

TO THE
SAVAGE CLUB.

LC 522

DISHES AND DRINKS:

OR,

PHILOSOPHY IN THE KITCHEN.

BY

AN OLD BOHEMIAN.

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELIMINARY REMARKS	1
INTRODUCTION	3

PART I.

THE FOOD OF MAN	7
---------------------------	---

PART II.

THE COOK AND THE KITCHEN, LARDER, PANTRY, AND CELLAR, PROVISIONS, &c.

CHAP. I.—Qualities required in a good Cook . . .	13
„ II.—Provisions and Requisites in Kitchen, Pantry, Larder, and Cellar	22

PART III.

MEAT AND THE PROCESSES OF COOKING IT.

CHAP. I.—Meats	51
„ II.—Processes of Cooking	78

PART IV.

POULTRY AND GAME—FISH AND SHELLFISH—MOLLUSCS AND
TURTLE.

CHAP. I.—Poultry and Game	95
„ II.—Fish and Shellfish	118
„ III.—Molluscs and Turtle	137

PART V.

VEGETABLES	152
----------------------	-----

PART VI.

CONDIMENTS	164
----------------------	-----

PART VII.

SALADS	182
------------------	-----

PART VIII.

UNFERMENTED BEVERAGES—COFFEE—TEA—CHOCOLATE	197
A.—Coffee	197
B.—Tea	213
C.—Chocolate	218

PART IX.

FERMENTED DRINKS	220
----------------------------	-----

ADDITIONS AND EMENDATIONS	233
-------------------------------------	-----

PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

The favourable reception so graciously accorded to this humble contribution to gastronomic literature encourages me to venture upon a second edition ;—in which it will be found, I hope, I have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to correct and supplement, as far as practicable within the scope and intention of the work, the more serious defects and shortcomings indulgently pointed out by many kind critics and correspondents, to all of whom I beg to tender my warmest thanks.

The absence of an index has been generally condemned, and justly so, I admit, as it certainly could not but detract from the practical usefulness of the book. The omission, it will be found, is fully supplied in this second edition.

THE AUTHOR.

December, 1886.

DISHES AND DRINKS;

OR,

PHILOSOPHY IN THE KITCHEN.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

I BEG to disclaim, at the outset, all and every notion of wishing to add to the already sufficiently bewildering store of Kitchen Manuals, Cookery Guides, and miscellaneous compilations of culinary recipes collected from all parts of the globe.

Still less is this little book meant for a didactic treatise on cookery.

My aspirations soar not so high.

My humble aim and purpose, simply, is to tender a few general hints, more or less practical, on foods and drinks and their preparation, the outcome of long observation and experience in many lands and in many kitchens—high and humble.

Recipes of dishes, a little out of the common, will be found occasionally incorporated in the text. These are given mostly by way of illustration ; they are intended

also, somewhat ambitiously, perhaps, to stand for the fruit in the humble pudding which I diffidently venture to set before the public; whilst the anecdotes and small talk interspersed here and there, will, I hope, be indulgently permitted to pass for the peel and spices.

It may be well, also, to frankly disclaim all pretensions on my part to lecture *ex cathedra* on the fine-art science of kitchening even within the restricted limits indicated, though I may occasionally seem to adopt the lecturing style, as the nature of the subject, indeed, requires. I am not a professed *chef*, but simply an earnest observant amateur, who thinks, maybe without sufficient reason, that he may add a hint or two to the vast store of culinary precepts. A distinguished organ of the Press declared quite recently that "if a cookery book contain but one workable recipe which was not so before, all the rest may be leather and prunelle, and yet the book worth its price." Why not hope then that a few of my hints may be found workable?

This little book is of necessity essentially fragmentary and limited in scope and extent. It can, therefore, but lightly touch upon a few branches of the vast subject of foods and drinks and their preparation, whilst leaving many others nearly altogether unnoticed.

INTRODUCTION.

MAN has been defined, not altogether infelicitously I think, though somewhat crudely, perhaps, and flippantly, as an animal that prefers a properly cooked meal to raw food, and Noah's wine to Adam's ale—to express it shortly and neatly. Taking this definition to be apposite in the main, we may surely be permitted to assume that the proper preparation of foods and drinks should be held to constitute an essential branch of the art and science of living, at least in its more material aspects and bearings; and if we are justified in this assumption, it follows naturally that our girls, at least, ought to be theoretically and practically instructed in the principles and elements of this branch in its several degrees, according to their divers stations in life. Nay, for the matter of that, I will go even farther. I believe a theoretical and practical knowledge of the proper preparation of, at least, the common articles of food and the simpler drinks, to be as essential to man as it is admittedly to woman.

Were the truth and importance of this proposition

but practically recognised—axiomatically established, as it were—many of the ills that flesh is heir to would soon have to take their departure.

As matters actually stand in this respect, however, very few of our girls even are ever taught the merest principles and rudiments of the vitally important science of the kitchen and the cellar, or of the practical art branch of it.

Not that I mean to say simple instruction in such principles and rudiments, or even the most perfect and exhaustive training in the theory and practice of cooking will of itself suffice to turn out great and good cooks. Very far from it.

What is said of the poet may be applied equally to the cook. As the one so the other is *born* not *made*. The poet and the cook alike are nature's own handiwork, not the laborious product of training and teaching. It may sound extravagant and hyperbolic, yet I hold that our grand culinary *chefs* and blue ribbons have in their inspirations and aspirations some of the divine afflatus. If we award the laurel to Tennyson we must concede the bay to Francatelli.

La Poésie du Goût would, indeed, be a fitting complement of *La Physiologie du Goût*; only where is the *Brillat-Savarin* to chant it?

Yet the same as a great many men and women with little or no poetry in their souls can be taught the art

of rhyming and versifying, and may produce tolerably good and smooth lines ; so numbers of girls, even in the humblest walks of life, may by precept and practice be raised considerably above the low level of the scullery ; and though they may not aspire to achieve the high distinction of the culinary Order of the Blue Ribbon, and rule the roast as head cooks, yet they may be successfully trained to become very excellent cooks.

And, after all, epicures requiring the select ministrations of Archimagiri form but a limited class, whilst the immense majority of the denizens of this globe of ours are always willing to put up quite contentedly with infinitely less exquisite treatment of their palates. Moreover, high gastronomy is but too often achieved at the cost of the great digester, and at the risk of more or less serious injury to health.

Now, bearing all these things duly in mind, and carefully weighing and considering them, I think it the wiser course for me also to abstain from attempting to soar in the higher regions of my theme—and for sufficient reason. “We cannot fly. Why can we not fly?” asks the Rev. Chadband. “No wings,” suggests little Snagsby, with the brevity of wit and wisdom. “The bearing of this lies in the application of it,” which is pretty obvious here. I will, therefore, in this little book keep, as far as practicable, to the humbler branches of the subject.

It is by no means unlikely, I am afraid, that some of the hints given by me may be thought a trifle over trivial, or even may lay me open to sneering comments upon my presumption in professing to teach grandmothers the simple art of sucking eggs.

I humbly plead guilty to the charge, but I would urge in extenuation my belief that there may be some granddaughters, at least, that stand in need of such rudimentary instruction, and perhaps even not a few grandmothers whose remembrance of the lessons of their earlier life may occasionally require a little reviving.

Some months ago I came accidentally upon a little work, having the laconic admonition "Don't" for its significant title. Among other items of sage advice there was a caution to young people *not* to use their knife to carry the food to the mouth. Well, I thought at the time the author might have omitted such an extremely common-place and apparently superfluous injunction. Since then, however, I have had occasion to see, even in generally genteel families, the knife used in lieu of the fork, and this by children of more than twelve.

PART I.

THE FOOD OF MAN.

THIS little book is not intended, of course, for a physiological or chemical essay. Still, a few general propositions and remarks, by way of introduction to this part, may not be deemed altogether out of place here.

All material life may be said to move in an everlasting round of incessant changes, from the inorganic to the organic; from the vegetable to the animal division of nature, and back again, in endless rotation through time—and eternity.

All living organic beings—animals and plants alike—have to live in a certain measure upon air and water.

The plant feeds besides upon the soil on which it grows, drawing from it all the other elements it requires for its sustenance and development.

The animal, again, feeds, in addition, on the plant directly or indirectly, incorporating, proximately or ultimately, in its own structure the elements drawn by the latter from the earth, the water, and the air.

In its turn the vegetable comes to live on the animal ; on the air it breathes forth ; on the secretions and waste it throws off, and finally, directly or indirectly, on the defunct animal body itself.

Earth and air again claim plant and animal alike—and so life circles on in infinite enlinkment.

All plants and all animals have assigned them, each after its kind and nature, a certain more or less limited range of foods, beyond which they may not stray.

To man alone this general rule does not rigidly apply. To him Divine beneficence has been exceptionally good. He may, more or less, freely command an almost infinite number and variety of foods. Man is created omnivorous, let crotcheters and fadists gainsay as they may, and his range of foods extends over the three great divisions of nature, for even the earth numbers among its components certain minerals that rank as important constituents of man's food.

Not that the wide range of foods open to man involves by any means the necessity or even the practicability that he should as widely avail himself of all and every of them, or even simply of those that he finds placed around him or within his reach. Many and various are the causes and circumstances that exercise a powerful determining influence over the choice of the food upon which man has to subsist—as age, for instance, climate, seasons, exertion, idiosyncrasies, social position, &c., &c.

But as the function of food may, in the widest sense, be taken to be the renewal of the material consumed in the various processes of life, including, of course, the great heating process, this one fact stands clearly out, viz., that the food which man requires for his sustenance must contain, in proper proportion, all the constituent elements of the human body ; and that it is most desirable also that these elements should exist in the food in combinations more or less identical severally with the structures of the body, so that the food need not be laboriously resolved into its elements, to be re-formed into new combinations, suitable for assimilation and incorporation. It is for this reason that animal food is more easily and more readily assimilated than vegetable food, and that a larger bulk of the latter is required to provide the same given amount of nutriment as the former.

Foods may be said to be the more perfect the more of such directly assimilable combinations they contain.

The chief materials of which the various structures of the body are severally composed may be briefly enumerated as follows :—

Water—required to maintain the indispensable fluidity of the vital juices ; fat—the reserve store of combustible matter, generated from saccharine and other carbonaceous substances ; fibrin, albumen, gelatin, chondrin, &c.—salts of potash, soda, lime, magnesia,

sulphur, iron and manganese; sulphuric, hydrochloric, phosphoric, and fluoric acids, &c.

The daily waste of all these has to be supplied in the food.

It would lead us too far here to discuss the various classifications of food.

The usual division into two principal classes is amply sufficient for the purpose we have here in view.

These two principal classes are—(1) the so-called flesh forming or nitrogenous foods; and (2) the heat generating or carbonaceous foods, so termed after the two chief purposes for which food is required by the body, viz., to generate heat—which is even the more urgent and the more essential of the two, as the withdrawal or inordinate reduction of the source of heat is incompatible with the continuance of life, and leads to its rapid extinction—and to replace the materials consumed in the chemico-physiological organic processes, if I may be permitted so to express it, incessantly going on in the body.

The division of foods into heat generators and flesh formers is, however, by no means sharply defined, as both mutually partake, in a certain sense and to some extent, of one another's nature, since the renewal of flesh by nitrogenous foods is attended with evolution of heat, and the generation of heat by carbonaceous foods may be attended with the production of flesh in the form of fat.

In an excellent little treatise on Household Management and Cookery, which should be in every household of this realm—high and humble—my old friend Tegetmeier adopts the division of food into *albumenoid* and *oleaginous*—the former as resembling white of egg in many properties, the latter as resembling oil in being combustible.

My friend Tegetmeier is unto me a Gamaliel. I crave his kind permission here to transfer to my pages a few general remarks and comments of his on the subject—not by way of an audacious crib, but simply because I consider them most apposite, and feel that I could not express them more simply and clearly:—

“The most important albumenoid articles of our food,” says M. Tegetmeier, “are the solid parts of the flesh of animals, the curd of milk, which when dried becomes cheese; the albumen of eggs, gelatin, the gluten of flour, and the curdy matter that forms a large portion of many seeds, as peas, beans, &c.

“The most important of the oleaginous foods are fats, oils, starch, sugar, gum, and the softer and more digestible fibres of plants.

“Many of the articles used as food do not contain a proper proportion of these two kinds of substances, and in economical cooking it is desirable that the defects in one article of diet should be supplied by using it with some other which contains that which is wanting in the first.

“For example, rice and potatoes consist chiefly of starch, and of themselves are bad foods unless combined with fatty and albumenoid matters; therefore we endeavour to use rice in puddings with milk, eggs, and butter, which supply all that is wanting, and it thus becomes a valuable article of food. Potatoes are most useful and economical if eaten with milk, fat meats; alone they are barely able to support life and cannot sustain health and strength. Beans, which are chiefly albumenoid, are eaten with bacon. Bread, which is wanting in fat, with butter or bacon, &c.”

The principal object of good cooking is to aid and augment, not to impair and diminish the nutritive action and power of the food to be cooked. Nutrition should always be our chief consideration—superior tastiness of our meals is comparatively of secondary importance. Unhappily, insufficiency of means but too often compels more or less serious modifications of the application of this great principle. The poor cannot command the most nutritive diet; but with a little knowledge of the properties of the various articles of food within their reach, even the poor may be able to feed tolerably well, and maintain the body in health and strength. Cookery that combines nutritiveness and tastiness with economy may be held to achieve the highest desideratum in this important branch of practical Sociology.

PART II.

THE COOK AND THE KITCHEN, LARDER, PANTRY, AND CELLAR, PROVISIONS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

QUALITIES REQUIRED IN A GOOD COOK.

WHAT may be termed the Cardinal Virtues required in a good cook are, 1—an intelligent knowledge of the art and science of cookery, and of the materials required, with correct judgment in adapting means to ends, and *vice versa*; 2—untiring industry; 3—wise economy; 4—scrupulous cleanliness; and, 5—though last not least, sobriety. Of the first of the qualities enumerated here, I shall have occasion to treat in a separate chapter—the next—as it embraces a variety of subjects.

Untiring Industry is an indispensable virtue in a cook. The great Professor Fresenius advises the students in a chemical laboratory never to stand idle a moment, but to be always doing something in fur-

14 QUALITIES REQUIRED IN A GOOD COOK.

therance of the work they have in hand, as by intelligently conducting several operations concurrently, instead of idly watching the progress of one, or fixedly awaiting the issue of another, they will secure ample leisure for the performance of a multiplicity of processes, and complete their task within a surprisingly short space of time.

The same advice may be given to cooks. They should always be busy doing something, and that something diligently and well; and they will never seem in a hurry, yet be aye up to the precise time appointed. They should make it a point to train those under their command or guidance to the same habit of intelligent industriousness. Never allow an article you have used to be put by for longer than can practically be helped, without cleaning it or having it cleaned. Never leave your kitchen at night with anything left to be done to prepare it for use next morning. It is the diligent and intelligent employment of time which gives leisure.*

* These few words of advice may seem the merest commonplace, and may be deemed supererogatory in a little book like the present; yet my experience has taught me that in but too many kitchens, even of higher pretension, the grossest and most hopeless disorder is, as it were, wilfully cultivated in these respects. I have in some establishments seen the dresser drawers encumbered with miscellaneous collections of articles that certainly had no business there, even to the cook's comb and brush, cold

A *wise economy* is a splendid quality in a cook. Without it, even the highest culinary genius may come rather over-expensive. Only it must be intelligent economy. What is generally known as attempted cheese-paring is truly naught but extravagance of the worst possible kind, and in the most openly foolish disguise. Never go in for that sort of seeming saving which consists in the use of cheap materials, such, for instance, as rancid butter or mutton fat for pastry and frying; or inferior—miscalled cheap—meat, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruit, &c. You will always find the best articles the cheapest in the end. Let your economy be quantitative *not* qualitative. Take it for granted that a little of what is really good will go a longer way than a great deal of inferior trash. I have more than once seen a pair of excellent soles reduced to naught in value by frying in mutton fat, trusting the fat to drain off after, but forgetting that the delicacy of flavour in the fish could not well be expected to resist the action of the tallow. Shun

cream and puff box, with an elegant assortment, occasionally, of dirty socks and stockings and pocket handkerchiefs, dish cloths, and other abominations. I have seen the kitchen knives reposing in the same box side by side with the dinner sets. I will not pursue the subject; it is unsavory in the extreme. I will only add that, in my opinion, the cook who has no method, system, and order in the arrangement of her kitchen, larder, pantry, and cellar, robs herself with her eyes open of a notable portion of most precious time, lost in hunting after things when they are wanted.

cheap fats in pastry, but always use good butter. If you *must* employ a substitute, take pure lard.

The avoidance of waste in every department of the kitchen, larder, and pantry, is the only true economy. Never let the least scrap go to loss, but always strive to turn every particle of your stores to the very best account. This involves, of course, as an essential condition, the assiduous cultivation of a spirit of order, method, and system. You should always know the exact amount of your stores, &c.; also their kind and quality, as well as the most economical and profitable way to replace or complete them in case of need. Make it a cardinal point in your kitchen and larder management and arrangement to assign a suitable, properly labelled place to everything needed, and to keep everything unchangingly in its proper place. Never throw things down out of hand upon the chance of putting them away after. Your kitchen, larder, and pantry should never need tidying—they should always be tidy. Never let a saucepan be put away greasy, or with scraps of vegetables, &c., left in it; you will find it great waste of time to have to clean them after.*

Scrupulous cleanliness is equally indispensable. Cleanliness in everything—particularly in personal attire. Vegetables for cooking should be thoroughly

* See note on p. 14.

washed and rinsed. Every utensil should look invitingly clean. Even the most lavish use of detergent soap does not always imply scrupulous personal cleanliness. I have often seen cooks wash their hands in plenty of water and soap, yet leave them unclean for want of thorough wiping and drying, and plunge them, still soapy, into delicate messes they were deftly mixing. The hands should always be thoroughly rinsed under a running tap, so as to wash away every particle of the soap. They should then be wiped dry on a clean towel. I have seen *chefs*, of my acquaintance, sprinkle Eau de Cologne or some other scent over their hands when about to work pastry. This always seemed to me an objectionable practice. Personal cleanliness also involves the absence of certain habits incompatible with it—such as snuff-taking to wit, with the untoward effects occasionally attending its indulgence.

I remember—though it is nigh half a century now—when at Lyons, a curious instance of this kind. I belonged at the time to a revolutionary club; a distinguished *chef*, a M. Poitevin, was a leading member. We were fiercely conspiring at the time, which just then seemed singularly propitious for a promising rising of the second city of the Kingdom. It is generally held that in England alone people require the adjunct of a repast to every act of social or political life. My

experience has taught me that other nations also have the same foible. So a grand banquet was deemed an indispensable preliminary to the intended grand conspiracy. M. Poitevin obligingly volunteered to preside over the preparation of said banquet, and I readily consented to act as one of his two chief aids, the other being a nephew of his, a young man of chaffing disposition and perversely mischievous. It was while deftly mixing a delicious Charlotte Russe—with canella and vanilla in it, and an abundance of the best cream, lots of yolks, isinglass, plenty of sugar, sponge biscuits galore, and a variety of jams and jellies, with a sprinkle of sultanas through the mass—that M. Poitevin be-thought him of solacing his nose with a huge pinch of snuff—which, unhappily, along with its effect, went into the Charlotte ——. I saw it, and so did young Poitevin.

Lafontaine says somewhere, in connection with some other human foible—

*“ Quand on le sait, c’est peu de chose ;
Quand on ne le sait pas, ce n’est rien.”*

The second line may no doubt be quite right, but as to the first I do not believe in it.

So at the banquet I religiously abstained from the rich Charlotte; so did Poitevin’s nephew—which led to remarks. That young villain audaciously insinuated

the reason of my and his own unwillingness to touch the delicious dish, by softly humming—

“J’ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière.”

Poor Poitevin’s foible being pretty well known, the “banqueters” put this and that together, and—we did not conspire that day, which, not unlikely, saved the July Dynasty for years. The author of “Hours of Meditation,” and of many historic romances and clever stories, Zschokke, in a wonderful tale of enchainment of causes and effects, traces the participation of France on the side of Austria in the seven years’ war to the whim of a Paris shoeblack, if my memory misleads me not. Why should not an unlucky pinch of snuff have been the cause of the postponement of a revolution?

There is another story told of the great Samuel Johnson and his *fidus Achates*, Boswell, which runs on somewhat similar lines—

These two famous men were travelling in Scotland, it would appear, when they stopped at a small way-side inn, where the gudewife undertook to provide roast mutton and pudding for their dinner. Well, the great moralist strolled casually into the kitchen, where the mutton was doing brilliantly before a clear, bright fire, assiduously basted by an urchin of twelve or thereabout. Now this young “Scot” had his head covered with a close skull-cap. The inquisitive Doctor

soon found out that the poor child had, what my late friend Watkins used to term somewhat gingerly, a "*tineid cephalic exanthema*"—a neat way of wrapping it up. The Doctor, pondering over his little discovery in connection with the roasting mutton, resolved to make his dinner entirely of the pudding. The mutton was excellent, and Boswell went in for it—Samuel abstained, but paid due attention to the pudding. After dinner, Johnson laughingly told Boswell of his unlucky discovery, and to prove the truth of his assertion, had the boy called in, who presented himself without his skull-cap, ingenuously informing the Doctor upon inquiry that "mither" had used it to boil the pudding in. Tableau—Let us drop the curtain.

Sobriety is a most precious quality in a cook. The temptations to foster clay-moistening habits are indeed very great, especially in a large kitchen where much hot work has to be done. They should, however, be firmly resisted. Lemonade, water acidulated with fruit vinegar, and cold tea are much preferable as drinks even to light dinner ale. I have kitchened with *chefs* and blue ribbons in France, who drank only water with *piquette* and *boisson*—the former a very small nearly non-alcoholic sourish wine, the latter ditto cider, and they did very well upon them, and commanded a high wage rate in the culinary market; their abstention from drink being held as a pledge and guarantee of

their thorough trustworthiness. Over and over again have I also seen in Continental kitchens large basins filled with cold water in which to immerse the bare arms and lave the face, which simple expedient will give refreshing coolness, and to some extent counteract thirst. The skin may be said to drink in the water, as the weary and thirsty traveller oftens finds when immersing his bare legs and arms in some dirty ditch or stagnant pool by the wayside. The skin here acts as a filter, excluding all impurities.

CHAPTER II.

PROVISIONS AND REQUISITES IN KITCHEN, PANTRY, LARDER AND CELLAR.

HERE I must, by way of preliminary, first and foremost crave the indulgent reader's pardon for digressingly straying into the province of social and political economy, with no better excuse to offer than that I have thought deeply upon the subject, and consider its importance in general household management sufficient warrant for its intrusion here.

A good cook should be able to judge by sight, smell, taste and touch of the quality, freshness, comparative value, seasonableness, and general suitableness of the articles supplied by the tradespeople.

I say advisedly by the tradespeople, as, to speak in the words of the late lamented Mrs. Sketchley-Brown, I must confess I do not hold with Co-operative Stores and Societies, which I, on the contrary, look upon as one of the most serious social aberrations and evils of the time. I must crave the reader's indulgence here for a

somewhat lengthy digression to make my meaning clear, and state my objections in a frank outspoken way.

The principle of co-operation, in its true application and kept within its proper limits, may be said to form the actual basis of modern society; but falsely applied, and carried beyond its legitimate province, it becomes the bane of society, and must ultimately prove its ruin.

Society, as at present constituted, may be compared to a vast chain of mutually dependent and mutually supporting links. Every class forms a link of the chain, upholding all its fellow links, directly or indirectly, and being in its turn upheld by them. Injury to any one of the links necessarily involves a corresponding proximate or ultimate injury to the whole chain.

It is a self-evident proposition then that the commercial and trading classes form most important links in the great social chain, and that accordingly anything injuriously affecting them must necessarily injuriously re-act upon all other classes.

The merchant and the trader have to live by their commerce or trade. They properly hold the position of middlemen between the producer or importer and the consumer. For their services in this capacity they levy a certain percentage rate of profit on their retail sales. Legitimate healthy competition, which is now-a-days inseparably connected with all pursuits in life, should

sufficiently safeguard the consumer against inferior wares and extravagant charges.

Of course, I do not for a moment mean to deny or ignore that there are unhappily monster monopoly markets, and also rings and combinations of certain trades entered into for the deliberate purpose of keeping up artificially, for the most dishonest, selfish ends, the prices of certain commodities, even of those ranking among the first necessities of life; nor that adulteration of goods of every description has crept in to a most alarming and pernicious extent, or that the most indigent classes of the community are swindled occasionally—or even habitually—to a fearful tune. I know all these things are unhappily but too true. But I venture to express my belief that the most efficacious way to put a stop to such gross abuses lies not in co-operative combinations, which, moreover, hardly ever touch the special classes of commodities in which rings may be most successfully worked, but in proper legislation *with stringent criminally penal clauses* extending their protective action down to the lowest strata of society.

Nor let it be overlooked here that the poor man is not likely to ever derive the least benefit from Co-operative Stores. The purchasing power of his scanty wage is in our times following almost unchecked its apparently irresistible tendency to slide downward.

Now, the merchant and trader rank high among the

employers of labour, and a vast body of the community may be truly said to be almost entirely dependent upon them.

Our somewhat over-complex State machinery is worked at a very heavy cost, which the taxpayer has to defray, and it is upon the merchant and trader that the chief burden of taxation falls, in our land at least. Where the golden rule of "live and let live" is the acknowledged universal law of all classes, society flourishes. Where miscalculating selfishness is permitted to pervade one or several classes, the consequences must inevitably prove detrimental to the other classes, and in the end society perishes.

I know I shall incur ridicule and obloquy, but for all that I fearlessly give expression here to my deliberate belief that the deplorable depression of trade and commerce and nearly every branch of industry is, in a measure at least, more or less directly traceable to the evil effects wrought by the inordinate spread of the "Co-operative Stores" system—*Verbum sap.*

I think it was a grievous blunder on the part of our working men to allow themselves to be tempted to endeavour to dispense with the intermediary agency of the merchant and the trader, and to set up as it were as their own general purveyors.

They must have overlooked the palpable fact that by just as much as they might succeed in reducing the

prices of articles of consumption, they would also reduce the means of their principal employers to give them remunerative employment.

Still, the working man, who has always been an indifferent economist, might plead a most plausible excuse for his error. He might look upon the saving effected in his purchases as a notable addition to his scanty wage. Moreover, in his case the evil had a natural tendency to correct itself in due course of time; working men's Co-operative Stores are rarely long-lived.* When large capitalists and limited liability speculators, with their natural total disregard of the interests of others, however vital to the community at large they may happen to be—for capital and corporations have no bowels of compassion—strive to accumulate in their own hands the most miscellaneous variety of trades and occupations—selling under the same gigantic roof, for instance, monster collections of the most incongruous articles, raw and manufactured and ready-made—they incontestably inflict a most serious injury upon the commercial and trading classes. Still even here there is some slight chance of cor-

* Some twelve years ago I attended at the birth of a working men's Co-operative Store in Strasburg. I had opposed its establishment by every possible argument—in vain. Two years after I attended at its death and burial. It had done a vast amount of mischief during its brief career; but the lesson proved effective.

rection, if not of compensation ; with so many irons in the fire, some of them are apt to get cold, and the Bankruptcy Court may perchance occasionally administer a salutary warning to likely imitators of such unwholesome practices. But the most pernicious, the most detrimental application of the principle of co-operation—lamentably misunderstood and vilely misused—is that which has of late years obtained in the public service—civil, and army and navy—and church.

However, upon this part of this incidental theme I will not dwell here, reserving my comments for another occasion where they may come in more appropriately than in the present little work. “Why drag the subject in at all?” I think I hear impatient readers exclaim, “it surely has nothing to do with cookery.” Well, to me it seems it has. One of the most famed authorities on the culinary art advises her readers first to catch the hare before proceeding to devise means of cooking it. Now I honestly believe that if Co-operative Stores are let go on much farther at full swing, it is by no means unlikely but that a considerable proportion of those to whom this little treatise is addressed may find themselves literally unable to catch hares or anything else in the shape of victuals to cook. This is the reason for this attempted note of warning and word of advice.

After this, I will admit, perhaps somewhat uncon-

scionable digression, return we to the requirements of a good cook.

The ability of judging of the quality, &c., of the articles supplied can be fully acquired by practical experience alone—except, perhaps, in the rare instances of cooks to the manner born, in whom the power would seem innate and intuitive.

Still even beginners endowed with proper intelligence may soon gain some proficiency in this important branch of the culinary art, by consulting the instructions given and the rules laid down in all really good works on cooking. I take the opportunity here to place a trustworthy cookery book at the very head of the most indispensable requisites in every kitchen. The number of guides and manuals of the kind is truly legion, and it would look invidious and presumptuous to single out any one or more of them as specially deserving of public patronage. A word of advice I may offer, however, to the intending purchaser of a cookery book. Do not be guided by the number of recipes a book may contain, but rather look to the introductory part, and see whether the book contains exhaustive instructions in the proper selection of joints, poultry, game, fish, shell-fish, vegetables, fruits, groceries, &c., and in kitchen management in general—fires, ranges, ovens, utensils, &c.

Always strive to adapt your means to the end you

have in view. Suit the size of your pots and pans to the dishes you wish to prepare in them. This seems very simple and easy. Yet I have often seen a small piece of stewing beef, for instance, or a chicken, or a pigeon, put in pots or pans of comparatively preposterous size. Nothing is more apt to spoil a dish.

Suit your fire also to your requirements, and strive to keep it at the proper level—neither too slack nor too fierce. I have occasionally seen small pieces of meat put to roast before a fire that might have done for the largest joints. No wonder that where so little intelligence is shown the roast should turn out dried up and chippy. Nor will it do to let your fire get over slack. In this, as in all other things, strive to cultivate the golden mean. A little intelligent practice will soon teach you the proper way to do it. The question of ranges, hot plates, ovens, and boilers lies somewhat beyond the province of this little treatise. Still I may say that in a kitchen where large joints are to be roasted I prefer the old open range, with wide oven, ample hot plate and hot closets, and boilers at the back and side, which ought to be made of wrought iron, to protect them from possible injury from neglect or carelessness, especially where they are not self-supplying. They may be used also as steam boilers for fish, meat, &c.

I take this opportunity to suggest what I consider

an improvement in ovens—baking or roasting, viz.,—a wrought iron frame of the inside width and height of the oven, consisting simply of two uprights, resting on solid stands, with a bar laid across on top, to hook the joint to which is to be roasted in the oven. By this simple contrivance the joint is made to hang free, surrounded equally on all sides by the hot air of the oven. The dripping pan—preferably an earthenware one—is placed underneath for the Yorkshire pudding, potatoes, &c.

The uprights should have two or three hooks fixed on them to receive nets stretched across for doing fish, &c. The cross bar should be constructed to receive an earthenware or porcelain cylinder made in two halves to screw together, perforated throughout the lower part. Butter, lard, or whatever other fat may be required for basting, according to the nature of the joint, &c., mixed and worked up into a paste with some flour, to prevent too rapid melting, is placed in the cylinder, which is suspended from the bar just above the roasting joint. This, with clever management, will make the basting almost automatic. I have tried the frame and have found it a success. As regards the automatic basting cylinder here suggested, I cannot speak positively; but as the difficulties in the way can only be of a technical and mechanical nature, I think they may be easily

overcome. I think I need hardly mention that in oven roasting, just the same as before an open fire, a strong heat has to be applied at first, to be reduced after.

The perfect range of the future will, I believe, be the gas range—when it shall have received all the improvements of which it is capable, and when electricity shall have replaced gas for lighting purposes, and shall thus have very considerably reduced its present extravagant price. It will then certainly be one of the most economical ways of cooking, as it is the most easily and cleanly managed, the heat being under perfect control. Even as it is, it can be turned to profitable use in many ways; for instance, using rows of concentric rings, two, three, or four of them, with Bunsen burners; every ring with separate gas tap, so as to extend or contract at pleasure the surface of flame, to adapt it to the size of the pots or pans used.*

* Many years ago, *ehou!* I used to do a deal of kitchening with the renowned Madame Boileau, a first rate Parisian purveyor of certain delicate dishes—she “did” for Clericals: *n'est ce pas tout dire?*—such as matchless sturgeon and salmon steaks, rognons sautés au vin de Madère, field lark and field fare pies, and most delicious pastry. The kitchen apparatus was calculated for charcoal, coal and gas. A deal of her frying, stewing, boiling, &c., was done on such concentric gas rings, generally with a Rose burner in the centre. All the raw vegetable offal that would not do for the stock pot, or could not be turned to profitable account in some other way, was put into a special hot closet to dry it, for the purpose of being used as fuel along with coal—a truly economical way of disposing of it.

With a proper gas range you may easily locate your kitchen at the top of the house, with larder and pantry, which is a great advantage in many ways.

Kitchen utensils are, as a rule, amply discussed in cookery books, in some of which they form a truly formidable array, even the smaller sets being occasionally beyond the capacity of a slender purse. Now it is indeed true that kitchen utensils are the tools, as it were, with which cooks have to work. Still all, or even most of them, are not quite so absolutely indispensable as they are made to look. An intelligent cook will, in case of need, find no insuperable difficulty in devising efficient substitutes for many of them, at least, reducing the number of them within manageable limits, and yet will be able to turn out most excellent dinners. It is a trite saying, but none the less true, that a good workman will succeed with indifferent tools, whereas an inferior one will somehow manage to quarrel with the very best set.

There is a story told of a distinguished surgeon who had got all his professional training practically on the deck and in the cockpit of a liner, in the olden days, when the supremacy of the sea was still a hotly contested question. Having, after 1815, retired from the Royal Navy, he presented himself for his proper qualification at the Hall and the College. One of the examiners was so ill-advised to ask him how he

would proceed to amputate the leg above the knee. "With or without instruments?" asked the hero of a hundred surgical operations, then proceeded to inform the nettled examiner that he spoke advisedly and without the least intention to give offence, as he had had to perform amputations occasionally with a cheese knife and a carpenter's saw, and yet had made a pretty good job of it.

I think it was in 1833 that the Prince de Ligne, who had then just lost his second wife, came to Paris to seek consolation in the whirl of that gay city. He took up his temporary quarters in the Rue Richelieu.* One evening H. H. in passing the Porter's Lodge was agreeably affected by a delicious smell proceeding from that generally not over-savory "apartment." He saw the Concierge, an old woman about sixty, bending eagerly over a battered old stewpan on a small charcoal fire, stirring some mess, which evidently was exhaling the enticing odour. He was an affable gentleman. He asked the poor woman for a taste of her dish—which he liked so much that he gave his hospitable entertainer a double louis, and asked her how it happened that with such eminent culinary genius she was reduced to a

* Six years after, in 1839, I occupied a modest apartment in the very same house, *au quatrième au dessus de l'entresol*. Here the story was told me by the Concierge as the proudest tradition of the mansion.

Porter's Lodge. The old lady told him that she had at one time, in her earlier life, for years been head cook to a Cardinal-Archbishop. She had married a bad man, who had spent all her savings, and brought her to ruin and beggary. He was dead now. Although very poor, she added with conscious pride, and no longer disposing of the full *batterie* of an archiepiscopal cuisine, she flattered herself she could manage with a few bits of charcoal and a *méchante casserole* to cook with the best of them. Next day the Lodge was vacant, the old portress being on her way to Beloeil, the Prince's residence near Mons, in Belgium—where she presided for some fifteen years after over one of the best appointed kitchens in the world.

I tell these two stories here by way of illustrating my meaning, when I say that most excellent work may be achieved with defective tools. Not that I mean to assert, of course, that a kitchen can be properly attended to without a certain set of utensils, only not after the fashion of the subjoined exuberant list; which it must be admitted, however, in common fairness, is deemed indispensable only in a richly-appointed first-rate kitchen:—

Roasting apparatus, meat screens, brass bottle jack, smoke jack; cradle and other spits; patent digester and stew and saucepan digesters; oval boiler; wrought iron stock pots, and assortment of wrought iron and

copper kettles; sets of wrought iron saucepans and enamelled stewpans; pans *à sauter*, or tossing pans; frying pans of various sizes; several large frying pans for fish; sets of patty and tart pans; omelet pans; dripping pans, with basting ladles; cutlet, turtle, Yorkshire pudding, braising, preserving, pickling pans; a number of fish kettles of various sizes; mackerel saucepan; potato steamer; tin Yorkshire pudding dishes of various sizes; soup strainers; fried fish and gravy drainers; mushroom mould, star and scroll fritter moulds, vegetable moulds, pudding, jelly, and cake moulds; sugar moulds; horizontal and hanging grid-irons; sets of silver and iron skewers; string boxes; sugar and other canisters; cookholder; weighing machine and balance; meat hooks; colanders, sieves, bolters, tamis and tamines; trussing and larding needles; marble mortars, with ditto pestles; marble slabs, paste boards, rolling pins, and steak beaters; chopping and mincing boards; meat saw, chopper, and cutter; cook's and kitchen knives and forks; salt, flour, pepper, and sugar dredgers; lemon and nutmeg graters; lemon squeezers; fish slice and fish scissors; beef steak tongs; toaster and trivet; salamanders; paste jiggers, cheese toaster, toasting forks; egg slicer and ladles, and egg whisk; iron, brass, copper, wood, and horn spoons of various sizes; freezing machine and ice closet; paste and vegetable cutters; and pig irons, steel

egg poacher and egg boilers; fritter irons; herb stand; spice boxes; baking plates; cake tins; pepper and spice mills; seasoning box; *rugout* spoons, ladles of various sizes; sugar canisters, tea and coffee ditto; several sets of carvers—and heaven knows how many other articles besides, all coolly declared to be *absolutely* required by a good cook. Common sense, practice, and experience will soon enable a really good cook to make very large excisions from this list. There are certain things that are, if not absolutely indispensable perhaps, yet most necessary in every kitchen. A good clock, for instance, a correct spring balance for meat, a postal parcel balance for groceries, &c., a small chemical balance, a set of graduated measuring glasses for fluids, a black board to note the time when dishes are put on the hot plate, or in the oven, or before the fire. There is no need to have the eye always fixed on the dial of the clock or on the notings on the board, or to weigh and measure out every trifling ingredient. Still, some little heed had always better be given to these things.* A large chopping board, with raised

* Every good cook should ascertain and settle the proper proportions wanted of things. Never go by vague quantities. A handful of salt, for instance, is a vague and misleading direction. I have seen handfuls weighing an ounce and a half, and handfuls weighing four ounces. A pinch is just as unsatisfactory—varying from thirty grains to a hundred and twenty. An egg may mean from less than an ounce and a half to above two ounces; a lemon may

ledges at back and sides, with two- or three-bladed chopper, will also be found most useful; there ought also to be several smaller chopping boards, for onions, herbs, &c., so that incongruous articles need not be chopped on the same board.* A full-sized pastry board, with proper rolling pin, is one of the most desirable articles in a kitchen; so is a cucumber slicer. If you can possibly get a large German slicer, with four or five superposed sharp-edged blades, set to a narrow guage, which will answer for slicing cucumbers and cabbages in the most expeditious and even way, you will find it a most desirable article. A lemon squeezer, with glass to receive the juice, is also a most valuable thing in a kitchen; so is a good mincing machine. A large iron box, filled with sand, which may be heated to a very high degree, will be found a great convenience for doing eggs to a nicety in from three to four minutes, when

contain from less than an ounce to two ounces of pure juice. But that it might look pedantic it would be better to say half an ounce instead of a tablespoonful, two drams in lieu of a teaspoonful, and to calculate your quantities accordingly. This simply by way of indication. In this book tablespoonful always means half an ounce, teaspoonful two drams.

* I have seen onions, parsley, mint, apples, capers, raisins, meat, *anchovies*, suet, lemon peel, and sweet herbs chopped successively on the same board and with the same chopper—without a thought even of an occasional cleaning of either board or chopper between the operations. There should be separate choppers as well as separate boards for articles of different kinds.

only the white near the shell will be found firmly coagulated, the other part being left soft and easily digestible. If you want your eggs hard-boiled, a few minutes longer—say eight or ten—will effect the purpose. Only it should always be borne in mind that eggs are most valuable and nutritious food, containing as they do all the materials required for the sustenance and growth of the body. Hardening the white of the egg greatly impairs its value as a food, especially for young children and for persons of weak digestion.

In Germany, where the custom of Easter Eggs flourishes, the hard-boiled eggs, especially those done in boiling brine, have a trick of lying heavy on the stomach, and are apt to provide an increase of practice for the family physician—*Soit dit en passant*.

The sand-bath should be sufficiently deep to allow the eggs to be completely buried in the sand. Potatoes also may be splendidly done—particularly middle-sized ones—in the burning hot sand.*

* It should be a square iron box, say eighteen inches both ways, suited to a corresponding gas-plate, with several rows of Bunsen's burners along and across. With a little practice and experience, the sand-bath will soon be found a most valuable adjunct to the hearth. It may even enable you to dispense with the use of the water-bath. A sand-bath heated to the proper degree may serve even to melt fats, without danger of burning. Omelets and stirred eggs may be done on it in earthenware frying-pans. To ascertain whether the sand is sufficiently hot all through, keep the blade of a knife in it for a few minutes. On removing it from

As regards your water-bath, a few ounces of salt dissolved in it will enable the temperature to rise several degrees—(in a saturated solution even up to 14 F.)—above the boiling point of water—which may sometimes be desirable.

Have nothing to do with skewers and spits; they only serve to make holes in the joint, through which the nutritious juices escape. Use twine or string instead to tie round the joint if necessary.

Never keep coffee or tea in tin canisters, as the tannic acid in these commodities is not unlikely to affect the metal, to however trifling an extent, which will of course react upon the quality of the coffee and tea.

The best way of keeping these and other pantry goods is in glass, porcelain, or earthenware jars. There are certain glass jars in which French plums are supplied to the English market. These generally hold two or three pounds. Their over-lapping screwed covers make

the sand, and plunging it immediately into cold water, it should make the water fiz. In smaller kitchens stewpans, some four to six inches deep by six to nine inches in diameter, may be used instead of the large sand-bath.

Many years since I suggested to a Birmingham maker of frying-pans the use of double-bottom plates, with a thin layer of thoroughly ignited sand interposed, which, I expressed my belief, might to some extent protect the frying contents from burning. The gentleman, however, did not see it. Perhaps some other maker may try it now—only mind, this is simply a notion of mine, and that I will not undertake to guarantee its success.

them admirably suited for keeping coffee, tea, and other pantry goods in. They will serve also for herbs. A sprinkling of water, just sufficient to moisten the inside, will keep the herbs perfectly fresh in them for days.

Never place joints, &c., on dishes or plates for keeping. Hang them up in your larder (or cellar, if you have one), from a noosed string tied round the upper end, and suspended from hooks fastened in planks fixed across the ceiling. Do not drive the hook through the joint, for the same reason that you ought to avoid the use of spits and skewers. Joints, &c., ought to hang perfectly free.

Always have a couple of good, sharp, and fine-set grinding-mills in the kitchen, the one for coffee, the other for peas, lentils, pepper, &c.

You will find it convenient also to have a number of muslin bags of various sizes to put herbs in, or vegetables, with which you wish to flavour soups, in cases where their bodily presence in the dish may not be desirable, or where you may wish to conceal the ingredients used. Also a number of nets, with smaller and larger meshes, in which fish and other foods may be put to be done in the oven, stretched across and affixed to the hooks in the uprights of the frame within the oven (see page 30)—dripping, sauce, or stew pans may be put under. A little reflection will soon show the various uses to

which a contrivance of this kind may be put. I simply make the suggestion.

A few words about pots and pans may not be thought altogether out of place here. Copper and brass vessels, carefully attended to, look very nice in a kitchen, and, if properly tinned, find their uses in many ways. It must not be overlooked, however, that tinning comes rather expensive, and that it is inexpedient to prepare food with acid ingredients in it even in *tinned* brass or copper vessels. At least, it is always advisable not to keep the food in them longer than necessary for cooking, but to transfer it soon to earthenware, tin, tin-plate, or tinned or enamelled iron vessels. Meat messes should never be kept overnight in even well-tinned copper or brass, or, for the matter of that, in iron or tin-plate vessels, as they are apt to acquire a disagreeable flavour in them.

In the earlier part of my career glazed earthenware vessels were to the fore, and I remember well that such vessels would even stand the open fire. Many an omelette have I eaten fried in a glazed earthenware pan. I am afraid the best earthenware now-a-days will not always stand a fierce fire;* but I know that it will

* At the Health Exhibition sets of fire-proof pottery were shown. I believe they will stand a fierce fire; but I have not had a chance of giving them a trial. I have found Chinese earthen pots suited to the spirit lamp, and to gas and charcoal.

do passing well for the oven or the hot plate. For delicacy of flavour give me a dish done in earthenware in preference over all metal vessels. For slow stewing earthenware is certainly the best, except where the Norwegian stove is used. See below.

New iron pots should always be made ready for use. This is best done by putting the pot to be prepared in a secluded place where children and animals cannot get at it. Boiling water is then measured into it, nearly up to the brim, and oil of vitriol slowly poured over the surface, in the proportion of an ounce per quart of water. The water soon boils again, and keeps boiling for several hours, after which it is thrown out. The empty pot is then scoured clean with sand and ashes, after which washed potato peel is boiled in it, the process being repeated until the last supply of the peel ceases to acquire a blackish tint. After this the scouring is repeated, and the inside of the pot rubbed over with a rind of bacon. Finally, peeled potatoes are boiled in the pot, which are given to the pigs. The article is now ready for use. Rusty pots may be cleaned in the same way.

A so-called Norwegian stove is a most useful and economical article in a kitchen. It consists of a well-made wooden box, with close fitting lid, thickly lined—lid and all—with several layers of woollen felt. An appropriate tin or tin-plate vessel fits neatly in the

box. In this vessel the dish to be prepared—say an Irish stew—is heated to boiling on a hot plate, and kept on the full boil for ten or fifteen minutes, when it is rapidly transferred to the box, a thick layer of felt put over it, and the box closed. You may put the box then on a shelf or in a cupboard, and leave it for three or four hours. On opening the box now, you will find your stew or other dish splendidly done, and quite tender. Here you have economy of fuel, combined with good cooking. Even large joints may be done in this most excellent fashion, provided, of course, your Norwegian kitchener be of sufficient capacity.

In a so-called Warren's Cooking Pot (one saucepan placed within another, the outer being filled with water, the inner holding the meat, fowl, ham, &c., without any water), stews and other messes of delicious flavour, tender and juicy, may be done to perfection, as the meat cannot possibly harden from over heating.

I have also seen certain succulent dishes prepared in earthenware (pottery) jars, somewhat after the following fashion: A few slices of fat bacon are put at the bottom of the jar, which is rubbed all over inside with a rind of bacon. A layer of potatoes and onions sliced, chopped parsley and sweet herbs, with pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, is then put in, succeeded by a juicy steak, or a small pork or mutton chop, or a veal cutlet; after which comes another layer of vegetables, steak, and so forth,

till the jar is filled, when a few slices of fat bacon are laid on the top. The cover is then put on, and the jar placed in a deep stew-pan, with boiling water, which is kept on the hot plate for two or three hours, according to circumstances.

Do not use metal spoons for salt, vinegar, dishes with citric acid, mustard made with vinegar, or, if you cannot help yourself, clean them thoroughly as soon after as may be, to guard against their being chemically affected. Do not use polishing powders for your plate if you can avoid it. Wash the plate simply in a weak hot (not boiling, mind) solution of an alkaline soap, rinse them in pure warm water, dry them thoroughly in a cloth, and polish them with soft leather. Wooden or glass spoons of appropriate size are the best for salt, mustard, and sour messes. Vinegar will affect horn injuriously, as a horn spoon used long for French mustard will convincingly make clear. The yolk of egg contains sulphur, which readily affects all metals. A horn, wooden, or glass spoon should therefore be used to eat soft boiled eggs with.

The question of preserving eggs is a truly important one. The method most frequently resorted to is to pack them *fresh laid* in a capacious earthenware or porcelain jar, and to cover them over with a thin solution of freshly-slaked lime in water. It is said that this will keep them from summer to winter, and even to

next spring, the only admitted drawback being that the process renders the shells very brittle. I have tried it repeatedly; but I must say that—most likely owing to some fault or oversight of mine—I have found the process lamentably wanting. After the first month or so, I have hardly ever found an egg so preserved that would not run yolk and white together when broken.

My own way is to rub the new laid egg over with a little sweet Lucca oil or melted lard, so as to close the pores of the shell. I then wrap a square of tissue paper round the egg, twirling and twisting the ends up at top and bottom—the big end at the bottom. I flatten out the upper twist, pass a needle with worsted through it, string a dozen or so together in this fashion, and suspend the strings in an appropriate frame in the larder or pantry, which must be cool and properly ventilated. The tissue bags with the eggs must hang quite free, touching on no side.* I have tried the same way with lemons, oranges, apples, and pears, with tolerable success. These fruits may also be kept pretty fresh for a time by simply wrapping them in tissue paper, and placing them singly between the twigs of new birch brooms placed upright against the wall in an airy pantry, or a

* Before breaking an egg, hold it before a gas or candle flame, and try to look through it. If there appear any dark spots or the least cloudiness, it is a sign that the article is unfit for use.

dry water-tight loft that may be made to serve the purpose of a pantry or larder.

Fresh meat may be kept in winter for close upon a fortnight, by hanging in a cold, airy place—best in a wire meat safe. Never try to preserve joints by rubbing them over with salt, as I have often seen English housewives do. The salt can only extract the nutritive juice. In summer one of the best ways to keep meat a few days fresh is to roll stinging nettles all round, and sew the joint thus protected up in a thick canvas bag. Keep this in a cellar, suspended from a hook, or laid on a cold stone. An ice cellar is of course the best if you can have the use of one. But on no account lay meat on ice, which imparts an insipid flavour to the meat. Or you may wrap your joint closely up in a cloth kept moistened with malt vinegar. Or you may cover the joint with buttermilk, which must be renewed after two or three days.

However, salicylic acid is a better preservative still than any of these processes.

Pure salicylic acid, which may readily be procured from any respectable chemist, is a white, loose, inodorous powder. In weak solution it is tasteless also. It has not the least injurious effect on the human body, but possesses the very strongest antiseptic properties. To prepare it for use, put about a drachm of it into an empty wine bottle, and fill up with lukewarm water, in which

the acid is readily soluble. The solution may be expedited by placing the bottle in warm water. This is the aqueous solution with which meat beginning to putrefy should be repeatedly brushed over in every part, say for about half an hour, after which it is to be thoroughly washed, first in lukewarm then in cold water. This will leave it free from all putrid taste and smell. To prepare a solution of salicylic acid in French brandy, dissolve about a quarter of an ounce of the acid in a pint of the best Cognac. This may be used to keep compotes, preserved fruits, &c.

Fresh strawberries, for instance, intended to be used for a bowl in winter, are washed, let drain, and put into a suitable jar, which is then filled up to the brim with good wine, mixed with the alcoholic salicylic acid solution, in the proportion of about two ounces to the quart. The jar is then carefully tied over with a double layer of properly moistened parchment paper.

Smoked ham and Gotha and Brunswick summer sausages may be easily kept by brushing them over with alcoholic solution of salicylic acid, packing them in perfectly dry straw, sewing them up in canvas, and suspending them free in a cool and airy place.*

* This excellent preservative will be found equally useful for a variety of similar purposes. Thus, for instance, where part of a bottle of wine has been poured out, the rest may be kept good by adding a teaspoonful of the alcoholic solution per half bottle of wine.

In my time I have seen fresh joints plunged into boiling fat, packed in straw, sewn up in canvas bags, and suspended in the same way in airy cellars, where they would keep for months. I also remember that we used to strew fresh killed venison all over with coarsely-pounded charcoal, pepper, ginger, and pimento (but no salt, as we knew this would simply extract the best juices), sew it up in strong canvas, and place it some six or seven feet deep in the ground, shovelling the earth back over it, and leaving it for three to four weeks, or even longer, undisturbed. When dug up the canvas was removed and the venison washed and rinsed quite clean, first in lukewarm, then in cold water. It was then wiped dry inside and outside, anointed all over with fresh butter or lard, and roasted before a clear brisk fire. It was delicious.

In an old recipe, dated from the end of the fourteenth century, burying tainted venison in the earth for three or four days is recommended as an infallible means to remove the taint.*

* Another way I remember of keeping venison, pork, and wild boar—particularly rather oldish animals—for several months: The joints to be preserved are cut into roasting pieces, over which a little coarsely-pounded charcoal and pepper is sprinkled. The flesh is incised with a sharp pointed knife, and fat bacon slips, about half an inch thick, are pressed into the incisions, along with a few shalots, cloves, and grains of pepper. The joints thus prepared are now given an incipient roasting in the oven, suspended

Vegetables should be procured fresh every day, as most of them lose by keeping, and others can be kept better by the greengrocer than in your cellar or larder. Onions, however, should be artistically tied on a straw rope with string, in so-called hanks, beginning with the large ones at the top, and finishing off with the smaller ones at the lower end. These hanks should be suspended free in a cool and airy place, to let them dry thoroughly. Should frost set in, all you have to do is to gather them in a heap and let them lie there without troubling about them. They will keep well till April, and even May.

Rancid butter may be improved by washing it in water, then working sharp white vinegar through it, taking care to remove the vinegar completely by assiduous kneading and squeezing out. Then salt your butter again, and put it into clean jars or pots, pressing it down firmly. Then insert into every jar or pot five or six sticks of liquorice root, long enough to reach down to the bottom. In a few weeks you will find your

from the hooks attached to the inside frame. When quite cold again, they are packed in a stoneware jar, along with a few onions, pepper grains, juniper seeds, and a sliced lemon, with a modicum of salt. Malt vinegar is boiled, and let cool again. When quite cold it is poured into the jar in sufficient quantity to cover the joints. About an inch of fat is finally poured on. The meat will do for roast, stew, or pastry. Whenever a piece is taken out, the fat has to be re-melted and poured on again.

butter considerably improved, as the liquorice root takes off the strong taste. Of course, this process will only do for genuine butter, where the rancidity may be due to imperfect washing. It will not answer with an article adulterated with fat.

Get your salad oil at a respectable Italian warehouse or provision shop. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of absolutely dry table salt to every quart bottle of fresh and sound Lucca, Florence, or Provence oil, and keep the bottle uncorked in a cool place, shaking the contents from time to time together. This will improve the article, and keep it from rancidity.

PART III.

MEAT AND THE PROCESSES OF COOKING IT.

CHAPTER I.

MEATS.

ALL foods—vegetable and animal alike—contain the same nutritive elements, and may, within certain limits, be said to be interchangeable. Only there is, as has already been intimated, this material difference between the two classes, that animal foods contain these elements in forms and combinations more or less identical severally with structures of the body, and are thus more directly and immediately available to serve the purposes of nutrition than vegetable foods, as these latter have first to be resolved into their constituent elements before they can be turned to their proper account in the economy of the body. Even where vegetable foods contain absolutely a larger pro-

portion of nutritive matter than animal foods, the additional expenditure of vital force which has to be bestowed upon the digestion and assimilation of the former more than counterbalances this quantitative advantage which they seemingly have over the latter.

Among animal foods the flesh of a certain rather restricted class of quadrupeds ranks foremost. And even with regard to these, our concern here is still further restricted to a very few that fall within the more immediate scope of our observation in Europe generally, and in our own country in particular. These comprise chiefly the ox, the sheep, the pig, and the goat, with their immature varieties—the calf, to wit, the lamb, the sucking pig, and the kid—and the pig's wild congener, the boar. Some would add the horse and the ass.

As to the humbler of these two, the late Robert Brough would have it that there were in most human hearts secret tender chords appealing to a fellow feeling for poor Ned, and he professed that he looked upon it as akin to cannibalism to think of knife and fork in connection with that philosophic animal.

I have occasionally attended so-called "hippophagic banquets," with a laudable desire to prove all things; but I must say the impression said banquets made at the time on my palate, and left on my mind, could not well be called pleasing. I will freely admit that

having once forced down my instinctive reluctance to turn the noble horse into an article of food, I found the soup and several other dishes tasty and apparently good to eat; but somehow or other, I always speedily got satiated. I found soup and meat *too filling*—as the common saying has it—and with a strong liver flavour in them, which made me, unlike Oliver Twist, firmly decline asking for more. So for me the horse figures not in the list of edible animals; although I am authoritatively told that there are no physical, chemical, or rational grounds of any kind for objecting to horse-flesh as an article of human diet—which would seem to have been the opinion also, of a certain very learned German Professor who came over to London in the year 1851, to see the Great Exhibition, and write a book about England.

Many great travellers of that period used to take a few weeks' run over a foreign country, then incontinently to indulge in more or less minute descriptions of the land and the manners and customs of the people, of which they knew about as much as the fly does of the nature, composition and uses of the glass-pane over which it crawls.

Now, this said learned Professor somehow fell into the hands of an intimate friend of mine, who with *malice prepense* took various rises out of him. Among other trifling sells he took him to the New Cut one night to

a cat's meat shop, informing him that the skewered slices were the food of the London poor. The learned man took two skewers home with him. A few months after his return to Germany his great work upon England and London and the Great Exhibition made its appearance in Leipzig. One chapter was especially devoted to a dissertation upon "How the Poor Live in London." Of course, the skewer figured in it. The Professor declared the meat palatable and nourishing, and wonderfully cheap. He only objected to the "dryness" of it, and to the scanty proportion of fat. In a second edition of the book this chapter somehow was not to be found, somebody having most probably meanwhile enlightened the author anent the nature and character of skewered flesh in London.

The bison, the buffalo, the camel, the antelope, the springbok, the zebra, the kangaroo, and a variety of other large graminivorous animals that are eaten for food in America, Africa, and Australia, we pass over here with this merely nominal allusion.

Certain very low caste people of India and other lands are said to go in for feeding upon carnivorous animals, such as dogs, cats, rats, foxes, leopards, wolves, jackals, and other nasty brutes *ejusdem generis*—a diet which must be characterized as simply disgusting.

I may say, however, that I have once in my life, at least, had occasion to indulge in a meal of rats; but

they were barn rats that had always fed upon the choicest grain. I was trapped into eating the mess, but I cannot help remembering that the dish had a most delicate flavour—something between the rabbit and the pigeon—only more alluring than either. Still, I will not upon the strength of this my one and only experience in the matter venture to recommend the proverbial one trial to prove the fact, the less so as I am afraid pure barn rats are rather rare. The French are accused of being occasionally given to mistake pussy for puss, and to turn dear little tabbies into jugged hare. I remember some twenty years ago, when I was boarding in Paris, in the Rue d'Arcole with the renowned Madame Boileau, I got into terrible disgrace once by thoughtlessly indulging in a wretched jest upon this identical subject. Madame had a nice tabby cat, which was a general favourite with the boarders. Pussy one day suddenly was nowhere to be found. Exactly on the fifth day after we had *civet de lièvre* on the table. Well, I jestingly expressed my determination to touch no jugged hare at the establishment until tabby should turn up again. Madame was fierce and furious in her wrath, and one of the leading clerical boarders, *M. le quatrième Vicaire de Notre Dame*, who was, as a rule, a wonderfully mild spoken man, felt impelled by direly impending anti-peristaltic twinges to hurl rather strong objurgations at my devoted head. Now I

was quite convinced in my mind that Madame was absolutely incapable of juggling or jugging pussy for puss. Still, as poor tabby was never more seen in the living flesh, the sting of the vile jest somehow remained behind, and Madame was hard upon me for weeks after.

My own bitterest punishment at the time was that I was self-deprived of my share of the dish, which Madame was famed to prepare more toothsomely and succulently than any *chef* I ever knew. I give her own recipe here in illustration of the intelligent, painstaking care a first-rate cook will bestow upon the preparation of a favourite dish :—

Take a fine fresh hare, let it hang four or five days, then skin and clean it properly, setting aside the heart and liver. Let it soak two hours in cold water with an ounce of salt dissolved in it to the quart. Then wipe it well inside and out, and lay it in a pottery pan with a quart of new milk poured over it. Keep it in forty-eight hours, turning it occasionally. Now pour off the milk, and wipe again dry. (I cannot exactly undertake to say how the milk was bestowed after; but, no doubt, Madame, who always cultivated a sage economy in her kitchen, knew how to find a profitable use for it, though she might scruple to enlighten her boarders upon this interesting point.) Put the hare back again in the pottery pan,

and pour a quart of herbal vinegar over it.* Leave it in this pickle forty-eight hours, with frequent turning. Wash it now finally in tepid water, wipe it quite dry and rub it all over with a small lump of fresh butter. *Give it a matter of twenty minutes' semi-roasting before a clear fire, keeping it sufficiently far from the glare to prevent the least tinge of hardness on the outside.* Remove it now from the fire, and cut into pieces, dividing the legs into three or four parts, and splitting the head in two. Put the pieces into a proper sized jar, along with a quart of good beef broth with a little salt in it; some savory forced meat balls; the heart and liver boiled and minced; an onion finely chopped, and lightly browned in lard, with a tablespoonful of flour

* This should be prepared in June. Put in a stone gallon bottle the following herbs:—Four ounces of fresh plucked tarragon leaves, and two ounces each of fresh parsley, savory, rosemary, lemon thyme, marjoram, chervil, mint and thyme (all unwashed); an ounce of garlic finely chopped, along with the rind of a good sized lemon, in a muslin bag; two ounces of kitchen salt, a grated nutmeg, two ounces of black pepper and cloves finely pounded, also in a muslin bag. Fill up with Orleans vinegar, cork well, and expose the bottle twenty-one days to the rays of the sun. Then decant and filter into another stone gallon bottle, cork well, and keep in a cool place. This herbal vinegar will bear diluting with an equal part of common Orleans vinegar. It may serve also to give a venison flavour to Welsh mutton. It is excellent for ragouts, sauces, and salads. For mutton, hare, or rabbits, the same article may be made use of repeatedly, without detriment to flavour.

worked in, also to light browning; a few mushrooms and some bay leaves. Place the jar now closely covered into the water-bath, and let the contents stew about two hours and a half, which will be found quite sufficient for a young hare. When done add a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, one of sauce *piquante* (Worcester sauce), and one of the vinegar in which the hare has been pickled, along with a quartern of good old Port wine, and a lump of sugar.

This recipe may look somewhat complicated, but it is really much less so than it seems. This is one of the cases in which many operations may be carried on concurrently. And—the reader may trust me—here the game is really worth the candle.

Revenons à nos moutons and the rest of our animal foods.

Beef has at all times, and in all parts of the world, been looked upon by man intuitively as the most nutritious kind of flesh. It was in ancient times regarded as the food best calculated to make warriors fiercest in fight. This is not a scientific treatise, and our space is too limited for elaborate discussion of the composition of the flesh, the proportion of fat to lean, and other highly interesting questions—for which we beg therefore to refer the reader to Dr. Edward Smith's admirable book on foods—an inexhaustible store of information on every point of the subject.

Beef is also the most easily digested meat, two and three-quarters to three hours sufficing for the purpose, whereas mutton takes from three hours to three hours and a quarter.

Lamb, which is an immature meat, is said to be more easily digested than full-grown mutton. Veal and pork are held to be much more difficult of digestion.

With regard to this it may be said, however, that the process of mastication makes a deal of difference. Perfect mastication brings every particle of the flesh under the teeth, and makes the salivary glands fully perform their appointed part in this most important process of life. Saliva is indispensable to digestion. With imperfect mastication there is incomplete secretion of saliva, and the stomach has to work double tides to make up the deficiency. This is more particularly the case with veal and pork, where the underdone and lumped flesh has a tendency to elude the teeth, especially when there happen to be gaps in the incisors or grinders. In such cases cutting the flesh into very small bits, and turning them over and over in the mouth, to give the salivary glands full time to act, will wondrously aid digestion; so that well-roasted veal or pork, properly cut and properly masticated, within the limits set by the state of the teeth, will not take more than from three and three quarters to four and a quarter hours to digest—in lieu of the five hours to five

and a half hours claimed by some authorities. Let me remark here that a set of sharp table-knives forms a most important adjunct to proper mastication.

I am sorry to say that I know but too many people who, though gifted with splendid teeth, will persist in swallowing their meals in unchewed lumps, sowing thereby the seeds of *incurable* dyspepsia in after years. I may add from my own dire experience that when some years ago I was irrationally forced to dispose of my dinner within twenty-five minutes, the fierce demon of gastrodynia and gastrorrhœa laid hold of me—and, alas, even to this day I have not done chewing the cud of bitter repentance of my weakness in trying to submit to an unnatural rule.

There is also a popular belief that underdone meat as a rule is more tasty and nutritious, and more easily digested than well-cooked meat. This is simply a superstition, which, like all superstitions, has a tendency to be hurtful. Meat done to a turn is always the most tasty, the most easily digested, the most nutritious, and the most wholesome.

I am quite aware, of course, that there are a great many people who will dissent more or less from this view of mine, and I will not venture to affirm magisterially that I am right, and all the dissenters are wrong. I also fully admit that the other extreme of over-cooking meat is vastly the more hurtful of the two.

Only somehow I cannot help thinking that if we are to eat our meals cooked, they may just as well be properly cooked and well done than be left half raw. I remember some years ago when I was in Paris, Howard Paul invited me to an "English dinner" in the Rue Vivienne, and I shudder even now when I think of the waiter bringing in triumphantly a piece of raw beef, which he placed before us with conscious pride as "*Rosbif Anglais, tout saignant*."* We sent the choice morsel back, to the intense amazement and disgust of the waiter and of the Maître d'Hôtel. The same remarks apply of course to all other meats, especially to veal, lamb and pork.

MUTTON is more delicately flavoured than beef. It is generally held to be a lighter food, though it is by no

* In certain parts of Germany and France a "delicacy" is much patronised by a great many people which is eaten not only "tout saignant," but absolutely raw. A raw steak (as fresh as it can be got) is minced, mixed with finely chopped shalots and parsley, and salt and pepper added to taste. A raw egg is broken over this mess, and the dainty dish is placed before you, with oil and vinegar to add as you may fancy. I do not wish to stand on any one's toes, and there may be people in England inclined for that sort of food; but I, for my part, must freely confess that I abominate the very sight of it. In Strasburg I used to be invited nearly every day to partake of it, as most of my friends did very freely. There was a Saxon officer who would actually intrigue to get me asked along with him to such raw steak and egg feasts, simply that he might do me the Christian charity to relieve me of my portion—in addition to his own.

means quite so easy of digestion as beef, than which, Dr. Smith truly says, it is less fitted to sustain great exertion, but is rather a food for people of sedentary and quiet habits, including women and children and invalids.

But of all kinds of flesh, PORK is the most universally eaten all over the world—the Old as well as the New—in its various forms of roast and boiled and pickled; cured and dried or smoke-dried ham and bacon; sausages, collared pig's head, &c. In its several forms and dishes it may indeed be said to be the poor man's food, the rich man's luxury. It has maintained its ground through ages—despite religious prohibition and certain most formidable diseases to which it is particularly subject, porcine measles to-wit, and trichinosis, and notwithstanding the indigestibility so widely and persistently imputed to it. The measles and the *trichina spiralis* constitute a very serious danger to the poorer classes, against which they ought to have the fullest protection of effective sanitary regulations.

Concerning the alleged hardness of digestion, I have already had occasion to observe, with proper cooking and carving and cutting, aided by thorough mastication, pork is by no means so indigestible as certain great authorities would have the world believe. Young pork pickled and boiled is nearly as easily digested as beef and mutton. Underdone pork is, no

doubt, very difficult to digest ; so is pig's flesh hardened and shrivelled up by over-roasting, or boiled to rags. Even that admirable digestive agent, the acid pepsin glycerin, which is prepared from the stomach of the pig, may fail to make a proper impression upon such most unsuitable food. I remember having seen it recommended somewhere to turn cold pork scraps into a dainty dish* by frying them in butter or lard ! I have also many times sat ruefully behind a dish of boiled or roast meat, pork or other, boiled up once more in curried stock.

Such curries are not good to eat, and often utterly indigestible. True, to make cold mutton or white meats into a currie is one of the most appetising ways to turn them to the best account ; but it must be done properly, without giving the meat another boiling, which cannot but harden and toughen it, and make it indigestible. The proper way is to cut the cold meat very small. Take a quart of good stock to two and a half or three pounds of cold meat. Chop a small onion or two, or three shalots very fine, and fry in lard to a light yellowish-brown. Blend two ounces of flour and half

* I may remark here *en passant* that there are many cold scraps that may by proper culinary treatment be made into very palatable dishes ; but certainly not into "dainty" ones in the proper acceptation of the term. There are also certain scraps only fit at the best to go into the stock pot.

an ounce of best currie powder with the stock, add the fried onions or shalots, half an ounce of lemon juice, an ounce of butter, half an ounce of Worcester sauce, quarter of an ounce of Liebig's extract, and forty grains of salt. Put the stock, with the other ingredients, except the meat, in a saucepan over the fire, or on the hot-plate, and let it just come to the boil, with constant stirring. Then add the meat, give the pan a shake, remove from the fire, and dish. This will leave the meat tender, and make a most tasty currie.

There are various ways of boiling the rice for this currie. In the first place, there are two sorts of rice almost indifferently used in some kitchens, though there is a most notable difference between the Indian or Patna rice, to wit, and the Carolina, or American rice. In the former the grains remain upon cooking quite distinct; in the latter they are generally broken up into a mucilaginous mass. As a rule, the Patna is preferentially used accordingly for curries; the American, especially the South Carolina variety, for puddings.

Some high authorities tell you to put the Patna in cold water, let it boil up, drain off the water, replace it by the same quantity of cold water, let it boil up again, strain off the water once more in the colander, stand the latter on the hot-plate, and stir constantly with two forks until the rice is quite tender. By this means every grain will be left distinct.

I remember having watched dear old Thusnelda Irma many times and often, how she used to put the rice in a capacious pan in boiling water, keep it five minutes or so on the boil, strain off the water, replace it with an equal supply of boiling water, strain off again, and repeat the same operation once more. I cannot say how it was, but I think by using the stirring fork with a very light hand, she succeeded in keeping the grains distinct, although I believe she used South Carolina rice. I know the Chinese cooks on board the Shanghai steamers adopt the same mode of preparation. If I can get Patna I prefer it; but if not, I philosophically put up with *old* South Carolina, and though I may not succeed so well in keeping the grains distinct as the eminent Blue Ribbon who gave me my earliest lessons in cookery, my curries, rice and all, are liked indifferently well by my friends. A capacious stew pan leaving ample room for the swelling of the rice is an indispensable condition to success in this operation, the same as in others of a similar nature.

Some ten years ago, when at Strasburg, I made a rice and fruit pudding for the special delectation of my friend Schroth, of the Café de L'Espérance, on the Quai des Bateliers. I will give the recipe:—

Take about a pound of old South Carolina rice, and four ounces each of prunes, apples and raisins. Quarter the apples, boil the prunes in an open vessel, and wash

the rice and the raisins well. Place a clean cloth dipped in hot water, and squeezed out, in a deep basin, spread it out, lay the rice all round it, and the fruit in the middle, in layers, with a little salt sprinkled between. Add the peel of a lemon chopped, a few cloves, a little cinnamon, with an ounce of pounded loaf sugar. Cover the fruit all round with the rice, and tie the cloth *rather loosely to give the rice room to swell*. Put the pudding cloth thus prepared into plenty of boiling water in a roomy stewpan, placing an old plate under the pudding. Cover the pan and set it on the fire. Boil two hours, and serve. A tasty dish, which may be eaten with roast meat. Gravy, butter melted and browned, and pounded sugar will do for a sauce.

Schroth asked me to tell him how to prepare this pudding. I told him—only omitting the direction about leaving room for the swelling of the rice. He wished to surprise me next day—and he succeeded. We were in the coffee room, when we were startled by an explosion. The pudding bag had burst, and smashed the old plate under it, which unluckily was a bit of rare old china.

Once upon a time a noble English Duke was sent as Ambassador to Paris. He wished to give the *corps diplomatique* there the treat of a real rich English plum pudding. He gave his intelligent *chef* the fullest directions accordingly, even to replacing the water

boiling away. Only he omitted all mention of the pudding cloth. The ingredients were calculated for several large puddings. The splendid banquet was served in the lordly dining hall of the Ambassadorial Palace. His Grace, the most charming of hosts, gave the order for the puddings to be brought in. Judge his blank amazement and dismay, and his boiling indignation, when he beheld a procession of eight stalwart cooks walk in, bearing each a huge tureen of some indescribable abominable thick liquid. They had to walk back again, of course, with their precious charges. This shows the wisdom of giving culinary recipes always in full and with all details.

One of the most profitable parts of the PIG is the head, if turned to proper account. Heads from five to seven pounds, including tongue, should always be selected in preference. They may be got at fourpence a pound. To make them into so-called collared head or collar, boil in a good sized saucepan with sufficient water to thoroughly cover the head. Add a little salt to the water. When well boiled the flesh will come easily off the bones. Chop it very fine while hot. Add pepper and salt to taste, and put the mass into a delf bowl or shape, pressing it firmly down with a weight. It will be fit for use next day. The bones may be returned to the stock, which—the fat skimmed carefully off, to be used for frying—will serve to make

excellent soup with peas, oatmeal, &c. Oatmeal will always impart an agreeable flavour to every kind of stock or broth. Dredge the meal in with your left hand, and stir with the right, and keep on the fire until the meal is properly burst. Oatmeal with broth is just as tasty as with milk.

I have known some five pounds head and tongue—cost under two shillings—yield up to three pounds of collar, half a gallon of good stock, and a few ounces of fat. In a small household this will be found an economical article of diet.

I crave permission in this place to touch upon a subject somewhat beyond the scope of this little book, yet within the range of the preparation and preservation of food.

Many years ago, when I was Editor of the *Chemical Times*, a valued friend of mine, the late William Maugham, an excellent chemist, suggested to me a new expeditious method of pickling pork. I have more than a vague impression in my mind that I wrote an article on the subject in my journal, to invite attention to the matter. I cannot lay my hand upon it now, but I can recall to my recollection the leading features of the suggestion. A large wooden box is required—say five feet by four feet and four feet—lined throughout with tin, lid and all, so that it may be made air-tight. The front side of the box has a suitable aperture at the

lowest part, into which a large tube with tap is screwed air-tight. This tube is connected with an air-pump. The lid has another large aperture, into which another tube with tap is screwed air-tight. This tube is connected with a large tub, placed at an elevation of some 15 to 18 feet above it, filled with the requisite quantity of pickle made with water, spiced vinegar, salt, and sugar in suitable proportions. The meat to be pickled is packed into the box as closely as can practically be done.

The lid is now put on and soldered over air-tight. The tap in connection with the tub is of course turned off, whereas that connected with the air pump is turned on, and the pump set to work. A small steam engine will answer best. When the air is thoroughly exhausted, the tap is turned off, and the connection with the air pump severed, whilst the tap in the lid is fully turned on, whereupon the pickle is drawn with tremendous force into the box, so as to penetrate every part of the pork inside. The apparatus will serve over and over again. I know very little indeed of mechanics—as for the matter of that, of anything else, poor Jacobsen used to tell me—so I cannot say what difficulties may be in the way of the realisation of the suggestion here made. I venture simply to throw it out for the consideration of those who may know more about it; I would also plead in extenuation of any crudeness and

imperfection of the scheme given that it is drawn from memory, after many long years.

More recently it has occurred to me that if the plan is at all realisable, it might be turned to account for the preservation of meat—simply substituting for the pickle thoroughly clarified de-albuminated melted fat—beef fat for beef, mutton fat for mutton, &c. To this end, the box should be lined inside over the tin with woollen felt, and covered outside with the same material.

The pieces of meat (fresh killed if possible) should be packed most closely. To ensure the almost absolute absence of air from the box, some carbonic acid gas might be let in after exhaustion, and drawn off again. Provision would, of course, have to be made for this purpose. I am sadly afraid this suggestion, too, may incur condemnation as clumsy and visionary; yet, I honestly think it worth a trial.

Exclusion of air is, at all events, admittedly a chief factor in the preservation of meat from decomposition. The non-conducting lining and covering tends to shield the contents of the box from thermic action. Meat might be kept fresh in this way long enough, at least, to make it reach our shores undecomposed from the most distant parts.

I may as well just intimate that I am not altogether unacquainted with the several processes of preserving meat by cold; by desiccation; immersion in antiseptic

gases and liquids; coating with fat, &c.; pressure, &c. But I think the suggestions made here for pickling and preserving meat differ materially from all of these.

Of the immature meats, the flesh of the CALF, the LAMB and the SUCKING PIG, little need be said here. They are not food in the true and full sense of the word, but rather luxuries for the table of the rich, and for the middle and poorer classes on festive occasions. The premature slaughter of these innocents cannot but act most prejudicially upon our future chances of meat supplies. This seems to stand plainly to reason; but we wilfully shut our eyes to the fact, and go on with light hearts sacrificing the future to the enjoyment of the present. What is it that makes war the most effective check to over-increase of the population? Why, simply that it mostly strikes down the young destroying with them the germ of generations upon generations that might have been but for the premature extinction of the budding young lives.

England and the United States are the greatest offenders in this line; for, whilst in most other countries they allow the poor calf at least some six to nine months' grace before ruthlessly making it into veal, we kill our calves occasionally three or four months, or even only one month old. At Boston, in the United States, they actually had to pass a law to protect from

slaughter calves less than one month old! And it is not so very long since that in Ireland they used to kill new-born calves, and bake them in an oven with potatoes. They called this dainty "Staggering Bob," and it was indeed more than enough to stagger Bob, aye, and Harry and Jim and Joe too, though apparently not Pat. This was indeed "seething the kid in the mother's milk" with a vengeance. The plea advanced in extenuation of the cruel deed was the scarcity of provender to rear the young calves. Only—only—I have heard some Irish friends of mine talk with ecstasy of the succulent and toothsome "Bob."

The lamb is treated much after the same cruel fashion, especially when Easter happens to fall in March. In Holy Russia, where Easter is the great orthodox Eastern Church festival,* I have seen it

* The last week in Lent is kept with special strictness in the Greek Church. With most devout believers Good Friday and the day after are black fasts. On Saturday evening the worshippers gather in the churches, which are left lightless on that night. Here they prostrate themselves in most fervid prayer until the first stroke of midnight, which ushers in the day of the glad tidings that death has been vanquished. Then all on a sudden the deep darkness all around bursts into a blaze of innumerable lights. The Chief Priests and the whole congregation after them fall round one another's necks, the one exclaiming triumphantly "Christos Woskresse!" the other joyously saying in reply "Istinu Woskresse!"—"Christ has risen!"—"Ay, indeed He has risen!" Easter Sunday is a day of universal joy and feasting. In most houses the tables are

placed on the Easter Table roasted whole, side by side with the sucking pig, also roasted whole—both with holy flags stuck in them.

Some English epicures will give the lamb till June, when it is said to be prime. I have gradually come to prefer yearlings, or even two years old mutton. I have a notion it is the mint sauce that makes the dish lamb.

literally groaning under the weight of the multitude of good things upon them. Universal brotherhood and all-embracing hospitality are the order of the day. It is an *Agape* of the primitive form. Byron says somewhere, "When I think upon a pot of beer,—but I will not weep," intimating that the thought had a tendency to bring tears to his eyes. Well, when I think upon a "glorious" Easter Feast (*Slava* means glory in Russian), I can barely keep my mouth from watering—after so many long years, too—Eheu!—I was not a semi-abstaining philosopher in those days of my hot youth, when George the Third was King of Great Britain, Ireland and France, and I remember well how I went in for the lamb and the sucking pig. But the latter more especially was deliciously done. Poor little piggie is arranged as for roasting. The brain, heart, and liver are minced and mixed with finely chopped shalot, sage, savory, thyme, and sweet marjoram, and half a pound of good lard. This is the stuffing. A dozen pippins are half roasted in the oven, and put, along with the stuffing, inside the interesting young porker, which is then anointed all over with best Lucca oil, and wrapped in a rich suet paste. Over this a coating is laid of simple flour and water paste, the whole being finally covered all over with a layer of potter's clay. The article is then baked about two hours and a half in a hot oven. The clay and the outer crust (which is generally a little burnt) are removed, and the "sweet kernel" dished.

Halliday came one day unawares upon Fred Lawrence, who was devouring a dish of roast pork, with a modicum of veal stuffing by the side of it. "Ah! eating pork, Lawrence?" cried the P. P. of the Savage Club. "Pork be hanged," was the reply. "It has been baptised veal since I sat down to it. Don't you see the stuffing?"

When I talk of mint sauce I do not mean the wretched mess of a few imperfectly chopped dry mint leaves swimming about in a sea of malt vinegar, with a few grains of raw sugar dissolved in it, which one gets in some London dining rooms, and occasionally even at private tables, and which has its admirers, too, among some *chefs* and blue ribbons, who coolly tell you that half an ounce of moist sugar will do for five fluid ounces of malt vinegar. I recommend the following recipe:—Take a sufficiently large bunch of fresh green young mint to fill, when finely chopped, two to three tablespoonfuls. Chop the rind of a good-sized lemon very fine, and add it to the mint in a sauce tureen. To four ounces of best French vinegar add one ounce and a half of fresh lemon juice, and dissolve in this as much finely powdered best loaf sugar as it will absorb. Pour the solution over the mint in the tureen, and let it stand an hour or so. Try to get your mint clean that it may not need washing, which tends to take the freshness off. If needed rinse the bunch under the flowing tap, shake it, and let the water drain off on a

clean dry cloth. I have a notion that with this sauce even four years old mutton, properly roasted, may be made to taste something like lamb. At least there can be no harm in recommending a trial.

Some years ago I went to dine one day at the "Portugal," in Fleet Street. The fancy took me to order caper sauce with my roast mutton. The waiter looked amazed, and instead of bringing the caper sauce ordered, he brought down the proprietor upon me, who very politely asked me whether there was not some mistake, and that it was *boiled* mutton I wanted. I told him with equal politeness that I wanted roast mutton and caper sauce, and asked him whether he saw any moral objection to it. He went away shaking his head. A few weeks later I happened to look in again, when the proprietor came up all smiles to tell me, to my intense gratification, that he had tried caper sauce with roast mutton, and that he found it a great institution.*

* After all there is no great incongruity in taking caper sauce with roast mutton. It is certainly not so irrational as Lord Byron's *hospitable* invitation to poor Joe Grimaldi to take soy with appletart, because, as his Lordship pleasantly observed, soy was good to eat with salmon—why not then with appletart? I cannot help thinking but that on this occasion the immortal poet ran the clown very close in his special line.

Mustard is as a rule looked upon as the proper condiment to be eaten with roast and boiled pork, ham, and boiled beef—certainly not with mutton, roast or boiled. Many years ago

Dr. Julius Fancher, a German gentleman of French extraction, who afterwards became a member of the Progressist Party in the Prussian Chamber, acted in London as private Secretary to Richard Cobden. I knew him intimately at the time. His great boast was that he was free from the least tinge of eccentricity. Well, one day I had invited him to a roast shoulder of mutton. I saw that he was fidgety and glancing about in every direction. "What is it you are looking for?" I asked. "Where is the mustard?" he replied. "I cannot eat mutton without mustard."

It was in the earlier days of the Savage Club when its local habitation was the Lyceum Tavern, then under the management of Mrs. Spielman and her daughters. I was mixing a grand salad. Finding that the oil ran rather short, I sent Old William, the waiter, down to the bar with a polite request for an additional supply. The young ladies obligingly sent up a flask, from which I, being in a hurry, proceeded at once to make up the deficiency, when—alas, too late—my nose revealed to me and others the sad fact that it was the ladies' hair oil which I had used. I was mercilessly chaffed, of course, by none more than by my friend Tegetmeier, who has always been my rival in salads and grogs. The stupid old waiter had asked for "more oil," and the ladies had understood "hair oil."

A story is told of a young lady in Germany who had got married chiefly upon her supposed skill in pastry. The misfortune was that it was the mother who was the real cook, the young lady being well-nigh innocent of all and everything pertaining to the kitchen. She trusted however her deceit would not be found out, as she was firmly resolved to turn over a new leaf, and to be guided in her culinary efforts by a good cookery book. So when after the honeymoon the young couple settled down to the sober business of life in a home of their own, with a single servant—a raw country girl ignorant of everything—the young bride entered upon the study of cookery with a will, and for a few days she managed pretty well. The husband, wishful to show off his charmer's brilliant talents in the pastry way, invited a couple of friends to dinner, and begged his little wife to make a mixed

first-rate fruit pie, such as he had often tasted at her father's table. Well, the cookery book was duly consulted, and everything was done as directed—that is to say, everything down to the bottom of the page where the last words were “two teacupfuls,” the first word on the next page being “wine,” followed by “a lemon sliced, the peel of a lemon grated, and a little cinnamon.” Now, as mischief would have it, the two leaves stuck together, and the first words on the third page, referring to a meat pie, were “good gravy, a tablespoonful of chopped shalots and mushrooms, a teaspoonful of chopped sweet herbs, two of salt, and one of mixed cayenne, cloves and piments.” Well this rather startled the young lady, but her notions of things in general were altogether rather vague, and she had often heard her mother say that fine cookery consisted chiefly in the harmonious blending of apparently incompatible ingredients. So the pie was made according to these directions, and it certainly *was* a dainty dish to set before her husband and his guests. And when the pie was opened, and tasted, there was something like a scene. It ended in a contrite confession, and the young lady did not venture upon pastry again for some time after.

CHAPTER II.

PROCESSES OF COOKING.

IT has been said already in a former part that the principal object of good cooking is to aid and augment, not to impair and diminish, the nutritive action and effect of the food to be cooked. The chief requisites to achieve this object are that the cooked food should be easy to chew and easy to digest; the achievement of the former goes a very long way towards that of the latter.

In southern latitudes flesh is held to be the most tender and juicy if eaten immediately after the animal has been killed. It is reported of the Abyssinians that at their great feasts they love to cut the flesh from the living animal, to broil and eat it on the spot—which is truly horrible to contemplate. When the death stiffness sets in, the flesh gets less tender, and more difficult to chew and digest, which of course must tend to impair its nutritive qualities. It is in this stage, more especially, that it may be improved for cooking by cutting it into thin slices, and beating it across the

cut ends to break the fibres. After a time—shorter or longer according to the temperature—the stiffness relaxes, and the flesh enters into the incipient stage of decomposition, which tends to soon render it soft and tender again. It is at this stage that in our latitudes it is fittest for the processes of cooking. The few general remarks I have to make upon these processes, some of which have moreover already been touched upon incidentally, may be briefly summarised under the several heads of *Boiling*, *Stewing* and *Braising*; and *Roasting*, *Baking* and *Frying* and *Broiling*.

I place BOILING STEWING, and BRAISING, first, because the processes of boiling flesh are by many able judges considered to be more simple, more easy, and more economical than roasting, &c. Within certain limits, I am much inclined to be of the same opinion.

Every process of cooking flesh is unavoidably attended with a certain loss of weight, which admittedly is larger in roasting, &c., than in boiling, &c.,—that is to say, of course, if every product of the process is properly utilised.

BOILING has two very distinct, widely different objects in view, to wit, either to extract part of the juices, whilst attending to the tenderness of the cooked flesh, or to retain, as fully as practicable, the gravy in the meat.

To effect the former purpose put the joint in *cold*

water, place the saucepan on the fire, and raise the heat slowly to the boiling point. Remove it now at once to a much more moderately heated part, and let it simmer on until the joint is properly cooked—as in this case, both the meat and the broth are eaten, there cannot possibly be much real loss of nutritive matter.*

Where, on the other hand, it is desired to retain the largest practicable proportion of gravy in the meat, the joint is put for about fifteen minutes in boiling water. The exudation of the juices proceeds chiefly from the cut ends of the soft fibres, and ceases as soon as these ends have become hardened from the coagulation of the albumen. Now albumen coagulates at a temperature very much below the boiling point of water (at 120°). A quarter of an hour's immersion in boiling water, is therefore, amply sufficient to prevent—or nearly so—further exudation of nutritive juices. But the contact with boiling water must not be continued beyond fifteen minutes, after which the saucepan has to be drawn

* Anent the boiling of hams, Mr. Tegetmeier tells us that at the large ham and beef shops in London, where the meat is generally very tender, the hams are always placed in cold water in a copper, under which a small fire is made, which raises the water very gradually to the boiling point. The moment this is accomplished the fire is raked out, the copper covered over, and the hams are allowed to remain in the water until it is nearly cold. In this manner they are several hours in cooking, and never are permitted to reach the boiling point. This mode of cooking makes the flesh exceedingly tender, and guards against loss of fat.

back from the fire, and the cooking continued at a low heat until the joint is thoroughly done.

When you carve a leg of mutton done in this fashion, the gravy gushes forth the moment the knife is put into the joint, and lusciously spreads all over the dish.

A leg of mutton properly boiled, is in truth, one of the most delightful dishes that can be set on a dinner table. There is only one not unimportant drawback to it, as my friend Draper observes, to wit, the difficulty of making a palatable meal of the part left over, where the family is too small to dispose of the whole at a sitting. A currie will of course do, but then all people do not like curries. I think cold boiled mutton will bear braising, particularly if mixed with some pieces of fresh mutton. Of course, this requires a good braising pan, with close fitting lid. Lay at the bottom of the pan a few slices of fat bacon, on which spread a thin layer of coarsely chopped suet; add pepper and cloves whole, a few small pieces of ginger, a Spanish onion cut in thick slices, a few bay leaves, sweet herbs and parsley, and a bit of celery. Place the meat on this cut up in large pieces—the fresh meat first and last, the cold boiled in the middle (a little salt should be sprinkled on the meat); finish up with slices of fat bacon. Pour gravy over it just barely sufficient to cover, put on the lid tight, set the pan on the hot plate, fill the hollow cover with live charcoal or red hot cinders, and let it do slowly. When

done, strain the gravy through a strainer, skim off the fat, and add a spoonful of Worcester sauce and a squeeze of lemon to the skimmed gravy. I have a notion this will be found a tasty dish, and a simple way of disposing profitably of the scraps of cold boiled mutton.

STEWING is a modification of boiling, which M. Tegetmeier and other high authorities on the science and art of cooking consider more advantageous and economical than the latter process. I incline much to the same opinion—except always, of course, in the matter of *boiled* leg of mutton, as expatiated upon above.

In stewing, the meat should, if possible, be placed in an earthen vessel, with a small quantity of liquid, as a rule, and exposed to the long continued action of a very moderate heat, which naturally tends to soften the fibres, and to make the flesh of old animals, and tough, sinewy joints, easy to chew and digest, thus enabling a good cook to turn the coarsest and cheapest meat into savoury and nutritious food, very little, if indeed at all, inferior to prime joints.

BRAISING is simply a modification of stewing, which has been sufficiently described under BOILING.

The processes of ROASTING and BAKING have been incidentally touched upon already; still, a few words may be added here in reference to the former.

In so far as small joints are concerned, roasting is certainly not the least wasteful process of cooking, nor even always the most satisfactory in its product. The heat being less evenly and gently applied, as a rule, in roasting before a free fire, the outside is apt to become overdone before the inside is sufficiently cooked, and the waste of the juices extracted is greater than in boiling. And this loss cannot well be guarded against by the action of boiling water, as this might injuriously affect the roasting. In my earlier days I have seen joints dipped a few minutes in boiling fat, to prevent exudation of the juice from the cut ends. I am afraid, however, there are practical difficulties here that cannot be disregarded. The only way which is left open is to bring the joint, protected by a Dutch oven or screen, quite near a sharp, brisk fire at first to induce coagulation of the albumen all over the surface, then to remove it to a proper distance for roasting. However, this answers the purpose only imperfectly at best.

Now ROASTING happens to be the favourite process of cooking meat in this country—and there is certainly no other land in the world where the process is so thoroughly understood as a rule, and so perfectly performed. I have known first-class French *chefs* fail in the roasting a leg of mutton, for instance, before an open fire, in the way in which a second rate English plain cook will brilliantly achieve the task, and think nothing of it.

An old friend of mine—now no more—a first rate cook in his time, who had been steward many years on board a Rhine steamer, established several large dining rooms in London. His kitchens were admirably designed and appointed. In one, which I knew more particularly, he had engaged a chef, a sous-chef, a first and second cook, two scullery and two vegetable maids. He did not like to change his servants, so his engagements were always made slowly and after due reflection and deliberation. When he had to engage a cook he declined looking at testimonials vouching for the candidate's skill in soups, entrées and pastry, but he invariably asked, "Can you boil an egg? Can you boil a potato? Can you properly broil a steak and a chop?" And, lastly, "*can you roast a leg of mutton?*" If she came up to these requirements (of which he, of course, exacted practical proof in his presence) she was sure to be engaged by him at liberal wages and under easy general stipulations that made it well worth her while to try her best to keep her place. The chefs and the other members of the kitchen staff being selected upon the same principle of crucial tests in some of the leading branches of their special province, the result was, of course, that the business prospered.

BROILING is one of the most delicate processes of cooking. It deals only with smaller pieces of meat, such as chops or steaks, which are exposed to a hot

open fire, and by rapid repeated turnings (best with proper broiling tongs) made to retain their juices. *No thin pieces should ever be broiled, but only thick, fleshy pieces.* No fork should ever be stuck into them, nor should they be cut with a knife, as some cooks are but too apt to do, just to see whether they are done sufficiently. *The fire must be perfectly clear, and as free as possible from licking flames.* A horizontal gridiron placed over a large clear fire is the best to broil on. A hanging gridiron will, however, answer the purpose. *The removal of all fat from the chop or steak will greatly facilitate the process, and improve the result.* You may sprinkle your steak or chop with a little pepper, but always reserve the addition of salt till the meat is done.

By way of example: Have three or four mutton or lamb chops properly cut and trimmed, removing the fat; beat them thoroughly with the steak-beater, dip them in melted butter, sprinkle them with a little pepper and salt—(which here can do no harm, as the coating of butter protects the meat)—and roll them in pounded plain biscuit. Then place them on the gridiron over a fine clear fire, and give them eight minutes broiling, four minutes on each side, turning them rapidly every two minutes. They should be served piping hot.

I beg to observe here, incidentally, that my friend Draper suggests to me a practical way of collecting-on

bread the drippings from chops, steaks, ham, bacon, &c., broiling or toasting on a hanging gridiron before an open fire, by simply placing underneath the gridiron, on a plate, a round of bread well toasted on the lower side. The drippings will soak into the bread, the semi-carbonization of the lower side preventing their passing through.

FRYING is the least desirable method of cooking meat. A late lady friend of mine, who was no mean authority on culinary matters, used to express a devout wish that every fryingpan cost a guinea. I must confess that I feel often tempted to echo the wish, more especially now when iron and imperfectly enamelled pans have taken the place of the good old earthen pan, in which the fat was easily kept from overheating, and meat fried in it from hardening. But even in those "halcyon" days of the long past I had a notion that the use of the fryingpan should be confined as much as possible to fish, omelets, pancakes, onions, potato chips, and similar eatables. To do omelets and pancakes properly requires some judgment and skill.*

* Regarding pancakes, a friend of mine, Mr. Linford, of Hull, an eminent chemist and distinguished gastronomist (chemistry and gastronomy are kindred pursuits), writes to me:—"PANCAKES—All books tell you to be very particular that your batter be mixed quite smooth. All books are wrong. Mix your eggs—well beaten—with your milk, scatter in the flour, just stir it round, and dip out and pour into the pan at once. There will

Eggs fried in a pan are more or less apt to be indigestible—generally more so; which is hardly to be wondered at, seeing that the process tends to thoroughly coagulate and harden the albumen. In frying fish, more especially the dainty whitebait, tender sole, and others of the same delicate nature, always use—if you possibly can afford it—good butter, pure lard, or sweet salad oil. Beef dripping will do *à la rigueur*; but mutton fat will not—at least not for fine palates: though I confess I know a gentleman who always fries his fish in mutton fat. But then he is a splendid cook—one out of a thousand; and I have reason to know that he uses only the fat of young sheep, which he prepares by keeping it in fresh water for twelve hours, then chopping it fine, and boiling it with a small cupful of milk over a gentle fire—in an open pan—with frequent stirring, until the fat looks quite clear. This is the German way of rendering mutton fat. Under any circumstances, good sound mutton fat is vastly preferable to bad butter and to the fatty abominations that are palmed upon the public as “butter.” I will venture

be numerous small nodules of flour not wetted. The air imprisoned therein when poured into the pan expands quickly, and converts each nodule into a bubble, so that your pancake is like fried froth. Try it.” [I have tried—and I must say I never tasted such wondrously light pancakes before.] “Of course I need not tell you that the temperature of the pan is of the greatest importance.”

to state over again here my firm conviction that the use of inferior articles in cooking is "wasteful" economy, if the contradiction in terms may be permitted to pass. It need hardly be added here that there should always be sufficient fat or butter in the pan to cover the frying fish, &c.

After use, always scour your pan (as indeed should be done to *all* pots and pans, &c., used in cooking processes) thoroughly, wipe it quite dry, and hang it up in a place free from humidity. Before using it again, set it on the fire with cold water. When the water is hot, wash the pan well, and wipe it quite dry. I have but too often seen fryingpans—and stewpans, too, for the matter of that—put away unwashed; and I have seen omelets and pancakes done in pans lately used to do herrings, or bloaters, or sprats, or some other strong-scented delicacy. Have *at least* always a separate pan for fish, and one for pancakes and omelets. Enamelled fryingpans are cheap enough even for slender purses.

This seems a convenient place to say something of a palatable dish of cold scraps, requiring the use of the fryingpan—so-called *boulettes*, a kind of flattened forced meat-balls. These may be made properly only of scraps of *underdone* roast beef, pork, and veal. Mutton will not do, nor will scraps of boiled meat. The roast beef scraps intended for *boulettes* *must* be underdone, as the subsequent frying would otherwise harden and toughen

the meat; and *boulettes* should be easy to masticate. Pork and veal scraps may be used if a little more done (though not too much, mind). If you have scraps of the three meats, take equal quantities of each, say half a pound, for instance—more or less, of course, according to supply or requirement. If you have only pork, get the same quantity of beefsteak, and broil it to the same degree as the pork is done. The veal may be omitted. If only beef, get the same weight of pork chops, and broil them in the same way. If only veal, get both the steak and the pork chops. In case of need, you may substitute for the pork raw ham and fat bacon, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. If you have only lean meat, add fat bacon—say four ounces to a pound and a half of meat. Carefully remove all sinewy and skinny parts. Mince the meat very fine (best in the mincing machine). Chop about three ounces of onion or (better) shalots, a bunch of savoury herbs, and two ounces of parsley, very fine. Add the peel of a lemon grated, a teaspoonful of salt, half a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, and the juice of half a lemon—pips taken out. Mix with the minced meat; add two raw eggs, yolks and whites, to bind the mass, and make into balls of about two ounces each. Flatten the balls neatly with a beater to about half an inch thick, and fry in lard to a nice light brown on both sides. Some recommend to give the onions, parsley, and

before cooking is not followed in any other country is, perhaps, a little too absolute. In my early days I have often seen our own cook salt and pickle fat joints of beef and pork. I remember she never would use saltpetre either for simple salting or full pickling.

I cannot call to mind at this distance of time what she used for a substitute, or how she managed to preserve the colour of the meat. But I remember quite well her favourite pickle. She made this of two quarts of water, ten ounces of salt, one and a half ounce of brown Muscovado, two and a half ounces treacle, half an ounce each of cloves, mace, and pepper, two ounces of Orleans vinegar. This mixture was boiled half an hour, with careful skimming, allowed to cool, and when quite cold poured over the pickling flesh. The quantities here given were calculated for ten pounds of beef or pork. The meat was left eight to ten days in this pickle. For use, it was set on the fire in boiling water, to prevent the escape of the juices. The same pickle, boiled and skimmed again, was used once or twice more. To my recollection, she never salted or pickled any but fat meat.

A few words on EXTRACTS OF MEAT, and on the so-called CARNE PURA, or *flesh-meal*, or *meat-powder*.

Extracts of meat are prepared by evaporating the flesh of animals nearly to dryness. They are largely imported into this country from Australia. It is said

that thirty-two pounds of fresh meat have to be boiled down to produce one pound of Extract. I feel much inclined to hold this to be a notable exaggeration. However, this matters but little after all, but what matters much is that the Extract, such as it is sent into the market, is left nearly of all the really nutritious part of the fresh meat, very little being left in it beyond the flavouring matter and the salts, which will serve, indeed, to impart to beef-tea, &c., an agreeable flavour and a rich colour; but with nothing solid behind. Still, Meat Extracts are very useful, as they serve to improve—mind, not strengthen—stock, gravies, soups, curries, sauces, &c., and stand just a degree or so above mere condiments, inasmuch as they retain some little nutriment. Unfortunately the price of even the cheaper sorts is extravagantly high.

The *Carne pura*, as it is termed in the trade, or *flesh-meal*, or *meat-powder*, comes from South America, where vast herds of cattle graze on the prairies, or pampas. There the fresh flesh is evaporated to dryness, then ground to powder. I have been assured that *Carne pura* is a very superior article, and considerably more nutritive than Australian Meat Extract. A small sample was sent to me from Germany—where it would appear the American product is getting as popular as the Australian is here—and I was asked to give it a trial. Well, I have done so honestly; but

whether it was that the sample had been badly selected, or from whatever other cause, I failed to find the article any way superior to Meat Extract. Neither of them will make good beef-tea—not even with the aid of bones.

PART IV.

POULTRY AND GAME—FISH AND SHELLFISH— MOLLUSCS AND TURTLE.

OF course it is not in the design and scope of this little book to discuss these classes of foods in detail. They may be dismissed, for the most part, with mere nominal references and brief allusions. Still, a few cursory general remarks and hints here and there may not be deemed altogether out of place.

CHAPTER I.

POULTRY AND GAME.

WITH special reference to English cookery this class comprises chiefly the common fowl, turkey, goose and duck, with their wild congeners; teal, quail, widgeon, waterhen, grouse, moor-game, black-game, heath-game,

partridge, pheasant, plover, guinea-fowl, woodcock, snipe, capercaillie, and a variety of other birds, which are eaten in England mostly roasted or baked in pies. I am sorry to say that we have to add the "sweet singer of the Empyrean," the Ettrick Shepherd's Bird of the Wilderness—the lark—along with the thrush, the blackbird, the fieldfare, the finch, and other melodious warblers, to the list of birds eaten in England, roasted on skewers or baked in a pie—which seems a crying shame.

There was once a monstrous glutton, a veritable "opprobrium humani generis," Aulus Vitellius by name, whom the sweet will of a rebellious soldiery imposed upon degenerate Rome as ruler over the vast Empire. This beastly brute used to take emetics to enable him to gorge three or four dinners a day. Within the short space of eight months that he was permitted to soil the Imperial Seat he squandered some forty millions sterling—computed upon the actual value of money—upon his table! At one of his banquets two thousand rare fishes were served up along with seven thousand birds! On another occasion he had a huge dish made of thousands of tongues of birds, especially singing birds. The bearing of this incidental digression lies in the application of it, as great Captain Bunsby used to say.

Well, well! England is certainly not the worst

offender in this way. On the Continent they seem to go in *con amore* for eating small singing birds, particularly the lark, the fieldfare, the finch, and the thrush. In France, I am told, they add the gentle robin to the list of edible birds.

For the matter of that, it is averred that all classes and species of birds are eatable, and eaten somewhere or other; even the carnivorous and carrion birds, which it would appear the low caste natives of India will occasionally devour with great relish, when they themselves are more than half starving, I should think. But the wholesale slayers of the sweet songsters of the sky cannot plead this excuse in extenuation.

The pea-hen is still occasionally eaten in England. I have heard gourmets warmly extol the delicate flavour of the flesh—between that of the chicken and the pheasant.

As for the peacock, the pride of the gallinaceous tribe, its beauty surely should exempt it from spit or crust. And in England it is pretty nearly so, though it is said to be served still as a rare dish on rare occasions.

But our Continental friends are restrained by no scruple from roasting this glorious bird on the spit or baking it in a pie.

I had always managed to steer clear of what I con-

sidered the meanness of abetting the cruel slaughter of the peacock by joining in the eating of it. Alas, for the inconsistency of man !

Some eleven years ago I was travelling in Germany. At Elberfeld a friend invited me to dinner at his mansion. It was a superb banquet that might have rejoiced the heart and palate of the most fastidious epicure—certainly it rejoiced mine. Only it was with an involuntary shudder that I saw placed on the table a large pie dish, with a splendid peacock's head stuck on the top, to show it was that noble bird that was inside.

Well, I could not, in the commonest courtesy, decline to partake of the pie, the less so after the graceful intimation made to me by the gracious hostess that the pie had been specially made for the occasion with her own fair hands. Well, well! to my shame be it confessed, I found the dish delicious, so much so, indeed, that it required a stern resolution on my part to leave off in decent time. That I did not even feel any very acute pangs of conscience may be gathered from the fact that I asked the lady for the recipe, which she kindly gave me. I remember it pretty accurately, having repeatedly had to write it out for friends. On one occasion I had even to try it practically; but then the bird had been killed when I was asked, so that my consent or refusal could

no longer affect it.* I consider that if this noble bird is ever to be eaten, it should be done in the most tasty fashion; so I venture to transcribe the instructions here as I recollect them:—

Take a young peacock. Let it hang three or four days in a cool, airy place. Pick it to the head, which cut off to ornament the top of the pie. Draw and clean the bird, washing it thoroughly. Then rub it all over, inside and out, with fine table salt, mixed with an ounce of pounded pepper, pimento, and cloves, and grated nutmeg. Let two or three ounces of fresh butter melt in a suitable stewpan, put in your bird, and let it heat gently over a slow fire—say fifteen to twenty minutes. Chop the liver along with a rasher of good bacon, two or three shalots, and a small seasoning of parsley and sweet herbs. Heat two ounces of bread crumbs in fresh butter over the fire until of a light yellow colour, then add the chopped liver, &c., and let it gently stew a short time over a slow fire. Boil an ounce of truffles, pared and sliced, and an ounce of chopped mushrooms in light Rhine wine (Laubenheimer will do). Now take the stewpan, with the bird in it, off the fire, drain the butter off, and add instead that with the stewed bread crumbs, liver, &c., also the wine with the truffles and

* It was in 1876, at the Salmon Hotel, in Kehl, near Strasburg.

mushrooms, half a pint of Laubenheimer or Niersteiner a large ladleful of good broth, the half of a lemon cut in slices (peel and pips removed), and a laurel leaf. Cover the stewpan close, set it again on the fire or hot plate, and let the bird stew slowly until it is nearly done. Then take the pan off the fire, and let the contents cool. Make your paste with fine flour and best fresh butter, and line a suitable pie dish with it. Lay in the peacock with the breast upward, covered with a thin rasher of fat bacon, cover as usual with paste, brush over with egg, and bake in a well heated oven forty to forty-five minutes. The colour ought to be bright yellow. Add to the sauce left in the stewpan, from which the bird has been transferred to the pie dish, a few ladlefuls of good broth and the juice of the other half of the lemon, and keep hot. Take the baked pie out of the oven, raise the top, and pour in the sauce. Stick the peacock's head on the top, and serve the pie hot.

I venture to hint that in stuffing TURKEY for roasting it may be found an improvement to substitute pork sausage meat for the suet as directed in cookery books, and to add to the stuffing a quarter of a pound of chopped sultana raisins. It may be found worth a trial.

Another hint. Instead of preparing apple sauce separately for ROAST GOOSE, take a suitable number of pippins or other sweet apples, pare them, remove

the core, and cut the apples in quarters. Stuff your goose with them before putting it to the fire. They will impart their flavour to the bird. A couple of ounces of sultanas sprinkled among the apples will improve the taste. Or the apples may be half roasted in the oven before they are put into the goose.

In my earlier days I have often seen GOOSE DRIPPING turned to excellent account by mixing it with an equal quantity of pork dripping and twice the quantity of beef dripping, all clarified and absolutely freed from albuminous admixture; kneading this mass thoroughly, and working half an ounce of fine salt to the pound through it; washing slightly in cold water, and letting it drain on a clean cloth. This is a better substitute for butter than the abominations now so often palmed upon the public. On one of my latest visits to Hamburg I had some of this substitute, placed before me, containing about one-eighth part of sound Holstein butter. I cannot say I found this an improvement. If the addition was intended to turn the mixture into something like real butter, it certainly failed most signally.

Being on the subject of that noble bird, the goose, I take the opportunity of offering a few remarks on the bird in general, its breeding and fattening, and on one of its most interesting parts, physiologically and commercially—the liver.

It may be cursorily observed here that we are not very advanced yet in England in the breeding and fattening of geese, that is to say in comparison with certain parts of France, Holland, and Germany. In the latter two countries the chief object of the fattening process is the same as with us in England, the production of solid, nutritious flesh, to wit, and wholesome fat. But in certain parts of France, more especially in Toulouse, and most of all in Strasbourg, the object is to produce morbid enlargement and fatty degeneration of the liver of the unhappy bird.

Toulouse enjoys the great advantage of a very fine, superior, race of geese, which, properly fed, will attain to twice the weight of the common species. This race is of broad and massive build, short-legged, and, as a general rule, gray in plumage. A wide membranous bag or sack stretches from under the craw down to the belly, which thus actually trails on the ground. Large accumulations of fat find room within the folds of this bag. As the fattening progresses the bird grows more and more unwieldy, until at last it loses all power of moving about.

This species of the genus goose is bred more especially in the departments of the Garonne, Haute Garonne, Tarn, Gers, and Ariège, where it forms well-nigh the most important branch of rural industry.

Every farmer breeds larger or smaller flocks, from twenty upwards; some contenting themselves with getting a large number of goose eggs hatched by hens (I have lately heard that they have introduced the incubator in some parts) and selling the young broods, eight or ten days old, to people who make it their special business to prepare the birds for fattening by sending them to feed in the clover and stubble fields—the same as is done in Yorkshire—till they are fit for the final cramming process. Others work this business as a rural industry on a large scale, devoting to it extensive fields, turned into artificial meadows for the specific purpose of goose pasture.

In summer the birds are fattened chiefly for the fresh-meat market, in late autumn for salting.

The Alsatian goose is very inferior in size and weight to the Tolosan bird. Whilst the latter is often fattened up to from sixteen to twenty pounds weight, the Alsatian goose, with all the “superior” cramming, can hardly ever be forced up beyond twelve or, at the most, fourteen pounds.

The gray Dutch goose, which is imported into Alsatia, does not answer well for the great Strasburg *pâté de foie gras* industry, as the bird has a deal of Dutch obstinacy about it, and will not take kindly to cramming. The flesh, also, is rather inferior, as English housewives are apt to find when they buy the article in

the market as imported, more particularly about Christmas.

There are two places in France and one in Germany where the famous goose-liver-pasty tureens are produced, to wit, Toulouse and Nérac, and Strasburg. The Nérac tureen, however, is a deception, being made of the liver of the musk duck.

Strasburg claims the honour of the first invention of this delicate but dyspeptic dish. A certain Mathieu, *chef* in the prince bishop of Strasburg, Cardinal Rohan's, household, was for a long time permitted to usurp the proud position of inventor of *pâté de foie gras*. But the real Simon Pure was a certain Close, the Marshal of Saxe's *chef*, who came to Strasburg in the train of his famous master, and took up his permanent abode there, marrying Mathieu's widow. It was he who started the goose liver tureen business in a small shop in the Meisengasse, where I was told it was still carried on to the present day.

In my frequent visits to and occasionally long stays at Strasburg, I have had ample opportunities of watching the goose-liver tureen industry from its first to its last stage, and I think a brief summary of my experience may not prove wholly uninteresting to the readers of this little book.

The fattening of geese for the tureen is carried on

very extensively in Strasburg, the handsome sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling being realised annually by the sale of goose-liver tureens. The preliminary business is chiefly in the hands of women, and carried on almost exclusively in winter, the fatteners or "crammers" buying their birds late in autumn, either lean or half-fattened.

Maize soaked or parboiled in warm water slightly salted, occasionally alternating with balls of potato flour and barley meal, is the sole food with which the birds are crammed. Some crammers, however, deem it more economical to feed them on broad beans up to the last eight or ten days, when they also are put on a maize diet. With a very few exceptions, the unhappy birds are confined in narrow cages, barely wide enough to allow the poor prisoner to move a few inches backward and forward, but certainly not to turn round. There is a narrow opening in front, through which the bird may put its head to drink, a vessel of water being set before it—an indulgence which, I have been told, is not freely granted by *all* crammers, some of them fancying that unquenched thirst will make the liver swell! A lump of charcoal is generally placed with the water to ensure its purity. Great attention is paid to the cleanliness of the cage.

Some crammers will keep their birds closely caged up in cellars and dark places during the three or four

weeks of their martyrdom, under the impression that deprivation of light also will do its share towards the coveted enlargement of the liver. A few, more humanely disposed, perhaps, or a little more sensible, will allow their fattening geese at least the enjoyment of the light of day and a little freedom of motion ; and I have had occasion, over and over again, to see that these trifling indulgences do not act adversely upon the development of the liver, as is generally urged by the cold-blooded advocates of the more cruel system. The geese are crammed twice or three times a day, according to the greater or lesser rapidity of digestion.

The poor bird is dragged forth, for the purpose, from its narrow cage by the feeder, who places it firmly between her knees, opens the beak with one hand, and crams the softened maize down the gullet with the other, generally simply with her finger. Less expert crammers use a funnel, with a smooth wood or ivory stick to expedite the descent of the food. When the feeder thinks the bird has had enough for one meal, she thrusts it back into its living tomb, leaving it to digest in helpless immobility its forced gorging, till its turn comes round again for another repetition in the same unnatural act in the same sad drama of suffering.

It takes from a fortnight to a month to cram a goose to the proper "sticking" or throat-cutting point.

In the last stage of the process it may be said literally to sweat fat through every pore of its body. The cellular tissue, the intestines, the blood, nay, even the evacuations, are absolutely loaded with fat. With regard to the latter most unsavoury item, I once, upon a visit to a crammer, accidentally saw the performance of a certain process of melting, which I was told, after, is quite common with Strasburg crammers, laudably bent upon utilising every part of the proceeds of their industry, but which gave me, with my foolish prejudice against unclean things, well-nigh inconvenient qualms of the stomach. I then and there registered a vow against goose fat, unless melted and rendered under my personal supervision, or procured from an unquestionably clean and decent source.

Now, under this cruelly unnatural treatment the liver of the goose swells to an enormous size, attaining a weight of one to two, and in some rare cases, even three pounds !

In the last stage of the fattening process the crammer has to be very watchful in the handling of her geese, as cases of apoplexy are by no means rare. An unlucky blow or a hard squeeze will often suffice to bring the unhappy bird's life to a premature close. I was once told by one of the best Strasburg crammers, that she was always carefully watching the eyes for threatening symptoms. If a goose is carried off by a fit, instead of

being properly despatched with the knife, the industrious crammer suffers a serious loss, as no pastrycook is likely to buy the discoloured liver for the tureen, unless at a very low price for lining.

When the crammer judges the time has come for poor fat goosey, the knife puts an end to its miserable life. The quantity of Indian corn which it has been made to gulp down during its gorging martyrdom, averages about a quart a day. The dead bird is drawn, but the liver is left intact inside, to let it acquire the requisite firmness. To this end the bird is kept hanging for twenty-four hours in a cold and airy place, after which the liver is taken out and the gall carefully removed. When all is done properly, the liver shows no scratch or other blemish; it looks a nice light salmon or cream colour. It is now neatly wrapped in wet muslin or fine linen cloth and taken to the pastrycook.

The livers average in weight from one pound to two pounds each. They are paid for by the pastrycook according to size and quality, and to the actual condition of the market. A brisk demand makes the livers look up, whilst a slack market depresses the price. Taking the average of the five or six seasons that I have known the trade, the prices have ranged from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per pound for livers a little under a pound; up to a pound and a half 3s. 9d. to 4s. 3d.; from a

pound and a half to two pounds, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d. ; above two pounds, 5s. 6d. For exceptionally large livers up to three pounds and a few ounces above, I have seen paid as much as 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per pound.

The pastrycook divides the liver into two parts, at the spot where the lobes join. He cuts out the part that has been in immediate contact with the gall bladder, which is generally marked by a yellowish tint, and washes the cut surfaces with new milk. For a tureen that will fetch from a guinea to twenty-five shillings in the market, he takes three livers, one and a quarter to one and a half pound each. This gives six parts, of which he selects the four finest for the body of the tureen. He pares about a pound of truffles, and cuts three-fourths of them into thin and narrow strips, about the length of a little finger. With these he sticks the four half-livers all over. The remaining two halves he cuts into very thin slices, which he pounds in a mortar. He boils about two pounds of bacon for an hour, lets them get cold, and cuts them up very fine. He adds to the pounded liver one ounce and a half each of shalots, mushrooms, and capers, the remainder of the truffles chopped fine, four anchovies, boned, washed and chopped, a teaspoonful of fine salt, and one of white pepper and grated nutmeg, and the bacon. He pounds and tritulates the whole, and rubs the mass through

the taminis. He anoints the inside of the tureen all over with fresh butter, and proceeds to fill it, putting in first a layer of the stuffing or lining, then a half liver, sprinkled with salt and white pepper; then another layer of stuffing and another half liver, and so on a third and a fourth, with a layer of the lining to finish up. He now puts on the top a pound of fresh butter, mixed with half an ounce of fine salt and white pepper, spreading it out all over the top. He finishes up with some slices of fat bacon, puts on the cover, pastes paper all round, and bakes the *pâté* about two hours in a slow oven. When done, he takes off the cover, and pours a layer of hog's lard over the mass, to shield it from the air.

Then the tureens are sent forth on their dyspeptic mission to all parts of the world. I was once shown a tureen in the Meisengasse with an exceptionally large fine liver in it, weighing three pounds one ounce! This went to General Fransecky, then commander of the military district of Alsace-Lorraine, who paid £2 10s. for it.

This liver gorging business is a wicked and cruel industry at the best, whilst the product, though no doubt most delicious to the palate of an epicure, cannot possibly be wholesome. For my own part, I must confess that I prefer to it the excellent Brunswick liver sausage, which, whilst very little less grateful to the

palate, is certainly a much sounder article of food, and has, at least, this great advantage in its favour, that it is not the product of an artificially created disease, entailing cruel suffering upon an unhappy race of most useful birds.

An excellent substitute for goose-liver tureen may be made with pig's liver, in the following way:—

Take a good-sized pig's liver, immerse it five or six minutes in hot water, chop it fine, and rub it through a tamis. Cut half a pound of bacon into very small cubes; boil another half pound, and chop it: add the whole of the bacon to the liver, along with six soft-boiled and pulped onions, passed through a tamis, half a pound of pared and chopped truffles, a quarter pound chopped mushrooms, a teaspoon and a half fine salt, one white pepper, and one mixed spice; add also a quartern of red Burgundy or port, and boil the whole to a thickish consistency. Pour it into a suitable mould lined with bacon, and bake it from one and a half to two hours in a moderately heated oven. When baked put weights on, which will cause a good deal of fat to gather on the top. This fat must not be removed; but should any gravy make its appearance, it may be poured off with proper care. I have seen this substitute more than once on breakfast tables in London and other parts, where it passed unsuspected for the genuine article.

In terminating this half-digression anent the dyspeptic offspring of Master Close's culinary genius, I crave permission to tell a little apologue which I read many years ago in a collection of German poems.

The Prince of Midnight—Death—once upon a time summoned the two houses of his Black Parliament, that he might appoint a new prime minister, the then holder of the office—Yellow Jack, if I remember rightly—wishing to retire. Numerous candidates presented themselves, among others the Plague, who proudly referred in proof of her superior qualifications to the prayer in the Litany. This seemed conclusive, and the dread king was on the point of bestowing the coveted high office upon the distinguished claimant, when a new candidate rose, who boasted that he was the largest purveyor to the universal shambles. "Who are you, then?" queried the puzzled king, who could not remember having ever seen him before. "A cook, sire," was the reply, given with the proud emphasis of conscious merit. I have a notion he was a pastrycook from Strasburg, and his name was Close.

The capercailzie, or cock of the wood, also known as wood grouse and mountain cock (*Tetrao urogallus*), ought to rank high in the list of game fowl. But I am afraid it is not appreciated in England. In my long experience I have but rarely seen it on an English table, and, I am sorry to add, not always properly done.

My friend Draper, at whose hospitable board I have repeatedly had the good fortune to eat it done to perfection, writes to me upon the interesting subject as follows:—

“This is our way of treating our friend capercailzie, according to his deserts: We simply roast him, and serve with pickled pork, the ‘belly part’ being the best; also with bread sauce. As a domestic meal this noble bird is but little used in England, in consequence of popular ignorance of his qualities. In carving, cut slices of the breast only, leaving the limbs for future service. The external muscles will be found of a rich game brown, and the internal as white and delicate as the flesh of chicken. The next day hash the legs and wings with good stock, and a dash of such piquant sauce as may be desired. Pickled walnut liquor, sparingly used, will be found very good.”

It is a condition precedent, however, that the bird should be young. Older birds are apt to prove tough customers. To make them more amenable to mastication, sprinkle the properly drawn and cleansed bird inside and out with ground pepper, allspice, ginger, and wood charcoal; sew it up in canvas, bury in the ground some three to four feet deep, and leave it there a fortnight. Even this will but rarely answer the purpose, however, and hardly ever with very old birds. This may be the reason in part why the cock of the wood is

so little patronised ; the first trial—which was to prove the fact—having unluckily been made with an irremediably tough bird. Still, even old capercailzies may, after a fortnight's burial, be turned to good account for ragouts and fricassees.

The subjoined recipe, taken from the German, combines the processes of stewing and roasting in the oven. I have had occasion to try it, and I can fairly recommend it.

Take a young capercailzie, let it hang a few days in a cool and airy place, then have it properly drawn and cleaned. Chop half a pound of veal cutlet and half a pound of raw ham, with a fair share of fat to it, very fine; add six ounces of grated bread, a drachm of pounded cloves, half a teacupful of thick sweet cream, and a teaspoonful of salt; stir in the yolk of three eggs, with the well-beaten whites, and mix thoroughly. Some add three or four shalots, a few sprigs of lemon thyme, and half an ounce each of mushrooms and truffles—all finely chopped. Addition of four ounces each of rump steak and pork, finely chopped, the grated peel of a lemon, with the juice, is also recommended. I feel much inclined, from my own experience, to look upon these additions as improvements.

Put in the stuffing, and cover the bird's breast with thin slices of fat bacon. Lay slices of bacon at the bottom of a suitable pan, with a quarter of a pound of

butter; add boiling water, and put the bird in breast upwards. Cover the pan close, and let the bird stew at a gentle but continuous boil until the flesh is nearly tender. Pour off the gravy into a basin, and put another quarter of a pound of butter in the pan; take the cover off, and let your bird roast in a hot oven until it is nicely yellow, basting it assiduously all the time, and adding the gravy in the basin gradually, along with half a cupful of thick, sweet cream—stir in two teaspoonfuls of fine flour, and add just enough cold water to make a thickish sauce. Serve on a very hot dish, garnished round the rim with thin slices of bacon.

A capercailzie pie is another very dainty dish. Take a young bird, let it hang three or four days, take out all the bones, and cut up the flesh into small pieces; fry these very lightly in butter, then lay them a few hours in vinegar, with pepper, nutmeg, and two or three small onions or shalots. Meanwhile chop six ounces to half a pound each of veal, beef, and fresh pork, very fine; add six ounces of bread crumbs, and a quarter of an ounce of grated nutmeg and pounded cloves, with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs finely chopped; stir in a raw yolk, and mix thoroughly. Lay a few lumps of butter and slices of fat bacon at the bottom of a pie mould, then fill the latter with the flesh of the bird and the chopped meat, &c., in alternate layers. Put

slices of lemon on the top, sprinkle salt over, and pour in half a bottle of wine. Then cover the mould close, and keep it four or five hours on a gentle fire. If you find it getting over-dry, you may add another quartern of wine or so. When well done, remove the lemon, and thicken the gravy with the yolk of an egg or two, and serve the pie cold.

Just a hint or two anent hares. Never buy a hare with the spine smashed by shot. Young hares are the best for roasting. Old animals answer better for soup and ragout. Hares should always be kept hanging— young animals four to six, old ones eight to ten days, always supposing, of course, you get them quite fresh from the poulterer. Sudden changes of temperature from cold to comparatively warm will have to be taken into account. Some recommend to skin, draw, and cleanse the animal after a few days' hanging, then rub it all over inside and out with pounded wood charcoal and ground ginger, and let it hang for several days longer in an airy place. An old hare may be fitted for roasting by laying it for three or four days in butter-milk, with frequent turning. This makes the flesh much more tender. A young hare should be laid for twenty-four hours in new milk, taking care to ladle the milk from time to time over it, to keep all parts as uniformly as practicable in contact with the milk. Well-seasoned veal stuffing is an improvement. I always

add an equal quantity of sausage meat to it. Lard your hare well in two double rows along the spine on both sides. Baste the roasting hare assiduously with plenty of good butter. Towards the end, when the hare is roasted to a nice light yellow, pour a cupful or two of thick, sweet cream over it. The roast so prepared will be found truly delicious and most succulent.

CHAPTER II.

FISH AND SHELLFISH.

FISH is an excellent article of food, and may well claim to figure in every dietary. In its well nigh infinite variety, prepared by every conceivable process of cooking, it supplies man with an almost inexhaustible source of tasty and wholesome dishes. However, it is inferior in nutritive value to flesh food, as it contains a larger proportion of water. So, though a most valuable auxiliary, it makes but an indifferent principal food, and people who have to subsist entirely and exclusively upon it are ill fed and worse nourished ; though this—perhaps even as it stands somewhat sweeping remark—may certainly be taken to apply to a limited degree only to the king of the red bloods—the salmon. As fish contains a larger proportion of phosphorus than flesh foods, it is especially advantageous in the dietary of brain workers, and those oppressed with care and anxiety.

All fresh water and unsalted fish should be cooked

fresh : they are always best in every way if prepared for the table on the day they are caught, although some of them *may* be kept till next day, or even the day after, particularly in cold weather. Some fish, such as the trout, for instance, will keep only a few hours. From a strangely mistaken analogy some people seem to entertain a dim notion that keeping fish a day or two improves its flavour. I do not wish to appear dogmatic, but I *cannot* refrain from expressing my absolute and uncompromising dissent from that notion. The liver and also the soft roe of certain fish taken in rivers and ponds—the red gurnet, the carp, &c.—are delicate morsels, which keeping over night is almost sure to spoil. The livers of sea fish are utterly unpalatable, having a strong flavour of train oil.

Stale fish ought to be scrupulously avoided. To say the very least of it, it is nasty, and certainly often unwholesome. It is never advisable, therefore, to buy fish in the streets unless it have about it all the signs of freshness generally recognised as indispensable—lively red gills, bright eyes, and general stiffness. Fish is also always the better for being killed promptly after being taken out of its element, instead of being let die a lingering death, as is but too often done, be it from sheer ignorance or from callous indifference to the suffering of the animal.

Fish is cooked by boiling, stewing, baking, broiling,

or frying. The first of these processes is by no means the most tasty way of preparing fish for the table, nor is it economical, as a notable portion of the nutritive juices escapes into the water. Broiling, where applicable, is a much better way, the fish being more tasty, and no loss of substance incurred.

Baking, stewing, and frying are also superior ways of preparing fish for the table.

"Salting," says M. Tegetmeier, "though often necessary to preserve fish when caught in large quantities, is not a desirable mode of preparing white fish. It extracts a very large proportion of the nourishment and hardens the fibrin; and if the salt has to be extracted by soaking in water before cooking, as in the case of salt cod, very little nourishment remains. The fat of the oily fish, as herring, &c., is not removed by salting; hence they are very valuable as food when preserved in this manner."

Fresh water fish has occasionally a musty smell and taste, which a few hours' immersion in a strong solution of salt in water will remove.

Fish is most commonly cooked in the mass, but occasionally it is cut in slices. This operation is called crimping.

Fresh water fish, unless of large size, is generally put into boiling water, and removed from the fire after a short time. Large fresh water and sea fish is, as a rule,

put into cold water, set to boil very gently, and removed from the fire when fully boiling. Crimped fish is put into boiling water. It is recommended by some to check the boiling by the addition of cold water. Without disparaging this proceeding, I must say, I prefer reducing the temperature by removing the fish kettle, &c., to a more moderately heated part of the hot plate.

Fish that is being cooked just after being caught and killed had always better be put into cold water, or moderately warm water first, as rapid boiling tends to break the outside before the inside part is done.

"Sturgeon," writes my friend, Draper, "is another unjustly neglected food in England. There are two ways to prepare it for the table that may be equally commended. If you have a piece of moderate weight, say three to four pounds, stuff it as veal, and roast in the usual way; serve with lemon. The other way is to divide the fish into cutlets, dip them in batter, and fry in good salad oil—as fish should always be fried."

I quite agree with Mr. Draper in his recommendation of good salad oil for frying fish—of course the oil must be olive oil, and sweet—the least rancidity unfits it for this particular use, at least. In France and in Germany rape seed oil is used rather largely, both for frying and for salads. In Germany, they prepare a special fat for frying, by melting to-

gether equal parts of hog's lard and beef suet, and stirring in a third equal part of rape seed oil, so that the frying mixture consists of equal parts of rape-seed oil, lard and suet. Among other substitutes, poppy oil is also largely used, especially to adulterate olive oil with. If quite sweet no great harm is done. The adulteration may easily be detected, as olive oil congeals in the cold, whilst poppy oil remains limpid. Rancid oils of whatever kind are objectionable, but the most objectionable of all is the oil—olive or other—which has been used for successive days or weeks to fry fish in.

Some fifty years ago, I was hospitably entertained on several occasions by some Spanish officers, stationed on the Mediterranean coast, near Algiers. Among other dishes, they placed before me a delicious mess of small fish and sliced apples fried in alternate layers, with salt and brown sugar sprinkled between. After a time, however, their oil got rancid and day by day fishier, as my friends persisted in using it over and over again. The result was, that I gave their quarters the widest possible berth, and that the merest thought of fish and apples was nauseating to me.

In Germany they practise a very simple and equally effective way to improve rape seed oil. The oil, in a pretty large pot, is heated to boiling. A crust of black bread moistened with water is then thrown in, and the

pot kept on the fire ten minutes longer. It is then removed to the sink, and a few drops of cold water are sprinkled on it. This causes a slight bubbling on the surface, and a strong smell. The same operation is repeated twice or thrice, until no further bubbling is observed. When quite cold, the oil is filled into suitable bottles or flasks, closed with stoppers or corks, and kept for use in a cool place. Another even more simple way is to throw a few potatoes cut in thin slices into the oil in the pot, which is set on a slow fire or, better, on the hot plate, and let them fry a light brown, which generally takes fifteen to twenty minutes; then throw in a few grains of salt; if no more scum rises, the oil may be considered fit for use.

With Mr. Draper's remark about the unjust neglect of sturgeon in England I most fully concur. This neglect is the offspring of ignorance and prejudice, fostered and fed by more than one of those influential writers "on all things and a great many other things besides," who would mould and fashion public notions of most matters, social and political, upon their own preconceptions, occasionally formed in haste and without mature consideration.

Once upon a time I had a rather warm discussion with a very dear friend, now no more, upon the subject of Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary,' which said friend utterly and uncompromisingly condemned as

blasphemous, obscene, infamous, lying, ignorant, and a full string of such-like epithets. I humbly ventured to dissent, suggesting that he had, most likely, only read an article here and there, and urging him to give the book and its author a fairer trial. "Read an article here and there!" my friend shouted, indignantly; "why, sir, I thought you knew me better than to imagine I ever could or would read one word of such pestilential writings."

Well, somewhat similarly, another friend, a late distinguished writer, who would occasionally stray into the domain of cookery, suddenly evinced a dislike to the poor sturgeon—I thought at first it must have been after a surfeit of *caviare*—but his uncompromising repudiation of every and any part of the assailed fish undeceived me. He strove to the utmost of his power and gifts to talk and write the unhappy fish down, as being train-oily, hard, nasty-flavoured, indigestible, &c. "Have you ever eaten nicely fried sturgeon cutlets, or sturgeon stew?" I ventured to ask my irate friend. "Eaten sturgeon stew or cutlet!" he cried with angry amazement. "Goodness gracious! I would never let any preparation of that nasty thing come near my mouth. I would as lief eat porbeagles, Canterbury gurnet, and dog fish. My poor mother hated the very sight and smell of it."—which of course was a logical and convincing argument. Now a sturgeon stew is really an excellent dish

which may be prepared after several approved recipes—I can recommend the following way. Cut about five pounds of the middle part of a good sound sturgeon in slices about an inch thick. Fry these just to incipient light yellowness in a mixture of equal parts of good butter and sweet olive oil. Take the cutlets out and put them in a stew pan with veal broth flavoured with two teaspoonfuls of Liebig's Extract of Meat, a little salt, pepper, cloves, and mace. Add four shalots, two ounces of white mushrooms, and two of parsley, a few sprigs of lemon thyme, a bunch of savoury, sage, and sweet marjoram, all finely chopped; set the stew pan on a gentle fire or a hot plate, and let the cutlets stew slowly until they are quite tender. Fry a thin-sliced onion in the butter and oil in which the cutlets have been fried, stir in a spoonful of flour to browning, add a spoonful of ketchup, one of Worcester sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and a quartern of Hock or Chablis. Take the cutlets out of the gravy, and set them in a suitable dish on the hot plate. Pour the contents of the frying pan into the stew pan with the gravy in which the cutlets have been stewed. Let the whole boil up, strain, and pour over the cutlets in the dish.

For **BOILING**, sturgeon should be put in cold water, without salt, but with a handful of stinging nettles—which serve to extract the train oil and promote the softening of the fish. It is only after the sturgeon is

tender that salt should be added, and the fish left some time after in the gravy to take up the salt.

The CONGER EEL also may be said to be under a species of ban in England, at least with most people, although it is much esteemed in the form of soup, more particularly in the Channel Islands. The recipe of conger eel soup may be found in nearly every cookery book, perhaps also, conger eel pie; but baked, fried and stewed conger may be looked for in vain in Archimagical manuals. Yet the fish is really excellent food in nearly every form of preparation—even as an adjunct to turtle soup, as an eminent Professor has recently stated, thereby bringing down on his devoted head the indignant denial and the angry denunciations of some of the most distinguished purveyors of that expensive luxury. I am perfectly convinced that these protesting gentlemen never dream of using conger as an ingredient in their turtle; but I think I may aver that it is used occasionally by some of the less scrupulous of the craft. I can, from my personal experience, affirm that in times of yore, I have been applied to more than once by professional caterers to assist them in “lengthening” turtle soup with conger. I will even go farther; I truly believe that conger, judiciously used, is an improvement on turtle rather than otherwise, especially where the soup is made with *small* turtles, as I have often known to be the case in England. Moreover, among the truly

bewildering variety of ingredients required to make up genuine turtle soup, a conger may not be quite so incongruous as it looks at the outside.

Conger is certainly very inferior to river eel, particularly to the eel caught in Irish rivers. It contains a much larger proportion of water (five to four, I think); but it contains also much less fat (something like five to twenty-four), which to me seems rather an advantage than otherwise.

I know the conger is largely eaten by the poorer classes in Ireland. My personal experience here on the south eastern coast leads me to believe that even the poor feel disposed to slight it as a food, except in the form of soup, perhaps. I have actually seen Ramsgate fishermen throw it back into the water, or generously bestow it gratis upon the first suitor for it. No fishmonger of any pretention in Ramsgate will sell it; and I have often bought it in King Street at the modest figure of twopence a pound, at the very time when it was selling in London (for soup) at fourpence halfpenny a pound.

No doubt conger requires some preparation to fit it for the several processes of cooking. This preparation, however, is very simple. Cut your conger, as fresh as ever you can get it, into pieces, rub these over with ground pepper and cloves, and place them in a deep dish, with a handful or two of stinging-nettles thrown among

them. Mix a pint of best Orleans vinegar with a pint of water, and dissolve three half ounces of salt in the mixture. Pour this brine over the conger in the dish, and let it stand twenty-four hours, turning it over frequently, to ensure equal contact of every part with the liquid. Then wash the eel well, keep it an hour or so in cold water, wipe every piece quite dry, and bake, fry, or stew as directed in cookery books. The following way of preparing a truly savory conger eel stew has been often tried with perfect success. Dredge the conger pieces with flour, and fry them a light brown in butter or sweet olive oil (I prefer the latter). Lay a few thin slices of fat bacon at the bottom of a suitable stew-pan. Take four or five shalots, four ounces of white mushrooms, two ounces of parsley, and a bunch of sweet herbs, tarragon, and fennel, and chop very fine; add the peel of a lemon grated, a teaspoonful of salt, and an ounce of ground black pepper, cloves, and Jamaica pepper, and mix thoroughly. Strew a portion of the mixture over the bacon at the bottom, lay some pieces of the conger on this, then another sprinkle of seasoning, and so on. Add to a quart of your stock a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, one of ketchup, and the juice of half a lemon. Pour over the conger in the pan. The liquid should nearly cover the fish. So more has to be added where this is not the case. Cover the pan close, and let it

stew very gently on the hot-plate until the flesh comes easily off the bones. Add a small teacupful of sherry to the gravy, and thicken with a little flour.

HERRING is one of the most valuable articles of food. "Under ordinary circumstances," says Dr. Smith, "fresh herring offers the largest amount of nutriment for a given sum of money of any kind of animal food. A fresh herring weighing four and a half ounces, and costing one halfpenny,* contains two hundred and forty grains of carbon and thirty-six grains of nitrogen; and a dried herring weighing three ounces, and costing three farthings, contains two hundred and sixty-nine grains of carbon and forty-one grains of nitrogen."

Fresh herring is a most perishable commodity, unfortunately; so that its occasional exceptional cheapness is not always the boon it might be; but it may be kept for a time by pickling, or marinading, it, in the following way: Scrape, clean, wash and dry your herrings, anoint them all over with sweet oil, sprinkle them with salt and ground black and Jamaica pepper, and grill them on both sides (brownish) on the gridiron. Place a layer of laurel leaves, thyme, lemon thyme, fennel, tarragon, a few cloves and cuttings of lemon peel at the bottom of an earthen pan or stone jar. Put a layer of your grilled herrings on this, then again a layer of

* I have bought them in places on the English sea coast over and over again forty and even more for one shilling.

seasoning, and so on. Boil salt in vinegar (three half-ounces to the quart), let the sour brine cool, and pour it over the fish in the pot or jar. Tie oiled parchment paper over the pot or jar, and keep it in a cool place.

Salt herrings, especially Dutch, are marinaded best as follows: Scrape, clean, and wash your herrings, setting the roes aside. Put the herrings so prepared two days in milk; or, if this seems to come too expensive, simply in water. But milk is best. You may cut off the heads and tails, but there is no absolute need. To one dozen of herrings take a nutmeg grated, one ounce of white mustard seeds, and twelve white peppercorns, with a dozen cloves, all pounded in a mortar, and eight shalots, very finely chopped. Put an equal portion of the mixture with each herring. Cut a large Spanish onion or two into very thin slices, do the same with two fine lemons, taking care to remove the peel and the pips. Cut two good-sized salt-pickled cucumbers—so-called “saure Gurken,” which may be got at any German provision shop—and about half a dozen pickled gherkins in pieces. Chop two ounces of capers fine with a bunch of sweet herbs and tarragon, and add a few laurel leaves. Mix all these ingredients, and put them with the herrings in alternate layers in a stone jar. Work up the roes of the herrings (soft roes should always as far as practicable be selected in preference) with good French vinegar into a thickish sauce, which pour over the herrings

&c., in the jar ; tie over with oiled parchment paper, and keep in a cool place. In eight to ten days the herrings are ready for eating.

Many years ago poor dear Charles Sala showed me how to cook a bloater to perfection by a new system, professedly invented by him, which I may say I found excellent. Only it has the trifling drawback of being a trifle expensive. It is easy to do : You take a large soup plate and pour a quartern of the best whisky into it ; you then lay two fine bloomers on the plate, set fire to the spirit, and turn the bloomers over and over again in the burning whisky. When the spirit is consumed, the herrings are done to perfection. A good dish, but *not* economical, at least not in the United Kingdom, where the duty on spirits fluctuates between ten and twelve shillings a gallon.

Another dear friend of mine, who I am happy to say is still to the fore, Horwitz, the famous chess-player and artist, is equally great in fish cooking. I learnt much from him on that special line of the art, more particularly the proper way of preparing carp *à la polonaise*, *i.e.*, with beer sauce, as follows :—

Clean and wash your carps (fresh killed, if practicable), scale and split them, and cut them in pieces, reserving the blood in a wineglassful of fresh vinegar. To three or four pounds weight of carp take four carrots, half a turnip, two or three parsley roots, a quarter

of a celery root ; slice the carrots, &c., add a few cloves, peppercorns, bits of ginger, a bunch of savory, thyme, sweet marjoram, and tarragon, and two laurel leaves or three. Boil all these ingredients in a stew pan about fifteen to twenty minutes in a quart of unhopped beer, such as Drogheda ale, for instance, or Edinburgh ale—*bitter* beer will not do.* We used sweet Edinburgh ale for our Polish sauce. After fifteen to twenty minutes boiling lay in the carp, sprinkle a teaspoonful of fine salt over it—according to requirement—add half a lemon in slices, removing the peel and the pips, three or four finely chopped shalots fried a light yellow, a quarter of a pound of butter, and the vinegar with the blood ; cover the pan close, and let it boil another fifteen minutes or so, when the fish will be well done. Take the fish out of the pan, and lay it in a dish on the hot-plate. Thicken the sauce with crumbled gingerbread, add a quartern of port wine, rub through a tamis, and pour one half over the fish, the other half into a sauce-boat. In Germany they mix the beer with an equal quantity of water, which Horwitz considered a work of supererogation.†

* I have found stout or porter do very well instead of sweet ale.

† No reflection on the brewer. I remember how once upon a time I roused the fiery indignation of a respectable publican by jocularly telling him that there was a deal of water in his beer, and how hard I found it to make him understand at last that beer could not possibly be brewed without a deal of water.

SHELLFISH, or CRUSTACEANS, may be dismissed briefly. The LOBSTER and the CRAYFISH are dearer than the CRAB, and are held to be more delicate in flavour. They are all three very pleasant food, but rather indigestible, as Quilp sagely remarks. The crab is the least indigestible of the three, and all things considered, may be said to be preferable as food to the lobster and the crayfish, with their tougher muscular structures. They contain little oil, and would be rather dry eating but for the generally adopted way of preparing them, to wit, with oil, vinegar and condiments, in the form of salad.

The first, or killing, stage of the process of preparing lobsters, &c. for eating cannot but be most harrowing to the feelings of the humane; the unfortunate animals are thrown alive into boiling water, which *must* be horribly painful to them. They are said to shriek with pain in dying. This is, of course, a trope, as the sufferers lack the organs indispensable for crying or shrieking. The harrowing cry would seem to arise simply from the spasmodic friction of the claws and shells. It is said that if the lobster, &c., is thrown into the bubbling water head foremost death is instantaneous. This should, therefore, always be scrupulously attended to, under any circumstances, even though the hot steam may prove troublesome and even somewhat hurtful to the hands dropping the lobster into the boiling fluid. A pound of salt has to be added per

gallon of water, and the fluid ought to be on the bubbling boil when the shellfish is thrown in. It is advisable to close the lobster's vent with a wooden peg, or else too much water may get in. When the shellfish is thrown in, a red hot poker should be simultaneously plunged into the water, to ensure its being kept on the full boil. The same operation should be repeated after a few minutes. The boiling takes from one-half to one hour, according to size. When done, take the lobster from the hot water with the tongs and lay it on a cloth or a sheet of blotting paper to drain. Wipe it clean, and rub it over with a rind of bacon or a little butter.

Although death by boiling water must be acutely painful even to shellfish, whatever comfortable philosophers may think or say of the matter, the unhappy animal is after all not quite so badly treated by us as it was by our ancestors some three hundred years ago, when it was roasted alive in its shell in an oven or in a pan; or as it is treated now-a-days in Italy, where they cut the live crawfish in two, to stew it in white wine, &c.

Lobster salad is made much more easily digestible, I think, by mixing it with lettuce or endive and other green stuff. For my way of preparing this delicacy I refer the reader to the chapter on Salads.

A lobster and crab figure among the ingredients in

Pepperpot, a favourite dish with epicures, which I not unfrequently have had occasion to prepare. The following is my recipe:—Stew six pounds of gravy beef in two gallons of water, with four ounces each of celery and parsley, three ounces of shalots and four of small white mushrooms (buttons), all chopped very fine, a bunch of tarragon, chervil, savory, sweet marjoram and lemon thyme. Let it simmer until the liquid is reduced to five quarts. Skim and let the skimmed fluid cool; take the fat off and pour the liquor into a stew pan. Mince the flesh of a small lobster, a middling-sized crab, and a tin of Rock Bay lobster (which is an excellent article, nearly as good as fresh lobster, and much cheaper) Cut twelve ounces of cold bacon into small pieces, mince half a pound of broiled *lean* pork chops, a quarter of a pound of broiled veal cutlets. Beat two or three ounces of new-made unsalted butter to cream; stir in two yolks, add the rind of a lemon grated, an ounce of salt, and a quarter of an ounce of nutmeg grated; add also two ounces and a half of bread soaked in milk and squeezed as dry as practicable. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and work the white of an egg well beaten through the mass, which make into small meatballs. Boil three-quarters of a peck of spinach, and rub through a colander. Heat the liquor in the stew pan, and put in the whole of the above ingredients (except the minced meat of the lobster and crab), together with a

pound of asparagus tops, the juice of a lemon, a table-spoonful of ketchup, and salt and cayenne to taste. Stew for about half an hour, with constant stirring. Just a few minutes before the stew is taken off the fire, add the minced meat of the lobster and crab, as this should never be boiled twice over, which would only make it more indigestible. Some add also a boiled fowl, but I think there is no need of this. I have a notion the dish is quite complex enough as it stands.

CHAPTER III.

MOLLUSCS AND REPTILES.

MOLLUSCS are represented chiefly by the oyster. The mussel, whelk, cockle, limpet, periwinkle and scallop also belong to the order. They are are not very nutritious as food. They are soft, and most easily masticated and digested.

Mussels, whelks, cockles, limpets, periwinkles, and scallops are abundant on our shores, and afford cheap food for the poorer classes. Mussels, if the beard has not been properly cleaned away from them, are apt to produce painful irritation of the skin, attended by febrile symptoms.

A dose of quinine and compresses moistened with sedative water applied to the rash will generally speedily remove the inconvenience. Sedative water may easily be made. Take an ounce of spirit of hartshorn, half-an ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, and two ounces of bay salt or of common salt. Dissolve the salt in a

quart of water; decant, and add the hartshorn and camphor to the decanted fluid, and bottle. Shake frequently. In the course of a month or so you will have a clear solution. For use, dilute part of the fluid with two or three parts of water, and moisten the lint or compress with the diluted liquid. This *en passant*.

Oysters, more especially the *Ostrea edulis*, have now become a delicacy, altogether out of the reach of the humbler classes. Nay, even the somewhat better-to-do cannot well afford to indulge in natives, least of all in Whitstables, but have to content themselves with the Virginian, the Blue point, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, as imported.

I have known the time when I have feasted in Hamburg on first-rate oysters at the moderate figure of 3*d.* a dozen; and I remember well those glorious old days, nigh half a century ago now, when authors, actors, and artists used to discuss, for tenpence or a shilling, their dozen of natives, including bread and butter and a glass of stout, at "Rule's," in Maiden Lane, and at "Godwin's," in the Strand, where the illustrious Charlotte dispensed molluscs and crustaceans alike at equally moderate charges. *Tempi passati*. In those days the London oyster season opened on the 5th of August and closed in May. At present it lasts from the 1st January to the 31st December. Many of our oyster-beds, from which we used to draw our best supplies, have been

impoverished, and some even altogether destroyed; and it will take many a long year before we can reasonably hope to restore our supplies. As to the old prices ever ruling again in the oyster market, it would be over sanguine to expect it. Salmon was at one time the poor man's food: is it at all likely that it ever will be so again?

The oyster is mostly eaten uncooked, with lemon or vinegar, and pepper or cayenne. It is also made into patties, stews, scallops and sauces, &c. It should be borne in mind, however, that all processes of cooking tend to harden the oyster. Many, many long years ago, when a boy, I was fond of *Huttres farcies*, or stuffed oysters, a Russian delicacy, prepared by opening a dozen oysters in the deep shells, bearding them, rinsing them in their own liquid, then putting in each a mince of basil, thyme, savory, parsley, shalot, two or three capers, a small mushroom, all finely chopped, grated lemon-peel, the size of a small nut of butter, a few grains of cayenne, a little roast veal, finely minced, and some pounded biscuit (unsweetened), moistened with half a dozen drops of lemon-juice and twice as much Madeira wine—(Marsala will do equally well; so will Hock or Chablis)—covering them with their shell, and baking them in a hot oven, in a pan with concave cover filled with live charcoal. Blue points, Portuguese, French, and Dutch oysters will do for this dish.

BAKED OYSTERS in the German fashion are prepared in a very simple way:—Open your oysters—blue points or others of the less expensive kind—beard them, and remove them from the shell. Roll them in a batter of egg, strongly seasoned with mace, then in pounded biscuit (not sweet), and let them just stiffen in boiling butter in a clean pan. Do not carry the process further, or your oyster will be hard.

A good **OYSTER SAUCE** may be made as follows:—Open two or three dozen of oysters, of the less expensive sort, according to the number of persons at table, reckoning three to four oysters per head; beard them, and let the beards boil in good broth, with a little coarsely-pounded white pepper and a laurel leaf in it, and pass through a tamis. Stir a tablespoonful of flour in a few ounces of boiling butter until the mass is just on the point of rising. Then stir in the tamined broth, with half a nutmeg grated, a glass of white wine, the juice of a lemon, and the yolk of an egg or two. Finally, lay in the oysters and their liquor, and add salt if needed. It would not do to let the oysters boil with the other ingredients, as it would simply harden them.

The large fine **TURTLE** and the **REAL TURTLE SOUP** I dare not touch, nor touch upon. Why, even the great Carême, the King of *Chefs* in his own time, and likely to be considered so for ages to come, speaks of this wondrous compound with something like awe. The

recipe, he says, is the most lengthened in its details of any ever excogitated in culinary brains. The composition of the seasoning claims an able hand and a strong memory; the palate of the *chef* called upon to perform the feat of preparing it requires the acutest sensitiveness, as it should be able to detect any ingredient that may predominate, however slightly.

The CONGER TURTLE of my own personal experience, alluded to in the chapter on Fish, is after all only an imitation of the real article, although small turtles enter into its composition; and I have known hundreds of people who never knew the difference.

Dr. Smith, in his great work on Foods, makes some most pertinent and true remarks (in my humble opinion) on the anent turtle, which, he says, "though so costly and favourite a food here, is neither scarce nor good in the tropical regions where it is produced. The number of these creatures lying on the sandy banks when depositing their eggs, or floating in the shallow bay, is almost infinite, so that they might be the sole animal food of the inhabitants of those regions; but neither the people who live among them, nor sailors who remain there temporarily, can continue to eat them."

Dr. Smith then has the following quotation from Bates' "Naturalist on the River Amazon :"—

"The abundance of turtles, or rather the facility with which they can be found and caught, varies with the

annual subsidence of the water. When the river falls less than the average, they are scarce; when more, they can be caught in plenty, as the bays and the shallow lagoons in the forests have then only a small depth of water. The flesh is very tender, palatable, and wholesome; but it is very cloying; every one ends sooner or later by becoming thoroughly surfeited. I became so sick of turtle in the course of two years that I could not bear the smell of it, even when there was nothing else to be had, and I was suffering actual hunger."

"With such testimony," continues Dr. Smith, "how may we explain the favour with which turtle soup has always been received by civilised nations, and the price asked and paid for it? Simply by the mode of preparation for the table. The flesh is never served separately, but is made into soup with a great variety of condiments, expensive wines, like Madeira, and other agreeable adjuncts, and with high culinary skill. The soup so prepared is doubtless luscious and rich, if not easily digestible; but if, instead of being rare and costly, it were a common and cheap diet, as it might be on tropical coasts, the appetite would soon reject it, and disease rather than health would follow its use. It must also be added that, as at present consumed, it is accompanied by costly viands and wines, which lend a gourmand's charms to the entertainment."

I append to this part a few remarks anent three

comestibles which, though seemingly classed together here rather incongruously, have this feature in common, that they are, though for different reasons, not generally used for food—TRIPE, to wit, SNAILS, and the hind-legs of the FROG.

TRIPE is easily masticated and digested, and, with 1705 grains of carbon and 143 grains of nitrogen in each pound, might be classed with the more nutritious alimentary substances, but that its nitrogenous constituents are rather gelatinous than albuminous, which detracts from their nutritive value, and that the article is over-easily digested, thus failing to satisfy the stomach, which soon craves for another supply of food. The flavour also is not very pronounced; and even the sick, for whose eating it would seem to be specially adapted, have no great liking for it generally. Therefore, except among the poor, it is rather an exceptional dish, although it may be made very tasty by stewing it in milk, and serving it with a rich white onion sauce. In D'Olier Street, Dublin, there is a restaurant where they dispense, on Wednesdays and Fridays, savory half-crown dinners of tripe and cowheel, which, it would appear, are in brisk demand. However, I have a notion the price may have something to do with this. I remember, about half a century ago, when I was living at Lyons, a young Marseillais was benevolently started in business by a fellow townsman of his, who happened to be an

intimate friend of mine, and a most practical man of the vastest capacity.

The young man knew how to prepare snails for eating in a variety of ways. So Peyrade—the name of his generous patron—directed the words “*Specialité d’Escargots*” to be painted on the signboard over his door. The ingenuous youth proposed to supply his delicacies at thirty sous (1s. 3d.) a dish; but his more experienced patron coolly put them at five francs a dish. I at first doubted the wisdom of this; but I speedily found I was mistaken. The snails took, and the “highest quality” of the city of Lyons came flocking to the Rue St. Dominique to pay four shillings for a dish of snails. Would they have patronised the place at thirty sous? I am inclined to doubt it.

I can recommend the following way of preparing a savoury dish of tripe: Chop an ounce of parsley and of tarragon, half an ounce of savory and lemon thyme mixed, two ounces of mushrooms, a tablespoonful of capers, and two anchovies boned. Put them in a stew-pan with half a pint of French vinegar, a pint and a half of water, half an ounce of salt; add a dozen white peppercorns, twelve cloves, a few blades of mace, a nutmeg grated, the peel of a lemon grated, the juice of the lemon, two spoonfuls of ketchup, and two glasses of white wine. Set the pan over a slow fire, and let the contents simmer about an hour. Meanwhile prepare

your tripe. This you get ready dressed, and with the coarser part of the fat removed by the tripe seller. Put two pounds of it ten minutes in boiling water. Cut it into neat small pieces, and fry them a light yellow in six ounces of boiling butter. Set them aside in a dish. Fry in the same butter four ounces of onions cut in thin slices. Add the tripe, onion, and butter to the stew in the pan, and let it boil another quarter of an hour. This recipe is based in a measure upon a way of preparing tripe which they have in Normandy. *Tripe à la mode de Caen*, they call it.

I once upon a time prepared a dish of tripe after this fashion for some of my most intimate friends—the late T. W. Robertson among them. It was before the days of “Society.” The delicate dish took amazingly, and I was asked for my recipe. I gave it. James Lowe, Halliday, and John Brough wrote it down *séance tenante*. Robertson seemed plunged in a brown study. “What is the matter with you, Robertson? What are you thinking of?” I cried. “Thinking of?” he replied, slowly and ponderously. “Why, I am thinking I would as lief forswear tripe altogether as to incur the expense and trouble to make it palatable.” I was taken down considerably—particularly when I saw Andrew Halliday tear up *his* copy of the recipe. “The bearing of this lies in the application of it,” says the great Mariner Bunsby.

Another dear friend of mine, who, also, has long since joined the majority, was very fond of my tripe *à la mode de Caen*. He had the germ of consumption in him, and was advised by the late Dr. Ramadge to visit the South of France. He went to Cannes, and took up his quarters there at a swell hotel. Mindful of my great dish, he innocently ordered tripe for dinner, pleasantly remarking that, as he was now at the fountain head of the article, he expected to have it first-rate. He told me, after his return to London, that to say the proprietor of the place was fiercely indignant would be to put it in a very mild way. The idea of ordering tripe at a Cannes *hôtel de premier rang*! it was an insult. My poor friend was deterred from asking the man what made him so angry.

I have ventured to mention among comestibles the ESCARGOT, or large gray shell snail, which is generally classed with lizards and snakes and other foods that are held to be of a somewhat disgusting nature. There is a strong prejudice in England against snails, no matter *how* cooked and prepared. Yet the snail was at one time held in great estimation as a light and most easily digested food for the sick, especially the consumptive. Even in my own time I have seen it ordered and eaten in England in a vinous stew—chablis or hock—with Iceland moss and laver, grated nutmeg and lemon juice. The snails are prepared by throwing them into boiling

salt water, letting them boil an hour, then drawing them from their shells with a fork, stripping off the black membrane, &c., and strewing a handful of salt over them to detach the slime, washing them four or five times in warm water, squeezing the water out, boiling them soft in good broth, then chopping them fine, and mixing the minced mass ultimately with the laver and moss.

I have eaten snails in several forms, and I can truthfully affirm that they are by no means bad eating in form of soup, or salad, or served in their shells with stuffing. The only valid drawback, in fact, that I can see to their use for food is that they do not contain much nutriment. I am sadly afraid, however, that I shall bring not a few anathemas on my devoted head by boldly daring to give a few snail recipes here. "Strike! but hear!" exclaimed Themistocles to the irate Spartan—"Scold! but try!" cry I to the impatient reader.

For SNAIL SOUP prepare your snails as above. Boil fifty washed and squeezed out snails soft in good broth, take them out and chop two-thirds very fine, stew them a little in butter, add as much of the broth as may be required for the soup, season with a few blades of mace, let it boil up repeatedly, and stir in a few yolks of egg. Pour the soup over some rounds of toast and the remaining third part of the snails.

To make a **SNAIL SALAD**, slice your snails, properly prepared and boiled, lengthways, and mix them with the quantity needed of salt, ground pepper, finely chopped shalots, chervil and tarragon, and two parts of fine salad oil to one part of French vinegar.

STUFFED SNAILS served in their shells are done as follows:—Prepare your snails as before, and wash and dry the shells thoroughly. Chop four anchovies, washed and boned, with half an ounce of parsley, add a little mace and white pepper. Add a large tablespoonful of grated bread, a teaspoonful of flour and two ounces and a half of butter, and mix thoroughly, with kneading. Put into each shell a small portion of this stuffing, then a snail, and finally some more stuffing. Arrange the shells in a saucepan side by side, with the opening turned upwards, pour a large ladleful of broth over them, boil a quarter of an hour, and serve in form of a pyramid, with four hard boiled eggs cut in four at the base, sprinkled over with salt and pepper.

The third and last of these exceptional viands—the **FROG**—I approach more diffidently even than the snail. I know not how to account for it, but frogs have more than once in my life been the cause of serious trouble to me.

Many years ago, when I was living at Dijon, I was peregrinating one day about Fontaine. I came to a pond where several men and boys were engaged in

taking frogs. As a rule they dashed the poor animals on a stone, then cut off or tore out the hind legs. There were two or three young villains there who evidently thought it too much trouble to kill the frogs, but contented themselves with pulling away the legs and throwing the wretched frogs back into the pond alive. I could not stand this horrible cruelty. As my remonstrances were of no avail, I boxed the ears of one of the young scamps. Immediately the whole band set upon me, and I had to fight hard for it. Had it not been for the accidental appearance on the scene of a *garde champêtre*, these wretches might have murdered me, but the instant they caught sight of authority in a cocked hat and with a sabre, they caved in, and tried to run for it. It was no go, however, the *garde champêtre* knew them, and they had to appear at Fontaine next morning, where they owed their escape from punishment for *voies de fait* on the public road only to my intercession.

In 1875 I was in Strasburg. I went to the Ostrich Hotel and Restaurant, intent upon baked frog legs. Seeing a young woman of rather tallish and thinnish appearance standing near the *comptoir*, I thought she belonged to the place, and innocently asked her, "Fräulein, haben Sie Froschschenkel?"—"Miss, have you frog legs?" Now the young woman was simply a visitor to the place, and she mistook my inquiry for

a slighting reflection upon her understandings. No explanation, no apology would avail me. The young termagant fell upon me with her tongue, and tried her very worst to be at me with her nails in my face. Her mother came up to the aid of her insulted child, and threatened to shake the life out of me. At last they actually brought me before the *Juge de Paix*, a dull German, who could not see the alleged insult, and fined the prosecutrix five francs for bringing me there upon a trumpety charge.

After this reminiscential digression, I crave permission to give two recipes, the one how to bake the hind legs of the frog, the other how to make tasty ragout of them.

Put the hind legs in a suitable vessel with a mixture in equal parts—according to requirement—of water and French vinegar, to which add a handful of salt. Whip the legs about with a broom, to thoroughly cleanse them, and wash them in several waters. Melt one to two ounces of butter in a saucepan, and lay in the frog legs, a few shalots in thin slices, and a little salt; put on the lid tight, and stew over a slow fire until nearly done. Then dredge a little flour over the stew, add a pint—more or less, according to requirement—of strong broth, a lemon sliced, with the peel and the pips removed, a few blades of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of ketchup and one of Worcester sauce, and keep the stew simmering

until the legs are quite done and tender. Whip the sauce up with the yolks of one or two raw eggs, and serve hot. I am told that the edible frog is now occasionally imported from France alive. The easiest and least painful way to kill a frog is to give it a hard blow on the head with a heavy hammer.

To BAKE frog legs, clean and wash them as directed, sprinkle salt over them, and let them stand a quarter of an hour; then wash them in cold water, dry them in a clean cloth, dip them in batter seasoned with grated nutmeg, roll them in pounded biscuit (which, of course, must not be sweet), and bake them yellow—about a quarter of an hour—in hot melted butter.

PART V.

VEGETABLES.

FRESH VEGETABLES are an indispensable adjunct to a wholesome table. Deprivation of them for any notable length of time is incompatible with the preservation of health. The most distressing and fatal disease that afflicts sailors on long sea voyages—the scurvy—is caused chiefly, if not entirely, by the prolonged absence of fresh vegetables from their diet. The addition of a pound of potatoes to their daily food acts as the most effectual preventive of that dread malady.

It has often been observed that no country produces better esculent vegetables than England, because in no other land are vegetables so carefully cultivated; and it must, in common fairness, be admitted that the observation holds good within by no means narrow limits. However, there is a rider to the general statement, to wit, that the superiority of our vegetables is not permitted to pass the threshold of our kitchen

doors, and that in the crude state in which we somehow seem to persist in placing them on our tables they cannot possibly be expected to properly fulfil their intended functions, but that they are much more likely to cause indigestion and even confirmed dyspepsia. On the Continent they steer clear of this inconvenience by simply looking upon vegetables as separate and distinct foods, not mere adjuncts to meat, and making them accordingly into palatable independent dishes. They use butter on the Continent, or lard, dripping, goose fat, duck fat, suet, rendered with milk, and mutton fat (from young animals only), also melted with milk, for the preparation of palatable vegetable dishes. These fats must be absolutely free from all albumenoid or other admixture. They should be kept in stone jars, tied over with perforated paper, in a cool and airy place. If the least taint is observed in a fat, it should at once be re-melted.

Fresh vegetables, especially of the cabbage tribe, should be put at once into fast boiling water, in small successive portions, to prevent stopping of the boiling. Salt should be added only towards the end of the cooking, as its earlier application would simply tend to harden the vegetables. They should also be boiled in open pans, to prevent the return of the parts driven off by the heat. Boiling water should always be kept at hand, to re-fill in case of need.

POTATOES also, whether new or old, should be put at once in fast boiling water, and salt should be added only about five minutes before the end of the process. The Chinese, who certainly are very good cooks as a rule, do their potatoes in boiling water.

I always boil my potatoes *open*. I do not wish to speak *ex cathedra*, but I must say I find them most palatable done that way. I object altogether to steaming potatoes. This vegetable contains a peculiar substance of nauseous taste, which is driven off by the heat in the process of cooking. Now, in steaming potatoes, not alone does the condensed steam run back into the saucepan underneath, imparting an unpleasant flavour to any other vegetable being boiled in it, but it passes also through the potatoes again, impairing their flavour. For this reason, M. TEGETMEIER contends that potatoes intended for an Irish stew or for soup should be boiled by themselves first, and the water thrown away.

M. TEGETMEIER also says potatoes should be cooked with their skins on, except when baked under meat; for if peeled before boiling there is great waste as well as considerable loss of time. Unpeeled potatoes can also be cooked to a much higher degree of perfection than the pared tubers. I most fully concur with him in both views.

If you think you *must* peel your potatoes, peel them only just when you want to put them into the boiling

water. To keep the peeled potato soaking in cold water for an indefinite time is apt to lead to the extraction of an undue proportion of the fecula and the salts.

In boiling potatoes, peeled and unpeeled, you should always take care to have your tubers as nearly as practicable of the same size. Do not throw them in all at once, but lay the largest at the bottom, the smallest at the top, and put them in gradually, to give the water time to keep on boiling with the least possible interruption. Never boil your potatoes before you want them. "From the fire to the table" should be your motto. Never cover them over when they are done. The same rule applies to all fresh vegetables.

No time can be specified for boiling vegetables tender. The time depends upon the kind, nature, and age of the vegetable. In dry seasons more time is required than in wet seasons.

New potatoes will take fifteen to twenty minutes to boil tender. When they get older more time is required. It is said that potatoes in April require fully three quarters of an hour to one hour even, to be properly done. I have always found thirty to forty minutes sufficient, even in May. Never try your potatoes with the fork long before they can possibly be done. It is apt to spoil them, causing them to break and crumble.

Never send broken potatoes to the table, but use

them for stews and soups, or mash them with milk and lard or butter, or, best of all, pork dripping, working through the mash in the saucepan a shalot or two, and some parsley, both finely chopped, and seasoning with salt and pepper, according to requirement. Set the saucepan over a clear fire or on the gas stove, and keep stirring until the mash is thoroughly mixed and heated through. I may remark here that one of the most frequent causes of broken potatoes is the repeated prodding with a fork to try whether they are done. If you put your potatoes in boiling water and keep them properly boiling for the time personal experience will soon teach you to fix, a single try will suffice. Potatoes properly boiled, and just ready for the table at the proper time, are sure to be done in every way, colour included, to a high point of perfection.

The seeds of leguminous plants—more particularly those that come under our more immediate consideration here—peas, lentils, and beans, to wit, rank with the highest albumenoid foods, and ought certainly to command a wider sphere of consumption than is allotted to them in England, where their use in the dried state has for the last forty years or so shewn an increasing tendency to decrease, more especially that of the dried pea, which requires long soaking to soften the skin for its ultimate indispensable rejection. The skin of the haricot bean is more easily detached. The lentil is very rarely seen

in this country—mostly in foreign provision stores and dining rooms, or in powder, as “Revalenta,” for the use of invalids, strangely enough, who must often find it difficult to digest it. The lentil is rather a nice tasted seed, though the flavour is by no means universally liked. Esau sold his birthright to his crafty brother for a mess of lentils. He must have been literally starving at the time, otherwise it is difficult to account for such a very extraordinary bargain.

Haricot beans are eaten in the pod in the mature state. Boiled and tossed in a pan with butter or lard and a sprinkle of salt they are excellent eating. The pods of the haricot and scarlet runner are cut into thin slices and boiled, with a little salt added three or four minutes before they are taken off the fire. They are accounted a delicate dish, by no means difficult to digest.

Green beans should always be *most carefully* stringed. Where the strings are not properly removed, the dish is spoiled.

Sweet peas should never be bought ready shelled, unless the purchaser has good reason to believe that it is not likely a mixture of new and old, fresh and stale, will be palmed upon him. It is wise also to buy such peas only as have been brought to market in wicker baskets, through which the air has free circulation. Peas imported in close sacks are ever apt to get

heated and to ferment, which, of course, renders their use for food unwholesome.

When green peas are going out of season, they lose the agreeable sweetness of the earlier supplies. This may be restored, to some extent at least, by adding a lump of sugar to the water in which they are to be boiled.

Green peas are done and eaten to perfection only when fresh gathered—from cutting to cooking, from the garden to the kitchen. At least they should be bought fresh in the market on the morning of their arrival from the country. Every housekeeper should make it a point to deal only with traders of good repute, whose fair fame is a guarantee for their fair dealing.

The pea played an important part in the Franco-German War of 1870—71.

That the purveying and victualling department must always claim a paramount share of attention and care on the part of the leaders of an army in the field is a self-evident proposition. At the outbreak of that war, GRÜNBERG, a culinary artist of Berlin, devised a savory and nutritious preserve for the German army in the field—the pea sausage, consisting, as compounded by him, of pea meal, best beef suet, bacon (two parts of lean to one of fat), onions, salt, and spices, fitted into paper cases specially prepared for the purpose, in which

the sausage will keep unaltered for years in any place. After the war a private German soldier sang the praises of this most valuable comestible in a special line, proclaiming the special share of the pea sausage in the great success. The Prussian Government made the fortunate inventor a present of £10,000, and had a manufactory of the article built at Berlin at the cost of the State. Towards the close of the war some 150,000 pounds of pea sausage were daily produced at this establishment, 2,400 males and females being employed in the production of this large supply.

All green vegetables should be cooked in soft water. Addition of a small lump of soda will preserve the fresh green colour. Always boil your fresh vegetables uncovered, and do not get them done before they are required, as exposure to the air tends to impair their flavour. The advice to have your vegetables always only just done when they are required on the table may seem useless reiteration; but it is of the highest importance, and cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

Vegetables preserved in tins, &c., will do when the fresh articles are out of season, or beyond reach of slender purses. It should be borne in mind, however, that it is unreasonable to expect to find perfect substitutes in them. Preserved vegetables are not fresh vegetables. This may look a trivial remark to make, but it is most true. I will admit, however, that I have

occasionally tasted tinned French beans and green peas that came within measurable distance of the fresh plants. I have tried a large variety of asparagus in tins and glasses, but I have found most of them lamentably wanting. I must make an exception, however, in favour of the so-called Oyster Bay asparagus, imported from America, which I have found very good, and certainly worth the money, 1s. 4d. I think, for sixty to seventy stalks. A dram of salt, two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, three of oil, and a dash of Worcester, make an excellent sauce for asparagus, no matter whether fresh or preserved. The same sauce will do for artichokes. Although containing from above eighty to ninety per cent. of water, all the plants of the cabbage tribe are excellent food, the solid part consisting chiefly of albumenoid substances. As the plants of the cabbage tribe contain no fatty matter, they should be eaten, preferentially, with fat bacon, &c., after the French fashion.

ONIONS and SHALOTS are always better for being shredded or chopped fine, even where intended for frying or for flavouring stews, soups, &c. Still more so where they are to be eaten uncooked, as in salads, &c., as they are by no means easily digested in that state, and comminution acts as a most powerful aid to digestion. Garlic I number among the condiments.

TOMATOS are used chiefly in the form of a very pleasing subacid sauce. My way of preparing this is simply

as follows:—Pour boiling water over the tomatos, and peel the skin off;—shred the tomatos pretty fine—I do not remove the kernels or pips, as I do not find them to interfere injuriously with the quality and taste of the sauce;—boil them in good stock or broth mixed with a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. Blend a teaspoonful of flour with part of the broth, add the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, and stir the paste in the boiling sauce. Season with salt, and dilute to the proper consistency with the stock or broth at hand.

The English recipe directs the removal of the kernels or pips.

The German recipe tells you to dry your tomatos, cut them in pieces, boil them rapidly in water, then in a little broth, pass them through a tamis; melt a couple of ounces of butter, and blend a teaspoonful or so of flour in it over a brisk fire to a fine yellow tint. Put the tomatos in, and boil with broth until perfectly done. Season with a little grated nutmeg.

SOURCROUT is by many, even in England, considered an excellent dish. It should be made of summer cabbage. Winter cabbage sourcroust is always apt to be toughish. There are three places in Germany that share among them the reputation of making and exporting the best sourcroust—Lauenburg, to wit, Magdeburg, and Strasburg. The crout made in Magdeburg, with Borsdorf pippins, is held to be the best. Sourcroust may

be readily procured in London, as all German provision dealers import it. Put a pound or two of the article in a suitable stone jar, with slices of fat bacon at the bottom and in alternate layers. Place the jar in a moderately hot oven, and let it stew from five to six hours. Serve with Frankfurt sausages, or boiled ham or pork, or corned beef.

In Germany they stew sourcrout occasionally with a mixture in equal parts of butter, lard, and beef suet; also, for the sake of economy, with lard and rape seed oil mixed. I must say I admire neither way, though I, of course, would prefer the former if driven to adopt either.

A dear friend of mine, a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, most liberal minded, is very fond of Frankfurt sausages and sourcrout. He maintains that the sausages are made of beef. You may also line the jar (bottom and sides) with rashers of fat bacon. Put in half a pound of sourcrout, then a sausage, then a quarter pound of sourcrout, another sausage, and so on to the top, and let it stew gently till done. To do Frankfurt sausages by themselves to perfection, heat water in a saucepan to fast boiling; then put in your sausages, and let them boil eight minutes. Serve with the sourcrout, or with horseradish sauce, or with mashed potatoes.

Of CUCUMBERS I shall have occasion to speak in the chapter specially devoted to salads.

A succulent dish may be made of vegetable marrow, stuffed with meat, as follows. Cut a large marrow lengthways in two, hollow the halves out, and fill in pork and veal, and one or two shalots, finely chopped, with a seasoning of sweet herbs, grated lemon peel, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and a little lemon juice. Tie the two halves together, and stew over a slow fire, or on the hot plate.

I would, indeed, have liked to say something here on the important branches of SOUPS and SAUCES, OMELETTES, PANCAKES, and other EGG and MILK and CREAM preparations; PIES, PUDDINGS, PASTRY, CAKES, JELLIES, FRUITS, &c., but that I feel it would be travelling beyond the scope and purpose of this little book, as explained in the introductory part. Besides, these branches are treated more or less exhaustively in all good cookery books, to which the reader may, therefore, safely be referred.

I have, however, a few general remarks to append on CONDIMENTS, SALADS, UNFERMENTED BEVERAGES, and FERMENTED DRINKS, which I proceed to do in

PART VI.

CONDIMENTS.

THE most important condiments are salt, vinegar, pepper and spices, and seasoning herbs, &c. Properly speaking, they are rather adjuncts to food than aliments in themselves ; many of them may be looked upon also as medicinal agents. Their principal function, however, is to render food more palatable, stimulate a jaded appetite, promote digestion, and assist materially in the preservation of food.

The chief condiment of all has been through all ages SALT, which truly is not simply an adjunct to food, or a mere useful stimulant, but a necessary of life, each person requiring a quarter to half an ounce daily for the preservation of health, and even of life. Of this quantity part only is contained in our food and drink, the balance wanted having to be supplied from other

direct sources out of nature's immense store-house. In the course of a long life and most varied experience, I have only met one man who found the salt contained in his food and drink sufficient to keep him in health, and who never took a grain of salt with his food. This was my dear friend Watkins, late of Falcon Square, the famous healer of gout and rheumatism, and a host of kindred ailments, now long since gone to the place where he must have found his "occupation gone" too. He was an excellent physician and a sound thinker in the main, albeit somewhat eccentric. It was his special craze to look upon the use of salt as the great mistake of the human race, the *fons et origo malorum*! He seemed somehow to have a notion that the patriarchs owed their astonishing longevity simply to the fact that salt had not yet been discovered in their time. However, he was in this respect a most exceptional exception indeed.

SALT, or CHLORIDE OF SODIUM, taken in food supplies the material of two of the most powerful agents in the processes of digestion and nutrition—the gastric juice, to wit, and the bile.

There is implanted in man and animals alike an instinctive craving for salt. Astute governments have often taken advantage of the indispensability of salt to extort literally a life tax from the very poorest, who would, it was shrewdly held, make almost any sacrifice

to obtain this precious matter so necessary to health and life.*

At this present time every one, at least in the British Isles, may command an almost unlimited supply of salt, which also has its drawback. We are apt to use this great blessing in excess. It may be laid down as a safe rule for the kitchen and table that undersalting is less inconvenient, and less likely to be hurtful, than oversalting. You can always add to a deficient quantity of salt, whilst you cannot take the excess away. Of course I am perfectly aware that there are many ways and methods and processes recommended by the ingenious to effect this desirable end, and there may certainly be some of these more or less effectual; only, I am sorry to say, my personal experience in this matter makes me slightly doubtful of this.

In cookery instructions no general quantitative rules can well be laid down for the use of salt. Experience

* Our actual "taxers" would seem to act upon a similar notion with regard to beer and spirits, in attempting to raise still higher an already exorbitant tax. They may chance to find their notion a very serious mistake and blunder. It would be better for the revenue and for the cause of temperance to lower the duty and to put down by the strong hand of the *criminal* law the infamous adulteration of wine, beer, and spirits, which forms one of the blackest plague spots of our time. Were our fermented liquors but pure there would not be half, nay, not a fourth, the intemperance which we have to deplore at present.

is the best guide in this, as in many other questions of proper proportions.

Its affinity for water makes salt a great preserving agent for meat and other substances; putrefaction requiring the presence of moisture, which salt absorbs. The use of salt in the preservation of meat has been spoken of already, and commented upon in the proper place. In some countries, as in France and Germany, for instance, salt is largely employed for the preservation of green vegetables for use in winter.

VINEGAR also is a favourite condiment, and a powerful agent of preservation. It has the faculty of softening the fibres of meat, and making them tender. It may be derived from a variety of sources, as all saccharine matters are capable of acetous fermentation; and in former times, when it was by no means easy to get good vinegar everywhere at a moderate price, it was often made at home from weak solutions of sugar, with or without the aid of the so-called vinegar plant. Now-a-days, this is no longer necessary, or even profitable, as good grape vinegar—the best of the class—can be procured at the moderate price of eight to ten pence per bottle. Malt vinegar may also be got at a similar price, but it is an inferior article to grape vinegar. The true vinegar acid is acetic acid; but, unhappily, hydrochloric and sulphuric acids are often used to “fortify” the pure article. Adulteration with the former may be

detected by addition of nitrate of silver, with the latter by adding chloride of barium. A white deposit is proof positive of the presence of the one or the other of these acids.

Vinegar forms the foundation of many sauces and a variety of pickles. It is often used flavoured with garlic, tarragon, mint, and other herbs, &c.

To make GARLIC VINEGAR, pull your garlic any time between June and September—August answers best. Chop two or three ounces very fine, and tie them in a small muslin bag. Suspend this in a well stoppered quart jar, and fill up with best French vinegar, with two ounces of salt dissolved in it. Put the stopper in tight, and let the jar stand a full fortnight to three weeks, shaking it well every day except the last two days, to allow any floating impurities to subside. Then decant the clear liquid and strain or filter into small bottles. Cork the bottles well. This acetic essence of garlic is very powerful, and should be used most sparingly and with proper judgment. So subtle and penetrating is the flavour that a few drops of the essence will be found amply sufficient to impart to broth, gravies, soups, ragouts, and salads, that delicate suspicion of the presence of garlic which the French call *soupçon d'ail*; whilst the least excess in its use may spoil the finest and most tasty dish.

SHALOT VINEGAR may be prepared in the same way.

TARRAGON, the same as other HERBAL VINEGARS, can only be made with fresh leaves, June and August being the two best months for tarragon. Gather your leaves fresh and green on a dry day, just before the herb flowers. Pick them off the stalks, and put them at once, *unwashed*, into a wide-mouthed well-stoppered bottle—four to six ounces will do. Fill the bottle with the best French vinegar, and put the stopper in tight. Prepare in this way as many bottles as you think you may require, and place them for a fortnight in the sun. Decant and strain or filter into small bottles, which cork well and keep in a dry place.

MINT, BASIL, and other HERBAL VINEGARS may be made pretty much in the same way. The middle of August is the best time for making basil vinegar. Never use dried leaves for herbal vinegars.

LEMONS may be classed with CONDIMENTS. They play an important part in cookery. The juice is not unfrequently used as a refined substitute for vinegar, as in the preparation of delicate mint sauce, for instance; occasionally also as an agreeable and improving adjunct to vinegar. The use of the rind or peel, grated or chopped, also pervades, more or less, almost all the more delicate culinary processes. Grating the rind is not a good or profitable way to get the largest practically obtainable amount of the essence from the lemon. To succeed in this, pare your lemon with a sharp small

knife, taking care to cut right through the many cells containing the essence, without encroaching on the white part of the rind. The essence remaining in the latter may be got away readily by rubbing with a lump of sugar. The outer yellow shaving ought to be chopped fine. If you have to cut the lemon in slices or disks, *always* take care to strip off the pulpy white part, and to remove the pips, as both are disagreeably bitter.

Essence or oil of lemon will be found a most practical and advantageous substitute for fresh lemon peel, which is by no means an article to be relied upon for a uniform quantity of oil, as some lemons are abundantly supplied with it, whilst others are dry rinded, and contain hardly any essence.

One part of best essential oil of lemon is dissolved in sixteen parts of pure alcohol, the latter being added gradually to the former until complete solution is effected.

GARLIC is a most excellent condiment. Only, as has been said already in the paragraph on garlic vinegar, it must be used judiciously and sparingly. There are many people who really like the flavour of that bulb, yet abstain from it simply because they are afraid it may inconveniently affect them—and many plans have been devised to take away what may be called the objectionable properties of this condiment. I remember—I think it must be more than forty years ago

now—that a high gastronomic authority in those days, the Editor of the *Magazine of Domestic Economy*, sagely advised the readers of that wondrous repository of culinary lore to boil their garlic five minutes in water, and to repeat the same operation *six* times in different waters; when they would find that it had entirely lost its objectionable properties. So it will, of course, as any of my readers may try, only the bulb treated in this fashion will be found to have absolutely ceased to be garlic. Horseradish, another condiment, has the objectionable knack to affect the mucous membrane of the nose, and to draw scalding tears from the eyes. Boil a stick of horseradish in six different waters, and dry it in a hot oven, and I am quite sure you may scrape it afterwards without inconvenience to your nostrils and eyes.

The largest and most important class of condiments, however, is formed by peppers and spices—black pepper, to wit, and Jamaica pepper, or allspice; nutmeg and mace; coriander, cumin, cardamom, and mustard seeds; cayenne and chillies; cloves and cinnamon; bay and laurel leaves; tarragon, spearmint, peppermint, sage, marjoram, thyme, and other garden herbs; ginger, &c.

PEPPER is the seed or berry of the black pepper shrub—*Piper nigrum*. Many people will insist upon the existence of two distinct shrubs—the black and the

white, and hold the latter vastly superior to the former. This is a popular error, which it is sometimes found difficult to combat successfully. The berry of the pepper shrub has a dark brown or black cuticle, and it is the removal or non-removal of this skin which makes the sole difference between black pepper and white pepper, and connoisseurs look upon the black as the superior article of the two.

Many long years ago, when I was at Lyons, I was intimately acquainted with M. de S., a wealthy silk manufacturer. I had occasion, at the time, to recommend to Madame S. for cook an exceptionally well-educated young Alsatian. The girl was engaged, and everything went well for some months, when I was unexpectedly informed by Madame that she was compelled to part with her cook, as she seemed inclined to *cheek* her. "Sir," the lady said, with considerable irritation, "she had the impertinence to tell me that black pepper was the same as white pepper, and she persists in that absurd assertion, though M. de S. has seriously remonstrated with her." Well—well, I made the poor girl apologise for her presumption and ignorance, and she kept her place. Never presume to know better than your "betters" is a sound old maxim.

There is another of the condimentary seeds which presents two varieties, a black or brown and a white—

MUSTARD to wit. But in this case the distinction is with a difference, the black or brown seeds containing a volatile pungent, the white a fixed acrid principle.

MUSTARD is one of the oldest condiments known. The Romans—who got it originally from Egypt, where it had been in common use from the most remote times—prepared it for the table with the unfermented juice of the grape—the must. Hence it was called by them *mustum ardens* (hot must), from which term. the French word “*moutarde*” and the English “*mustard*” are derived.

Many years ago, when temporarily engaged in making table mustard at Dijon, I made experiments with must, with results not wholly unsatisfactory, as I have reason to believe that some, at least, of the *moutarde de Dijon*, exported at the time from the capital of Burgundy, was made in the Roman fashion. This *mustum ardens* was brought to England by the Roman invaders, and taken kindly to by the natives, it would appear, and by the several nations that landed subsequently on our shores on the same invasive errand. We have it on record that in the fourteenth century it was used in England as a favourite condiment, mixed with honey, vinegar, and wine. It is largely grown in England, the black variety—*sinapis nigra*—principally in the vicinity of Wisbech; the white variety—*sinapis alba*—chiefly in Essex and Cambridge. There are

extensive manufactories of table mustard, where the seeds are crushed to press out the fixed oil, then ground to an impalpable powder. The flour of the black seed is far more pungent, of course, than that of the white seed, as it contains the volatile principle. It is even held necessary to mix the two seeds together in certain proportions, that the excessive pungency of the black may be mitigated by the admixture of the white. Even this is considered insufficient for the purpose, and flour is generally also added to prepare table mustard for the market, which sometimes, unhappily, leads to an excessive weakening of the condiment, and to the addition of capsicum to make up for the deficiency; but capsicum cannot replace the volatile principle of the black seed.

The article thus adulterated is no longer mustard in the proper sense of the term. There are, however, fortunately, large manufactories of table mustard in England where the article is prepared in a state of absolute purity, or, to suit the taste of consumers, with a certain admixture of the finest wheaten flour, and perhaps, a very minute proportion of turmeric. The price of the black seed rules generally some twenty per cent. or so higher than that of the white seed.

Mustard for the table is made in England, as a general rule, in a very simple way. A quarter of a pound of mustard is mixed with one ounce of

salt, and the mixture stirred and blended with five tablespoonfuls of water. When the paste is perfectly smooth, another tablespoonful of water is added, and the mixture again well blended. If the first material is pure, this mustard is most pungent. I think it is the preparation dispensed generally in ham and beef shops. The taste is a little crude perhaps, and acrid, as it is mostly made of a mixture of equal parts of the two seeds, and contains no flavouring, except the salt added. Still, where there is a brisk demand for it this way of its preparation for the table is by no means bad or extravagant. But it will not keep long, the pungency soon going off, so that, as will often happen in small families, a more or less notable portion may have to be thrown away. Some use boiling water, which will bring out the pungency faster, but with this drawback that it also goes off much sooner. Taking this into due account, the article made simply with salt and water may cost dearer in the end than the more agreeably flavoured table mustards imported from France and Germany, which on their part, however, labour under the notable disadvantage of lack of pungency, owing to the mode of their manufacture.

England imports ready made mustard largely from France and Germany, in jars and glasses—chiefly from Bordeaux, Dijon, and Düsseldorf.

In private families in Germany, table mustard is

prepared in various ways. Some mix, say half a pound of mustard flour, as supplied by the makers, with one ounce of pounded sugar, and work and blend this with cold water to a stiff, smooth paste, which is then diluted to the desired consistency required by adding vinegar, flavoured generally with garlic or anchovy, or some aromatic herb, &c. Others use boiling water instead of cold, which in my opinion is certainly not the most economical way.

I have dabbled in mustard making for half a century, and many are the large jars, and many, many more still the small jars I have in that time prepared for my friends and my own use.

When I have all appliances required at hand, I proceed in an apparently somewhat complicated way, which I will here briefly describe in form of a recipe:—Take six ounces of black mustard seed—*Sinapis nigra*—three ounces of the white—*Sinapis alba*—place them separately on a couple of sheets of paper, and let them dry in a moderately heated oven. When quite dry grind them separately in a sharp set seed mill, or pound them (separately) in a mortar. Add to the black seed powder one ounce of salt and one of pounded sugar, with two teaspoonfuls of Harvey, Worcester, or some other sauce of the kind, and work and blend the mixture to a stiff smooth paste with the requisite quantity of water—say six tablespoonfuls, more or less

as you may find needful. Mix the white seed powder with about four tablespoonfuls, more or less according to requirement, of vinegar flavoured with garlic, tarragon, anchovy, basil, mint, &c., as stated in the paragraph on vinegar, and blend the mass to a smooth paste. Then mix the two pastes together, and transfer the whole to a well stoppered glass or stone jar—or better still, to a French plum jar with over-lapping screw cover—and keep in a cool place. The mustard is ready for the table in a few days, and will keep for months with a little care to have the jar always well closed. It is most pungent, and a small portion of it will go a long way; although the fixed oil being left in it tends to mellow its sharpness.

When I was in Paris in 1864, I made a jar of it for the proprietor of the *Café de la Tour St. Jacques*. Among the habitués of the place was a Breton gentleman, who was passionately addicted to eating mustard on bread and butter, and who would occasionally take a teaspoonful of *Moutarde de Maille* neat by way of an appetizer. He wished to try my production. I duly cautioned him; I entreated him to make an essay with a very little on the top of his finger. He scorned the notion, and with the obstinacy of a Breton, he *would* have his way. Well, he *had* his way—and he jumped about like one possessed, shouting and swearing at me, calling me an assassin, and threatening to have my life.

We succeeded at last in appeasing his wrath, and after all he took kindly to my mustard, and wheedled the recipe out of me.

The reason for the separate treatment of the two seeds—the one with water, the other with vinegar—instead of mixing the two at once, and treating the mixture with vinegar and water, is simply that water is a more efficacious agent for the rapid evolution of the volatile principle of the black seed than a mixture of vinegar and water, whilst the unwatered vinegar seems to me better suited to act upon the fixed acrid principle of the white seed. I frankly admit, however, that there may be some fancy in this notion, at least, I know that very good table mustard may be made without strictly adhering to the above prescription anent the separate treatment of the two seeds. In fact, I can only rarely command all the appliances required, more especially a good seed mill, and I am thus often compelled to have recourse to a modification of the process, in which I deal with the manufactured mustard powder direct. I have now for some forty-five years used Keen's mustard in this modified process, and I must say I have invariably found this preparation most fully up to the mark, and perfectly pure in every way. To prepare it for the table, take, say eight ounces of it, add one ounce of salt, and one of pounded sugar, with two teaspoonfuls of sauce (Harvey, Worcester, &c.), and

mix with the requisite quantity of water to a stiff, smooth paste. Give a little time, say a quarter of an hour, to set the evolution of the volatile principle going, then stir in the quantity of vinegar (Tarragon, &c.) required to bring the mass to the proper consistency, which must never be less than will let the mixing spatula stand upright in it. Bear in mind that wood is the safest material for the mustard spatula and spoon. Metals should be carefully avoided, and horn is destructively affected by acids. Transfer the made mustard to a glass jar with tight stopper, or to a French plum jar with over-lapping screw cover. I generally put on the mustard in the jar a paper disk of exactly corresponding size, brushed over with a little sweet oil, and dipped subsequently into boiling syrup, which serves to shield the contents of the jar from contact with the air. I may say here, *en passant*, that these disks will answer equally well for preserves, &c. Set the jar in a cool place; the mustard will keep for months. Whenever you take out a portion for use, smooth the surface of what is left in the jar, and replace or renew the protecting disk. Freshen the part taken out for use with a little water, which will serve to bring out the pungency.

TURMERIC is the dried tuber of *Curcuma longa*, which is extensively grown in the East Indies, where it is largely used as a condiment, more especially in the

preparation of CURRIE POWDER, into the composition of which it enters to the extent of one clear half to three-fifths. It is ground to a fine powder before use. I have now lying before me an East Indian recipe, which fixes the proportion of turmeric at thirteen ounces in twenty-four, the other ingredients being cumin and coriander two ounces and a half each, cardamom and caraway seeds one ounce each, half an ounce of fenugreek, one ounce and a quarter of cayenne, three quarters of an ounce each of black pepper, pimento, and cloves. Other recipes counsel the addition of green ginger, cinnamon, mace, and rasped cocoanut pulp. Excellent currie powder is to be had in England of most grocers. However, for the benefit of those inclined to have something special of their own make, I subjoin a recipe, the essential and distinguishing feature of which I gratefully acknowledge to owe to the same friend to whom I am indebted for the capital hint about the flour in pancakes (see page 86), Mr. Linford, of Hull.

Take three-quarters of an ounce each of ground black pepper, pimento, cloves, and grated nutmeg, half an ounce of cayenne—which is amply sufficient—and twelve ounces of turmeric, and mix these ingredients well together. Now for the essential feature of the process, which consists in this:—Instead of using the ordinary mill ground powders of the seeds of cumin, coriander,

caraway, cardamom, and fenugreek, take two ounces and a half each of cumin and coriander seeds, one and a half ounce each of caraway and cardamomseeds, and one half ounce of fenugreek, and roast them together in a clean frying pan over a slow fire, with diligent stirring. Grind the hot seeds, and mix the hot powder thoroughly with the turmeric mixture. This modification of the process serves to give the currie a much more mellow flavour. When the currie powder has cooled, put it into well corked small glass bottles. Ahmuty's Chutnee is one of the most delicious condiments to be eaten with curries.

Over indulgence in condiments should be carefully avoided, as it is certainly injurious to health. Dr. Edward Smith, in his classical book on foods, truly observes that "the use of currie is less necessary and defeasible in a temperate than in a hot climate, and it is rare for one in England to tolerate the quantity of capsicum which is relished in India." I have been occasionally invited in England to partake of curries hotter than the hottest Indian, yet which my Amphytrions would not scruple to call mild as mother's milk. A very little of such a condiment will go a very long way. Mustard and pepper, which are excellent condiments in their way, are also but too frequently used in large quantities that can rationally only be expected to injuriously irritate the stomach, instead of

simply stimulating it gently. Upon one point, at least, there cannot I think be too opinions, to wit, that children's food ought to be kept free from high spices and seasonings.

PART VII.

SALADS.

I HAVE here, at the outset, to state my uncompromising rejection of the almost universal practice of washing green salads to prepare them for the bowl. The grand old cook, from whom I learnt in the days of my childhood, would never allow a drop of water to come near a salad leaf. She preferred wiping her green salads quite clean with a cloth, leaf by leaf, which is not much more labour, after all, than having to wash and drain the salad. But there is really no need to wipe every leaf. The very dirty outside leaves ought to be rejected altogether. They are only fit for fuel, and are certainly not worth the dressing that would have to be lavished on them. After heavy rains, salad may advantageously be rinsed with the watering pot whilst in the ground. The rays of the sun may safely be left to take off the water. The salad should then

be pulled when wanted. If it is wished to keep the salad fresh the root should be stuck into moist sand in the cellar. The firm heads of lettuce barely ever harbour grit, or flies, or slugs within their folds, still they ought to be pulled asunder, and carefully examined and wiped if necessary. Leaves with much grit or mould on them, or invaded by flies, slugs or insects should be thrown away, at least the part affected. Perfectly dry fresh leaves will take kindly to the oil in the dressing, washed leaves much less so. The water on the washed leaves of course cannot but reduce the strength of the vinegar, and as it is necessarily an indeterminate quantity, it puts you out in your reckoning.

All green salads are the better for being kept a few hours in the cellar before being prepared for the bowl. Never put knife to your green salad, except just to remove the lower part of the stalk. Pull and pluck the leaves to suitable pieces with your fingers; the touch of the knife tends to injure the delicacy of the salad, more particularly its appearance when mixed in the bowl.

The substitution of wiping for washing is not such a very unheard of innovation as it may look to many. Many friends in Germany and England have taken to it on my strong recommendation—nay, even in France, where they are wonderfully conservative in culinary matters.

The old French salad dressing contained only three ingredients—oil, vinegar, and salt—to wit.

They had a saying in France, in the olden times, that it took four to make a good dressing and mix the salad well. A spendthrift for the oil, a miser for the vinegar, a sage for the salt, and a madman to mix. In those days the salt was sprinkled over the leaves in the bowl, the vinegar and the oil poured on, and the mixing done by vigorously stirring the mess in the bowl with a wooden or horn spoon and fork, or with two forks. It would be nearer the mark to substitute furiously for vigorously. I have occasionally seen a French salad mixer jump about like one possessed, madly driving at the tender salad leaves with his implements, as if he had to avenge a personal injury upon them.* Tarragon was mostly added, mint and chervil, &c., by way of seasoning; also shalots or onions finely chopped, or a few shaves from a clove of garlic; slices of beetroot, a thin slice or two of boiled celery root; a dash of black pepper; one or two teaspoonfuls of Bordeaux or Dijon mustard; cream or milk; sugar; the yolk of an egg, raw or hard boiled, and pounded fine—nay, even anchovy paste!†

* We dispense with the services of the madman now, as the dressing is mixed separately, and we mix our salads as lightly as practicable, which makes them look all the fresher and more appetising.

† To add anchovy paste to a green salad dressing seems more

I, for my part, prefer my salad dressing made simply with oil, vinegar, salt, a sprinkling of pepper, a little tarragon, mint and chervil for seasoning, a dash of Worcester or Harvey, and a drop or two of garlic vinegar. I am rather careful with the salt, as nothing is easier than to oversalt a salad. Also, I do not hold with the notion that it takes three parts of oil to one of vinegar. As a rule, I find three oil to two vinegar amply sufficient. The best Lucca oil only should be used, and the best French vinegar (proof strength of five per cent. pure acetic acid, sp. gr. of 1·019). Hard-boiled eggs, anchovies as per foot note, slices of beet, finely chopped onions or shalots (moistened with vinegar, which gives them a nice colour), may be placed on the table in small plates or dishes, to be added to the salad according to taste.

If you have no garlic vinegar at hand, you may give just the faintest suspicion of garlic, such as cannot possibly incommode or offend the most fastidious, by rubbing a cut clove of garlic on the soft side of a bread

than absurd. Yet have I seen it done over and over again. But a few anchovies *are* an improvement. Only, they should be properly prepared. Wash your anchovies repeatedly and thoroughly in cold water, place them in a stone or glass jar with the best French vinegar, and let them stand a few days before using them. By this time the bones are quite soft, so it matters not whether you take them out or leave them. Cut your anchovies—one per person—up very small, and add them to the salad dressing.

crust, placing this in a large wooden salad spoon at the bottom of the bowl, pouring either oil or vinegar over it, and letting it stand some fifteen minutes, then removing the crust, and mixing the oil or vinegar in the spoon with the other ingredients.

Salad dressing should be made and mixed a few hours before it is required for the salad.

There is really no absolute need of yolk of egg to blend the oil and vinegar together. Beating the two liquids and the salt with a spoon will suffice to blend them to a smooth cream.

In Germany a peeled soft boiled potato or two, crushed to a mash with a spoon, is often used as an economical substitute for yolk of egg, and I have been unblushingly told it is nearly the same thing—if not even better; but I do not believe it; a mashed potato has nothing of the yolk of egg about it.

Most green salads are delicate and tender, and easily broken or injured by clumsy mixing. Two wooden forks should be used, and the leaves should never be pushed down, or poked at, or stirred round in the bowl, but only gently lifted and turned with the forks. Some people have a notion that the oil should be used separately from the dressing, the salad being first lightly mixed with the oil, then carefully turned in the dressing. They say it makes the salad more tender. I must confess I have never found it so; that is to say,

of course, where the oil and vinegar are carefully blended. The garnishing and ornamentation of a salad in the bowl is entirely a matter of taste. All green salads should be fresh made, and eaten fresh.

A large bowl to mix the salad in is always a great desideratum. Nothing tends more to incomplete mixing than a bowl which is not large enough for the salad.

The following is a German recipe how to prepare a delicate and elegant LOBSTER SALAD: Take one or several good-size hen lobsters ready boiled, pick out the flesh of the body and great claws, cut it into longish slices or slips, and lay them in a salad bowl. Chop shalots, parsley and tarragon very fine (quantities according to requirement)—say three ounces of shalots and one ounce each of parsley and tarragon to each lobster—add pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar in proper proportions as required, with a wineglassful of hock or chablis, and mix with a couple of hard-boiled yolks of eggs. Pour this dressing over the lobster in the bowl. Garnish with two or three hard-boiled eggs cut into disks, or into eighths, a few anchovies boned and rolled up, the coral of the lobsters, and an ounce of capers, and border with small rounds of toast with caviar.

To make a nice and digestible MIXED LOBSTER AND GREEN SALAD, take a good-size boiled hen lobster, pick out the flesh of the body and great claws, and cut it

into longish slips, mix a tinned Rock Bay lobster lightly with this, so as not to spoil the look of either. Then pull the leaves of a head of lettuce and an endive asunder into small pieces, and mix this also lightly with the lobster. Take the same dressing as in the preceding recipe, and pour it over the lobster and the green salad in the bowl. Mix lightly with two wooden forks. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut across in eighths, slices of pickled cucumber, beetroot, the coral of the lobster, an ounce of capers, four or five anchovies boned and cut into fourths, and a few delicate celery and endive leaves between. You may omit either the fresh or the tinned lobster, for greater economy or for greater delicacy.

The CUCUMBER has had a long and hard fight to gain and maintain undisputed admittance among "salad plants." For a long time the medical profession, at least many of its leading professors, frowned upon the harmless vegetable. Thus, it is related that the famous Abernethy would often give consultants a recipe for preparing a good cucumber salad, and tack to it, by way of rider, his stern advice to fling the dish, when made, out of the window, for even should it alight on the head of some passer-by, he would add, it would do less harm than if it were eaten—which, simply, was the rankest nonsense.

I remember about half a century ago, when I was in

the Jardin du Dey hospital, in Algiers, that whenever in the cucumber season a patient was admitted to our division, suffering from stomachic or enteric disorder, my *chef*, Surgeon-major Antonini, would, without further preamble, come down upon the unlucky man with the stereotyped stern apostrophe: "*Malheureux! vous avez mangé des concombres.*" And when the patient, as was mostly the case, would disclaim the impeachment; he would add, with a grunt of relief, "*Ah! vous n'en avez pas mangé: tant mieux pour vous: alors vous pourrez vous en tirer.*"

Another of my illustrious chiefs, M. Des Guidi, the famous homœopathist of Lyons, held the innocent cucumber in holy abhorrence, more particularly eaten with salt, oil, and vinegar. Upon this subject we were often at fierce war, for I have always been passionately fond of the noble vegetable. We had among our consultants a M. Dolfus, an Alsatian by birth, who fully shared my affection for cucumbers. He suffered from periodical seizure of gout, which M. Des Guidi would invariably and exclusively attribute to cucumber salad. Well, poor Dolfus was knocked down one day in the Cours d'Herbouville by a runaway horse, the hind hoofs struck him on the head, and he died on the spot. A gentleman, who had seen the accident, brought us the sad intelligence. "Ah!" cried he, "poor Dolfus is gone." Before he could utter another syllable, M. Des

Guidi broke in, "Gone!" cried he, "Well, well, I always told him those cursed cucumbers would be the death of him!" The gentleman stared, and proceeded to explain that it was a horse and not a dish of cucumbers that had killed poor Dolfus. "Well," said the obstinate theorist, not a whit abashed, "had it not been for the accident he would surely have died of cucumber!" Deceased was in his eighty-second year, and had all his life indulged in this favourite delicacy of his, without—as he often told me—ever having suffered the least inconvenience from it.

Even now that the old prejudice of the profession against cucumber salad has given way a little, the least rumour of cholera or cholerina even suffices to revive it in full vigour, and the old prohibition is applied again to it and its fellow sufferer on such occasions, the delicious cherry, the ever to be remembered glorious gift of Lucullus to Europe, which constitutes his chiefest claim to a pre-eminent place in the Pantheon of benefactors of man. And anent this, I cannot resist the temptation to tell a bright little legend, which I dearly love to believe rests on a sound historic foundation. About two centuries ago, that high-heeled, low-souled Bourbon, Louis XIV., sent his ruffian bands into the Palatinate, with his own and his truculent minister, Louvois', ruthless orders to lay waste and utterly destroy that flourishing part of Germany. The devilish deed was

done. Upon the ultimate withdrawal of the murderers and incendiaries from the wasted land, hundreds of stragglers fell victims to the wild justice of revenge executed upon them by the unhappy peasants, driven to despair by the destruction of their crops, and the burning of their homes. There were noble exceptions, however. Among others, a sorely wounded French soldier had his life spared and saved by a good German, in whose bosom even the darkness of despair had not been able to quench the divine glow of mercy and charity. The grateful Frenchman, it is said, repaid his rescuer's goodness many thousandfold, by bringing a number of young cherry trees from France, to plant them on the land of the man who had saved and sheltered him.

To return to our present theme, the cucumber. It must be conceded that the old popular way of eating cucumbers in lumps, with or without the skin, half drowned in sharp vinegar, with a very considerable dash of pepper, might not be the most wholesome. Some forty years ago I used to see it placed on the table with salmon, without a drop of oil. I have also, but too often—even within the last ten years—had occasion to remonstrate against the irrational method of sprinkling salt over the sliced cucumber, and draining off the fluid drawn by the salt. This strange proceeding, which, I am sorry to say, is not yet entirely a thing of the past, is based upon an

erroneous notion that it is in this fluid that the assumed unwholesome property of the cucumber resides. I have even seen the water squeezed out, which, of course, leaves barely aught behind but tough woody fibre. Some believe that cucumber salad requires a larger proportion of vinegar than oil. This also seems, to me, based on a wrong notion.

I think I can recommend the following recipe:—Cut off about an inch and a half of the thin end of the cucumber, and try whether there is bitterness in the piece cut off. If there is, an additional slice or two must be removed, until the part last removed is free from bitterness. If you commence at once, without this precaution, to pare the cucumber, the knife will carry the bitterness along with it, even down to the thick end. You should always pare your cucumber in the direction of from the thick to the thin end. If you happen to get hold of a cucumber abounding with seeds, you may remove these, and slice only the pulp. I always leave the seeds in, the same as I do in tomatoes. This is merely a matter of opinion. When your cucumber is duly pared, slice it as fine as practicable. A cucumber cutter or slicer will answer the purpose best. In Germany they have excellent slicers, consisting of five or six sharp blades, successively superposed on one another, and set in a suitable frame. Sprinkle pepper over the sliced cucumber, which may, without

disadvantage, be kept an hour or two before dressing. The dressing consists of oil and vinegar in the usual proportions, with pepper and salt and finely chopped tarragon, also a drop or two of garlic vinegar, the whole intimately mixed. Into this dressing the cucumber slices are put, and turned lightly with a wooden salad spoon and fork, or two wooden forks. The salad should be served at once and eaten fresh, though *à la rigueur* a portion of it may be kept overnight. Shalots or onions cut into small cubic pieces, and moistened with vinegar, may be served with the salad. Some advise that the sliced cucumber should first be dressed simply with the oil, then with the vinegar, &c. I have tried both ways, and I have not found the least noticeable difference. This, again, is a matter of opinion and taste. The addition of tomatos improves the delicacy of a cucumber salad, and incontestably aids the digestion of the article, as anyone may easily find by dressing part of the salad with tomatos, another without, and keeping the two till next morning, when it will be found that the part with the tomatos is converted into a loose pulp, whereas the other part remains nearly unaltered.

There are a variety of other salads, made with herrings, anchovies, potatoes, white summer cabbage, beans, cauliflowers, sourcrout, beetroot, celery, &c.; cold roast meat, fish, various scraps, &c. I can only

touch on a few of them. However, the dressing is pretty nearly the same for all.

HERRING SALAD may be made in the simplest way as follows:—Take six salted Dutch herrings, which you may easily procure at a German provision shop. Gut, skin, and wash them, and lay them three or four hours in cold water. Bone them, and cut them into small pieces. Have at least two soft roes among them, mix these with the quantity of vinegar required for the salad, and work the mixture through a tamis. Add the proper proportion of oil, ground pepper, and a glass of Burgundy or Bordeaux wine. Boil a pound of Dutch salad potatoes in the skin, peel them and cut them into slices while hot. If the slices seem too large, cut every one of them in four. Chop four ounces of shalots very fine, with one ounce each of tarragon and capers. Pare six sour apples, and cut them into small cubic pieces, removing the core, &c. Mix all these ingredients together with the herrings in a bowl, and pour the dressing over them. Stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon and fork.

Some lay the herrings from six to eight hours in milk, which certainly makes them more mellow. A pound of roast veal cut into small cubic pieces is often added along with the potatoes, or two pounds in lieu of them. Also a few anchovies, up to half a dozen, and lampreys cut into pieces about an inch long. Preserved

ginger, shredded fine, is also sometimes added ; so is beetroot and pickled cucumber. This salad improves vastly by keeping over-night.

A so-called RUSSIAN SALAD is made simply with sourcrout fresh from the cask, squeezed pretty dry, and mixed with a common salad dressing. The Russians are fond of this—I cannot say I am.

In the year of the first Great Exhibition, I became intimately acquainted with one of the chief actors and factors in the Vienna rising of 1848—Dr. Karl Tausenau, a gentleman of the highest attainments—a born orator, an accomplished linguist, one of the best and soundest classical scholars of our time, no mean Orientalist, a fluent, accentless speaker of seven European languages, including Czech and Magyar, a profound historian, a really good rational physician, and last, though certainly not least, a mighty Cook. In those days, I was still a busy dabbler in revolutionary politics, so there were several bonds of union between us, and it did not take us long to become fast friends. Tausenau was President of the Agitation Union, the Secretaryship of which was conferred upon me. We conspired and worked in sweet harmony of aspirations and taste. Tausenau expected the advent in London, on a short visit, of one of the most promising factors in the European Upheaval which we were then meditating, a Polish gentleman who went by the name of Bosak, but whose real name

was Haucke, the son of the last Minister of War of the Kingdom of Poland, Voivode Haucke. His sister—now Princess of Battenberg—married soon after Prince Alexander of Hesse.

Tausenau, desirous of celebrating Bosak's advent among us, gave a grand spread to a select few at his chambers in Barnard's Inn, Holborn. There were six of us gathered there—Tausenau, Frank, Fickler (of Constance), Arnold Ruge, my own humble self, and the Guest of the evening. It was a wondrous spread. Among the dishes figured a huge bowl of POLISH SALAD, in special honour of Bosak.

That salad was of my making and mixing. The ingredients were:—Three pounds of roast fillet of veal, two pounds and a half of roast beef, and two pounds of roast pork; four heads of Neapolitan lettuce, and one leetroot, sliced; six anchovies, boned and chopped fine, with six ounces of shalots, two ounces each of tarragon and capers, and one ounce of parsley. For the dressing, I used sixteen salad spoonfuls of oil to eight of vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt, and an ounce of ground pepper and pimento, mixed; also a tablespoonful of mustard, of my own making, and eight soft-boiled eggs. Bosak's eyes seemed to dwell with delight upon this national dish; yet was there a shade of melancholy regret in them. "A pity," he murmured, "that there are only six of us to eat it, when there are so many unhappy exiles

going about with empty stomachs." "*Six* of us!" cried Frank; "six, indeed! Why, we are *eighteen* here to eat it—four of us others, six of Fickler, and eight of Tausenau!" The insinuation was vilely exaggerated, but there was a substantial substratum of truth in it. Every man, however great, has his foibles. Tausenau worshipped his stomach. A Lucullus and an Apicius rolled into one could barely have given an adequate notion of his intense gastrolatry. Joseph Fickler of Constance was very much similarly disposed; and both might reasonably be counted for several at a dinner table with good things on it. Alas! alas! They are all but myself gone long since to the mysterious beyond where we may hope to find the grosser part of our poor humanity stripped off—Tausenau, Fickler, Frank, and Ruge—and Bosak, who fell fighting under Garibaldi in the Franco-German War of 1870—1871.

PART VIII.

UNFERMENTED BEVERAGES—COFFEE—TEA— CHOCOLATE.

A.—COFFEE.

"Coffee as in France," is the alluring announcement seen even nowadays not unfrequently in the windows of coffee-houses, &c. The inviting promise thus held out to the lover of a genuine cup of coffee is based, of

course, upon the assumption that France is specially and exceptionally the land where they understand the art of making coffee better than in any other part of the world, more particularly in England, that "know nuffink" Topsy of countries—to listen to English self-depreciation. Sterne's slightly unwarranted conceit about their ordering many things so much better in bright clever France than in our own dull stupid land, has been parroted so often that many people in this country have come to believe in it as an article of faith. Now the truth of the matter is that there are really not so very many things that they order better in France—and the French themselves are quite aware of that fact.

I once read of an Englishman of the true Sterne type who, returning from a trip to France in the olden days when visits to the Continent were rather rare occurrences, expressed his astonishment at the advanced state of education in France, as he had heard even the little children in the street speak French. Leaving the ludicrous side of the story out of the question, it might, indeed, be remarked that little children in France do speak French—but after a fashion; as we have it upon the unimpeachable authority of the great Balzac that the beautiful French language is but little known in France.* So we may perhaps be permitted to express

* "*Cette belle langue française, si peu connue en France,*" says that eminent writer.

a diffident doubt whether the art of making coffee to perfection is actually quite so perfectly and universally understood in France as it is popularly supposed to be.

Do not let me be misunderstood here. Not for an instant would I venture to deny but that there are to be found all over France many *cafés*, the proprietors or managers of which really understand how to make good coffee, and where the demand for the article is so brisk and constant that it is easy to make and supply it fresh and fresh, which leaves no time for it to be spoiled by having to be kept hot a longer or shorter time after making. I also admit that most excellent coffee is to be got in many private houses in France. But such are the exceptions from the rule; and these are to be found as numerous in many other countries besides France, and, I make bold to say, more especially in England.

I have in my time travelled much about in France, traversing that country in many directions, and I must say that I have but too often had a stale decoction of burnt coffee and chicory placed before me, in lieu of a fresh, full-flavoured, and fragrant infusion of genuine properly made coffee, such as, on the other hand, I have found in England at least as frequently as anywhere else.

The fact is coffee making is an art, and it seems to me at least fairly open to doubt whether this art is exceptionally well understood in France. There is the

important branch of mixing and blending several kinds of beans together so as to combine body and fragrance. I do not think French coffee dealers and coffee makers care very much to cultivate and practise that branch ; and when they do, I have my doubts whether sufficient care is taken by them to bring the different beans to be blended to the same degree of dryness before proceeding to mix and roast them. The natural result is that one class of beans may only just be reaching the stage of light-yellowishness when the other classes may actually have passed through the umber-brown to the black stage of torrefaction, and may be burning to cinders. The proper sizing of the beans, again, is but rarely attended to : a small bean may be burnt to coal by the time a large one is only just properly roasting. These are important points, which are but too often ignored and neglected in France just as much as elsewhere.

It is in the process of roasting that the volatile aromatic oil to which coffee owes its fragrance is generated or evolved. The generation of the oil commences when the beans are roasted to a yellowish-brown colour ; it is completed when the beans are assuming a chestnut-brown tint. Continued roasting beyond this point can only lead to the destruction of the oil generated in the earlier stages of the process. When the beans are burnt to blackness the oil has completely passed off—and unfortunately, in Franco

and other parts of the Continent, coffee is but too often roasted black. Besides, many roasters think the addition of a small lump of butter, nay, even of an onion, a desirable improvement. Why not a clove of garlic or two, which would be just as rational. By the side of such vagaries even the adulteration of coffee with chicory, &c., looks almost less hurtful. And, to crown all, I am credibly informed some of these wonderful coffee makers and improvers in certain parts of France and Germany have of late taken to a new refinement. They wash the coffee before roasting it. Yes, *ni plus ni moins*, as the French say: they put the raw beans on a colander, and pour cold water over them. Then they rub the wetted beans in a cloth, and try to dry them again in the sun or in an oven; or they simply put them into the roaster wet as they come from the rubbing cloth! All who know that the drying of the bean is one of the most important processes on coffee plantations, and how the least indication of a coming shower is apt to fill the planter's soul with dismay, lest it should come down upon his precious drying beans, depreciating their value, must be at a loss to fix upon an intelligible reason or motive for this strange proceeding. Well then, these bean washers assert as their chief reason that the beans may be artificially coloured, forsooth, and the water will take the false colouring off!

To have your coffee pure and well flavoured, and of proper strength, you should always purchase it in the green bean of a well-reputed firm. The best coffees to buy are Mysore and Mocha, Java and Jamaica Mountain, Old Turkey and Costa Rica—and, good Ceylon, which will serve excellently well for blending. I think it can be got in the green bean at something like 10d. a pound by the quarter cwt., which is a consideration.

The choice of one sort or another is a matter of taste. I prefer Mocha, Java, Jamaica Mountain and Ceylon, always blending them in the proportion of six parts of Mocha to five each of Java and Jamaica; or seven of Mocha to five of Java and four of finest Ceylon; or five parts each of Mocha and Java to three parts each of Jamaica and Ceylon. I like the three mixtures equally well.

Pick your beans carefully, and size each sort separately. Genuine O'd Mocha is perfectly dry, the other sorts are moist, as a rule, and require, accordingly, a little preliminary heating to bring them up to the same degree of dryness. As you have to do of course only with small quantities at a time, this may be readily done on porcelain dishes set on the hot-plate or put in the oven. Ten to fifteen or twenty minutes will generally suffice. Then mix the several sizes of the several sorts—the small, the medium sized, and the large—and proceed to roast one of the sizes, no matter

which, putting the two others by in well-stoppered glass bottles.

Never roast more than you actually require for immediate use, and let your coffee go instantly from the roaster to the mill, from the mill to the biggin or the Cafetière. It cannot be too often and too earnestly urged that the oil to which the coffee owes its wondrous fragrance is volatile, and that its dissipation and diffusion through the surrounding air begins from the very instant of its full generation. The beans may be roasted in a small iron cylinder, with a sliding door in it, through which the raw coffee is put in. The cylinder is turned slowly round over a pretty brisk, though not over-fierce charcoal, coal or gas fire—so that all the beans in it may in time be exposed to the same heat. The proper speed of the cylinder is from nine to fifteen revolutions per minute. My friend Tausenau, who was an accomplished coffee maker, would put the beans into the heated cylinder, and keep turning for twelve minutes, giving the cylinder an occasional shake. By this time the beans would be yellowish-brown; he would then take the cylinder off the fire, and shake it continuously for several minutes, which just sufficed to deepen the light brown colour to umber. It takes me, as a rule, about fifteen or sixteen minutes to roast my beans equally to chestnut brown. I am guided in a great measure by the bursting and crackling of the

silver skin and the fragrant smell of the roasting coffee, as the process is nearing completion. I have often roasted coffee in an enamelled frying-pan in the absence of a cylinder, which is an easy operation enough. You must simply take care to put only a thin layer of beans in the pan, and to keep stirring with a glass rod. I never, on any account, roast my coffee beyond chestnut-brown—rather light than otherwise—and I transfer it at once from the roaster to the mill. For very small quantities, say an ounce or so for my own personal drinking, I prefer the pan to the cylinder, as I am better able to watch the bursting and scattering of the silver skin. If you use an enamelled frying-pan for roasting your coffee, on no account whatever use it for any other purpose, as there is barely a smell that coffee will not attract and acquire to the impairment of its fragrance.

I am told that Mr. William Sugg has lately invented a self-acting coffee-roasting apparatus. I have had no occasion yet to try this new invention, so cannot speak from personal experience of its working. But from the description given to me I am inclined to say that it seems practicable and practical.

Coffee loses in roasting from twelve to twenty-four per cent., according to the degree of roasting given, which is indicated by the several shades of colour through which the bean passes, to wit, yellowish-brown, chestnut-brown, and deep brown or black. The last

gradation I reject altogether, as the aroma passes off from the instant the chestnut-brown is reached. It is the strongest objection I have to the continental practice. In my own roasting I even stop short of the pronounced chestnut-brown. My beans lose eighteen per cent. —Tausenau's practice stops at sixteen per cent. loss.

Adapt the size of your cylinder to the quantity of coffee you have to roast at a time; I need hardly add that there should always be sufficient room left for the beans to swell and move freely about.

Grinding is another important element in the preparation of good coffee. The finer the mill grinds, the stronger is the infusion, and accordingly the more economical the process. Coarse-ground beans will yield only eighty per cent., nay, as low as sixty-five or sixty per cent. of infusion of the same strength as fine ground beans will produce. In the East they generally pound the fresh-roasted beans to a fine powder in a marble mortar with a wooden pestle. Brillat Savarin found by actual experiment that the pounded coffee gave a superior liquid to that produced from the ground coffee. However, grinding is more expeditious, and with a fine mill the result is almost equally satisfactory.

Always pass your beans fresh and hot from the roaster to the mill, and grind without delay.

Infusing the ground or pounded coffee is certainly not the least important element in the preparation of good coffee. It is at this critical stage that most of our coffee is spoiled, yet the proper process is simplicity itself.

There are two distinct ends to be attained by the operation, to wit, to extract from the ground or pounded beans the greatest amount of body and fragrance, and to obtain a clear limpid fluid. The former end is by far the more important of the two, though it is, of course, most desirable that the other end should be equally attained, if practicable. As M. Tegetmeier expresses it with admirable brevity and clearness, "The flavour of coffee depends upon a volatile substance which is driven off by boiling; to preserve its taste, it should therefore be made without boiling,"—in other words, coffee should be an infusion, not a decoction.

Yet, strange to say, there are many people who will insist upon boiling their coffee, and wonder, forsooth, that it should have no fragrance! In fact, it would seem to be deemed by many of much higher importance that their coffee should be a transparently clear fluid than that it should be good coffee in the proper sense of the word.

The following recipe is copied literally from a high French authority:—"Put two ounces of fresh ground coffee of the best quality into a coffee pot, and pour eight coffee cups of boiling water on it; *let it boil six*

minutes, pour out a cupful two or three times, and return it again; then put two or three isinglass chips into it, and pour one large spoonful of boiling water on it; *boil it five minutes more*, and set the pot by the fire to keep hot for ten minutes, and you will have coffee of a beautiful clearness." True, the fluid may be beautifully clear, but it certainly can no longer be called coffee by any stretch of the imagination.

There are several ways of obtaining a genuine bright infusion of fragrant coffee. One of these is the Eastern way, minus the pounding—that is to say, put about three teaspoonfuls of fresh-roasted and fresh-ground coffee hot from the mill into a large breakfast cup (half a pint) and fill up with boiling water close to the brim. Stir the mixture well, and let it stand a minute or two; then put in a tablespoonful of cold water, which will make the grounds at once subside to the bottom.

There are also several hydraulic coffee pots, in which the boiling water is drawn through the ground coffee, with a view to obtain a bright infusion.

Then there is Ash's apparatus which by means of a jacket filled with boiling water keeps up the temperature, producing thus a strong infusion.

The French coffee pot, made of two cylindrical vessels, the upper with a strainer in which the coffee powder is placed, and through which the clear infusion runs into the lower one, is very practical, particularly

with a double disk of muslin placed in the strainer before putting the ground coffee in, which almost serves the purpose of a perfect filter. I incline much to this French coffee pot, as it is both expeditious and economical—which the so-called Vesuvian and Venetian hydraulic apparatus certainly are not.

Our old cook used to make her coffee in an earthen biggin, into which she suspended a funnel-shaped muslin bag sewn all round to a silver ring at the top with hooks to catch hold of the rim of the biggin. The boiling water was poured over this, and left two minutes or three, to extract the coffee in the bag, which was then withdrawn. The coffee was always most fragrant and of amber brightness. This will be found an excellent way for small quantities, not above two ounces at the most.

I have also in the course of my life tasted many excellent cups of coffee made by simply immersing for the short space of three or four minutes a sock with the fresh roasted and ground coffee powder in it, in the requisite quantity of boiling water in a suitable vessel set on the hot plate to keep the temperature up to the proper degree during the immersion. The socks used for the purpose should be quite new from the shop, and should, moreover, be boiled for half an hour in clean soft water to remove the least trace of extraneous matter of any kind. This may seem slightly finical;

but there are possible associations of ideas which had better be kept out of the range of suggestive speculation.

There is a story told of an English officer's Irish servant, rather a handy fellow, with some small spice of Lover's Andy in him. His master had invited some brother officers, and Mickey was instructed to make the after-dinner coffee. "Boil one of my new Balbriggans," said the master, "and use it for making the coffee." Well, in due time the coffee was served. It was found delicious, and it was hinted that another cup would be acceptable. "Yes," said the gratified host, "it is a simple way of making really good coffee; only it is not economical. A sock will only do for three or four times at the most, as the bitter taste of the extract will become more and more prominent each time the sock is used—and Balbriggans are three shillings a pair." "Arrah, thin, your honour," here Mickey broke in unexpectedly, "I thot that same, so I tuk one of yer honour's ould wans, which was clane."

The coffee was first-rate, no doubt, but somehow or other the guests did not want that other cup at the time.

Seamless socks, which can be bought at 2d. or 2½d. the pair, will answer equally well as Balbriggan. I need hardly remark that, as the boiling water has to gain free

access to every grain of the powder to extract the essence from it within the limited space of a few minutes, this process will do well only for smaller quantities of ground coffee, up to three or four ounces at the most, sufficient for a dozen small cups or *demi-tasses* of black coffee—to be served with cognac after dinner. A few lumps of sugar should be put in to sweeten the cup, and a small glass of cognac carefully spread over the surface of the coffee and set fire to, a lump of sugar with a dash of cognac over it in a teaspoon to be held *into* the flame (not *over* it, which would simply blacken the spoon). The result is simply delicious. For breakfast, or milk-coffee in general, pour out a small cup into a half-pint cup, and fill up with *boiling hot* milk. I have a notion that the addition of sugar has a tendency to impair the full fragrance of the coffee. This, however, is after all simply a matter of taste. Some prefer cream to their coffee, others take preserved Swiss milk. Coffee epicures take the infusion neat. The proper proportion of water to be used depends, of course, upon the strength of the infusion desired. Two ounces of ground coffee will make one pint of essence of coffee, one pint and a half and a little more of very excellent strong coffee. A quarter of a pound is amply sufficient then to give coffee infusion for twelve or fourteen breakfast cups of *Café au lait*—so that the actual price of a large breakfast cup of splendid milk-coffee, which it would

not be easy to match anywhere on the Continent, will not exceed 1½d., including cost of coffee, milk, sugar, fuel, labour, interest on cost of apparatus, wear and tear of same, &c. Another precious rule is to drink your coffee fresh made. Make always only just sufficient for your actual requirement—and not even a quarter of a cup beyond. It is one of the greatest defects in coffee-houses, here as well as on the Continent, that they make their coffee in larger quantities than required, as a rule, for immediate use, and have accordingly to keep a larger or smaller portion of it hot for customers expected to drop in. Coffee made to perfection cannot be kept hot even for a few minutes without the aroma taking flight.

I remember more especially how, in 1867, when the coffee at the Place de la Tour St. Jacques, which at that time enjoyed my special patronage, was made in strict accordance with the rules, I would occasionally get a cup of exquisite coffee there, and would engage any friend whom I happened to meet after, to go to the Café and have a cup of the delicious beverage, forgetful of the time it would take them to reach the place. No wonder they marvelled at my warm recommendation of a semi-bitter, semi-insipid hot liquid. I have in my mind devised what I believe to be a practicable apparatus to make single cups of fresh fragrant coffee separately, but simultaneously. A hint to

enterprising capitalists in search of profitable investments. Hard water is said to make better coffee than soft water. I cannot speak positively upon the point, but I believe the fact to be so, as hard water, whilst fully extracting the volatile aromatic principle from the ground or powdered coffee, is not quite so well calculated as soft water in the comparatively short time of contact to extract equally the other, perhaps less desirable elements.

Always keep your coffee biggin or cafetière or other apparatus, &c., scrupulously clean for every fresh infusion—and heat them thoroughly with boiling water each time before use.

Strong coffee is, in my humble opinion, a better and safer stimulant than tea; it makes also a better food with boiling milk than the latter, and is accordingly more suitable for breakfast. A small cup—a *demi tasse*—neat, or with a modicum of cognac or *old Jamaica rum*, after dinner is certainly calculated to aid digestion. Quality not quantity should be the presiding rule in the use of coffee. Strong coffee taken *before* meals I hold to be injurious. Cold coffee diluted rather largely with milk and water is an excellent drink in summer and winter, and a much better and safer stimulant for the brain than alcoholic beverages. Young children should not have coffee given them nor, for the matter of that, tea either, whether green or black, strong or weak.

The only wholesome beverage in childhood is milk, neat or diluted more or less largely with good potable water. Strong black coffee is an excellent antidote in poisoning with opium, also in cases where strong tea, particularly green, has been indulged in to excess.

Excessive indulgence in strong coffee cannot but be injurious to health. One small cup mixed with an equal portion of boiling milk for breakfast, and one small cup after dinner, should not be exceeded.

B.—TEA.

The tea which I knew in the days of my childhood and youth was the Overland or Caravan Tea, imported from China into Siberia over Kiachta. GUNPOWDER and PEKOE were then the sorts chiefly used in Russia and Northern Germany. As this caravan tea had not been subjected to the action of the sea air, it retained its full aroma, and was—in my recollection at least—very superior in flavour and strength to any of even the choicest teas of the present time. But it was also extravagantly high-priced then, and simply an article of luxury, altogether beyond the reach of any but the well-to-do classes; and even by them it was used but sparingly. It was then generally flavoured with vanilla or canella.

I can even now vividly recall to mind our cook making tea in those olden days. I think I see her now before me with balance in hand, weighing small quantities of black tea and green for mixing; for, with her acute understanding, she knew that the two differed very considerably in weight, bulk for bulk, the compactly rolled green leaf weighing twice as much as the loosely rolled black, and that two measures of Pekoe were only equivalent to one of Gunpowder. She infused her mixture in a close-covered earthen pot, thoroughly heated first with boiling water, which was poured off again before the tea mixture was put in. She then put the pot in a deep stewpan, filled with boiling water nearly up to the height of the immersed pot, into which she proceeded to pour water in fierce ebullition up to the brim. She then put the cover on, and let her tea infuse exactly three minutes by the kitchen clock, when she removed the teapot to the hob, putting a woollen hood or cosey over it. Then she would slowly turn, or rather dance, round nine times, muttering strange words, which I at the time, with profound awe, took to be an incantation indispensable to the success of the brew. I know now that this was simply her way of timing herself. But in those days I was delightfully innocent of the wicked and wily ways of the world—and of the sex, and Thusnelda Irma's tea incantation was something like an article of faith with

me; so much so, indeed, that when a few years later on I passed a vacation in Berlin with a schoolfellow, I one day surprised the lady of the house by artlessly telling her that I was afraid the tea she was making at the time would not turn out nice, as she had omitted the dance and the incantation! Well, well! I was then only rising thirteen, and so a fool's pardon was readily granted me. When the tea had thus been left to draw altogether some four to five minutes, cook transferred the contents of the pot to a Chinese teapot, heated previously with boiling water.

It seems that our best tea-makers are agreed now that four to five minutes' infusion will extract from tea all that it is desirable should be extracted.

Tea should always be made with soft water. The addition of soda to hard water to adapt it for tea making is, in my opinion, objectionable, as it must tend to destroy the respiratory action of the tea, and to impair its flavour. Distilled water and rain water, though the very perfection of *softness*, will not do for tea-making, as they contain neither air nor mineral ingredients. The Chinese take their water in preference from hill springs or running streams. Tea should always be made with water newly boiled, and boiled slowly rather than fast. The water should be actually bubbling when it is poured on the tea.

Tea is best with unboiled milk or cream.

Infusion of gunpowder or Hyson, unmixed with Pekoe, was in my time almost exclusively used for rum or arrack punch.

Tea is always best made in an earthen teapot, which should be kept scrupulously clean, and should be thoroughly dried inside each time after use, as a damp pot is apt to give a musty flavour to the infusion made in it.

I believe the delicate aroma of tea, especially of the finer sorts, is enjoyed best drunk from small cups of semi-strong infusions of high-class teas. The quantity of leaf used should not exceed sixty grains per cup; and I think one or two cups ought to do for a moderate tea-drinker. Professional tea-tasters use only about forty grains per cup. Good tea should not be flavoured with vanilla or canella—unless for green tea punch. I think fresh unboiled milk is preferable for tea to boiling milk. However, this is a matter of taste. For my own part, I like my tea best with lemon juice—and a dash of old Jamaica rum or arrack.

Strong tea is, in my humble opinion, decidedly objectionable. I have often seen as much as half an ounce, and more, of Souchong, or Congou, or Oulong, used to a single cup of tea. Drinking tea in quantities cannot but be hurtful to the constitution. We have it upon the unimpeachable authority of Mr. Tony Weller that at the ever memorable meeting of the Brick Lane

Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, some of the ladies were drowning themselves in tea, one disposing of no less than nine breakfast cups and a half, which made her "swell visibly" before Mr. Weller's eyes. But these were Temperance People, and it may reasonably be supposed that the beverage was *rather* weak. Still I cannot but think excessive indulgence in tea, strong or weak, must be hurtful to health.

Dr. Smith, in his great work on "Foods," says that excellent tea, both in body and aroma, may be prepared by simply putting the leaves into ordinary cold water, in a covered vessel, and keeping this over a gentle fire until the water boils, when the tea is ready for use. I have tried this plan, and have found it answer well, though I did not think at first it would. The most convenient way is to boil the water with the leaves in it by gas or a spirit-lamp on the table. Whilst I am finishing this paragraph, a lady tells me that one of the great rules in tea making is to calculate the quantity required to a nicety, and never to exceed that quantity. If your guests should wish for an additional cup or so, it is easy to make a fresh supply. This seems more rational, at all events, than the common way of pouring fresh relays of boiling water over the exhausted tea leaves in the pot, even with the addition of another spoonful or so of dry leaves.

C.—CHOCOLATE.

Chocolate ranks higher as a food than coffee and tea, as it contains a large proportion of fat and other nutritive elements. It also excites the nerves much less than either of the other two beverages, and makes a most agreeable food, especially boiled in milk, with the addition of an egg per cup.

It is a great pity that it should be so subject to adulteration, particularly with flour and starch. Even the sugar used in the manufacture of sweet chocolate becomes an element of sophistication when added beyond requirement—considering that the price of cocoa is at present more than three times that of sugar. Chocolate in powder is more especially liable to these frauds.

Get your chocolate at a well-reputed shop, and buy it in cakes or tablets, in preference to powder. Try to get the old unsweetened Spanish or Copenhagen chocolate—hard as a rock; or, in default thereof, French or English tablets of the best-reputed makers. Unsweetened chocolate is always the best to use, and the cheapest, notwithstanding its apparently high price.

Chocolate may be made with water or with milk.

Scrape about a quarter of a pound of your unsweetened chocolate cake into a saucepan, and pour water on

it only just barely sufficient to cover the chocolate. Set it on the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon until it forms a thickish paste. Sweeten to taste, and add a pint or a pint and a half of boiling water, more or less, according to the strength and quantity required, and boil for ten minutes, with diligent stirring. This is considered a very good way of making water chocolate.

For milk chocolate, which is prepared in the same way, a full quart of new milk should be used. Diluting this with one third part of water will rather improve the flavour of the chocolate than otherwise.

The following is my recipe to prepare a tasty and nutritious cup of chocolate:—Scrape a quarter of a pound of your unsweetened chocolate cake into a chocolate pot; add sugar to taste, with a cupful of new milk;* break six sound eggs into the pot, yolks and whites, and beat and blend the whole thoroughly. Then stir in a quart of boiling new milk. Or blend the chocolate and the well-beaten eggs thoroughly with half a pint of fresh milk and a tablespoonful of preserved milk, and stir in a quart of boiling water.

Chocolate should always be served fresh made.

The following is a good French recipe:—Boil equal

* This prevents the curdling of the egg upon the subsequent addition of the boiling milk. The same applies to egg-flip, &c., when a cupful of cold beer should be beaten up with the eggs, &c., before adding the hot beer.

quantities of good new milk and water. Scrape off your chocolate cake what you require; take the milk and water off the fire, throw in the chocolate, with sugar to taste, and mix well and rapidly, so as to blend the chocolate completely with the liquid. Serve with the froth on.

PART IX.

FERMENTED DRINKS.

This most highly important branch of dietetics is so vast and so far-extending in its aspects and bearings—physiological, hygienic, moral, social, and political—that it would be idle to attempt touching upon it, even lightly, in a work of such limited scope as this.

Still there is a point intimately connected with the subject upon which I crave permission to say a few words. I am conscious that it may seem gratuitous on my part, and unwarranted, yet I venture to make an appeal to that tyrannical minority of earnest well-meaning champions of abstinence who, with the most benevolent intention, would rob the poor man of his beer, and strip life of much that enlivens it, cheering and gladdening the heart of man, to be temperate in their temperance, and to pause in their fierce crusade against all things fermented. Why not wage war

instead upon that blackest plague-spot of the time—the poisonous adulteration of our foods and drinks, notably of good wholesome liquor? Then the sacred cause of freedom would no longer be made to suffer fatal injury from mistaken zeal, and the great and good cause of true temperance would progress and prosper all the more promptly and thoroughly for a little tolerant forbearance extended to the rational enjoyment of some of God's choicest gifts to man—jovial generous wine and bonny beer, as the old song has it.*

Here I must stop, however reluctantly, winding up simply with a few general directions and a small collection of recipes for compounding mixed drinks.

One of the most detrimental effects of alcohol upon the human frame is that, owing to its strong affinity for water, it abstracts that indispensable element from the organs; and this effect can be mitigated only by dilution.

No ardent spirits should therefore ever be taken

* The *rational* enjoyment, be it well understood, avoiding the least approach to excess. *Children should on no account ever be allowed to touch beer or wine.* Milk is their natural drink, and good water, agreeably flavoured with fruit juices and syrups. Unfortunately we but too often see how even the smaller children of the poorer classes are made to imbibe beer and—much worse and more perniciously detrimental to their health and well-being—ardent spirits! which I, for one, cannot but indignantly hold as a crime perpetrated upon the unhappy, helpless young beings.

"*neat*," as it is termed, but always more or less largely diluted with water, according to the actual strength of the spirit, which depends upon the proportion of alcohol in it. This proportion differs widely in the various spirits—rums, brandies, whiskies, arracks, gins, &c.—supplied by the trade. The legal standard strength is fixed at 49·24 per cent. by weight of alcohol to 50·76 per cent. of water—which is very nearly half and half. This is called proof. Spirits containing more water than 50·76 per cent. are said to be under proof; when they contain more alcohol than 49·24 per cent. by weight they are over proof. By Act of Parliament whisky, brandy, and rum are not to be sold weaker than 25° under proof, gin not weaker than 35° under proof, which means that the former should always contain 39·4, the latter 36·5, per cent. by weight of alcohol. There is much reason, however, to doubt that spirits of the legal strength are always supplied by the retail trade. Over proof, or even proof spirits, are, as a rule, to be procured only wholesale. On the Continent, more especially in Germany and Holland, but also in France, I have often met with fine old rum of close upon 70 per cent. alcoholic strength. I am told that the old navy rum supplied to the fleet contains 58 per cent. by weight of absolute alcohol. I believe also that there are many reputable firms in the United Kingdom that sell good and genuine spirits of stated strength. The

best and safest way is always to deal with such firms ; you need not then be afraid of having tricks of trade played upon you. An alcoholometer—which is an instrument for measuring the proportion of alcohol in a fluid—will be found most useful. It is inexpensive. The proportions given in the few recipes here subjoined are calculated upon proof strength ; they have therefore to be increased or diminished according to the actual strength of the spirit at your disposal, the increase or decrease being added to or deducted from the quantity of water directed to be used.

Never use new spirits, but only the best old, ripened and mellowed by age, that have been kept in wood for many years. Here, again, dealing only with well-reputed firms will best safeguard you.

Even the weaker spirits sold should never be taken neat ; they require still further dilution with water, to take the sting out of them, as it were, and to make them—with sugar, &c.—into harmless palatable and cheering toddy, grog, or punch. Everything is relative, of course, and no general rule can properly be laid down as to what the spirituous strength of a mixed drink should be. For my part, I think 125, and even 150 or 160 volumes of water added to old rum, &c., of proof strength may be held to be near the proper proportion for pretty good grog, toddy, or punch. I am sorry to say, however, that I have known people—not a few of

them, indeed—who would never put up with anything short of proof, just with a dash of water in it, to persuade themselves that they were not drinking it raw. Tastes and inclinations differ, and it is never wise to be over dogmatic.

If you use lemon or orange peel in your mixture, pare the fruit as thin as practicable, cutting through the minute cells contiguous to the surface, which hold the essential oil, and carefully remove the portion of the oil which adheres to the white pulp, by rubbing a lump of sugar over it.

In mixing punches, grogs, or toddies in the bowl or in the tumbler, always put in the sugar first, along with the lemon peel and juice, then add water, cold or boiling, according to circumstances, in sufficient quantity to melt the sugar; add the spirit to the solution, stir, and add the rest of the water required. The simple reason for this order of mixing is that the sugar dissolves much more readily in water than in dilute spirit.

The quantity of sugar and lemon juice is entirely a matter of taste. I use one ounce of lemon juice—a fine lemon generally holds about two ounces of clear juice—and two ounces of sugar per pint of water. I prefer using a drop or two of essence of lemon or orange, &c., instead of peel. The result is more uniform.

The Rev. Deputy Shepherd Stiggins, though holding all liquors as vanities, yet professedly disliked least the

liquor called Rum—with a squeeze of lemon, a slice of peel, and a lump or two of sugar in it. I forget now whether any mention was made of water; but I do not think there was.

Many years ago I was at a gathering of distinguished men of letters and artists in Regent Street. It was in Fraser's parlour. There were present, besides the proprietor of the establishment and of the then famous *Regina Magazine*, Dr. Maginn, Nimrod, Carlyle, the illustrious Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and several other pillars of Regina, more especially that noble Irish Corinthian, glorious Father Prout, who on this very occasion gave us his famous recipe for brewing a bowl "fit for the Gods on high Olympus, and the men then socially assembled in the Regina parlour," which he said differed from Schiller's equally famous recipe only in the unimportant omission of the aqueous element. "Every drop of water you add spoils the punch," was the Father's authoritative dictum.

Well, the Rev. Stiggins might have been of the Father's faith in the "no water" tenet. If so, this is the only point on which I do not fully concur with him in his professed minimised dislike of the liquor called rum, which truly and admittedly is the least hurtful of ardent spirits, and the only one that has a well-founded claim to be mentioned among foods.

My favourite variety in the way of Punch is

the **IMPERIAL PINE APPLE PUNCH**—when I can get it.

Slice a pine apple very thin—a West Indian pine will do. Peel four fine juicy oranges clean, removing every particle of the white pulp, and separate them into eighths. Put pine apple slices and oranges into a suitable bowl, along with twelve ounces of sugar, eight of lemon juice—the juice of four fresh fine lemons—and four or five drops each of essence of lemon, cinnamon, and vanilla. Add a quart of boiling water. Cover the bowl, and let it stand till quite cold. Then add to the contents a pint of old Jamaica rum, and half a pint of best arrack, a bottle of Hock and a wineglassful of green Chartreuse. Stir the mixture well with the ladle, and wind up by pouring in simultaneously a bottle of champagne and one of seltzer. Ladle out. Some prefer infusing about fifty grains each of canella and vanilla in the boiling water. I like the essences best. Natural seltzer in jars is better than our common seltzer. Half a jar is sufficient for a bowl of Imperial. The quantities given here are calculated for six to eight persons. If you have champagne in half-bottles, half the quantities indicated may be used—say for a select potatory circle of four—the best way of squaring the circle I know.

ICED MIXED ARRACK AND RUM PUNCH.—Take a pound of sugar, and moisten it in a bowl with four ounces of clear lemon juice. Add boiling water just

sufficient to reduce the sugar to syrup. Let it cool; when quite cold, add a few drops of essence of lemon on a lump of sugar, and the juice of six or eight fine oranges. Put in a pound of ice in small pieces, and pour in a gill each of old Jamaica rum and arrack. The spirit will rapidly melt the ice, which will turn the mass into a freezing mixture. Add a bottle of champagne—Saumur will do. Half of a pint bottle of Dublin stout will be found a great improvement. The late Thomas Littleton Holt, who was a dear friend of mine and a great punchmaker, never omitted the stout from his brews in this line.

STRAWBERRY PUNCH.—This delightful beverage is made with **STRAWBERRY EXTRACT** or **RUM** for chief ingredient. As strawberry rum, properly bottled, will keep a full twelvemonth in a good cellar or other suitable place, sufficient may be prepared of it in the season to last till next summer. The proportion is one pound of strawberries to every pint of spirit. Crush the fresh gathered strawberries—the small wild ones are the most fragrant—in a capacious stone or earthen crock, and transfer the mash in equal portions to large stone or glass jars, with tight-closing stoppers or lids, and add to the contents of each jar an equal quantity of one pint to every pound of strawberries of a mixture of two-thirds of the finest old Jamaica rum and one-sixth pint each of the best arrack and old Cognac. Close the

jars, and let them stand three days in a cool place, opening them from time to time to give them a stir with a stout glass rod. Then pour off the liquid from each jar gradually into another large crock, through a rather coarse hair sieve, to which transfer finally also the residuary pulp from the jar, working it through. Let the last portion of liquid still remaining in the dregs drain off into the crock, through a clean linen cloth that has been washed in boiling water and dried again.

Bottle the Strawberry Rum or Extract in Imperial quart bottles, cork and seal these and lay them down horizontally in a dry cool cellar or other suitable place.

The dregs will yield a very good punch, with about half a pint of the mixed spirit added, and the proper proportion of boiling water poured over, with sugar and lemon juice to taste.

To make Strawberry Punch, moisten a pound and a half of sugar in a bowl with five to six ounces of clear fresh lemon juice, add two drops each of lemon and orange essence, and pour in one of your imperial quarts of Strawberry Rum—stir the mixture, and add two quarts of boiling water. Cover the bowl, and let it stand till the evening, when you will find it a truly delicious liquor. Bottled, it will keep four or five days; the bottles should always be laid horizontally.

There are two high ecclesiastic-dignitary drinks, yept severally **CARDINAL** and **BISHOP**. They are both made chiefly with extracts.

To make **CARDINAL EXTRACT**, take two ounces and a half of coarsely pounded cinnamon, half an ounce of vanilla cut into small pieces, and the yellow rind of four or five oranges with the peel of one lemon ; put these ingredients into a suitable glass jar with proper stopper, and pour over them three half pints of the best arrack and a wineglassful each of old Cognac and Jamaica rum. Close the jar and let the ingredients digest three days in a warm place, with repeated shaking. Then filter the contents through Swedish filtering paper, bottle and cork and keep for use. Add one ounce of the extract to a bottle of fine Rhine wine, and sweeten to taste. About a quarter of a pound of sugar will do.

For **BISHOP EXTRACT** take the rind of twelve fresh green oranges, shaved off as thin as practicable, and let them digest in the same way as stated in the Cardinal recipe, in a pint of rectified spirit of wine in lieu of arrack, and add one ounce of the extract to a bottle of fine Bordeaux or Burgundy.

There are two principal varieties of **PUNCH EXTRACT**—for Arrack Punch and for Rum Punch.

For **ARRACK PUNCH EXTRACT**.—Boil one pound and a half of sugar with three quarters of a pint of water, add eight ounces of fresh clear lemon juice to the

solution, with three drops each of essence of lemon and orange, and let it get cold. Then add a bottle of the finest arrack with a gill of old Jamaica rum. For Punch, one quart of the extract is used to two parts of boiling water.

The RUM PUNCH EXTRACT is made in exactly the same way, only substituting a bottle of the best old Jamaica rum with a gill of arrack, for the bottle of arrack and the gill of rum.

A very excellent WINE PUNCH.—Put eighteen ounces of sugar in a suitable enamelled saucepan, pour in six bottles of Laubenheimer or Niersteiner; and heat to boiling on a gentle fire. Add a pint of arrack or a pint of rum, or a mixture in equal proportions of the two, and leave it a short time longer on the fire, but do not let it come to the boil again. A few drops of lemon or orange essence may be added; also two ounces of fresh clear lemon juice.

Or heat four bottles of Laubenheimer or Niersteiner or some other light Rhine wine in an enamelled saucepan to boiling, add a quart of tea (made with about three quarters of an ounce of fine gunpowder), half a pound of sugar, two ounces of fresh clear lemon juice, and a few drops of lemon essence. Transfer the mixture to the bowl, and add a pint of arrack or rum.

HOT WINE—This is made best in a fire-proof earthen pot with lid. Put in an ounce of fine cinnamon broken

in small pieces, a pound of loaf sugar, and four bottles of fairly good Bordeaux or Burgundy. Put on the lid, and set the pot on the fire. When just boiling, transfer to the bowl, and add a few drops of essence of lemon. In default of a fire-proof earthen pot, a good enamelled stewpan or saucepan will do.

An excellent MIXED WINE PUNCH—Dissolve two pounds of loaf sugar in a quart of cold tea made with an ounce of gunpowder, and two bottles of good Bordeaux wine; flavour it with a few drops of mixed essence of cinnamon, vanilla, and lemon; add two bottles of good Burgundy, two of hock, one of sound sherry, one of old port, and a pint bottle of Madeira; stir. Put two pounds of ice in small pieces in a very capacious bowl or crock, and pour over them a pint and a half of a mixture in equal proportions of old Cognac, rum, and arrack; add the wine, &c., mixture at once, and pour in one or two bottles of Champagne. Add one wineglassful each of green Chartreuse, and of dry Curaçao.

ATHOL BROSE—An ancient mariner, whom I met casually at the Ship Tavern, in Edinburgh, initiated me into the mysteries of this famous tippie. I will give his recipe just as he gave it to me. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water over four ounces of best honey and a gill of cream in a bowl, and stir vigorously; add the juice of half a lemon, with the peel thereof finely shaved

off. Pour in a quart of sound old whisky, and ladle out. He told me, with a wink, that whisky was always best minus the "ill-flavoured" ingredient of the "Inland Revenue" department. The experience I have had of Poteen and other "ungaugered" whiskies make me much inclined to endorse the ancient mariner's views upon the subject.

ADDITIONS AND EMENDATIONS.

Page 10.—*Flesh Formers and Fat Formers.*

The rigorous division of foods into flesh formers and fat formers had, up to a comparatively late period, many unpromising champions who would insist upon drawing a hard-and-fast line of distinction between the two. The leaders of the profession are, however, now a considerable shade less absolute in their views upon this subject, and it is freely and fully admitted by most of them that no hard-and-fast line can be drawn, and that flesh formers and fat formers may be more or less largely interchangeable.

Still, as the question has a vital bearing upon what may be termed the "science of food"—*i.e.*, the rational selection of a proper diet, and as there are still not a few generalising theorists who continue confused and confusing in their preconceived notions of flesh-forming and fat-forming foods, and are constantly devising more or less ingenious—or absurd—systems warranted to "cure" obesity—systems based mostly, with charming simplicity, upon the practicably total exclusion from the patient's dietary of all fats, oils, sugar, starch, gum, alcohol, &c., combined with the administration of certain nostrums that have conveniently, though not rationally, attributed to them the power of "stopping the formation of fat"!

Such theories may be taken to rest mostly upon strange conceptions of the mysterious chemistry of life, the complex operations of which will very likely continue for a long time to elude our most patient, minutest research. Without presuming to advise upon this important point of

dietetics, I crave permission to suggest, with becoming diffidence, to persons with a tendency to over-stoutness, not to trouble quite so anxiously about the fleshy or fatty nature of their diet, but to cultivate moderation in eating and drinking, and to take as much healthy exercise as the system will bear without over-fatigue—and I venture to think that with healthy digestion waiting on healthy appetite they will not have much cause to fear abnormal development of fat.

Page 28.—*Provisions, and where to get them.*

Anent the proper selection of provisions required in a household, I think I may crave permission to point out, from time to time, as occasion may arise, the best sources of supply of certain articles. I may honestly add that my hints and recommendations in these matters are throughout based upon the unbiased experience of many years, so that they may be safely relied on.

Page 32.—*Gas Ranges.*

I have of late had frequent occasion to watch Sugg's "Charing Cross Patent Gas Kitchener" in full operation, and being thus in a position now to speak from personal experience, I can vouch for the smooth, practical and effective working of this excellent apparatus, which, indeed, comes nearer my idea of the perfect gas range of the future than any other contrivance as yet known to me.

Pages 36-37.—(*Foot-note.*) *Weights and Measures.*

I have in this new edition essayed to substitute the graduated measure and scale weight for all vague quantities. With the beautifully simple decimo-metrical system, such as rules in all weights and measures on the Continent, this would be plain sailing needing no further remark. But with our slightly confusing system of double scales of weight—the Troy and Commercial—re-inforced by the Imperial pint measure, with its double subdivision into sixteen fluid ounces, and twenty commercial ounces—a few words are necessary to precise the exact weight and measure of the pound, ounce, dram, scruple, and grain; and the pint and the fluid ounce, as these terms are used in this little volume.

The pound means the commercial pound of sixteen ounces = 256 drams = 768 scruples = 7680 grains avoirdupois. The commercial ounce accordingly is divided into sixteen commercial drams, which again are divided into three scruples each; one scruple is ten grains. The commercial ounce is = 480 grains avoirdupois, or 437·5 grains Troy, the latter being larger than the former in the proportion of 79 to 72 nearly. The liquid measure of the imperial pint is reckoned to be, by weight, equal to twenty commercial ounces of 437·5 Troy grains each = 8750 grains Troy. It is subdivided into sixteen fluid ounces of 546·875 Troy grains, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ avdp. ounce each.

As regards lemons, I have occasionally known some extra fine samples to weigh seven ounces and above, with three ounces and above pure juice. The juice of a lemon in the text means throughout two ounces = $1\frac{3}{8}$ fluid ounce. An egg should be precised throughout as two ounces by weight of yolk and white. "A bunch of herbs" means two ounces in all cases where no special remark is appended. A heaped tablespoonful of flour weighs an ounce, stricken measure half an ounce. Onions differ widely in weight. "Add an onion," or "slice an onion" is therefore an objectionably vague direction. The weight may in fact range, speaking in the rough, between two ounces and less and twelve ounces and above. I think it best, then, to precise the weight of the onion in the recipes in the text. "A *small* onion" means two to two ounces and a half by weight; "an onion" simply, four ounces by weight; a Spanish onion from ten to twelve ounces, a *large* Spanish onion from fourteen to eighteen ounces, "a shalot" means half an ounce by weight.

Page 39.—*Requisites in Kitchen, &c.*—(between lines 5 and 6 from top.)

A freezing machine, a butter-cooler, and a refrigerator or ice safe are articles almost indispensable in a good kitchen. From personal experience I can safely recommend Ash's celebrated piston freezing machine, butter-cooler, and refrigerator as fully answering the purpose for which they are severally intended, and having the vital advantage of true economy combined with perfect efficiency. With a compara-

tively small charge of even the commonest and cheapest ice and rock salt or kitchen salt, any cream or water ice may be turned out in presentable shape ready for the table in a very few minutes. Claret and champagne may be iced most expeditiously. In default of ice a mixture of muriate of ammonia, common washing soda, and water will act as a perfectly efficient substitute.

Pages 43-44.—*Special Process of Stewing.*

As the immersion of the cold jar of course considerably lowers the temperature of the water in the stew-pan, some authorities direct first to raise the heat over a sharp fire again to near boiling, before transferring the pan to the hot-plate.

Pages 44-45.—*Preservation of Eggs and Detection of bad Eggs.*

A lady correspondent takes me severely to task for a grievous sin of omission. "Why not mention," she sternly asks, "two of the easiest ways to try whether an egg is good or bad, to put your tongue to the big end, and if it feels warm it is good, if cold it is bad; or to float it on cold water in a pan, and if it sinks it is good, if it floats it is bad. And to keep eggs, you never speak of bran and flour, or, the best of all, salt, as is done in all *good* cookery books." These are my irate correspondent's *ipsissima verba*. I would beg the lady kindly to remember that this little book does not profess to be a compilation of rules and processes relating to food, but simply a kind of summary of the results of my personal experience in kitchen and larder, and that the limited space at my command compels me to be eclectic in my statements. I beg to assure her that I have tried the various ways suggested by her, but that I have found those given in the text the safest and surest. I have to remark, more especially, that if an egg has advanced to the floating stage there is really little need to try whether it will sink or swim. I have not unfrequently seen eggs placed the little end downward in fine wood ashes to keep them; I have tried it myself, but I have never succeeded in preserving them by this means for any notable length of time.

Page 46.—*Salicylic Acid*.—(between lines 8 and 7 from the bottom.)

A correspondent calls my attention to some severe strictures passed quite recently upon this great preservative agent by certain French chemists, who would assign the most poisonous properties to this most innocuous substance simply, it would appear, because it has been largely used of late in the preservation of *German* beer imported into France by *Germans*, which is naturally a deadly offence in the eyes of all patriotic French scientists. I have used salicylic acid for several years now, and I have found no offence in it—may be simply because I have no prejudice against it, national or other. Of course, I am open to conviction by actual proof.

Page 47.—*Foreign Sausages*.

Gotha, Brunswick, and Göttingen sausages well made are excellent food. In the dry state they contain three times the nutriment of their weight of fresh meat. In Germany, where they are largely consumed, they are considered economical food, as plenty of bread is eaten along with them as a rule. They should always be made exclusively of perfectly sound pork, chopped fine, and placed in properly prepared suitable pieces of intestine. It is very strange that, with our excellent English and Irish pork, we should be unable apparently to make them here in England up to the mark—for no one, however slightly competent to judge, would dream to put what is generally known in England as “German Sausage” in the remotest comparison with the genuine article; so the latter has to be imported. Now, as there happen to be even in honest Germany a few—or rather *not* a few—sausage-makers who *will* use coarse, and not unfrequently diseased, meat, thereby cultivating chances of trichinosis and other fearful ailments, a word of warning and advice may not be deemed out of place here.

Never deal with any but well-reputed importers of foreign provisions generally, and, more particularly, eschew cheap-jack shops; they are really the dearest market to buy in. I have in the foreign provision line dealt for many years now with

Lingner, of Old Compton Street, and I can conscientiously aver that I have always been served excellently well with the best goods at moderate prices. I can more especially recommend the German, French, and Italian sausages, Westphalia ham, sourcrout, Dutch herrings, Marinatal herrings, salt-pickled cucumbers—so-called Salzgurken—and foreign cheeses, Düsseldorf table mustard and white wine vinegar. I may remark here, *en passant*, that certain kinds of Italian and French sausages (the Lyons, for instance) cannot well be made in England, as the flesh of young foals of asses (a month to six weeks old) enters into their composition.

Pages 49-50.—*Butter.*

It is unhappily by no means easy to procure genuine butter in England. We punish the thief, the forger, the swindler, and the party who obtains money by false pretences; but with the fatal *laissez aller, laissez faire* tendency of our national character, we have weakly and meekly let ourselves be invaded by adulteration in nearly every practicable article of consumption, more especially in butter. Butterine and other similar abominations triumphantly hold the market in the brazen guise of spurious brands. Even the much-bepraised—so-called—Brittany and Normandy ‘demisel butters’ are only too often simply the vilest mixtures of animal fats, in comparison to which the very lowest Dorset may be looked upon as prime. Always procure your butter at shops of good repute. I have for some time past now got my butter from Ireland—from a farmer named Scanlan, of Allenagh, Longford—sent over to me by goods train at about thirteen pence a pound. The quality is prime, equal to the best Devonshire and Holstein. It is a glorious article, fit for the daintiest fish and the most delicate pastry. I order it as a rule half-salted or third-salted, occasionally also fresh or unsalted. I have also tried some splendid Cork butter of late—vastly superior to the French article. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Just keep French butter and Irish butter a week or ten days—then taste them, and I am sure you will prefer the Irish.

Page 57.—(*Foot-note.*)—*Tarragon Vinegar.*

Mr. Harry Draper writes that tarragon for vinegar should be used dry, and advises a trial both ways, which, he says, will soon show the difference in favour of the dry leaves. Well, I *have* tried, but with the opposite result. Perhaps I did not do the thing properly, and my non-success certainly need not prevent others from acting upon Mr. Draper's advice.

Page 63—*Pepsin.*

This most valuable digester should be procured only from manufacturers of the very highest repute. Besides the well-known pepsin pills, the acid glycerate of pepsin in a most excellent and efficient form in which to administer this truly invaluable digestive agent.

Page 64.

CURRIED SWEETBREADS.—A lady sends me the following recipe :—Boil the sweetbreads for about a quarter of an hour. Let them cool ; when cold cut them in slices about half an inch thick, and put them in a stew-pan with some good stock. Stew them gently for one hour, with two or three good-sized onions sliced and fried in butter. Now work two ounces of fresh butter with one tablespoonful each of currie powder and flour into a paste, which stir into the gravy, and let the whole remain for another half hour. Serve piping hot with boiled rice.

Page 65—*Old Rice and New.*

“ Why must the Carolina rice be *old* ? ” writes a friend to me. The reason simply is that new rice is inferior in quality to old. It is less digestible, and is apt to cause indigestion, diarrhœa and rheumatism. The gathered grain needs a certain time for after-ripening—say six months at the very least—before it is fit for eating, Indian authorities advise a much longer delay, and discountenance the use of rice for the table till fully three years after gathering. Old rice is better suited for curries, as it does not burst and mash half so readily as the new grain. It is also held by some authorities that arrack should always be made from old rice.

New rice also contains occasionally a little acid, which has to be removed, more particularly when the rice is intended to be made into a dish with milk. This is effected easily enough by simply rubbing the grains in water between the palms, then putting the rice on the fire in a saucepan with cold water, and before it comes to the boil pouring it out on a sieve.

Pages 68 and 69—*Morgan's Method of Preserving Meat.*

A valued friend of mine coolly tells me that he and Dr. Morgan used to pickle pigs alive by a process similar to that here suggested. How horrid! Enough to make a man forswear pickled pork for ever. It may be charitably assumed, however, that the "pickling alive" is simply a trope for fresh killed. I have a notion also that the pickling process referred to is simply that known as Morgan's quick method of salting beef wholesale for the Navy. Morgan's process, however, differs materially from the one suggested in the text. Readers curious in the matter will find Morgan's method described at length in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, March, 1884.

Page 72.—(Foot note.)—*Sucking Pig.*

My friend Harry Draper, who ranks equally high as a chemist and a gastronomist, tells me that sucking pig is still a great favourite with all classes of society in Russia. In Moscow he found the interesting juvenile porker *en evidence* in every butcher's shop. And the Russian cooks know how to prepare it in a most appetizing fashion.

In Germany also, more particularly in the northern parts, roast sucking pig—*gebratenes Spanferkel*—holds its place among the most dainty dishes.

As a rule the animal is killed from twenty-four to thirty-six days old. It is generally sent from the butcher's ready for the spit. There is a conflict of authorities about singeing or scalding. I prefer the latter, as it makes the sucking pig look whiter and more delicate. Whether singed or scalded, it is rubbed inside with salt, and wiped dry. A wooden spit is run through the body lengthways, long enough to let the two ends rest on the rim of the pan. About half a pint of water is poured into the pan. Before running the spit

through, a tasty stuffing is put in, forcemeat or veal, with two or three small apples sliced, and a few chopped raisins distributed through it. It is then rubbed all over with sweet oil or fat bacon, put into the pan, and roasted in a hot oven, sweet oil or fat bacon being rubbed over from time to time ; and the skin pricked with a larding needle. When the skin gets hard, and looks yellowish-brown, a little salt is rubbed in. It takes eighty minutes to two hours, according to size. When done, a lemon is put into the mouth, and the roast is served piping hot without sauce. The heart and liver, and the boiled lights are chopped fine, and stewed in butter, and chopped shalots are fried a light-yellow in butter, with half an ounce of flour stirred in, and finely chopped lemon peel, salt, grated nutmeg, pimento, and lemon juice added. A suitable portion of stock or gravy is stirred in, and the whole heated to boiling. This dish is served along with the roast sucking pig. An earthen baking pan should be used.

Page 85.—*Charcoal for Chops and Steaks.*

Charcoal is really the only proper fuel for broiling. The purest gas flame and the finest and clearest coal-fire are after all but indifferent substitutes for it.

Pages 88-90.—*Boulettes.*

There was a grand dish in Paris in my time known as *Petits Saucissons de Volaille à la Purée de Pommes à la Crème*. These *saucissons* were in their composition and make not unlike *boulettes*, only that they were made of daintier materials, and put up in small thin skins in the manner of sausages.

They were also called *Saucisses Soubise aux Pommes Pompadour*, the first compounding of them being attributed to the gastronomic genius of Prince Soubise, one of the *intimes* of the Marchioness mistress of Louis XV., and a trusted caterer for her table and *menus plaisirs*, and who, it would seem, was calculated to shine rather as an amateur *chef* in the kitchen than as a chief in the field. They were a curiously complex dish. They seem to have gone completely out of existence now, and even in my time they were but rarely met with, and then only on the tables of the wealthy

at large dinner and supper parties, and in high-class hotels and restaurants, where the poultry, &c., could be utilised without loss. The subjoined recipe I had from the *chef* at the Trois Frères Provençaux, the most famous of the three great Palais Royal dining-saloons of the period—Verrey's and the Rocher de Cancale being the other two:—Roast at a brisk clear fire a fine turkey, a plump duck, two fat capons, and six good-sized pigeons. When half done, carve out the breasts, and chop them with the hearts and livers very fine, together with two pounds of lean pork chops, half broiled; add a pound of sound fat bacon cut into very small pieces, with two ounces each of sweet herbs, parsley, truffles, mushrooms, and sultanas, the peel of a lemon, and ten grains of garlic, all chopped very fine. Work and knead the mass well together; season with four ounces of fine salt, one ounce each of ground pepper and pimento, and two nutmegs grated; add an ounce and a half of fresh lemon-juice and a wineglassful of Malaga, and thoroughly mix the whole mass once more; then fill in very thin small chitterlings, and make into sausages three inches long, about twelve to fifteen to the pound. Pare, wash, and dry six pounds of mealy potatoes, and boil them in new milk; when thoroughly done and soft, mash and pass through a fine sieve; chop two ounces each of parsley and shalots very fine, and fry eight to ten minutes in six ounces of fresh butter; mix with this a pint of cream and the yolks of four eggs, and add the mixture to the mash. Season with an ounce and a half of fine salt, a quarter ounce of ground white pepper, and a little mace. Put the whole in an earthenware dish and heat in a brisk oven until the crust turns yellow; melt a pound of fresh butter in a saucepan over a charcoal fire, and add a teacupful of water; when boiling put in the sausages, cover close, and keep for six or eight minutes on the fire. Serve hot on the mashed potatoes.

A dainty dish indeed to set before the most exacting epicure, but extravagantly expensive and painfully troublesome to make. Had its reputed inventor bestowed but half the thought and care upon his battle order at Rosbach, his eighty thousand men might not have been so ignominiously driven from the field by only eight thousand riders and fourteen thousand of all other arms. To have lost the

Battle of Rosbach with more than three to one might surely be thought something for a man to be long remembered by; yet strange to say, perhaps, Soubise's historic fame would almost seem to be destined to rest more solidly on his great gastronomic feat than on his disastrous defeat. Themis is said not to care for trifles. Clio, unlike her, loves to muse occasionally upon the veriest trivialities. Has she not, *e.g.*, rescued from oblivion even the name of Apicius—that most unestimable Roman who hanged himself simply for having failed in practically compounding some unheard-of dish which he had excogitated in his culinary brain? Apicius must have been the ancestor direct of the great French *chef* who fell upon his sword because the fish had not arrived in time for a projected grand dinner.

Page 90.—*Salting Meat.*

My innocent quotation from Tegetmeier's "Handbook of Household Management and Cookery," anent the general inexpediency and wastefulness of the process of salting meat, and my expressed full agreement with the author upon this physiologically and economically most important matter, have brought down on my devoted head severe epistolary and other animadversions, and a somewhat slighting sneer pointed at me by the otherwise kindly disposed Lady Reviewer of my book in *The Queen*, who tells me, "it will take more than Mr. Tegetmeier and the Old Bohemian can say," to persuade English housewives that they ought, physiologically and economically, not to salt their meat before cooking. One lady begs to inform me, "who evidently have no practical experience in the matter," that meat, so far from having its nutritive property in any way impaired by salting, is actually made more nourishing by the process, as (she says) "in our family we always have much more bread eaten with salt than fresh meat." This, of course is, conclusive. Live and learn.

Page 91.—*Extraction of Salt from Brine.*

Mr. H. Draper calls my attention to the fact that the salt may be separated from brine by the simplest process of dialysis. So it may, of course. Only it did not occur to me when I was writing the passage, as I had in my mind's eye

a rough and ready process suitable to the kitchen. I presume, however, that Kent's process is based upon dialysis.

Pages 92 and 93.—*Extracts of Meat.*

I have had several letters dissenting from my views upon extracts of meat, and asking me to give the question renewed consideration, recommending me to try the Company's and Tooth's Liebig. I have done so most carefully and conscientiously, and I find that I have indeed been too absolute in my strictures. My country grocer charges me the ridiculously extravagant price of 3s. per quarter pound jar of Tooth's extract, which is a fair portion to experiment on. However, I get my Liebig now from Wray's Stores, in Fleet Street, at 6s. per pound jar of Tooth's, and 7s. 9d. of the Company's. The two are equal in quality. Careful experiments made with both have fully convinced me now that they impart to gravies and soups something more than flavour and colour, in fact, that they materially improve them from the point of view of nutrition.

Page 101.—*Surrogate.*

It should be "substitute"—"surrogate" is the French and German term.

Page 128.—*Bunch.*

Bunch is a vague term. I think it better to precise the quantity meant, viz., one ounce each of mixed sweet herbs, tarragon and fennel.

Page 130.—*Three half ounces.*

This is simply in blunder; of course, one ounce and a half is meant.

Page 131.—*Horwitz.*

Another cross by the wayside, alas! My dear friend Horwitz died last year.

Page 135.—*Rock Bay Lobster.*

There is no preserved lobster like this. I get mine from Wray's in Fleet Street.

Pages 135 and 136.—*Pepperpot*.

Mr. H. Draper writes me anent this very fine dish as follows:—"Without wishing to be too dogmatic, I do not think a pepperpot can be made without fresh capsicums, and certainly not without cassareep." I fully agree with Mr. Draper that addition of these two ingredients is certainly calculated to improve the dish. I would add them both with a sparing hand, however.

Cassareep (according to Mr. Draper) from *Casse*—for Cassava—and *reep* or *repe*, supposed to be French Creole for root, is used as a valued preservative of meat, and as an agreeable condiment. It is prepared from the roots of the *Jatropha Manihot*. It is made by expressing the juice from the rhizomes or roots of the tapioca plant, then boiling the liquid down to the consistence of syrup, and seasoning abundantly with pepper, Jamaica pepper, cinnamon and mace. The scum is carefully removed during the process. It is a powerful condiment, half an ounce being amply sufficient to flavour a gallon of soup. It is very difficult to procure it, even in London. What is sold by the name of cassareep is, as a rule, simply Indian soy. I intend to have another try whether it is to be got genuine in London. If so I will give the source.

I find I have here (*Pepperpot*) fallen again into the obvious error of using the vague term "bunch." Please read instead, one ounce each of tarragon, chervil, savory, sweet marjoram, and lemon thyme.

Page 137.—*Mussels*.

Anent mussels a correspondent writes as follows:—"A dish which after eating requires quinine and compresses to cure you from its effects really should not find a place in a good cookery book." Now, this seems hard upon me. I simply meant to advise people fond of mussels to take care to clear away the beard from them, and I pointed out the best remedy to them in case of inadvertent neglect of that recommendation. My revered master, the great Raspail, told me that he and his sons had severely suffered from eating improperly prepared mussels, and how they had successfully combated

the morbid symptoms that had assailed them after. The story of the attack, and the remedy, may be found in my "English Version of Raspail's Domestic Medicine," published by Weale, in 1854.

I may tell my disapproving correspondent that I look upon mussels as a palatable dish, and, with the simplest caution, absolutely harmless. I have now a letter before me from Mr. Edward Draper, in which he says:—"I have frequently eaten mussels, and consider them delicious. They were a family dish at our home, in my childhood, and I never knew anyone ill after eating them."

Page 140.—*Tamis and Tamine.*

A correspondent wishes to know the difference suggested here between *tamis* and *tamine*. I beg to state that I suggested no difference, and that *tamined* was really meant to be used simply for *tamised*. But there is a slight difference between a *tamine* and a *tamis*, or *tammy*, as it is more generally called. A *tamis* is a *worsted* straining cloth; a *tamine* is a *hair* strainer or bolter.

Oyster Sauce.—Mr. H. Draper rightly thinks flour in oyster sauce altogether a mistake. Pounded plain biscuit should be taken instead, he says. I quite agree with him; but flour is almost universally recommended, and I have found several "refinements" which I have tried to introduce stigmatised by some writers as the merest "fads."

Page 144.—*Two Spoonfuls of Ketchup.*

One fluid ounce of ketchup is the proper quantity.

Page 150.—*Ragout of Frogs' Legs.*

The number of legs has been inadvertently omitted here. It should be the hind legs of six to twelve frogs. A handful of salt here means two to three ounces. If you take a larger number of legs you will have to use more butter in proportion.

Pages 154 and 155.—*Potatoes, How to boil.*

A correspondent asks why the largest potatoes should be put at the bottom of the pot, the temperature of the boiling

water being the same in every part of the vessel? Is not this direction, he asks, slightly "faddish?" I will not dogmatically insist upon the absolute soundness of my advice to put the largest potatoes at the bottom of the pot, but I believe nearest the generative source of the heat is the most suitable place for them. I know that small potatoes put at the bottom are apt to get in a mash when the large ones on the top are not half done. In Ireland, I have it on very good concurrent authority, they always put the largest potatoes at the bottom, the smallest ones on the top. I quite agree with Mr. Tegetmeier, that potatoes for soup, or in Irish stew, should be boiled by themselves first, and the water thrown away. I believe, in addition, that the great *divide et impera* rule should be practically applied here; that is to say, the potatoes should be cut into smaller pieces than is usually done in our kitchens.

Page 157.—*Stringing Green or French Beans.*

French green beans are not very difficult to string, but it requires some patience. Beans that are hard to string should be pared along both sides with a sharp, small knife, taking care to pare off only just as much as will suffice to remove the string.

Page 160.—*Oyster Bay Asparagus.*

I get my tinned Oyster Bay Asparagus generally at Wray's, in Fleet Street, but I do not always find it easy to get it, as they are sometimes out of the article. Whenever I have been compelled to put up with a substitute, no matter which, my conviction of the superior quality of the Oyster Bay brand has received strong confirmation.

SOUPS, ETC.

Page 163.

I have no wish to depart from my purpose not to touch upon the subject of soups, &c. I think, however, a few brief cursory remarks upon one or two of these branches of cookery may not be deemed altogether out of place here

as, though of course familiar to all good cooks, they are yet apt occasionally to be disregarded.

Earthenware vessels are better suited to make soups and broths than metal ones. They are more economical, as they require less heat, and accordingly less fuel to keep the contents on the gentle boil; they are also the cleanest and purest, as they communicate no extraneous flavour or smell whatever to the meat, &c., boiled in them. With proper care and attention they will keep fit for use a long time. Pots, &c., lined with earthenware come next, and are even preferred by many, only that they come rather dear. However, well-tinned iron vessels answer almost equally well; but copper and brass pots, &c., should never be used for soups and broths; or, at least, their contents should always be taken out at once when done. Never let soups, &c., cool in the pot, &c., in which they have been boiled; least of all with the lid on, as the steam would condense on the inside, re-absorbing oxygen, then drop back, and thus tend to sour the soup or broth. The simplest way is to pour out the soup, &c., into an earthenware or stoneware jar. All bones and parings of flesh and fowl are useful for the stock-pot. Crush the bones if practicable, or at least break them. Keep vegetables out of your stock-pot as far as practicable, as they have a tendency to bring on fermentation. The same applies to the flesh of immature animals, which is much better for fresh-made soup or broth.

Roots, herbs, and vegetables had always better be boiled separately, even for fresh-made soups, but at least for the stock-pot. They can easily be kept ready at hand in suitable vessels in the water-bath. In large and well-appointed kitchens I have often seen a capacious water-bath with a number of such vessels holding a variety of vegetables, rice, barley, lentils, vermicelli, &c., all ready to be added to the broth or stock according to requirement, so that a variety of soups might be expeditiously made with the same stock or broth. In reference to this speedy way of making soup, I think it may not be altogether uninteresting to give my recent experience of a palatable and nutritious soup which I was induced to try in a protracted fit of dyspepsia. The recipe is very simple.

Take an ounce of Robinson's barley or groats, or of a mixture of both ; blend it with an equal portion of cold water to a smooth paste, and add this, with constant stirring, to a pint of boiling beef tea, mutton, veal or chicken broth, or good stock, seasoned with salt and pepper, and with a shalot thinly sliced, a bit of celery root, and a little parsley boiled in it. Stir in 50 or 60 grains of Liebig's extract, let it just come to the boil again, then remove and serve. I never found anything more easily digested. I have since recommended it warmly to dyspeptics, more notably to a lady and gentleman, brother and sister, who had come down to Westgate-on-Sea to try to get up a little strength to fit them for a trip to Australia. They were both suffering from almost hopelessly impaired digestion, and felt growing weaker day by day notwithstanding the arsenical medication they had been recommended to try. They took my advice ; three months after they left for Australia, with greatly improved digestions and much better nourished frames than when they had first come to Westgate.

Never take more than double the weight of water to that of the meat used. It is no true economy ; also avoid the use of fat meat as far as practicable.

Stale meat should never be used in soup or broth.

Be chary of seasoning and spices. A little of these things will go a long way. But a very little sugar judiciously added will often be found to greatly improve the flavour. Never indulge over freely in onion or shalot in soups.

I append three soup recipes not generally known—a Russo-Polish, a German, and a Chinese, to wit :—

A.—CZY-BORO*—TSGHY-BORCH.

Imperial compound Russo-Polish Cabbage, Beetroot, and Sourcrout Soup à la Herzen.

The subjoined curious recipe was given to me some thirty-five years ago by the late Dr. Tausenau, who had it direct from Alexander Herzen, a wealthy Russian gentleman of

* I cannot vouch for the correctness of the spelling. My knowledge of the Slavic tongues is almost nil.

some fame at the time in politics and sociology, and author of "Letters from the Other Shore"; also a distinguished Gastronomist and Amateur Chef:--The dish modestly professes to be simply a cabbage, beetroot, and sourcrout soup, and the name of it certainly is not over-inviting, but it is in reality a most complex concoction of costly ingredients with the cabbage, beetroot, and sourcrout just thrown in, seemingly, by way of make-weight as it were. It is rather troublesome to make, and may be fairly regarded as a fitting pendant to Prince Soubise's famous gastronomic achievement—*les beaux esprits se rencontrent*.

Dr. Tausenau, who might have successfully competed with the most famous contemporary *chefs*, would occasionally invite a few friends to dine with him at his chambers in Barnard's Inn. At one of these dinners, when I was a guest, he placed this grand dish before us. It met with delighted approbation. I preferred it vastly to the Polish Borch of my childhood, which is constructed on somewhat similar lines, with this material difference, however, that there enters into its composition a large quantity of beetroot vinegar.

1. First make your stock. Take eight pounds of best gravy beef and four pounds of veal, free from fat; cut the meat in small dice, or thin slices. Place these in a capacious earthenware, or well-tinned iron, pot with two gallons and a half of water. Put the pot on the hob or hot-plate, and let it gently simmer five hours and a half.

2. Meanwhile clean six pounds by weight of fresh pulled beetroots, and cut them lengthways in thin fillets; roll these in fine flour; then let them stew half an hour in eight ounces of butter in a close-covered stew-pan.

3. Put the leaves of a fine head of cabbage, taken off one by one, into a suitable pan, pour boiling water over them, put on the lid, and let the pan stand fifteen minutes on the hot plate.

4. Take two pounds of Sourcrout, with the juniper berries picked out, and chop it fine.

5. Take one pound by weight of carrots, a celery root, and a parsley root, half a pound of onions, and four ounces each of shalots and leeks, all sliced or cut small; two ounces each

of parsley, savory, sweet marjoram, thyme, basil, lemon thyme and sage, all tied together in a bunch, with a dozen bay leaves added, and twelve cloves, an ounce each of whole white pepper and mace. Put all these ingredients (carrots, &c.) in a clean muslin bag, which tie with a string.

6. Scrape two pounds of fresh plucked beetroots, pulp in a mortar, strain through a tammy into a pan, and add a bottle of good claret to the liquor, which heat to boiling on the fire.

7. Half roast a fat capon, two plump partridges, and two fine ducklings.

8. Take a dozen fieldfares, put them in a suitable pan with an ample portion of butter, strew a little salt over them, cover close, and let the birds do slowly in a hot oven. When done, carve the breasts out, and cut them up in very thin slices, which lay in a large tureen. Put aside the hearts and livers, and pound the skeletons in a mortar. Stew the paste in the butter in which the birds have been done, stir in an ounce of flour, add a pint and a half of your stock (1), and let it boil gently; after an hour's boil, skim off the fat, pass the soup through a tammy, and add it to the boiling stock (1).

9. Strain the stock through a tammy into another large well-tinned iron stew-pot, skim the fat off, salt moderately, and let come to the boil again. Then suspend in it the muslin bag with the roots, &c. (5), and add the cabbage (3), the sourcrout (4), and the beet fillets (2). Give it now an hour's boiling, after which add a pound of bacon from the breast, a sweetbread, and the half-roasted partridges, ducklings, and capon (7). Now watch the stewing, and take the bacon, the sweetbread, and the birds up gradually as they are done. Cut the sweetbread in slices, and the bacon in thin square pieces, carve and trim and fillet the birds in appetising fashion, putting hearts and livers aside, and removing the gizzards. Lay bacon, sweetbread, and birds thus prepared in the tureen with the fieldfare breasts.

10. Mince the hearts and livers of the birds very fine, with two ounces each of shalots, and mixed sweet herbs, and one ounce of parsley, all chopped fine; add two pounds of good, fresh-made pork sausage-meat, four ounces pounded

plain biscuit, half an ounce fine salt, thirty grains each of ground white pepper, allspice, cloves, and grated nutmeg, and the yolks of three eggs. Mix and work this well together and make into small meat-balls, which roll in pounded plain biscuit.

11. Keep your stock boiling two hours and a half longer, then remove the muslin bag with the vegetables (5), and put in instead the meat balls (10). Give it another half hour's boiling, then add to it the beetroot and claret liquor boiling, which will impart to the soup a fine claret colour.

12. Lastly, take a pint of clotted cream, work an ounce of fine flour and two egg yolks through it, and add this to the soup. Give it another boil up, then strain boiling through a cloth over the solids in the tureen, and serve hot.

B.—HAMBURG EEL SOUP AND STEWED PEARS.

A Favourite German Dish.

In bygone times I was passionately fond of this dish, and whenever I was staying in Hamburg at the proper season, I rarely was absent from the *table d'hôte* at the Petersburg Hotel when this appetising dish figured on the *menu*. This is the recipe: Take two fine eels, weighing together about three pounds, and rub them all over with salt; wash them well, wipe them dry, and cut them up in inch pieces, rejecting the head and the point of the tail. Lay the pieces in a stew-pan (earthen or well tinned iron), sprinkle half an ounce of salt over them, add a fluid ounce of pure French vinegar, thirty peppercorns, black and white mixed, a sprig of fennel, two bay leaves, and a bottle of good white wine (Laubenhaimer or Sauterne will do). Put on the lid, place the pan over a charcoal fire, or on the hot plate, and let it stew slowly until the eel is thoroughly done; transfer to a dish.

Pare six pounds of good stewing pears, lay them uncut with the stalks left in, in a suitable pan (earthen or well tinned iron), with sixty grains of fine cinnamon and thirty cloves; pour in a bottle of pale sherry, put the pan on the hot plate, and let it stew slowly for a compote—but without sugar. When the compote is done transfer to a dish. Stand the two dishes in a cool place till next day.

Next day make your soup :—

Cut up four pounds of good gravy beef, lay the pieces in a suitable pot, pour in seven pints of water, place the pot on the fire, and let the contents boil one hour, with diligent skimming. Meanwhile, chop fine three ounces each of celery leaves, parsley and marjoram, two ounces each of thyme, pimpernel, and tarragon, and an ounce of sorrel, sage and leek mixed. Cut up in small dice six ounces of carrots, three ounces of parsley root, and four ounces of celery root, and throw the whole of the vegetables into the boiling stock. After another hour and a half's boiling, add a pint of shelled green peas, with four ounces each of purslane and cauliflower, and keep boiling another half hour. When nearly ready for serving, sweat two ounces of fine flour in four ounces of butter to a light yellow, add twenty grains of ground pepper, and stir into the soup.

Now lay in a tureen the number of pieces of eel and stewed pears which in your judgment are required, and add a proportionate part of your soup. Place on the table also a dish with eel and another with pears, and keep a portion of soup ready for another helping.

What may be left over of the stock, the eels and the pears should be kept in a cool place, separately, mind, as otherwise an objectionable fishy taste might be given to the stock. One or two days' keeping even tends to improve the dish, warmed again and served up the second or third day after. Some gastronomists advise addition of forced meat or eel and crayfish-balls to such second editions warmed and served up again. Many years ago I was dining one day at the "Goldene Gans," in Breslau, in high gastronomic repute at the time. Among the guests were the late Old Catholic Bishop, Dr. Reinken, and Professor Huber, of Munich, later on also a famous leader in the Old Catholic camp, who was at the time on a visit to the Doctor. Both these eminent to be seceders after were, or, at least, professed to be, then still in the perfervid Chrysalis State of Romanism pure and simple. We had Hamburg Eel and Pear Soup, which the two learned Divines discussed with evident relish, regretfully following with their eyes the "leavings," as they were being carried off—"Ah, Huber," exclaimed Reinken to his neighbour at table, "what

a dish for Lent!—could one but have a dispensation for the stock!”

C.—CHINESE BIRDS’-NESTS SOUP.

I am almost afraid the last two dishes may, to many readers, look a little “awful.” Well, all I can say by way of apology for giving them a place in this little book is that thousands of people in the East and Centre of Europe eat them with wonderful relish.

The vagaries of the human heart and mind are infinite in their variety, and unbounded in the extravagance of their conception. Why should not the human palate be permitted to compete with them? And, after all, the Russo-Polish “mixture,” and the Hamburg flesh, fish, and fruit compound, are perhaps quite as rational, at least, as the strange elevation of the gelatinous salivary secretions of a small bird to the proud pinnacle of “crowning” ingredient in a “Royal Dish.”

It is still a moot point with naturalists whether the edible nests built by the tiny swifts of the Eastern Archipelago are formed entirely of some special material secreted by the bird in the act of making the nest, or are constituted chiefly of algæ, with the salivary secretion of the bird used for cement. Of late the evidence seems to preponderate in favour of the former view.

Be this as it may, the notion of *feasting* upon the salivary secretion of a bird would not seem particularly inviting, and considering that these nests in their quality and flavour resemble isinglass, their extreme costliness—something like twenty shillings per ounce (each tiny nest weighs about half an ounce)—might surely be thought an effective bar to their use as the daintiest ingredient in a dainty dish. Far from this being the case, however, the “Batavia,” or Chinese Birds’-nests Soup has of late years been slowly, but surely gaining ground in high class, nay even in princely and royal kitchens.

The subjoined recipe is taken from Davidis-Rosendorf’s Classic Manual of Cookery.

Take eight or ten nests, four or five ounces by weight, lay them in cold beef tea, and let them soak over night

Next morning, when the nests are thoroughly softened, pick out with a larding needle the small black points, which are simply minute feathers that have got into the structure of the nest.

Cut the nests now in fillets, lay them in a suitable stew-pan, add three or four grains of cayenne pepper; sixty grains of Liebig's Extract of Meat; and half a bottle of Madeira; and boil slowly over a gentle fire or on the hot plate.

By this time your rich stock should be ready. To prepare this, cut, the night before, four ounces of suet moderately small, lay the pieces in a pan, cover amply with fresh cold water, and let it stand over night, changing the water at least once.

Next morning, chop the suet fine, and cover with it the bottom of a suitable pan, which will hold about six quarts of water. Lay in two large Spanish onions, cut in finger thick slices, three pounds of beef off the rump, and two pounds of veal off the leg, both cut up in pieces, and well washed. Add a quarter pound of lean ham in slices, and half a ladleful of ordinary beef-tea. Place the pan on a very moderate fire, and stew slowly until a light-brown coloration begins to show at the bottom. Fill the pan now up to some four inches from the rim with boiling beef-tea, and let it boil on slowly, skimming carefully until no more scum rises to the surface.

Meanwhile, half-roast an old fowl and two old partridges, or pigeons, which then add to the stock in the pan, with a middling carrot, a parsley root, part of a celery root, all cut or sliced, and a couple of leeks, and let the contents of the pan, closely covered, boil slowly five or six hours. Then skim off all the fat, and pour the skimmed stock through a napkin slowly into an earthen pot.

This produces about two quarts of very rich stock, golden yellow in colour, concentrated in strength, and most pleasant in flavour. Add this and another half bottle of Madeira to the birds'-nests. Stew, and give the whole another twenty minutes' boiling. Lastly, skim with care, salt at your discretion, and serve hot in a tureen.

I think this a suitable place to add a few less complex out-of-the-way dishes.

(a.) Fried Meat and Buckwheat Dumpling.

Boil over a slow fire two pounds of best beef and two pounds of rather fat pork in a gallon and a half of unsalted water. When the meat is thoroughly well done and soft, carefully pick out the bones, if any; chop the meat very fine, put it in a stew-pan, and pour the broth in which it has been boiled over it through a sieve. Let it come to the boil again, and season with salt, pepper, Jamaica pepper, and cloves; then strew in, with constant stirring, one and a half to two pounds of buckwheat flour, let the mass boil some forty to fifty minutes, then transfer the stiff dumplings, which will now easily come off the pan, to dry earthen dishes or plates, and set them in a cool, airy place. In summer, the dumplings will keep eight days, in winter a full fortnight, ready for frying, to which end cut into slices about half an inch thick, heat in a large enamelled frying-pan either good butter or beef suet or pork dripping, or lard. When the butter, &c., is boiling put in the dumpling slices, laying them close side by side, and fry them in open pan, yellow on both sides, so that whilst crisp outside they remain soft within. Serve on mashed potatoes, or with chips. A tasty dish to prepare at a few minutes' notice. Will serve also to turn to account odd scraps of boiled meat, and tough roast.

(b.) Spanish Mixed Stew.

This requires a pottery jar with close tight-fitting lid, and a deep stew-pan with boiling water on a good fire.

Take one pound each of best rumpsteak, fillet of veal, lean mutton chops (neck), and lean pork (dairy-fed); beat the meat lightly until it feels tender to the touch, then cut it up into slices about half an inch thick; pare, wash, and rinse three to four pounds of good sound potatoes, and cut them also in thin slices. Slice a pound and a half of onions. Keep the two vegetables separate.

Put a layer of potatoes at the bottom of the jar, with about an ounce, or an ounce and a half, of butter in small bits laid on, then a layer of the mixed meats, over which strew a little salt, with a few pepper and pimento corns, and a bay-leaf or two; now put on a layer of the sliced onions, then begin

again with the potatoes, butter, meat, &c., until the jar is nearly full, when finish with a last layer of potato slices, over which pour four fluid ounces of sour cream mixed with a fluid ounce of beef tea or mutton broth. Close the jar tight, and place it in the boiling water in the stew-pan. Keep boiling about an hour and a half. Serve hot. This is a rich and very tasty dish.

(c.) *Paprikan—A Magyar Dish.*

Cut three or four pounds of fillet of veal in dice of about half to three-quarters of an ounce weight. Wash the pieces and squeeze the water out between the palms of your hands; chop eight ounces of shalots and four ounces of mushrooms fine, and put them in a suitable earthen or tinned-iron pot with tight-fitting lid. Put in half a pound of butter or lard (or a few ounces more if required), with half an ounce of salt and five grains of cayenne. Then put in the meat, and let it stew over a gentle fire some sixty to seventy minutes. Now open the pot and stir in two ounces of flour blended with four fluid ounces of sour cream and a pint of beef tea made of meat extract. Serve hot with mashed or fried potatoes or chips, or with *Pommes panés*. The addition of a chicken, or two or three pigeons, or both, greatly improves this succulent dish.

To prepare *Pommes panés* choose middle-sized potatoes, all as nearly as possible the same size, wash them, and boil them in their skins, only just sufficiently to make them peel easily. Cut the peeled potatoes into thickish slices, roll these first in yolk of egg, then in pounded plain biscuit, and fry them to a light yellowish-brown in beef dripping mixed with one-fourth of fresh butter, in an open enamelled frying pan. Serve hot with the paprikan.

(d.) *Gulacz—Hungarian National Dish.*

Take three pounds of fillet of beef, three-quarters of a pound of fat bacon, six ounces of shalots, and two of mushrooms. Cut the fillet into pieces about an inch and a half to two inches long by three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut the bacon and the shalots and mushrooms into small dice, and fry these together to a bright yellow in an

enamelled open pan over a brisk fire. Then add the meat hot and keep the pan on the fire, with occasional stirring, until the juice or gravy of the meat, which exudes copiously, is considerably reduced by evaporation, though, of course, not to dryness. Then add a quarter of an ounce of salt, forty grains of coarsely powdered pepper, ten grains of curry powder, and five grains of cayenne in fine powder. Stir the contents of the pan once more well together and serve piping hot. A glass of Madeira added a minute or two before serving *is* an improvement.

SAUCES.

A Few Sauce Recipes which may not be Generally Known.

A.—CAPER AND OYSTER SAUCE TO SALMON, ETC.

1. Take one ounce of plain biscuit, pound it fine, add two fluid ounces of a mixture of equal parts of white wine, tarragon vinegar, and water, and blend to a smooth paste in a suitable earthen pan; add a quart of good beef-tea, four slices of lemon (pips removed), and twenty-five or thirty grains of mace, pounded fine; heat to boiling, with constant stirring.

2. Open a dozen oysters of the less expensive sort, beard them, and boil the beards in good butter, with four or five white peppercorns, coarsely pounded, and a bay leaf added; pour the liquor through a tammy, and add it to 1.

3. Now reduce the heat to below boiling, add four ounces of capers chopped fine, stir in by degrees a quarter pound of best butter, and clear with three or four egg yolks; chop the oysters fine, with an ounce of fennel, and add this lastly to the sauce. Pour hot over the salmon, turbot, pike, &c., with which it is served.

B.—A TASTY HERRING AND ANCHOVY SAUCE.

Bone and chop fine two Dutch herrings and four anchovies that have been kept over night in milk. Chop fine four ounces of shalot and two of parsley, which sweat in butter, stir in one ounce of pounded plain biscuit and one of fine

flour. When the mixture begins to look yellow add sufficient water to make a thickish sauce, to which add a bay leaf, three or four slices of lemon, half a fluid ounce of tarragon vinegar, a fluid ounce or two of mushroom ketchup, and ten grains each of ground pepper, allspice, and mace. Let it come to the boil, and stir in a quarter of an ounce of meat extract, three egg yolks, and two ounces of butter.

C.—HORSERADISH SAUCE.

(a.) *Boiled.*

Take four ounces of pounded biscuit, ninety grains each of salt and sugar, two ounces of butter, and thirty grains of pounded mace; add six ounces of strong broth and two of tarragon vinegar, boil, and stir in four ounces of fresh-grated horseradish. This is an excellent sauce to take with boiled beef or veal, &c.

(b.) *Raw with Cream.*

Mix ten fluid ounces of thick, sweet cream with five of tarragon vinegar, add six drams each of salt and sugar, and stir in a quarter ounce of sharp table mustard and fresh-grated horseradish sufficient to make a thick sauce. This sauce may be taken with boiled fish or meat.

PASTRY.

The secret of a short tasty crust is very simple:—Best materials, liberal proportions, judicious seasoning or sweetening and a **LIGHT HAND**.

Best puff paste requires equal proportions of fine flour and good butter. For less delicate pastry, three-quarters of a pound of butter to one pound of flour will do. The only allowable substitute for butter, in case of need, is lard. Pork dripping will also do; so, *à la rigueur*, may beef dripping or suet. Mutton fat should never find a place in pastry or pudding.

Suet chopping is troublesome, and there is a natural tendency in not a few cooks to do this sort of work in a prefatory manner to the injury of the puddings, dumplings,

&c., made with the suet. To avoid this, you may render your suet instead of chopping it. To this end cut the suet in small dice, and lay them in water overnight, changing the the liquid *at least* once. Drain the water off, put the washed suet in a suitable pot, add milk, in the proportion of six fluid ounces to the pound, and boil open on the hot plate until the fat looks quite clear. Then pour through a colander straight over the flour, &c., with which it is intended to work it into paste.

Except in a simple water paste, water should be used with a very sparing hand in pastry. With very soft butter in summer it may often be dispensed with altogether.

CONDIMENTS—HERBAL VINEGAR.

Page 169.

VIOLET VINEGAR.—Pluck fresh blue, fine-scented violets off the stalks, and put from four to six ounces in a quart bottle, fill up with best wine vinegar, cork the bottle well, and place it a fortnight in the sun, or near a warm stove. Then pour through filtering paper into a clean bottle, and put the stopper in tight. Keep for use in a suitable cool place. This vinegar serves for flavouring fine sauces and dainty dishes; a few drops will do. But its chief use is in the sick room as a soothing agent in neuralgia and headache. A teaspoonful to a glass of sugar-water or lemonade.

Page 178.—*Keen's Mustard.*

The reason that Keen's brand ranks highest among mustards for the table, simply is that the firm seem to have unvaryingly kept to the proper proportions of black and white seeds. Black seed is always dearer than the white variety, which latter, moreover, yields thirty to thirty-five per cent. more flour than the black seed. The white mustard comes thus seventy-five to eighty per cent. cheaper than the black.

I have had occasion over and over again to analyse some of the most pretentious samples of "Genuine Mustard," and I can only say that I have found some of them indeed

"genuine" in the sense that they contained *white* mustard unmixed or only very slightly mixed with black seed. Now as it is the volatile pungent principle of the black seed which really constitutes "Table Mustard," it is preposterous to dub an article genuine which contains little or none of that principle. This is the true cause why "Table Mustard" so often turns out such a lamentable failure in private houses.

SALADS.

Page 182.

An otherwise kindly-disposed reviewer of my book finds fault with my salads from a health point of view. "Should any unfortunate dyspeptic," he says, "be tempted to try one of his wonderful mixtures the experiment might not improbably be attended with disastrous, if not fatal, results." I would earnestly urge upon my genial critic to take a less "dyspeptic" view of my salads, and give them at least the benefit of a trial. I beg to assure him he need not apprehend disastrous results. As to *fatal* consequences, I can honestly aver that no coroner's jury has ever yet had occasion to commit me for constructive manslaughter. Nay, in more than one serious case of tubercular consumption that had even advanced far beyond the incipient stage, and where the repugnance to cod-liver oil was too great to be overcome, my green salads have been the means of agreeably ingesting olive oil instead, to the great benefit of the patient; for the vegetable oil, combined with a regular course of iodine in very small doses will pretty nearly answer the same purpose as the cod-liver oil, though the latter, being an animal oil, is, of course, more readily assimilated.

UNFERMENTED DRINKS.

COFFEE.

Page 204.—*Sugg's Automatic Coffee Roaster.*

Having since seen Sugg's Coffee Roaster in action, I have to record my conviction now that the apparatus is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. Good coffee

should always be *fresh* roasted. This roaster will at the most do three-quarters of a pound at a time ; just sufficient for eight to twelve cups of first-rate coffee. The first cost—from seven to twelve pounds—may sound a little dear, but in large private kitchens and in high-class restaurants the economy of fuel and the unerring perfection of the process will soon make up amply for the original outlay.

Page 207.—*Ash's Apparatus.*

I have also had occasion since to make a series of experiments in infusing coffee, in the course of which I have tried well nigh every known method, and almost every apparatus, pot, biggin, &c., used for coffee making, and as a final result I have found Ash's Kaffee Kanne the very best and most efficient apparatus to obtain a bright, strong and aromatic infusion of coffee—even when made with Domingo, Brazil, and the lower sorts of Ceylon.

I venture to reprint here from the *Times* of September 14th, 1882, a letter, written, as I have been informed since, by a distinguished chemist, with whose views and opinions on coffee making I fully agree :—

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Will you allow me space, as a coffee-drinker of many years' experience, to supplement with a few remarks your useful and amusing article on coffee ?

1st. I always grind my own coffee, but, as I do not roast it, I take the precaution to discard any sample containing berries which have been over-roasted or in any degree burnt or charred, in which case the berries would present a more or less blackened appearance, somewhat resembling charcoal. Over-torrefaction destroys the aroma and volatile oil upon which the agreeable flavour of the coffee depends.

2nd. Soft water makes bad coffee, moderately hard water the reverse. The soft water extracts from the coffee certain bitter principles which mask its delicate aroma and flavour.

3rd. I give for the benefit of people of a confiding nature, who will purchase ground coffee, a rough and approximate test as to its quality. Let them throw a small quantity upon some water placed in a tumbler or wine-glass : what coffee there is in the sample will float, while any chicory will fall to the bottom of the glass and impart a brown tint to the water.

4th. I have tried many biggins and patented coffee apparatus,

but I have found none so satisfactory as a vessel called the "Kaffee Kanne," which consists of an ordinary biggin surrounded by a jacket containing boiling water, which acts as a most efficient cosy.

The coffee is made by percolation (not boiling, which, as you justly state, is synonymous with spoiling) in an inner vessel, and is kept at the point of ebullition by the surrounding boiling water—a contrivance which evolves the essential oil of the coffee, and produces a beverage of excellent aroma and quality.

Yours, F. C. S.

TEA.

Pages 213 and 216.—CANELLA.

Mr. H. Draper calls my attention to the fact that canella is the name of a West Indian tree and an aromatic bark obtained from it, which is occasionally used in medicine, and that this may lead to mistaking the one for the other. What I mean by canella is simply the bark of *Cinnamomum Zeylanicum*, which is a very superior article indeed to the bark of *Cinnamomum Cassia* and other species of cinnamon. It is, in fact, the finest cinnamon known, and is very much costlier than any other sort. Canella, or some other name similarly spelt and pronounced, is the general name in all European languages the same as it was formerly in England also. However, I quite agree with Mr. Draper that now it is best to call it cinnamon.

Page 220.

A few words anent water and some other simple unfermented drinks.

Drinking water should always be filtered. Many of the filters now in use are pretty nearly equally suited for the purpose of cleaning water more or less of gases and other impurities. Years ago I used to make a filter of my own, in which the filtering medium consisted of a mixture in equal parts of sand and animal charcoal, with a tenth part of iron filings worked through. This filter answered my purpose indifferently well; but I am not sufficiently well versed in this matter to venture upon advising others to try it.

Some authorities maintain that nothing short of boiling the water will purify it for drinking. It may be so, but I for

one cannot and will not drink boiled water—unless thoroughly re-aërated. It may be quite pure, but I do not think it is potable. One might just as well drink distilled water. Apollinaris is the most agreeable of the sparkling natural waters. Vichy and Vals (Source St. Dominique) are the most suitable of the mineral waters. They both contain a little arsenic, which may be considered to indicate their beneficial use in asthma and consumption.

I am not an advocate for indulgence in soda and seltzer. Potassa water seems to me preferable as a drink. Years ago my late friend, William Maugham, an excellent chemist and very good man, introduced what he called Carrara water, as it was made from Carrara marble. I do not know whether it is manufactured still, but I can affirm that at the time I am now referring to I found this sparkling lime-water vastly superior for drinking to soda and potassa water.

Water, more particularly aërated water, should never be drunk fresh iced. It is most dangerous to ingest it into the heated body at that low temperature. It is always much wiser and better to sip an ice slowly than gulp down a glass of iced water.

Ginger beer also is but too frequently rather a doubtful drink, even now when the manufacture of it has so greatly improved. The danger lies, however, chiefly in the large quantity imbibed occasionally.

Never indulge in the bottled lemonade generally supplied by the trade if you can help it. Make your own lemonade. It is a cheap and most refreshing drink. Fourpence will make a gallon or five quarts of it, which it is easy to flavour most inexpensively with a variety of fruit syrups.

N.B.—I always make my lemonade with fresh cold spring water, in lieu of boiling either the water or the lemonade. In my time, when at the Algiers Military Hospitals, my lemonade was always liked better by the patients than that of other dispensations! they found it more agreeable and refreshing. I used to put in two or three minims of pure sulphuric acid per quart of lemonade.

Stimulating the action of the skin is justly held to be a sovereign remedy in all chills and colds. Among our most effective diaphoretics figures the elder (*Sambucus Nigra*).

A strong infusion of elder flowers taken hot with sugar and lemon juice, and fifteen or twenty minims of sweet spirit of nitre, may be safely trusted to bring on perspiration, which, with warm covering, small draughts of lemonade imbibed now and then through a tube within ready reach of the patient's mouth will serve to keep up for hours. A fluid ounce of old rum added to the infusion improves the taste and materially assists the action.

FERMENTED DRINKS.

Page 232.

The same reviewer who would all but excommunicate my salads comes down with equal severity upon my "cups, grogs, toddies, and punches," which he calls "superb yet fearful," opining that "none save millionaires with copper-lined stomachs are likely to indulge in them." Really, this is a little beyond the licence of mere exaggeration.

I am not in the habit exactly of consorting with millionaires—rather very much the other way—yet my "cups, grogs, toddies, and punches" have never to my knowledge wrought the financial ruin of any moderate indulger in them; whilst I may safely affirm also that the ordinary mucous lining of the stomach does very well for the digestion and healthy disposal of any of my spirituous mixtures—nay, a great deal better, indeed, than the suggested metallic substitute, which would be sure to be injuriously acted upon by the acid juice of the lemon. However, whilst thus resolved to vindicate the moderateness and wholesomeness of my tipples, I must admit that the objections urged against them by my critic cannot be held to be altogether unfounded or frivolous; only that the fault in the matter lies chiefly—one might almost say *exclusively*—with our iniquitous, well-nigh lawless, beer, wine, and spirit trade system. There are but too many of our purveyors of these most important wares utterly unscrupulous in their dealings with the public—hard-sodden dispensers of abominable poisons, mostly at unconscionable prices in the bargain—which certainly ought to supply the antidote to the poison, but unhappily does not. Look at the stuff

palmed upon us by members of the trade as bottled Bass, Guinness, &c.; at the vile raw spirits that are made to pass for "old Tom," "old whisky," "best pine-apple rum," and "French (!) brandy;" at the miscalled liqueurs that are not properly made, but simply unwholesome mixtures of alcohol, sugar, water, and essential oils. I know full well there are thousands of honest men in the trade, but the difficulty is to find out where to put your hand on them as occasion may arise.

Unhappily the lower strata of society use their worst endeavours to encourage the adulteration of good sound liquor, instead of essaying their might and main to check it. The other day I saw in a "cheap art" window the picture of a most-degraded looking specimen of male humanity, leaning for much-needed support against the jamb of the portal opening into a spirit shop; to whom a kindred crone, "Do they sell good whuskee in there?" "Good whuskee!" he huskily responds, evidently with a sustained hiccough; "I should think so. Why, look at me—all for tuppence!" Years ago a friend of mine, a good decent fellow, took a free house near the Surrey, with the honest determination to sell only pure beer, pure wines, and pure spirits there. He laid in a sufficient stock of Barclay's, and tapped it as he got it. His customers at once struck, and, however reluctantly, he had to send for the "doctor" to avoid financial ruin. A few weeks after you could get as bad drinks there as anywhere in London. Comment is needless.

About a twelvemonth ago a gentleman of my acquaintance asked my opinion about an assortment of wines which he had just received from the Chevalier Mayer in Frankfort-on-the-Main. I found all the wines quite pure and altogether of good quality. There was, more especially, a Niersteiner of 1874, which certainly was fully worth the moderate price of thirty shillings a dozen charged for it. There were also some samples of sparkling Champagne, Burgundy, Hock, and Moselle—that might have passed muster anywhere at sixty and even sixty-six shillings per dozen, though they were marked only fifty-four shillings.

Well, last spring some kind friends took me with them on a trip through the West of England. At most of the hotels

where we took up our temporary quarters we found the wine prices positively deterrent—six shillings a bottle of Niersteiner, for instance, of rather inferior quality, and ten or twelve shillings a bottle of very second-rate Sparklings. Some of the lists had no Port or Sherry under eight shillings a bottle, and Bucellas six shillings! which, with sound Catalan at eighteen to twenty shillings, and Stallard's Iberian or Spanish Claret at fifteen to sixteen shillings the dozen, looked perfectly absurd.

A few brief words of advice to the readers of this little volume. If you can possibly manage, always get your beer in the barrel or cask direct from some well reputed brewery or wholesale importer that will give you the double guarantee of goodness and cheapness. Cobb, of Margate, for instance, supplies a pure, sound, pale ale at a shilling per gallon in the cask. Lager beer you may procure at moderate prices from the Tivoli Agency in the Adelphi,* or from the Tottenham Anglo-Austrian Brewery, &c. For genuine bottled beers at the lowest reasonable prices no agency can rank higher in the trade than that of the Forsters. Such spirits as I require I get from Stallard's or Hedges and Butler's, where they sell them pure and cheap. I have not much occasion to gather personal experience in high class French and German wines, but my friends who have dealt on my recommendation with Hürter, of the Strand, and Mayer, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, have always expressed to me their entire satisfaction with the purveyors and the supplies. There is nothing whatever invidious meant by singling out these few firms. I am perfectly aware that there are thousands of other English and foreign houses of deservedly equally high repute, but here I can only name

* The famous Tivoli Kaiserbier is always on tap at the Adelphi Restaurant, in the Strand, which glories in one of the grandest dining halls in London, pictorially decorated by Professor Ferdinand Wagner, of Munich, one of the most genial painters of our time, who has achieved a high reputation for grandeur of conception, finish of execution, and mastery of coloration, which extends far beyond the confines of Germany. The humorous frescoes adorning the vaults of the Munich Guildhall, were done by him; and his Tableaux in the Drachenburg Hunting Hall, are among his latest and grandest works.

the few that are within the ken of my personal observation and experience.

I will freely admit also that in the selection of my drink recipes in the first edition I have been a little over high and exclusive. So with the reader's kind permission I will, among the few additional drinks here following, include some of the simpler and cheaper sort. But, first and foremost, let me give the following excellent cup kindly suggested by the *Saturday Review*. "Put a large slice of pineapple at the bottom of the jug, with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, pour over it a bottle of sound *Médoc*, insert a lump of ice as big as a baby's head, and just when you want to serve it add a pint bottle of good Sparkling Moselle." This is indeed an admirable cup to drink with a few friends. I say it from my heart, I should very much like to share in such a cup with so kind and kindred a spirit.

The quantities given in the subjoined recipes are, of course, simply proportional, and may accordingly be proportionally varied.

As regards the proper quantity of sugar in prepared drinks, this has to be left, in a very great measure at least, to the taste and discretion of the mixer. I use about one ounce of loaf sugar per half-pint tumbler. A deal of trouble may be saved easily enough by the substitution of syrup for sugar. You may make your own syrup by dissolving over a very gentle fire, or simply by the side of the hob, in a pint (16 fluid ounces) of distilled water, about two pounds and a quarter of best refined loaf sugar. This will give a good thick syrup, with about 352 grs. of sugar in every fluid ounce. Some add to this syrup lemon juice, orange juice, &c., in varying proportions. I prefer to add the fresh juices when wanted. As a rule the drink is all the better.

RUM OR ARRACK GROG.

A Bowl for four.

Dissolve half a pound of sugar in half a pint of boiling water, in a bowl, add the yellow rind of half a fresh lemon shaved off very thin; then pour in a bottle of the oldest pineapple rum or arrack you can get, stir, and fill up with

three pints of boiling water. Upon the supposition that your rum or arrack is sixty over proof, this is a strong grog even for those who go in for stiff drinks. Another pint of boiling water added will soften it down very considerably, whilst an additional quart (in lieu of a pint) will convert the mixture into an "illigant tippie for the ladies," as that most Catholic authority on drinks, Father Prout, used to have it.

ICED ORANGE TODDY.

Dissolve one ounce of powdered sugar in two fluid ounces of orange juice, add four ounces of ice in small pieces, put in a piece of yellow lemon peel, with a drop or two of essence of orange, and pour over the mixture four fluid ounces of the oldest Scotch or Irish whisky you can get. Drink before the ice is quite melted. This toddy is rather "stiffish." I make mine with two or three fluid ounces of spirit instead of four. However, with sound whisky, mellowed by age, there is no harm in the stronger mixture.

SIMPLE GIN PUNCH.

Drop a few minims of essence of lemon on two ounces of powdered sugar in a small bowl, add a fluid ounce of lemon juice, and pour in a quatern of boiling water. When the sugar is dissolved add a quatern and a half of real Old Tom, stir, and fill up with another quatern of boiling water. This is a favourite mixture with those who like their drink strong and tasty.

ICED GIN PUNCH.

Dissolve six ounces of best lump sugar in a bowl in a pint of iced water, add two ounces of clear lemon juice, and put in a pound of ice in small pieces. Pour over this a pint of best unsweetened gin, with a wineglassful each of maraschino and kirschwasser, and flavour with a drop or two of essence of lemon.

BURNT PUNCH A LA FRANÇAISE.

Moisten one pound of best refined lump sugar in a large bowl with four fluid ounces of lemon juice, pour on a mixture of half a pint each of best French brandy, old arrack, and

fine pineapple rum, stir, and set fire to it. Keep ladling the mixture until the flame begins to subside; then add a quartern of arrack and a wineglassful of dry curacao, and ladle out. Very nice, but rather insidious. Some use whisky and gin instead of cognac and arrack. I prefer it as here directed.

WINE AND EGG PUNCH.

Extract half an ounce of finest gunpowder tea in a quartern of boiling water; after four or five minutes' drawing, pour the infusion off the leaves, and add the tea to three quarters of boiling water, in which half a grated nutmeg, a bit of cinnamon, and five or six cloves, all placed in a muslin bag, have been extracted some ten minutes or so. Beat eight fresh eggs up with half a pound of powdered sugar candy; add a bottle and half of sound white French or Rhine wine, with constant beating; add the boiling water, keep beating the whole over a brisk fire until the foam just begins to rise, when remove quickly from the fire, and keep on beating with the whisk whilst you add a quartern of best old arrack or pineapple rum.

Note.—Some authorities advise to use the whites of the eggs alone, others the yolks alone.—See "Egg Rum Punch."

PLEASANT REFRESHMENT IN HOT WEATHER.

Pick and wash a quarter of a pound of currants, put them in water, and let them just come to the boil; then pour off the water, put the currants into a suitably sized bowl, add a pound of powdered plain biscuits, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar-candy, two or three drops of essence of lemon, a few slices of a fresh lemon, three bottles of sweet Edinburgh ale and four of iced ginger-beer; stir, and ladle out into tumblers with a teaspoon in each. In default of Edinburgh ale, Yarmouth ale will do, or the sweetest mild ale you can get.

GINGERED EGG FLIP FOR EIGHT.

Take half a gallon of good mild ale, one ounce of powdered ginger, half a pound of sugar-candy powdered fine, and eight fresh eggs; break the eggs into a large jug, and beat

them up with the ginger and the powdered sugar; add gradually half a pint of the cold beer, with incessant stirring. Heat the remaining three and a half pints in a warmer, and just when you see the beer rise pour it quickly into the jug, keeping the whisk going all the time.

This is a charming liquor. A few grains of cinnamon or vanilla added greatly enhance the flavour.

EGG RUM PUNCH FOR FOUR.

Beat the yolks of five fresh eggs in a suitable pot or pan, with three ounces of finely pounded sugar-candy, with a drop or two of essence of lemon added, and three fluid ounces of cold water. When properly beaten, add one fluid ounce of clear lemon juice and a pint each of boiling water and old pine apple rum. Heat the mixture to just short of boiling, with constant whisking, and serve hot in tumblers.

Note.—Here, again, some authorities advise to use the whites of the eggs in lieu of the yolks, others both the yolks and whites.—See “Wine and Egg Punch.”

EGG GROG FOR FOUR.

Beat the yolks of five fresh eggs in a suitable pot or pan with three ounces of finely powdered sugar-candy, with a few drops of lemon essence added, and three fluid ounces of cold water; then add gradually, with constant whisking, a hot infusion of one ounce of gunpowder tea in a pint and a quarter of boiling water, and a pint of old pine-apple rum. Serve hot in tumblers.

CREAM AND EGG PUNCH (RUM OR ARRACK).

A.—Hot.

Beat the yolks of four fresh eggs with two ounces of finely pounded sugar-candy; add a quartern of new milk, and half a nutmeg grated. Heat a quart of sweet cream to boiling; take the pot off the fire, and add to the hot cream the eggs, sugar, milk, and nutmeg. Stir, then add half a pint of arrack or rum, mix thoroughly, and serve hot in tumblers.

B.—*Cold.*

The same mixture and preparation, simply omitting the boiling of the cream.

Note.—Some authorities prefer to use the whites of the eggs in lieu of the yolks; others both whites and yolks.—See “Egg and Wine Punch” and “Egg Rum Punch.”

Rum and new milk in the proportion of one part of the former to two or three parts of the latter make an excellent liquor, partaking largely of the nature of true food, which the yolk of a fresh egg stirred in makes still more nutritive.

MILK PUNCH.

A dozen fine fresh lemons, two and a half pounds of best refined lump sugar, one ounce of gunpowder tea, three pints of old pineapple rum, one quart of best pale French brandy, a pint of fine old arrack, half a pint each of kirschwasser and maraschino, a wineglassful of dry curacao, a gallon of water, and two quarts and a half of new milk. Pare the lemons very fine and steep the peel overnight in the rum. Infuse the tea in a pint of boiling water, let it draw four or five minutes, then pour the infusion over the sugar, in a capacious bowl, add a pint of the juice of the lemons, and four quarts of cold water. Stir, and pour in the spirits. Let the milk come to the boil in a saucepan, and add it boiling to the contents of the bowl, with constant stirring. Let the punch stand till quite cold; then pass it through a straining cloth, and fill it in bottles. This punch may, of course, be made in smaller quantities; only the manufacture will be found more difficult with smaller proportions of the ingredients.

MAY DRINK.

This very pleasing drink can be made properly only in April and May, chiefly from the latter part of the former to the first half of the latter month, as it has to be made with the young leaves of the woodroof or woodruff (*Asperula odorata*), gathered before flowering. The stalks and leaves of the plant are gathered with proper care, only the youngest and freshest being selected for use. The lower parts of the stalks, with the leaves thereon, are plucked off and thrown

away. A pound of sugar is dissolved in a capacious bowl in as much water as just suffices to effect solution; about a pound of the picked woodruff is then laid in the bowl, and six bottles of a good sound Moselle or Rhine wine are poured over it. I prefer Moselle, but this is, of course, simply a matter of taste; only whether Moselle or Rhine, a pretty strong wine should be taken. About fifteen minutes is ample time for the extraction of the aroma, particularly as an overstrong flavour of the woodruff is, to many, rather objectionable than otherwise. The woodruff is then taken out of the bowl and the asperula-scented contents of the latter are ladled into tumblers.

May wine is a charming drink. It may be kept a few days in bottles, it which case it has to be strained first to remove every particle of the woodruff.

LIQUEURS.

Many purveyors of liqueurs manufacture their wares in a charmingly simple, but, I think, most objectionable way by mixing together in certain proportions, certain essential oils, spirits, water, and sugar. Such liqueurs are, in my opinion, decidedly unwholesome. There is a much better way, which is also simple and easy enough. It requires wide-mouthed large bottles, with tight-fitting corks or stoppers. Summer is the fittest season of the year for most liqueurs, as the most effective way to prepare them is to expose the bottle with the liqueur ingredients to the rays of the sun. The period of exposure varies greatly—from a fortnight or three weeks to a month or six weeks. Some liqueurs, such as French strawberry, for instance, take two full months and longer.

Exposure to the sun is not absolutely indispensable, however, and it will mostly answer the purpose sufficiently well to keep the bottles a certain number of days (according to requirement) near a warm stove. No matter whether exposed to the sun or to the warmth of a stove, the bottles have to be shaken from time to time. Only the very finest loaf sugar should ever be used in the making of liqueurs. For some liqueurs white or brown sugar-candy has to be

substituted for lump sugar (strawberry, for instance, and curacao).

In most cases where lump sugar is indicated it is preferable, as a rule, to substitute saturated syrup, prepared according to instructions on page 248.

Regarding the proportion of sugar in liqueurs, this varies with the nature of the liqueur. Thus, for instance, whilst a quarter of a pound of lump sugar is held sufficient for cloves or cinnamon, a full pound is required for walnuts. The subjoined few recipes will, I think, suffice to show the general process of making liqueurs.

CLOVES.

Put in the bottle two drams of cloves, and half an ounce of coriander seeds, both coarsely powdered; with twenty-five to thirty dried black cherries, pour in one and a half imperial pint of best pale French brandy (or kirschwasser), and cork tight. Expose to the rays of the sun from twenty to thirty days, as directed, or place the bottle for the same period near a warm stove.

So soon as the cloves, &c., have been sufficiently extracted place half a pound of best refined lump sugar in small pieces in a suitable saucepan, with half a pint of water, boil and skim, then let the syrup cool, and when cold add the brandy extract gradually, with constant stirring; then strain through a muslin bag or, better still, pass through filtering paper. Fill in small bottles, and cork or stopper tight.

CINNAMON.

Two drams best Ceylon cinnamon (Canella) in powder. A quarter of a pound of sugar. Same process of preparation as under "Cloves." A fortnight's extraction is amply sufficient.

COMPOUND CLOVES.

Half an ounce each of fennel, aniseed, coriander, and juniper berries, a dram of cinnamon (Canella), and a dozen of cloves. Pound coarsely, and expose in a large bottle with three pints of best French brandy four weeks to the heat of the sun, or the warmth of a stove. Then boil half a pound

of sugar in a pint of water, skim, let cool, and add the contents of the bottle to the cold syrup. Strain or filter, and fill in bottles.

CURAGAO.

Take a quarter of a pound of orange peel, and immerse it in water, to facilitate the separation of the outer yellow rind from the white. Cut the yellow rind into small pieces, which add to the brandy (a pint and a half) in the bottle. Cork tight, and keep a fortnight near a warm stove, or three weeks in the cellar, shaking the contents at least once every day. Now add half a pound of light-brown sugar-candy, crushed small, cork tight again, and leave the sugar to dissolve in the brandy, giving the bottle a good shake or two every day. When the sugar is dissolved, filter through filtering paper, and fill in bottles.

STRAWBERRY.

Gather a pint of fresh, small, wild strawberries, and put them in a large bottle, with twenty ounces of powdered white sugar-candy, and fill up to the cork with fine old cognac or kirschwasser; put in the cork or stopper tight, and place the bottle every day in the sun for about two months. Pass the product through a flannel cloth, and fill in small bottles.

At the festive season at which this Second Edition makes its appearance, I venture to crave permission to finish up with the subjoined

ROYAL PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

Take twelve ounces each of raisins (crushed under the roller), sultanas, and mixed peel shredded very fine; one pound of best picked currants, one ounce and a half of pounded bitter almonds, the peel of two good-sized fresh lemons, finely chopped; a nutmeg, grated; sixty grains of fine salt, and five grains each of finest cinnamon and vanilla. Mix these ingredients thoroughly in a large pudding bowl, with fourteen ounces each of grated sweet almonds, grated two days old

wheaten bread crust, and finely pounded biscuit ; one pound and a half each of finely shredded and chopped best beef suet, and finely pounded sugar-candy ; twelve fresh eggs thoroughly whisked, and a pint of fresh cream. When well mixed add half a pint bottle of stout, and three fluid ounces each of old rum, curacao, and maraschino. Mix again thoroughly. Fill in two pudding moulds, and boil six hours. Ornament with sweet almonds, and serve with brandy, arrack, or kirschwasser to burn.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
Acetic acid	167	Baked Meat	82
Additions and Emendations	233	Barley, Robinson's	249
Adulteration of Drinks	265	Basil Vinegar	169
Adulteration of Vinegar	167	Basting Cylinder, Automatic	30
Ahmuty's Chutnee	181	Batterie-de-Cuisine	32-37
Alegar	167	Beans, green	157
Anchovy and Herring Sauce	258	Beans, green or French, stringing	247
Animal Foods	51	Beans, haricot	156-157
Antonini, Dr., on Cucumbers	189	Beef	58
Apicius	243	Beer	267
Apollinaris Water	264	Beer, Tivoli	267
Appletart and Soy	75	Beverages, unfermented	197
Ardent Spirits, warning against taking them neat	221-223	Biggin, how to make coffee in	208
Arrack Grog	268	Birds' nests Soup	254
Arrack Punch Extract	229	Bishop Extract	229
Arrack and Rum Punch, Iced	226	Blending of Coffee	202
Ash's Butter Cooler	235	Bloaters, done in burning whisky	131
Ash's Coffee Apparatus	207, 262	Boar, wild, keeping	48
Ash's Freezing Machine	235	Boileau, Mdme.	31
Ash's Ice Safe	235	Boileau, Mdme., her tabby	55
Ash's Kaffee Kanne	207, 262	Boiling Cabbages	153
Ash's Refrigerator	235	Boiling Coffee	206
Asparagus, Oyster Bay, preserved	160	Boiling Fish	120
Asperula odorata	272	Boiling Meat	79
Ass's Foal's Flesh	238	Boiling Sturgeon.	125
Athole Brose	231	Borch, Polish	250
Automatic Basting Cylinder	30	Boswell and Dr. Johnson	19
Automatic Coffee Roaster, Sugg's	204, 261	Bottled Beer, Forster's	267
Baked Frog Legs	151	Boulettes	88, 241
Baked Oysters	140	Braising Meat	82
		Brass and Copper Pots and Pans	41
		Brine, extraction of Salt from brine	91, 243

	PAGE		PAGE
Broiling Meat	84	Close, inventor of pâté de	
Brose, Athole	231	foie gras	104
Burnt Punch à la Française	269	Cobb's Ales	267
Butter and Butterine . .	238	Cock of the Wood . . .	112
Butter, difficulty of procur-		Coffee	197-213
ing the genuine article in		Coffee biggin	208, 212
England	238	Coffees, blending of . .	202
Butter, rancid, how to im-		Coffee, boiling	206
prove	49	Coffee, boiling objection-	
Byron, Lord, and Joe		able	206
Grimaldi	75	Coffee, grinding	205
Cabbage tribe, plants of,		Coffee houses	211
how to boil	153	Coffee, infusing	206
Calf	71	Coffee mills	40
Calves, young	71	Coffee pot, French . . .	207
Canella	263	Coffee pots, hydraulic .	207
Caper and Oyster Sauce .	258	Coffee, roasting	202, 205
Caper Sauce with Roast		Coffee roaster, Sugg's self-	
Mutton	75	acting	204
Capercaillie	112	Cold punch, egg and cream	272
Capercaillie Pie	115	Company's, Liebig's Meat	
Capercaillie, roast	115	Extract	244
Capercaillie, stewed and		Condiments	164
roasted	114	Conger eel	126
Caravan Tea	213	Conger eel soup	126
Cardinal Extract	229	Conger eel stew	128
Carne pura	93	Conger turtle	141
Carolina Rice	64	Cook, qualities required in	
Carp à la Polonaise . . .	131	a good	13-21
Carrara Water	264	Cookery Books	28
Cassareep	245	Cooking, processes of . .	78
Cat's meat, tale about . .	53	Cooking under difficulties .	33
Charcoal best fuel for chops		Co-operative Stores . .	22-27
and steaks	241	Copper and brass pots and	
Cheese, Foreign, where to		pans	41
get	238	Crab	133
Cherry, the, and Lucullus .	190	Crawfish, Italian way of	
Chinese Birds' nests Soup	254	preparing for stewing .	134
Chocolate	218	Crayfish	133
Chocolate, French recipe .	219	Cream and Egg Punch .	271, 272
Chocolate, how to make it .	219	Crustaceans	133
Choice of provisions . . .	28	Cucumber	188-193
Chops and steaks, charcoal		Cucumber Salad	191
best fuel for	241	Cucumber Salad and To-	
Chutnee, Ahmuty's	181	matos	198
Cinnamon	263	Cup, Médoc and Sparkling	
Civet de lièvre	55	Moselle, with Pineapple,	
Cleaning rusty pots . . .	42	Iced	268
		Curacao Liqueur	275

	PAGE		PAGE
Currie Powder	180	Fat formers and flesh	
Curried Sweatbreads . .	239	formers	233
Curries	63	Father Prout on punch . .	225
Czy-Borc	249	Fermented drinks . . .	220
Death's Prime Minister . .	112	Filtering water . . .	263
Des Guidi, Dr., on Cucum-		Fire-proof pottery . . .	41
bers	189	Fish	118
Detection of bad Eggs . .	45, 236	Fish, how to boil . . .	120
Dialysis	243	Fish, frying	121
Drinks, adulteration of . .	265, 266	Fish, general observations on	118
Drinks, fermented . . .	220, 265	Fish, process of cooking . .	119
Drinks, unfermented . .	197, 261	Fish, salting	120
Dripping—Goose, pork and		Flavouring tea	216
beef, as substitute for		Flesh formers and fat	
butter	101	formers	333
Dumpling, Fried Meat and		Flesh meal	92
Buckwheat	256	Flip, Egg	219
Dutch Herrings, where to		Flip, gingered	270
get	238	Food, Adulteration of . .	24
Earthen tea-pot best . . .	216	Food, Carbonaceous or	
Earthenware jars	43	Oleaginous	10, 11
Easter eggs in Germany . .	38	Food, classification of . .	10
Easter feast in Russia . .	73	Food, flesh formers . . .	10-233
Easter lamb and sucking		Food, heat generators . .	10
pig in Russia	72, 73	Food of Man	7
Eel soup, Hamburg, with		Food, nitrogenous or albu-	
stewed pears	252	menoid	10, 11
Egg and cream punch . .	271, 272	Food, Tietze's on	11
Egg flip	219	Foods, range of	8
Egg flip, gingered . . .	270	Foods, vegetable and	
Egg grog	271	animal	51
Egg Rum punch	271	Foreign Cheeses, where to	
Egg and wine punch . . .	270	get	238
Eggs, detection of bad . .	45, 236	Foreign Sausages	237
Eggs, Easter, in Germany .	38	Forster's Bottled Beers . .	267
Eggs, preserving	44, 45, 236	Freezing Machine, Ash's . .	235
Elder flowers	264-265	French Coffee Pot	207
Emendations and addi-		French Salad Dressing,	
tions	233	simple	184
English vegetables	152	complex	184
Escaudots	146	French Sausages, where to	
Essence of lemon	170	get	238
Extract, Bishop	229	Fresh herrings	129
Extract, Cardinal	229	Fresh Vegetables	153
Extract, strawberry . . .	227	Fried Meat and Buckwheat	
Extracts of meat	92, 244	Dumplings	256
Extractum carnis	92	Frog Legs, baked	151
		Frog Legs, ragout of . . .	150
		Frog ragout	150

	PAGE		PAGE
Frogs	148-151	Herbal Vinegar	57, 169, 260
Fruit pie with salt, cayenne, gravy, shalots and mush- room	77	Herbs	171
Frying Meat		Herring and Anchovy Sauce	258
Frying-pans, double-bot tomed, suggested	39	Herring Salad	194
		Herrings	129
Game	95	Herrings, Dutch, where to get	238
Garlic	170	Herrings, fresh	129
Garlic Vinegar	168	Herrings en Marinade	129
Gas Range, Sugg's	234	Herrings, Marinated, where to get	238
Gas Ranges	32	Herrings, Salt	130
Gas Rings	31	Herzen, Alexander	249
German Sausages	237	Hippophagic Banquets	52
Ginger Beer	264	Horse Flesh	52
Gingered Egg Flip	270	Horseradish Sauce, boiled	259
Gin Punch, Iced	269	Horseradish Sauce, cold with Cream	259
Gin Punch, simple	269	Horwitz's way of cooking Carp à la Polonoise	131
Glazed Earthenware	41	Hot Cream and Egg Punch	271
Glass jars for pantry goods	39	Hot Wine	230
Goose Dripping	101	Huber, Professor, and Ham- burg Eel Soup	252
Goose Liver pasty	101-110	Huitres farcies	139
Goose, roast, stuffed with pippins	100	Hürter	267
Grape Vinegar	167	Hydraulic Coffee-pots	207
Gray Shell Snail	146		
Green Beans	157	Iberian, or light Spanish Claret	267
Green Peas	158	Ice Machine, Ash's	235
Green Salads	182-187	Ice Safe, Ash's	235
Green vegetables, how to cook	159	Iced Gin Punch	269
Grimaldi and Lord Byron	75	Iced Orange Toddy	269
Grinding Coffee	205	Iced Punch, Arrack and Rum	226
Grinding Mills	40	Imperfect Mastication	60
Groats, Robinson's	249	Infusing Coffee	206
Grog, Arrack	268	Infusing Tea, proper time of	214-215
Grog, Egg	271	Infusion of Coffee, how to obtain	207-209
Grog, Rum	268	Irish Butter, a very su- perior article	238
Grüneberg's Pea-sausage	158	Italian Sausages, where to get	238
Gulacz	257		
		Jamaica Pepper	171
Hair Oil in Salad	76		
Hamburg Eel Soup, with Stewed Pears	252		
Hare, jugged	56		
Hares for roasting	116		
Haricot Beans	156-157		
Hedges and Butler	267		

	PAGE		PAGE
Jars for Vegetables . . .	39	May Drink . . .	272
Jatropha Manihot . . .	245	May Wine . . .	272
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, and the Pudding . . .	19	Mayer, Frankfort-on-M. 266-267	
Jugged Hare . . .	56	Measures and Weights 36, 37, 234	
Keeping Venison, Pork, Wild Boar, &c. . .	48	Meat and Buckwheat Dumplings, fried . . .	256
Keen's Mustard . . .	178, 260	Meat, Extract of . . .	92, 93, 244
Kitchen ranges . . .	29	Meat Powder . . .	92
Kitchen requisites . . .	23-50	Meat, preserved by Morgan's Method . . .	240
Kitchen utensils . . .	31-43	Meat, processes of cooking 78-88	
Lager Beer and Anglo- Austrian Brewery . . .	267	Meat, salting . . .	90, 243
Lager Beer and Tivoli Agency . . .	267	Meat, special process of stewing . . .	43, 236
Lamb . . .	59-71	Meats . . .	51
Lawrence on Veal and Pork . . .	74	Beef . . .	58
Leguminous Seeds . . .	156-158	Calf . . .	71
Lemonade . . .	264	Lamb . . .	72
Lemonade, bottled . . .	264	Mutton . . .	61
Lemon, essence of . . .	170	Pork . . .	62
Lemons . . .	169	Veal . . .	71
Lentils . . .	156-157	Method of Pickling Pork . . .	68
Liebig's Extract of Meat . . .	244	Milk Chocolate . . .	219
Ligne, Prince de, and the old Concierge . . .	33	Milk Coffee . . .	210
Lingner's Provision Stores . . .	238	Milk Punch . . .	272
Liqueur, Cinnamon . . .	274	Milk and Rum . . .	272
Liqueur, Cloves . . .	274	Mills, grinding, for coffee, pepper, &c. . .	40
Liqueur, Compound of . . .	274	Mint Sauce . . .	74
Liqueur, Curaçao . . .	275	Mint Vinegar . . .	169
Liqueur, Strawberry . . .	275	Mixed Spanish Stew . . .	256
Liqueurs . . .	273	Molluscs . . .	137
Liqueurs, Preparation of . . .	273	Morgan's Method of Pre- serving Meat . . .	240
Lobster . . .	133	Mountain Cock . . .	112
Lobster Salad . . .	187	Mussels . . .	137, 245
Louis XIV. . . .	190	Mussels, how to cure pain- ful irritation of the skin from eating . . .	137
Louvois	190	Mustard . . .	173-179
Lucullus and the Cherry . . .	190	Mustard, Keen's . . .	178, 260
Lyons Sausage . . .	238	Mustard with Mutton . . .	75-76
Malt Vinegar . . .	167	Mutton . . .	59-61
Marinated Herrings, where to get . . .	238	New Iron Pots . . .	42
Mastication, imperfect . . .	60	New Rice and Old . . .	65, 239
Maugham's Carrare Water . . .	264	Norwegian Stove . . .	42
		Obesity, systems of curing 233, 284	

	PAGE		PAGE
Objections to Boiling Coffee	206	Pleasant refreshments in	
Oil, Salad	50	hot weather	270
Old Rice and New	65, 239	Plum Pudding, minus cloth	
Onions, how to keep	49	or mould	67
Onions, shredded or chopped	160	Poitevin and Charlotte	
Orange Toddy, iced	269	Russe au tabac	17
Ovens, improvement suggested in	30	Polish Salad	196
Over indulgence in tea hurtful	216-217	Pommes Panées	257
Overland Tea	213	Pommes Pompadour	241
Oyster Bay Asparagus, preserved	160	Pompadour, Pommes	241
Oyster Sauce	140	Porcelain and Earthenware	
Oyster and Caper Sauce	258	jars for pantry goods	39
Oysters	138	Pork	59-61-62
Oysters, baked	140	Pork, keeping	48
Oysters, stuffed	139	Potassa Water	264
		Potatoes, how to boil 154-156, 246	
Palatinate, devastation of	190	Pots and Pans, copper and	
Pancakes	86	brass	41
Pans and Pots, brass and		Pottery, fireproof	41
copper	41	Pottery Jars	43
Pantry goods, jars for	39	Poultry	95
Paprikan	257	Preserved Asparagus	160
Pastry	259	Preserving Eggs	44, 236
Pâté de foie gras	103	Preserved Green Peas, and	
Pâté de foie gras, inventor		French Beans	160
of	104	Preservation of Meat	70
Patna Rice	64	Preserving Meat by Morgan's method	240
Peacock Pie	97	Preserved Vegetables	159
Peacock, roast	97	Prout on Punch	225
Peahen	97	Provisions	22
Pea Sausage	158	—selection of	28
Peas, dried	156	Provisions, where to get 237, 238	
Peas, green	158	Punch, Arrack and Rum,	
Peel, lemon and orange, in		Iced	226
grog, punch, &c.	224	Punch, burnt à la Française	269
Pepper	171	Punch, Cream and Egg 271, 272	
Pepper, identity of black		Punch, Egg and Cream 271, 272	
and white	172	Punch, Egg Rum	271
Pepper, Jamaica	171	Punch Extract, Arrack	229
Pepperpot	185, 246	Punch Extract, Rum	230
Peppers and Spices	171	Punch, Iced Gin	269
Pepsin	239	Punch, Imperial Pine	
Pickling Pork	68	Apple	226
Pimento	171	Punch, Milk	272
Pine Apple Cup	268	Punch, Mixed Wine	231
Pine Apple Punch	226	Punch, Simple Gin	269
		Punch, Strawberry	228

	PAGE		PAGE
Punch, Wine	230	Sala's (Charles) way of	
Punch, Wine and Egg .	270	doing Bloaters . . .	131
		Salad, Cucumber . . .	191
Quantity of Tea Leaf pro-		Salad Dressing, old French,	
per per cup	216	simple and complex . .	184
Ragout, Frog	150	Salad, Herring	194
Rancid Butter	49	Salad, Lobster	187
Range of the future . .	31	Salad, Mixed Lobster and	
Range, Gas, Sugg's . .	234	Green	187
Ranges, Gas	32	Salad Oil, how to keep .	50
Rape Seed Oil, how to		Salad, Polish	196
Improve	122	Salad, Russian	195
Raspail and Mussels .	245, 246	Salad of Snails	148
Rats, Meal of	54	Salads	182
Raw Steak	61	Salads, Green	182-187
Refreshment, pleasant in		Salicylic Acid	46
Hot Weather	270	Salt	164-167
Refrigerator, Ash's . .	235	Salt, Extraction of from	
Reinken, Dr., Old Catholic		Brine	91, 243
Bishop, and Hamburg		Salting Fish	120
Eel Soup	253, 254	Salt Herrings	130
Requisites in Kitchen, Pan-		Salt Herrings Marinated .	130
try, &c.	22	Salting Meat	90, 243
Rice, Carolina	64	Salzgurken, where to get	
Rice for Curries, Boiling .	65	them	238
Rice, Old and New . . .	65, 239	Sambucus Nigra	264, 265
Rice, Patua	64	Sand-bath	38
Roast Hare	116	Sauce, Caper and Oyster .	258
Roasting Coffee	202-205	Sauce, Herring and An-	
Roasting Meat	83	chovy	258
Roast Mutton and Caper		Sauce, Horseradish, Boiled	259
Sauce	75	Sauce, Horseradish, Cold	
Robinson's Barley . . .	249	with Cream	259
Robinson's Groats . . .	249	Sauce, Oyster	140
Rosbif Anglais, tout saig-		Sauce, Oyster and Caper .	258
nant	61	Sauces	258
Rum Grog	268	Saucissons Soubise . . .	241
Rum and Milk	272	Saucissons de Volaille,	
Rum and Arrack Punch,		petits, à la Purée de	
Iced	226	Pommes à la Crème . .	241
Rum Punch Extract . . .	230	Sausage, Lyons	238
Rum, Strawberry	227	Sausage, Pea	158
Russian Salad	195	Sausages, Foreign	237
Russo-Polish Cabbage,		Sausages, French, where to	
Beetroot and Sourcroust		get	238
Soup, Imperial	249	Sausages, German	237
Rusty Pots, Cleaning of .	42	Sausages, Italian, where to	
		get	238
		Seltzer	264

	PAGE		PAGE
Shalots, Shredded or Chop- ped	160	Stiggins, Revd., on rum . .	224
Shalot Vinegar	168	Stores, Co-operative . . .	22-27
Shellfish	133	Stove, Norwegian	42
Shellfish, Boiling	133	Strasburg, Working Men's Co-operative Store in . .	26
Shellfish, Killing	133	Strawberry Extract . . .	227
Simple Gin Punch	269	Strawberry Liqueur . . .	275
Simple Salad Dressing . .	185	Strawberry Punch	228
Simple Salad Dressing, French	184	Strawberry Rum	227
Smith, Dr., on making Tea with cold water, heated to boiling over a gentle fire	217	Stringing French Beans	157, 247
Smith, Dr., on Turtles . .	141	Strong Tea objectionable .	216
Snail Salad	148	Stuffed Oysters	139
Snail Soup	147	Stuffed Snails	148
Snail Stew, vinous	146	Sturgeon	121
Snails, Stuffed	148	Sturgeon Cutlets	121
Snuff, an unlucky Pinch of	17	Sturgeon, neglect of, in England	123
Socks, Coffee made in	208-209	Sturgeon Stew	124
Soda Water	264	Substitute and Surrogate	101, 244
Soubise at Rosbach	242	Sucking Pig	71, 240, 241
Soubise, Saucissons . . .	241, 242	Sucking Pig at Easter in Russia	73
Soup, Birds'-nests	254	Sugar Vinegar	167
Soup, Hamburg Eel, with stewed pears	252	Sugg's Gas Range	234
Soup à la Herzen	249	Sugg's self-acting Coffee Roasting Apparatus	204, 261, 262
Soup, Snail	147	Sulphuric Acid in Lemon- ade	264
Soups	247	Surrogate and Substitute	101, 244
Sourcroust	161	Sweatbreads, curried . .	239
Sourcroust, where to get .	238	Sweet Peas	157, 158
Soy with Appletart	75		
Spanferkel	240	Tamis and Tamine	140, 246
Spanish Mixed Stew	256	Tapioca Plant, Rhizoma of	245
Spirits, warning against new	223	Tarragon Vinegar	169
Spoons, Metal, Wood, Horn, Glass, Use of	44	Tausenau, Dr.	195, 203, 249
Staggering Bob	72	Tea	213
Stallard	267	Tea, flavouring	216
Stallard's Iberian	267	Tea, how to make	215
Stallards's Spirits	267	Tea Leaves in cold water, heated to boiling over a gentle fire	217
Steak, raw	61	Tea in the olden days	214, 215
Steaks and Chops, charcoal best fuel for	241	Tea, proper time of infusing	214, 215
Stew, Spanish Mixed	256	Tea for Rum or Arrack Punch	216
Stewing Meat	82	Tegetmeier on boiling po- tatoes	154
Stewing, special process of	43, 44, 236	Tegetmeier on food . . .	11

	PAGE		PAGE
Tetrao Urogallus . . .	112	Vinegar, Basil . . .	169
Toddy, Orange, Iced . . .	269	Vinegar, Garlic . . .	168
Tomatos	160	Vinegar, Herbal . . .	57, 169, 260
Tomatos in Cucumber		Vinegar, Mint . . .	169
Salad	193	Vinegar Plant . . .	167
Tomato Sauce	160	Vinegar, Shalot . . .	168
Tooth's Liebig	244	Vinegar, Tarragon . . .	169
Trade Rings	24	Vinegar, Violet . . .	260
Tripe	143-146	Violet Vinegar	260
Tripe à la mode de Caen . .	145		
Tschy-Borch	249	Warren's Cooking Pot . .	43
Turkey, roast	100	Water should be filtered	
Turkey stuffing	100	for drinking	263
Turmeric	179	Water bath	39
Turtle	140	Water Chocolate	218
Turtles, Dr. Smith on . . .	141	Weights and Measures . .	234
		Westphalia Ham, where to	
Underdone Meat	60	get	238
Unfermented Beverages . .	197, 261	Wild Boar, keeping . . .	48
Urogallus, Tetrao	112	Wine or Grape Vinegar . .	167
Use of Spoons—Metal,		Wine, hot	230
Wood, Iron, Glass	44	Wine, May	272
		Wine Punch	230
Vals Water	264	Wine Punch, mixed . . .	231
Veal	59, 71	Wine and Egg Punch . . .	270
Veal stuffing with roast		Wines, Genuine, where to	
pork	74	get	266-267
Vegetable Foods	51	Wines, high-class French	
Vegetable Marrow, how to		and German, best sources	
make a succulent dish		of supply	266-267
of	163	Wood Grouse	112
Vegetables	49, 152	Woodroof	272
Vegetables, preserved . . .	159	Working Men's Co-Opera-	
Venison, keeping	48	tive Stores in Strasburg . .	26
Vichy Water	264	Wray's Stores	244, 247
Vinegar	167-169		
Vinegar, adulteration of . .	167	Young Calves	71-72



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