dartmoor and Welsh mutton, Devonshire cream, and larver; to Fisher, in Jermyn Street, for plovers' eggs; to Bartovalle for condiments; to Payne, in Leicester Square, for East Indian pickles; to Groves, of Charing Cross and Bond

Street, for fish ; to Hill, in Jermyn Street, for poultry ; and to Slater for meat ; but I take pleasure in reflecting and recording that there are places where men of moderate means may buy delicacies just as they are bought abroad. I will give an instance : the very Naples tomato paste which would cost four shillings a pound in Piccadilly, is purchased by the acute Frenchman and Italian for their maccaroni, at two shillings.

I note, while I bear it in mind, that in the establishment of J. R. Clark & Co., Jermyn Street, the delightful pepper of Nepaul is to be had—a pepper that is not to be got even at Apothecaries Hall.

ART OF LAYING THE TABLE.



THE revolution which has been effected in the art of laying a dinner table has been complete. The massive silver that encumbered the tables of our grandfathers, so that the diner could not see his opposite neighbour, and the host was screened,—as it has been happily said in a recent French criticism on the British plate which was introduced into France with the return of the Bourbons after Waterloo—by so many ingots of silver run into the most substantial mould he could afford ; has been put aside for light and graceful stands in silver, glass, and porcelain, which hold flowers, and leave to every guest a full command of the table. The guest sits before a dainty array of flowers and fruit, so artfully disposed as to keep the guests the chief objects at the banquet. It has been said by a classical authority, that you may know whether you are going to have a good dinner by the soup which opens it. I think we may go further, and say that you may safely guess by the manner in which the table is laid ;—by no means by the costliness of the service : but assuredly by the grace cast about, it

may be, the homeliest ware and *couvert*. You can tell, on entering an empty drawing-room, the degree and tastes of the ladies who are its habitual queens ; in like manner you may prophesy of a host's gastronomy by his dining-room.

It should be a cheerful room. The candelabra should hold the light well above the heads of the guests. The curtains should be rich and ample. The table should be a picture of bright well-adjusted colours, as Desgoffes understands colour, and refined grouping. The glass should be light as bubbles. The use of glass and flowers in the decoration of the table is a happy change. It is impossible to conceive more delightful ornaments than are to be found in Mr. Dobson's pretty room of crystal flower-stands, in St. James's Street. Salviati's Venetian glass is also worth a visit.

It has been laid down that there should invariably be four glasses to the right of each diner : the madeira glass nearest to the table's edge, then the bordeaux glass to the right, the water glass to the left, with the champagne glass for the crown of the array. Special glasses appear, of course, with particular wines. *Bols* are handed by the servants after the prawns or crayfish. The *rinse-bouche* has, happily, disappeared.

There are two, and only two, modes of serving a dinner, viz., in the pure French style, or *à la Russe*.

The French style is, to the gourmand, the best, when the guests are few, and are close friends. The

dishes to be consumed appear in three services, or relays, upon the table. This method entails vast responsibility on the host; let him be a poor carver, and the dinner (cooked though it be by a Francatelli or a Gouffé) is spoiled. For example, a pheasant (the bird, that according to Brillat-Savarin, is an enigma of which only complete adepts have the key), unskillfully carved, distresses the sight and deadens the taste.* But the host who is worthy of his *chef*, delights his guests at a service *à la Française*, by the learned skill with which he distributes the recondite treasures of his kitchen to them. It is given to few, however, to carve perfectly—that is daintily, learnedly, and expeditiously. In the ancient days there was a carving-master as well as a dancing-master. Dinner served in the French method is parted into three categories or services. The first service comprehends the soup, hors d'œuvres, relevés, and entrées; the second comprises the rôts, vegetables, and sweet dishes; the third is the dessert. All the dishes appear upon the table.

À LA RUSSE.

À la Russe, means a table tastefully adorned with flowers and fruits, and the triumphs of the confectioner's art; indeed, all the cold dishes. The hot dishes are served, carved apart, to the guests.

* What refined intricacies are there in the *rôt*! It is much worse than a minuet.—*Almanach des Gourmands*, 1805.

The French regime is the more comfortable, under the foregoing conditions, when the party is a small friendly one ; but *à la Russe* is the regime when a banquet of state of ceremony is to be served. Some gallant hosts crown the lady's couvert with a little bunch of flowers ; but surely the manner of Lady Granville, who caused a bouquet to be handed to each lady as she entered the room, at the banquet given to the Imperial Commissioners by the Foreign Commissioners last October, is the more graceful mode.

Many writers have descanted on the duties of the host, and the proper manner of discharging them ; but guide-books will never make ladies or gentlemen. A manual of etiquette in the possession of a diner out, is almost a *pièce de conviction*. Here is a gourmet's dictum : "The host who has compelled a guest to ask him for anything, is almost a dishonoured man."

Is it needful now-a-days to say that the guest should arrive to the minute ; or that the host should not keep those who are punctual waiting for those who are not ? Guests can wait a few minutes, when the *chef* has miscalculated his time, but the *chef* can never wait. A delay of ten minutes may destroy the triumphs of his gastronomic genius. The master on whose punctuality the cook cannot rely, is never well served.

THE ORDER OF SERVICE.

1. The soups.
2. The hors d'œuvres.
3. Relevés of fish.
4. Relevés of meat.
5. Hot entrées, of meat, fowl, and game.
6. Cold entrées.

The punch, or *sorbet Romain*, is invariably served immediately before the Rôts.

7. The roasts of fowl and game.
8. Salad.
9. Entremets of vegetables.
10. Sweet entremets.

After the confectionary, the table is swept clear, and the dessert follows, and is served in the following order : 1. Cheeses. 2. Fruits. 3. Cakes. 4. Sweetmeats. 5. Ices.

COFFEE AND LIQUEURS.

And now we pass to the marshalling of the wines ; it being observed, by the way, that champagne may appear at intervals throughout the banquet, as a sweet air rises again and again throughout an opera.

1. After the soup : Madeira, sherry, Vermouth (with the oysters, if they open the gastronomic march, Chablis), Sauterne, accompanying the hors d'œuvres.

2. Bordeaux and Burgundies with the relevés and hot and cold entrées.

3. Between the cold entrées, and when the moment for serving the sorbets—Château d'Yquem, and very lightly iced Rhenish wines.

4. With the roasts, and thenceforth to the disappearance of the vegetables, Burgundies (Romanée-Conti, Chambertin, &c.), and Bordeaux, (Laffitte, Margaux, Haut-Brion, &c.).


5. With the sweets : sherry.

6. With the dessert : white and red Muscat, Constantia, Tokay, &c. These wines should be carried round in glasses.

There has been progress at table, as well as in other departments of polite life. It was only in 1805, a distinguished gourmet maintained that a well-bred host would press his guest to partake of a dish three several and distinct times. There were "very valiant trenchermen," too, in those days, who were at table some time before they required the least pressing.

THE

"POINT OF THE KNIFE."

"IR, the man who would mangle a capon would kill a child," was lately observed in a company of gastronomic dignitaries. "Your *chef* has sent you up a bird cooked *à point*. He has spent some anxious moments over that dish.

There is a boor in the company (the creature turns up at times in all societies), and the bird is placed before him. You might as well set the first butcher-boy round the corner to chisel a head of Venus. The boy would decline, and inquire who Wenus was ; but your boor at table is an animal of infinite confidence. In a few moments the work of art is a ruin, and the remains are spread round the table to a company of angry guests."

Whereupon a learned conversation ensued on the art of carving. And the oracle of the company spoke as follows : "Carving is one of the polite arts ; an essential accomplishment, as much as riding is. Consider the wrongs and torments a bad carver—all elbows and splashes—inflicts upon his fellow creatures in the course of his life. His clumsy knife proceeds

on a blind pursuit of the tendon. He cuts through the bone at last, and gets a jagged morsel, neither leg, nor wing, nor breast, upon a plate. You can see that he has started without a plan, and that he depends upon the sharpness of his blade to get through everything ; and not upon the point of his knife and the skilful direction of it. Sometimes, while he is destroying the chief dish of an admirable dinner, he will chatter away to the company with the air of a man who is making a good figure in society. If you were not a witness of his disgraceful exploit, you would, from the sprightliness of his discourse, imagine that he not only knew that ten delicate and acceptable pieces can be carved from a fowl for as many guests, by a good carver ; but that he was master of the art of turning a fowl to this equal advantage, for all the guests. He would attack a hare at the legs with unruffled equanimity. This creature is the terror of diners, and the scorn of cooks. He is at times amusing, because of his profound belief in himself, while he is blundering over even a bird that has been subjected to Soyer's admirable tendon separator. You may cut the tendons so that the knife, intelligently handled, would glide between the joints ; but Dunderhead doesn't know where the joints lie. There is no more intolerable nuisance at the table, however, than confident Dunderhead."

"No, no !" cried the company.

"Gentlemen, bear with me a moment, while I present you the nervous—the bashful carver. It may be

that he has a fair stock of science. But observe his hand tremble, directly there is a pause in the conversation, or that an authoritative eye falls upon his proceedings. He tries to mend his pace, and only stumbles into mistakes. His plan of action fades out of his brain; and the hesitating point of his knife wanders, purposeless, over the dish. In vain you try to encourage him by diverting the attention of the company; he never gains that complete and cheerful composure, lacking which I here deliberately assert, as the experience of a long life, no man can carve."

This solemn assertion was received by the company with expressions of approval, not only because the speaker had been a wise and thoughtful minister to his mouth for the better part of half a century, but also because truth was the basis and substance of it.

The venerable speaker's eye now brightened, as it played benignly round the table; and, after a pause, he broke gently into speech:

"I shall take leave now to submit to your minds a picture, that grows wonderfully upon me, as I contemplate the many claims it has on our regard and on our gratitude. I have before me the figure of the perfect carver. He is the most gracious of guests, the most loveable of hosts; he is—he must be—a man of happily balanced mind; a just and impartial man, too, or he cannot righteously distribute the dish that lies before him. How lightly, and with what grace of

movement, he lifts the knife and fork! Have you seen Sivori take up his fiddle? Has it been vouchsafed to you to behold Landseer adjust the palette upon his thumb? The model carver I have in my mind's eye, drops his instruments upon the bird, and it falls apart with a few gentle turns of his wrists. He is in the conversation the while; can give a *mot* delicately as you hand a peach to your bride on a summer morning—while he removes a wing; and he can laugh with you while he disengages the legs. Observe him with a saddle of mutton; how he lifts the long clean slices away, and is mindful of the wealth of juice in the cutting. It is a treat to him to be entrusted with a haunch, or wild-fowl. He knows exactly the number of slices the hare's back will yield; and when his labour of love is over, how gently he deposits the scarce soiled knife upon the dish! To be so accomplished is, to my old-fashioned mind, to be a benefactor to your species. You delight them whenever you meet them at a dinner-table. You are the cook's best friend."

The art of carving is not to be easily got by the study of diagrams. You will not get much out of directions to cut from B to C. But the advice of Gouffé, Francatelli, Soyer, and Périgord is useful to the beginner. He cannot be far beyond the rudiments which instruct you how to keep the bird under treatment out of your neighbour's lap, who does not know that the fillets from the back of the roast hare are the only morsels offered to the company: and that the

best part of the duck is the breast, cut obliquely, in delicate slices. But before the above picture of the consummate master of the carving-knife can be realised, the beginner has years of study to pass through. The triumph is worth all the trial.

THE WINE.



THE late legislation affecting the importation of wines has led already not only to the appearance of new, cheap, and pure wines in the market, but to the complete exposure of the adulterations to which the ports and sherries, which were our main consumption before the Cobden Treaty and Mr. Gladstone's wise activities, have been exposed to the prejudice of the pockets and health of her Majesty's liege subjects. The elderberry has played almost as important a part as the grape, in the famous vintages of the Alto Douro. We export potato brandy to the Portuguese; and they are good enough to return it to us in a mixture of grape juice and elderberry juice—as fine fruity port, which we convey with much pomp and circumstance to our cellars, and lay up for at least ten years. If the statement of Mr. Lytton, her Majesty's Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, be correct, Sandeman's '34, and other famous ports, are all half elderberry. Mr. Lytton affirms that all the port exported from Portugal for the British market has “almost quite as much elderberries as grapes,” and is greatly charged with

brandy—the potato brandy we sell to the Portuguese exporters. But this is not the worst of the story. The Portuguese find our potato spirit too good for the adulteration of port, and are actually importing bad Prussian beet-root spirit (which is cheaper) for the purpose. Will our sons buy this mixture of grape, elderberry, and Prussian beet-root brandy, at a trifle under four pounds per dozen? The story of sherry is worse still. Every conceivable trick is played with it. The low-priced wines are brandied up to 42 per cent. We get none of the wines of Spain in their perfect natural state; and we have been told by dealers and wine merchants, that brandy is the necessary accompaniment of travelling. Yet we find that sound Oporto wines will travel unharmed to Brazil; and Mr. Denman has disposed of the old idea that the Greek and Italian wines, which journey easily as far as Java, sicken on their way up the Thames. The sneers with which the cheap wines of Italy, Greece, and Austria were met, by interested folk, whose adulterations had vitiated the palates of their countrymen, have faded from their lips. The flavour of the pure grape was not too tame for the palates of our ancestors, who had wine in plenty, before the custom-house barriers were raised high against it; and it is returning to us from all quarters, to the confusion of “the doctor,” and the “collecting-barrel” keeper, and the manufacturer of Hambro’ sherry. The cheats are disappearing, and the pure wines are coming copiously in. Dr. Gorman has said that Spain alone could supply us with hun-

dreds of thousands of butts of fine wines, that are now unknown in the English market. Portugal is rich in sound wines, of which the names have not reached England. The wines of Greece have happily become familiar to us; and we know Hungary's Erlauer and Vöslau; to say nothing of the Capris grown on the slopes of Vesuvius. For years the Russians have been familiar with the pure and generous Santorin. St. Elie is no longer a stranger in our cellars, but lies hard by Keffesia, and Hymettus, and Thera. These are highly generous wines, one and all, and Mr. Denman can best answer the old port and sherry merchants who have said that they never could establish a reputation in England. Thousands of tradesmen—grocers, pastrycooks, and others—have of late years arranged to supply the public with cheap light wines; the real value of the recent great importations of the cheap wholesome vintages of the Continent, is, that they will lessen the demand for the abominable mixtures which are freely sold as sherry, port, and champagne. These mixtures are all unwholesome. The Americans have been asking themselves of late what kind of mixture it can be which they delightedly consume out of bottles, impudently labelled Bar le Duc, Epernay, and Fleur de Sillery; and they are taking to wine-growing with a will. They exhibited some Burgundy and other growths in the late Paris Exhibition, and they are bringing the cultivation of their native grape to great perfection. They have sent commissioners to Europe to study viniculture,

having determined to become the greatest wine-growing people on the face of the earth.

The discovery of M. Pastern is one of the highest importance. His experience of the value of heating wines in warm baths, has led him to the conclusion that it ripens them, and destroys the parasitic growth which appears in all wines of slender alcoholic strength. Treated by his process, the lightest wines may henceforth travel unharmed.

The sum of all the knowledge gathered of late years on the making of wine, amounts to this ; year by year more is made through "applied chemistry," than only of perfect grapes. The commerce of Certe is a notorious one of imitation high class wines. The chemist has managed to imitate flavour, and get up bouquet, and weigh into the bad must, the proper proportions of sugar and acid. But our old wines, sherry and port, have suffered the most nefarious treatment, and are consequently declining in the esteem of cultivated people, who prospect and taste in the vineyards of Europe for themselves. The custom-house fostered our vicious taste for the brandied mixtures of Oporto and Spain ; but free trade is gradually restoring the public palate to a healthy condition.

Before touching upon the chief varieties of wines, and famous vintages, a few words on wines used in the kitchen. M. Gouffé has very properly denounced the common custom of saying, even in the best houses, that any wine will do for flavouring in the kitchen ; he denounces this as a false and dangerous

principle. He asserts that a cook who knows his art, will not flavour with inferior or poor wines ; but he will be content with sound red and white ordinaries. He demurs to the assertions of certain gastronomic professors, who prescribe Château-Laffitte, Château d'Yquem, Clos-Vougeot, and Johannisberg in their receipts. It is folly, a veritable murder, to cast such wines into sauces ; they never return in flavour the price they cost. A sound Bordeaux or Burgundy, or certain Spanish wines, are fully equal to the occasion of any culinary professor who is beyond the charlatanism of the kitchen, which, as M. Gouffé justly reminds his brethren, has done much harm to the progress of the culinary art.

France is, beyond all dispute, the great vine-garden of the world ; and her *crus* claim place before all others. And first on the list, by right, are her champagnes. The range of French wines is immense, from those of Champagne and Burgundy to Frontignac and Survel ; some, as Roussillon, will keep for many years, but the wines of Champagne, Burgundy, and Medoc are short-lived.

Rheims is the centre of the champagne industry of France, and, according to the most recent writer on the subject,* thirteen millions of bottles are sent annually to market from the champagne districts. The great growers or manufacturers are Piper & Co., (whose wine is famous over the United States as

* "The Champagne Country," by Robert Tomes. George Routledge & Sons.

Heidsieck, albeit it is on the decline there as a sweet, second class wine,) G. M. Mumm & Co., Charles Heidsieck & Co., Krug & Co., De St. Marceaux & Co., Heidsieck & Co., L. Roederer, Moët & Chandon, Jules Mumm & Co., and Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin. Mr. Tomes, speaking after a long official residence at Rheims, says, "The wine thus exported may be presumed to be, for the most part, genuine; the manufacturer of repute would hardly venture to sell any other. Not a few producers, however, of less note, are accused of making their so-called champagne wine of a grape that never ripened on the hills of Rheims or of its neighbourhood." Mr. Tomes, well acquainted with the exported Heidsieck, Mumm, Moët & Chandon, Clicquot, and Roederer, avers that he had never tasted champagne until he enjoyed the hospitality of the highly convivial Rheims wine-manufacturers. His hosts smiled roguishly, and observed that they kept the best for themselves. However, they parted with a few bottles to Consul Tomes, who sent them to the New York Union Club, where they are known and prized as the "Consular Seal."

The account of the principal of champagne manufacturers, of their palatial establishments at Epernay—as well as Rheims; of their dodges to obtain notoriety for their brands; how Theodore Roederer was picked up in the person of a waiter, and carried off to Rheims to open an opposition to the original Roederer, is an amusing history of successes and sharp practices. While the Heidsieck was made sweet to suit the

American taste (in the days before every American of position made his tour of Europe), Clicquot was manufactured sweet *and strong* for the palate of the Russian ; Clicquot never varies, and is consequently losing its old prestige. The rise of L. Roederer & Co., who are now among the largest and wealthiest firms of all Champagne, is an excellent story of advertising. L. Roederer, however, is a great improvement on Clicquot. The Mums are to be relied on for "a fair average wine." De St. Marceaux is held in esteem at Rheims as "the most expert and conscientious of manufacturers ; his judgment is deemed beyond appeal, and when a connoisseur wants the best the country is capable of producing, and is willing to pay for it, he can surely get it of De St. Marceaux."

The vintage most highly esteemed by the Rheims manufacturers is that of 1858.

Good wine is not to be had for mere money. It is with wine as with cigars : he who understands that which he is buying, obtains his money's worth. Charles Monselet exclaims, what kind of Medoc can that be which is sold in French restaurants at four or five francs the bottle ? At most "*petite piquette*" artificially coloured. He instances the sale of the wines of Mr. Scott, English Consul at Bordeaux, a few years since. The fame of the Consul's cellar had spread far and wide ; and the connoisseurs of Paris were on the alert. The late Dr. Véron took care to be represented. The prices realised were startling, showing the fame of certain vintages. Leoville reached twenty-three francs

a bottle ; Durfort, of 1847, twenty-six francs ; Margaux, twenty-two francs ; Rauzan, twenty-one francs ; Laffitte, twenty francs and a half ; Larose, 1848, nineteen francs ; Latour, 1847, twenty francs. The vintages of 1854 and 1848 fetched lower prices ; but the vintage of 1847 reached the highest figure. Should the connoisseur be passing that way, he might note that the proprietor of the Hôtel des Princes, of Bordeaux, one Grémaily, bought some fifty bottles of Château d'Yquem, 1847, at thirty-two francs the bottle ! There are, as the reader knows, great *crus* of Bordeaux, viz., three Medocs and one Grave. At the head stands, shall we say, Château-Laffitte, a noble wine that age softens so exquisitely ? If so, the second Medoc is Château-Margaux, of the rich bouquet, described as the most "distinguished of Medocs." The Margaux of 1848 and 1858 are most "distinguished."

The 1858 vintage of Château-Latour, the third great Medoc, is in high favour. Then, to conclude the great *crus* of the Gironde, we have that superb Grave, warm and vivacious, the Château Haut-Brion. The second and third, fourth and fifth *crus* are in imposing force, comprehending such wines as Léoville, Larose, Mouton, St. Julien, &c.

Of Hermitage, red and white, little need be said. The vineyards are in the hands of a few proprietors, the chief among whom is M. Bergier, who has an immense range of cellars, and will send any of his vintages (and they date back to 1811) on from his address—Tain, Drôme.

Speaking of Burgundy generally, Mr. Cyrus Redding remarks, in his comprehensive "History and Description of Modern Wines," "The secret of the excellence of Burgundy depends upon unknown qualities in the soil, which are developed only in particular places, often in the same vineyard, at all events within a very narrow district. Whatever be the cause, France has in these wines a just cause of boast, and a staple in which she has never been excelled. While much is owing to the climate and aspect, it is evident that the peculiar characteristics of Burgundy depend least upon the art or labour of man, since wines inferior in quality receive as much or more of his attention than those of Burgundy."

The best Burgundies, it cannot be doubted, are almost all consumed within the French territory. Only a dozen pieces of Romanée-Conti are made annually. La Tache, again, remains in France. The growth of the first is limited within four acres; and that of the latter within six.

Mr. Redding gives a list of the finest Burgundies. The greatest Burgundies of the Côte de Nuits are, Romanée-Conti, La Tache, Chambertin, Romanée St. Vivant, Richebourg, Nuits, St. Georges, Clos Vougeot, Prémaux, Vosnes, and La Perrière. Of the Côte de Beaune, Chambolle, Musigny, Volnay, Pomard, Bearnée, Savigny, Aloxe, Aloxe de Cortin. Of the Côte de Chalonais, Vosnes, Morey, Santenot, St. Aubin, Maranges. The above are the great red Burgundies. The white are led off by the renowned

Mont-Rachet, followed by the Goutte d'Or and Genévrières of Meursault.

In the Yonne the great wines are Perrière and the Olivottes near Tonnerre. The Saone and Loire contribute Moulin à Vent, Thorins, and Chenas to the rich Burgundy list of red wines; and Pouilly among the white.

The vintage of 1867 has proved, generally speaking, better than was anticipated early in the year. Wet and cold weather in the Bordeaux district threatened to do incalculable damage: but the extreme summer heat which followed the abundant rain completely changed the aspect of the vineyards, and a better vintage than that of 1866 (below the average in quantity) has been secured. The Bordeaux yield is just less than half an ordinary average. The *ordinaires* are the poorest, and most deficient in quantity; a fact that has given increased value to the Bordeaux of the good vintage of 1865.

The champagne vintage is officially reported at something more than the tenth of an average, and this of ordinary quality; and people are speculating how the ever-increasing demand for Roederer will be met, especially if next year should bring a deficient vintage.

A more cheering account reaches from Burgundy. The Côte d'Or has produced a full average yield, and of most promising quality, fine in colour and flavour. The Lower Burgundy vintage is deficient, but in quality everything that could be desired. Roussillon has obtained a full yield of fine wine.

In Cognac there is only a third of the average quantity ; but it is sound, and good brandy is confidently anticipated.

The Rhine and the Moselle have sad stories to tell of bruised grapes and uprooted vines ; the result is poor, limited vintages. They were bad enough in 1866. Buy the fine Hocks and Moselles of 1862 ; the wines of 1865 were great, but they are not ready yet.

From Austria and Hungary the reports are, "an excellent and abundant vintage—with the exception (a dismal one) of Sömlau and Tokay." The general quality is equal to "the best made wines since the famous year of 1834."

Our chief concern, after all, is with the French vintage, as our import returns show. The minstrel's song is becoming fact :

" Vendangeons, et vive la France,
Le monde, un jour, avec nous trinquera."

In conclusion, he who keeps his eye on "The Wine," should see the report to Government on the Wines of Europe, in connection with the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

REMARKABLE DINNERS OF 1867.



THE dinners of the past year, the *menus* of which we give, will be useful records in the future. They will be the beginning of a host's handy-book; to which he may refer, and from which he may inspire himself by the example of our leading gastronomic authorities. Let every gourmet see to it, that we miss no good *menu* of 1868.

FAREWELL BANQUET: EXHIBITION OF 1867.

Given by the Foreign Commissioners to the Imperial Commission.

Hors d'Œuvres.—Huîtres, "natives," England; huîtres d'Ostende, Belgium; salade d'anchois, Italy; saucisson de Nuremberg, Germany; herrings, Holland; caviar, Russia; prawns, England; olives, Spain; pickles, East Indies; Vienna bread of all kinds.

Potages.—L'Impératrice, France; tortue à l'Anglaise; tortue à l'Américaine; Russe à la purée de gibier.—

Wine. Sauterne, France; Punch glacé à l'Anglaise; Madère, Portugal; Xeres, Spain; Moselle Mousseux, Sharzhofberger, Germany.

Relevés.—Filets de sole à la Normande, France; turbot

sauce Hollandaise et écrevisses, Holland ; rougets grillés de Malte, England.—*Wines*. Château d'Yquem, France ; Steinberger Cabinet, Germany. Dindes des Maus à la royale, France ; Roast-beef, England ; haunches of venison, England.—*Wines*. Chambertin, France ; Vöslau, Austria.

Entrées.—Côtelettes de pré-salé aux pointes d'asperges, France ; pilaff de volaille, Turkey ; jambon de Westphalie, Germany ; carriole de crevettes, East Indies ; salmis de bartavelles, Spain ; timbale de macaroni, Italy ; côtelettes d'homards, America ; poitrine d'oie, choux rouge de Vienne, Austria.—*Wines*. Champagne Cliquot, France ; Montrachet, France ; Rauenthaler Berg, 1862, Germany.

SORBET À LA ROMAINE.

Rôts.—Poulardes truffées, France ; faisans de Bohème, Austria ; grouse d'Écosse, England ; bécasses, England ; gelinottes et coqs de bois, Russia ; salades diverses, France.—*Wines*. Ermitage blanc, 1848, France ; Château-Margaux, 1858, France ; Schloss Johannisberg, 1862, Germany.

Entremets.—Petits pois, France ; artichauts de Catalogne, Spain ; plum-pudding, England ; bavaroise aux pistaches, Bavaria ; gelée de Marasquin, France ; bombe Italienne, Italy ; glaces.—*Wine*. Château-Laffitte, Retour des Indes, France.

Dessert.—Fruits, biscuits, gateaux, fromages.—*Wines*. Porto Royal Blanc, Portugal ; Tokai, Hungary ; Lacrima Christi, Italy. The liqueurs of all nations. Coffee, Turkey.—*Cigars*, Havana ; Veveys Fins, Switzerland ; cigarettes, Russia.

Music.—Orchestra, conducted by Padeloup ; glees by English glee singers.

This banquet was served under the direction of M. Camet, maître d'hôtel du Louvre. It was cooked by M. Brun, chef de cuisine to the hotel.

Lord Granville presided, and Lady Granville had a bouquet presented to each lady as she appeared.

BANQUET OF THE "UNION CENTRALE DES BEAUX
ARTS APPLIQUÉS À L'INDUSTRIE."

Given in the International Club, June 25, 1867.

Potages printanier à l'impériale ; tapioca Féyeux.

Saumon sauce Isigny ; jambon à la Piémontaise.

Filet de bœuf à la Périgueux ; poulets de grains à la
Toulouse ; dindonneaux à la Broche ; gigots d'agneaux à
l'Anglaise.

Sorbets au vin du Rhin.

Pois à la Française ; savarins à la Parisienne ; gelée de
fruits au champagne ; artichauts à la Lyonnaise.

Glaces panachées, fruits, &c.

The tables were spread with *chef d'œuvres* of the art manufactures of
France in gold, silver, glass, porcelain, and terra-cotta.

BANQUET TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE SULTAN,

Given at the Guildhall.

Potage pontoise à l'Albion ; potage à la Victoria.

Ris de veau à la Lucullus ; filets de poulets à l'écarlate ;
côtelettes aux haricots verts ; croustades à la reine.

Cailles à la Macedoine ; crevettes en caisses ; aspics de
foies gras de Strasbourg ; salade à la Russe ; filets de soles à
la Vénitienne ; buisson de truffes de Périgord ; chartreuse à
la Parisienne ; homard à la Vénitienne.

Saumon à la royale ; galantine de volaille aux truffes ;
pâté à la Française ; jambon ; poulets rôtis ; langue de bœuf ;
carré d'agneau aux concombres ; filet de bœuf à la Choisy.

Célestine de fraises ; pêches à la Belle Vue ; gelée au vin
de Madère ; gâteau à la Princesse ; ananas aux croûtons ;
compote d'abricots.

Caterers, London Tavern Company (the Albion Branch).

BANQUET TO HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT,

Given by the United Service Club.

Potage de tortue à l'Anglaise ; potage de tortue claire.

Pâté de tortue au vin de Champagne ; pâté de tortue au vin de Madère.

Rougets à la cardinal ; truite à la tartare.

Filet de turbot à la Pelissier ; Christchurch salmon ; flounders ; water suché ; whitebait.

Croustade de ris de veau à la Périgord ; mazarines à la Parisienne ; queues d'agneau aux petits pois ; cailles aux fines herbes ; côtelettes de mouton à la Nivernaise.

Hanches de venaison ; poulets bouillis ; langue de bœuf à l'écarlate ; poulets rôtis ; quartier d'agneau ; selle de mouton.

Cailles rôtis ; canetons rôtis ; artichauts à la Provençale ; pâté de foies gras de Strasbourg en aspic.

Célestine de fraises ; abricots à la Belle Vue ; gelée au vin de Madère ; crème à la vanille ; pouding glacé ; pâtisserie Française ; baba à la Polonaise.

Caterers, London Tavern Company (the Albion Branch).

LITERARY SOCIETY.

*Willis's Rooms, January 14, 1867.**Potages.*—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; consommé à la Julienne.*Poissons.*—Turbot ; anguilles à la Genoese ; éperlans frits.*Entrées.*—Croquettes de volaille au Salpignon ; ris de veau aux épinards ; côtelettes de mouton à la réforme.*Relevés.*—Dindon rôti aux marrons ; pâtés de mouton ; jambon de Yorck ; selle de mouton.*Rôts.*—Bécasses ; canards sauvages.

Entremets.—Pommes de terre frites ; crème aux fraises ; talmouses au sucre ; laver ; gelée à la Malta ; pouding de cabinet.

DÉJEÛNER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Mansion House, Thursday, February 28, 1867.

Tortue et tortue claire.

Côtelettes d'agneau aux pois d'asperge ; escalopes de volaille à la Zingara ; ris de veau contis aux truffes.

Saumonen Mayonnaise ; foies gras en gelée d'aspique ; dinde en galantine ; crevettes en buisson ; salades d'homard ; quartier d'agneau ; petits poulets ; jambon de Bayonne en gelée ; pâté de Périgord ; chartreuse d'oranges à la Seville ; gelée aux millefruits ; crème à la Victoria ; petits gâteaux à la Danoise ; meringues glacées à la vanille ; pâtisserie à la Florentine ; petits soufflés glacés au Marasquin ; gâteau de Savoie à la royale ; glaces.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

March 30.

Potage à la Palestine.

Filet de maquereau, sauce tartare.

Pâtés de moëlle.

Côtelettes de mouton à la Bretonne.

Atereaux de rognons.

Langue en écarlate.

Entre côte sauté à la Bordelaise.

Pintade, piquée braisée.

Omelette aux huîtres.

Ananas à la Condé.

Gelée au Kirsch.

THE BLUE SEAL CLUB.

The London Tavern, April 10, 1867.

Service à la Russe.

Premier Service.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; ailerons de tortue aux champignons ; pâtés de tortue ; tortue grasse.

Poisson.—Sauchy de saumon ; sauchy de carrelets ; turbot à l'eau ; omelette de merlans ; truite à la Tartare ; blanchaille.

Entrées.—Ris de veau aux haricots verts ; filets de volaille soutés aux truffes ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; Kremouskeys à la Polonaise.

Relevés.—Chapon braisé aux champignons ; chapon rôti ; jambon de York grillé ; quartier d'agneau rôti ; selle de mouton.

Rôts.—Canetons ; pintades.

Entremets.—Crevettes ; asperges ; pommes de terre frites ; gelée à l'ananas ; gelée au curaçoa ; meringue à la crème ; crème de parfait amour ; canapes ; flans d'abricots ; boudins glacés ; meringue à la Nicholes.

*Glaces.**Dessert.*

DILETTANTI SOCIETY.

Willis's Rooms, May 5, 1867.

Potages.—Consommé à la printanière ; purée de volaille à la reine ; purée de pois verts.

Poisson.—Saumon racollé sauce d'homard ; turbot sauce Hollandaise ; truite à la Tartare ; whitebait.

Entrées Doubles.—Croustades de noaille à la Pompadour ; ris de veau à la St. Cloud ; côtelettes d'agneau aux haricots verts ; chevaliers farciés à la chasseur.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la Nivernaise ; selle de mouton ;

pâtés de mouton ; quartier d'agneau ; jambon de Yorck ; os moelleux.

Rôts.—Cailles bardés ; canetons ; chapon aux cressons.

Entremets.—Œufs de pluviers au naturel ; petits pois à l'Anglaise ; crème de chocolat en surprise ; asperges en branche ; gelée de Marasquine aux fraises ; croutes d'ananas ; gâteau à la Napolitaine.

Relevés de Rôts.—Soufflés glacés à la vanille ; tourte de groseille.

Glaces.—Café ; millefruit ; abricots.

BANQUET TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Clothworkers' Hall, May 10, 1867.

Potages.—Tortue et tortue claire.

Poisson.—Truites de Spey à la Tartare ; côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne ; soles à la Provençale ; turbot, sauce d'homard ; saumon de Gloster aux capres.

Entrées.—Suprêmes de volaille contis aux truffes ; gratin d'ortolans à la militaire ; cailles en croustade au vin de Madère ; ris de veau piqués aux pointes d'asperge.

Chapons bouillis à la reine ; jambon sauté au vin ; pâtés à la maître d'hôtel ; langues de bœuf aux épinards ; petits poulets rôtis ; quartiers d'agneau ; hanches de mouton.

Canetons ; dindonneaux piqués ; cailles ; crevettes en buisson ; foies gras en gelée d'aspique ; salades d'anchois ; œufs de pluviers en bouquets.

Pâtisserie à la Florentine ; croûtes aux abricots ; croquettes aux fruits en caramel ; gelées claires ; crème à la Martinique ; suédoises aux millefruits ; gâteau de Genoise à la royale ; pouding diplomatique.

Poudings à la Nesselrode ; petits soufflés glacés aux macaronis ; caviare à la Russe.

ADMIRALTY DINNER.

Langham Hotel, May 25, 1867.

Service à la Russe.

Les potages de tortue, claire et liée ; le potage printanier à la royale.

Le saumon, sauce à la diplomate ; le turbot, sauce au beurre. Whitebait.

Les petites croustades à la Melville.

Les côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; les filets de ramier à la Duchesse.

Le gigot de sept heures à l'ancienne ; les poulardes à la Trois Frères.

Les asperges en branches ; les artichauts à la Lyonnaise.

Le punch à la Romaine.

Les canetons de Rouen, rôtis ; les cailles sur croustade.

Le Mayonnaise d'homards en Belle Vue ; l'aspic aux œufs de pluviers.

Le pouding de cabinet ; la crème à la Chantilly, à la Dauphine ; la gelée Macedoine à la Princesse ; les corbeilles de nougat.

Les fondus de parmesan en caisses.

La glace aux fraises ; parfait glacé.

Dessert.

2ND LIFE GUARDS.

Willis's Rooms, May 30, 1867.

Potages.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; consommé à la printanière.

Entrées de Tortue.—Calipée et calipash de tortue au vin de Madère.

Poisson.—Souché de truite ; souché de carrelets ; saumon racollé ; turbot, sauce Hollandaise ; whitebait.

Entrées.—Croustades de cailles aux fines herbes ; suprême

de poulet à l'écarlate aux truffes ; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la Macedoine ; selle de mouton ; hanches de venaison ; jambons de Yorck garni aux haricots blancs.

Rôts.—Canetons ; cailles bardés ; chapons aux cressons.

Entremets.—Salade de volaille à la Russe ; asperges en branches ; chartreuse aux fraises à la crème ; petits pois au naturel ; champignons à la Bordelaise ; pacha à la Chantilly ; gelée de Maraschine aux pêches.

Relevés de Rôts.—Petits soufflés glacés à la Française.

Glaces.—Fraise ; citron ; d'ananas.

FIRST LIFE GUARDS.

Freemasons' Tavern, June 1, 1867.

Diner à la Russe.

Potage.—Tortue claire ; consommé de volaille aux quenelles.

Poisson.—Saumon et turbot ; rougets en papillote à la provençal ; filets de soles en matelotte Normande ; blanchaille.

Entrées.—Croustades de filets de volailles aux champignons ; chartreuse de filets de pigeons à la Chantilly ; côtelettes d'agneau aux pointes d'asperge.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la Zingari ; poulets rôtis ; chapon braisé à la Condé ; jambon au vin ; langue de bœuf ; venaison ; asperge sauce au beurre ; haricot vert à l'Anglaise.

Rôts.—Cailles ; canetons ; dindonneaux piqués ; champignons en croustade ; petits pois à l'Anglaise.

Entremets.—Pain d'abricot à la Taglioni ; Charlotte aux fraises ; gelée aux liqueurs ; pouding glacé ; paille de parmesan.

Glaces.—Café et citron.

Dessert.

"PUNCH" DINNER.

Crystal Palace, June, 1867.

Service à la Russe.

Potage à la purée de petit pois ; potage à la Colbert.

Souchée de carrelets ; saumon et anguilles ; boudins de merlans ; sauce Hollandaise ; filets de soles à la Joinville ; rougets à l'Italienne ; anguilles à la Fitzharding ; côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne ; kari à la Madras ; saumon de Severn ; turbot, sauce d'homard ; Spatchcock eels ; filets de merlans ; rissoles ; trout à la Tartare ; blanchaille.

Ris de veau aux haricots verts ; filets de poulet, suprême ; côtelettes de pigeons aux concombres ; cailles farcis à la Toulouse ; poulets printaniers à la crème ; langue à l'écarlate ; poulets rôtis ; quartier d'agneau rôti ; salade ; jambon de Westphalie ; asperges ; petit pois.

Canetons rôtis ; levraut rôti ; artichauts à la Barigole ; tomates au gratin ; Charlotte de fraises ; crème d'ananas ; gelées aux Madère et Marasquin ; tourte de fruits ; pâtisserie décorée ; meringues à la vanille ; boudin à la Nesselrode.

Dessert.—Fresh strawberry water ice ; fresh apricot cream ice ; Neapolitan ices.

Sherry, superior pale ; sherry, Solaris Oloroso ; hock, Marcobrun, 1857 vintage ; champagne, Perreso Jonët, 1857 vintage ; claret, Château-Margaux.

(Messrs Bertram & Roberts.)

NAVAL CLUB DINNER TO THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Willis's Rooms, June 25, 1867.

Potages.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; consommé à la printanière.

Entrées de Tortue.—Calipash et calipée de tortue, au vin de Madère.

Poisson.—Sauché de truite ; turbot, sauce Hollandaise ; saumon racollé, sauce d'homard ; whitebait.

Entrées.—Croustades de cailles aux fines herbes ; côtelettes d'agneau, aux petits pois.

Relevés.—Petits poulets au Macedoine de legumes ; jambon de Westphalie ; hanches de venaison ; jambon de Yorck ; selle de mouton.

Rôts.—Canetons ; chapons ; cailles bardés.

Entremets.—Petits pois au naturel ; chartreuse aux fraises à la crème ; gelée de l'eau d'or ; asperges en branches ; gelée de Marasquine ; petites bouchées à la vanille.

Relevés de rôts.—Plombiers d'abricots.

Glaces.—Fraises ; citron.

THE HONOURABLE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HOUSE.

June 25, 1867.

Service à la Russe.

Premier Service.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; tortue grasse.

Poisson.—Saumon de Gloster ; turbot ; rougets à l'Italienne ; filets de saumon aux tomates ; truite à la Tartare ; blanchaille.

Entrées.—Ris de veau aux petits pois ; kari de volaille ; croquettes d'homard au persil frit ; levraut braisé à l'Egyptienne.

Relevés.—Hanches de venaison ; poulards rôtis ; jambon de Yorck ; poulards bouillis ; quartier d'agneau rôti ; bacon and beans ; sea pie.

Rôts.—Dindonneaux ; canetons.

Entremets.—Mayonnaise de saumon ; crevettes ; gelée à l'ananas ; gelée aux fraises ; petits méringues ; canapes ; talmouses ; flans d'abricots ; crème de groseilles à la glace ; boudin glacé.

Glaces.

Dessert.

Mansion House, June 26, 1867.

Premier Service.—Tortue à l'Anglaise; tortue claire; merlans aux fins herbes à la Bruxelloise; anguilles à la Broche; rougets à la royale; filets de soles à la Sultane; saumon à la Tartare; turbot aux capres.

Second Service.—Cailles en croustade de truffes; ris de veau piqués à la tomate; timbale de macaroni à l'Italienne; chartreuse d'homard au cardinal; quenelles de volaille conties aux truffes.

Petits poulets rôtis; chapon farci aux truffes; langues de bœuf braisées; pâté de pigeonneaux à l'Anglaise; poularde à la Montmorenci; jambons au vin de Madère; chapon à la Bechamel; selles de mouton; hanches de mouton; quartiers d'agneau.

Troisième Service.—Cailles; canetons; paons piqués; dindonneaux; crevettes en buissons; gelées à la Martinique; poudings diplomatiques; crème aux ananas; gâteaux de macarons au cacao; meringues à la crème; macedoine de fruits; pâtisserie à la bonne femme; charlottes à la Russe; foies gras en aspique; petits gâteaux de Genoise; poudings à la Nesselrode; Mayonnaises d'homard; petits soufflés glacés; ramequins au parmesan; beignets à la Seville.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK.

July 4, 1867.

Potage, mou de veau à la printanière.
Les darnes de saumon—sauce tartare.
Les ablettes frites et à la Roué.
Les petites bouchées à la Saint George.
Les côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois.
Le ris de veau piqué à la Toulouse.
Les canetons braisés aux navets glacés.

Les becafiques lardés sur canapés.
Le petit salé aux fèves de marais.
La gelée de pêches au Maraschino.
La glace de cerises à la Sainte Cécile.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S OWN RIFLE BRIGADE.

Service à la Russe.

Premier Service.—Tortue claire; tortue à l'Anglaise; ailerons de tortue aux champignons; pâtés de tortue; tortue grasse.

Poisson.—Sauché de saumon; sauché de carrelets; saumon; croquettes d'homard; turbot; rougets à l'Italienne; truite grillé à la Tartare; blanchaille.

Entrées.—Ris de veau suprême aux épinards; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois; levraut braisé à la Bohémienne; noix de veau aux tomates.

Relevés.—Petits poulards rôtis; quartier d'agneau (froid); selle de mouton; venaison.

Rôts.—Cailles; dindonneaux; canetons.

Entremets.—Crevettes; Mayonnaise de saumon en aspic; gelée aux fraises; gelée d'abricots; talmouses; canapes; petits biscuits à la glace; boudins glacés.

Glaces.

Dessert.

The London Tavern, July 6, 1867.

BANQUET TO HIS HIGHNESS THE VICEROY OF EGYPT,

Mansion House, July 11, 1867.

Premier Service.—Tortue à l'Anglaise; tortue claire; côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne; anguilles à la Broche; rougets à la royale; filets de soles à la Sultane; saumon à la Tartare; turbot aux capres.

Second Service.—Olives de cailles aux petits pois; timbale

de macaroni à l'Italienne ; chartreuse d'homard au cardinal ; quenelles de volaille conties aux truffes.

Petits poulets rôtis ; chapon farcis aux truffes ; pâté de pigeonneaux à l'Anglaise ; poularde à la Montmorenci ; jambons au vin de Madère ; chapon à la Bechamel ; selles de mouton ; hanches de mouton ; quartiers d'agneau.

Troisième Service.—Cailles ; canetons ; paons piqués ; dindonneaux ; crevettes en buissons ; gelées à la Martinique ; poudings diplomatiques ; crème aux ananas ; gâteaux à l'Egyptienne ; meringues à la crème ; macedoine de fruits ; pâtisserie à la bonne femme ; charlottes à la Russe ; foies gras en aspique ; petits gâteaux de Genoise ; poudings à la Nesselrode ; Mayonnaises d'homard ; petits soufflés glacés ; ramequins au parmesan ; beignets à la Seville.

BANQUET TO THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.

Mansion House, July 20, 1867.

Tortue et tortue claire ; côtelettes de saumon à la Calcutte ; truites de Spey à la Tartare ; filets de soles à la Sultane.

Tranches de saumon ; turbots, et sauce d'homard.

Entrées.—Olives de cailles aux petits pois ; côtelettes d'agneau à la Bruxelloise ; escalopes de ris de veau à la Zingare.

Petits poulets braisés à la Montmorenci ; chapons aux truffes ; pâtés à la maître d'hotel ; jambon à la Espagnole ; langues de bœuf glacées.

Hanches de venaison ; selles de mouton.

Cailles ; canetons et oisons ; gelées au Marasquin ; crèmes à la Victoria ; pâtisserie à la reine des Belges ; Mayonnaises d'homard ; crevettes en bouquets ; poudings à la Nesselrode ; poudings diplomatique ; petits soufflés glacés.

BANQUET TO HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

Mansion House, August 7, 1867.

Tortue et tortue claire; truite à la Tartare; anguilles à la Broche; côtelettes de saumon à la Calcutte; saumon aux câpres; turbot, sauce d'homard.

Olives de cailles aux petits pois; côtelettes d'agneau aux champignons; ris de veau contis aux truffes.

Petits poulets rôtis; chapons braisés aux champignons; jambon de Yorck au Madère; pâtés de Périgord; quartiers d'agneau; hanches de venaison.

Cailles; oisons; canetons.

Gelées claires aux conserves; charlottes à la Turque; salades d'homard; meringues à la Venitienne.

Gelées à la Seville; pâtisserie à la bonne femme; Nesselrode puddings; petits soufflés glacés; ramequins au parmesan.

CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

October 31, 1867.

Tortue; filets de soles à la Pompadour; doré, aux câpres; anguilles en matelotte; cabillaud, sauce d'huitres; turbots, sauce d'homard; merlans frits.

Ris de veau à la Tomate; quenelles de volaille aux truffes; côtelettes de mouton; filets de pigeon à l'Italienne; petits pâtés en Salpicon.

Dinde, aux champignons; chapons à la Béchamelle; pâtés de pigeonneaux; langues de bœuf braisées; jambon aux épinards; petits poulets rôtis; venaison; pâtés à la maître d'hôtel; selles de mouton; hanches de mouton; bœuf rôti.

Perdreaux; faisans; levrauts; crevettes en buissons; salades d'homard; pouding moelleux; tourtes à la crème; gelées claires aux millefruits; charlottes à la Russe; crèmes aux ananas; gâteau à la royale; gâteaux aux amandes à la

moderne ; feuilletage à la Florentine ; pâtisserie à la bonne femme ; petits gâteaux aux conserves.

Desserts et glaces.

FAREWELL BANQUET TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

November 2, 1867.

Potage.—Purée de faisan à la Clavel ; consommé à la De Clignac.

Poisson.—Turbot, sauce Hollandaise et homard ; cabillaud, sauce aux huîtres ; quenelles de merlans à la crème ; éperlans frits ; rougets en court bouillon.

Entrées.—Filet de volaille aux truffes à la Nivernaise ; pluvier d'or conti à la Du Barry ; blanquette de ris de veau en miraton à la royale.

Second Service.—Chapon braisé à la Romaine ; poulets rôtis ; jambon de Westphalie au vin ; langue de bœuf ; oison, sauce de pommes ; poulets bouillis à la Remoulade ; selle de mouton ; hanche de mouton ; pâtés chauds à la Française.

Troisième Service.—*Rôts.*—Coqs de bruyère ; faisans ; canards sauvages ; crêvettes en buissons ; salade d'homard.

Entremets.—Charlotte d'oranges à la crème ; gelées aux liqueurs ; petites pralines aux amandes ; gâteau de fruits à la Chantilly ; petites bouchées de dames à la chocolat ; pâtisserie à la Française ; poudings glacés à la Nesselrode.

Dessert.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Guildhall, November 9, 1867.

THE PRINCIPAL TABLE.

Tortue à l'Anglaise ; turbot, sauce d'homard ; cabillaud aux huîtres ; jean doré à l'Italienne ; éperlans frits.

Entrées.—Olives de perdreaux aux truffes ; ris de veau à la Marengo ; côtelettes de mouton aux concombres ; petits poulets rôtis ; dindonneaux piqués ; pâtés à la Française ; jambons

de Yorck ; salades d'homard ; crevettes en buissons ; pâtisserie à la Florentine ; méringues à la vanille ; gelées aux fruits.

Relevés.—Dinde farcie aux huîtres ; perdreaux, faisans, &c.

THE FIVE UPPER TABLES.

Tortue à l'Anglaise ; petits poulets rôtis ; chapon en galantine ; pâtés à la Française ; jambon de Yorck braisé ; langues de bœuf à la moderne ; salades d'homard ; galantines d'agneau ; crevettes en buissons ; quartier d'agneau ; petits pâtés de Noël ; méringues à la crème ; pâtisserie à la Florentine.

Relevés.—Dindon rôti ; perdreaux, faisans, &c.

THE SIX SHORT TABLES, NEXT THE UPPER TABLES.

Tortue à l'Anglaise ; petits poulets rôtis ; dindonneaux piqués ; chapon en galantine ; pâtés à la Française ; langues de bœuf à la moderne ; jambon de Yorck braisé ; bœuf rôti ; salades d'homard ; crevettes en buissons ; gelées claires aux fruits ; crêmes à l'Italienne ; petits pâtés de Noël ; pâtisserie à la Florentine ; méringues à la crème.

Relevés.—Dindes rôties ; oisons rôtis ; perdreaux rôtis ; faisans rôtis.

THE SIX LONG TABLES IN THE BODY OF THE HALL.

Tortue à l'Anglaise ; petits poulets rôtis ; dindes en galantine ; chapon en galantine ; pâté à la Française ; langues de bœuf à la moderne ; jambon de Yorck braisé ; bœuf rôti ; salades d'homard ; crevettes en buissons ; gelées claires aux fruits ; crêmes à l'Italienne ; petits pâtés de Noël : pâtisserie à la Florentine ; méringues à la crème.

Relevés.—Dindes rôtis ; oisons rôties ; perdreaux rôtis ; faisans rôtis.

Wines.—Champagne, hock, claret, port, sherry.

Dessert.—Pines, grapes, pears, &c., &c., &c.

[I should note that the Lord Mayor's dinner is never considered the best specimen of a London civic banquet. The dinners of the Stationers', Fishmongers', Merchant Taylors', and Goldsmiths' Companies, are held to be the best representative feasts.—ED.]

"EPICURE" DINNER.

St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, November 12th, 1867.

Les huîtres.

Potages.—La purée de gibier à la chasseur; à la Julienne.*Poisson.*—Les épigrammes de rougets à la Bordelaise; le saumon à la Tartare.*Entrées.*—Les mauviettes à la Troienza; les côtelettes à la Duchesse; les médaillons de perdreaux à la St. James; le selle de mouton rôtie.*Legumes.**Salade.**Second Service.*—Le faisan truffé à la Périgieux; la mayonnaise de crevettes; les chouxfleurs au parmesan; la charlotte de pommes; le gâteau à la Cérito.

UNITED UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Captain Hans Busk.

November 29th, 1867.

Le consommé de volaille aux quenelles.

Le turbot à la crème au gratin.

Les croustades de moelle à la Stracey.

Les crépinettes de mouton à la purée de marrons.

Les mauviettes en caisses, sauce Périgieux.

Le filet de bœuf aux raisins de Malaga.

Les coqs de bruyère rôtis.

Les pains de foie à l'aspic en Belle Vue.

L'omelette aux huîtres à la Staveley.

Les beignets d'oranges.

Les tartelettes à la Bella.

INNS OF COURT RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Freemasons' Tavern, November 30, 1867.

Diner à la Russe.

Potage.—Purée de gibier ; consommé de volaille aux pâtés d'Italie ; mulligatawny.

Poisson.—Anguilles en matelotte Brunswick ; rougets au vin de Madère ; cabillaud ; turbot ; éperlans frits.

Entrées.—Mauviettes en cerise au fumet ; côtelettes de mouton à la réforme ; rissolettes de dinde à la Princesse Royale.

Relevés.—Chapons braisés aux champignons ; poulets bouillis au céleri ; dinde rôtie aux saucisses ; poulets rôtis ; jambons ; langues de bœuf ; selles de mouton ; hanches de mouton ; végétaux.

Second Service.—*Rôts.*—Canards sauvages ; pluviers ; faisans.

Entremets.—Gelées à la Victoria ; poires étuvées au riz ; pâtisserie ; mince pies ; poudings glacés ; gâteaux ; salades d'homard ; langoustins.

Dessert.

SCOTTISH HOSPITAL FESTIVAL.

Freemasons' Tavern, November 30, 1867.

Potage.—Cockaleekie ; purée de gibier ; fausse tortue.

Poisson.—Quenelles de merlans à la Mazarine ; anguilles à la Fitzhardinge ; cabillaud ; turbot ; éperlans frits.

Entrées.—Pluviers d'or farcis truffés à la Plessy ; blanquettes de filets de levraut aux champignons ; rissolettes des huîtres à la Pompadour.

Relevés.—Chapon braisé à la Condé ; petits poulets à la jardinière ; petits poulets rôtis ; dinde rôtie ; jambon ; langue de bœuf ; hanche de mouton ; selle de mouton ; Scotch collops ; haggis.

Second Service.—*Rôts.*—Canards sauvages ; faisans ; bécasses.

Entremets.—Gelées aux fruits ; poires étuvées ; genoise au chocolat ; mince pies ; pouding glacé.

Dessert.

LE DÎNER DU "CHEVAL."

December 19, 1867.

Potages.

Pale Sherry.	{	Le consommé de cheval aux quenelles. À la purée de faisans.
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Poissons.

Rudesheimer and Amontillado.	{	Le turbot à la Hollandaise. Les filets de saumon à la Tartare.
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Hors d'Œuvres.

Sherry.	{	Les saucisses de cheval aux pistaches. Les crépinettes de cheval aux truffes.
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Entrées.

	<i>Ordinaires.</i>	<i>Cheval.</i>
Amontillado.	{ Les quenelles de volaille à la Valencoy.	Les petites croustades à la Moëlle.
	{ Les côtelettes à la Duchesse.	Les escalopes aux fines herbes.
Champagne.	{ Les filets de perdreaux à la purée de Chataignes.	L'émincée à la Polonaise.

Relevés.

	<i>Ordinaires.</i>	<i>Cheval.</i>
Moët.	{ La dinde à la périgueux.	Le filet piqué rôti à la Poivrade.
	{ Le jambon aux fèves.	La culotte de cheval braisée aux choux.
	{ La selle de mouton rôtie.	

Second Service.

Beaune.	{	Les canards sauvages rôtis.
		Les faisans rôtis.
Amontillado and Liqueurs.	{	Les choux-de-mer à la sauce.
		Les mayonaises d'homard à l'huile de cheval.
		Les gateaux de Compiègne.
		Les macédoines de fruits.
		Les bombes glacées.

Dessert.

Larose.	{	Les raisins.	Les poires.
		Les pommes.	Les oranges.
		Les noix.	Les avelines.
		Les gâteaux.	Les compôtes.

Glaces.

De fraises à l'eau.
D'oranges à la Cintra.

NOTE.—“The Epicure” can vouch for the general excellence of this banquet, and the horse-dishes were both palatable and appetising.

RUSSIAN “EPICURE” DINNER.

International Exhibition, Paris, 1867.

Hareng.
Borsch (soupe aux betteraves rouges).
Koulebiaka.
Vinaigrette.
Assetrine.
Bitky.
Côtelettes à la Pojarsky.
Cochon de lait au raifort.
Kascha (semoule) à la Gourieff.

The three following Freemasons' Dinners—it need not be said, among many others—have been held at the Freemasons' Tavern in the course of the past year :—

GRAND FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED
MASONS OF ENGLAND.

Freemasons' Tavern, April 24, 1867.

Dîner à la Russe.

Soup.—Mock turtle ; ox tail ; purée de pois verts.

Fish.—Boiled salmon ; eels en matelotte ; boudins d'homard à la crème ; whitebait.

Entrées.—Ris de veau piqués aux petits pois ; kari des huîtres à la Sultane ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.

Second Service.—Roast capons and mushrooms ; hams ; tongues ; roast and boiled fowls ; saddles of mutton ; fore quarters of lamb ; salads.

Third Service.—Ducklings ; guinea fowl ; ptarmigan ; goslings ; seakale ; plovers' eggs ; gelées au vin ; compote of oranges ; genoise aux amandes et pistaches ; stewed apples ; maids of honour ; ice puddings.

Dessert.

LODGE OF REGULARITY, NO. 91.

Freemasons' Tavern, February 14, 1867.

Potages.—Palestine ; mock turtle ; ox tail.

Poisson.—Saumon ; truite à la épicurienne ; anguilles à la Fitzhardinge ; sole farcie à la Mazarine ; éperlans ; anguilles en matelotte ; filets de merlans à la Mareschale ; filets de soles à la cardinale.

Entrées.—Ris de veau piqué aux petits pois ; Krömeskys à la Polonaise ; filets de pigeon à la Modène ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.

Second Service.—Dinde braisé à la Montmorenci ; petits poulets à la printanier ; chapon rôti aux champignons ; selle de mouton ; fricandeau de veau à l'oiselle ; vol au vent de mauviettes ; jambon de Yorck au vin ; langue de bœuf aux épinards ; boudin de bœuf et de rognons à l'Anglaise.

Rôts.—Pluviers ; oisons ; canards sauvages ; choux de mer ; salade d'homard.

Entremets.—Meringues à la Suisse ; gâteau à la Chantilly ; gelée au rhum ; gelée aux fruits ; compote d'oranges ; dames d'honneur ; pâtisserie à la Française ; Charlotte Russe ; pudding glacé.

SUPREME COUNCIL XXXIII., OF ENGLAND, WALES, AND
BRITISH COLONIES.

Freemasons' Tavern, October 9, 1867.

Dîner à la Russe.

Potage.—Consommé à la Brunoise ; purée de levrault ; mulligatawny.

Poisson.—Rougets au vin de Madère ; filets de soles à la crème ; cabillaud ; turbot.

Entrées.—Pluviers d'or farcis gratinés à l'essence ; suprême de volaille aux truffes ; ris de veau à la Montmorenci.

Second Service.—Poulets rôtis et bouillis ; chapon braisé à la Romaine ; langue de bœuf ; jambon ; hanche de mouton.

Troisième Service.—Perdreux ; faisans ; coqs de Bruyère ; petites caprices au noyau ; beignets d'ananas ; gelées au rhum et au vin ; suédoise aux raisins ; poudings glacés.

Dessert.

MEMORABLE MENUS.

IN this, the first year of the EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK, we have concluded to note the more memorable dinners which have been given of late years—before there was a book in which a chronicle of them might be kept.

A SHAKSPEARE DINNER.

This dinner was got up in order to support the assertion that the most simple matters of daily occurrence were as capable of illustration from the writings of the great poet, as the events of the most momentous import ; and in the conscientious performance of this "labour of love," the originator of the idea first composed his bill of fare in strict accordance with the yield of the season ; and then, entirely eschewing such aids as Mrs. Cowden Clarke, &c., sought his illustrations from the text of his author ; and he claims, as the chiefest merit of this literary-gastronomic feat, that his quotations are as natural and as fresh as his viands, the one being as seasonable as the others are unforced.

Among the guests on this occasion were the three most distinguished commentators of "the Bard" in America, Hon. G. C. Verplanck, who presided ; Richard Grant White, the Shaksperian scholar ; and the Rev. Henry Hudson, the Shaksperian lecturer ; together with a host of well known authors, actors, and amateurs.

BILL OF FARE.

"Have a care that your bills be not stolen."

FIRST COURSE.

"Continue in courses till thou knowest what they are."

Oysters, on the half shell.—The East River.

"Sends
This treasure of an oyster."

"Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine."

Gumbo soup.

Sanderson soup.

"Expect spoon-meat."

"Something too crab-bed."

"Thou lack'st a cup of Canary."

Kennebec salmon, boiled, with lobster sauce.

"Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."

North River shad, broiled, sauce remoulade.

"A very fresh-fish here."

Bermuda potatoes, boiled.

"Let the sky rain potatoes
From the still vexed Bermoothes."

Fresh cucumbers.

"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."

SECOND COURSE.

"Great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Spring lamb, roasted, with mint sauce.

"Innocent
As is the sucking lamb."

Roast capon, stuffed with truffles.

"You cannot feed capons so."

Veal sweetbreads, larded, with tomato sauce.

"'Veal,' quoth the Dutchman; 'is not veal a calf?'"

Spring chickens, broiled, with Steward's sauce.

"You would eat chickens i' the shell."

Livers of geese, with Madeira sauce.

"This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess."

Wild squabs, stewed, with vegetable sauce.

"Which he will put on us,
As pigeons feed their young."

Asparagus, with butter sauce.

"Who comes so fast in silence of the night?"

Green peas, with sugar.

"I had rather have a handful or two of pease."

Sweet corn, Indian style.

"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."

Onions, stewed, with gravy.

"An onion will do well for such a shift."

"Daylight and champagne discovers not more."

THIRD COURSE.

"Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

English snipe, broiled, on toast.

"I should time expend with such a snipe."

Blue-winged teal, roasted.

"O! dainty duck,
With wings as swift as meditation."

A wild boar's head, garnished with spears.

"Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one."

Boston lettuce, with mayonnaise sauce.

"We may pick a thousand salads,
Ere we light on such another herb."

"Run nothing but claret wine."

FOURTH COURSE.

"The fruits are to ensue."

"And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

Plum pudding.

"Bless'd pudding,
The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince pies.

"They call for quinces in the pastry."

Tartelettes of apples.

"Carv'd like an apple tart."

Cream kisses.

"Kissing-comfits and snow eringoes."

"The last of many double kisses."

Tutti Frutti ice cream.

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

DESSERT.

"A last year's pippin . . . with a dish of carraways."

"Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun."

"The fig of Spain, very good."

"There is a dish of leathercoats for you."

"Give this orange to your friend."

"And fetch the new nuts."

"My cheese, my digestion."

"Go, fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in it."

"And good store of fertile sherris."

"Some aqua-vitæ, ho !"

This remarkable banquet, devised and carried out by Colonel James M. Sanderson, was held in the Rooms of "The Century," New York, April 23, 1860.

AMERICAN DINNER IN LONDON.

It has been said that canvass-back ducks cannot be eaten in perfection in London, nor in anything like perfection : but we call to mind an occasion on which, on the authority of American gourmets present, these precious birds were eaten in perfection—in perfect condition, and perfectly cooked. The dinner took place on the 29th December, 1863, and the entire *menu* was specially imported by the host, Mr. H. L. Bateman. The dinner was cooked admirably by Mr. Blanchard, of Beak Street, Regent Street, and was served in his establishment. The following was the *menu*. The Saddle Rock oysters were as they are in the States.

Saddle Rock oysters.

Oyster soup à l'Américaine.

Turbot, lobster sauce.

Canvass-back ducks ; celery.

Saddle of mutton.

Diamond-back terrapin à la Maryland.

Dessert.

Wines.

Sauterne, amontillado, claret, champagne.

THE ROUHER DINNER.

THE following *menu* was written by Colonel G. H. Money, the celebrated gastronomic G. H. M. of the *Times*. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable dinner ever given in London.

THE ROUHER BANQUET.

Willis's Rooms, July 16, 1862.

MENU.*

VINS.	Potages.	LEGUMES ET FRUITS.
Punch.	{ Tortue claire. Tortue à l'Anglais.	
	<i>Poissons.</i>	
East India Ma- deira.	{ Saumon à l'amiral Sauce Mazarin.	
Chablis.	Whitebait.	
	<i>Entrées.</i>	
Champagne Cup.	Kromeskys à la Russe.	{ Potato cake with any entrée, but no plain potatoes.
Rudesheimer.	{ Turbon de cailles à la purée de concombres.	{ Tranche de Pin.
Moselle.	{ Côtelettes de mouton galloise à la soubise.	{ Pommes de terre frites.
Sauterne.	{ Croustades de beurre aux laitances de maquereaux.	
Bordeaux or claret cup.	{ Epigrammes de pigeonneaux à la Bacchante.	{ 6 black Hambro' grapes.

* It is hoped that the order laid down may be adhered to, and each dish partaken of with its particular wine, fruit, or vegetable.

VINS.	<i>Relevés.</i>	LEGUMES ET FRUITS.
Hermitage.	{ Filet de bœuf au traité de commerce.	Tomatoes.
Romanée or champagne.	{ <i>Rôts.</i> Venaison à la gelée de petits groseilles.	{ Melon & French beans. Dry champagne is preferable. No champagne with the ducklings.
Romanée.	Canetons aux oranges.	Peas and orange.
Chateau Yquem.	{ Ortolans en berceau de truffes à la Rouher.	
<hr/>		
Eau frappé.	Curry de volaille à l'Indienne.	
<i>Légumes spéciaux.</i>		
Tokay.	Artichaux à la barigoule.	
<i>Entremêts.</i>		
Vin de Con-stance.	{ Crème à la neige.	Strawberries.
Mareschino.	Omelette soufflée.	
Demi-verre le vin d'Oporto.	{ Petites fondues en caisses.	
<i>Glaces.</i>		
	Ananas. Fraises. Citron.	

THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Willis's Rooms, July 12, 1862.

Potages.—Birds'-nest soup (China); tripang, or bêche de mer (Japan); semoule (Algeria); nerfs de daim (Cochin-China); purée de pois; mock turtle; à la reine; crécy au ris; consommé à la princesse; à la bisque aux écrevisses.

Poissons.—Tranches de saumon racollées ; saumon de Perth ; rougets ; whitebait ; truite à la Tartare ; turbot à la sauce.

Entrées.—Kangaroo steamer (Tasmania) ; pepper pot (West Indies) ; Kromiskys à la Russe ; suprême de volaille à l'écarlate aux haricots verts ; ris de veau à la chicorée ; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois ; poulette en karic à la Siamoise ; ris de veau à l'oseille de Dominique.

Relevés.—Chinese lamb ; kangaroo ham (Australia) ; wild boar ham (Spain) ; ox tongue (New South Wales) ; petits poulets à la Macédoine ; selle de mouton ; jambon de Yorck ; vol-au-vent au ragout à la Japonaise ; quartier d'agneau.

Rôts.—Syrian pig ; Canadian goose ; the hon. Grantley Berkeley's pintail ducks ; Guan (Central America) ; Curassow (Central America) ; Honduras Turkey ; dusky ducks ; couple of leporines (France) ; brent geese (Holland) ; oisons au jus ; chapons au cresson ; canetons.

Légumes.—Chinese yam ; potatoes ; peas ; cauliflower, &c.

Entremets.—Sweet patates (Algeria) ; sea weed jelly (Queensland) ; petits pois à l'Anglaise ; gâteau Condé aux pistaches ; petites bouches à la crème ; suédoise aux fraises ; asperges en branches ; gelée d'ananas ; bavaroise à la vanille ; petites cupes de groseille ; gelée de millefruits.

Hors d'œuvres.—Lobster salad ; Digby herring salad ; Botargo (Ionian Islands) ; &c.

Relevés des rôts.—Soufflé glacé ; babas à la Polonaise.

Glaces.—Fraise ; ananas ; orange.

Dessert.—Cerises ; fraises ; dried bananas (Ile de Réunion) ; preserved pine apple (Ile de Réunion) ; bibas (Ile de Réunion) ; preserved cassareep ; Guava jelly ; rosella jelly (Queensland) ; Australian biscuits ; meat biscuits (Australia).

Vins et liqueurs.—Port, sherry, claret, champagne, moselle, erbach. Australian wines (presented by Sir Redmond Barry) : hermitage, chablis, ceres Burgundy, red Burgundy,

white Longfield wine, hock, sauterne, white Victoria, ancorat, red Victoria, sweet-water.

Wine from New South Wales (presented by Sir Daniel Cooper).

Camden wine, New South Wales (presented by L. Mackinnon, Esq.); pine apple wine (Queensland); plum wine (Queensland); vin de pommes d'acajou (Guadeloup); vin d'oranges (Guadeloup); "Oued Allah" (Algeria); liqueur amer (Algeria); nectar de Garibaldi (Algeria); chartreuse (Algeria); crème de citron (Ionian Islands); crème d'orange (Ionian Islands); rosoleon (Ionian Islands); mentha (Ionian Islands); vino de vino pastra (Ionian Islands); muscat (Ionian Islands); rum (Martinique).

Tea, coffee, &c.—Ayapana tea (Réunion); Cassia orientalis (coffee, Réunion).

BARON M. DE ROTHSCHILD.

December 18, 1858.

Premier Service.—*Potages.*—Printanier à la royale; purée de gibier aux croûtons.

Poissons.—Saumon garni, sauces pluche et Gènevoise; turbot, sauces Hollandaise et homard.

Relevés.—Dinde à la chipolata; selle de mouton; quartier de chevreuil mariné, sauce Poivrade.

Entrées.—Filets de canetons aux petits pois; suprême aux truffes; granadins à la chicorée; quenelles aux haricots verts; côtelettes d'agneau à la Macédoine; filets de volaille aux petits pois; pain de foies gras à la Périgieux; boudins de lapereau à la régence.

Second Service.—*Rôts.*—Bécasses et bécassines; faisans; pâté de Strasbourg.

Entremets.—Asperges, sauce au Beurre ; céleri à l'Espagnole ; artichauts à la Lyonnaise ; mayonnaise de perdreaux à l'Italienne ; gelée de fruits au noyau ; pain d'abricots à la Chantilly ; charlotte de gauffres au chocolat ; pudding à la Parisienne.

Relevés de Rôts.—Baba glacé à l'orange ; petits soufflés au marasquin.

BARON M. DE ROTHSCHILD.

January 15, 1859.

Premier Service.—*Potages.*—Printanier aux petites quenelles ; purée de volaille à la reine.

Poissons.—Saumon garni à la Bordelaise ; turbot, sauces Hollandaise et homard.

Relevés.—Poulardes truffées à la périgueux ; selle de mouton garnie de croquettes ; quartier de chevreuil mariné, sauce poivrade.

Entrées.—Bécassines farcies à la bagration ; suprême aux pointes d'asperges ; foies gras aux truffes ; quenelles de volaille aux haricots verts ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; petites timbales à la Talleyrand ; filets de canetons aux petits pois ; filets de poulets à la royale.

Second Service.—*Rôts.*—Faisans ; bécasses aux croûtes ; timbale de Strasbourg au Madère.

Entremets.—Truffes au vin de champagne ; asperges, sauce au beurre ; artichauts à l'Italienne ; salade d'homard à la ravigote ; gelée Macédoine de fruits ; timbale de pastafrolle à la Nesselrode ; pudding Dalmatie à l'ananas ; pain d'oranges à la Portugaise.

Relevés de Rôts.—Tartelettes soufflées à la vanille ; couglauf à l'Allemande, sauce aux fruits.

10TH ROYAL HUSSARS.

The Prince of Wales present.

Willis's Rooms, June 3, 1865.

Potages.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; consommé de volaille à la Princesse.

Entrées de tortue.—Calipée et calipash de tortue au vin de Madère ; ailerons de tortue aux fines herbes.

Poisson.—Souché de caralets ; saumon de Gloster racollé ; turbot, sauce Hollandaise ; truite à la Tartare ; blanchailles ; rougets en casses.

Entrées.—Kromiskys de foies gras à la Russe ; blanquette de volaille aux concombres ; ris de veau à la St. Cloud ; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la printanier ; jambon de Yorck au vin de champagne ; selle de mouton ; quartier d'agneau ; hanche de venaison.

Rôts.—Chapon au cresson ; cailles bardés ; levraut ; canetons.

Entremets.—Petits pois Anglaises ; champignons à la Bordelaise ; gelée de Marasquine aux fraises ; gelée d'Australia ; gâteau Condé aux pistaches ; asperges en branches ; abricots à la Belle Vue ; bavaroise à la vanille ; petites bouchées à la crème ; gâteau à la Napolitaine.

Glaces.—Fraise ; millefruit ; chocolat.

ROYAL BUCKS YEOMANRY.

This dinner was selected by Colonel Brownlow Knox, M.P.

Willis's Rooms, July 4, 1866.

Potages.—Tortue claire ; tortue à l'Anglaise ; consommé aux quenelles.

Entrées de Tortue.—Calipée et calipash de tortue au vin de Madère.

Poissons.—Saumon de Gloster racollé; turbot, sauce d'homard; truites à la Tartare; whitebait.

Entrées doubles.—Croustades des cailles aux fines herbes; blanquettes de poulet aux truffes; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la royal; jambon de Yorck; quartier d'agneau; hanche de venaison.

Rôts.—Cailles bardés; canetons; chapon.

Entremets.—Petits pois au naturel; champignons à la Bordelaise; gelée de curaçoa; petites bouchées à la vanille; asperges en branche; tomates au gratin; Chartreuse aux fraises à la crème; petits coupes de cerise.

Relevés de rôts.—Poudings glacés de millefruits.

Glaces.—Fraise; ananas.

WEDDING BREAKFAST.

AMONG our *menus* of the year we give, for the benefit of any among our readers who may be on the brink of matrimony, a *déjeuner de noce*, prepared by the proprietor of "The Burlington," Regent Street, on the 18th of last September.

Jambon de Yorck à la gelée; langue de bœuf à l'écarlate; galantine de volaille aux truffes; filets de bœuf à la chevet; pâté de pigeon à l'Anglaise; darne de saumon au beurré de Montpellier; chaud-froid de volaille à la royale; Mayonnaise d'homard en bordure; poulet rôti à la gelée.

Siamoise de fruits; gelée à la Californienne; bavarois au chocolat; blancmange à l'historien; tartlettes à l'abricots; madelaine glace au rhum; gateaux millefeuille; cheval glacé.

“FISH” DINNERS.



GOOD dinners at Richmond, Greenwich, Blackwall, and the Crystal Palace, are the delight of people who are passing the season in London, for at least two reasons. The dinner involves a trip out of London; and the dinner, in the early summer, is usually a very good one,—not of culinary trophies, but of simple and various dishes. The fish is plentiful; the duckling is in his prime; the peas are at their sweetest; the strawberries scent the air. Let it not be forgotten that Messrs. Bertram and Roberts can, at the Crystal Palace, serve whitebait that would satisfy the most *exigeant* frequenter of Greenwich or Blackwall.

Try Greenwich in November, after my example. It was a heavy, foggy day, such as is occasionally completed, in London, by an east wind. I entered the “Ship,” the palace of Quartermaine; a solitary and sad waiter was on the threshold. The ground-floor coffee-room was partitioned off into two small apartments. In one there was a fire, and two—just two—little tables laid, in the event of any eccentric Britisher or foreigner straying that way. It was on the 22nd Nov., 1867. I inquired for Mr. Quartermaine; the

waiter answered, as he would say "The whitebait are all gone, sir,"—

"Mr. Quartermaine died yesterday, at three o'clock."

The Tory purveyor of whitebait, after a long and useful life, has watched the dishing of his last ministerial dinner. Through the courtesy of his deputy I am enabled to let the world see the dinner to which Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli sat down, after the passing of the Reform Bill.

MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Wednesday, August 14, 1867.

Diner à la Russe.

Potage à la tortue plein—clair ; gras vert ; ailerons de tortue au vin de Madère.

Souchée de carrelets et de saumon.

Truite à la Knowsley ; filets de rouget à la Stanley.

Anguilles à la Fitzhardinge ; kari d'écrevisses.

Croquettes aux huîtres ; crème de poisson en surprise.

Carrelets et petites soles frites.

Whitebait.

Suprême de volaille aux truffes ; salmi de cailles à la Mazarin.

Hanche de venaison.

Chapons et canetons rôtis ; jambon de Montanchet braisé au vin de Bordeaux.

Coqs de Bruyères ; levrauts.

Gelée à la grande chartreuse ; bavaroise aux abricots ; gâteau à la Victoria ; evantail de cerises.

Pouding "Luxembourg."

Crème aux framboises glacée ; eau de pêches glacée.

Vins.—Dîner.—Sherry, Amontillado ; Adolfo Capdesson.

Hock, Prince Metternich's Cabinet ; Johannisberg, vintage 1857.

Champagne, Lanson's sparkling, vintage 1857 ; Jacques-son's dry still sillery, vintage 1857.

Claret cups.

Dessert.—Sherry, Lord Derby's (shipped to Mr. Quartermaine in the spring of 1858, and first used at the Government Dinner on the 24th July in that year).

Madeira, very choice, old dry.

Claret, Château Lafitte, vintage 1857.

Port, Thompson and Croft's, vintage 1842, bottled by Mr. Quartermaine in 1846.

Liqueurs.—Curaçoa, Maraschino et la grande chartreuse.

[The *carte* was crowned with an admirable photographic portrait of the Prime Minister.]

GREENWICH DINNERS.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE WESTMINSTER INSURANCE
COMPANY.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Saturday, June 1, 1867.

Green pea and spring soup.

Salmon ; turbot ; souchie of flounders ; perch ; salmon and eels.

Chartreuse of sole à l'Alexandra ; roulardes of whiting ; matelote of tench ; lobster cutlets ; eels Dauphinoise ; mackerel maître d'hôtel ; whiting bondin ; stewed eels.

Trout Tartar ; lobster rissoles ; red mullet ; whiting omelets ; salmon cutlets ; curried scate ; fried eels and slips.

Whitebait.

Vol-au-vent à la financière ; ris de veau point d'asperge ; lamb cutlets ; ox palates ; roast ducks ; fowls ; lamb and saddles of mutton ; hams ; tongues.

Gâteau à la Célestine ; charlotte Russe ; lemon jelly ; gooseberry fool ; maids of honour ; pudding St. Clair.

Strawberry cream and lemon water ices.

THE SUSSEX CLUB.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Wednesday, June 12, 1867.

Diner à la Russe.

Bisque d'écrevisses à la Beaufort ; potage à la royale.

Souchée de carrelets et saumon.

Turbot à la Maréchale ; truite à la Knowsley.

Côtelettes de saumon ; anguilles frites.

Truite à la Tartare ; rissoles d'homard.

Whitebait.

Ris de veau à la Toulouse ; petits pâtés de foie gras ; côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.

Poulets bouillis ; quartier d'agneau ; selle de mouton ; canetons ; jambon.

Charlotte aux abricots ; pâtisserie ; gâteau à la Victoria ; gelée au Marasquin.

Boudin "Nesselrode."

Crème aux fraises ; eau de citron.

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF CORDWAINERS.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Thursday, June 20, 1867.

Chesterfield, asparagus, and julienne soups.

Salmon and turbot ; souchie of flounders ; slips ; salmon and eels.

Chartreuse of sole à l'Alexandra ; roulardes of whiting ; matelote of tench ; lobster cutlets ; mullet Italienne ; eels Dauphinoise ; mackerel maître d'hôtel ; whiting boudin ; stewed eels ; crayfish cutlets.

Trout Tartare ; lobster rissoles ; fried eels ; whiting omelets ; salmon cutlets.

Whitebait.

Vol-au-Vent à la financière ; ris de veau aux petits pois ; lamb cutlets and cucumbers ; ox palates, tomato ; roast ducks ; chickens and lamb ; saddles of mutton ; hams ; tongues.

Meringues montée ; gâteau à la Célestine ; charlotte of strawberries ; lemon jelly ; maids of honour ; pudding St. Clair ; gâteau à la Victoria ; pastry.

Ices ; apricot and raspberry cream ; cherry and lemon water.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Tuesday, June 25, 1867.

Potage aux asperges ; consommé à la royale.

Souchée de carrelets et saumon.

Turbot à la d'Orsay ; truite à la Knowsley.

Filets de rougets à la Eugénie ; sole à la Dieppoise.

Truite à la Tartare ; anguilles à la Fitzhardinge.

Whitebait.

Suprême de volaille aux truffes ; ris de veau aux champignons ; salmi de cailles ; artichauts Italienne.

Poulets rôtis ; canetons rôtis ; hanche de venaison.

Charlotte aux abricots ; gâteau à la Célestine ; gelée à la grande chartreuse ; maids of honour.

Pouding "Luxemburg."

Crème aux fraises glacée ; eau de citron glacée.

THE CHIEF BURGESSES OF WESTMINSTER.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Thursday, August 1, 1867.

Dîner à la Russe.

Potage à la tortue ; gras vert.

Souchée de carrelets et saumon ; turbot.

Filets de maquereau à la Stanley ; côtelettes d'écrevisses à la royale.

Chartreuse sole à l'Alexandra.

Côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne ; kari d'homard.

Anguilles frites ; truite à la Tartare.

Whitebait.

Côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres ; ris de veau aux petits pois.

Poulet et caneton rôti ; venaison ; bacon and beans.

Gelée de citron ; croûte de cerises ; charlotte aux abricots ; pâtisserie variée.

Pouding "Luxemburg."

Les Glaces.

Crème aux framboises ; eau de citron.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN OF INDIA
RAILWAY.

Ship Tavern, Greenwich, Tuesday, August 6, 1867.

Dîner à la Russe.

Potage à la tortue, plein—clair ; gras vert.

Souchée de carrelets ; turbot bouilli.

Filets de rougets à l'Eugénie ; truite à la Knowsley.

Croquettes aux huîtres ; saumon à la Norvégienne.

Whitebait.

Suprême de volaille aux truffes ; ris de veau à la St. Cloud ;
filets de levraut à la Périgueux.

Hanche de venaison ; jambon grillé au vin de champagne.

Cailles.

Charlotte aux abricots ; gelée à la grande chartreuse ;
croûte de cerises.

Pouding "Nesselrode."

Crème aux fraises glacée ; eau de pêche glacée.

1ST OR GRENADIER GUARDS' CLUB.

Trafalgar, Greenwich, 1867.

Potages.—Tortue ; gros de tortue ; ailerons de tortue.

Poissons.—Souchets : carrelets ; perches et saumon.

Fritures.—Croquettes d'homard ; petites soles ; anguilles.

Entrées.—Croustades de laitues de maquereau ; boudins de
merlans à la Richelieu ; côtelettes de saumon à la Trafalgar.

Flancs.—Sole à la Normande ; live salmon boiled ; rouget
à l'Italienne.

Relevés de Poisson.—Omelette de merlan ; truites à la
Tartare ; saumon à la Norvégienne.

Whitebait.

Entrées.—Petites sambales de foie gras à la Sefton ; ris de
veau piqué à la Louis Quatorze.

Relevés.—Selle de mouton ; épaule d'agneau ; poulet grillé ; bacon and beans ; jambon braisé.

SECOND SERVICE.—*Rôtis.*—Poulets ; cailles et canetons ; jambon grillé au vin de champagne.

Entremets.—Gelée Marisquin aux fraises ; charlotte d'ananas ; talmouse au citron ; petit gâteau aux pistaches ; soufflé glacé à la vanille ; Savarin aux cerises.

Dessert.—Glaces ; eau de fraises : crème d'abricot.

Broad bread.

STAR AND GARTER DINNERS.

THE following are three dinners which were given at the Star and Garter, Richmond, in the course of 1867, and are good examples of Richmond *menus*.

I.

Le caviare à la Russe.

Le potage de tortue plein et clair.

Le souché de carrelets ; whitebait.

L'omelette de Thon au Brillat-Savarin.

Les anguilles en matelote Normande.

Les merlans à la d'Orsay ; le saumon de Gloucester.

Les petits pâtés de foie gras aux truffes ; le cerveau d'agneau à la Montparnasse ; les ris de veau à la grande monarque.

Les poulets braisés à la printanière ; le jambon.

La venaison ; beans and bacon.

Les canetons ; l'oison ; les artichauts à l'Italienne.

L'omelette soufflée à la vanille.

La gelée de raisins ; la gelée à la Victoria ; la crème aux abricots ; les dames d'honneur.

Les biscuits glacés au café.

L'anana à la crème ; les cerises à l'eau.

2.

PREMIER SERVICE.—*Potages*.—Tortue claire; printanière à la Royale; purée de volaille à la princesse.

Poissons.—Whitebait; whitebait à la diable; filets de truite à la Génévoise; turbot, sauce d'homard.

Entrées.—Suprême de poulets à la chevalière; côtelettes d'agneau à la Chevreuse; ris de veau à la St. Cloud.

Relevés.—Poulardes à la jardinière; hanche de venaison; filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine.

SECOND SERVICE.—*Rôts*.—Punch à la Romaine; les cailles; les canetons; petits pois; Mayonnaise d'homard.

Entremets.—Gelée de pêches au noyau; timbales de gaufres aux fraises; babas à la crème.

Ananas; abricots.

3.

Le Thon mariné; les sardines à l'huile.

Le souché de carrelets; whitebait.

La truite à la St. George; les anguilles en matelote Normande; le saumon à la Norwège.

Les crispets aux truffes; les cailles à la Gascoigne.

Le chaud-froid de poulet en Mayonnaise.

La hanche de venaison.

Le jambon de Montanché.

Les canetons.

Les crevettes en aspic à la Richmond.

Le baba à la Polonoise; la gelée à la Victoria; la crème à l'Impératrice; les dames d'honneur.

Les biscuits glacés au café.

La crème au pain bis; l'eau à l'orange.

The following Bill of Fare is given by the author of the "Art of Dining" as a model of a "Fish Dinner."

FISH DINNER AT BLACKWALL OR
GREENWICH.

La tortue à l'Anglaise.

La bisque d'écrevisses.

Le consommé aux quenelles de merlan.

De tortue claire.

Tranches de saumon.

Poisson de Saint-Pierre à la crème.

Souchet de perches.

„ de truites.

„ de flottons.

„ de soles.

„ de saumon.

„ d'anguilles.

Lamproies à la Worcester.

Croques-en-bouches de laitances de maquereau.

Boudins de merlans à la reine.

Garnis de	{	Les soles menues frites.
persil frit.		Les petits carrelets frites.
		Croquettes d'homard.
		Filets d'anguilles.

Truite saumonée à la Tartare.

Whitebait.

Whitebait à la diable.

Second Service.

Petits poulets au cresson.

Jambonneau aux épinards.

Mayonnaise de filets de soles.
Filets de merlans à l'Arpin.
Petits pois à l'Anglaise.
Artichauts à la Barigoule.
Gelée de Marasquin aux fraises.
Pets de nonnes.
Tartelettes aux cerises.
Célestines à la fleur d'orange.
Baba à la compote d'abricots.
Fromage plombière.

LONDON DINNERS.



STORY is told of a scientific gentleman of renown, who, living a bachelor life, and despising the pleasures of the table, went to the tavern where he was accustomed to eat, and ordered a rump-steak pudding every day at six until further notice. To that gentleman we can offer no advice ; albeit we may be permitted the expression of a hope, that good digestion waits on the appetite that is equal to a daily diet of rump-steak pudding. More, we may indulge the hope that the puddings were the produce of the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, whither the critical in these substantial delicacies resort on Saturdays, when it pleases the autocrat of the dinner-tables to have them prepared. But for him who cares not what he eats, nor how he eats it, this little book is a sealed volume. Between the scientific gentleman just described, and the infant connoisseur who would not eat his dinner because the mutton was not Slater's—our world lies. A wide space spreads between the Zeno of Albemarle Street and the infant Epicurus of Belgravia : where all manner of cooks disport themselves, spoiling and wasting food among the poor, and bringing the skill

of long experience to bear upon a salmi, for the tables of the rich.

By London Dinners—dinners to be had in London, in public places, are meant. Private dining has been touched upon elsewhere (see "*Ne touchez pas à la broche*"). It may be said, broadly, of London dinners, that good plain dinners are to be had in many establishments; and that it is almost impossible to get a fine *cuisine*. Turtle and venison are procurable in perfection. Wilton has oysters which we may match with Marennes or any other bed. Rule, in Maiden Lane, as all men who know their London are aware, is not afraid of comparison with any oyster dealer in the world. Our fish is not equalled anywhere. At the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, you may have some flounders and a steak, perfectly prepared, and daintily served; which is an improvement on the sawdust and rough service of the Cock, or Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street. These two establishments are renowned among Temple residents and literary men. Everybody knows Tennyson's poem on the Cock Tavern. You pay for the daintiness and the quiet of Cork Street; but these are times in which you pay for most things—in which every grain of pepper is set down to your account. Our failures are chiefly when we are pretentious. While declining to go to the length of the French critic, who asserts that a white sauce has never been made beyond the frontiers of France; it is right to admit that we eat more execrably tortured food, in the shape of attempts at entrées, than

any other people under the sun. That which is understood, in an ordinary London tavern or hotel, as *sauce piquante* is a sour, greasy pool, the flavour of which must have made many a Frenchman shudder in our midst. I once tasted a Dublin idea of this sauce!

Plain living and high thinking is, in London, not only a sound moral axiom, it is an act of gastronomic prudence. The dinner which the late Earl of Dudley described as fit for an emperor, is to be had only in this country. The force of this is illustrated by the hotels and taverns of London, in many of which perfect plain cookery is to be had: but where such cookery as Ude once served at Crockford's, and his successor, Francatelli, is now serving at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, is not to be reached. At the Ship and Turtle in Leadenhall Street, or at Birch's (Ring and Brymer) on Cornhill (some of whose great *menus* of the past year we give), the turtle is cooked with perfect art; and the punch would satisfy the author of *Le veritable art de faire le Punch*. The fish, at the fish dinner at Simpson's in Cheapside, is admirable. Nay, you may have a chop broiled under your nose, at Joe's, behind the Royal Exchange, that shall defy criticism. At Simpson's in the Strand; at the Albion, by Drury Lane Theatre; at Blanchard's (ask for his Cotherstone cheese), in Beak Street, Regent Street; the Earl Dudley's neck of venison, duckling with green peas, or chicken with asparagus—the main elements of his dinner “fit for an emperor,” are to be bought excellently well cooked. The

Rainbow, in Fleet Street, is a well known good, plain house ; and a grill well cooked and served, where Messrs. Spiers and Pond have put up their silver grid-iron, at Ludgate Hill, is a new illustration of London plain cookery. The London, in Fleet Street, is an admirable house ; cheap, and yet where there are—a rare thing in the city—well-kept tables. This house publishes its *menus* in the evening papers. Our oyster shops have no rivals in the boastful capital of gastronomy. Take Pim's, for example, in the Poultry, where there are perfect oysters, and the luncheons delicacies of our modern day. But when the ambitious diner glances along the lines of entrées, even in the best of the houses I have cited, he is in danger. In the City, the Albion is the best kitchen for elaborate dishes, and the dinners given here are smaller than the crowds which meet over huddled, flat and chilled dishes at our great public dinners. Yet nobody would for one moment think of comparing the most carefully prepared dinner for sixty, with such a *menu* as Francatelli prepares for half-a-dozen, in Piccadilly. Public dinners, not only in London, but in Paris, are invariably gastronomic failures. It is impossible to serve a *menu* perfectly to four hundred people, at the same moment. The best public *cuisine* in London, where Colonel G. H. Money gave his renowned "Rouher dinner," is Willis's, in King Street, St. James's. It is here that the renowned Kit-Cat mutton pies, of the Old Thatched House Tavern, may still be eaten.

There are, however, a few establishments in London, in addition to the three or four leading clubs, where, when the diner orders beforehand, and shows that he can distinguish between good and bad cookery, he may be tolerably confident that the result will be respectable. Francatelli is, beyond all question, the greatest artist who is catering, at this present writing, for the gourmets of London. But at Epitau's, in Pall Mall; at the Burlington, in Regent Street; and at Verey's and Kühn's, very respectable French cookery is to be had. A humble place, where economic diners who know how to eat, resort, is Rouget's, behind Leicester Square; and there is the Hotel Previtali, in Arundel Street, where I have eaten excellent macaroni, and a few capital Italian dishes. The Solferino in this neighbourhood is a good second-class French house.

But to these the epicure may be led by his purse, rather than by the free play of his taste, when he is doomed to a public establishment in London. Francatelli, almost alone, represents the Bignons, the Voisins and the Vérys of Paris, on the banks of the Thames. For ladies, the Burlington is incomparably the best house in London; but under that requirement the London may be fairly included.

GOOD LIVING IN PARIS.



GREAT show of authority is made by the writers, talkers, and travellers who have followed on the side of the late Count d'Orsay, and said that good living has left Paris for London. The Palais-Royal restaurants are bad. It is impossible in these days to have soup, three *plats*, salad, dessert, and a bottle of wine for something under three francs. The Marché des Innocents proclaims the impossibility every morning: the list of market prices enforces it every evening. The immense influx of strangers from every country, and from every province of France, has given a new, and, to the culinary art, a most damaging set of customers to the restaurateurs. The gullible diners are *en masse*. They are content to pay extravagant prices, and to follow the dictation of the restaurateur, because they have no taste, no opinion, of their own. Because they are eating at the Café Anglais, the dinner *must* be good. They enter the Trois Frères and gape over the *carte*, until the waiter kindly comes to their assistance. To M. Wey, as to all French writers who know something about eating, there is a vast quantity of bad eating in Paris; that is, of indif-

ferent cooking served up under the cover of pompous names. The great proportion of the Paris restaurateurs cannot roast, as Monselet and many other gourmets have often enough lamented in print. Official dinners are bad specimens of French cookery, as contract banquets invariably are. The vice of the Paris *cuisine* is, that it is pretentious enough to serve say a *filet Chateaubriand* to all classes. You may eat one for a few sous at Mont-Parnasse, and the Bignons, or Voisin, or Durand, will charge you as many francs for one. Game is served in dinners at one franc and a half. Cutlets *soubise* the rudest cook for the most modest customers will affect to serve. The *pâtés* of Amiens, Châtres, Strasbourg, and Périgueux are imitated, because all classes of citizens will be cheated into the idea that they are connoisseurs in partridge pies and *foie gras*. As a matter of course, where a love of show is omnipresent, all bad imitations of good things find a market. The tricks which wines endure are extended to the dishes, till cockscombs are stamped out of meat. Every man will have *seemed* to have dined well. Let there be Larose on the label of his bottle, whatever its contents may be ! Our good neighbours are fond of solid crowns ; they have made their city the show place of the world ; and they have combined the comparatively unprofitable business of gulling their neighbours with the immensely remunerative one of cheating their guests from abroad. The Parisian, at the worst, knows something of the art of eating ; whereas the strangers for the most part, and

nine-tenths of the English, are not able to distinguish one sauce from another, and will call that nasty which is a *chef d'œuvre*.

I remember having occasion to order a dinner at Brébant's for a Manchester gentleman and his family. "Let us see what a good French dinner really means," said he. The ungrateful task was performed (what a chapter remains to be written, "On Ordering Dinner for other People!"), and Monsieur was served. I cannot call the *menu* to mind at this moment; but Madame Manchester pushed the Marennes oysters from her with disgust, vowed she could not sit in the same room with the melon; and, finally, when a *foie gras aux truffes*, perfectly cooked, was put upon her plate, tasted, drew back from the table with an expression of uncontrollable disgust, saying, "Ugh! whatever is that? I never tasted anything nastier in my life!" This family had been a fortnight in Paris, and throughout had been dining off "a good plain joint, sir,"—I think at the Hôtel Byron, all the time. For these—who are a mighty host in Paris—the cheaper restaurateurs lie in wait. The Cockney remembers the names of a few celebrated dishes—as he has in his head the titles of a few books—and, arrived in Paris, he orders them at a second-class restaurant. He gets an execrable counterfeit of the real thing. Counterfeit cookery is a great trade in the French capital. There are crowds of degenerate descendants of Champ-Loiseau, the original Paris restaurateur, who, by the way, does not date back further than 1770. The good

are few, the bad are many, for these supply the ignorant and the poor.

The good establishments, where the gourmet may enter, with the certainty that the dinner he has ordered in the morning will be well cooked and well served, may be almost counted on the fingers. The Bignons, the Vérys, the Pascals, and the Voisins, are artists who live in their art—worthy descendants of Ude, and contemporaries of Gouffé and Francatelli. You must know your Paris well, however, before you can suit always the fancy of the day. He who is dreaming of a *sole à la Joinville*, will naturally trace his steps towards the Rue Montorgueil. There is no royal road to the enjoyment of the best gastronomy as it is practised in Paris at the present time. The epicure must learn where the sweetest *friture* is to be eaten in an arbour by the banks of the Seine. He must find the Grande Broche, where, for the most moderate sum, there is ever a toothsome roast to prove that the broche is not dead, if moribund.

The Maison d'Or, the Café Anglais, the Café Foy, on the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Frères Provençaux, in the Palais-Royal, are the four great houses that rise to every mind as the leading establishments. It would be unjust to praise one above the other. The Café Riche—Bignon's realms, where Dr. Véron tasted learnedly—must not be omitted from the first rank. Indeed, Bignon's kitchen is one of the most carefully ordered—and most reliable in Paris. It is the resort of the literary and artistic celebrities of

the capital—as the Maison d'Or (not so reliable as the Riche for a dinner *soigné*), is for the miscellaneous crowds of pleasure-seekers, the *jeunesse dorée* of the day, and the Carnival masqueraders. The Bignons who cater for the epicurean world of Paris are two—it should be borne in mind—father and son. The son presides over the stewpans of the Café de Foy, at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin, whither the exquisite resorts, to dine in the splendour of the lower room. Later and gayer company sup and laugh in the cabinets overhead.

Most proper, most satisfactory in all respects, is the Café Anglais. The cook is an old *chef de bouche* of the Baron Solomon de Rothschild—or was lately. The gourmet may enter, and be certain that his orders will be executed by a *chef* who will take pride in his art. The best company, who might hesitate at the entrance to the cabinets of the great restaurants opposite, visit those of the Café Anglais. The gentleman who wishes to give a dinner to a party, including ladies, can arouse no susceptibilities by bringing them here. The gentlemen will find no fault, for the wines of Delhomme, the proprietor, are as famous as the triumphs of his kitchen. Delhomme, a Bordelais, is generally ready to admit a stranger to his extraordinary cellars, which are fitted up with a luxury and learning worthy of the *crus* they contain. The whole is lit with illuminated bunches of grapes.

For banquets on great or joyous occasions, repair to the gorgeous saloons of the Frères Provençaux. Pro-

vincials and foreigners frequent the public rooms ; but the Frères are in their glory over a wedding banquet, or a dinner to a successful general, or any celebrity of the hour. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, is a famous, and deservedly famous, house. Its glorious foundation is a *sole normande*. When the Rocher de Cancale was in its glory, and the great of the earth reached it to taste the refined mysteries of its kitchen, one Philippe established himself opposite in a wine shop. Philippe the elder was a man who used both his eyes : he made a small but solid beginning. One good dish will lead on to fortune. Old Philippe worked at his sole until he made it perfect, and drew the noses of Grinrod sagacity towards his humble establishment. Briefly, old Philippe became the founder of the great establishment of to-day, which flourishes exceedingly by the ruins of the ancient Rocher. The Philippe dynasty established the house, to be succeeded in due course, and worthily by that admirable master of the mouth, M. Pascal, the strict conservator of the old French cuisine. He is famous for his *pâté à l'ancienne*.


In the Champs Élysées, on the left hand as you face the Arc de l'Étoile, is Ledoyen's ; a charming summer-house, including a kitchen presided over by Balvay, lately one of the Emperor's cooks. That house is always to be trusted, the master of which is lord and presiding spirit of his own kitchen. M. Balvay has a serious rival near at hand, in the person of *Chef* Bardou, who governs the dinners of the fine and

exacting customers of the Moulin Rouge. The Moulin is delightful in summer, and snug in winter.

At Durand's, Place de la Madeleine, he who desires conscientious cookery, and the quiet manners of the old school—the quiet of a quartier St. Germain hotel, and not the vivacity of the New Boulevards—will find all he desires. Voisin's, in the Rue St.-Honoré, has a well-merited Parisian repute—which is proof enough, if proof were wanting—that the inhabitants of “the centre of civilisation,” still have some faint ideas of the art of eating. The Pied de Mouton at hand, should be visited for breakfast. M. Ory was, as our neighbours express it, “well inspired” when he set up, over his good kitchen, the fine *cabinets* and banqueting halls of the Maison Mongrolle, at the entrance to the Avenue de L'Impératrice. “All Paris” passes every afternoon under his windows; and the equipages of discerning diners are ranged by the doorway every evening. No epicurean loungeer ought to miss the Père Lathuile at Batignolles. Dinner at Batignolles! Ay, the Lathuiles have destroyed the joke; and very great people indeed eat from their excellent kitchen.

One visit to the Pavillon Henri Quatre, in the Park of St. Germain; and, after a good plain dinner, the epicure may meditatively sum up his gastronomic prowess, watching the blurr made on the bright horizon by distant Paris.

DOCTORS AND DINNERS.

“ILL you give me a few ideas of a wholesome dinner?” said I to a physician of my acquaintance. “There are wines full of sugar that are agony to the dyspeptic ; —meats which the——”

“Exactly,” the doctor interrupted. “Now, suppose I were to say to you, my dear epicurean friend, ‘Epicurus, my boy, just sketch me the heads of the subjects I should have to study, the wines I should give with certain dishes, the incongruities I should avoid, the manner in which I should have my table laid—that I may pose myself a little in society as a *fin-bec*.’ What would your answer be?”

“See ‘The Epicure’s Year-Book.’”

“Exactly : now I say indigestion, and all the dismal results of intemperate or ignorant eating and drinking, make my business. They are at the bottom of half my practice. My vocation is to cure patients, and not to nip the crop in the bud. You say, ‘What is a wholesome dinner?’ I answer, ‘A plain mutton chop and stale bread.’ I know but this. I give you my own experience : but decline to present you with my twenty years’ experience, which is my capital.”

"Agreed, doctor, but general knowledge on the subject of health—and diet is at least as important an element of health as air and exercise—is a kind of learning, it seems to me, it is the proper vocation of the physician to diffuse."

"It depends. All physicians were not made by nature sanitary reformers. They who propound the laws of health, become officers to sanitary boards, analyse stomachs, lecture to the people, and write cheap—it may be useful—treatises on food, and air, and drains ; are not, as you may take the trouble some day to observe, the leading men in their profession, as practitioners. They instruct the mass : my pretension is to cure *you*, should you, like M. d'Escars, *maître d'hôtel* to the epicurean Louis the Eighteenth, be in danger of death from an excessive consumption of *truffes à la purée d'ortolans*."

"I accept your distinction."

"Turn to Professor Playfair, M. Payen, Lankester, Dr. Edward Smith, and Johnston's 'Chemistry of Common Life ;' these will give you general information, amounting in the main to the sensible advice of the late Mr. Walker, author of 'The Original,' in his papers 'On the Art of attaining High Health.' Here you will have excellent advice with excellent dinners—not confectionery trophies—but sensible, gentlemanly dinners, not the less enjoyable, by people of refinement, because they are not slavishly copied from the French. He has studied nicely the utmost enjoyment compatible with perfect health. You see, from being

a feeble creature, he became independent of doctors during many years of his life : so, in recommending him to you I am playing an unselfish part."

"I know Mr. Walker, and he is worth exhuming. He says, on the show and state of dinners, very much what Mr. Thackeray said, in a new form, after him. Comfort is the first thing—and state and comfort are incompatible. When the king wants to get a little comfort, and to enjoy himself, he forgets he has a crown, calls himself Baron Kickitoff, and slinks away with two or three intimates to dine at one of the little tables at the Riche or the Café Anglais. This does him good, I maintain : this is healthy dining. Digesting in state, how pleasant !"

"My dear Epicurus, it isn't to be done. The escape is from a daily tribulation to a daily mockery. Your king has his way with his appetite early—apart from the state footmen and band ; and his dinner is a sham, at which he sits with his crown upon his head toying with the dishes."

"Nature will have her own way a little. Majesty, to be healthy majesty, must eat mutton chops at two, in the nursery, with the children."

"Perfect health is necessary to perfect taste, I always say, doctor ; and health means the temperate enjoyment of the good things of this world."

"You are near the mark. The healthy palate is the crown of a cool stomach."

"Early dining, according to Dr. Edward Smith, is one of the essentials to health. He says, 'It is the

most in accordance with the wants of the body and the ordinary habits of mankind, to supply the largest portion of the nutriment in the early part, and to give the largest quantity of fluids in the later part of the day.'”

“Nature tells all men so. There are very few people indeed who have not a fair appetite between one and two in the day. But what is the course men engaged in professions or business pursue? They lull the appetite with a biscuit or a sandwich, in order to keep it alive for a heavy, solid dinner at six or seven. They put the solids in the place of the liquids, giving the body plenty of nutriment for the hours of repose, when nutriment is not wanted: leaving the engine almost without coal when most it is active. Now, what further has Dr. Smith to say?”

“He does not stint us—only how are we to carry out his idea? An early substantial breakfast; dinner between one and two; tea, at our ordinary dinner hour; and supper about the time we join the ladies! This is the way to health, my dear doctor; but it is banishment from society also.”

“Not altogether. Give the meals other names, as in the provinces of France. I was at Rennes last year, and this was pretty well the order of things, with the exception of the tea—that might be omitted from Dr. Smith's arrangement, he will admit, with benefit. We had plentiful *café-au-lait*, and new laid eggs, on rising a little after eight; a substantial dinner was served between one and two (at which copious

draughts of cider disappeared), and then supper (which is dinner in Paris), was at eight o'clock. I found myself in ruddy health under this *régime*; I was active and cheerful, and so every person in the hotel appeared."

The doctor becoming lively over the mere remembrance of the fund of health he raised in Brittany, and shaking his finger playfully at me, went on: "After some weeks of this treatment, I arose one morning at Yvetôt, and before the clock had struck half-past eight, I had demolished a large plate of *tripe à la mode de Caen*. They must be accustomed to appetites of no common capacity in those parts, for the waiting-maid asked me whether I would follow up with an *omelette au lard*!"

"Observe the doctor's notion of dinner! Plain roast or boiled—veal or pork with seasoning to digest them—spoon-meat, or fruit puddings. He allows salad with good olive oil, a little bit of cheese, and half-a-pint of ale or—water. After this we, who are in search of health, are not to think of meat for supper! So, doctor, what becomes of your parallel?"

"All doctors, my dear Epicurus, do not agree. This is a basis; it admits of modifications. I, for instance, could not possibly follow it, in London. Let us use it as a reference; if we cannot reach, we may approach the ideal."

"With scales in our pockets for our meat, and measures for our wine—no, I mean our beer or water. Perhaps it would be healthier still to take half and

half: a quarter of a pint of home-brewed ale mixed with a quarter of a pint of the very best pump water."

"No, no. Dr. Smith modifies his plan for the classes who *must* or *will* dine late. He sees with me that we have 'copied the French habit of late dining, but have omitted its essential accompaniment—the substantial *déjeuner à la fourchette*.' He tells you, if you *will* dine late, to eat a good lunch in the middle of the day. To appreciate your dinner, you must eat lunch. You may enjoy a good light dinner, a moderate quantity of wine, coffee, and tea, provided you have not overworked and underfed the body during the day."

"A ravenous appetite is no dinner appetite. The glutton, and not the gourmet, appears. The stomach craves too actively to let the palate flirt with a flavour. I think the doctor exactly touches it where he says: 'Hence, while to improve the health the early dinner should be preferred to the late one, nearly every evil may be averted by taking a good meat lunch in the middle of the day; but a biscuit and a glass of wine, or any similar quantity of food, is quite insufficient to sustain the system during close and severe attention to business.'"

"We have habit to consider," the doctor pursued, warming with his subject, and forgetting the opening of our conversation. "The sedentary man must not eat the dinner of the active, robust man. Your sedentary is your dyspeptic man. He must eat often, and

he must have hot meats in small quantities. The epicurean who desires enjoyment in his eating must be an active, early man. Late bed and good dining can't be done ; nor is a man worthy to be a gourmet's guest who has been half famished in the hunting-field."

"It comes to this, doctor, that the wholesome dinner is the dinner which suits the predicament of the man who eats it. The sedentary and dyspeptic want frequent, nutritious, savoury nourishment. They who are very active in mind and body require a good mid-day meal, and a light dinner. Now, the gourmet is a man who studies his health as closely as his dishes. To enjoy the dishes, and be capable of judging on their merits, health is necessary to him. Let him be temperate in all things. We come to the old conclusion ; let him be temperate in his pleasures, early in his hours, moderate in his exercise ; giving Nature at fit intervals the stimulus she requires,—and he will land himself at the dinner-table in a condition to enjoy all that may be put before him."

"Exactly. The true epicure is the man who studies the laws of health ; unhealthy he is *hors de combat*. It is not for him to mark that which makes fibrin or fat ; that which is coal, and that which is muscle. These details are our business ; a wholesome dinner to-day is an unwholesome one to-morrow."

"You will agree with me then, doctor, that gastronomy is not only a refinement, it is a sound medical system ?"

"Have we not always taught you this? But, my dear Epicurus, you and your friends have pursued a useful science chiefly as a pleasant one. We are not ready to refuse you the dish which killed Louis the Eighteenth's *maître d'hôtel*; he died from abuse, not from use. You desire to be master of the mouth to your countrymen. A nobler ambition is not open to the vanity of man. Only, don't forget the doctor, when you are on your knees to the cook."

"Forget you ——!"

"Ay. I have read your works, and those of your gay and scholarly fraternity. And, pardon my saying so, I see no homage paid to the doctor. To enjoy, you must be wise. Shall I repeat it? The healthy palate is the crown of a cool stomach."

"We are largely indebted to doctors."

"Nay, you are not, but you should be. A man wants heat, and a man wants muscle. The muscle represents the cranks and wheels of the engine; the heat is ——"

"Coal. Pardon me, my dear doctor. Am I to weigh the amount of coal and the amount of muscle there is in—a favourite dish of mine, simple, you will say, as it is—in a *poulet à l'estragon*?"

"Sir Epicurus, you asked my advice; you have, shall I say, betrayed me into more than I intended to give. I have done."

"Nay, I thank you. I hold your meaning—in a nutshell. We shall say—an early breakfast: milk, eggs, &c."

“Some kind of dinner or *déjeuner* between mid-day and noon, with a glass of wine at most——”

“Precisely ; and at six or seven, the best they who are blessed with a good *chef* can afford them.”

“Yes. Remember Mr. Walker: temperance at dinner, a liqueur at the close, and ——”

“Nothing more.”

“Nothing more, if he who has enjoyed to-day would enjoy to-morrow.”

“Doctor, try that *terrine*.”

THE KITCHENS OF THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.



THE "eyes of expectation" were opened in the gastronomic world with the opening of the Universal Exhibition of Industry on the Champ de Mars, on the 1st of April, 1867. A meeting of the cooks of all nations! The inhabitant of western Europe was about to learn the art of picking a dinner with chopsticks. Every vineyard the sun had warmed was to be represented. The Tartar *fin-bec* was to exchange flavours with the gourmet of the Boulevard des Italiens, and the most difficult of Francatelli's customers. Birds' nests were not to be even supplements. A summer of refined and enlightening roystering was looming in the distance. It was on the cards that the Baron Brisse would find himself under the necessity of printing his daily *menus* in Chinese. And strange things happened. I met a Chinaman in the Swedish restaurant, with his pigtail tucked into a British billycock hat, drinking Bass's ale, with the air of a man who had been bred a manager at Burton-upon-Trent. I saw an Arab sheikh sitting spell-bound under the

fascination of a British barmaid. I beheld a Bedouin distributing English religious tracts to some cuirassiers of the Guard. But the promises of the spring fell wofully short of the fact. The itinerant Chinese *restaurateur*, who was to carry his kitchen about with him on his head, never entered an appearance. The kitchen of England was unrepresented except in the dubious forms of cold ham and chicken, Bath buns, sponge cakes, lobster salads (and such salads!), captains' biscuits, sandwiches, and bread-and-cheese. These things were excellent of their kind in two establishments, namely, in those of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts; but best in the establishment of the latter firm, who are something more than public purveyors at bars. Many a reader will remember the flourish with which it was made known to the world that the kitchens of the universe would be found in an unbroken circle, each perfect in its specialities, on the Champ de Mars. Having made this startling and attractive announcement, the Exhibition representatives of Napoleon proceeded to let out the ground at the modest rate of five pounds sterling per square metre. We were to have seen models of the various kitchens of the globe in full play; and we actually did see a notable assemblage of a few of the speculative caterers of various races. But this was not all our gastronomic disappointment. There were gaps in the circle. The Chinese establishment was a sorry farce. The Turkish divan placarded cheap French breakfasts, and dealt in bitter ale, and

was served by the vulgarest of French waiters, capped with a fez. Tunis was occupied by the landlord of a dismal tenth-rate restaurant in the Avenue de Suffren ; an avenue, by the way, named I suspect after the Monsieur de Suffren who was famed for eating a plate of patties while waiting for the soup. The shabby little Frenchman painted "Couscoussou" over his sham of an establishment ; and when I entered, his minions laughed at my demand for it. But hard by, the Americans did set up a genuine Yankee establishment. Messrs. Dows and Guild deserve the gratitude of their countrymen, for they did their utmost, even to the cooking utensils, to do credit to the *cuisine* of their nation. You could get griddle cakes, or flannel cakes, or flat-jack, and fried and scrambled eggs, and porter-house steak, and oyster and gumbo soups. They were true even to the Heidsieck, the first champagne that was fashionable in the States, but has now given place, as indeed it ought, to better Rheims' brands. They were genuine even to their Monongahela whiskey and Plantation bitters, and were at the trouble and expense of exporting American delicacies by every mail steamer from New York. The reward of their honesty and enterprise was a scanty one, for they were flanked on either side by shameful French shams. To the south was the Tunisian falsehood, and to the north a *soi-disant* South American restaurant, the speculation of a Paris hotel-keeper. It is right to insist on this because there were not more than four or five truly representative kitchens on the Champ de Mars ; and

because the sham, but noisy and pushing French South-American establishment robbed the real Yankee enterprise of many customers, and some illustrious ones. Mr. Hughes, M.P., has put on record his observations in the Exhibition, and among these, his notes on the "American Saloon." The points of his wholesale condemnation are conclusive. He went to the wrong saloon, where there was no good pumpkin pie, where there was "a negro who was a humbug" to wait, where it is most probable that the Catawba *was* bad champagne masquerading under American labels, and where the coffee cock-tails most probably *did* resemble the black draught of his youth. Mr. Hughes simply went to the French sham shop for his "punkin." He has this consolation, however, that the Prince of Wales, when he visited the Exhibition, was drawn into the false American place, and I have no doubt went away as fully disgusted as the honourable member for Southwark.

Beyond the Celestial and Turkish shams lay the representative *cuisine* of Italy. It was an honest but a flat and over-greasy *cuisine*, fairly cheap, and indubitably not nice. The Capri was good, however. Spain made no culinary display worth mentioning, and few tasted the "generous" wines in Quevado's windows. Even the dainty little Spanish waiting-girls at their pleasant open *châlet* in the park, drew many gazers and few customers. The visitors of all nations were, in truth, little given to sugar-and-water sipping.

Next in rotation on the circle, came the Swedish

kitchen, in which an endeavour was at any rate made to represent the chief characteristics of the national kitchen. To begin with, there was a genuine fair-haired flika in dainty Dalecarlian costume, who appeared a simple, abashed peasant girl, amid the hurly-burly of the world's pleasure and industry. She served the Swedish punch, or the potent bran-de-vinn, or the flat bread, and Baltic herrings of her native country, with a charming grace. An instance of her *naïveté* made a great noise among the artificial Parisians. Informed one morning by an audacious *gaudin*, that the immense plaits of her golden hair were not of her own growth; she pouted, and with an impatient gesture, unbound the tresses and cast them rippling to her knees.

The most pretentious, and decidedly the most successful *cuisine* on the circle, was that of Russia. The restaurant itself was fronted with the quaint timber-work peculiar to the great Empire. The quiet, stealthy, courteous, slave-like native waiters, were in their caftans of lively colour—they were model waiters. The cookery was national, and in many regards, admirable. Charles Lamb has made roast pig famous, and immortalised crackling, but he never tasted roast pig in the delicate white lumps, tender as jelly, and exquisitely delicate in flavour, which I ate last summer, with fair Crimean wine, under the Russian flag. The dried salmon, the bitky, the dishes of sturgeon, the koulebiaka, need I add, the caviar, were served well enough to surprise and delight even

the fastidious *gourmets* of Paris and London. And the tumblers of tea were in course of preparation at the counter of a charming Muscovite, gorgeously arrayed, from morning till night. Russian tea and cigarettes were exactly to the taste of refined men of many climes. The Russians were liberal to the stranger, and in one of their quaint buildings in the Park, made a continual offer of gratuitous caviar *for* the "general."

Denmark occupied a corner with a breakfast and luncheon-parlour; noticeable only for the appetising *tartines* of fish, and egg, and sausage, and excellent Kümel, with which her breakfasts were opened.

We now approach the regions of sausage, sauerkraut, and small beer. We pass by Switzerland—which has little save its common cheeses and wines to show—to Germany. Throughout the German department, Bavarian, Prussian, and Austrian sections, the sausage and the beer-barrel were supreme. I prospected considerably in these realms, and could find nothing worthy of a second thought. Most of the customers, and they numbered many thousands daily, were content with a rough service of sausage and brown bread. The culinary triumph of Germany belongs, beyond all question, to Vienna. The Viennese bakery in the Park gradually commanded the custom of the entire food circle. Finer bread has never been broken by man. Belgium and Holland responded very lamely to the Imperial Commissioners' appeal. Belgium, indeed, was nowhere; while Hol-

land showed a Dutch drinking-place, served by two or three very substantial specimens of the Dutch waitresses, in their metal caps and short skirts. The Curaçoa was very good, and so was the Schiedam ; for the rest, the gloomy Dutch speculator who roamed about the bar had only a cellar full of beer. He was flanked by a rough kind of Arab bazaar, coffee-shop, and liqueur bar ; about which lazy, sharp-eyed Arabs were lounging and smoking the day through, and drinking thick coffee ; while an eastern woman, her head swathed in a saffron bandanna, sold Guava sweets, and the common Brazilian nuts of our streets, to the *badauds*—as curious importations from the unknown world. Here went forward always a brisk sale of bundles of vanilla, bananas, pine-apples, pistachio nuts, and—tortoises !

France was reached—could the approach be better ?—through her wine-cellars. The wine-growers of the Bordelais had fitted up magnificent cellars, in which all the good *crus* of the Gironde were laid and carefully catalogued, as though each bottle were a precious volume in a state library. A gustatory stroll amid the *Bordeaux*, was not the least pleasant lounge in the Exhibition of 1867. There were no arts of adulteration here. Each wine had the untouched flavour which the kissing of the sun had given to its grape. The Bordelais rejoices ; there are happy faces on the slopes of Saint Emilion. “Gold medals warm the wine,” said an enthusiastic master of vineyards. The exclamation is, “the Exhibition has rehabilitated the Bordelais.” The

Saint Christophes, Saint Laurents, and Saint Hyacinthe-Hippolytes, of the Saint Emilion *crus*, could not fail to win the hearts of the most difficult of gustatory juries. The vulgar are used to envy the wine juries their tasting bouts ; they should have seen them at work, attended by two or three active corkscrews, and with a basin before each judge. There is a story told of a certain Bordelais mayor, who, when the Duke of Angoulême after the Restoration, made a progress through the Gironde, offered the illustrious visitor a glass of wine, 1811 vintage. The duke expressed his approval enthusiastically. The mayor, confused with the compliments of so high a personage, and at the same time jealous of the renown of his wine, answered with a superb air of pride, "Ah, monseigneur, we have a much better wine than that."

"Which you keep, no doubt," the duke replied, "for a better occasion."

The Committee of Bordelais wine-growers agreed that the Exhibition of 1867 was that better occasion.

Beyond the Bordeaux cellars, were those of Burgundy and Champagne ; and, if I am not mistaken, a Roussillon cellar. But none of these were so well managed as that of Bordeaux. There was an air of speculation about them : in the Champagne department, a sale at a few sous per glass, for instance.

And so we entered the culinary realms of France. Mistress still, in spite of the late Count d'Orsay's assertion, that gastronomy had emigrated to England—mis-

tress still of *gourmandise*. In the Exhibition, she was indeed careless of her gastronomic fame. Neither the Café Foy, nor Voisin, nor Bignon, nor the Three Provincial Brothers, nor Véry, nor Durand, appeared on the food circle. The great French eating establishment was the venture of a cheap Palais Royal *restaureur*, who gave the kind of entertainment which can be got in Paris at three francs a head, at five francs. It was a scramble and a mess : to be passed hurriedly by on the way out, *en route* for the quiet and comfort and delicate serving at the corner of the Rue Le Pelletier. Gousset—report said *Maître-de-bouche* to the Princess Mathilde, and at any rate, purveyor at her state entertainments—did not give slices of bacon about Venus' doves ; but he did all that was passably well done in the gastronomic departments of the French section. In the delightful open air pavilion, before a blaze of rhododendrons, and on the upper edge of a grassy slope freaked with flowers, I ate a prize Bresse capon à *l'estragon* one delightful June morning ; and Gousset had some of that thoroughly sound Bordeaux cherished by the connoisseur as necessary to the perfect delight of his *coup d'avant*. It was a pleasant sight to see the Amphitryon built up with early strawberries and other dainty fruits, layer after layer being each well considered, the fundamental pyramid of that costly and delicate punch with which he dismissed the ladies to the garden, and which he was proud to call *Goussettime*. When he held the Maraschino over the luscious

pyramid, his hand moved gently as a lady's over a bouquet, and he sprinkled with the air of a man doing immortal work. I think it was with one bottle of Clicquot and one of Moët, that he perfected his *Goussetine*. Well, Gousset served the best French dinners—and these I repeat were not remarkable—which were served in the French section of the Exhibition; and his reward was, that before the thirty-first of October came, he was obliged to shut up, and mysteriously disappear. Where is he building his pyramid of fruit in Indian bowls, now, I wonder?

Our circle is made, our thread is spun, and as the reader will perceive, we have been able to string very few pearls upon it.

Failure at the Exhibition is, however, the least of the evils of French gastronomy, it was predicted by a *cordons bleu* at the last annual Cooks' ball. "Paris will suffer by the meeting of the nations;" the *cordons bleu* in question said to M. Roqueplan, "That which will remain is the influence of the Great Exhibition. When we shall have stewed and boiled, without the least regard to art, in order to feed whole nations of strangers who are making a descent on Paris, not one of us will have hand or palate left; our *cuisine* will be at an end."

Poor *cordons bleus*! But let us hope that even in their ashes will live their wonted fire!

COOKS AND THE ART OF COOKERY.



CHEFS should never wait for their master ; but the master may wait for his *chefs*. This has been laid down again and again, not only by literary cooks themselves, but by the most experienced and scientific Amphytrions. It is a wise maxim, framed in the equal interest of the diner and of the artist who has to serve him. Besides, cooks have always been a highly sensitive, proud, and capricious race. They are much given to wandering ; they tire of their master. They observe that while the great gentleman for whom they compose dishes is their master, they are his *maître de bouche*. They who are of the *grande cuisine* are to be approached with respect, as artists who have genius. A man must be born *rôtisseur* : has not this held good more than half a century ? If there be a sign of the decay of the French *cuisine*—which it must be remembered rose on that of Italy—it is confessedly in the great falling off in the ranks of the once renowned *rôtisseurs* of Paris. We have this to boast, in our good kitchens, which our neighbours are just beginning

to comprehend, that we are not over-matched in our practice of the art of roasting. We can put a roast upon the table by which we shall stand, challenging all the cooks of France to surpass it. The average cooking of game among our neighbours is vastly inferior to ours. You can get a fairly cooked bird in most of our reputable dining places ; but you will travel far and wide within the Second Empire before you shall come upon a well-roasted partridge. Roasting, however, is but a branch of the great art, and not the highest. He of the *tournebroche* and *lèche-frite* is a genius we concede—born to watch the spit with an inspired eye, and to time his roast as nicely as the consummate photographer times the sun shining upon the brow of beauty. But he is not Raphael, nor Michael Angelo, nor Titian. Nay, we will not make an odious comparison. In his walk he is a great creator of succulent morsels, which are grateful to the tooth of high and low, rich and poor. All men can understand a perfect roast ; as all men can justly appreciate a perfectly boiled potato. But how many cooks can boil a potato ; and for how many years have exasperated masters and mistresses been asking the question ?

The *rôtisseur*, however, is not to be put on a level with the Carêmes, Udes, Francatellis, and Gouffés. These are artists who live in the ideal. They are inventors—creators whose creations are infinitely various, and the beauties of which can be estimated by the most cultivated connoisseurs. They are, in many instances, men of education ; and, in every

instance, men of good manners. A coarse-minded man could not reign for a day in the *grande cuisine*. There are thousands of cooks who blindly follow one routine throughout their lives; and they become skilful to a certain degree, but they are not *chefs*. "Money alone," it has been said by a gastronomic authority, "cannot pay a great cook." The same authority has other maxims, as: The man who desires to eat a good dinner every day, must be his cook's best friend. He should watch over his health with a tender vigilance, and show to him those delicate attentions which are so sweet to honest and delicate natures. At this point I stop short. Follow medical directions, to be observed in order to keep the *chef* in robust health. There are enthusiastic gourmands who would have the master feel the pulse of his cook every morning; so true is it that the palate cannot be in fine order when there is any ailment in the body. When the cook's palate is dull, his master will find the ragouts and sauces too highly seasoned.

Setting aside the advisability of every master becoming the medical attendant of his cook, we come to a most important item in gastronomy—a healthy kitchen. Cooks cannot do their utmost, the art of cookery cannot be brought to perfection, in a badly ventilated, dark, ill-contrived kitchen. The complaint is universal among cooks that, even in very great houses, the kitchens are uncomfortable, incommodious, unhealthy places. The worst I ever saw were in the Paris Exhibition; Gousset's cooks worked in cellars

under the restaurant, with scarcely a ray of daylight, under unprotected gas-jets, and in an atmosphere I bore, with the utmost difficulty, during five minutes. They were making *petits fours*, and *savarins*, poor fellows, looking ill and sad. M. Gouffé, in his great work (see "The Book of the Kitchen"), denounces the carelessness of builders, and of masters, as to the sanitary condition of the kitchen; while he beseeches his readers of the profession always to do their utmost for the art, even under the most trying conditions, he calls for reform. The kitchens in Paris apartments—even in great apartments—are miserably small; but they are, especially on the new boulevards, light and airy. The worst are better than the London underground kitchens, which are, it would seem, designedly placed there in order that the family should not lose even the fat vapours of their dinners. Few people can pretend to have kitchens like those of Chantilly, or the Baron Rothschild's at Ferrières, or the Reform Club; but these may, and should serve as models. The cook may be healthily located in any house of the least pretension, with a little trouble, and some attention to his legitimate wants. Albeit cooks are great sticklers for privileges, and copious and incessant in their wants; they accommodate themselves (if they are real artists) to the most unfortunate circumstances with cheerfulness and ready wit. M. Gouffé gives an instance: one of his intimate professional brethren was summoned on a remarkable festive occasion, to the château of a cer-

tain Baronet Argenteuil. The castle was crammed with company and retinue. M. Gouffé's friend was shown into a dark passage, where a plank had been suspended from the ceiling; he had to fashion his own utensils, and to bake pastry in a frying-pan. Then he had to build two monumental *plâts* upon the suspended board, to say nothing of a cold *entrée*. The artist was equal to the occasion, and received the compliments of the company. Having insisted on the duties of masters to chefs, for the advantage of the said masters, the gastronomic authorities who have written on kitchen economics, are, I think, unanimous in insisting on the duty of the cook to do his utmost under all circumstances. If his kitchen be ill-ventilated, he can improve the atmosphere by insisting on the most scrupulous cleanliness.

They who would study the art of cookery, whether the great or the little kitchen, cannot do better than follow the advice of M. Jules Gouffé, who deprecates the ridiculous and pompous phrases and titles with which too many modern cooks have been in the habit of covering old and obsolete dishes. He represents the past and the present—the veritable French art of cookery at its best, in the present. He has studied Soyer, Drouhat, Léchard, and Bernard, and is the pupil of the illustrious Carême. According to him, the culinary art is based on reason, health, common sense, and sound taste. He will not be the guide to charlatanism and eccentricity. He takes all he can get, that is good, from the past—and everything worth

having which modern science and discovery have offered to the cook's genius. The number of rich personages who keep a *grande cuisine* has decreased both in France and England ; but a new sphere of activity has been opened to great artists. If the princely kitchens have decayed, the number of people who know how to eat has vastly increased. Clubs have spread among men of modest fortune a knowledge of refined cookery. The Revolution has democratised the kitchen. A *dîner fin* is within the competence of any man who can command a five-pound note. The Queen's ex-cook is at his orders. He may experience the "*belles et grandes parties du métier.*"

So much the better for the art, we say. A race of educated eaters will produce a generation of accomplished cooks. The demand will compel the supply. There is no fear then that the days of the cuisine's decline have set in. Rather are there signs that the art is destined to be extended and elevated ; and that it will end by teaching every class of the community to eat economically, healthily, and daintily.

NEW AND CHEAP FOODS.



ERNEST Dr. Badham, in the dedicatory preface of his work on the "Esculent Funguses of England," to the Bishop of Norwich, recommended it to his lordship in this way : " But it is with much greater confidence that I dedicate a work, whose chief object it is to furnish the labouring classes with wholesome nourishment and profitable occupation, to a high functionary of that kingdom which is distinguished from all others by recognising the claims and furthering the interests of the poor." The second edition of the doctor's book has been before the public five years. "A Rural D.D." has re-enforced the teaching of Dr. Badham in his "Contributions to Natural History, chiefly in relation to the Food of the People." The subject has been taken up in the leading reviews ; and still, albeit the mass of the English people are underfed. Who has been at the pains of cultivating the esculent funguses which abound in the United Kingdom ? There is food, lying unheeded, at the swineherd's foot. What says Dr. Badham ? " No country is perhaps richer in esculent funguses than our own ; we have upwards of thirty species abounding in our woods. No markets

might therefore be better supplied than the English, and yet England is the only country in Europe where this important and savoury food is, from ignorance or prejudice,* left to perish ungathered. In France, Germany, and Italy, funguses not only constitute for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue—either fresh, dried, or variously preserved in oil, vinegar, or brine—is sold by the poor, and forms a valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market. Well, then, may we style them, with M. Roques, "*the manna of the poor*." In Rome, there is an inspector of funguses; in England, rich in funguses, the only inspector is the ignorant ploughboy, who kicks "vegetable beef-steaks" with his hob-nails. The Roman inspector makes his examinations in the fungus market as our meat inspectors operate at Newgate. The stale or poisonous funguses are straightway cast into the Tiber, and the vendors of bad funguses are fined or imprisoned.† The reader should observe that in Rome there is a Tribunal of Provisions. In Rome alone it is estimated that between sixty and eighty thousand pounds'

* From both.—[ED.]

† "A Constant Reader," writing to the *Times*, says:—"I venture to send you a simple test of the mushroom, which I have practised for many years, and for which I am indebted to an old herbalist. Before peeling the mushroom, pass a gold ring backwards and forwards on the skin of the mushroom. Should the bruise thus caused turn yellow, or orange colour, the mushroom is poisonous, but otherwise it is quite safe. I have tried repeated baskets of mushrooms in this way, some turning yellow, and others retaining the usual colour, though in all other respects to all appearance the same."

weight of esculent funguses are eaten every year. The Roman fungus inspector estimates the value of these funguses at £2000. This is for fresh funguses; the consumption of the dried and pickled is valued at an equal amount. Dr. Badham, commenting on these facts, observes: "What, then, must be the net receipts of all the market-places of all the Italian States? For as in these the proportion of the price of esculent funguses to butchers' meat is as two to three, it is plain that prejudice has deprived the poor of this country not only of many thousand pounds of the former, but also of as much of the latter as might have been purchased by exchange, and of the countless sums which might have been earned in gathering them."

Take one English esculent fungus, described at great length by Dr. Badham—the *Agaricus prunulus*. The greatest size he has known this valuable fungus attain was in England. He recounts that he picked up specimens measuring six inches across, and weighing between four and five ounces. One spring he collected, from a single ring on the War-Mount at Keston (Kent), from ten to twelve pounds, and, in one field, from twenty to twenty-five pounds. He writes: "In this neighbourhood they are generally destroyed, as injurious to the grass crops, by the over-careful farmer, quite ignorant, of course, of their value." We turn from Kent to the valley of Stafora, near Bobbio, where this delicious agaric also abounds; and here, we are told, the country people eat it fresh, in a

variety of ways, or they dry and sell it for from twelve to fifteen francs a pound. There is no excuse for British ignorance as regards the *Prunulus*. Dr. Badham tells us "it would be extremely difficult to confound this agaric with any other ; its mode of growth in circles, the extreme narrowness of its gills, which are, moreover, striate ; the thickness of its pileus, and the bulging character of its stalk, would render a mistake almost impossible, even did it grow in autumn, when other funguses abound, in place of appearing only in spring, when few species comparatively abound." It is the most savoury of species, a plentiful one, a highly nutritious one ; it is easily selected ; and yet the ignorant Kentish farmer still destroys it, as injurious to his grass crops.* The *Agaricus procerus* is another delicate fungus which grows in England, but is understood as a delicacy only in France and Italy. Thore pays it this high compliment, "*Elle est bonne à toute sauce*," and it yields a finer ketchup than the common mushroom. Of the *Boletus edulis*—a *Boletus* like the *Prunulus*, not easily mistakeable for any other variety—it has been

* The best mode of cooking the *Agaricus prunulus* is, according to Dr. Badham, either minced alone, or *en fricassée* with any kind of meat. It richly flavours a *vol-au-vent* ; with salt, pepper, and lard, or butter, or bacon added to prevent its burning, it makes a capital independent dish. It is to be had in perfection at a time when the common mushroom is not to be had. In this case the Doctor recommends that it should be eaten with Sterbecks' white mustard, made thus:—

Bruise in a mortar some sweet almonds, with a little water, then add salt, pepper, and some lemon juice ; rub together till the whole is of the consistence of common mustard.

said, every way it is good. Berkeley says of it, "Though much neglected in this country, it appears to be a most valuable article of Food; and it has this merit in common with the *Prunulus*, that it abounds in seasons when the common mushroom is not to be found. It makes excellent fritters. According to Paulet, the Hungarians have a *Boletus edulis* soup.* It is passing strange that no fungus we have presents itself under such a variety of forms and such singular diversities of aspect as the *Agaricus campestris*, our common mushroom. Dr. Badham notes a remarkable fact: that the Romans regard it with horror and detestation, and their inspector of funguses casts it into the Tiber, while we condemn and root out the nutritious and edible funguses which they consume, as toadstools. Travellers have again and again brought home their gustatory experiences of strange agarics. M. Sowerby has described the *Agaricus deliciosus* as "luscious eating, full of rich gravy, with a little of the flavour of mussels." In brief, the reader is referred for ample information on this interesting subject to Berkeley and Badham, the "Rural Dean," and lastly, Mr. Worthington G. Smith—the enterprising mycologists who have striven to add another and most valuable food to our limited English stock. Mr. Worthington Smith's recently-

* Having dried some boletuses in an oven, soak them in tepid water, thickening with toasted bread, till the whole be of the consistence of a purée. Then rub through a sieve; throw in some stewed boletuses, boil together and serve with the usual condiments.

issued work on mushrooms and toadstools, and how to distinguish easily between edible and poisonous fungi, is the latest step—and a highly important one it is—in mycology. By the help of the exquisite plates with which his explanatory matter is accompanied, the pioneer in search of the *Prunulus* or the *Boletus edulis*, may roam the fields with sufficient knowledge to render a mistake impossible. Mr. Smith has paid for his experience and for his wide and reliable knowledge. Mr. Smith has the completeness necessary to a fungologist who has the ambition to extend our list of the number of edible mushrooms beyond the one or two species now used. He has observed patiently and eaten courageously. He is a *gourmet* as well as a botanist. He has been in peril of his life more than once in the course of his audacious experiments. For fungus cookery, the reader is referred to his pages. He discloses one startling point to be noted carefully, viz., that the common mushroom, or *Agaricus campestris*, rarely finds its way into Covent Garden Market. Londoners are mainly consumers not of the true, but of the horse-mushroom.

Another instance of waste through ignorance is to be found in our neglect of the morell. It is now an expensive luxury, which we import, and which is sold in the foremost Italian warehouses, at a high price. Dr. Badham relates how a countryman, in the spring of 1847, stumbled upon a large quantity in the neighbourhood of Chislehurst, Kent. Struck by their appear-

ance he gathered some, and showed them to a local medical man, who did not recognise them ; and they perished. We have no home supply of this fungus, because our country folk will not get knowledge, and seek it, albeit it occurs not unfrequently, we are told, in our orchards and woods. Observe that twenty years have elapsed since Dr. Badham wrote the following :—" In such rambles he will see what I have this autumn myself witnessed, whole hundred-weights of rich, wholesome diet rotting under the trees ; woods teeming with food, and not one hand to gather it ; and this, perhaps, in the midst of potato blight, poverty, and all manner of privations, and public prayers against imminent famine. I have, indeed, grieved when I reflected on the straitened condition of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks, in the shape of *Fistulina hepatica* ; *Agaricus fusipes*, to pickle, in clusters under them ; Puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweet-bread, for the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour ; *Hydna*, as good as oysters, which they somewhat resemble in taste ; *Agaricus deliciosus*, reminding us of tender lamb kidneys ; the beautiful yellow Chantarelle, that *Kalon Kalathon* of diet, growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way ; the sweet nutty-flavoured *Boletus*, in vain calling himself *edulis*, where there were some to believe him ; the dainty *Orcella* ; the *Agaricus heterophyllus*, which tastes like the craw fish, when grilled ;

the *Agaricus ruber* and *Agaricus virescens*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all ;—these were among the most conspicuous of the *trouvailles*.”

The strength of the prejudices of the ignorant is often so astonishing that one is apt to set them down as wilful blindness. Science and reason have declared that the flesh of the horse is “salubrious, agreeable, and highly nutritious.” It is half the price of ox-beef. Scholars and men of high degree and fastidious tastes have eaten of it with enjoyment, and have, moreover, proved gastronomically that the flesh of the ass and the mule is even more toothsome than that of the horse. Still, with hunger in every city, the answer to the experimental philosophers has been—cat’s meat ; yet the bitterest foes of ass’-flesh eat it, whenever they can get it, in Bologna sausage ! Scientific heroes like Badham and Worthington Smith, have risked their lives in experiments, having for their object the spread of knowledge of neglected foods, and they are not only met by the prejudices of the ignorant, but by the opposition of journals that stoop to become the organs of prejudice. The philosopher says, Behold the *Fistulina hepatica*, Schoeffer’s “poor man’s fungus,” that grows upon the oak and the chestnut. It is an abundant food. It varies in size from that of a small kidney to an irregular mass of many pounds’ weight. When grilled, it is scarcely to be distinguished from broiled meat. No fungus yields a richer gravy. It is to be found in England, principally on old oak trees, throughout the summer, in

great abundance. The surly answer of prejudice is, we have the Mushroom, Chanterelle, Champignon, Morell, and Truffle—these suffice for the epicure; and “we trust that the peasantry of Great Britain will never be brought to the condition of the Italian *Lazzaroni*.” We spurn the vegetable beef-steak as we have spurned the horse-steak and the ass-steak. And so the ignorant and poor are left hungering in the midst of plenty, praying against famine in the village church, with plenty rotting in the woods and meadows round about the parish.

While hippophagy and mycophagy are treated with high disdain by those whose duty it is to popularise the discoveries of science which offer to spread new viands before a labouring population that is acknowledged by every medical authority to be underfed; what hope can there be for those humbler suggestions of increase to the stock of our food, which are made from time to time by outsiders? The teacher who refers to the flourishing fish-fed population of Comaccio, by the Adriatic, and suggests fish culture, is but a dreamer. Some lofty writers will rear their heads, and hope that the British working population may never be reduced to the beggarly expedient of living upon fish; albeit they remain quite calm while the said British population is not in that rude condition of having at any rate enough of some kind of food. There being no grey mullet in the market, the well-constituted man condescends to a skewer of smelts. If there were roast and boiled for all—if there

were fish, flesh, and fowl of the richest and daintiest for my brother, who picks at the rotten parts of the road I travel, as for myself, who skim the road warm under my leopard rug ; if there were grey mullet for all—who would be at the pains and penalty of gathering thousands of baskets of mussels ? What would become of the little town opposite Sheerness, which feeds the humble folk of London with winkles ? But it is only too painfully apparent to ourselves and to every friend who comes to us from abroad to inspect our condition, and study our institutions, that not only is there no grey mullet for our brother with the pick-axe, but that many a time and oft there is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl for him, of any kind—neither sprat, shin-bone, nor toughest drumstick. It pains then, grievously, those who, having studied the nature and the produce of food ; who know what measure of nitrogen and carbon the human system must take in daily ; who see that the healthy qualities are not within the reach of the mass of their brethren ; and who know that nitrogen and carbon in admirable, non-repugnant forms, lie ungathered far and wide—it pains these students of human wants, and of the resources of nature meant to supply those wants, to behold the food wasting within the grasp of the man who is starving, or almost starving.

We have only to mention snail-food to excite disgust. We may say that in ancient times they were served up at the table of the epicure. Pliny, wishing to paint to his friend Septimus Clarus, the extent of his

epicurean loss in having missed to sup with him, marks the snails. The snail was a dainty, and was fed with meal and wine lees. The French and Swiss delight in their dishes of snails. They make nutritious, and *may be made* agreeable food. The vine snails are the best, beyond all doubt—grey mullet among snails. But we have snails—food that lies upon our hedges and walls. Is he the friend or enemy of those among his countrymen who are underfed, who says, “Friend, abroad, those snails represent a food that is not disdained among folks of most degrees, in Western Europe? Let us fall to and try it. Man, you see, must have his daily amount of meat and water made up. Fuel is scarce : this is not best Wallsend ; but let us see what we can make of it !” The fact being that a little knowledge is wanted only to make it not endurable, but *appétissant*.

Most people approved when the Society of Arts passed a resolution in January last, that a Committee be appointed to inquire and report respecting the food of the people, especially, but not exclusively, of the working classes of the people. Great names appeared supporting the resolution. The Board of Trade promised a vast amount of valuable information. The Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, the Colonies, and for India, were asked to circulate questions about food, and methods of preparing it, among foreign ministers, consuls, and governors. The methods of drying and preserving meat, and milk, and fish ; the introduction of new descriptions of food ; the teaching

of economical cooking ; the issue of medals and prizes ; were successively to occupy the Committee's attention.

The question of questions was, and is, the increase of the national food. The want of proper and sufficient food is general, and not merely local or accidental. The doctors and the statisticians have shown that our carbonaceous diet is barely sufficient, and that our nitrogenous diet is lamentably insufficient. Tens of thousands of children are spindling up, deficiently supplied from their cradle with heat and tissue. Scientific men never cease repeating that this condition of things cannot last ; that under it the generation that is rising must be feebler than that which is at work ; the feeble race will produce a feebler one. It is truly lamentable, then, to see ignorant prejudices restricting our food supply. Time was when three creatures, now welcomed at every board as dainties, were looked upon with horror. Mr. J. Thrupp read a paper at the Ethnological Society some time ago, which he commenced with a reference to the statement of Cæsar, that there were three animals which the ancient Britons bred from inclination and for amusement, but which they thought it a crime to eat—the goose, the hare, and the fowl. This blind repugnance existed extensively in Europe, but was probably abandoned at an earlier date by the southern, than by the northern nations, and by the Saxons sooner than by the Britons. If there be no accounting for tastes, neither is there for many distastes. It would appear from the Irish *Hudibras*, and other

publications of the 17th century, that the Irish peasantry were in the habit of depositing butter in bogs for the sake of the strong flavour which was thereby imparted to it. The whereabouts of these deposits were sometimes forgotten, and hence the frequent discovery of bog-butter. Fresh butter was deliberately treated in this way by the rude Irish epicure of two centuries ago as a delicacy : and yet the mere contemplation of it would make the modern epicure shudder as the Roman shudders at the *Agaricus campestris*—the meadow mushroom which, alas ! seldom reaches Covent Garden Market.

Du Chaillu in his travels in Ashango Land, relates how in the month of April he frequently regaled himself with what he used to consider a very good dinner, viz., a haunch of monkey cooked on the *grille* (see "The Monkey Season"). 'Tis best to begin with a little aversion. Had beef been plentiful, the monkeys of Ashango Land would have escaped the traveller's knife and fork. But necessity overbearing his prejudice, made him acquainted with a delicious dish. Grilled monkey, with pine-apples for dessert, makes, saith the traveller, a toothsome dinner. Now, if monkey meat were imported, and could be obtained at an extraordinarily low rate per pound, how many even among the least well-fed of our population would touch it ! In Buffalo, two thousand pairs of frog's legs are consumed daily, in the height of the frog season,—chiefly in the best hotels, be it observed. In England, the poorest man would disdain to eat a single pair,

albeit small acquaintance with flesh-pots is the lot of the people everywhere. Lately a lecturer (Mr. James Ransley, Taunton), drew attention to the sea-holly as a substitute for, or addition to, asparagus. Young shoots of this plant, which are eight or nine inches long, cooked in the ordinary way, are, according to the lecturer, superior in taste to, and possess greater nutritious qualities than, asparagus. At any rate, the Swedes are before us. They have found that its root is sweet and aromatic, and they have candied it, and it is sold plentifully in Swedish shops. In short, a bulky and certainly a most useful volume might be written on the unused foods of the British empire. We are not only perhaps the most prejudiced European race in regard to food, but we are the most wasteful, while our neighbours are careful, ingenious, and frugal. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has observed :—"If an Englishman and a Genoese are allowed each the same given quantity of fuel for a week in winter, the Genoese will make his last twice as long, and get just as much heat out of it daily while it lasts. We throw away fragments which a foreigner treasures up. The English soldier in the Crimea could not manage hard ship-biscuits, but scattered half of them to feed the sea-fowl. The French soldier soaked his in water, and found them nourishing and palatable food. In nothing is this difference of habits more perceptible than in the cookery of the several people, and in no class is this difference more perceptible or more telling than among the lower and lower-middle ranks.

A French cook, or a French housewife, or a French peasant, will make the same amount of meat and flour and vegetables and condiments go twice as far, feed twice as many persons, and feed them twice as well as an English one." So skilled is the Bavarian soldier in cookery, that he is as satisfactorily nourished as any soldier in Europe on twopence a-day. The Italians have a proverb which they bear well in mind,—

Buon cuoco, poco fuoco.

The fuel wasted by rich and poor in England is prodigious. The Frenchman would almost cook an ox with the fuel which an English housewife consumes in the roasting of a leg of mutton. We delight in the exquisite virtues of the roast; but the roast is a luxury. It is fine but costly cookery. A man must be born *rotisseur*: good. But the *rotisseur* is by no means so economical a cook as the *chef* who governs the stew-pans. We are dealing now with economy in the kitchen. Why have not our underfed population reached the thrifty Italian's art of keeping an earthen pipkin ever gently simmering over a mere speck of fire? This *pignatta* is an Italian institution. From under its cover savoury vapour steals. It receives all kinds of stray bits of animal food. It is a little ever-bubbling stock-pot; and ever ready to give flavour and a new nutritious quality to the rice, and the macaroni, and the vegetables. English people whose life is a daily scramble, cast into the road most of the morsels which the economic and knowing Italian pops

into the *pignatta* as it lies gently stewing over a pinch of charcoal embers. Why should there not be a pipkin simmering over a pinch of charcoal in every English home, as the *pot-au-feu* is in France, and the *olla podrida* in Spain?

Liebig's Company's Extract of Meat is another economic food, of immense value. By the great Baron's process all the nutritive elements of beef are brought from the most distant places—from the River Plate, for instance, where nearly four million head of cattle are slaughtered annually, mainly for their hides and tallow. An immense store of highly nutritious food is hereby added to the stock of the human family. The essence of beef is carried from the prairies of the West, where there are none to consume it, to our overcrowded and underfed populations. An instance of its value:—the Abyssinian expedition is supplied with beef, in the shape of the Baron's extract; which, by the way, is useful to the *chef* as well as to the soldier. It is the purest essence of meat, and therefore the safest foundation of much scientific cookery. It is, indeed, pitiful to see people starve

“With corn-ships in the offing:”—

as pitiful to watch a feeble population suffer for lack of meat, with unlimited beef wasting in the West. The Baron makes an ox portable, and puts a beefsteak into a pill-box.

How often do people, even of the middle-class, in London eat a winter salad? The Parisian market-

gardener is a long way before the market-gardener who supplies London. The Englishman leaves beds unoccupied. In the Frenchman's garden we find young cauliflowers peeping up between the melon-leaves. It is by wise economy and foresight, and the frugal use of space, that the poorest Parisian is able to enjoy, winter and summer, the luxury of such salads and mushrooms as the well-to-do English town-dweller cannot enjoy. The quarries under and around Paris, whence the material for the houses has been extracted, are so many great mushroom-beds. In the hardest January in Paris you may eat a clean fresh crisp salad—*Barbe-de-Capucins*, even in a Boulevard Mont Parnasse restaurant, for three sous. The reason is that the growers cultivate on the most economical and rational principles. The *Barbe-de-Capucins* (which is common chicory grown in the gardens during summer and dug up, tied in bundles, and buried in sand in the caves or quarries, in the autumn) is the cheapest and at the same time the most agreeable salad that can possibly be reared in any northern clime, in the middle of winter. The production is simple enough. Any English family with a cellar or dark place may have their sweet endive salad and their mushrooms through the winter. Asparagus, again, is a dainty which in France is included, for months together, in a two-franc dinner. All classes eat of it, merely because it is intelligently and economically cultivated in the valley of Montmorency, at Argenteuil, and elsewhere.

To all this, the prejudiced Britisher answers with,

"the Roast Beef of Old England," and tells you that we have got on very well hitherto without horse-flesh, or frogs, or snails, or funguses, or grilled monkey, or *Barbe-de-Capucins*, and that we had better hold on in our old course, trusting in Providence to make up for our waste.

A shower of crabs fell with heavy rain in the summer of 1829, in the yard of the poor-house at Reigate, and, it is chronicled, "were lively, weighing two ounces." There are men who would argue from this that we should not hearken to such a voice as that of Mr. Frank Buckland, when he warns us against the lobster famine that will ensue from the wasteful habit of catching and consuming the "berried" or brooding hen-lobsters; and of consuming quarts of the eggs of lobsters in the form of sauce for turbot. Shell-fish will be given in due season, yea, to the poor, as the annals of the Reigate poor-house bear witness!

KITCHEN ECONOMIES.



KITCHEN economies are important to rich and poor. In this chapter will be found dishes for the knife and fork of all. The cookery that is described is always economic cookery. A wasteful kitchen, it cannot be too often said, is a bad kitchen. It has been for many years asserted against the English nation, that it has the most spendthrift kitchen in the world. Not only do the poor waste food, when they are hungry, but the middle classes cast away large quantities of valuable materials, containing the elements of flesh and blood, bone and muscle. That which the economic French housewife treasures as material, keeping ever highly nutritive and savoury morsels in her *pot-au-feu*, even the British economic housewife casts forth. A French cook would undertake to feed two or three persons daily, on the leavings of an ordinary middle-class English family. The British jog-trot cook is full of prejudices, and encourages the prejudices of her master and mistress. Economy is a meanness. She carries off as her perquisite, to be bought as dirty grease, valuable fat and bone, which contain so much carbon and nitrogen.

Neither she nor her employers are at the pains of studying the nutritious properties of food. Liebig, Playfair, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. E. Smith, and a host of others, have learnedly discussed the food of man : but their labours have not yet had the least effect upon our national kitchen. Every attempt to introduce a new food substance, or a new economic method of cooking food, has been met by vigorous opposition, both in the kitchen and the dining-room. Our cooks will have nothing their predecessors in their realms of waste did not have before them. They deal with solid joints of butchers' meat : with fish and fowl in substantial quantities. Bones are for the dogs. They have not been accustomed to save the bits. Typha bread—made both in Scinde and New Zealand*—is bread made from the pollen of the common reed-mace or bulrush of those countries. Bulrush bread ! There are people among us who would die rather than eat it, albeit Dr. Lindley says, "it appears from the researches of chemists that the pollen of plants contains an azotized matter, which, mixed with the starch existing in pollen in great quantities, and with other matters, will give a real nutritive value to this curious

* "Whether there is on record, in the history of ancient times, anything concerning food made from the flowers of bulrushes, I do not know, but this is certain, that the bulrush from Scinde, which yields the cakes standing yonder, is probably the same as that from which the basket was made in which the infant Moses was placed ; for to this day, in Scinde, bulrushes are woven into baskets, of the very same nature as we may suppose them to have been in the days of Moses."—"On Substances used as Food, Illustrated by the Great Exhibition," by John Lindley, Ph.D., F.R.S.

substance." Tell our cooks that the ancient Greeks and Romans ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb ox-tongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin, the flesh of wild asses, of the dormouse, the fox, the bear,—you will have your answer swiftly. De Custine said of us that, what with our pride, our population, our wealth, prejudices, and ceremonials, we were "the Japanese of Europe." In our kitchens, at any rate, we are. Or it may be said of us, that if in politics and morals we are the leading civilisers of the world, in our stomachs we have the tenacity, the dread of change, of Chinamen.

In our kitchen should be found the needful elements of a *boccone di cardinale*, as well as the directions for plain dishes. We should include Savarin's *Éprouvettes Gastronomiques* for incomes of £200 as well as for the fortunate possessor of £10,000 a year. The slender purse, if it be worn by a cultivated being, may provide the most elegant and harmonious of dinners. He who knows how to eat will make a feast out of a handful of plain materials.

We preface our dishes with hints and notes for the epicure's kitchen.

THINGS THAT SHOULD BE AT HAND.

Gherkins, capers, small onions, and scraps of vegetables preserved in vinegar.

A paste or powder of potatoes, which is often better than flour in sauces.

As some kinds of laurel leaves contain venomous matter, it is best only to use them in very small quantities.

Italian macaroni.

Italian pastes, as vermicelli, semolina, tapioca, sago, and arrowroot.

All kinds of English pickles, which consist of a mixture of vegetables, fruit, and such things as gherkins, small onions, peppers, French beans, &c., preserved in vinegar.

Red peppers are employed in highly seasoned dishes.

Black and white, fine and coarse, pepper should be at hand.

If some beef-broth is wanted to moisten something, and there is none, it is easily made by melting a cake of broth.

GOOD HINTS.

SCALDING VEGETABLES.

A much more efficient method, which answers the purpose of scalding, is this. Put the vegetables in the water they are to be cooked in ; take a piece of the crumb of bread, tie it up in a fine piece of linen or muslin, and put it in too ; after they have boiled for a quarter of an hour, take the bread out, and it will have quite taken away any unpleasant flavour.

BUTTER OR DRIPPING.

It is more economical generally to use dripping instead of butter, in those preparations which need not be thin or white. Every one knows that beef dripping, and the dripping of beef broth, is the best for frying, as for other cooking processes. Beef broth dripping must be cooked over a slow fire, adding a small onion cut in slices, or a few laurel leaves, that you must leave in when you let it get cold. Do not let it brown, and skim it carefully; then strain it through a thin muslin. When butter is used, always take the best, and very fresh.

LIDS WITH EDGES.

It is indispensable to have lids with edges to certain saucepans in which meats are stewed. There ought also to be lids that would fit dishes to bear the fire.

DRY VEGETABLES.

They must always be put in cold water. It is best to soak them the day before.

MILK.

When milk is about to be boiled, it is best to rinse the saucepan with a little cold water, and put the milk in while the saucepan is wet. The dampness prevents the milk burning.

ONIONS.

When onions are required, cut in slices or chopped up, it is best not to put in the heads and tails, as they

add to the sharp flavour. If they are little onions, they must be put in whole.

WARMING UP.

The best way to warm up roast meat is to wrap it in buttered paper, and roast it again. If the piece of meat be small, roll it in the paper and grill it. If you warm up meat cut in slices in sauce, never let it boil.

GRAVY.

Take all the remains you may have of meat, beef, game, mutton, poultry, and put them on slices of carrot in a well-buttered saucepan. Add a large quantity of fat beef broth, cook it over a quick fire until it is of a light brown colour, then add several quarts of beef broth, a bunch of parsley ; salt it and let it boil gently, skim it, and pass it through a colander, and put it back into the saucepan ; clear it with some white of egg, and strain it again. This gravy can be kept, to be used when required.

It can almost always be replaced by a butter and flour sauce well made, or the gravy from roast meats.

SALT.

It is an error to think that gray salt has more saline matter in it than the white salt. It contains many impurities, and is very easily adulterated.

COLANDER.

A great many gravies and sauces have to be strained through a colander. Take a colander in metal rather

than a horsehair one. The former are much better for straining, and are to be had as fine as is required.

STUFFING.

Put two spoonfuls of oil in a saucepan, with some parsley and chopped eschalots, put some butter, and turn the whole round several times ; then add grated bacon, a little meat cut up very small, and some bread crumb soaked in broth or milk, according to what it is wanted for ; mix it all up into a soft paste. Oil can be replaced by fresh butter.

ANOTHER KIND OF STUFFING.

Cut up small some meat and some fat bacon ; add pepper, salt, spice, eggs boiled hard, some butter, a teaspoonful of brandy, and chop up again. Add a little white wine if possible, but do not let the paste become liquid ; let everything be well mixed. If it is not stiff enough, add some bread crumbs soaked in the wine. Veal or fowl is the best sort of meat to use for stuffing.

RAW SALT HERRINGS.

In almost all the dishes where anchovies are used, raw salt herrings may be substituted. This is how they are prepared. You must open the herring up the back, take out the back-bone, and stretch the herring out flat. Pour some boiling water on it, and let it soak for five minutes. Cut away the skin and the head, and cut the rest up in strips. If it is to serve as a *hors d'œuvre*, cut up some eggs boiled hard, with

some herbs, and then arrange the strips of herring with the egg and herbs round them. Herrings in this fashion are also used in sauces, and in almost every case can be substituted for anchovies.

PASTE FOR FRYING.

Put some flour in water, mix it well, add a little oil and brandy, and then salt it. Beat it all well up, then beat up an egg into a froth, and put it in the paste just before it is fried.

The paste must be made at least two hours before dinner, or else it will not be light. As to the quantity of water, that depends on the thickness you require for the paste. It is best to make it thick, that it may cling to whatever is to be fried in it. If it is made for sweet dishes, do not put any salt.

FRYING AND FRITURES.

Frying done with oil is drier and more easy for browning ; but, nevertheless, lard fries very well also, especially if a few drops of oil are added to it. Beef suet is excellent also for frying ; it must be melted slowly, and must not get brown, skim it, and when it is quite clear, put it in a basin with a laurel leaf.

The fat from beef broth is also very good. It must be treated like the beef suet. So that it may be thoroughly clear, it is best, when it is boiling and has been skimmed, to strain it through a fine muslin. Warm the fat always on a clear fire ; it is never so good if warmed in the oven. Always be careful that what is put in the fat to fry is perfectly dry. If it be

fish, it should be sprinkled with flour or bread-crumbs ; if it be potatoes, they must be quite dry. The fat must be hot when the things to be fried are put in it ; you can soon see by putting a morsel of crumb of bread in it. If the fat be hot, the bread will get crisp directly.

Do not let any of the fat remain on what has been fried, sprinkle it with salt, and serve it.

When taking the fat off the fire, it must be left to settle a little, and then poured into the jar or basin in which the dripping is kept. Always serve fried dishes *hot*, and be particular in giving hot plates. New dripping must continually be added to the store.

BROTH THAT CAN BE KEPT.

Boil for two hours with some red wine (ordinaire) with onions, carrots cut in slices, thyme, laurel leaves, parsley, a few cloves, salt, and pepper.

Salt or fresh-water fish can be boiled in it. Then strain the broth, and keep it in bottles well corked. Each time that you wish to use it, add a little wine, a glass of brandy, and, if possible, a little Madeira.

The more it is used, the better it is. If you wish to preserve some part of a large fish cooked in this way, such as salmon, you must cut it in slices, and put it with this broth in a jar that will just admit the slices ; pour a little oil on the surface of the broth, cork it up, or cover it with paper, as if it were jam, and each time that you want a slice of salmon, either warm or cold, you can take it out.

EASY AND DAINTY
DISHES.

VERY dish herein is designed for beginners—for those who, chancing to light upon “The Year Book,” and to be inspired by certain revelations of delicacies within reach, which are used now only by the initiated few, shall resolve henceforth to attempt something more than the roast and boiled. These shall be their *éprouvettes* in gastronomy, compassable with few ingredients, all of which are to be obtained, and at no heavy cost, if the reader will only deign to refer to “Marketing for Table.” We are told that Cressy was fought on Yarmouth herrings (“*Journée des Harengs*”), but this is no argument in favour of a commissariat of bloaters, albeit there are people who would endeavour to establish one. These are the rough and ready advocates of roast beef and plum pudding, who broadly and confidently assert that Englishmen are pre-eminently vigorous, because they live on plain roast and boiled—facts being conclusive against them, since it is now ascertained beyond dispute that limited experience with fleshpots is the fate of three-fourths of the

British population. The strongest, the hardest worked, are the poorest fed. On the other hand, the least worked are monotonously fed. There is gain to all in bringing new elements of food into the market, and in endeavouring to refine the taste of all. The foolish table prejudices, that are still strong in every part of the country, are positive misfortunes in the presence of food at almost famine prices. *Wheat fails, the people hunger ; they are offered Indian corn, and they revolt as though ashes had been presented to them, it being an undeniable fact, at the same time, that delicacies for the rich man's table are made of this same corn flour. Maizena puddings have become amazingly popular in Paris *restaurants* and private *cuisines* during the past year. I remember being at a banquet—served and watched over by Gousset himself—at which a special *chef* attended to serve a maizena pudding. “It is light as thistle-down,” said a guest, “and the flavour is as delicate as the perfume in a rose-garden.”

The following sauces and dishes compose an elementary chapter of experiments for the ambitious neophyte. They are collated from the best authorities, and make an excellent beginning for the study of the bride on her return from her honeymoon to the joys and responsibilities of housekeeping—in a cottage. Cupid, be it remembered, is a horrible little *gourmand*.

SAUCE FOR MANY DISHES.

Put over a slow fire some beef broth, white wine (if possible) or claret (ordinaire) a few leaves of laurel, salt, and pepper, and a dash of lemon-juice. Let this warm during five hours or so ; then, before serving, add more lemon-juice.

MAITRE D'HÔTEL SAUCE.

Put in a warm dish a good piece of butter, and mix some parsley chopped fine with it, then add salt, pepper, nutmeg, and, according to taste, sorrel and eschalot chopped small. When it is all well mixed, pour it over the meat or fish, which must have been kept warm.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Cook the tomatoes with salt, pepper, thyme, laurel leaves, and parsley ; when they are thoroughly well cooked, strain them, and put the juice on the fire again with a good slice of butter ; add some yolk of eggs before serving. The tomatoes may be peeled before being cooked, and the pips taken out, and in that case the herbs can be taken out, and the sauce need not be strained. Sometimes a little flour is put in it.

POOR MAN'S SAUCE.

Put some parsley, chopped eschalots, and onions, salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of vinegar into a saucepan with water, and let them boil until the eschalots are cooked. This sauce is very good to cook shrimps and prawns.

If you wish to make this a little better, put the ingredients in beef-broth, take out the onions, and add some yolks of eggs. In this sauce you can warm meats left from the day before.

SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

Crumble a yolk of egg boiled hard in a few drops of vinegar, with pepper and salt. Mix them well, and while turning pour some oil in drop by drop. When all is well mixed, clear it to the consistence of a sauce, pouring some vinegar in drop by drop, and always stirring. Olives and anchovies can be added.

A mayonnaise sauce, made the day before, can be done up by adding a little sauce made with flour and butter. You can add some yolks of eggs well beaten, and to which you add the sauce, always stirring; then put a little lemon juice, and a little more vinegar.

SAUCE PIQUANTE.

Cook some thyme, laurel leaves, and eschalots in vinegar; add pepper and salt. When the vinegar is reduced, add some beef broth or gravy. Take out the herbs before serving the sauce.

TARTARE SAUCE.

Chop up some chervil, taragon, watercress, and pimpernel, and any other seasonable herbs. Add some mustard, which you will stir up well, adding oil drop by drop. This sauce, which is made cold, must be rather thick. Capers and gherkins chopped up will improve it, as, indeed, they improve almost all sauces.

DUTCH SAUCE.

Melt some butter over a slow fire ; let it settle, salt it, add some lemon juice, whip it up, taste it and see if it is salt enough, and if not add more.

SAUCE SALMIS.

Melt some butter in a saucepan, without letting it brown, and mix some flour with it. Add some white wine if possible, and some beef broth, thyme, parsley, eschalot, and laurel leaves, two or three chopped eschalots, pepper, and salt. Let it boil well, and then put in the meat you wish to warm up, with a little lemon-juice, and do not let it boil any longer. Then, when the meat is warm, put it on toasted bread, and pour the sauce over it. A glass of brandy added to it improves it very much.

CRÉCY SOUP.

Ingredients.—Carrots, turnips, celery, an onion, a few thin slices of ham, and butter.

The vegetables must be peeled, washed, and cut up small, and put in hot water for a quarter of an hour. Then drain them and put them into a saucepan with a good piece of butter, some thin slices of ham, and a little sugar, and let it boil gently over a slow fire. Moisten it with beef broth. When all is cooked, put the vegetables into a mortar and pound them. Strain them through a colander with the broth that has served to moisten the vegetables. Put them back over the fire, and let the whole boil gently during two hours.

Skim it, and pour it over some crusts of bread fried in butter, and serve it.

FISH SOUP.

Ingredients.—Fish, carrots, onions, small shrimps (according to taste), thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, wine, sugar.

If any fish is left from yesterday's dinner, it will serve very well for soup. Brown some carrots and onions in butter, then add some shrimps (if possible), then put water, add thyme, laurel leaves, cloves, and half a glass of white wine, if possible, and some sugar, and let it all boil. Then put the fish in, and let that boil a little time, if it has been cooked before ; if not, put it in when you put the water. When it is well done, pour the whole over some slices of bread already placed in the tureen.

CONDÉ SOUP.

Ingredients.—White haricot beans, beef broth, parsley and butter.

If there be any haricot beans left from the previous day's dinner, pound them up, and make a paste with them, adding some beef broth, butter, and parsley, and then pour it over some fried crusts of bread.

MONACO SOUP.

Ingredients.—Bread, sugar, salt, milk or cream, the yolk of egg.

Cut some slices of bread all of the same size and shape, if possible. Sprinkle them thickly with powdered sugar, and grill them until they are a light

brown. Put them in a soup tureen with a little salt. Pour some boiling milk (or boiling cream) over them ; the yolk of several eggs may be mixed with the milk. This soup is very good for invalids and young children.

CAULIFLOWER SOUP.

Ingredients.—Cauliflower and butter.

Peel the cauliflowers, and put them in boiling water. When they are perfectly soft, strain the water off, and put them in the saucepan again with some butter. Moisten them with water or beef broth, and finish cooking them. Put some slices of fried bread in the soup, and let the whole boil gently until it is thick ; then serve it.

SORREL SOUP.

Ingredients.—Sorrel, chervil, lettuce, butter, and the yolk of egg.

Put in a saucepan a good slice of butter ; add sorrel, chervil, and a few lettuce leaves. When they are all well cooked and soft, pour a sufficient quantity of water over it, salt it, and add a little beef broth. Mix the yolk of several eggs with the soup, and pour it over some fried crusts, and serve it.

PARISIAN SOUP.

Ingredients.—Leeks, potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, and beef broth or water.

Cut the leeks up in strips, and fry them in butter, then pour water or beef broth over them, adding potatoes, cut in slices. Let them cook well ; if you have

boiled them in water, add butter, salt, pepper, and serve it on some fried bread already laid in the tureen.

BEEF, WITH HERBS.

Take a dish that will bear the fire ; put in some beef broth. Add parsley, eschalot, tarragon, chervil, capers, and gherkins, salt, and pepper. Cut all this up, and then lay the beef, cut into thin slices, over it. Cover the slices with a layer of herbs, just the same as those underneath the meat ; cover the dish, and let the whole boil very gently for half an hour.

BEEF EN MATELOTE.

Brown some onions in butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, and fry lightly ; add two wine-glasses of ordinary claret, (to be had at any wine merchant's at twenty shillings the dozen,) one wine-glass of beef broth, a few mushrooms, if possible ; salt, pepper, thyme, and bay leaves ; when all this is done, pour it over the beef, which has been cut into slices, and put in a dish that will bear the fire ; let it all boil gently for half-an-hour, and serve it.

POOR MAN'S BEEF.

Cut the beef into slices, and put them in a dish that will bear the fire. Sprinkle the slices with salt, pepper, parsley, and chopped eschalot ; add a little dripping, and a glass of beef broth, and let it boil gently for half-an-hour, and serve it.

BOILED OX-TAIL.

After having cut the tail of an ox into three pieces,

and having scalded it in salt water, put it in a saucepan with a cabbage, carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions, all having been scalded; moisten it with some beef broth, and let it boil gently four or five hours. Strain off the broth, and then put the meat in a bason or dish; skim the broth well, mix a little sauce with it, and then pour it back over the meat.

BEEF SALAD.

Cut the cold beef into thin slices, and surround them with watercresses, gherkins, and some anchovies cut in half, or a few shrimps.

BEEF AU GRATIN.

Cut some slices of bacon fat, and put them in a dish that will bear the fire; if you have no bacon fat, a little beef broth with a good piece of butter will do, and let it all melt; add some mushrooms, parsley, chervil, all chopped fine, sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, and spice. Spread the cold beef cut into slices, in the dish on the top of all this, put a similar layer over the beef, moisten this with a little beef broth, and cook it over a slow fire. A little time before serving it, put it in the oven until it is browned.

Half a wine-glass of brandy or rum greatly improves this dish.

The Author of "*L'Art d'Accommoder les Restes*," gives the following:—

PSEUDO-BEEFSTEAK.

Cut the cold boiled beef into slices, and grill them

by a slow fire. When they are slightly browned on each side, lay them in a warm dish, in which a good slice of butter covered with herbs chopped up has been placed, and serve them, surrounded with fried potatoes, or little potatoes roasted in butter. You can also pour into the butter while it is melting a little anchovy sauce, and instead of potatoes put water-cresses.

BEEF EN GIBELOTTE.

Make a sauce of butter and flour, and let it get brown ; then add a little wine and water, salt, pepper, parsley, chervil, tarragon, little onions, and a little sugar, and lay the slices of beef in this, and cook them over a slow fire.

MUTTON CUTLETS À LA JARDINIÈRE.

Having pared the cutlets, melt a little butter in a dish that will bear the fire. Put in the cutlets, with a seasoning of salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg, and cover them with a piece of greased paper ; then stand the dish over the fire. When the cutlets are done on one side, turn them the other side, and when that side is done, strain them, and stand them up, one leaning against the other, and put, in the hole thus made in the centre of the dish, a ragoût of vegetables made as follows :—

Put some little carrots, and turnips, white haricots, green peas, if in season, into a saucepan, and let them boil gently ; when the vegetables are well done, skim it. Put a little butter in, and mix it with the vege-

tables, and when they are put in the hole formed by the cutlets, surmount the whole by a fine piece of cauliflower, if there be any on the ragoût of vegetables.

SHOULDER OR LEG OF MUTTON RECHAUFFÉ.

Cut what cold mutton there is left into thin slices, and fry them in gravy over a slow fire. Then make a tomato sauce, or white sauce; or put the slices of meat on a stuffing of sorrel and chicory; or on a paste of potatoes, or haricots, or lentils.

VEAL RAGOÛT.

Put a large slice of butter and some flour in a saucepan, stir it well, and let it brown, and then put the veal in. Stir it until it is quite thick, moisten with hot water, add salt, pepper, thyme, and bay leaves; let it boil for an hour, and then add onions, mushrooms if possible, carrots, peas, and other vegetables, if required.

BREAST OF VEAL, WITH GREEN PEAS.

Cut the breast of veal into pieces, and after having scalded them, brown them in butter in the saucepan; put some flour, and mix it well with the butter. Moisten with broth, add thyme, bay leaves, eschalot, parsley, and pepper. Calculate the time necessary to cook the green peas, and put them in so that they may be done at the same time as the veal; then, stir up the yolk of several eggs with it, and serve it.

VEAL WITH WHITE SAUCE.

Cut up the veal into thin slices, and put a good piece

of butter into a saucepan ; let the butter melt, and then add, stirring the butter all the time, a table-spoonful of flour ; let it be well mixed with the butter, but do not let it brown. Add water, salt, thyme, bay leaves, eschalot, and parsley ; then put in the slices of veal, and let it boil gently over a slow fire. Just before serving, add the yolk of an egg ; if spring onions are put in, they must be put in with the meat, as they require well cooking.

FRIED CALF'S LIVER.

Cut the liver into slices, chop up some parsley and eschalot, and put it in a frying-pan, with a good piece of butter ; add a spoonful of flour, and half a glass of claret ordinary, if possible, some broth, salt, pepper, and spices. Let this cook a few minutes, and then put the liver in and let it fry.

VEAL À LA PROVENÇALE.

Ingredients.—Cold veal, butter, oil, flour, parsley, eschalots, chervil, salt, and pepper.

Put the butter and flour in a saucepan, with several spoonfuls of oil, parsley, chervil, eschalots cut up, salt, and pepper. Mix this sauce over a good fire, and then put in the cold veal cut in slices. Do not let it boil. When the veal is well-warmed, serve.

VEAL FRICANDEAU RECHAUFFÉ.

The remains of a *fricandeau* can be served up in one piece, or cut up in slices. It is warmed in a little beef broth, or in the sauce in which it is to be served ;

or a preparation such as a stew of whole lettuce leaves, of celery, of sorrel, or tomato sauce ; or in a sauce made on purpose from the remains of bacon and meat used to prepare it, with parsley, chervil, onions, carrots, cloves, thyme, and a little beef broth. Skim it, if necessary, and then take the quantity required for warming the veal, and pour the rest over the veal in the dish.

VEAL À LA PELERINE.

Ingredients.—Cold larded veal, oil, frosted onions, gravy, a little red wine, mushrooms, laurel leaves, potato paste, and salt.

Take the cold larded veal that remains, and fry it on all sides in a little oil over a quick fire. Frost some onions in butter and sugar, and put them in when they are browned ; add some gravy, a glass of red wine, some mushrooms, and let it all boil gently with some laurel leaves and salt. When the onions and mushrooms are cooked, skim, and add a little potato paste, then cover the veal with it, and serve with the mushrooms and onions round it.

POULTRY.

If you wish simply to warm up the remains of a cold fowl, soak them in fat, and put them on a slow fire, and moisten with a little oil, and serve it with a well-flavoured sauce or purée.

FOWL RAGOÛT.

Ingredients.—Cold fowl, mushrooms, tarragon, thyme,

parsley, chervil, butter, flour, and white wine, if possible.

Put the mushrooms into a saucepan, with the herbs chopped up, some butter, and a little flour. Add a little white wine, if possible, and when the mushrooms are cooked, put the remains of fowl into the sauce until they are hot. Then serve.

FRIED FOWL.

Take the least tender parts of the fowl, and roll them in a thick paste, and fry them quickly.

FOWL SALAD.

Ingredients.—Cold fowl, strips of salt raw herring or anchovies, quarters of lettuces, capers, gherkins.

Chop up the salad ; then add the strips of herring or anchovies, quarters of lettuces, capers and gherkins cut up. Season it as a salad, and mix the pieces of cold fowl with it.

RICE AND FOWL CAKE.

Ingredients.—Cold fowl and ground rice.

Take a dish that will bear the fire, and put some well ground rice at the bottom of it. Lay the slices of cold fowl in it, and then cover the fowl with a second layer of rice. Cook it in a slow oven.

FOWL WITH MUSTARD.

You can eat the legs and wings of a cold turkey, grilled with mustard, oil, and chopped gherkins.

GOOSE.

The legs and wings of geese are very good soaked in fat and breaded ; rolled in oil, and breaded again and grilled. Serve them on a hash of onions or other vegetable, or with a highly seasoned sauce.

FISH.

SALMON DRIED.

Cut the salmon into thin slices ; place the slices in a dish that will bear the fire. Fry them lightly in oil. When they are cooked strain the oil off, sprinkle them with lemon juice, and serve them.

BAKED HADDOCK.

Ingredients.—A nice forcemeat, butter to taste, egg, and bread-crumbs.

Scale and clean the fish, without cutting it open much ; put in a nice forcemeat, and sew up the slit. Brush it over with egg, sprinkle it with bread-crumbs, and keep on basting it with butter. Put some parsley and cut lemon round it, and serve it up with gravy, or melted butter, or anchovy sauce. A large haddock requires three-quarters of an hour's cooking, a moderate one, half-an-hour.

MUSSELS.

The best time for mussels is from September to April. It is best to soak them for several hours in

cold water. The juice of mussels is very good to make vegetable soup.

If you have any mussels left from a dish of the previous day, put some butter in a saucepan, some parsley, eschalots, an onion, a spoonful of flour to be mixed with the butter, some of the juice from the mussels, pepper, and spice. Strain it, and fine it with the yolk of an egg, and then pour on the mussels.

MUSSELS WITH HERBS.

Take away the shells ; fry them in butter mixed with thyme, tarragon, and parsley chopped, pepper and salt. Add a little lemon juice, and serve.

RABBIT EN PAPILOTES.

Ingredients.—Cold rabbit, stuffing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, eschalots, and mushrooms chopped up.

Take the bones out of whatever is left from yesterday's dinner, and pickle the pieces for a little time ; strain them, and roll them in a stuffing made of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, mushrooms, and eschalots, chopped up. Wrap the pieces in greased paper, and grill them by a slow fire. It is best to serve it with a sauce.

Next year we shall prepare some fresh and more ambitious trials. By that time the bride-pupil will be at home in the kitchen ; or at any rate mistress of her cook.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEA OF AN ENGLISH DINNER, 1835.

How difficult it is for those not "to the manner born," to acquire accurate ideas of the ways of their fellow men! A French emigrant of some property, who had experienced great hospitality during the late war in a town in the north of England, on the eve of his departure invited his entertainers to a dinner, which, on their arrival, he informed them with much apparent satisfaction, he had taken care should be in the true English fashion. To verify his words, there was a hare at the top of the table, a hare at the bottom, and a pie containing three brace of partridges in the middle. The second course consisted of a large piece of roast beef and a goose. Out of all rule as was this feast, still it exhibited the principal features, though exaggerated and inverted, of a substantial English dinner—a joint and poultry, and a course of game. How many descriptions by foreigners, of the habits, customs, and ways of thinking of any people, are not more faithful than was this confident attempt at imitation! Nay, often natives themselves, when treating of what belongs to any class but their own, fall into as great errors. It is only profound observers who are aware of this difficulty of attaining accuracy. Those who have seen little, or seen imperfectly, seldom distrust their own knowledge. I remember once in a party of travelled men, where the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of English and continental inns, by far the most decided opinion was given by a young officer, whose expe-

rience of the continent proved to have been confined to forty eight hours' residence at Quillacq's Hôtel at Calais.—*The Original.*

THE ART OF FRYING.

IT was a fine day in the month of May. The sun was shedding its softest rays across the smoky roofs of the gay city, and the streets—for a wonder—were neither dirty nor muddy.

The heavy diligences had long ceased to rumble along the road; the ponderous dust-carts were still; and the only vehicles that still went and came, were the open carriages from which the indolent beauties are in the habit of casting disdainful glances at the old and ugly, and coquettish ones at the handsome men who pass them.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the professor came and sat down in the arm-chair devoted to his meditations.

His right leg was resting vertically on the floor; the left was stretched out, forming a diagonal. He was well seated in the chair, and his hands were leaning on the lions' heads which ornament the ends of the arms of this venerable piece of furniture.

His high forehead indicated love of serious study, and his mouth, a taste for pleasant relaxations. His position and expression were such, that no one seeing him thus, could have failed to have said, "This must be one of the wise men of olden times."

Thus established, the professor called his preparer-in-chief, who came directly, ready to receive advice, to take lessons, or obey orders.

"M. La Planche," said the professor, with that gravity of tone that penetrates to the inmost recesses of each heart, "all those who sit at my table, proclaim you to be a soup-

maker of the first class, which is an excellent thing, for soup is the greatest consolation of a needy stomach. But it grieves me very much to see that you are uncertain in the art of frying.

“Yesterday I heard you moaning over the soles, which came to table pale, soft, and discoloured. My friend R—— gave you a disapproving glance; M. H. R—— turned his sententious nose westward; and President S——— deplored it as if it were a public calamity.

“This misfortune befell you because you neglected the theory the importance of which you do not thoroughly understand. You are a little opiated, and I have very great difficulty in making you understand that the phenomena which happen in your laboratory are merely the fulfilment of the eternal laws of nature; and that certain things which you do carelessly and mechanically, from having seen others do them, are not the less the result of the highest scientific researches.

“Listen to me, then, attentively, and try to instruct yourself, that you may not have to blush for your labours.

“The liquids which you expose to the action of the fire do not all retain the same amount of heat. Nature has arranged them unequally. It is an order of things of which she has kept the secret to herself, and which we call caloric capacity.

“Thus, you might dip your finger in boiling spirits of wine with impunity, you would draw it out of boiling brandy very quickly, quicker still from boiling water, and a rapid immersion in boiling oil would inflict very severe pain, for oil retains at least three times as much heat as water.

“The necessary result of this variability is that the warm liquids act in a different manner on the bodies plunged therein; those boiled in water soften, and dissolve, and are reduced to a pulp in time, and produce broth or extracts; those which are boiled in oil grow firm, and become of a

darker colour, and if left to boil long enough will get perfectly black. In the first case the water dissolves and draws out the interior particles of the alimentary substances plunged therein ; in the second, these particles are preserved because the oil cannot dissolve them ; and if they are moistened it is because the continuation of the heat vaporises the parts of it that are already moist. The two methods have different names ; that which is called frying is the action of boiling in oil or fat, substances destined to be eaten. I think I have said already, that, officially, oil and fat are synonymous, fat being merely concrete oil, and oil liquid fat.

“Fried substances are always welcome at a feast. They make a piquant variety. They are pleasant to the sight, they conserve their primitive flavour, and can be taken up with the fingers, a point always agreeable to ladies.

“Frying also affords the cook numberless means of dressing in a way that shall totally disguise them, the remains of the previous day's dinner, and provides him with various expedients for unforeseen cases—for it does not take longer to fry a carp weighing four pounds than to boil an egg. All the merit of good frying lies in the surprise ; that is, in the invasion of the boiling liquid which carbonises or browns the exterior surface of the substance immersed in it, directly it is put in.

“By means of the *surprise*, as cooks call it, a skin is formed over the substance, preventing the fat from penetrating, and concentrating the particles, which thus undergo an interior stewing process, giving to the substance being fried all the taste it possesses.

“In order that the *surprise* may take place successfully, the liquid must have attained sufficient heat for its action to be instantaneous ; but it only reaches this point after having been exposed for some time to a quick fire.

“By the following method you can tell if the liquid is hot

enough. Cut a little piece of the crumb of bread, and soak it in the frying-pan for five or six seconds; if when you take it out it is firm and browned, put in immediately whatever you want to fry; if not, stir up the fire and begin again, in order that the liquid may be at the proper degree of heat.

“When once the *surprise* has been effected, lower the fire a little, so that the stewing of the interior particles may not be too quick, and in order that the gradual heat may better bring out the taste.

“I daresay you have observed that the surface of well-fried substances cannot dissolve either sugar or salt, which are, however, necessary to their taste. Therefore, you must not fail to reduce these two substances into a fine powder, so that they may obtain the necessary adhesiveness. Then, when you sprinkle whatever you have fried with sugar or salt, they will season it by juxtaposition.

“I do not speak of the choice of oils and fat—the various dispensaries of which I have formed your library will enlighten you sufficiently on that point.

“However, do not forget, when you have to cook a trout hardly weighing more than a quarter of a pound—a trout from the clear fresh streams which murmur far from the great capital—do not forget, I say, to fry them with the finest olive oil you can get. This simple dish, duly sprinkled and seasoned with slices of lemon, is worthy to be offered to a cardinal!

“Smelts, of which gourmets think so highly, must be treated in the same way. The smelt is the beccafico among fish—the same smallness of size, the same delicacy and superiority.

“These two prescriptions are founded on the nature of things. Experience has taught us that olive oil must only be used for culinary operations which do not take long, or which

do not require great heat, because a prolonged ebullition develops in it an empyreumatic and disagreeable taste, which comes from several particles of parenchyme which the oil contains, which are very difficult to get rid of, and which are apt to carbonise.

"You have tried my methods, and you were the first to have the glory of offering to the astonished universe an immense fried turbot. There were great rejoicings among the elect at my table that day !

"Now, you can go. Continue to be careful over everything that you do, and never forget that from the moment the guests set foot in my rooms, *we* are entrusted with the care of their happiness."

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

[Brillat-Savarin's art of frying has been severely criticised of late years.]

GOOD SOUP.

Good soup is rarely to be had in great houses. The *chef* is constantly dipping into it to moisten his ragouts, and filling up with water. It is in little houses, where the *pot-au-feu* is the chief dish, that the soup is best. Good soup makes the poor man's dinner in France: and it is an enjoyment which the rich man often envies him. In England the poor man's wife has not yet learned how to keep a *pot-au-feu*.

OYSTERS IN 1803.

"Oysters are the usual opening to a winter breakfast—indeed, they are almost indispensable. But this is often a dear introduction through the indiscretion of guests, who generally pride themselves on packing them by the hundred in their vain-glorious stomachs. Insipid pleasure, which

brings no real enjoyment, and often embarrasses an estimable host. *It is proved by experience, that beyond five or six dozen, oysters certainly cease to be enjoyable.*"—*Almanach des Gourmands*, 1803.

FROG EATERS PAR EXCELLENCE.

It has been our custom to call our lively neighbours "frog-eaters." But how many Parisians have feasted on the legs of "croakers"? Frogging is a great industry on the marshy ground of Buffalo. A stout stick, about three feet long and crooked at the lower end, a basket and jack-knife, and a piece of strong cord, are all the capital necessary to the business. The frog is killed by a blow upon the head. When the frog-hunter has collected a basketful, he takes them to the river bank, amputates and skins the legs, threads them on his string, and moors them to the bank, leaving them, that they may keep fresh, under the water. According to the *Buffalo Express*, "a man having nothing else to do might make a thousand dollars a season by carrying frogs to the insatiable Buffalo markets. The frog legs fetch from one dollar to one dollar and a half per hundred. The report of the frog trade and consumption in Buffalo last summer was a little startling. "The quantity disposed of in Buffalo is surprisingly large. The principal dealers sell easily 1200 per day, and the consumption of four hotels, which have the delicacy in their bills of fare, will probably add 500 to that amount. As there are several smaller grocery stores which sell daily from 25 to 50 pairs, it will be safe to say that not less than 2000 are being eaten in Buffalo every day. Already over 100,000 have been sold, and the remaining two months of the season will increase that amount to nearly 300,000, which is but a moderate quantity, considering the already large and yearly increasing numbers which inhabit the river islands and all along the shore of Canada." It is not for the

Anglo-Saxon race to twit the Gaul with frog-eating. The taunt was a foolish one, at which the lively Frenchman laughed long ago. "The foolish Englishman," said he, "twits me with having an advantage over him."

A QUIET MIND AND HEALTHY STOMACH.

Having long gone wrong, you must get right by degrees : there is no summary process. Medicine may assist, or give temporary relief ; but you have a habit to alter, a tendency to change—from a tendency to being ill to a tendency to being well. First study to acquire a composure of mind and body ; avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper, endeavour to look at the bright side of things ; keep down as much as possible the unruly passions ; discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means ; whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what it is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful ; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions ;" and the contrary is produced by easy conversation and pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion. I advise wives not to entertain their husbands with domestic grievances, about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unseasonable or provoking questions ; and I advise husbands to keep the cares and vexations of the world to themselves, but to be communicative of whatever is comfortable, and cheerful, and amusing.—*The Original.*

FRANCATELLI'S LITERARY DISHES.

Imitation Soufflé, iced à la Walter Scott.

Ingredients : 1 pint of syrup of 32 degrees strength, 15 yolks of eggs, a gill of curaçoa, half a gill of orange-flower water, half a gill of juice of oranges, half a pint of double cream whipped.

Imitation Soufflé, iced à la Byron.

Ingredients : 1 pint of syrup of 32 degrees strength, half a pint of noyau, half a pint of juice of cherries, 2 ounces of bruised macaroons, half a pint of double cream whipped.

Imitation Soufflé, iced à la Charles Kean.

Ingredients : 1 pint of syrup of 32 degrees strength, 3 gills of filtered raspberry juice, the juice of one lemon, a gill of maraschino, 15 yolks, 2 ounces of chocolate drops, and half a pint of double cream whipped.

Mix the syrup and yolks of eggs, and strain this into the warmed egg bowl, then add the raspberry and lemon juices and the liqueur ; whisk the composition till it creams substantially, then whisk it off the hot water for ten minutes longer, add the chocolate drops and the whipped cream ; lightly fill the case, set it in the cave placed in a tub well buried in pounded rough ice with salt, and two hours after take it out, remove the band of paper from round the case, cover the surface of the *soufflé* with powdered baked savoy biscuit, and serve immediately.

Iced Biscuits, à la Charles Dickens.

Ingredients : 1 pint of syrup of 32 degrees strength, 15 yolks of eggs, 3 gills of peach pulp pinked with carmine, 1 gill of noyau, half a pint of double cream whipped, and a small quantity of chocolate water ice, made with half a pint of syrup, with 4 ounces of best chocolate very smoothly dis-

solved in it, and frozen ready to be used as hereinafter indicated.

Mix the syrup and yolks of eggs (strained) with the peach pulp and the noyau, and a few drops of essence of vanilla, and whisk the composition as previously directed ; when ready for freezing pour this into brick moulds, and set these imbedded in rough ice with salt to be re-frozen for an hour and a half ; at the end of that time they are to be unmoulded, cut up into slices an inch thick, coated all over, or at all events on the upper surface and sides, with the ready frozen chocolate ice, smoothed with a knife dipped in cold water, placed in an ice cave ; as soon as the cave is filled with the biscuits, let it be entirely buried in rough ice with salt ; an hour and a half afterwards they will be ready for table.

These biscuits may be dished up with leaf-shaped pieces of green preserved angelica, or placed in small oblong-shaped white paper cases made to their size.

Iced Biscuits à la Thackeray.

Ingredients : 1 pint of syrup of 32 degrees strength, 1 pint of strawberry pulp, 15 yolks of eggs, 1 ounce of vanilla sugar, half a pint of double cream whipped.

Mix the syrup and yolks, strain, then add the strawberry pulp and vanilla sugar, set the composition as above directed ; incorporate the whipped cream lightly, and fill the paper cases (either plaited and irregular, or square) ; these must be surrounded each with a band of stiff paper, of sufficient width to reach half an inch above the edges of the cases, the bands to be pinched thick, or pinned together at one corner, so as to render them secure. The biscuits filled, place them in the ice cave, and imbed them in ice in the usual way.

When about to send these biscuits to table, after having first removed the bands of paper, cover their surfaces with

brown coloured ratafias bruised to a fine powder, and sifted upon them. It will be obvious that the bands of paper to be placed round the cases are intended to give the biscuits the appearance of the composition having risen out of the cases while the biscuits are supposed to have been baked.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WELSH RARE-BIT.

The Welsh rare-bit is originally a Swiss dish. It consists simply of eggs boiled with cheese, in certain proportions which time and experience have revealed. I will give the official receipt. It is a wholesome, savoury, and toothsome dish, quickly made ; and can always be brought forward on the arrival of several unexpected guests. I only mention it here for my own particular satisfaction, and because this dish recalls to my mind an incident connected with it, which the old people of the district of Belley will never forget.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century a Monsieur de Madot was appointed to the Bishopric of Belley, and arrived there to take possession of it.

Those who were deputed to receive him, and to do the honours of his own palace, had provided a feast worthy of the occasion, and had employed all the resources of the kitchen to celebrate his arrival.

Among the side dishes was a colossal Welsh rare-bit, to which the newly appointed bishop helped himself freely. But to the universal astonishment, judging from the exterior that it was a cream, he partook of it with a spoon instead of using a fork, with which from time immemorial it had been eaten.

All the guests were amazed at this peculiarity, and glanced at each other with scarcely repressed smiles. But respect kept them silent ; for a bishop coming fresh from Paris, and especially on the first day of his arrival, cannot do wrong.

The incident, however, got abroad, and on the morrow,

the first thing every one said on meeting a friend was, "Well ! do you know how our new bishop ate his Welsh rare-bit, last night ?" "Yes, yes, I know. He ate it with a spoon. I was told so by a person who saw him," &c. &c. The town gossips transmitted the fact to the country, and in three months it was known throughout the diocese. The most remarkable thing is, that this incident all but overturned the old creed of our fathers. Innovators sprang up and defended the use of the spoon, but they were soon put down ; the fork triumphed, and a century later, one of my great-uncles used to relate to me, amidst hearty laughter, how M. de Madot had once eaten his rare-bit with a spoon.

Receipt for a Welsh rare-bit, taken from the papers of M. Trollet, Bailiff on Mondon, in the Canton of Berne :— Take as many eggs as you wish, according to the number of guests, and weigh them. Then take a piece of cheese weighing a third of the weight of the eggs, and a slice of butter weighing a sixth. Beat the eggs well up in a saucepan, after which put in the butter and the cheese, the latter either grated or chopped up very small.

Place the saucepan on a good fire, and stir with a flat spoon, until the mixture becomes sufficiently thick and soft ; add a little salt, and a large proportion of pepper—this being one of the principal points of the dainty—and serve it up in a warm dish. Bring out the best wine, and let it go round freely, and wonders will be done.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

WINE BOUQUETS.

There is a period, an antique period, at which old port acquires what is known in the trade as the "pig-dung stink," which is prized by old gentlemen who keep old cellars far above the most fragrant bouquet any pure wine ever possessed. We may here remark, by the way, that

bouquet, whenever it is met with in young wine, is an adventitious addition. There are certain essences sold to perfume new wine and give it the aroma of age. All the ætherous qualities which the wine-taster feels for so delicately with his nose, are given off by age. Young wine, with the exception of Muscat, possesses no trace of the delicate perfume of the grape from which it is made; these fine odours are wholly dissipated by the process of fermentation, and only reappear after the wine has been many years in bottle. If it were otherwise, we fear, they would be anything but pleasant. The process of pressing the grape with the naked feet—one of those remnants of barbarism which the wine-makers still defend and maintain—would certainly not impart to it any aroma that would be pleasant, especially to Cape wine, where the blacks do the work. “I was at dinner one day,” says Dr. Druitt, “sitting next to the late Archdeacon ———, from the Cape. I asked him the reason of the earthy taste in the Cape wine. He said, ‘My dear sir, if you ever were at the Cape, and were to see the black fellows in the vineyard in the vintage time, and how they make the wine, you would think earthy a very mild term indeed to apply to it.’”—*Edinburgh Review*.

DINING AT THE ATHENÆUM.

Whilst I was writing the above a friend of mine called to propose that we should dine together at the Athenæum, and he would send a brace of grouse he had just received. We dined very satisfactorily, but agreed that a perfect edition of our dinner would have been as follows:—First, a dozen and a half of small oysters, not pampered, but fresh from their native bed, eaten simply, after the French fashion, with lemon juice, to give an edge to the appetite. In about twenty minutes, the time necessary for dressing them, three fine flounders water-zoutchied, with brown bread-and-butter,

—a dish which is better served at the Athenæum than anywhere I know. At a short interval after the flounders, the grouse, not sent up together, but one after the other, hot and hot, like mutton chops, each accompanied by a plate of French beans. With the flounders, half-a-pint of sherry, and with the grouse a bottle of genuine claret, which we get for three-and-sixpence a bottle ; after which, a cup each of strong hot coffee. This is a style of dining which made us think of the gorgeous, encumbered style with pity and contempt, and I give these particulars by way of study, and as a step towards emancipation. After my desultory manner, I must here mention an instance of barbaric ornament I witnessed a short time since at a dinner, which, substantially, was excellent. I had to carve a tongue, and found my operations somewhat impeded by a couple of ranunculuses stuck into it, sculptured, one in turnips, and the other in a carrot. It was surrounded by a thin layer of spinach, studded with small stars also cut in carrot. What have ranunculuses and stars to do with tongue and spinach? To my mind, if they had been on separate and neighbouring dishes, and unadorned, it would have been much more to the purpose.—*The Original.*

PRIZE SHEEP.

Macaulay, in his Essay on the Royal Society of Literature, observes : “In general, prize sheep are good for nothing but to make tallow candles, and prize poems are good for nothing but to light them.”

MEAT IN THE FUTURE.

In a paper read before the Scientific Association of Trinidad, the Hon. Henry Mitchell states that in consequence of the new and simple methods for preventing taint, fresh meat will ere long be sold everywhere at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound ;

and he bases his calculation on the fact that there are in the provinces of La Plata 27,000,000 cattle, and 40,000,000 sheep, and in Australia 180,000,000 cattle, and 300,000,000 sheep.

OYSTERS IN PARIS.

Notwithstanding the high price of oysters in Paris at present, the consumption continues to be immense, averaging from 8,000 to 9,000 baskets a day. As each of those packages contain twelve dozen, or about 150, the sale must amount to from 1,200,000 to 1,350,000 oysters per day, or 36 millions per month, and counting the eight months of the year in which there is an R, the annual sale would be 288 millions.—*Nov.* 1867.

AN EPROUVETTE.

That an epreuve may make its full effect, it should be in abundant proportion to the convives, Savarin has insisted. He is right. The first joy at sight of it is limited by the fear that there will be the merest taste for each. The "*avare fastueux*" is a horrible host.

A GERMAN ANACREONTIC.

It tells that an angel, visiting the earth some time after the subsidence of the Deluge, discovered Father Noah sitting at noon in the shadow of a fig-tree, looking very disconsolate. The angel inquired the cause of his grief. Noah replied that the noon-time heats were oppressive, and that he was thirsty, and had nothing to drink. "Nothing to drink!" said the angel. "Look around! Do not the rains fall, and the rivers run, and is there not a spring of water bubbling up at thy cottage door?" "It is true," answered Noah, smiting his breast, "that there is abundance of water in which thy servant can bathe; but, alas! when I think of the

multitudes of strong men, of beautiful women, and of innocent children, and the countless host of animals that were drowned in the Flood, the idea of water becomes distasteful, and my lips refuse to drink." "There is reason in what thou sayest," replied the angel; and spreading his snow-white wings he flew up to Heaven swift as a lightning-flash, and while the eyes of Noah were still dazzled by the brightness of his presence returned with some stocks of the vine, which he taught the grateful patriarch how to plant and tend, and when the fruit was ripe how to press into wine. This, says the song, was the source of all the beneficent and benevolent drinks which the world owes to the grape.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for August.

JOHN IN THE CELLAR.

There exists a curious legend of a silver cup which figured in the Paris Exhibition. Among the toasts drunk in Holland at private entertainments during the last two centuries, that of "John in the Cellar" was seldom neglected. If among the company there was a lady about to become a mother, the health of the welcome coming stranger was drunk—of John in the Cellar. A particular cup was used for the toast. "On the foot of the cup there is a small hemispherical raising, pierced through at the sides, and shut on the top by a hinged lid. That raising contains a small child figure, with a floater at the feet—a hollow ball or a piece of cork. When the cup is filled up, the wine enters the secret hole, and raises up the child figure, which, having no other issue, lifts up at last the lid, and shows itself entirely."

THE QUEEN'S DINNER TO THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.

The Queen's dinner to the Belgians at Windsor, to which they did ample justice, included, in addition to the standing joints of beef, lamb, and veal, 750 roast fowls, 250 roast

ducks, 250 pickled tongues, 200 pigeon and veal pies, 250 lobster salads, a handsome dessert of black and white grapes, melons, greengages, strawberries, raspberries, and 2,600 bottles of champagne, moselle, hock, claret, port, and sherry.

ELBE SHERRY.

A physician writing in the "*Medical Times*," gives the following analysis of Hamburg or Elbe sherry :—40 gallons proof potato spirit, 56 gallons Elbe water, 4 gallons capillaire, and, in a liberal estimate, 10 gallons of sweet grape juice.

THE WATER CHESTNUT.

The following interesting and suggestive account is given by an Indian traveller, of the cultivation of this chestnut, which is known as the Singhara :—

"Here (in the north-western provinces), as in most other parts of India, the tanks get spoiled by the water-chestnut, which is everywhere as regularly planted and cultivated in fields under a large surface of water as wheat or barley is upon the dry plains. It is cultivated by a class of men called Dheemurs, who are everywhere fishermen and palankeen bearers ; and they keep boats for the planting, weeding, and gathering of the Singhara. The holdings or tenements of each cultivator are marked out carefully on the surface of the water, by long bamboos stuck up in it ; and they pay so much the acre for the portion they till. The long straws of the plants reach up to the surface of the water, upon which float their green leaves, and their pure white flowers expand beautifully in the latter part of the afternoon. The nut grows under the water after the flowers decay, and is of a triangular shape, and covered with a tough brown integument adhering strongly to the kernel, which is white, esculent, and of a

fine cartilaginous texture. The people are very fond of these nuts, and they are carried often upon bullocks' backs two or three hundred miles to market. They ripen in the latter end of the rains or in September, and are eatable till the end of November. The rent paid for an ordinary tank by the cultivator is about one hundred rupees a year. I have known two hundred rupees to be paid for a very large one, and even three hundred, or thirty pounds a year. But the mud increases so rapidly from this cultivation, that it soon destroys all reservoirs in which it is permitted; and when it is thought desirable to keep up the tank for the sake of the water, it should be carefully prohibited."

A GOOD DIGESTION.

It is through the digestion that grief and all the brooding affections of the mind affect the frame, and make the countenance fallen, pale, and liny, which causes Shakspeare to call it "hard-favoured grief," and to say that "grief is beauty's canker;" on the other hand, joy, or any pleasurable affection of the mind, which promotes digestion, at the same time fills and lights up the countenance. Often when I have been taking a solitary meal, the appearance of an agreeable companion, or reading any good news, has produced an instantaneous effect upon my digestive organs, and, through them, upon my whole frame. In the same way, a judicious medical attendant will, in many cases, by talking his patient into an appetite, or raising his spirits, do him more good than by any medicines.—*The Original.*

PLOVERS' EGGS AND ROOKS' EGGS.

Of all wild birds' eggs the plover's are considered the best. They are chiefly laid on plough, pasture, and moor land, always in the ground, and are found by the country people, sometimes assisted by dogs trained for the purpose. The

full complement is generally four; they are olive-coloured, spotted and blotched with black, and those who rob the nests are, it is said, careful not to take all, to induce the bird to go on laying, and this she generally does to make up her number. Next in estimation is the black-headed gull (*ridibundus*), being a genuine gull, and belonging to the swimmers, or more properly the *Laridæ*. The nests, contrary to the nidification of other gulls, which generally form theirs in the ledges of rocks near the sea, are placed in low situations. Nowhere are they more abundant than at Scoulton Mere, in Norfolk, and Twigmore, in Scawley, Lincolnshire. At the former place, we are informed, 1000 eggs per diem are gathered for two or three weeks every year, and the proprietor derives a good rental in consequence. They are often substituted for the plovers', and find their way to the Norwich and London markets, where they are considered dainties. The eggs, which vary much, are generally of a deepish olive, sprinkled with large brown and blackish spots. The birds are very regular in their migratory movements, for such their departure from and to the sea-coast may properly be termed, and their return in spring may in some cases be calculated upon almost to a day. We are given to understand, by a gentleman who has kindly furnished us with information, that rooks' eggs are very delicious, and, but for the difficulty of gathering, would be much eaten.—*The Grocer*.

TRUFFLES.

There were very few truffles in the Perigueux market towards the end of the year, and the price was rising.

DOCTOR VÉRON.

The French papers have been busy with the gastronomic fame of Dr. Véron, and have not spared it. His cellar, it seems, was almost empty. Only ninety-five bottles of wine

were found in it ; and it is reported that he sent out for his "famous" vintages to the nearest dealer, as he wanted them. One writer exclaims in disgust, "A *pâté de foie gras* dexterously introduced, a *sole Normande*, and ninety-five bottles of wine—these make a Lucullus of 1866 !"

THE CULTIVATION OF OYSTERS IN FRANCE.

In a paper addressed to the Société d'Acclimatation M. Delidon makes some interesting remarks on the state of ostre-culture in the famous commune of Marennes, Charente-Inferieure, and especially on the artificial oyster-beds of the rock of Der. M. Delidon considers the current as the natural vehicle by which the spat of the oyster is carried to those places where it finds suitable materials to fix itself upon. But if no obstacles be put in the way of the current, an immense quantity of the spat will be taken out to the open sea and utterly lost ; and it is to avoid this that *collectors* are formed. The ancient Romans used to make them of timber, and this material is used to this day with perfect success, with the single drawback that timber is not very durable. Stone, sea-shells, and tiles, therefore, answer much better, but even these are not unattended by annoyance, for as the oyster only travels once in its life—that is, in the state of spat—it becomes necessary, after a certain time, in order not to be at the expense of multiplying the collectors, to detach the young oyster from the stone or tile, and transfer it to the definitive oyster-bed, where the youngster is to be tenderly nursed. Now, in this preliminary operation at least 25 per cent. of the young oysters are destroyed, because of the thinness of their shells, which break in the attempt to separate them from the tile or stone. This serious loss is partly owing, according to M. Delidon, to the clumsy shape of the knife with which the operation is performed ; but in a great measure also to the circumstance that the oyster is fixed to

the naked tile or stone, whereas, if the latter were coated with some substance that would resist the action of the water, but could be removed without much difficulty by mechanical means, all this loss might be obviated. M. Delidon recommends for this purpose a composition he has tried successfully for the space of two years, and consisting of plaster of Paris made up in a paste with oil.

ASS'S EARS' VINAIGRETTE.

The English papers, commenting on the consumption of horse-flesh at Lyons—and the recent experiences of a few Lyonnese of the good qualities of ass's flesh—head their comments "Queer Taste." The taste is Epicurean. Down to this time, the ass appears only upon the daintiest tables, and in the appetising form of an Italian sausage. There is no doubt about the fact, that the flesh of the ass is tender, succulent, nutritious, and delicate in flavour. We may be eating ass's ears' vinaigrette before many more summers are over our heads without risking a charge of cannibalism.

GIGANTIC ASPARAGUS.

Passing through the Palais-Royal, one fine day in the month of February, I stopped before Madame Chevet's window, the most famous place of its kind in Paris. I noticed some remarkably fine asparagus, the smallest stick of which was thicker than my forefinger. I asked the price. "Forty francs, monsieur," was Madame Chevet's reply. "It is really very fine asparagus ; but at such a price only kings and princes can eat it." "You are mistaken. Such asparagus as this never reaches palaces. It is too good for that. I shall sell it all the same, though, and this is how it will be done.

"At this present moment there are in Paris at least three hundred men of enormous wealth—financiers, capitalists,

retired tradesmen, and others, who are confined to their homes by gout, by the fear of catarrh, by doctors' orders, and other causes which do not prevent them from eating and enjoying good things. They sit beside the fire, and turn over in their minds what will best satisfy their dainty appetites. When they have ransacked their brains unsuccessfully, they send their valet-de-chambre on a voyage of discovery. He will come here, will see my asparagus, and will carry it off at any price. Or else, a pretty woman will pass with her lover, and she will say, 'Oh, what fine asparagus! Let us buy some. Our cook makes the sauce for it to perfection, you know.' In such a case the lover cannot refuse, and cannot demur at the price. Or else, it is a bet won; a christening; a sudden increase of fortune—how do I know? In one word, the dear things go quicker than the cheap in Paris, because, in the course of life here, such extraordinary circumstances arise that there is always an opportunity of selling them."

As she spoke two stout Englishmen passed, arm-in-arm. They stopped before the window, and their faces expressed great admiration. One of them immediately had the marvellously fine asparagus done up in paper, without even asking the price, paid for it, and carried it off under his arm, whistling "God save the King!"

"There, monsieur," said Madame Chevet to me, with a laugh; "there is an opportunity of which I had not spoken, which is quite as frequent as the others."

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

A NEW LIQUEUR.

"While on a visit to the Exhibition I saw," a French chroniqueur records, "in the Prussian section rows of bottles labelled *Boonkamp of Maag-Bitter*. Struck by this singular name, I addressed the gentleman who presided at the stall.

He answered my questions with the utmost politeness, and asked me to taste his produce. I accepted his invitation, and he gave me a *petit verre* of brown liqueur, highly agreeable to the palate, and diffusing a soft and reviving warmth over me. He informed me that the *Boonekamp* is made of generous wines, of brandy, of various bitter plants, and lastly, of the peel of the green orange."

This Bitter, taken with water, sharpens the appetite; taken by itself it promotes the digestion, and acts favourably upon the organisation.

Doctor Baron de Liebig recommends the *Boonekamp* as an excellent anti-spasmodic draught.

The celebrated Alexandre de Humboldt also strongly recommends it. "It is," says he, "the family drink *par excellence*. It is a delicious table beverage, and it is a powerful preservative in cases of contagious diseases, of serious accidents," &c.

The opinion of celebrated and popular men in Germany, added to the good results of the consumption of *Boonekamp*, has been valuable to M. H. Underberg-Albrecht. He is the inventor and distiller of this extraordinary bitter, and he manufactures more than a hundred thousand bottles of it for Germany and Holland yearly; to say nothing of his exports to various continental towns. Sailors, hunters, and men who are employed in hard bodily labour, drink this *Boonekamp* on the other side of the Atlantic; and women have found it very strengthening when their forces have been failing.

As a proof of the excellency of this product, M. H. Underberg-Albrecht has been rewarded at all previous exhibitions, and has been appointed to provide his produce to several courts. He has obtained a medal this year at the Exhibition on the Champ de Mars.

I must say here that the *absinthe* exhibited has not been in

any way mentioned by the jury. This drink has been positively declared to be harmful; it produces the most alarming effects on people who drink it regularly; and its constant use, or abuse, too often results in semi-imbecility and slow death. To my idea the sale of *absinthe* should be forbidden. The *Boonekamp* is, I think, destined to take the place of *absinthe*. It has had a great success, and M. H. Underberg-Albrecht has thought it advisable to set up an establishment on the Boulevard Poissonnière for the promotion of his *liqueur*. I recommend his Bitter with great pleasure, knowing it to be a pure and wholesome beverage.

TRUFFLES IN DANGER.

M. Roqueplan, author of many charming gastronomic paradoxes, has written a warning against the danger in which the diamonds of Brives-la-Gaillarde are placed. M. Roqueplan has laid us under no obligation of gratitude to him. He is—and this is the narrow view of him—a Francomaniac. In gastronomy only the French are right. He poses axioms, as fair temples of truth, to be worshipped in blind faith. When he says that gastronomy is an art and not a trade, most people will be disposed to agree with him; but what will be said in reply to his second axiom, that “the only cooks in the world are French cooks.” Has he consulted the *Almanach des Gourmands*? Does he know his Savarin? Has Italy not one *cordon bleu* of whom she may justly boast? And Francatelli if you please? Have we had no eminent *chefs*? and have we not many at this moment serving in private houses in England? M. Roqueplan needs to be told that there are people, not indifferently educated in the culinary art, who maintain that its leading professors have deserted Paris for more grateful London. Count d’Orsay was of this opinion. The names of Farmer and Pratt are honourably known among the great artists.

Pass on to what M. Roqueplan has to say about truffles. The excessive demand for the truffle of Périgord led men to seek this "diamond of the kitchen" in other directions. The fame of Brives-la-Gaillarde has tempted the covetousness of man. "To pronounce the joyous name of Brives-la-Gaillarde is almost to dine; as to say Paphos is to be almost in love." With this eulogium of the Périgord truffle M. Roqueplan proceeds to observe, that with its brown and slightly sandy skin it may be associated with the truffle of Montélimart, of Montagnac, and of Carpentras, the skins of which are slightly darker.

But the troubled gourmet cries, "In Heaven's name let us stop at this point." The truffle abounds in other zones. Even the neighbourhood of Paris is beginning to yield some. What a profanation, if the truffle of Pautin were to be admitted to adulterate the four great and noble varieties of the south! Brives-la-Gaillarde! there are associations with Molière and Brillat-Savarin, with gay and piquant stories, in your history! Don't mix your truffles. It is very important to settle the spot on which Nineveh stood. Is it unimportant to know whence the truffle, in which you delight, comes?

OF BEER.

M. Alphonse Karr makes this whimsical introduction to his origin of beer:—

"A long time ago, in the time of the Pagans, a small population peopled a little island in the Baltic Sea. This population being a very thirsty one, Odin—as the northern people called their Creator in those remote days—had provided for this trait, and Thor, the son of Odin and Frigga, taught them to cultivate barley and hops, and to make beer. The inhabitants of the island not only made enough beer to quench their own thirst every year, but they were able to give some of it to the inhabitants of a neigh-

bouring island, who in return provided them with smoked hams and sausages. These provisions necessarily increased the thirst of the beer-brewing islanders. The island was small; there was no method of increasing the growth of barley and hops. At this juncture somebody suggested small beer, that is to say, putting a larger quantity of water than usual to the same amount of barley and hops. It was not nearly so good, of course, but then it quenched their thirst, which was the principal thing. It was universally adopted by all but the promoters of it, who, as a reward for their philanthropic invention, retained the privilege of making their beer according to the old receipt. Everything went on very well in the island, and there were annual thanksgiving festivals held in honour and gratitude to Odin and his son Thor, for having provided such a thirsty people with beer.

“But the enlightened intellects that suggested small beer did not stop there,—they invented ale first, and afterwards porter. But they could not grow barley and hops enough to make ale and porter for all the world; or, indeed, enough for themselves, without taking away from the strength of the small beer. A brilliant idea struck them at last. They formed an association for the consumption of ale and porter, while at the same time the members preached total abstinence to others. They began by asserting that thirst was not so innocent as it seemed, and as they had thought till then; that it was a proof to which all men were submitted, and that Odin was particularly pleased with those who could resist their thirst. Strong men, virtuous men, it was said, men after Odin's own heart, men who were Odin's own image on earth, did not drink at all. In vain they partook of smoked ham and sausages; they knew how to triumph over a degrading thirst to which other men were slaves.

“At first these lectures and sermons were very successful. Some persons put a little water in their small beer, others

put a good deal, others merely mixed a little small beer with their water, others drank nothing but water, and some took to drinking nothing at all. Some of the latter persuasion died, but the greater part lived and flourished in their infatuation, and were covered with honours and decorations, and were held up to universal admiration and respect. But this state of things could not last long. It was soon discovered that the advocates of total abstinence drank porter themselves in enormous tankards.

“This proceeding was thought highly ingenious, and was adopted gradually until it came to this, that everyone had gigantic tankards, and every one advocated total abstinence to his neighbour. Every one drank as much ale and porter as could be procured, and it was no longer those who abstained from any drinking at all who received all the honours and dignities ; but those who were most eloquent in preaching against the evils of satisfying thirst, and yet were most successful in quenching their own thirst with the beverage concocted from the barley and hop produce of those among the people who still believed that to satisfy a natural longing was degrading.”

REVIEWS.

LE LIVRE DE CUISINE.*



NEW cookery books are as rare as new epics, and the year 1867 saw the completion, and the appearance in magnificent form, of an important labour, viz., that of M. Jules Gouffé. It is exquisitely printed and is copiously illustrated with wood-cuts and chromolithographs. All the resources of the type-founder, the artist, the printer, and the paper-maker have been brought to bear to present M. Jules Gouffé's work to the world in a rich and an imposing form. The heading to the few paragraphs in which he describes the illustrations to the work, is a *couvert*, with the soup upon the table—*Madame est servie*, charmingly illustrated; and the tail-piece is a cauliflower, rendered exquisitely. When the author breaks into preliminary reflections, the artist accompanies him with highly-finished engravings of the *broche*, the stewpan, and the gridiron, with the modern kitchen bellows for a tail-piece. Every detail of the model kitchen is not only illustrated, but charmingly rendered, until the superficial reader, we doubt not, is enraged to see so

* *Le Livre de Cuisine.* By Jules Gouffé.

much art expended on a gravy-spoon. When the solemn question of food-safes is broached, the artist becomes almost inspired ; and the picture of the model oven is a masterpiece. Even the kitchen salt-cellar is minutely drawn, and we have a model of the *bol* from which we should drink our broth. When the artist approaches meat and vegetables, he becomes serious indeed. We are told on the title page that M. E. Ronjat has drawn all the meat and poultry, and game, and vegetables, the *hors d'œuvres*, and *entremets*, from still life. They are rendered, assuredly, as they were never rendered in cookery book before. The exact position of the cook's hands when paring mushrooms, is a study from the life. There is even a design for the perfect paring-knife. Two hands mixing sauces are given from nature. The gridiron stands alone as a perfect woodcut. The chromo-lithograph of *hors d'œuvres* is a charming bit of colour. The Lyons sausage is so true to nature, one can almost scent the garlic.

A tantalising book to wade through in the country ! The *mauviettes à la broche* are ready to be dished up. It seems as though the movement of a hand would lift the cover of the suggestive *terrine*. And this is all in the *cuisine bourgeoise*. *La Grande Cuisine* must be entered with some solemnity. We are in the presence not of a cook, but of the *personnel culinaire*. We survey culinary monuments—labours of science and art, and taste, which may not be lightly judged. Never were receipts printed in such glory of

type and paper. Never did the table and the cook (and M. Gouffé, be it remembered, is the worthy pupil of the illustrious Carême) command so skilful an artist to set the bain marie in due order before his readers. Were each receipt a title of nobility, it could not be more sumptuously set under the public eye. You can see at a glance now the difference between *Timbales* and *Bouchées*. The *Filet de Bœuf Jardinière*, as presented to the *gourmand's* sight in these pages, is an illuminated picture. In the *Tête de Veau en tortue*, the truffles give a charming background of neutral tint to the *écrevisses*.

But turn we back to the ambitious purpose of M. Jules Gouffé's great work. M. Gouffé asks, Has he at length produced that book of the kitchen which has been so universally expected and desired? We think he has. To begin with, his separation of cookery into great and little kitchens is an excellent plan. What, as he observes, can be more irrational than to give receipts for *Bisques* and *Suprêmes*, muddled together with haricots, stewed rabbits and *blanquettes* and veal *bourgeoise*, which are mere elementary products of the kitchen, and belong to the most unpretending of French families. M. Gouffé's first division treats of the domestic kitchen; his second, of the great, or ceremonial kitchen. The domestic kitchen is treated with a completeness and a clearness as well as fulness of detail, which we have never before seen realised. Exact quantities are given. "I have not set down one elementary instruction,"

the author assures his readers, "without having the clock constantly under my eyes, and the scales in my hands." Clock and scales are not necessary when practice has brought skill; but exact teaching is the only basis on which to proceed with the education of the man or woman destined to become a Gouffé, or a Francatelli, or the worthy associate of Dr. Véron's Sophie.

In the *Grande Cuisine* division, M. Gouffé has given all the latest improvements in utensils, in the complete furnishing of the scientific kitchen. He has wisely avoided the folly of setting forth long lists of whimsical, fantastic, impossible—or, if not impossible, undesirable—dishes. He calls the practice of inventing crowds of incongruous *plats*, under pompous or ridiculous names, the charlatanism of cookery. Most of them are mere table-furniture, which nobody touches, and are generally only old models newly-trimmed and christened. M. Gouffé is a culinary authority on the past as well as the present. He has the traditions of Carême, his master, and he is alive to every modern improvement, to the value of every new material which has been given to his skill. He has studied all the old authorities, and has worked with all the leading contemporary cooks. He cites Soyer as the artist most skilled in dressing a *grosse pièce*; Drouhat, Léchard, and Bernard, so renowned for the minute delicacy of his work. The artist who cooked and made pastry under the eye of Carême during seven years, and who may be said to have reached a fame equal to that of

his master—in short, presents at length to the gastronomical world, fully and intelligently, all he knows about cooking. M. Jules Gouffé is an artist of liberal mind as well as of highly cultivated taste. Although he venerates old traditions, he will not admit that the contemporary French *cuisine* is irretrievably on the road to ruin. He points to his pupils who have already achieved renown—to Paul Pasquier; Charles and Léon Canivet; Paul Dessolliers; Got, chief cook to the Queen-Dowager of Spain; Bernard, junior; Cogerie; Madelin; Amedée Bain, and others. To MM. Bain and Charles Canivet, the author offers grateful acknowledgments of help given to the present magnificent work—a work which, he says, has been compiled in the midst of their daily avocations, and has been written on a corner of the stove—the *cordons bleu's* true writing-desk. The Gouffés are an illustrious family of cooks. The author's brother, Alphonse, is in our Queen's service, and Hippolyte has been for a quarter of a century, *chef* of Count André Schouvaloff. The splendour of this "Book of the Kitchen" should not frighten those of the most moderate fortune from consulting its pages. For, albeit, it teaches the *chef* to serve up a banquet to a festival of kings and emperors, the author is conscientious over the *pot-au-feu*. MM. Hachette may well be proud of this their latest great work of art.

[NOTE.—An English edition of this work, by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston, is being prepared for publication.]

*MENUS OF THE BARON BRISSE.**

THE facetious writers of Paris, have of course fallen upon the Baron Brisse, who has been wont now for some time past, to publish a daily family *menu* in the *Liberté*. The baron can well afford the laugh at his expense, for he will be the last to laugh. The baron has succeeded. His name is on the lips of men, and his dishes reach the mouths of many people. So great has his fame become—not that he has the wit or fancy of Monselet—that he has been prayed to give a daily *menu* to the fashionable *café* by the New Opera. Of the baron, as interpreted by the keeper of this restaurant, I speak with some experience. The *menus* are, as a rule, failures. The dishes are well-selected and harmonised. It is a good dinner—on paper ; but a bad one upon the plate. To begin with, it is a scramble. You are irritated throughout. Now you are hurried from one dish to another, that you may speedily vacate your place for the next comer ; and now again, you wait twenty minutes after the *potage*. The dinner as it appears upon the table, is not, in any particular, better than that cheap and popular Paris entertainment known as the *Diner de Paris*. In short, the *Diner Brisse* will never be to the delicate connoisseur, the *Diner bis*.

This is not said to the disparagement of the doughty baron's science or taste. I have under my eye three

* *Les 365 Menus du Baron Brisse.* Paris, Burlan de la Liberté.

hundred and sixty-five *menus*, contrived out of the baron's brain. (See the "Seasons in the Kitchen.") They are not intended for high festivals: they are not dinners for a king's table; they are little dinners of five or six *plats*, presented to the *fin bec* who is happy enough to have a spouse worthy of him, at home. Any one of these dinners is within the reach of people of moderate means. Must it be again repeated, that a good kitchen, where science and taste are, is not an expensive or wasteful kitchen. Under each bill of fare, are given directions for cooking the more recondite dishes. The book is defective in this regard, that it does not touch in any way, on the important subject of wines. But, as it stands, it is a most useful work. It is elementary, but then the mass of housewives have yet to learn the elements of a various and refined *cuisine*.

"Potage Condé! what nonsense you talk!" This is the inevitable reply many a Paterfamilias would receive, should he on New Year's morning, observe that he should like the partner of his bosom to present him with the dinner for that day, invented by the Baron Brisse. Whereupon, marking the baron's explanatory matter, he might reply,

"My dear, a Condé is as simple, to use the phrase of our neighbours, as *Bonjour*."

Should madame be of a vivacious temperament, she might possibly interject at this point—"Bother our neighbours." Passing the interruption with a silence becoming the dignity of man, Pater would proceed to say,

"Do be rational ; you first get some red haricots——"

"Red haricots ! and where ? I should be glad to know ! the greengrocer would think me mad. I wish we had never been within a hundred miles of Paris !"

Pater, blandly passing the connubial interruption by, as the idle wind, and throwing a certain solemnity into his tone, says,

"Red haricots are not to be bought from a barrow in the streets, but red haricots are to be had, madam. I, myself, will buy them."

"Then I don't know whom you'll get to cook them."

"They have simply to be made into a *purée*."

"A what ?"

"A *purée*, madam, which every educated person, I believe, understands."

"Your vanity has run beyond all bounds, since you bought that 'Ready Guide to French Conversation.' That was the worst shilling you ever laid out."

Pater proceeds, "You make your *purée* with *bouillon*."

"I am sure that is not the way they pronounce it," is the keen wifely interruption.

"Learn, madam, the way to make it ; *that* is your business. I say, the *purée* may be made ; well, with broth, if you understand that, or *maigre*. A child might make it."

"Shall I ring the nursery bell ?"

"You are witty, madam, this morning. But I insist upon being heard. I say, that nothing could be simpler than this *purée* of red haricots, and I now further

proceed to observe that it should be strained, and be simply poured upon some slices of fried bread. That, madam, is a *Potage à la Condé*."

"Very well for a prince, but not to my mind in any way in keeping with the position of a soap-boiler, even when he is a little before the world."

Pater casts the morning paper aside, rises with great dignity from his arm-chair, buttons his coat with the air of a man who is taking a desperate resolution with every button-hole, and saying, "At least, madam, I will prove to you, that red haricots are not as uncommon as edible bird's nests;" stalks, with tragic step, into the street.

One hour afterwards, Pater would be in Soho, wandering among the foreign provision merchants, and in each establishment gathering new elements of triumph for his return home. The red beans were in plenty, amid a host of French, German, and Italian imported delicacies. Say, he dispatched the red haricots home; and dined at his club, in the City. He returned to his household gods early in the evening; the children were enjoying a New Year's game at cards, and when he appeared in the midst of his and madam's mutual pledges of affection, his eldest daughter threw her arms round his neck and cried, "Papa, dear, what beautiful rosy counters you sent us home!"

But Pater is too solid a general to be disheartened by one defeat.

The Baron Brisse is an artful and insinuating gastronomic authority. I remember that some time ago,

he recommended his family *menus*, saying that the people who lived under his culinary direction, were sure to be wise and prudent people—people who dined as quietly and cheerfully on a rent-day as on any other day in the year. He can be amusing also, as when he compares good living with fair women, in the following extract from his gastronomic library.

“The pleasures of the table are those which we first experience, which desert us latest, and which we taste oftenest. Is there a woman—the most beautiful your imagination can paint; with the head of Madame Recamier, the bearing of Mademoiselle Georges Weimar, the enchanting graces of Madame Henri Belmont, the *éclat* of Mademoiselle Emile Contat, the mouth and the smile of Mademoiselle Arsène, etc., who is worth those admirable partridges of Cahore, Languedoc, and the Cevennes, the divine flavour of which surpasses all the sweetness of Arabia? Would you put her on a line with the pies of *foie gras* or of duck, to which the towns of Strasbourg, Toulouse, and Auch owe the better part of their celebrity? What is she in comparison with the stuffed tongues of Troyes, with the mortadelles of Lyons, or with the sausages of Arles or of Bologna, which have conferred so much honour on the person of the pig.” (Query for the baron: Are not Bologna sausages made of asses’ flesh?) “Who will dare to compare her with the delicate veal of Pontoise or Rouen, the tenderness and whiteness of which would make the graces themselves blush? Where is the gourmand depraved enough to

prefer the thin pale beauty to the magnificent succulent joints from the Cotentin."

The wicked baron apostrophises these "incomparable roasts," saying that it is from them the gourmand gets his vitality, the musician his talent, the lover his tenderness, and the poet his creative genius.

In the course of the year, the Baron Brisse has been thrown into a passion—in print. It came to his knowledge that among certain people, who, to his mind, should have known better, there arose a fierce controversy on the proper way of spelling Mayonnaise, one side declaring for *yon*, and the other side for *yen*.

"Peace!" cried the indignant baron; "you are talking of two distinct sauces. Know that in the composition of a Mayennaise, there is *velouté*, which is never admitted in a Mayonnaise."

THE ROYAL CONFECTIONER.

A GASTRONOMIC authority has said: "Pastry is to the kitchen what rhetoric is to speech: it is the vivifying life and ornament. An harangue without a figure, and a dinner without pastry, are equally insipid." Again, that "good pastrycooks are almost as rare as fine orators." If there were anything like justice in these observations in the days of our grandfathers, what are we to say of the perfect pastrycook—the royal confectioner* of to-day? He is

* "The Royal Confectioner: English and Foreign, &c." By Charles Elme Francatelli; Illustrated. Chapman & Hall.

an artist, if ever artist breathed ; he studies nature, and reproduces her in sugar ; he is nice about architecture ; he is a student of every flower of the field ; he builds temples, in cakes and sweet gum ; and is a sculptor, in ice ! He paints in water-colours upon white sugar ; and even studies the man of science, and tells the story of the rocks in sweetmeats !

A story is told of a dinner which was given to the poet Luce de Lancival, in 1809, at the Rocher de Cancale (now no more), at which, among the confectionary monuments, two scenes from the *Mort d'Hector* and the *Folies Amoureuses* were represented. The portraits of the actors are described as artistically faithful ; and it was said "a Canova had not disdained to work with a Véry," on these sweet trophies in honour of Luce de Lancival. Alas ! the poet has melted away as completely as the sugar Hector !

M. Francatelli says, "Rock-stands made in sugar, and representing specimens of minerals, copied and coloured from Sowerby's 'Popular Mineralogy' (to be had of all booksellers), furnish an opportunity for the exercise of your ingenuity in their production."

We are coming to the days when our children will have cabinets of sugar minerals, and be scolded for biting the tertiary formation. A stalactite cavern is a familiar object at a *dîner Russe*. Let the young confectioner bear in mind this warning from his master : "Ornaments of a purely fanciful style are easiest of execution, from the fact that the more or less precision in the details is not strikingly perceptible ; but this is

not the case with regard to architectural and monumental imitations; here the strictest regularity is a matter of rigid necessity, for unless such a structure will bear inspection from the scrutinising eye of the critic, the attempt proves a signal failure." The *dîner Russe* has become the usual dinner, when the host makes any pretension to gastronomic attainments; so that the demand for alabaster halls of "royal icing, piped on moulds,"* and impregnable rocks of painted sugar and spun sugar temples, has become great. The dessert has developed an exhibition of art in gums and pastes, and sugars, and fruits, and ice. A confectioner must be able to elaborate pansies, violets, and daisies, with royal icing, and a "small tin funnel-like tube." The grouping of fine fruit upon old Sèvres, or Dresden; or upon the imitation Dresden, Phillips of Bond Street, sells—from the adjustment of the tampion, or pad, to the dainty deposit of the crowning strawberry or cherry—is a work that requires a practised eye and native taste. M. Francatelli's manner—at once simple and various—of dressing bonbon stands, is the best one. A stand of three tiers should, according to his plan be thus disposed: the bottom tier with large candies, the second with papillote, or ornamental paper-bound bonbons, and the third with rosolios, liqueur drops, and comfits, or burnt almonds.

The increase of the public demand on the taste and ingenuity of the confectioner, has been rapid and

* Adams & Son are the purveyors of the pipings, moulds, and confectioners' building material.

extraordinary. M. Francatelli explains the appearance of his "Royal Confectioner," (a work of more than four hundred pages,) on the score of the increase of modern luxuries, and the heavy tax that is set upon the artistic powers of confectioners, housekeepers, and cooks. The preservation of fruits in sugar or spirits, English and foreign beverages (these have increased prodigiously of late years, and we have borrowed from all nations—the punch of the Swede, and the sugar-water of the Spaniard); the preparation of syrups, ices, graniti (of which we know little yet in England compared with the Neapolitan), bonbons, candies, comfits, compotes, dessert-cakes, plain and fancy bread-making (wherein the Viennese might give our bakers a few lessons with benefit to the community), spirituous essences, liqueurs (since the days of Louis the Fourteenth—how have these been multiplied by the crafty monks and others!), cordials, ornamental confectionary, the dishing-up of fruits, and the general economy and arrangement of desserts; these heads present together a wide field for one artist, even of M. Francatelli's experience, resources, and culture, to occupy. He is, however, at home, whether bottling green gooseberries, or carving the iced dolphins under a pudding à la Victoria, or building up the delicate lines of a harp or lyre in gum paste. Although there are monuments of confectionary in M. Francatelli's work, which are "the last result of long experience;" it includes fantastic and dainty bits that any person of taste may realise.

A BOTTLE OF WINE.*

M. ANTONY RÉAL writes of the honest pleasures, the classic stories, the poetry and the prose of the bottle. He has nothing in common with such preachers, such apostles, as Mr. George Cruikshank. In a hundred happy stories and quotations he shows how wine is "the friend of man," while he has the virtue and fortitude to prevent its becoming his master. France is divided into three vinous kingdoms, over which three beloved despots reign. The first is King Bordeaux, whose empire extends from the Garonne to the Pyrenees. His court is composed of the illustrious lords Château-Laffitte, Château-Margaux, Château-Latour, Château-Yquem. King Bordeaux is a generous and pacific monarch. The second despot is King Côtes-du-Rhône; and his dominions stretch along the banks of his river from Lyons to Courtat-Venaissin. He is a sovereign of livelier temperament than Bordeaux; Count Hermitage is his first minister. The third autocrat is King Burgundy—the most magnanimous, the wittiest of the three. His capital is in the Côte-d'Or. The old families of Clos-Vougeot, Richebourg, Romanée-Conti, Volnay, Corton, and Chambertin, are his noble subjects. Champagne is emperor!

A thoroughly amusing, scholarly book has M. Réal got out of a bottle of wine.

* *Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille de Vin.* M. Réal

THE CHEMIST IN THE CELLAR.*

AMONG the books of interest to our readers which have been published in the course of the past year, is one by John Joseph Griffin, on "The Chemical Testing of Wines and Spirits." Mr. Griffin's work is full and satisfactory. "The moral of the whole," according to a writer in the *Athenæum*, "seems to be that, having ascertained the quantity of alcohol in your fermented beverage, limit yourself to under two ounces a day. If you are gouty or dyspeptic, avoid wines containing sugar, as port, sherry, Lisbon, Tokay, Champagne, and many others. There is nothing dangerous, nothing beneficial in high-priced wine. What you pay for is flavour, and in this you may indulge to any extent, provided you do not exceed two ounces of alcohol. You need not avoid wines on account of their acid, nor drink them on account of their saline constituents. With these few rules, and Mr. Griffin's book, you may be safely trusted with the use of a wine-cellar of unlimited variety and extent."

* "The Chemical Testing of Wines and Spirits." J. J. Griffin.

THE EPICURE'S LIBRARY.

Physiologie du Gout, Brillat-Savarin.

Almanachs des Gourmands. (It is almost impossible to get a complete set. We tried in vain throughout Paris last year. At one great bookseller's on the Quai Voltaire, we obtained four odd volumes. Said Bibliophile, "You are just too late; I had managed to collect a set—pretty well the last, I suspect—and only yesterday M. Alexandre Dumas pounced upon it, and carried it off.")

Count Rumford.

The Original.

The Art of Dining. (Murray's Series.)

Le Cuisinier Européen. By Jules Breteuil.

L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-Neuvième Siècle. By Carême and Plumery.

Le Maître d'Hôtel Français. By Carême.

Le Cuisinier Français. By Carême.

La Cuisine Ordinaire. By Beauvilliers.

Traité de l'Office. By Étienne.

Le Trésor de la Cuisinière. By A. B. de Périgord.

Le Cuisinier Durand.

Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise. By an ancient Cordon Bleu.

Redding & Druitt on Wines.

Les 365 Menus du Baron Brisse.

Le Double Almanach des Gourmands. Edited by Charles Monselet.

Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille de Vin. By Antony Réal.

Almanach de la Salle à Manger.

Le Livre de Cuisine. By Jules Gouffé.

The Royal Confectioner. By Francatelli.

Practical Dietary. By Dr. E. Smith.

The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes.

Meals for the Million. By Cre-Fydd.

L'Art d'Accommoder les Restes. By a *Gastronome Emérite.*

On the Esculent Funguses of England. By Dr. Badham.

The Herring; its Natural History and National Importance. By John M. Mitchell.

Soyer's Modern Housewife.

Soyer's Cookery.

The Pantropheon; or, History of Food. By Soyer.

Vegetable Cookery, &c. By John Smith.

Lettres sur les Substances Alimentaires. By Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

The Art of Good Dining. By Theodore Hook.

The Art of Confectionery. By H. Weatherley.

Isaac Disraeli's Works. (Chapter on Ancient Cookery and Cooks.)

Cuisinier des Cuisiniers.

Father Prout's Works. (See his "Song to an Egg," and his panegyric on Geese.)

Art du Cuisinier. By Beauvilliers.

A Thousand Hints for the Table, including Wines.

Francatelli's Plain Cookery for the Working Classes.

Walpole on Charming Suppers.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By Johnston.

Le Véritable Manière de faire le Punch.

Dainty Dishes. By Lady Harriet St. Clair.

A Plain Cookery for the Working Classes. By
Francatelli.



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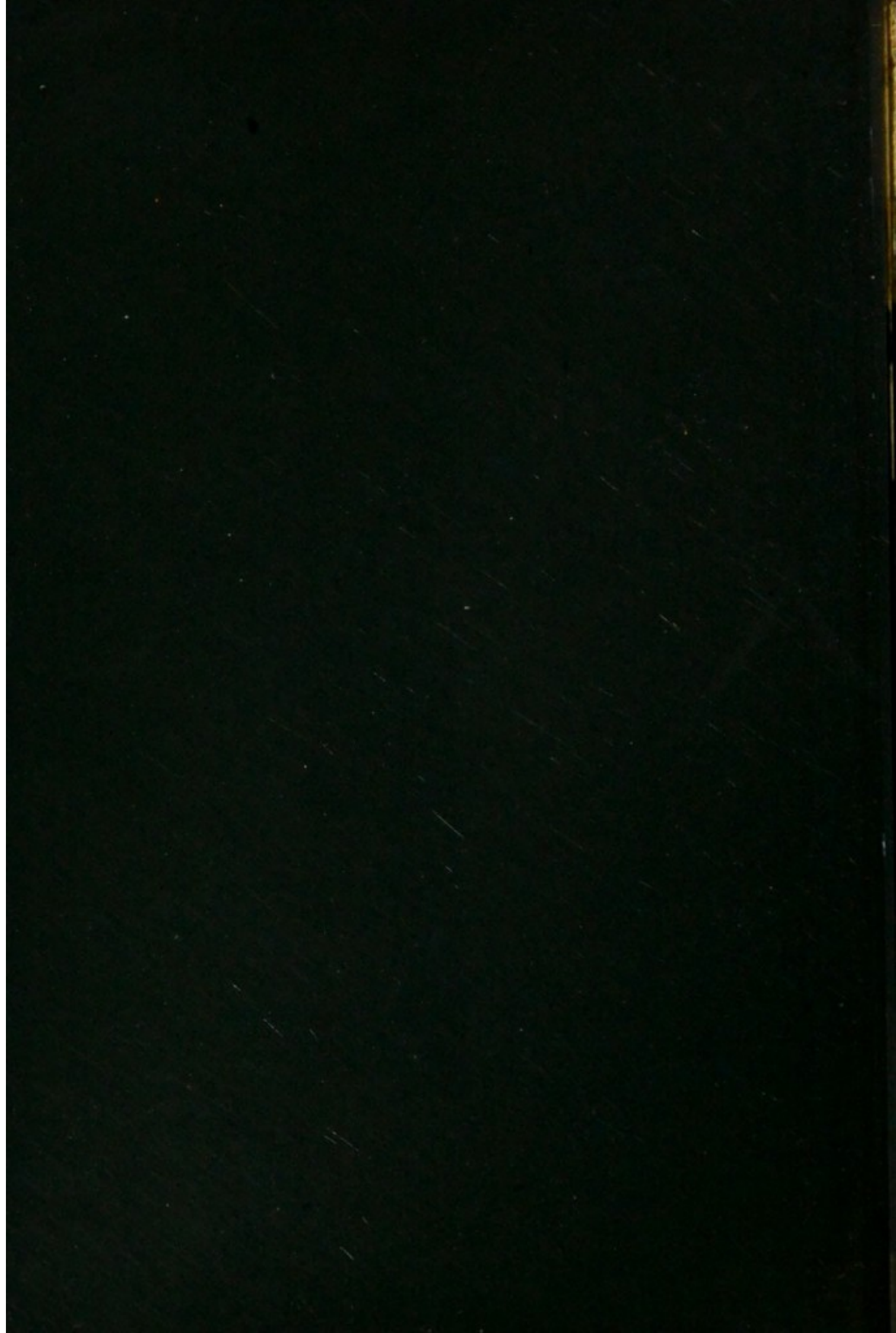
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