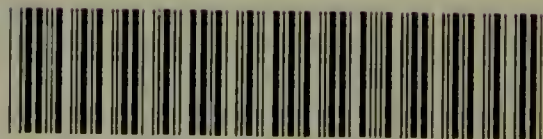


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THE ART OF COOKERY

The Art of Cookery

Past and Present

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ANECDOTES OF NOTED COOKS AND
GOURMETS, ANCIENT FOODS,
MENUS, ETC.

BY

MRS. DE SALIS

*Authoress of "Savouries a la Mode," "Entrees a la Mode," "Vegetables
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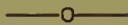
PREFACE

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IT having been suggested to me some years ago to write a short treatise on the origin of cookery, with gastronomical anecdotes, I have followed the suggestion, and venture to offer to the public this little volume, trusting it may prove both interesting and amusing.

The facts and recipes have been gleaned from old culinary works found in the British Museum, and old diaries. I am also indebted to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, whose pages I have consulted, as well as those of Howe, Brand, Chambers, and old French books.

THE ART OF COOKERY.



“The sacred fire of cookery rises in incense to heaven
with the smoke of the kitchen.”

“Cookery is a science, no man is born a cook.”

THE art of cookery is one of the natural steps of civilisation, and ought not to be ridiculed as being an adjunct to the luxurious times of the Victorian era, for it is an acknowledged fact that *good* cookery is very essential for the digestion and existence of man, especially so for those persons whose occupation is of a sedentary nature ; and I think most people will agree that the art of cookery, even in England, has become a high art, and though it can never rank with the arts of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture, it must be universally acknow-

ledged that good cookery deserves to be classed as one, for the world owes more to it than to the doctor's aid, therefore the power of the cook to make or mar health should be considered.

It is *most* necessary to call attention to the great influence on health exercised by cooks. A good dinner not only gives pleasure, but it satisfies hunger. A hungry man is generally irritable and cantankerous, and a badly fed man is always miserable, which makes it evident to everyone that good cooking opens both heart and mind. Savages who had to hunt and fish for their food, and field labourers at work all day long, *can* and *do* digest their food prepared in the roughest way; but that same food, if eaten by students and clerks, etc., would soon cause that scourge indigestion, which is the bane of so many people, and often the primary cause of fatal illnesses.

It may therefore be interesting to give my readers a short history of cooking from the beginning, and of the progress of civilisation in cookery.

At the present day, cookery is undoubtedly considered one of the fine arts, and has become quite an important function, as it combines usefulness with an amount of æstheticism, which is the groundwork of true art.

Cookery dates from the barbarous ages, as from the beginning man had to feed himself, and as an article in the *British and Foreign Confectioner* observes, "that man, face to face with nature, and struggling against corporal needs, seeks for a remedy for hunger amongst the fruits of the earth and the flesh of animals, and his food consisting of what he killed in the chase, the flesh of which he devoured in a raw state, till his imagination worked and grew keen, and suggested the most varied methods for the preparation of his food."

When the properties of fire were discovered, *cookery commenced*. At first raw flesh was dried, and placed on hot embers to cook ; the next step was to stick skewers into it, which were laid across piles of stones, raised high enough to prevent the meat being smoked by the embers ; and

from this the gridiron derived its origin ; and then, according to the work above quoted, “ was discovered the methods of cooking substances, first broiling and roasting, then boiling, and eventually, by constant practice and the need of novelty, all imaginable methods of cooking. Then the use of the same dishes caused satiety and disgust ; this last gave use to curiosity, and curiosity to investigation, from whence resulted experience and sensuality. He tastes, tests, chooses, compares, and forms an art of the most simple and most natural subjects. The cook then exercises an art, the object of which is to facilitate digestion by cooking and dressing nutritive substances to fortify and stimulate the stomach, transforming even the most indigestible meats into a perfectly assimilable substance.”

Cookery arrived at a state of maturity by slow degrees and various experiments, which proceeded from the struggles of nature to keep soul and body together, and for a long reach of time in the infant age of the world cookery

was unknown, and the inhabitants contented themselves with the simple provision of Dame Nature, which was vegetable diet, fruits, and productions of the ground, as they succeeded one another in their several seasons.

Apples, meat, nuts, herbs, were both meat and sauce, and mankind stood in no need of any additional sauces, ragouts, etc ; but a healthy and vigorous constitution, a clear, sweet smelling air, moderate exercise, and exemption from anxieties, supplied their seasonings.

We read of no palled appetites, but such as proceeded from the decay of nature by reason of advanced old age ; only, perhaps, a craving stomach upon a death-bed such as Isaac suffered, but no sickness nor disease, except those of the first and last.

There were no physicians nor apothecaries to compound medicines for two thousand years and upwards. Food and physic were then one and the same thing ; but when men began to pass from a vegetable to an animal diet and feed on flesh, fowl, and fish, then seasonings grew neces-

sary to render the food more palatable and savoury, and also to preserve that part which was not immediately used from becoming putrid. Probably salt was the first seasoning discovered, for we read of salt in Gen. xiv., and this seems to be necessary, especially to those who were advanced in age, whose palates had lost their vigour, and whose digestions were weak, and thence came the use of soups and savoury messes.

Thus we read that Jacob made such palatable pottage that Esau purchased a mess of it at the extravagant price of his birthright.

And Isaac, before he died, required Esau to make him some savoury meat such as "his soul loved," and bequeathed to him a blessing for it. That Esau was the first cook, as many say; cannot be asserted, for Abraham gave orders to dress a fatted calf, but Esau is the first person mentioned who made any advances beyond plain boiling and roasting, though we find his mother Rebecca was accomplished with the skill of making savoury meat as well.

But cookery did not long remain a simple science, for it grew to an art and a trade, as we find in 1 Samuel viii. 13, when the Israelites grew *fashionists* and would have a king, that they might be like the rest of their neighbours and have cooks, confectioners, etc. Luxury and refinement in cookery originated in Asia amongst the Assyrians and Persians, then the Greeks gave refined and grand repasts, except the Lacedæmonians, who were by the laws of Lycurgus subjected to a strict code of morality, and whose meals were remarkably simple, all grandeur and superfluity being carefully excluded.

Rome came next in luxurious cookery, polished by the conquest of Greece, and enriched with spoils from the entire world, displayed unheard-of luxury at her banquets. It was then that Fabius Milo Apicius appears, and finally Lucullus, so famed for their sumptuous banquets and extravagant living, when, by an unexpected revolution those famous sumptuary Fanni Licinia Corelia Orchia laws

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were promulgated to check excess. It was at this period that Juvenal, in his 5th Satire, put the following words into an unprincipled rich libertine's mouth: "Lybians, never mind that toil; send us mushrooms—it is all we need." And a tribune also at the same time, addressing his audience, exclaimed, in speaking of the sumptuary laws: "Of what use is that liberty of which you seem so jealous, if it is not allowed for each one to ruin himself as he chooses, and perish according to his fancy."

Extraordinary debauchery and intemperance then began to reign. The Emperor Otho, received by his brother, had many kinds of fish and numerous varieties of birds put before him at supper. To make the repast more remarkable, the Emperor had a gigantic dish made, which he called the "Shield of Minerva," which he had garnished with eel livers, peacocks' and pheasants' brains, phenicopters' tongues, and lamprey milts; but this repast was eclipsed by those of the Emperor Geton, who once had a banquet served which lasted three days, and

also by Heliogabalus, the lover of nightingales' tongues. It was at this epoch that certain foods were consecrated to special heathen divinities—the dolphin to Venus, the mule to Hecate, the sea horse to Mercury, and the sole to Apollo.

It is very strange that amongst the ancient Greeks we never find mention of "boiled meats," from which it is inferred they had not discovered the way of making vessels which would stand the heat of the fire. Had there been so, Homer would have mentioned it in the ninth Iliad, where a description is given of a dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers. The Egyptians have been supposed to have been their instructors in the culinary art, which they soon turned to good account, as the Athenians were noted to have excelled the rest of Greece formerly as much as the French surpassed European cookery in general, at least *have* done so, but England has made such strides in the art during the last few years that it would be curious to see "a tug of cookery" between these nations for bearing the palm.

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ΑΡΕΙΟΝ?

A famous Greek writer named Arcestratus wrote a very descriptive poem on gastronomy. This poet says: "Athæneus had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things they produced. He entered laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures." His poem is a treasure of science, and every verse a precept.

Rome came next in luxurious cookery and in gastronomic genius, excelling the Grecians; their banquets were noted more for their extravagance and profusion than for taste. They would have, merely for the costliness of it, a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks; and we read in history that Helio-gabalus had served up a dish composed of the tongues of five hundred nightingales.

The Romans divided their meals into three parts. The first, called antecœna, was composed of black radishes, olives, tomatoes, skirret, anchovy, eggs, turnips, broils, and soft fish roes

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Simon
1871

seasoned with garum (spiced mackerel entrails). The second repast was composed of various dishes, such as the Ionian pheasant, thrush, guinea-fowl, the garden-warbler, parrot, sea-hedgehogs, sucking pig, flamingo-capon, liver preserved in honey, bears' hams, and sows' udders, the flesh of young asses and dogs, and fattened snails (for which they had a secret).

The third part, or bellaria, consisted of fruit, pastry, ancona cakes, and cheese, accompanied by the wines of Massicus, Cœenbuno, Falernian, and Chiel, served by cup-bearers with perfumed curls.

They were accustomed to only one meal daily, which took place after or about sunset, and when they used to eat enormously. Their meals lasted hours, and they drank most deeply, and on that account they could not sit in chairs, but sat at their meals in half recumbent positions on ivory couches covered with purple stuffs, taking all their food from the hands of their slaves.

From the fall of the Roman Empire, and the

Caecubum
? *Chium*

greater portion of the middle ages, cookery was almost in a state of utter darkness ; but it was not of long duration, as the monks fanned the embers of a nascent literature, and cherished the flame of a new cookery.

Charlemagne took great interest in the management of his table, and the Normans, two or three centuries after, were very proud of their superior taste in all edible matters. The revival of cookery, however, is due to Italy, though the exact date is not known, and it met with the highest encouragement from the merchant princes of France, who received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medici to Paris. They were the first to introduce ices, whilst the cook of Leo X. invented Fricandeaux. These artists, as they were called, used to debate on the *Science de Guele* with all the gravity of a propounder of theological arguments.

Spain has the honour of having furnished the first cookery book in any modern language,

called, "Libro de Cozina, compuesta por Roberto de Nola," and was printed in Madrid in 1590, and has the merit of founding a new and improved science, and of recognising the palate, stomach, and digestion of man.

Italy ran Spain very close in developing the culinary art, whilst France, the nursery of modern cooks, was then in a state of barbarism.

In 1580 the delicacies of the Italian tables were introduced into Paris, and from that time the French made rapid progress in culinary matters, and soon surpassed their Italian masters.

The first regular cookery book in France was printed in Rouen, in 1692, which contains very many extraordinary recipes, and amongst them we find capers are introduced in the most extraordinary way into everything, whilst in "French Modern Cookery" they are seldom used. On the accession of Louis XIV., the gastronomic art made great strides, as he was a *bon vivant* of the first water, and in *his* reign there were several renowned cooks, of whom Vatel and the Duke de Bechamel are the most

famous. In those days the great seigneurs immortalised themselves by creating delicate dishes; the Duke de Bechamel invented the sauce known by his name, and he also was the introducer of cream into sauces, and the Bechamel de turbot and cabillaud still maintain their fame.

“The Accomplished Cook,” by Robert May, appeared in 1605, and in this work the author maligns French cookery, but yet acknowledges that he was “not a little beholden to the Italian and Spanish treatises.” There are some very quaint and curious recipes in his book, a copy of which I have seen in the British Museum Library, and is well worth a glance.

The French Revolution made a sad gap in the annals of cooking. The stoics’ fare, the radish and the egg of the Spartans, and the black bread of the German middle ages were then the fashion. The Spartan system continued for three years, but under Napoleon the art was revived again, when the first number of the “Almanack des Gourmands” was written

by Grimod de la Regnière, a clever *chef* and quaint humourist combined. The late Duke of York called the "Almanack des Gourmands" the most delightful book ever printed.

In England the early traditions of cookery are faint, few and far between. From the reign of Elizabeth to the Revolution, the style of cookery was heavy and substantial. Chines of pork and beef smoked on the early dinner-tables, and the remains were eaten cold, and washed down with foaming tankards of ale on the following morning. But in the reign of Queen Anne, the gouty queen of Gourmands, the culinary art made great progress, and she achieved the high honour of giving her name to a pudding. The bill of fare at this time often consisted of, say in the month of April: "Green geese, or veal and bacon, haunch of venison roasted, a lumber pie, rabbit-tarts. Second course: cold lamb, cold meats, tongue pie, salmon, lobsters, prawns, and asparagus. Often a hog barbecued was roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira.

Soon after the accession of the House of Hanover a fashion was introduced which Horace Walpole considered highly adverse to the true object of the art. He says, "The last branch of our fashion is our dessert. Jellies, biscuits, sugar plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon China. By degrees meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table. Cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue. Gigantic figures succeeded, and Lord Albemarle's celebrated confectioner complained that, having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, his lordship would not have the ceiling of his dining-room demolished to facilitate their entrance."

The French Revolution bade fair, at its commencement, to bring back a long night of barbarism in art, as so many of the great houses being closed was a great drawback to the art of

gastronomy. La Regnière wrote, "During the disastrous years of the Revolution no turbot was ever seen." Under the Empire gourmets again held their reign, and garlic became introduced into fashionable cookery, which is said to be owing to the rise of so many ostlers and others to be generals, marshals, etc. The old cry again was heard of "Le diner est servi!" at the houses of the Marshal Cambacères d'Aigrefeuille, the great wine oracle, the Marquis de Cassy, and Le Docteur Gustaldy, who died of indigestion when dining with the Archbishop of Paris; dinners of importance were again recognised, and all great events were signalised with great banquets. Napoleon was very particular that his court should keep good tables, and to be renommés as gourmets and gourmands. One great effect of the general exodus of the noble families in France, and dispersion of cooks, was the establishment of high-class restaurants. The first attempt made at a high-class resort of the kind, in 1705, was in the Rue Boulanger, where the

1765
des Poulie^B by one

following scripture verse was used as a device :

“ All ye who suffer an hungry stomach, come unto me and I will restore you.”

The origin of restaurants is by no means generally known. They sprang into existence in France in the latter end of the seventeenth century. One of the most popular soups of that time was known as the “ restorer ” (*restaurin divin*), which was an expensive aliment, and composed of the remains of fowls and chickens boiled down and mixed liberally with crushed barley, Damascus currants, and dried roses. Unfortunately, for the lower and even middle-classes of society, the cost of this savoury liquid aliment was *so high* that none but comparatively affluent persons were able to indulge in the luxury. However, a doctor named Gaillard, provided a tolerable substitute for this expensive soup. His imitation consisted of aromatised water, in which a fat fowl had been cooked, and he sold the preparation under the same name. The eagerness with which this cheap

substitute was sought after called a new class of eating-houses into being; and the places where it was sold came to be called restaurants or "restorers."

The first of them was started by a man named Boulanger, as I have before mentioned, in the year 1705, and was called the Champ d'Oiseau.

Cooking, like everything else created by necessity, has improved with the genius of the nation, and in England, in this Victorian era, there is no doubt that a better dinner can now be cooked than even in France, though, as a rule, the Britisher still clings to his plain joints. Lord Chesterfield was the great agitator to overcome the national dislike to foreign kickshaws, yet the roast beef of Old England held its sway from almost unremembered time. The cookmaid in Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village" says:—

"Who wants a good cook my hand they must cross,
For plain wholesale dishes I'm ne'er at a loss,
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and you
sauces,
Compared to Old English roast beef?"

Cookery in the times of Charles II. is famous for the names of Cheffinch and Chaubert, to whose skill Sir Walter Scott has in his *Waverley* described the dinner prepared for Smith, Gaulesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn. "We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience, and even Chaubert is nothing unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay! squab pigeons, wild fowl, young chickens, venison cutlets, and a space in the centre wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the soup aux ecrevisses. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten coins per month."

In the last century the middle-class English had a hatred of made dishes, and loved to feed only upon joints and puddings, varied now and then with a little fish or poultry cooked *very plainly*. Some of the favourite menus were, for the first course, at the top a pig with prune sauce, at the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

The second course a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of taffety cream. One finds this one mentioned in "She Stoops to Conquer."

Goldsmith describes a middle-class dinner in his humorous piece, "The Haunch of Venison," fried liver at the top, tripe at the bottom, spinach at the sides, with pudding and a venison pasty.

The improvement in our English cookery is principally owing to the compulsory emigration of the French noblesse, as their example, in their food, amended the ways of our cooks, and a lighter and more digestible class of food dressed our dinner tables.

The Comte de Lille, afterwards Louis XVIII., the Count d'Artois, Duc d'Angoulême, Duc de Berri, Duc d'Orleans, the Comte de Beaujolais, the Prince de Condé, Duc de Bourbon, occupied, in 1807, Gossfield House in Essex, one of the seats belonging to the Duke of Buckingham. In 1808, they were received at Stowe, when great festal dinners were given for them, and we

read in one of our contemporaries that during these grand entertainments, illuminations took place every evening, and the grotto in which these royalties supped was illumined with from 10,000 to 18,000 lamps.

We will now discuss the difference between modern French and English cookery before leaving the subject of the history of ancient cookery. Good cooks are said to be as sensitive as good artistes—without proper appreciation they will not show their finer qualities. However conscientious they may be, they require this stimulus for any brilliant exertion. A *cordou bleu* does not care to serve up her compositions for uneducated palates any more than a musician would think of playing the grand overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, or the dainty, dreamy sonatas of Chopin, if he should be asked to play for a Chinese or Hindoo audience accustomed to the rude sounds of tom-toms and cymbals mingling unmelodiously.

Cookery is an experiment and practical art. Each day adds to our experience and increases

our knowledge; the characteristic of ancient cookery was profusion, that of the modern is delicacy and refinement.

It is universally acknowledged, as a fact, that in every class of life our food is not so good as that of foreigners. They live much better abroad, and much more economically, and yet, as materials go, we English are much better off.

Now, the chief cause is this: "Cooking is an *art* in France, and is better, therefore, understood."

French and English cooks vary very much in their ways. The former seem, by innate instinct, to know how to prepare nourishing and palatable food, so that alcohols are unnecessary for flavouring, and even in bourgeois families a good and appetising dish is always to be found; they also contend that all solid meats should be subjected to a long, though gradual, action of heat, so that all fibrous parts may be thoroughly cooked, leaving but little work for the digestive organs. The point with them is, always to have a good *pot-au-feu*, which is the fundamental

principle of all good soups and sauces, and how often do we find, in England, sauces in which a spoon would stand upright, and profusely thickened with lumps of flour, instead of working the sauce as the French do.

Travaillez bien votre sauce is a favourite expression in most French cookery books.

Again, the Frenchman can make almost endless varieties from the same meat, in neither of which will the original one, that of the meat itself, be recognised, and in which all are so carefully blended, that no particular taste predominates in particular.

English cooks allow but little time for the roasting or broiling process, or even in boiling, as they say that by so doing the genuine flavour of the meat is destroyed. The Englishman also thinks no flavour can be invented which approaches that of meat, and that no sauce can equal the juice which oozes from a roast joint. A medical journal, in speaking of the French and English cuisine, says: "We have much to learn from our French neighbours. Their

methods of cooking are not merely tasteful and appetising, but extremely economical, whilst the English methods are often slovenly and extravagant." The Frenchman wastes nothing. Everything is utilised; nothing thrown away; and much that the English cook considers of no value, the Frenchman turns into tasty dishes. Both methods have their advantages, and a judicious combination of the *two* forms the best system of cookery.

There are but two sorts of cookery—"Bad cookery and *good* cookery."

There is no doubt that the *best* English cookery is quite equal now to the best French, but we do not excel in the economy of the preparations, nor in every-day cooking as well as they do, but we far surpass them in the matter of service, and the general equipment and decoration of our tables. "In England people eat to live, in France they live to eat," is an old saying. Cookery is almost unknown as an art amongst our poor classes, and it is so necessary that the English housewife should

learn to make the most of the meat at her command. Voltaire used to remark of English cookery, "that though we have twenty-four religions, we have only one sauce."

CELEBRATED COOKS, ETC.

“ Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius' meals cost a million ;
But I like what is good,
When and whereby my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.”—*Morris*.

ATHENÆUS affirms that cooks were the first kings of the earth, and that they obtained their sovereign power by introducing set meals, and dressing meat to please every man's palate, from a savoury *bonne bouche* to a soup or a salad, and in one of his plays called “ The Brothers,” a cook is spoken of as a man of thought, refinement, learning, and research.

It is certain that old patriarchs, according to Sir Robert Filmer and others, must be considered kings and princes, as well as their own cooks, and we are assured one of their

number derived a *blessing* to himself and his posterity by cooking a favourite hash, though he cunningly imposed *kid* for *venison*.

Achilles is said to have been famous for broiling beef-steaks. The great commanders of the siege of Troy, who were all royal sovereigns, never presumed to set any food before their guests but what had been cooked by their own hands.

The Magister Coquíus, or Master Kitchener, was also a personage of great trust, and an officer of high rank in the royal palaces.

According to some writers, however, a cook in the 10th century was just a slave told off for certain duties, and Levy says that until the first Asiatic war against Antiochus the cook was the lowest among slaves, but that after that date he began to rise in value, and "what had been a servile office began to be reckoned an art."

The first of the Tyrants was a cook, Orthagoras, who possessed himself of Sicyon, and his descendants held it for a hundred years.

The Greeks do not seem to have kept cooks

in their households generally, and when there *was* such an officer he was a personage of great importance.

The outdoor life of the people dispensed with a regular practitioner at home, because experts could be engaged at a moment's notice. Certain towns were famous for a certain cuisine, and representatives of all waited for hire in the market-place.

I read in a newspaper that when a gentleman invited guests, he went down to the Keramicus and shouted: "Who wants to contract for my dinner?" when applicants never failed. They asked his price per head, and offered a bill of fare accordingly; sometimes it included music, dancing-girls, and acrobats. The host compared menus, altered, and bargained, and finally chose his contractor.

The Spartans had no cooks, and could only brew black broth, which was, according to Dr. Schaumann, a decoction of pork boiled in the blood with salt and vinegar. The Turks were, as now, always fond of good cooking, and the

chief cook of a Sultan or grandee ranked equal with the chief eunuch.

In the infancy of the Roman Republic every citizen, from a dictator down to the meanest plebeian, dressed his own food, and one of their greatest generals is said to have received the Samnite ambassadors in the room where he was boiling turnips for his dinner.

In an ancient Greek comedy there is the following achievement of a Pagan cook, who in wishing to gratify his master on returning from a journey, served him with some sham oysters, and how he did it is thus described :

“ He took a turnip and shredded fine
 Into the figure of the delicate fish ;
 Then did he pour on oil and ample salt
 With careful hand in due proportion ;
 On that he strew'd twelve grains of poppy seed,
 Food which the Scythians love, then boiled it all.
 And when the turnip touched the royal lips,
 Thus spake the king to his admiring guests :
 “ A cook is quite as useful as a poet,
 And quite in use, and these *anchovies* show it.”

Demoxenus, in another Greek comedy,

enumerates the qualifications of what a cook should be, thus :

“ He must know all the fish in the Pleiades,
Bring to us at their setting ; what the solstice
Winter and summer gave us eatable :
For all the changes and the revolutions
Are fraught with countless evil to mankind,
Such changes as they cause in all their food.”

One of the earliest cooks the world boasts of was Cadmus, chief cook to the King of Sidon, who left his master to go about the world to improve the culinary minds of the universe.

The cook in Plautus is called “Homenum Servatorum” or “the preserver of mankind;” and by Mercier, “The doctor who cures permanently two mortal maladies,” hunger and thirst.

William the First, according to Doomsday Book, granted to Robert Argyllon the land-inent manor of Addington, Surrey, to be held by the following service : “Robert Argyllon holdeth one carrugate of land in Addington, in

the county of Surrey, by the service of making one mess in an earthen pot in the kitchen of our Lord the King at the day of his coronation, called Dela Groutte.”

Groutte is a kind of plain, Plum Porridge, and this dish has been served up at the royal table at coronations by the Lord of the said manor of Addington up to the time of King George the Fourth, but whether since then, I do not know.

Cardinal Otto, the Pope's Legate, when at Oxford in 1240, had his brother as Magister Coquina or cook, and in those early days, according to Dr. Pegge, no one of any rank whatever travelled without his “Magister Coquorum.”

Apicius was a cook and epicure in the time of Tiberius. He wrote a book on the way of provoking an appetite. Having spent £200,000 in supplying table delicacies, and having only £80,000 left, he hanged himself, not thinking it possible to exist on such a wretched allowance. Apicia became a stock name for certain cakes

and sauces, and his name is still proverbial in all matters of gastronomy.

There was another of the name in the reign of Trojan, who wrote a cookery book, and manual of sauces.

Other celebrated ancient cooks were Agis, Nereus, Charides, Lamprins, Aphllhonus, Ariston, and Ealhonus, who are often named by ancient authors.

Taillevant, chief officer of Charles Fifth's kitchen, was celebrated for the introduction of a new style of cookery, and brought his art to the height of perfection. He chopped, boiled, stewed, fricasseed, braized, glazed his dishes in new and sumptuous dressings for his master's tables, where they appeared in such varied devices "so altered and so bedizened and decked with gorgeous accompaniments, that they were exhibited in perfect masquerade." Even vegetables were so metamorphosed that their characters were totally altered, and in order to show his gratitude for these benefits, the King bestowed upon all the officers of the kitchen a splendid livery ;

indeed, he ordered the ministers of his household to dress like "des Poulets en Bedeau," that is to say, in parti-coloured robes.

Platina was a famous *chef*, and appeared in the gastric kingdom when Cadmus was at the height of his glory.

Trimalchi, a celebrated cook in the reign of Nero, mentioned by Petronus, who says, "He had the art of giving to the most common fish the flavour and appearance of the most highly esteemed." Like Ude he said, "Sauces are the soul of cookery, and cookery the soul of festivity." Pope Julius was a great cook; he used to make puddings and pies; and the last Regent of France, who was the greatest prince of his age, and to whom is due the exquisite cuisine of the eighteenth century, had his own *petite cuisine*, to which he frequently retired to recruit himself in dressing a supper for his *maîtresse*, or his friend. He was the inventor of the Pain à l'Orleans, and the plat Filets de Lapereau were invented by his abandoned daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, whose sup-

pers were renowned not only for the perfection of the dishes, but, alas! also for their profligacy.

Filets de Volaille à la Bellevue were conceived by the Marquis de Pompadour for the *petits soupers* of the King at the Chateau of Bellevue. Petites Bouchées à la Reine to Marie, Queen of Louis XIV., and all the entrées bearing the name of mayonnaise, were invented by the Duc de Richelieu.

Among the great cooks are Rechaud Merellion, Robert Beauvilliers, Meôt, Rose, Legacque, Leda, Brigaut, Maudet, Tailleur, Very, Henneven, and Baleine. The first three have been styled the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery. Lacour Mercelier, Sabatier Delegée, and Mercier, are also famous in the annals of the cuisine. Rechaud was the famous great cook in the house of Condé. Boucheslich was Tallyrand's celebrated cook, and was the most extraordinary *cordou bleu* of his day. Tirolay, *chef* to the Duke of Orleans, was the cleverest confectioner of his time. Other famous *chefs* were Constantia, who

was *chef de Patisserie* to the Prince of Soubise ; Feuillet, to the Prince of Condé; Le Coq, to the Court of Louis XVI.; Dupleissy and Avice were also famous *chefs*, the latter celebrated for his culinary fantastic feats.

Beauvilliers, whom I named a few paragraphs back, was a very remarkable man, and, often when distinguished persons were dining together, he would approach their table and would point out one dish to be avoided, and another to be tasted, and he, himself, would order a third of which no one had thought of, or send for wine from a cellar of which alone he had the key. He made a fortune several times and lost it again, and when he died it was found his possessions were just nil. He wrote "L'Art du Cuisinier," which is one of the best cookery books ever published.

Robert May, the author of "The Accomplished Cook," was born in 1588. His father, having been the ablest cook of his time, was his first instructor in the art. When he had attained some perfection in the kitchen the old Lady

Dormer sent him to France, where he remained five years in the family of a Peer, and then he returned to England, and was bound apprentice in London to M. A. Hollingshead, in Newgate Market, who was cook to the Grocers' Hall and Star Chamber. When his apprenticeship was out, Lady Dormer sent for him to be her cook under his father, where there were four cooks besides.

His chronicler writes:—"Such noble houses were then kept, the glory of that, and shame of this present; these were those golden days wherein were practised the triumphs and trophies of cookery. He continued with Lady Dormer till her death, and then served Lord Castlehaven, and after that Lord Lumley; next Lord Montague, and, at the beginning of these wars, with the Countess of Kent."

The celebrated Mrs. Glasse, who wrote "The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy," in 1751, was habit maker to the Royal Family; and we find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that period the following advertisement:

“Mrs. H. Glasse, habit maker to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, makes and sells all sorts of riding habits, Joseph’s greatcoats, horseman’s coats, Russia coats, hussar coats, nightgowns, robe de chambers, widows’ weeds, sultanas, sultans and continelos, after the neatest manner, likewise Parliament, judge, and councillors’ robes, Italian robes, cossookoons, capuchins, newmarket cloaks, quilted cloaks, hoop petticoats, all sorts of fringes and laces, as from the makers, bonnets, palls, short hoods and caps of all sorts, plain sattins, sasnetts and Persians, all sorts of childbeds, cradles, baskets and robes, calemanco, bumbascins, duffels, dimitys, Hanbury caps, etc.”

Her recipes (some of them) are used to this day, though she was never very celebrated as an artistic cook, but her recipes will live for ever.

Bechamel, Marquis de Mointal, was *maître d’hôtel* to Louis XIV., and was the inventor of the well-known Bechamel sauce. An account of

him is given in this book under "Gourmets and Gourmands."

Grimod de la Regnière was a great authority on cookery, and celebrated for his "Almanack des Gourmands," in which he says: "Happy is the amphytrion who possesses a cook worthy of the name, and he ought to be treated more as a friend than a servant"; and he also writes, "The finger of a good cook should alternate between the stewpan and his mouth, and it is only thus in tasting every few moments his ragouts that he can hit upon the precise medium," and it was this *chef* who is said to have proved the advantages of dining late, so that nothing need be thought of after dinner.

Vatel, who was *maître d'hôtel* to Prince Condé, and a very celebrated cook, killed himself in 1671 because some lobsters did not arrive in time to be served up at the banquet to the King. Madame de Sevigné mentions him, and in speaking of the closing scene of Vatel's life, says: "I wrote you yesterday Vatel had killed himself. I give the matter now in detail.

The king arrived on the evening of Thursday, the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils, and all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting. This affected Vatel. He said several times, 'I am dishonoured; this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.' He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve hours; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast, which had been wanting, not at the table of the King, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the Prince; the Prince even went to the chamber of Vatel and said to him, 'Vatel, all is going well, nothing could equal the supper of the King.' He replied, 'Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me. I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'Nothing of the sort,' said the Prince; 'do not distress yourself, all is going well.' He rose at four the next morning determined to attend to everything in person. He met one of the inferior purveyors,

who brought two packages of sea-fish. He asked, 'Is that all?' 'Yes, sir.' The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports for lobsters. Vatel waited some time. The other purveyors did not arrive. His brain began to burn; he believed there would be no more fish. He found Gourville, and said to him, 'I shall never survive this disgrace.' Gourville made light of it. Vatel went upstairs to his room, placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart, but it was not till the third blow that he fell dead. The fish arrived from all parts. They sought Vatel. He was found dead. The Prince was in despair; the Duke wept; the King, who had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years not to give trouble, was deeply grieved!"

Carème, the immortal Carème, the great regenerator of cookery (1784 to 1833), the greatest of all cooks, found eminence by inventing a most delicious sauce for *maigre* days. He gave up all his energies and mind to the study of the various branches of cookery, especially

saucers, and finally studied design and elegance under the celebrated L'Ainé. His biographer relates: "He had great genius, and did more than any other *chef* to determine the arrangements and provision of the dinner table. He had a perfect mania for elaboration and display, and he paid minute attention to the garnishing of his dishes. His career was one continual triumph. He kept Tallyrand alive, though he quarrelled with him afterwards, nurtured the Emperor Alexander; then he lowered his dignity by accepting a salary of £1,000 per annum as *chef* to the Prince Regent." During his services there, it is a well-known fact that the aldermen of London gave immense sums for stale pâtés that had already done duty at the royal table. After a time he became discontented with England, and he quitted the service of the Prince Regent, who was in despair, and made him the most tempting offer to return to him. "Impossible," said Carème; "my soul is French, and can only exist in France." He accepted a tremend-

ous salary from Baron Rothschild. He was compared to the great culinary artist, Beauvilliers, the most celebrated restaurant cook in Paris from 1782 to 1815; and an authority on the matter has said: "There was more aplomb in the touch of Beauvilliers, more felicity in Carème. The first was great in an entrée, Carème sublime in an entrémet. We would bet Beauvilliers, of whom he was very jealous, against the world for a rôti, but we should wish Carème to prepare the sauce, were we under the necessity of eating an elephant or our grandfather." It was said by Carème that the *pièces de résistance* came in with the National Convention.

Carème wrote some wonderful books, especially "L'Art de la Cuisine," in which he writes that "French cookery in the nineteenth century ought to be an example of centuries to come; and, if the proud Romans boasted of their Lucullus, Apicius, and Fabius, that the French will never forget the magnificent supper of the Vaux, nor the collations at Chantilly.

Since the time of Henry, France was the mother country of the amphytryons, and there only real gastronomy was to be found." His entrées were dreams, and his fame for them was world wide. Carème organised the immense dinner given in 1814 in the Plaine de Vertas to the kings coalesced against France. As Tallyrand's cook, he played an important part at the Congress of Vienna.

Carème's biographers assert that he was illustrious by descent, "for his ancestors had served in the household of the Pope Leo X., who himself made more sauces than saints." The Princess Bagration, in whose service he was, called him "La Perle des Cuisiniers." The Emperor Alexander sent him a diamond ring, which Prince Walkonski placed on his finger.

When Carème retired from the culinary world, he used to write books on cookery, and realised twenty thousand francs yearly. Amongst his books are "Les Dejeuners de l'Empereur Napoleon," "La Cuisine Française,"

but there were many others besides, all connected with his calling.

We come now to La Varenne. "This cook," says the "Cook and Housekeeper," in an article therein, "was the first great French cook of modern times, and his cookery book, published in Paris in 1650, may be described as the starting point in modern cookery. He was lord of the kitchen to the Marquis d'Uxelles."

Villeroux, another *chef*, was the friend of Carême, and was also a famous cook, but he was more remarkable for his adventurous character than for his culinary abilities. He was the *chef* to Mirabeau, and the "Cook and Housekeeper" relates of him that, once falling into the midst of a wild tribe in India, who seemed fond of their stomachs, he made such sauces and plâts that they were mad with delight, and they proclaimed him king in consequence. For years, with his crown on his head and his frying-pan in his hand, he carried out his two trades of king and cook. When he died, he left his people, the Mimassacoos, as a

legacy a recipe for making the "omelette au lard."

Louis Eustache Ude, cook to Lord Sefton, is pronounced to have been the most learned of all cooks. He had been a jeweller, an engraver, a printer, a haberdasher, a commercial traveller, and had served with the Bonapartes. He afterwards became an actor, then agent de charge; but eventually he returned to his original calling, as when a boy he had been under his father in Louis XVI.'s kitchen. He lived with the Earl of Sefton twenty years, and then retired on a pension. He was *maître d'hôtel* at Crockford's Club (it has been said he was the originator of that club). Ude was intended to be brought up as a priest, or to study medicine; but young Ude would none of it, and he therefore ran away and apprenticed himself first to a jeweller, then to an engraver, etc.

He was two years as *maître d'hôtel* to Madame Letitia Bonaparte, and it was on leaving her he came to England and got a situation

with a salary of three hundred guineas a year.

He was the first to distinguish between entrées and entremêts, and explained that an entrée was "any dish of meat, fowl, game, or fish dressed and cooked in the second course," and entremêts applied to "all vegetable dishes, jellies, pastries, salads, prawns, lobsters, and in general to everything that appears on the second course except the roast." Ude declared with many others, that a first-rate dinner in England is beyond all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country, for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them.

ALEXIS SOYER.—Soyer was another gastro-nomic artist and writer, and was born at Meaux in 1809. He was intended for the Church, and was a chorister in Bossuet's famous old cathedral; but his inclination was cookwise, and he went through a systematic training as cook in several notable restaurants in Paris and

in the provinces, and became the most famous cook of his time.

He was *chef* to Prince Polignac in 1830, and was nearly murdered there by the revolutionists, but escaped to London, and became cook in various hotels, private houses, and latterly in the Reform Club. In 1855, he went for a time to the Crimea. He undertook and designed very grand banquets, especially his Diner Lucullusien à la Sampayo, in which he made a Bouquet de Gibier which he presented to Louis Philippe. He describes it thus: "The frame was richly covered with Christmas holly, laurel, mistletoe, and evergreen, with a great variety of winter flowers. There were twenty-two dozen head of game, consisting of larks, snipes, woodcocks, teal, French and English partridges, grouse, widgeons, wild ducks, blackcocks, pheasants, a leveret, a hare, and golden plovers. The interstices were tightly filled with wheat and oats, the whole ornamented with tri-coloured ribbon. It was about ten feet high, and proportionately wide." He was the author

of several works, "Charitable Cookery," "The Modern Housewife," etc., and he also wrote an account of his experiences in the Crimea. He died in 1858, aged 49, and on his tombstone is engraved, "Soyer tranquille."

Charles Elmé Francaltelli was Ude's successor as a culinary artist. He was by birth British, though his parentage was Italian, and was a man of refinement and education, also a writer of merit. He was educated in France, and studied under the great Carème. He was for many years *chef* to the Earl of Chesterfield, whose dinners were the admiration of all the celebrated gourmets. He was afterwards *chef de cuisine* to the Earl of Dudley, and then to Lord Kinnaird; he then succeeded Ude at Crockford's, where he remained till the Queen, hearing of his fame, he was made *maitre d'hôtel* and chief cook to Her Majesty. After some years of faithful service, he was compelled by health to resign his royal appointment, and accepted the less arduous post of *chef* at the Reform Club, which post had become vacant through Soyer.

He held this post for seven years, when he relinquished it for the management of St. James Hotel (now the Berkeley), and from there he went to the Freemason Tavern, which he held till just before his death in 1876.

The "Chef," in speaking of his art, says: "Whilst Francaltelli could dress and arrange the costliest banquets, he was also a culinary economist of enlarged and thoroughly practical views; and his published works cover the whole field of gastronomy, from the most *recherché* dishes of the epicure to the economical diet of the poor.

The "Modern Cook" was published in 1845, and ran through twelve editions; it was followed in 1861 by "The Cook's Guide," and then "A Plain Cookery Book for the Working Classes," and afterwards "The Royal English and Foreign Confectionery," in which the art of confectionery is discussed as practised in England and all the European countries.

It was Francaltelli who first introduced the dinners à la Russe in England, and which he advocates thus: "Few there are who are not

apt to look with pleasurable anticipation on the culinary dainties before them; but when appetite is appeased, to continue inhaling the now no longer agreeable perfumes of hacked fragments of even the most perfect dishes is little calculated to promote enjoyment; whereas the absence from table of the more substantial fare is fully compensated by the refreshing elegance of an artistic display of ornamental confectionery, gorgeous fruit, and lovely flowers, which form the chief elements of a fashionable dessert."

There is a very amusing story of one of the Dukes of Beauford's Neapolitan confectioner, who was so imbued with the spirit of his art, that one night, when the duke was fast asleep in bed, he was awakened by someone knocking at his door. Calling out, "Who is it?" the cook answered, "It is only me, Signor Duca. I was at the opera, and have been dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti's, and I have an idea I have this moment invented a sorbet; I have named it after that divine composer, and I hastened to inform Your Grace!" History

saith not whether Signor Duca was pleased at the news or not.

Another amusing anecdote is related of a first-rate *chef* of the late Lord Seaford, who, not being able to afford to keep him, prevailed on the Duke of Wellington to engage him. Shortly after he had been in the duke's service, he returned to his former master, and begged him, with tears in his eyes, to take him back again, at either reduced wages or none at all, for it was impossible to remain longer at Apsley House. Lord S— asked, "Has the duke been finding fault?" "Oh, no, he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I served him a dinner that would have made Udc or Francaltelli burst with envy, and he say *noting*. I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cook maid, and he say *noting*. Dat hurt my feelings, my lord!"

Patrick Lamb was *chef* for nearly fifty years to King Charles II., King James II., King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne.

He wrote "Royal Cookery, or the Complete

Court Cook," a most voluminous work, published in 1710, when he was quite an old man.

Nathaniel Brook was *chef* to Charles I., and was the one who prepared that historic dinner of which the king was invited to partake of previous to his passing out of the banqueting house on to the scaffold, but of which the king would not partake, but took only a manchet of bread and a glass of claret. Some of Brook's recipes are rather astonishing. For instance : "A steak pie with a pudding in it."

This was made of a lean leg of mutton minced small with suet, and a few sweet herbs, tops of young thyme, a branch of pennyroyal, two or three of red sage, the yolks of eggs, sweet cream, and raisins of the sun, all worked by the hand into a round shape.

Urbain Dubois, the *chef* of modern times, and the author of "La Patisserie Royale, and Cuisine de tous les Pays," and *chef* to the King and Queen of Prussia, when those personages existed under those titles, remarks in one of his prefaces :—"Formerly, the science of good living

was the privilege of the few. In these days, expenses are counted by legions," and he also observed, "Cooking is the finish of fine arts."

In these days, there are so many *chefs* who can produce the most perfect cookery, but as in days of yore there was only one to our twenty, it will be useless to enter into any descriptions of the up-to-date artists. Alfred Suzanne and Eugene Pouard are among the most noted of them.

ANECDOTES OF GOURMETS, GOURMANDS,
AND GLUTTONS.

“ This Epicurus did arrange his pleasure,
Thus wisely did he eat.”

—*The Deipnosophisto of Athenæus.*

THE Romans were among the earliest nations famed not only as epicures but as gluttons. They possessed enormous capabilities for eating, generally having five meals a day, and at the great feasts, after their stomachs were full to repletion, measures were taken to empty them, so that they might go on eating again. Dr. J. M. Fothergill relates that the oysters of Great Britain were conveyed by relays of runners to their Roman villas. History says that one Roman epicure cast a slave into his fish-pond to improve the flavour of his lampreys.

In the middle ages there used to be terrible

cruelty exercised in order to please the palates of the gourmands. For instance, geese were roasted alive, fowls beaten to death, so that they might be extra tender for table. One also reads of "Directions how to roast birds alive," which makes one shudder even to read.

The Greeks, or Ancient Athenians, had also a long rôle of gourmands. Philoxemus was a renowned ancient glutton, and died from eating too much of that ancient fish, the polypus. It seems he went to the fish-market one day and bought a polypus three feet long. Then after dressing it himself, and eating three-fourths of it, he was taken very ill with an attack of indigestion. He sent for a doctor, who told him at once that he had only six hours to live, so that he had better settle his affairs. Philoxemus answered him: "O, doctor, all my affairs are arranged and attended to long ago. Since it is the will of the gods that I must leave this earth, I am content; most of its good things I must leave behind, but what I can take with me I will. Oblige me, O doctor, by going to the

kitchen and bringing me the remains of that polypus!"

Lucullus, that wealthy Roman, who lived B.C. 110-57, noted for his banquets and self-indulgence, never dined more sumptuously than when he dined alone, and on one occasion, when a superb supper had been prepared for him, being asked who were his guests, he replied, "Lucullus will sup to-night with Lucullus," and on another occasion he upbraided his cook for serving him with a cheap repast, which, when "Lucullus dined with Lucullus," cost only one hundred pounds.

Longfellow, in his Drinking Song, quotes him,—

"Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables."

The great Charlemagne was a great epicure, and took immense interest in the management of his table. Mark Antony was also a celebrated glutton, and it is written of him that he had roasted eight whole boars for supper.

Gluttons abounded among many of the royal princes.

Hardicanute, the Danish King, was so great a gourmand that he was nicknamed "Swine's Mouth," his table being covered four times a day with the most costly viands that could be procured.

Peter the Great was a *very* great epicure. One of his favourite dinners was a soup with four cabbages in it, gruel, pig with sour cream for sauce, cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers, lemons and lampreys, salt meat, ham and Limburgh cheese. And when in England, on his return from a visit to Portsmouth, the Czar and his party, twenty-one in number, stopped at Godalming and consumed for breakfast half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, seven dozen eggs, salad in proportion, and drank three quarts of brandy, and six quarts of mulled wine; and at dinner, five ribs of beef (weight, three stones), one sheep (fifty-six pounds), three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of boiled veal, eight pullets eight rabbits,

two and a half dozen of sack, and one dozen of claret. This bill of fare is preserved in Ballard's collection in the Bodleian Library.

Ludovico, Duke of Milan, was an epicure of fruit, and carried his luxury for it to such an extent that he had a travelling fruit garden, the trees being brought to his table that he might gratify his taste by gathering the fruit with his own hands. Charles V. of Germany was a very celebrated gourmand, and celebrated both as a glutton and an epicure. His favourite dishes were cats in jelly, lizard soup, roast horse, and fried frogs, etc. And when he asked his *chef* to compose a new dish, he proposed a compôte of watches on account of the Emperor's predilection for them.

In one of the histories of this sovereign, a dinner given by the Knights of the Golden Fleece is thus described, and Roger Ascham vows that he saw him "make his way through salt beef, roast mutton, and baked hare, and after, he fed full well on a capon." The same quotes, "he had his head in the glass five times

as long as any of them, and drank no less than a quart of Rhine wine at once."

Henry VIII. was also a gourmet, and a liberal rewarder "of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his palate," and on one occasion having been so well pleased with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

Anne Boleyn was a lover of good things, and when she was residing at Windsor in 1527, King Henry sent her a dish from his own table. Yet she was not satisfied with it, for it is said all the time she was hankering after Wolsey's dainties, and expressed a request "for some of his good meat, as carps, shrimps, and other delicacies."

King Stanislaus Leczinski invented many dishes, and vastly improved the style of cooking, and amongst other things dishes of meat with fruits served up at his table, both of which had been cooked together. Geese which had been plucked alive and whipped to death and marinées were set down in the bill of fare as

foreign birds ; and turkeys were transformed into cogs de bruyères, and served to table buried under the strong-smelling herbs of Lorraine. One year was remarkable for the entire failure of the fruit crop ; but Stanislaus would not be deprived of his dessert—no, not he ! So he substituted compositions of sugared vegetables.

Charles V. of Spain, before rising in the morning, had potted capons served to him, prepared with sugar, milk and spices, iced beer being one of his favourite drinks. Eels, frogs, and oysters were items constantly in his bill of fare.

Henry de Valois brought into fashion aromatic sauces, and various spiced dainties. He inherited his taste for cookery from Catherine de Medici, who introduced into France not only ices but much of the Italian Cuisine.

Louis XVIII. was a gourmet of the first water, and paid his cook a huge salary, and his table was extravagant in the extreme. He invented truffles à la purée d'ortalons, and was so

reluctant to disclose the secret, he invariably prepared the dish with his own hands, assisted by the Duc d'Escaro.

The Prince de Soubise, the inventor of the noted sauce of that name, was a grand gourmet. There is an anecdote of him that he once asked his *chef* for a supper menu. The first item on it was fifty hams. "What! Bertrand," cried his master, "you must be out of your mind! Do you intend to feed a regiment?" "No, monseigneur, only *one* ham will appear on the table. The rest are not the less necessary for my espagnoles, my blonds, my garnitures, my—" "Bertrand, you are plundering me," said the Prince, "and this article shall not pass." "Oh, my lord!" cried the indignant artist, "you do not understand our resources. Give the word, and these fifty hams, which I ask of you, I will put them into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb." The Prince agreed, and the article passed.

Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, in 1718, says in a letter: "The late king, Monsieur

le Dauphin, and the Duc de Berri were enormous eaters. I have often seen the king eat four plates of different kinds of soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick slices of ham, mutton flavoured with garlic, a plateful of pastry, and finish his repast with fruit and hard-boiled eggs."

Before leaving the epicure royalties, I must not omit to speak of our own Queen Anne, the gouty Queen of Gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apecius*, for her favourite physician. She gave her name to a pudding which has been handed down to the present time.

There was a Duke of Norfolk who was such a gross eater that he would eat enough for five persons, but took good care never to eat five dinners at the same hotel.

Hadyn the composer also was a huge eater, and liked to dine alone. It was his custom to order dinner for five, and then at the appointed hour devour the whole dinner. One one occasion there was a new waiter, who, not knowing

him, on Hadyn's ordering the dinner to be brought in, the waiter answered : " But, mosieur, de company have not arrive ! " " De gompany ? " replied the maestro ; " I am de gompany," and went in to his dinner, and, as usual, cleared the board.

The Curé de Bréquier was a tremendous trencherman. Brillat-Savarin relates of him that " he once saw him eat at one sitting, in a quarter of an hour, as much food as would serve a working man for ten days." He swallowed a quart of soup, a plate of bouillé, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, an immense amount of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup of coffee.

The Vicomte de Vieil Castel was among noted extravagant epicures. He made a bet that he would eat 500 francs' worth of food and liquor in two hours.

His order consisted of twenty-four dozen oysters, a soup, a rump steak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a salmi of ortalons, a dish

of asparagus, a plate of new young peas, a pine apple, a dish of strawberries, five bottles of wine, coffee and liqueurs ; he won his bet in one hour and forty minutes.

Brillat-Savarin, the celebrated gourmet, was born at Belley in 1755, and was a judge and a lawyer, and had to fly to Switzerland in the Reign of Terror for safety, and afterwards went to America, where he played in the orchestra in the New York Theatre. Shortly before he died, in 1826, he published his "Physiologie du Gout," a very witty compendium of the art of dining, to which he brought the experience of half a century, which has been translated, and gone through several editions. The latest form of it is a "Handbook of Gastronomy." Before he died he was reinstated to his appointment as judge, and returned to France. Once when he was travelling he determined to dine at Lens. He asked what he could have for dinner ? The answer was "Little enough." He followed the cook into the kitchen, and saw four turkeys roasting. "Nothing in the house!" exclaimed

Savarin; "I must have one of these turkeys." "No, monsieur could not have one as they had been ordered by a gentleman upstairs." Savarin remarked he must have a large party. "No, only himself." Savarin replied, "I must see this gentleman who orders four turkeys for his own eating," and going upstairs he found himself face to face with his own son. "You rogue! What! four turkeys for yourself?" "Yes, sir; you know whenever I dine with you, you eat up all the tit-bits (the oysters); I was resolved to enjoy myself for once in my life, and here I am ready to begin, although I did not expect the honour of your company."

Once when Brillat-Savarin was at Versailles, in the capacity of Commissioner of the Directoire, he invited a friend to dine with him, and to see how many oysters they could eat. They both managed three dozen, and then Brillat-Savarin had to stop, as he was afraid he should not be able to do justice to the dinner, but his friend, Herr Laporte, managed thirty-two dozen.

One of his favourite sayings was, "They who

get indigestion, or who become intoxicated, neither know how to eat nor how to drink.”

The Marquis and Marchioness de Béchamel were famous epicures. He invented the well-known sauce called after him. He married Valentine de Rochemont merely because she was a wonderfully good cook, and had a remarkable appetite; and it proved a very happy marriage, for they cooked and ate together for fifty years in perfect health and accord. They were said to have almost passed their lives at table, and when not at table they were generally in the kitchen. Their cookery was said to be delicious by all the celebrated gourmets of the day. They had a grand feast at their golden wedding, and for many years the marquis had been saving for this anniversary a bottle of priceless Constantia from the Cape, and every guest was to taste it. Just as the bottle was brought out, the marchioness sank to the floor, and it was soon discovered she was dead. The marquis was inconsolable, and had the bottle of

wine put away unopened, and before long he fell hopelessly ill, and finding he had not long to live, the marquis called for the bottle of Constantia. With a sinking, dying voice the old marquis said, "When I meet my beloved Valentine on the other side, she will say, 'What is that perfume, my dear, which I detect upon thy lips?' and I will answer, 'It is the Constantia wine, my beloved, we had saved for our golden wedding.'" He then drank some of the wine, and then his head fell back on the pillow. All supposed the end had come; but he was merely asleep. An hour afterwards he called for his nephew, and gave him a key, and told him to go and unlock a drawer in his escritoire, and bring from it a box. On bringing it to his uncle he was astonished to find a pie—a Peregord pie—dressed with "truffles of salat." The marquis ate freely of it, and again sank upon his pillow. "Hark!" said the doctor, "I hear the death rattle in his throat;" but the rattle turned to a snore, as he was only asleep; and though he was then seventy-five years old, he

lived fifteen years longer, and invented several more famous dishes.

Honoré de Balzac used to say, "If there is anything sadder than unrecognised genius, it is the misunderstood stomach. The heart whose love is rejected rests upon a fictitious want, but the stomach! nothing can be compared to its sufferings, for we must have life before."

The late Lord Alvanley had always his *suprême de volaille* made of the oyster bits instead of the breast filets, so that it took twenty fowls to complete a single dish.

Sir Theodore Mayerne was a great physician and epicure, and was the medical attendant of four kings, Henry IV. of France, James I., Charles I. and Charles II. of England, and in his hours of relaxation applied his chemical knowledge to the improvement of the arts of painting and cooking, and wrote a very excellent book on the latter. As in those ancient times cookery was specifically considered an important branch of the healing art, the *curare* among the Romans signifying to dress a dinner

as well as to cure a disease. His cookery book was called "Archimagerus Anglo Gallicus."

The *Caterer* gives an anecdote of the gourmandizing propensities of Mr. Wreford, one of the old time supporters of the celebrated Danebery stable. He once called at the Gloster Coffee House, Piccadilly, now the Berkeley Hotel, and ordered dinner for three. At the appointed time he turned up himself, and on inquiring for his friends, was told they had not arrived. He said he would not wait, and commenced. After partaking of the various dishes as they came up, he came at last to what he had specially ordered—a goose. This he attacked, and during the absence of the waiter for a few minutes, disdaining to use the plate which had been placed before him, but grappled with the bird on the dish itself, and as he got through it he threw the bones over his shoulder into the fire-place behind him. The waiter, when he returned, was much astonished to find the goose had almost disappeared without the usual fragments being left. He looked

at Mr. Wreford in much bewilderment, who blandly explained, "In eating small birds like these, waiter, I generally eat them bones and all."

A correspondent of the *San Francisco Post* writes that he breakfasted once in the company of a well-known musician who was an extraordinary large eater. He first ate a large musk melon, followed by a beef steak and mushrooms, of which he had two good helps, potato croquettes, four boiled eggs, toast and muffins, *ad libitum*, and six wheat cakes.

There is a story of an old German from Wittenberg, where Lord Hamlet attended the university, who was noted for his huge appetite, and he would wager that he could eat a whole sheep or a whole pig, or demolish a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He lived to fourscore years, and used to spend half his time in exhibiting how much and what he could eat, for he would also chew glass, earthenware, and flint into liliputian fragments. He had a special fancy for caterpillars, mice, and birds,

and when he could not get these he would content himself with mineral substances; and once, it is said, he swallowed a pen, the ink and the sand pounce, and he would have eaten the ink-stand had he been allowed.

In the "Housekeeper" there is an account of a youth who ate five pounds of lamb and two quarts of peas in fifty-six minutes.

In the *Quarterly Review* of 1835 there is an anecdote of a great eater, a lord lieutenant of one of the western counties, who ate a covey* of partridges every day. The same review speaks of a nobleman who would eat a covey of partridges as the Scotchman eats a solan goose—for a "whet." This same glutton one day went into an Old Bailey beef-and-ham shop, where he ate seven and a half pounds of solid meat with a proportionate amount of vegetables. "Capital beef," said my lord, as he was eating it; "a man may cut and come again here." The landlord answered, "You may cut, sir, but I'm blowed if you shall ever come again."

There was a man of Kent named Nickolas Wood, who the water poet, Taylor, tells had a very fine faculty for storing away provender, and that at one time he would demolish a whole sheep, at another time several rabbits, another time three dozen pigeons, and again eighteen yards of black pudding, and on two other occasions sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. Once at Sir Wareham St. Leger's house he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anointed his haunch with grease to make it stretch, and afterwards he was laid in bed and slept eight hours.

One of the monthlies narrates of two men who lived in Wilts in 1870, who had a bet which should eat the greatest quantity of food in the shortest space of time.

One of them devoured six and a half pounds of rabbit, a loaf, and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hour, and then he finished off,

being delighted with his success, with a beef-steak, a pint and a half of gin, and half a pint of brandy.

Nick Davenport, the actor, was another glutton, or more politely speaking, a man with an enormous appetite; he has been known to eat a seven pound turkey at one meal.

Dr. Johnson was another glutton and epicure, and loved to discourse on eating. Boswell, his biographer, relates that he used to say, "Some people have a foolish way of not minding what they eat, or pretend not to mind; for my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else."

Boswell, who wrote his life, says, "that he never knew a man who relished good-eating more; that when he was at table he became totally absorbed in the business of eating, and that, unless he was in very high company, he would never utter a word, or pay the slightest attention to what others were saying, until he had satisfied his appetite; and he boasted that

he could write a better book of cookery than had ever yet been written, and that it should be a book on philosophical principles," and it was he who remarked, "a woman may open, but she cannot write, a good book of cookery."

The actor, Barton Booth, a relation of the Earl of Warrington, and not far remote from the title, had such an unappeasible appetite that his wife had often to order the table to be removed for fear of his stomach being over-charged.

When Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, was besieging Prague, a boor of extraordinary visage desired admittance to the king, and, being allowed to enter, he offered by way of amusement, to devour a large hog in his presence. An old general, who was standing by his royal master, observed the man ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. "Sir," said the peasant, irritated by these remarks, "if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig," making a hideous expansion of his jaws,

upon which the general turned pale, and quickly left the tent.

Mr. Child, in his admirable volume, "Delicate Feasting," observes, "A man can dine only once a day." "If the dinner be defective, the misfortune is irreparable. The dinner hour comes and the man, but he eats and dines not, and like the ancient Roman, goes his way with the sigh, 'Perdide diem.'"

Charles Monselet, who was celebrated for his love of good dining, has said, "The man who pays no attention to the food he consumes is comparable only to the pig, in whose trough the trotters of his own sow, a pair of old braces, a newspaper, and a set of old dominoes, are equally welcome."

It has been written (I don't remember where), "There is symphony in diet as well as in music, but don't attempt to play it upon one string. Monotony is discord. It is variety, well-tuned and well-timed, that soothes the sense and sweetens our life with its harmony."

Cardinal Fesch, a celebrated gastronome,

was giving a party to some noted cardinals, and two immense turbot were sent to him on the morning of the dinner.

The cardinal was very anxious to have *both* the turbot cooked, but did not quite know how it was to be managed, so consulted with his *chef*. "Be of good faith, Your Eminence, both shall appear, both shall enjoy the reception which is their due."

The dinner was served. One of the turbot followed the soup. The *maitre d'hôtel* advanced with two attendants to remove the turbot to cut it up. But one of them lost his balance, and the attendants and turbot rolled together on the floor. At this sad sight the cardinals looked very grim, but the *maitre d'hôtel*, with great calmness, turned to one of the attendants and said, "Bring another turbot." The second appeared, and the faces of the company glowed, not only with delight, but with astonishment.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the word "gourmand" is derived from the Danish

king, Gormund, whom Alfred the Great persuaded to become a Christian, and afterwards called Athelstane; and it is said also that the custom of hard drinking and gourmandizing was imported by the Danes.

These are four classes of eaters, says Roland in his "Synonyms": "The *frearid*, a lover of dainties, especially sweetmeats and fruits; the *goinfre*, a greedy wretch, who devours everything that comes in his way; the *sonlu*, who greedily snatches and swallows rather than eats, gobbles rather than chews; the *glutton*, who eats with a disagreeable noise, and devours with the utmost voracity."

Before leaving this chapter, it may interest my readers what are said to be the favourite dishes among Europe's royalties and celebrities, ancient and modern. The Prince of Wales likes half-a-dozen dishes, and plenty of them. He insists on thick soups, never touches potatoes nor pastry, and says that a saddle of mutton with jelly is the true epicure's *bonne bouche*. The Princess of Wales loves roast pork and

salad. The Emperor of Russia is devoted to oysters, and his favourite dish sheep's brains, stewed with sugar, and served with dumplings and slices of fat bacon, and he likes all his food over-cooked. The Empress of Russia only cares for chickens. The Empress of Austria likes veal soaked in vinegar, and raw herring salads. Her pet dish is a thin slice of lean ham, grilled, served on toast, and covered in green peas. The Emperor of Austria likes sauer-kraut and bacon, and apple wine; King Humbert of Italy, steaks and mutton chops. The King of Denmark is almost a vegetarian, and will not eat pork, veal, or lamb. The Queen Regent of Spain seldom touches tea, coffee, or bread; but delights in beef, mutton, and chicken, and soup with every meal. The King of Wurtemberg makes a dinner of several courses at midnight, but seldom eats at any other time. Baked liver, served with stuffing, is his particular fancy. He only takes a cup of coffee and a roll till he has been up and about for nearly half a day. The Sultan of Turkey

eats mutton and sweetmeats, and sometimes a goat stew, with flour dumplings and slices of lemon. He prefers vegetables, sorbets, and ice-creams, and is a total abstainer. Prince Christian of Denmark is almost a vegetarian, and likes cold vegetables and salads for breakfast and supper.

Queen Margaret of Italy loves olives and cakes fried in oil. Both the King and Queen of Italy are fond of fritto, which is a concoction of artichokes, chickens' livers, calves' brains, and cocks'-combs. Grand Duchess of Baden loves coffee, and makes her own always. The Grand Duke's favourite dish is lentil soup, with a little vinegar in it, and Frankfort sausages. King Oscar of Sweden loves raw salmon preserved in earth, and soup composed of boiled barley and whipped cream. Empress Elizabeth's food consists of cold meat joints, the juice of raw beef-steaks, and tea and Bavarian knoedets. Empress Frederick loves cream and purées, and pastries of all kinds. Our own dear Queen loves porridge, and is a very simple eater. Luther

always partook of a substantial supply of fibrous meats, which he lubricated with Rhine wine and Forgan beer, the latter the lager beer of the day. Charles XII. of Sweden preferred plain bread and butter to any other food. Napoleon and Voltaire were excessively fond of coffee. The Emperor Frederick of Germany and Maximilian II. were inordinately fond of melons. Henry IV. of France indulged largely in oysters. Shakespeare loved sack. Bismarck's drink is a mixture of champagne and London porter.

ANCIENT COOKERY BOOKS.

SPAIN has the honour of having furnished the first cookery book, entitled "Libro de Cozina compuesto por Ruberto da Nola," and was printed about 1590, though the first attempt at a cookery book was made in the twelfth century by Alexander Neckham. Then the Liber Cure Cocoriam or the form of cury, a vellum roll, is supposed to have been written by the master cook of Richard II., who reigned from 1377 to 1399. The roll comprises 196 recipes. In it, directions are given to enable one "to make common pottages and common meats for the household as they should be made carefully and wholesomely."

This roll presents the earliest mention of olive oil, cloves, mace, and gourds. Another

cookery book appeared about the year 1450, with the title, "Her begynath a noble book of cookery for a princ houssold or any other estates houssold." It contained 283 recipes, and divers rules for cooks and other domestic retainers. It mentions Saracen sauce, Galautine, and dishes often cooked in white *grease* which evidently meant *lard*.

After that came the "Noble Book of Cooking," printed in 1500, describing royal banquets, *temp.* Henry IV. and Edward VI.

The "Closet for Ladies and Gentlemen, or Art of Preserving, Conserving, and Candyng," appeared in 1651. Another, called "Delights for Ladies," in 1651.

"Les Dons de Comus," by Marin, cook to the Duchess de Chaulnes, in 1738, was a very valuable work.

"The Complete Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," printed in 1739, is a remarkable old book, being a collection of upwards of six hundred of the most approved recipes in cookery, pastry, confectionery, pre-

serving, pickling, cakes, creams, jellies, made wines, cordials, with copper plates curiously engraved for the disposition of various dishes and courses, and also bills of fare for every month in the year.

The frontispiece is a curiosity, representing a well-appointed kitchen, in which there is quite a company, and of these there are ladies in grand toilettes, showing that gentlewomen in those days did not disdain assisting to prepare the set dinners of the time any more than Louis XV., who, it is well known, with other members of the Royal House, was fond of preparing certain special dishes with their own royal hands.

“The Art of Cookery,” by Mrs. Glasse, 1747, is so well known among the cookery books of the eighteenth century that it is not necessary to remind my readers here of it.

Some insight into the cookery of 1754 may be obtained from the pages of the “Connoisseur,” published in 1765.

The quality of that day drove to the “Star

and Garter" to regale on macaroni, or toy with ortolans at White's or Pontac's.

In 1801 was published a volume entitled "The Universal Cook, and City and Country Housekeeper," by Francis Collingwood and John Woolforth, cooks at the "Crown and Anchor" in the Strand, containing "all the various branches of cookery, giving bills of fare for all the year round." Some of the dishes are most peculiar, and would astonish the modern *chefs* and *cordons bleu*. Ninety-one years have indeed transformed the tastes and styles of the gastronomers of other days, and it seems utterly impossible now to get through the ponderous dishes in vogue in the olden times.

Dr. Kitchener, who wrote the "Cook's Oracle," must not be forgotten, which book is full of common-sense practice; but though an epicure and fond of experiments in cooking, he himself was very abstemious. His dinners were cooked according to his own method.

Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was the medical attendant to four kings, *viz.*, Henry IV. of

France, James I., and Charles I. and Charles II. of England, wrote a book in his hours of relaxation upon improving the art of cookery, as in those ancient times cookery was specifically considered an important branch of the healing art. His book was called "Archimagerus Anglo Gallicus," and among the recipes was "A City of London Pie," which will be found among the ancient recipes in this volume.

The most extensive of all modern cookery books is Emile Bernard's great book on cookery, which is something enormous. The largest folios of patriotic lore are fools to it, and the various dishes are photographed in it.

This gigantic gastronomic manual cost £14,500 to produce, and as only 100 copies were printed, one may easily calculate the price of each volume.

These copies are in the exclusive possession of crowned heads and their immediate relations and friends who subscribed for them. It was commenced in 1888, under the German Emperor,

William I., the author being *chef* to that monarch.

Cookery books abound at the present time in thousands, and it would be impossible to enumerate even a few of them in this small volume, and it would be invidious to pass criticisms on them, as opinions now, as ever, differ.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

IN an old history relating to the year 950, there is an account of the houses and ways of the Saxons. Even in those early days there was considerable ceremony and even luxury about all matters connected with food and eating at a Saxon Thane's table.

Everyone was seated at a large, square table, each strictly in order with his respective rank, as they had a law by which those who took higher seats than they were entitled to, were pelted with bones or any other refuse.

The Thane's wife would be seated in a chair of state on a platform raised above the other guests, and placed at the head of the table, and she always cut and distributed the bread. Hence the title of loaf-dien or server of bread,

from which the word "lady" is derived. The men sat on one side of the table and the women on the other. The table-cloth was of handsomely embroidered cloth, the drinking-cups either of silver or gold, very heavily chased. The tables groaned with food; often animals roasted whole were served up; pork was the favourite meat. Each guest had to carve for himself, and used their own knife, a short, double-edged one, which they always carried with them.

In a periodical speaking of those times, it is related that a singular law was in force at this time, which was, if anyone entertained a guest in his house for three days, and that guest committed any crime during that period, his host was either to bring him to justice, or answer for the offence himself; and by another and somewhat later law, a guest, after two nights' residence, was considered one of the family, and his entertainer was held responsible for all his actions.

Inhospitality was a sin in those days. To

shut the door upon a houseless stranger was an offence which the Church would not forgive, and it was said that anyone doing so, luck would desert him for the future.

The approach of the meal was generally announced by the blowing of horns, so that wayfarers might hasten their movements. Grace was said before the tables were laid, and the guests had to wait for their meal, whilst the attendants brought in all the necessaries.

To wait at table on others was considered an honour. We all know the story of the Black Prince attending on the captive French monarch. In the households of the great, the carvers, and those who presented the wine at table, were always esquires, and often barons and nobles.

Sitting at meals only commenced about the time of Charlemagne, when Gaul was conquered by the Romans, when they seated themselves upon cushions around a stand in order to take their meals in imitation of the Romans, who took their meals lying upon very low cushions,

or lounges, and at the houses of the nobles these cushions and stands were highly decorated. The dining-table did not make its appearance till the middle ages, when benches with backs were provided to place around the board instead of cushions. At first the table was not covered with a cloth, and napkins were likewise unknown. The first that mention is made of were manufactured at Rheims, and offered to Charles VII. at the time that he was crowned there, and became common under Francis I.

The Old English, according to Mr. D'Arcy Power, had three meals a day. The chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at nine, dinner about three, and supper just before bedtime.

The Normans dined at the Old English breakfast time, and suppered at seven p.m. In Tudor times, the swells dined at eleven and supped at five; but the merchants seldom took their meals before twelve and six o'clock. The chief meals, dinner and supper,

were eaten in the hall, for the dining-room did not come into use before Elizabeth's time.

The dinner of these days consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and finished by a device; and then Ypocras was served, after which the guests retired into another room, where pastry, sweetmeats, and fruits were served with choice wines.

Breakfasts were first spoken of in 1463, but that meal did not become recognised till late in the seventeenth century, as we read that Pepys took half a pint of Rhenish wine in place of the morning meal.

Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the time of Henry IV. to the death of Elizabeth, the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any banquet of the present day.

The first mention of *pudding* did not occur till 1710, in the menus of the "Buckfeast" at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and in 1712 there is an item of five shillings for ice. Each guest

used to bring his own knife and spoon, and washed their hands both before and after meals.

The Romans divided the meals into three sections. The first, called Antecana, was composed of turnips, skirret, anchovy, black radishes, venafre, olives, tomatoes, eggs, broils, soft fish, roes seasoned with garum, which was made of spiced mackerel or cod entrails.

The second section was composed of a variety of dishes, such as guinea fowl, thrush, Ionian pheasant, capon, liver preserved in honey, peacocks, parrots, flamingo, tongue, sucking-pig, sow's udder, bears' hams, etc. Sometimes the flesh of the young ass and dog were liked; they also had a secret for fattening snails.

The third section was bellaria or dessert, and consisted of fruits, pastry, and cheese, during which wines of Massicus, Cœenbuno, Falernian, and Chiel were served by young Ganymedes with perfumed curls.

At a supper given by the Pontiff Lentutus, sea-hedgehogs, boars' backs, and fowls coated with paste, Pancs, Picentes, and Ancona cakes were served with the first service.

MANNERS AT TABLE.

IN an old book, published about 1673, called the "Ladies' Companion," there are some amusing remarks relative to what a lady's conduct should be at table.

" 1. Do not lean your elbows on the table.

2. Discover not, by any ravenous gesture, your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more than your throat can swallow.

3. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes.

4. It is uncivil to rub your teeth in company, or pick them with your knife at meals.

5. Avoid smacking your lips in eating. Forbear putting both hands to your mouth at once,

nor gnaw your meat. Let your nose and hands be always clean.

6. When you have dined or supped, rise from the table and carry your trencher with you, doing your obeisance to the company."

In the "Chastisement des Dames" the following directions are given :—

"When eating with another (meaning, off the same plate, which was then customary), you should turn the nicest bits to him, and do not go picking out the finest and largest for yourself, which is uncourteous.

Also, each time you drink, you should wipe your mouth well, that no grease may go into the wine, which is very unpleasant to the person who drinks after you.

When you wipe your mouth, do not wipe your eyes or your nose with the tablecloth, and avoid spilling from your mouth, or greasing your hands too much."

Young people are also advised :—

“Avoid swelling out your cheeks by taking a great lump in your mouth at once.

Do not eat food on both sides of your mouth at once.

Scrape not, nor scratch, your own skin with your fingers.

Always avoid wiping your nose with a clean hand, and do not pick your teeth with your knife.

When drinking, either drink all the wine in the glass, or throw what remains on the floor, and in case others have been careless in this respect, always look at your seat before sitting down to table, lest it should be wet, and stain your clothes.”

The usual method of serving meat was upon spits, from which the diners hacked such portions as they required, an elaborate table of precedence determining who should be entitled to the “first cut.”

One of the table recommendations we read of was :—

“ Loke thy naylys be cleane in bythe,
Lest thy fellow lothe therwyth.”

Also there is this further direction :—

“ Yf thy nose thou clense as may befalle,
Loke thy honde thou clense withalle ;
Privily with skyrt do it away,
Or ellis thy tipit that is so gay.”

In the time of old Queen Bess, the serving was of the roughest kind. Huge joints were brought to table on the roasting spits. The carver held the meat with one hand, whilst he cut it with the other, and the guests helped themselves with their fingers. After eating what they wished, they threw the remnants to the dogs and cats under the table. There were no forks with which to hold it. Huge slices of bread served for plates, and were called trenchers. These became soaked with gravy, and were often eaten with relish ; if left, they were gathered in a basket and given to the poor.

The kitchen staff of a noble's establishment

in the 17th century (1617) consisted of a yeoman and groom of the cellar, a yeoman and groom for pantry, a yeoman and groom for buttery, a yeoman and groom for ewery, a yeoman purveyor, a master cook, under cooks, three pastry-men, six yeomen and a groom in the scullery, one to be in the larder and slaughter-house, three conducts (or errand boys), and three kitchen boys.

Alexander Neckham, in the 12th century, was the first to illustrate the furniture and apparatus of a kitchen. His book was called "De Utensilibus," and was a guide to young house-keepers.

ANCIENT FOODS.

ANCIENT epicures delighted in fish ; the variety of them was immense, and many not known to *our* tables.

One of their favourites was the anthea, which was looked upon as a sacred fish. Aristotle states "that where the antheas are found no beasts nor fish of prey is ever seen"; and the sponge-gatherers used them as guides, and would dive fearlessly into the waters they frequent, and call them the sacred fish.

Icesins says, "He was an excellent fish, with very solid meat, full of delicious juice, and easy of digestion."

In "Table Talk" we read of an ancient fish much too holy for even a gourmet, the pompilus, which was supposed to guide the mariner through the dangers of the deep.

“ Still did the pompilus direct the helm,
Swimming behind, and guide it down the gulf,
The minister of the gods, the sacred pompilus.

• • • • •
“ O, pompilus, thou fish who dost bestow
A prosperous voyage on the hardy sailor,
Conduct my dear companion safely home.”

Panocrates relates an anecdote to show the punishment that waits on the sacrilege of eating this holy fish. “The pompilus is held in the greatest esteem not only by Neptune, but by all the gods. An old fisherman of the name of Epopeus was one day fishing with his son, and, as luck would have it, they caught nothing but pompili. Being very hungry, they ate every one of them, and soon afterwards suffered for their impiety: a whale attacked the ship, wrecked it, and swallowed Epopeus in the sight of his son.”

The pompilus was an enemy to the dolphin, another sacred fish. Sometimes the dolphin, in their battles, would get the best of it and eat the pompilus, and immediately afterwards get the worst of it, for the meal made him so weak

that he had no power over the waves, that then cast him up on the shore, where he himself was often eaten by the gulls and cormorants.

The same writer says that the anchovy was a great favourite with the ancients. Aristotle tells us there is one kind of anchovy, the aphritis, which has its name because it is not produced from the roe, but from the foam which floats upon the surface of the water.

Archestratus, who was a great judge of epicurean dainties, says :—

“ Use all anchovies for manure except
The attic fish : I mean that useful seed
Which the Ionians do call the foam.”

“ Good is it too, when, by the sea-girt Isle
Of Rhodes, you eat it—if ’tis not imported,
And if you wish to taste it in perfection,
Boil nettles with it—nettles whose green leaves
On both sides crown the stem ; put these in the dish
Around the fish, then fry them in one pan,
And mix in fragrant herbs well-steeped in oil.”

Another old writer refers to the anchovy thus,
“ The anchovy which abounds in the sea at

Athens is despised there on account of its abundance, and is called the poor man's fish, but in other cities they prize it highly, even when it is inferior to the attic anchovy."

There was also a little fish called the membrades, or bembrades, a kind of anchovy, from which a condiment, called bempraphya, was made. These little fish were used often by fishermen as bait. Numenius, an ancient and celebrated angler, says :—

“ Or a small sprat, or it may be a bembras
Kept in a well ; you recollect these baits.”

When they were for table use, they were first washed in salt water, and then boiled with their heads on.

The conger eel made another popular dish with old Greeks. And Eudoxus, in speaking of them and their size caught off Sicyon, says, “ There were none that would not have been a load for a man, and many were big enough to be a load for a cart.”

The shark was another fish that formed a

delicacy for the ancients. It was stuffed and roasted, and brought to table with formal ceremony, preceded by the music of flutes, and carried by slaves with crowns on their heads.

There were several species of sharks eaten, but the daintiest was considered the "galens"; these were very costly, and to secure one of them, even the smallest, would cost a thousand drachmæ, equivalent to 200 dollars.

The sea grayling was a species of salmon, and was thought delicious, and Archestratus says :

" If you're at Megura or Olynthus,
Dress me a grayling's head. For in the shallows
Around those towns he's taken in perfection."

Antiphanes explains the favourite mode of cooking it thus :

" What shall be done with the grayling? Why,
Now, as at other times, boil him in brine."

The head of the grayling was a dainty dish, and it is thus alluded to:—

“ The man who first discovered all the good
Of the most precious head of a large sea grayling,
Nereus is his name—dwells in this place for ever.”

The tunny was another ancient favourite, which was one of the largest of marine fishes, measuring eight feet or more in length, and weighing as much as two thousand pounds.

Aristotle narrates that “ When this fish enters the Black Sea he always keeps to the right hand shore, but when he sails out again he keeps to the left, because his right eye is his only good one. Under his fins he has a sort of gad fly, and is most eatable when he gets rid of that fly. He moves very rapidly through the water, and it is from his impetuosity he gets his name tunny.” Aristotle thinks that the gad fly has something to do with his liveliness, which is more marked during the dog days. Another writer in speaking of the tunny says that in the seas which they frequent are found acorn-bearing oaks, upon which he feeds and grows to a great size on them.

The sword-fish and the small polypus or cuttle-

fish are frequently mentioned as dishes in the ancient banquets.

These ancients always insisted on having their fish fresh, and it was thrown into boiling water as soon as possible after being caught.

Swift couriers awaited the landing of the fishing boats, and set off with the fish at once to Rome, and before their galloping steeds every one had to get out of the way.

ANCIENT COOKERY.

SHELL-FISH was a passion among the ancients ; quite late in all feasts, oysters, cockles, and mussels, and periwinkles, would be introduced. A passage from the late Professor Yonge's translation from a poem celebrating the marriage of Hebe says :

“ There is the cockle which we call the Tellis,
Believe me, that is most delicious meat.”

Homer mentions the oyster, and Diocles pronounces the best of all shell-fish to be mussels, oysters, scallops, and cockles.

“ A little polypus or a small cuttle-fish, a crab, a craw-fish, oysters, cockles, limpets and periwinkles.”

Onions, olives, and garlic, figs, herbs, and tunny cutlets were loved by the ancients.

Percy Russell, author of the "Author's Manual," describes an Otho banquet thus :

First and foremost, fine white bread, then rich oysters served in their shells, with cockles to follow. Turbot and mullet sauce, and next a cuttle-fish. Eels are cited too, and then appear as courses, perch, shark and crab. Then sturgeon, lamprey and soles. Then salads, after which ham, ducks and other flesh followed, and then the guests washed their hands. Fresh flowers were then strewed about the room, and then came dessert—pears, apples, grapes, and figs, and a large, sweet, yellow cake.

These banquets used to last hours.

In the olden time the peacock was an important factor at a feast, and was served at every royal banquet. It was always roasted entire with its feathers. The latter were removed and the feet cut off, and the head wrapped in a cloth, then stuffed with spices and spitted. Whilst it was cooking, the head cloth was kept moist with water, so that the crest should not be damaged. When it was cooked, the

cloth was taken off its head, the legs placed on again, and the tail spread out, and it was thus sent up to table.

The Romans, instead of keeping the plumes on, spangled it over with gold, and often a piece of camphor was placed in its mouth, which was lighted, giving the appearance of a volcanic eruption taking place from its inside.

The peacock was always placed on the dining-table by a lady, and generally the lady of highest rank and beauty, followed by other ladies playing on some musical instruments.

Braised cow's foot, calf's foot jelly, apple dumplings, and black puddings were examples of the Roman cuisine; fricasseed dormice and nightingale tongues. Strawberry sauce was a great favourite, and was made of powdered rue, powdered dandelion flowers and roots, pepper and salt. These were all ground together, and then it was worked up into a paste with hard boiled eggs, then thinned down with hot sour milk, and eaten with strawberries.

Apicius Cœlius, author of "De re Coquinaria,"

gives the recipe for what was called salacacaby, which must have, according to the lights of our present palates, been an excessively repulsive mixture: "Bruise in a mortar parsley seed, dried mint, dried pennyroyal, ginger, coriander, stoned raisins, mustard seed, and a few boned anchovies; add salt, oil, wine, honey, pepper, and vinegar, and stir up well. In another dish mix three crusts of Pycintine bread, the flesh of two pullets, four goats' kidneys, and one goat's tongue. Put the two mixtures into a cacabulum, and throw in some Vestine cheese, minced onions, garlic, cucumbers, filberts, and pine kernels. Stir well, and set the vessel aside for three days in a warm place, after which pour a soup over it, garnish with snow, and serve up in the cacabulum."

The Roman epicures esteemed that costliness, rarity, richness, and the almost unattainable were the chief points in a dish. Phenuoptrices, supposed to have been brought from Norway, they paid fabulous prices for, and they used to be served up side by side, sprinkled

with gold dust. Venison was then cooked before the carcase was cold, and stewed in oil, with mustard, pepper, salt, honey, wine, damsons, oranges, or apples, for four hours. It was served with a sauce made of parsley seed, juniper bark and berries, garlic, rue, mint, sweet chestnuts, sage, pennyroyal chopped fine, with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs simmered in olive oil.

Garum was a fish sauce, and was made, according to a translation from the Latin, with fish of any kind, but mackerel for preference, the entrails taken out and soaked in vinegar for ten days; then taken out and dried, and then pounded in a mortar, with frumenty, pepper, dandelion roots, mint, thyme, sage, and a little ginger, after which the powder was put into jars with honey, and left to ferment for several weeks. When required for use, it was mixed with Falernian wine.

They considered cleanliness absolutely necessary in cooking, which is a redeeming feature in their cookery. Vegetables had to be cut up

with a silver or amber knife, and never a steel one.

Pliny, in his abuse of the extravagance of the Roman nobility, mentions that gold and silver saucepans were used in the kitchens of the rich patricians, and that the less wealthy had them made of copper or iron, covered with tin in the inside.

Cheesecakes were mentioned by Demosthenes, and called *strepli* and *neélata*. One kind was called a *crerum*, which it was the custom at Argos for a bridegroom to take as an offering to his bride. It was baked on the embers, and it was the correct thing for the bridegroom's friends to partake of it.

The following is a translation from a Pagan recipe for cheesecakes : " Take some cheese and pound it, then put it into a sieve and strain it. Now add honey and a nemina (half a pint of flour), and mix the whole well together."

Another recipe is : " Wash and scrape some lettuces, then put wine into a mortar, and pound or pulp the lettuces therein. Now squeeze out

the juice, mix up some flour from spring wheat, and allow it to settle, after which pound again, adding a little pigs' fat, and pepper. Finally, pound again, draw out into a cake, smooth and cut it into shape, and boil in hot oil."

The ancient Romans had a cake called *confarreates*, which was used at marriages, and is the original of our modern bride's cake. This sacred cake was borne in front of the Pagan bride, and offered up by the Pontifex Maximus.

The following dinner is one described as being usual in the time of Chaucer, by Archer, in his "Highways of Letters." The guests began with pottage, called "bukkerne," made of veal, fowl, or rabbit, shred fine, and stewed with sugar, almonds, currants, ginger, and cinnamon; then there was "furmety," which is boiled wheat, beaten with yolks of eggs in broth or milk.

Simple eaters were provided with slices of porpoise braised with almonds. The next course was "mortrewes" and "blanc-desires;"

the former named after the mortress or mortar, in which the ingredients were braised with a pestle, and consists of chicken, pork, bread, and eggs, beaten to a pulp, and well spiced, and seasoned with herbs, and sometimes fruits, and are mostly coloured yellow, red, or black.

The blanc-desire, made of the flesh of capons, pounded with almonds and rice flour, is pure white. For another course there would be fillets of venison, partridges par-boiled, and then larded, roasted, and sprinkled with ginger.

Then there would be, perhaps, a course of "egrets" or young herons, wild duck, roast goose, and even cyнет; vegetables served separately with peas minced with onions, vinegar, salt, and saffron, besides "salats" of parsley, cress, rosemary, rue, mint, and fennel, with salt, oil, and vinegar. The sweets were custards of flavour, or a mixture of cream, butter, and eggs, ground up with apples, currants, white bread, and spices, cooked in a "coffice," or crust of paste. "Spinee" was a mixture of pounded almonds, rice, and milk, flavoured with the haw-

thorn flower, which gives it its name; while Rosee was a similar mixture with the savour of white roses.

When the dinner was a special one, the cook would send up a "subtlety," or device, made of pastry, representing some historical or mythical scene; but if it was not a special occasion, the guests would have "fritures," or fritters of figs, ground with spices, covered with a thin crust of paste, and fried in honey.

Tarte de Brie was a dish made from Brie cheese, eggs, and sugar; "Macrowes" was macaroni made with cheese, and which dishes finished the repast.

The wines drank were from Gascony or the Rhine, and the feast was always concluded with a bumper of spiced wine, called hippocras.

In the time of James I. porpoise pie was a favourite dish. Venison pasty is spoken of in Shakespeare. He invited Falstaff and Page one day to eat a venison pie, with which he served pipkins and cheese. Another favourite pie of this era was one of herring, flavoured with

ginger, pepper, cloves, galingals, and other spices, which, according to Vermex, "did greatly delight the brain."

The greatest pie display of which history makes mention took place in 1509, at a dinner given after the funeral of Albrecht IV., King of Bavaria, at the Royal Palace of Munich. There were seven great pies, representing the seven ages of the world. The first pie was made of apples, and represented Adam and Eve, the Tree of Knowledge, the snake and the apple. The pictures were made upon the crust with confections of sugar and almonds. Another pie was made of doves, and for a centre bore a representation of Noah's Ark, and round the edge were placed figures of every created animal. Upon the crust of these elaborate pasties appeared the representation of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, David slaying Goliath, the ravens feeding Elijah, Samson tearing open the jaws of the lion, and the last of these pies, when they were cut open, contained four living birds, who all began to sing.

I saw in the *Queen* a letter describing an old-fashioned dinner in 1807, which I have copied, thinking it might be amusing:—"Our dinner party came on Tuesday, and our friends particularly admired the soup and two of the side dishes. One was a *full-grown* duck, trussed by the poulterer for stewing; then small twine wound round and round many times in order to preserve its form. Then it's stewed about four hours *very* gently (turning it continually to prevent burning) in gravy, with an onion stuck with cloves, a very little sweet herbs, some coriander seed beaten fine, and sweet basil rubbed fine. Full half a bunch of turnips should be pared, and, if large, cut like turnips about the size of a walnut, and boiled tender, then drained perfectly, and stewed with the duck an hour. Then take off all the twine, and though the duck will be as tender as possible, it will retain its form. Put it into a dish with the gravy and the turnips round the duck. It is an excellent dish. The other side dish to answer that was forced cabbages, of which there is seldom much left, it is so liked,

and is made according to the recipe in Mrs. Glasse's book. I think two small cabbages, the size of apple dumplings, much prettier than one large cabbage. The coarse leaves I throw away, and take off a sufficiency of the others to cover half the force-meat with, about three leaves thick all over, and put the largest part of the leaf downwards, and fold the leaves nicely one over the other, so as to give the appearance of a second cabbage. They must be well wound round with twine. Both the cabbages and duck will do stewed several days before, but the twine must not be taken off; and they will require heating very slowly; and the goodness of the forced cabbage depends much upon the force-meat, so pounded as to dissolve in your mouth; and we stew ours five hours.

“My other side dishes were a loin of very small house lamb forced, opposite a rabbit curry; at the top some delightful crimp skate; at the bottom a small fillet of veal, larded at home by your humble servant, and so as to cut thick of lards like plum-pudding, and to cut all

the way through. We had no second course, but six snipe came on at the top, and they were removed, and burnt cream at the top, and an open tart at the bottom, baked in a tin, and made of raspberry jam and currants together, and I ornamented the top with slanting bars cut half an inch wide with a crimping wheel, and then twisted like a ribbon; then one curl in the middle in an oval, leaving a space in the middle, which gave a likeness, and one curled round the edge of the dish, which gave a finish. The four compôtiers and the other silver dish with an elegant new cover to it, with the four sauce-boats and the tureen, made a very handsome appearance by candle-light. As to the soup, it was made of the *deepest-coloured* carrots we could get, and after being rubbed through a sieve, the cook, according to our custom, rubbed it through a piece of tammy, three-quarters of a yard, which I bought at the Turners', and is held by two people, which answers better than a tammy sieve. We don't put much salt, but a piece of old ham which we happened to have,

and not much larger than a walnut; and this time I made the broth and the carrot of the *very knuckle* of veal weighing three pounds and a half, which, by stewing *a very long time*, became a thin jelly, and made the soup richer and smoother than mutton broth. Adieu, etc.”

SOME ANCIENT RECIPES.

Lumber Pie à la Moderne.

PARBOIL one and a half pounds of lean veal. Let it cool, chop it very small, and mix it with two pounds of beef suet, and a piece of candied orange peel cut also small. Sprinkle with a pinch of thyme, marjoram, and chervil, and a handful of spinach, all finely chopped. Mix well with a sliced apple, a handful of grated bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of currants, a few pounded cloves, mace, and nutmeg, a little salt, sugar, and white wine, and stir in the whites of two eggs, and as many of the yolks as will give the consistency of forced meat. Work it with the hands, and make it into large balls, which place in a baking-tin. Remove the

marrow from two or three bones, cleanse and strain it, pour some beaten yolk of egg over it, and sprinkle plentifully with grated bread crumbs, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Place the marrow amongst and over the meat balls, fill up with a layer of preserved barberries. Over these lay some slices of lemon, free from pips, little pieces of butter here and there, and cover with pastry, leaving a hole in the middle. Bake in a moderate oven. When done, pour a white wine sauce, thickened with egg and butter, into the pie, and serve.

Spinach Tart.

Take some spinach, and boil till tender ; then take it up and wring completely free from water. Chop it very small, and set upon the fire with some fresh butter in a frying-pan. Put it upon a plate to cool, then turn into a pie dish, cover with crust and bake.

Kidney Pancakes.

Take a veal kidney and parboil till tender ; then chop it small with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs. Season with dates and raisins cut small, cinnamon, saffron, and a little salt. To make the covering, use a dozen eggs well beaten together with a little butter. Fry in the same manner as pancakes. Lay the mince-meat in them, turn the pancake over, and fry again.

To make Buttered Loaves.

Take the yolks of twelve eggs and six whites and a quarter of a pint of yeast. When you have beaten the eggs well, strain them with the yeast into a dish, then put to it a little salt, and two rasés of ginger beaten very small. Then put flour to it till it comes to a high paste that will not cleave ; then you must roll it upon your hands, and afterwards put it into a warm cloth, and let it lie there a quarter of an hour, then make it up in little loaves. Bake it again.

Against it is baked, prepare a pound and a half of butter, a quarter of a pint of white wine, and half a pound of sugar. This being melted and beaten together with it, set them into the oven a quarter of an hour.

To make a Sallet of Smelts.

Take half an hundred of smelts, the biggest you can get, draw them and cut off their heads, put them into a pipkin with a pint of white wine, and a pint of white wine vinegar, an onion shred, a couple of lemons, a rase of ginger, three or four blades of mace, a nutmeg sliced, whole pepper, a little salt, cover them, and let them stand twenty-four hours. If you will keep them three or four days, let not your pickle be too strong of the vinegar; when you will serve them take them out one by one, scrape and open them as you do anchovies, but throw away the bones; lay them close one by one round a silver dish; you must have the very outmost

rind of a lemon or orange, so small as grated bread, and the parsley.

Then mix your lemon-peel, orange, and parsley together with a little fine-beaten pepper, and strew this upon the dish of smelts with the meat of a lemon minced very small, also then pour on excellent sallet oil, and wring in the juice of two lemons, but be sure none of the lemon seed be left in the sallet so served.

The Jacobius Pottage.

Take the flesh of a washed capon or turkey cold, mince it so small as you can, then grate or scrape among the flesh two or three ounces of Parmesan or old Holland cheese, season it with beaten cloves, nutmeg, mace, and salt; then take the bottoms and tops of four or five new rolls, dry them before the fire, or in an oven, then put them into a silver dish, set it upon the fire, wet your bread in a ladleful of strong broth, and a ladleful of gravy of mutton, then throw on your minced meat all of an equal thickness

in each place, then stick twelve or eighteen pieces of marrow as big as walnuts, and pour on a ladleful of pure gravy of mutton, then cover your dish close, and as it stews add now and then some gravy of mutton thereto; thrust your knife sometimes to the bottom, to keep the bread from sticking to the dish, let it stew still till you are ready to dish it away, and then you serve it. If need require, add more gravy of mutton, wring the juice of two or three oranges, wipe your dishes' brims, and serve it to the table in the same dish.

To dress a Fillet of Veal the Italian way.

Take a young, tender fillet of veal, pick away all the skins in the fold of the flesh; after you have picked it out clean so that no skins are left, nor any hard thing, put it to some good white wine (that is not too sweet) in a bowl, and wash it, and crush it well in the wine; do so twice, then strew upon it a powder that is called *Tamara* in Italy, and so much salt as will

season it well; mingle the powder well upon the parts of your meat, then pour to it so much white wine as will cover it when it is thrust down into a narrow pan; lay a trencher on it, and a weight to keep it down; let it lie two nights and one day; put a little pepper to it when you lay it in the sauce, and after it is soused so long, take it out and put it into a pipkin with some good beef broth; but you must not take any of the pickle, but only beef broth that is sweet and not salt; cover it close, and set it on the embers, only put into it with the broth a few whole cloves and mace, and let it stew till it be enough. It will be very tender, and of an excellent taste. It must be served with the same broth as much will cover it.

To make the Italian, take coriander seeds, two ounces; aniseed, one ounce; fennel seed, one ounce; cloves, two ounces; cinnamon, one ounce. These must be beaten into a gross powder, putting into it a little winter savoury; if you like, keep this in a vial-glass close stopt for your use.

*To boyle a Rump of Beef after the French
Fashion.*

Take a rump of beef or the little end of the brisket, and par-boyle it half an hour; then take it up and put it in a deep dish; then slash it in the side that the gravy may come out; then throw a little pepper and salt between every cut; then fill up the dish with the best claret wine, and put to it three or four pieces of mace, and set it on the coals, close covered, and boyle it above an houre and a half, but turn it often in the meantime. Then with a spoon take off the fat and fill it with claret wine, and slice six onyons, and a handful of capers or broom buds, half-a-dozen of hard lettuce sliced, three spoonfuls of wine vinegar, and as much verjuyce, and then set it boyling with these things till it be tender, and serve it up with brown bread and sippets fryed with butter, but be sure there be not too much fat in it when you serve it.

To boil a Capon, larded with Lemons.

Take a fair capon and truss him, and boil him by himself in fair water, with a little oat-meal ; then take the mutton broth, and half a pint of white wine, a bundle of herbs, whole mace ; season it with verjuice, put marrow, dates, season it with sugar ; then take preserved lemons and cut them like lard, and with a larding-pin lard it in ; then put the capon in a deep dish, thicken your broth with almonds, and pour it on the capon.

To make the Best Sausages that ever was eat.

Take a leg of young pork and cut off all the lean, and shred it very small, but leave none of the strings or skin amongst it ; then take two pounds of beef suet and shred it small, then take two handfuls of red sage, a little pepper and salt, and nutmeg, and a small piece of an onion, chop them all together with the flesh and suet. If it is small enough, put the yolk of two or

three eggs, and mix it all together, and make it up in a paste. If you will use it, roll out as many pieces as you please in the form of an ordinary sausage, and so fry them. This paste will keep a fortnight upon occasion.

Battalia Pie.

(From Nath Brooke's Compleat Cook.)

Take four tame pigeons and truss them to bake, and take four oxe-pallates well boiled and blanched, and cut it into little pieces, take six lambe stones, and as many good sweet-breads of veale cut in halves and parboiled, and twenty coxcombs boiled and blanched, and the bottoms of four hartichokes, and a pint of oysters parboiled and bearded, and the marrow of three bones; so season all with mace, nutmeg, and salt, so put your meat into a coffin of fine paste, proportionable to your quantity of meat; put half a pound of butter upon your meat, put a little water in the pie before it be set in the oven, let it stand in the oven an hour and a half, then take it out, pour out the butter at the top

of the pie, and put into it leere of gravy, butter, and limins, and serve up.

To make an Outlandish Dish.

Take the liver of a hog and cut it into small pieces about the bignesse of a span, then take aniseed or French seed, pepper and salt, and season them therewithall, and lay every piece severall round in the caul of the hog, and so roast them on a bird spit.

To bake Red Deer.

Parboil it, and then sauce it in vinegar, then lard it very thick, and season it with pepper, ginger, and nutmegs; put it into a deep pie, with good store of sweet butter, and let it bake; when it is baked, take a pint of hippocras, half a pound of sweet butter, two or three nutmegs, a little vinegar, pour it into the pie in the oven, and let it lie and soak an hour; then take it out and when it is cold stop the vent hole.

To dress Pig the French Way.

Take it and spit it, and lay it down to the fire, and when your pig is through warm, skin her and cut her off the spit as another pig is, and so divide it in twenty pieces, more or less, as you please; when you have so done, take some white wine and strong broth, and stew it therein, with an onion or two mixed very small, a little time minced also with nutmeg sliced and grated. Pepper some anchovies and elder vinegar, and a very little sweet butter and gravy, if you have it; so dish it up with the same liquor it is stewed in, with French bread sliced under it with oranges and limins.

To make an Almond Pudding.

Take two or three French rowls, or white penny-bread, cut them in slices, and put to the bread as much cream as will cover it; put it on the fire; then take a ladle or spoon and beat it very well together. Put to this twelve eggs, but not above four whites, put in beef suet or marrow, according to your discretion, put a

pretty quantity of currans and raisins, season the pudding with nutmeg, mace, salt and sugar, but very little flower, for it will make it sad and heavy. Make a piece of puff paste, as much as will cover your dish, so cut it very handsomely what fashion you please ; butter the bottom of your dish, put the pudding into your dish, set it in quick oven, not so hot as to burn it, let it bake till you think it be enough, scrape on sugar, and serve it up.

To make a Pumpion Pie.

Take about half a pound of pumpion and slice it, a handful of time, a little rosemary, parsley, and sweet majoram slipped off the stalks, and chop them small ; then take cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, and six cloves, and beat them ; take ten eggs and beat them, and mixe them, and beat them together, and put in as much sugar as you think fit ; then fry them like a froix. After it is fryed, let it stand till it is cold ; then fill your pie, take sliced apples, thin, round wayes, and lay a row of the froix, and a

layer of apples, with currans betwixt the layer, while your pie is fitted, and put in a good deal of sweet butter before you close it; and when the pie is baked, take six yolks of eggs, some white wine or verjuice, and make a caudle of this, but not too thick, cut up the lid and put it in, stir them well together while the eggs and pumpions be not perceived, and so serve it up.

To make a Banbury Cake.

Take a peck of pure wheat-flour, six pounds of currans, half a pound of sugar, two pounds of butter, half an ounce of cloves and mace, a pint and a half of ale yeast, and a little rose-water; then boil as much new milk as will serve to knead it, and when it is almost cold, put into it as much sack as will thicken it, and so work it altogether before a fire, pulling it two or three times to pieces. After, make it up.

To make a Devonshire White-Pot.

Take a pint of cream and strain four eggs into it, and put a little salt, and a sliced nutmeg,

and season it with sugar somewhat sweet ; then take almost a penny loaf of fine bread, sliced very thin, and put it into a dish that will hold it. The cream and eggs being put to it, then take a handful of raisins of the sun being boiled, and a little sweet butter to bake it.

Palpation of Pigeon.

(From the Noble Book of Cookery, printed in 1500.)

Take mushrooms, palates, oysters, sweet-bread, fry them in butter ; put all into strong gravy ; give them a heat over the fire, and thicken up with an egg and a bit butter ; then half roast six or eight pigeons, and lay them in a crust of forcemeat, as follows :—Scrape a pound of veal and two pounds of marrow, and beat together in a stone mortar, after 'tis shed very fine ; then season it well with salt, pepper, and spice, and put in hard eggs, anchovies, and oysters ; beat all together, and make the lid and side of your pye with it. First lay in thin crust in your pattepan, then put on your forced meat, then lay an exceeding thin crust over them, then

put in your pigeons and other ingredients with a little butter at the top ; bake it two hours.

Among the curious dishes mentioned in the "Noble Book of Cookery," and which were very favourite dishes in those days, are "lumber pye," battalier pye, olio pye, plumb porridge, skirret pye (a sweet dish), light wigs, tansy cream, sack cream, slipcoat cheese, and flummery caudle ; besides, recipes for pickling purslain stalks, and broom buds. Anyone wishing to know what these dishes are can see "Ye Noble" book in the British Museum Reading Library.

I copy the following from a letter in "Hearth and Home."

Kidney on Cream Toast.

Finely mince the kidney from a roasted loin of veal together with about three ounces of the meat ; season with nutmeg, spice, pepper and salt, sprinkle with a little sugar ; add to it a dessertspoonful of finely-grated bread-crumbs, a dessertspoonful of currants, and the same

quantity of raisins, stoned, and finely chopped ; bind the mixture with the yolks of two eggs ; cut from a milk loaf several slices of bread about an inch thick, toast, and cut them into three-cornered pieces, then dip each piece in cream, to which a beaten egg has been added ; lay the mince-meat on them an inch thick ; bake in a gentle oven for about fifteen minutes.

Cabbage Pudding.

Take a large, round cabbage, cut off the outer leaves, and scoop a hole in the middle, leaving the framework intact. Boil all that is removed chop it finely with a pound of veal, the same quantity of fat bacon, a sprig of thyme, a dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, and three green onions ; season with pepper and salt ; bind together with the yolk of an egg ; wash the inside of the cabbage with a beaten egg, then fill it with the forcemeat, butter a cloth, tie the cabbage tightly in it, and boil till tender.

Sweet Salt Fish Pie.

Soak about one pound of the best salted cod for an hour, boil it until nearly done, then drain well, and pick the white meat from skin and bones; mince it finely with the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of spinach, the same quantity of parsley, and a few bread-crumbs. This mixture must be seasoned with cloves, mace, ginger, cinnamon, a wineglassful of white wine, and a teaspoonful of rose water. To each pound of fish add half a pound of currants, the same of raisins, stoned and chopped, and a quarter of a pound of candied peel, cut into thin shreds; pound all the ingredients well together, and moisten slightly with the yolk of an egg, and a little cream; put the mixture into a large pie-dish, sprinkle the top with small pieces of butter, cover the whole with short crust, and bake in a moderate oven.

An Historical Pie.

In 1509, at a dinner given at the palace in Munich, after the funeral of Albrecht IV., there

were seven immense pies on the table, intended to represent the seven ages of the world. The first pie was composed of apples, and represented Adam and Eve, the Tree of Knowledge, with the apple and the serpent. The pictures were made of sugar and almonds. Another pie consisted of doves around Noah's ark, in the centre, while as an edging figures of every created thing were placed. Upon the crust of the other pasties were pictures of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, David killing Goliath, Elijah being fed by the ravens, Samson opening the lion's jaws, and the seventh was found to contain four living birds which all began to sing.

Porpoise pie was, in olden days, a favourite pie. Another pie loved by our ancestors was herring pie, flavoured with ginger, pepper, cloves, galingals, and other spices.

A City of London Pie.

Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of

eringoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor when it is baked with white wine, butter, and sugar.

Curious National Foods, and Oddities of Feeding.

Roman epicures considered puppies rare delicacies, and they ate brains with mustard and honey; and soused pigs' feet and heads were in their regular bills of fare.

Dormice were a delicacy highly appreciated in ancient Rome, and were served with poppies and honey; and a favourite dish of certain Emperors was made of woodcock and pheasant cooked with a wild sow hock and udder; a bread pudding being served over it.

Julius Cæsar, when he gave his triumphal feast, had three tons of lampreys served at his table.

Hortensius, when he died, left behind him 10,000 pipes of strong wines seasoned with *assafætida* and other messes.

New Zealand and South Sea Islanders are famed for dog eating.

The Digger Indians of the Pacific are great eaters of dried locust powder.

In Mexico, parrots are considered tit-bits.

The Russians love fermented cabbage water to drink, which they call "quass."

The natives of Corsica love a roasted octopus.

In China, rats are favourite food, and are sold at the rate of nine shillings per dozen, and edible birds' nests are worth twice their weight in silver, the choicest selling for six pounds each.

Guachos are skunk eaters, and the West Indian negroes delight in baked snakes, and palm worms fried in their own fat.

The French, as we all know, consider frogs and snails the choicest of food.

CURIOUS MENU QUOTATIONS.

Montrez moi ton menu et je te monterai ton cœur.

From "The Caterer."

No. 1.—(COLLATED FROM DICKENS' WORKS.)

Menu.

"My friends, what is this spread before us? Refreshments."—*Bleak House.*

Huîtres.

"What a delicious thing is an oyster."—*Oliver Twist.*

"Werry good power of suction; you'd 'a made a uncommon fine oyster, Sammy."—*Pickwick.*

Vin Blanc.

"Open to a modest quencher."—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Potage Tortue.

‘Make way there! Make way! Turtle for the Board.’—*Nickolas Nickleby*.

Poisson. Saumon Bouilli, Sauce Portugaise.

“‘It wasn’t the wine,’ murmured Mr. Snodgrass, ‘it was the salmon.’”—*Pickwick*.

Pommes de terre à l’Anglaise.

“Another boy whom he introduced to me by the extraordinary name of ‘Mealy Potatoes.’”—*David Copperfield*.

Poulets Braisés à la Dantzic.

“I say, there’s fowls not skinny, oh no.”—*Martin Chuzzlewit*.

Claret.

“Give him music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, and a little claret.”—*Bleak House*.

Ris de Veau.

“Mrs. Pipchin’s constitution wouldn’t go asleep without sweetbread.”—*Dombey & Son*.

Agneau de Printemps, Sauce Menthe.

“A dem’d savage lamb.”—*Nickolas Nickleby.*

“To melt some scraps of dirty paper into bright, shining, tinkling, dem’d mint sauce.”

Nickolas Nickleby.

Pommes de Terre Nouvelles.

“I like the plan of sending ’em with the peel on!”—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

Salade Mayonnaise.

“In the salad days of Jemmy Jackman.”—*Mrs. Lirriper’s Lodgings.*

Crème de Vanille.

“Even cream sugar,—even they have their moral.”—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Fruits.

“Face like a peach; quite tempting. I’m very fond of peaches.”—*David Copperfield.*

“My essential juice of pine-apple.”—*Nickolas Nickleby.*

Sherry.

“Sol Gills, lay to, my lad, upon your own wines and fig trees.”—*Dombey & Son.*

Champagne.

“Demnition sweetness.”—*Nickolas Nickleby.*

Cognac.

“Ben, put your hand in the cupboard and bring out the patent digester.”—*Pickwick.*

Café.

“He topped with coffee and a small glass.”—*Somebody's Luggage.*

Cigars.

“Somebody was smoking.—we were all smoking.”—*David Copperfield.*

No. 2.—QUOTATION MENU.

“Patiently receive my medicine.”—*Shakespeare.*—“*As You Like It.*”

Blue Points.

‘It was a brave man who first ate oyster.’

Green Turtle Soup.

“The voice of the turtle was heard in the land.”

Turbot.

“This sort was well fished for.”

Potatoes au Naturelle.

“Out of the bowels of the harmless earth.”

Filet of Beef with Mushrooms.

“That meat was made for mouths.”

Macaroni au Graten.

“Brought hither among the Italian gentry.”

Woodcock on Toast, Breast of Partridge and Truffles.

“If woodcock had partridge’s breast,
’Twould be the best bird ever dressed.”

Salad.

“O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat,
’Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he’d turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl.”

Jellies, Ices, and Cakes.

“ More delicate than forms that first doth weave.”

Coffee.

“ In small, fine china cups came on at last.”

Dessert—Nuts.

“ The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row ;
And close at hand the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October’s wood.”

No. 3.—SCOTCH QUOTATION MENU.

“ Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it ;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit.”

A wee drap o’ Jöck Dewar.

“ It’s comin’ yet, for a’ that,
That man to man the warl’ o’er,
Shall brithers be for a’ that.”

Sheep's Heid Broth, wi' Kail and Carrots intil't.

Wine o' the Colony.

Caller Herrin' and Tatties wi' their jackets on.

Aberdeen Haddies.

A hauf-gill of Islay.

Tripe and Ingans. Jeuks and Green Peas.

Some mair Jock Dewar.

Haggis.

“Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!

Weel are ye worthy o' a grace

As lang's my airm.”

A toothfu' o' Glenlivet.

Roastit Bubblic Jock.

Biled Roosters wi' Ham. A pint of Edinburgh

Yill.

The Back o' Sheep Roastit wi' Jeelie. A guid
jint o' a Nout Roastit.

Beef an' Greens. Roastit Pig wi' Aipel Sauce.

A Donal'.

Tatties (Roastit and Biled). Green Peas, Cab-
bage, Green Kail.

Grosset Tairt, Dumplin'. Trumlin' Tammie.

Oranges, Nuts, and Raisins.

Just tak' a drap o' Avon Dhu to mak' ye hearty.

“Noo ye can hae a reek.”

No. 4.—MENU.—SHAKESPEARE.

“I smell it!

Upon my life it will do wondrous well.”

Soup.

Hare.

“Spoon meat—bespeak a long spoon.”

Fish.

“I'll make for fish.”

Entrées.

Stewed Kidneys and Mushrooms.

“Pretty little tiny kickshaws.”

Poultry and Joint.

Roast Goose.

Sirloin of Beef.

“But small to greater matters must give way.”

Sweets.

“ Here we wander in illusions.”

Dessert.

Jellies, Fig Pudding.

“ Who rises from a feast with the keen appetite that he sits down ? ”

No. 5.—DR. JOHNSON CLUBBE.

SATURDAYE, 16 MARCH, 1889.

ATTE YE

OLDE COCK TAVERN.

22 FLEET STREET, E.C.

ATTE YE HOUR OF SEVEN OF YE CLOCKE.

YE BILLE OF FAYRE.

“ A tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.”—*Johnson.*

Ye luxious morselle yclept ye oyster.

Ye olde rump steake pudding with ye larks,
kidneys, oysters, and mushrooms.

Ye marrow bones.

Ye tastie apple pie.

Ye toothsome stewed cheese, and ye Welsh
rarebit.

Punche. Good fellowship.

No. 6.—QUAINT MENU.

Hors d'œuvres.

Prawns, Caviare, Olives.

“May this mixture prepare you for the better things to follow.”

Soups.

Thick Ox-tail, Clear.

“All spring from the same stock.”

Fish.

Turbot, (Lobster sauce), Filleted Soles.

“From the sands of the sea, where the tide ebbs and flows.”

Entrées.

Fried Sweetbreads, Pigeons with Mushrooms.

“A dainty morsel no gourmand does despise.”

Poultry and Joints.

Haunch of Mutton, Roast Turkey.

“Receive them without scruple or diffidence.”

Game.

“I need not here dilate upon its excellences.”

Sweets.

Jellies, Trifles, Ice Pudding.

“The reward that sweetens labour.”

Savouries.

Tomato Toast, Devilled Sardines.

“The last and greatest trial.”

No. 7.—MENU.—AMERICAN.

“Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.”

—*Massinger.*

Blue Points.

“Those oysters too that look so plump.”

—*Tom Hood.*

Varies.

Varies.

“To feastful mirth be this white hour assigned,
And sweet discourse the bouquet of the mind.”

—*Pope.*

Consommé. Cavaire Sandwiches.

“We may live without poetry, music, and books,
But civilised men cannot live without cooks.”

—*Lytton.*

Devilled Crabs.

Iced Cucumber.

Imperial Punch.

“For if you do but taste this cold,
'Twill make your spirits rise.”—*Burns.*

Spring Chicken.

Saratoga Chips.

“More years have made me love thee more.”

—*Tennyson.*

Lobster Salad. Smoked Beef Tongue.

“We may live without love, what is passion but
 pining,
 But where is the man that can live without
 dining?”—*Lytton.*

Strawberries. Ice Cream.

“Let your various creams encircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravished from the tree.”
 —*Dr. Wm. King.*

Roquefort Cheese.

“I will make an end of my dinner; there’s
 pippins and cheese to come.”—*Merry Wives of
 Windsor.*

Café.

“The sober berry’s juice the slaves bear round.”
 —*Byron.*

Chartreuse.

“Here’s my hand,
 And mine, with my heart in ’t, and now farewell.”
 —*Tempest.*

No. 8.—CHINESE MENU.

1st Course.

Duck and cauliflower, dog-fish with wild duck, swallows' nests with pigeons' eggs, sharks' fins with crabs.

2nd Course.

Swallows' nests, sharks' fins, plain morels, vegetables, mushrooms served with ducks' feet, fried partridges, and slices of duck.

3rd Course.

Ham in honey, purée of peas, vegetables and dog-fish.

4th Course.

Haricot cheese, bamboo buds, bamboo roots, chickens, and shell-fish.

5th Course.

Ham and chicken, fish and gizzard, pork, tripe and vermicelli, and pork cutlets.

6th Course.

Boiled pork, sucking pig, roast duck, boiled chicken.

Before each guest plates were placed, containing almonds, pistachio paste, pears, and oranges.

No. 9.—CURIOUS WELSH MENU.

BWYDRESEB.—MENU.

Archwaethion—Hors d'œuvre.

Addail Brwynaid. Mân-bysg mewn olew.

Salade d'Anchois. *Sardines à l'huile.*

Caviar Rwssiaidd.

Caviar à la Russe.

Isgell—Potages.

Cawl Crwban (Clir). Cawl Palestina.

Totue Clair. *Palestine.*

Pysg—Poissons.

Hollt-ledau.

Filets de Soles à la Financière.

Mor-frithyll Crasedig, Sibr Tartaraidd.

Eperlans Frits, Sauce Tartare.

Rhyngalorion—Entrees.

Caeni Wystrysawl.

Petites bouchees aux huitres.

Cor-ieir.

Chaufroid de Perdreaux.

Briw-gig Ysgotaidd.

Haggis.

Pwns Rhufeinaidd.

Ponche à la Romaine.

Chwaethorion—Relevé.

Hydd-gig.

Cloron wedi eu crasbobi.

Haunche de Venaison.

Pommes de terre Frites.

Twrciod.

Mochgig.

Dindes Farcies.

Jambon.

Llysiau—Legumes.

Maesrin.

Helogan sudd.

Gwyn foron.

Champignons.

Celeris au jus.

Panais.

Crasorion—Rôts.

Coed-ieir.

Cyw-iâr (maionais).

Faisans.

Mayonnaise de Poulets.

Melusion—Entremets.

Ffrwythau Malledig.

Teisen Paris (oer).

Compote de Fruits.

Gâteau Parisien froid.

Rhisyd perlys.

Kari au Riz.

Poten ia.

Coffi.

Glaces.

Café.

NO. 10.—ANNUAL GOLF DINNER IN INDIA.

THE CAPTAIN WILL STRIKE OFF AT 5 P.M.

BILL OF FARE.

Soup à la Bunkers

(To be served with a long spoon and holed with
a short).

Fish.

Soles à la Gutta Percha. Cod à la Tom Morris.

Entrees.

Curry à l' Enfer. Sweetbreads à la Cleek-oh!

Removes.

Roast Beef (from Tam's Coo). Leg of Mutton
boiled à la Capitaine.

Fowls à la Fozzle. Tongue à la Caddie.

Entremêts.

Plum Pudding à la Foursome. Souffle à la
Nez du Principe.

Tea will be *putted* on the table when the tumblers are three up, and all to pay for.

No. II.

The following is worth recording as something unique in menus, which I read of in "The Caterer." It is the Franco-English bill of fare of a small hotel at Sèvres :

Un Potage seul.	Basin of Soup alone.
Potage aux Croutons.	Pea Soup with Crust of Bread.
Riz à la Turke.	Rice at the Turkish Manner.
Potage à la Reine.	Soup at the Queen.
Rum Steaek.	Rump Stake.
Une Cotelette de Mouton.	One Muttons Chop.
Beef Steaek aux pommes Sautés.	Beef Stake with the Tossed Potatoes.

MENUS.

Our ancestors knew how to dine, one can well

suppose, from the following bill of fare for a dinner given to thirty people at Richmond in 1506 by the Worshipful Company of Salters. The company consumed thirty-six chickens, one swan, four geese, nine rabbits, four breasts of veal, six quails, sixty eggs, with plenty of sweets, wine, and beer. The bill is very different to what the bills of the present day are.

36 chickens	- £0 4 5	2 dishes butter	£0 0 4
1 swan }	- 0 7 0	4 breasts veal	- 0 1 5
4 geese }		Bacon	- 0 0 6
9 rabbits	- 0 1 4	Quarter of a	
9 rumps beef tails	0 0 2	load of coals	0 0 4
6 quails	- 0 1 6	Faggots	- 0 0 2
2 ounces of		3 galls. and $\frac{1}{2}$	
pepper	- 0 0 2	Gascoyne wine	0 2 4
2 oz. cloves and		1 bottle of Mos-	
mace	- 0 0 4	cavidine	- 0 0 8
$9\frac{1}{2}$ ounce saffron	0 0 6	Chernes and	
3 lb. sugar	- 0 0 8	tarts	- 0 0 8
2 lb. raisins,	- 0 0 4	Salt	- 0 0 1
1 lb. of dates	- 0 0 4	Verjuice and	
1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. com-		vinegar	- 0 0 2
fits	- 0 0 2	The cook paid	0 3 4
$\frac{1}{2}$ -hundred eggs	0 0 $2\frac{1}{2}$	Perfume	- 0 0 2
4 galls. curd	- 0 0 4	1 bushel and $\frac{1}{2}$ of	
1 gall. of goose-		meal water	- 0 0 3
berries	- 0 0 2	Garnishing of	
Bread	- 0 7 0	the vessels	- 0 0 3
1 kilderkin ale	- 0 2 3		
Herbs	- 0 1 0		
			£1 13 3

BILL OF FARE WRITTEN BY RICHELIEU FOR
A FEAST WHEN IN THE FIELD, WHEN
NOTHING BUT BEEF WAS OBTAINABLE.

AN EXCELLENT DINNER, ALL OF BEEF.

For ornaments, the great silver gilt dish with the equestrian figure of the king, the statues of Duguesclin, Dunois, de Bayard, and de Turenne; my silver gilt dinner service with the arms in relief.

1st Course.

Beef palate, sauce St. Menehould, little pâtés of filet of beef hashed with onion, beef kidneys with fried onion, beef foot with lemon sauce.

Relevé de Potage.

Stewed rump of beef with vegetables.
(*Cut the vegetables into droll shapes because of the
Germans.*)

Six Entrées.

Oxtail with purée of chestnuts, beef tongue en civet à la bourguignonne, beef cutlets stewed

with artichokes, beef liver braised with celery, rissoles of beef with purée of hazel nuts, toasts with beef marrow.

(Better make these with the army bread.)

2nd Great Course.

Beef ribs roast, marrow sauce, chicory salad with cold beef tongue, beef à la mode in jelly, cold pâté of beef au sang, et au vin de jurançon.

(Make no mistakes.)

Six Entremêts.

Turnips in beef gravy, marrow tart with bread crumb and candied sugar, aspic jelly of beef sweetened with candied lemon peel, purée of artichoke stems with almond cream, beef jelly made with Alicante wine, and the mirabelle plums of Verdun, and all the candied fruit and preserves that I have remaining.

(If, unfortunately, this dinner should not be excellent, I shall deduct one hundred pistoles each from the wages of Moret and Rouquetère. Go, and do not doubt or hesitate any longer.)

—RICHELIEU.

(From an old book in Brit. Museum.)

MENU DRAWN UP BY CARÉME FOR A DINNER
AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON,
8 JAN., 1817.

4 *Soups.*

Potage de lièvre au chasseur.

Potage de Santé au consommé de volaille.

Le potage aux Laitues.

A Macaroni lié à l'Italienne.

4 *Fish.*

Les perches au vin de champagne.

L'Anquille à la Regéme.

Le turbot grillé sauce aux homards.

Le cabillaud à la Hollandaise.

4 *Relevés.*

Dindon braisé aux huîtres.

Le filet de bœuf piqué glasé.

Les poulets à la financière.

Le quartier de Sanglier gelée de groseilles.

4 *Entrées.*

Le pain de gibier sur un socle.

La poularde sur un socle.

Un turban sur un socle.
La galantine sur un socle.

4 *Roasts*

Le chapon au cresson.
Le Lièvre à l'Anglaise.
Le Dindonneau au cresson.
Les pluvièrs bardés.

8 *Entremêts.*

Les pommes de terres frites.
Les asperges. Les huîtres au gratin.
La salade de volaille. Les salsefis au beurre.
Les epinards à la Française.
Les truffes à la serviette.
Les ecrevisses au Madère.

QUEEN'S MENU.

Ordre of ye Feste.

Orstresch ye Schelles.

Boef Loyne. Muscherons.

Tubers in ye manere of ye Mummynge Mayde.
Breost of ye Pertricne Brolyned.

Salade of ye Sperage.
Ijsed Crayme. Cake.
 Cauple.
Win of Champaigne.

DINNER OF HER MAJESTY.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1841, UNDER THE CONTROL OF
C. FRANCATELLE.

Potages.

À la purée de Volaille. À la Xavier.

Poissons.

Les Tranches de Cabillaud aux Huitres.
Les Eperlans Frits. Sauce Hollandaise.

Rélevés.

Les noix de Veau à la Jardinière. Le Jambon
glacé aux Epinards.

Entrées.

Le Haricôt de Venaison.
Les Perdreaux braisés à la Soubise.
Les Boudins de Volaille à la Sefton.
Les petits Filets de Bœuf dans leur glacé.

Les Tendons de Veau en Kari.
 La Poularde poëltée, sauce Suprême.
 Arguillettes de Poulets à la Chichorée.
 Les Filets de Soles en Epigramme.

Rôts.

Les Gêlinottes. Le Lièvre. Les Dindonneaux.

Entremêts.

La gelée d'Ananas. Le Flanc de Pêches à la
 Chantilly.
 Les Gateaux à la Religieuse. Les Madeleine
 au Cédrat.
 Les Pommes de Terre à la Crème. Les
 Choux-fleurs à la Sauce.
 Les Œufs à la l'Aurore. Les Huîtres frites.
 Les Confres garnies de Patisserie.

Sideboard.

Roast Beef. Roast Venison. Roast Mutton.
 Marrow on Toast.
 Riz au Consommé.

A BANQUET IN 1761 GIVEN TO KING GEORGE
AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE ON LORD
MAYOR'S DAY.

The first service consisted of turtle and other soups. John Dories, red mullet, venison, chicken, tongue, hams, etc. "Compost of squabs," "poptets of veal," fillets of beef, marinate, and fillets of mutton à la Mercorance, and vegetables.

Then the toast-master called silence for the King and Queen to drink to the city. Then came in the second service, composed of birds of all kinds. After which came the third service, composed of green peas, asparagus, fat livers, green truffles, fine cockscombs, mushrooms, Cardons à la Bejamel, "knots" of eggs, ducks, tongues, "peths," and "pallets." Then came a fourth service of "blamanges," "marbrays," and all kinds of pastry.

At those dinners everything was placed on the table, and everybody carved what was in front of him.

A DINNER IN CHAUCER'S TIME.

In Thomas Archer's "Highway of Letters," a dinner of the time is thus described:—

The guests began with pottage called "bukkenade," a mixture of veal, fowl shred fine, and stewed with sugar, almonds, currants, ginger, and cinnamon. "Furmenty" was also given at dinners, which was boiled wheat beaten with yolks of eggs in broth or milk.

Porpoise, in slices, braised with almonds, was another of the dishes.

The next course would be "mortrewes" and "blanc-desires," the former named after the mortress or mortar, in which the ingredients were mashed with a pestle. They consisted of fowls, pork, bread, and eggs, mashed to a pulp, well spiced and seasoned with herbs and fruit, and were coloured either yellow, red, or black.

The next course would be fillets of venison, par-boiled and larded partridges, and then roasted and sprinkled with ginger. Then, perhaps, there would be "egrets," wild duck,

roast goose, and cynet, peas mixed with onions, vinegar, salt, and saffron, "salats" of parsley, cress, rosemary, rue, mint, and fennel, with salt, oil, and vinegar.

Sweets were custards of flaron, or a mixture of cream, butter and eggs, ground up with apples, currants, white bread, and spices, cooked in a crust of paste called "a coffice."

Two other favourite dishes were "spinee," a mixture of pounded almonds, rice, and milk, flavoured with hawthorn flower; and "rosee," a mixture of the same sort, flavoured with white roses.

On very special occasions there would be sent up a device, called "a subtlety," representing some historical or fanciful scene, made of pastry; or, on small occasions, fritters of figs would be sent up, made of figs ground with spices, and put into a thin crust of paste, and fried in honey.

Other favourite dishes were "tarte de Brie," made of Brie eggs, sugar, and spice; "macrowes," made of macaroni, with grated

cheese, and these dishes ended the repast.

The wine drank was from Gascony or the Rhine, and a bumper of hippocras finished the feast.

A ROMAN CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Antipaste (Hors d'œuvres).

Olive (olives), crostinidi burro ed accinghe (canapés of anchovies), prosciutto (ham), morta della e salami affettate (morta della sausages in slices).

Zuppa Romana (Roman soup).

Cappone tollito con patateal burro (Boiled capon—buttered potatoes).

Fritto di animelle cervelle et (Fried brains, etc.).

Tacchino allo spiede con in salata (Roast turkey and salad).

Cinghiale in agro dolce (Wild boar—agro dolce sauce).

Panua montata di savoyardi (Whipped cream
and savoy biscuits).

Torrone (Almond rock).

Confetti in piatto (Bon-bons).

ANCIENT BILL OF FARE IN 1740.

(In the month of August.)

1st Course.

Westphalia ham and chickens, bisque of fish,
haunch of venison roasted, venison pasty,
roasted fowls à la daube, umble pyes, white
fricassee of chickens, roasted turkeys larded,
almond florentines, beef à la mode.

2nd Course.

A dish of pheasants and partridges, roasted
lobsters, broiled pike, cream tarts, rock of
snow and syllabubs, dish of sweetmeats and
salmigoudin.

BALL SUPPER OF LAST CENTURY.

In the *York Chronicle* of September 11, 1789, there is a description of a grand ball supper, giving a most vivid account of it, and no doubt it will be amusing to our readers to notice the different style of entertainment then and now. It says, "At a quarter after 2 the supper rooms were thrown open; the tables in each room formed three sides of a square, and superbly-painted frames were placed in the centre of each table, some of which had small upright pillars with medallions on foil pendant, each pillar connected with wreaths of artificial flowers, the bottoms of the frames filled with small sweetmeat figures; on each side, at regular spaces, silver branches with five lights were placed, and filled up between with raspberries, strawberries, plums, nectarines, etc., inflated oval jelly figures so transparent as to show the fruit as perfect as on the trees; real wild boar, coloured, was covered with artificial heads of sweetmeat as large as life, and with almost as terrific aspects,

potted venison covered with beautiful stags, swans also of the like magnitude and perfection of form, profusions of flummery, fruit, etc.”

A CHINESE BANQUET.

Bird's nest soup, ham with honey sauce, small cakes, silver moss, green cucumbers and vinegar, stewed apples with chicken cream, meat pastry, mussels, green peas, sour milk, roast Mandarin duck, stuffed cucumbers, sweet potato cakes, baked brown carp, baked beans, stewed pears, baked fish lips, baked oysters, ham pâtés, boiled bamboo shoots with shrimps, rose-bud jelly.

MISCELLANEOUS GLEANINGS.

THE ORIGIN OF CHAUDFROID.

THE Mareschal of Luxembourg, when living at his castle at Montmorency, and just as he was about to dine with his guests, a courier arrived post-haste from the king. The Mareschal had, of course, to excuse himself from the table. His guests scarcely tasted the dishes, and some even went back to the kitchen untouched ; amongst them a fricassee of chicken, and a salmi of partridge.

Upon the Mareschal's return, he ordered the cook to bring in the fricassee and salmi cold. He liked them so much that he ordered the same dishes another day.

The cook wrote the name of the dishes "refroidis" on the card, but the Marschal

corrected it by writing "Chaufroid" as a better name.

DERIVATION OF THE CULINARY EPIGRAMME.

"I have been dining," said a French nobleman to one of those wealthy, but ignorant, tax-farmers who used to be called financiers in France—"I have been dining with a poet who regaled us at dessert with a choice epigram."

The financier went home to his cook and asked him, "How comes it that you never send any epigrams to my table?"

The next day the cook sent to table an epigramme of lamb.

THE ORIGIN OF SANDWICHES.

These favourite dainties are so called from the Earl of Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was nick-named "Jemmy Twitcher," and who was always quoting, "The smallest portion of time must be put to some use"; and the sandwich owes its origin to his

carrying out this motto. He was devotedly fond of cards, and, when his indefatigable duties allowed him, he would sit for twenty-four hours, or more, engrossed in the game at Almacks. One day, feeling hungry, he ordered a waiter to bring him some meat and two slices of bread, and he would place the meat between two slices of buttered bread, and so eat it without disturbing the manipulation of the dice-box, and from that it became the fashion, and was called sandwich after him ; but it is an error if it is supposed he was the inventor of them, for in the time of the ancient Romans they were called "offula," and was a favourite food with them.

FORKS—THEIR ORIGIN.

In days of old, fingers were the only forks known, as they were absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans, who ate all their solid food with their fingers, which they washed in basins ; the meats being served cut in varying sized pieces, at a side table by a professional carver.

William the Conqueror, Chaucer, and Queen Elizabeth all ate with their fingers. The former had no forks ; but Elizabeth had no excuse for not using them, for she had various ones which had been given her as curiosities. She had one of crystal, garnished with gold and sparks of garnet, another of gold, with two little rubies and two pendant pearls, and one of coral.

Three fingers were used instead of forks, and which had to be cleansed frequently during their meals in a bowl of perfumed water. It has been said that the author of "Coryate's Crudities," the strange traveller of that name, was the first to introduce forks into England in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He says he observed its use in Italy only, where they were generally used at the end of the fifteenth century, because the Italian cannot endure to have food touched with the fingers, seeing all men's fingers were not clean alike.

These forks were usually made of iron or steel, and occasionally of silver. Coryate says he thought good to imitate the Italian fashion

by this forked cutting of meat ; and that he was nicknamed, in consequence, by a friend, *furcifer* ; but forks were, in reality, used by the Anglo-Saxons, says Chambers, and through the middle ages, as some were found in 1834 in a deep drain at Levington, N. Wilts, with some ancient coins, dating 796 A.D. (Ænsoulf R. of Mercia) and to Athelstane, 878, 890, A.D., a fork and spoon.

In Akerman's, "Pagan Saxondom," an example of a fork has been given found in a Saxon tumulus. They were used only as articles of luxury, and only used in the middle ages by the grandees in eating fruits and preserves on grand occasions ; and even if not used, they were to be found in the inventory of the greatest nobles ; and we read of a few forks kept in the treasury of John II., Duke of Burgundy ; and Galveston, a favourite of Edward II.'s, owned (says an historian of the period) sixty-nine silver spoons and three forks for eating pears with. At this epoch they had but two prongs, and it is said from that circumstance the name

of *fork* is derived from. Henry III. was the first to use forks upon the table. In a satire upon the Court of Henry III., we find the following passage: "Firstly they never touched meat with their hands, but with forks, and they carried it to their mouth in bending forward their neck and body upon their seat.

"They took salad with forks, for it is forbidden in that country to touch meat with the hands, however difficult it may be to take; and they prefer that this little forked instrument, rather than their fingers, shall touch their mouth."

Heylin, in his "Cosmography" in 1652, speaks of them as very rare, and uses these words, "the use of silver forks, which is by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late," but they did not come into general use till the end of the 17th century, either in England or among the Highlanders. And when they were first introduced into England they caused much ridicule, as it was thought an affectation, as fingers were considered good enough to eat with, and were

jeered at because it was thought to save using napery, and they gave opportunity for sarcasm in the plays, before the Shakesperian epoch. The French began their use before the English did, for we read, the clergy preached against their use as an enervating luxury. And yet the English had some idea of polite table customs, for I have read that Dr. Johnson was once supping with a lady of rank in France, and mentions how offended he was "when the footman took the sugar in his fingers and threw it into my coffee. I was going to put it aside, but hearing that it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Thomas' fingers."

Though eating forks were not used in early times, yet large flesh forks for dishing up meat have existed from time out of mind, and in very old ruins there have been found curious implements, which are supposed to be ancient forks.

The word fork occurs twice in the Bible; one is where it is spoken of as "flesh forks," which were used for taking the meat out of the pots; and the second is in the account of the

riches of Solomon's Temple, the word *farca* is given.

Pierre Damien narrates that at the end of the 10th century a sister of Romanus Argulus, an emperor of the last, married one of the sons of Pierre Orseolo, Doge of Venice, and shocked the Venetians by using a gold, two-pronged fork instead of her fingers.

Dandolo, the old chronicler, mentions that in consequence of this luxury she was attacked by a frightful disease, as a punishment from heaven, which changed her body to powder, and caused it to exhale the odour of corruption before her death. In ancient royal households there was a personage called the *ewrae*, or *ewary*, who, with some underlings, attended at meals with basins, water, and towels.

ORIGIN OF KNIVES.

The use of the knife is very ancient, and the first that is known was made of stone; and we

read in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that the original cutting instruments were made of fragments of flint obsidian (a kind of glass produced by volcanoes, or similar stones, chipped to a thin edge). Herodotus tells us that the knives used by the Egyptian surgeons were also manufactured of stone. Later on they were made of *bronzse*, as the use of iron was not known till long after. There was a famous cutlery work at Beauvais in the tenth century, yet it does not appear that the knife was much used at table. Sheffield was even prominent in the early ages for manufacturing iron and thin steel appliances; and we read in Chaucer, in speaking of the Whittler of Trompington—

"A Shefeld thwytel bare he in his hose."

The whittle was a rude instrument made with a blade of bar steel fastened with a wooden or horn handle, for cutting food. To this knife succeeded the Jack knife, or Jock-to-leg of the Scottish King James VI., which was the origin of the wooden clasp knife. These knives are

supposed to have been introduced into England by the Protestants who fled from the low countries in the time of Elizabeth, and settled at Sheffield. For a very long time the blade of the knife was fixed and enclosed in a sheath. It is not two centuries since the use of the clasp knife became common. The tables were not provided with them, therefore each person carried his own. This custom has been preserved, even to this day, in some distant provinces by old men, who, when they go out to dine, take their knife from their pocket and use it during the meal. Often in the fighting days, the dirk and dagger, which were generally carried about, were utilised at meal time for cutting up the food ; and we read that in those times the cook or housewife often used a sword to cut up the meat she had to cook, or tore it with the point of a dagger. It was only at the beginning of this century that bone, ivory, and silver handles became fashionable, as before then only horn or wooden handles were seen.

SPOON LORE.

The spoon claims earlier antiquity than the fork, but not to the knife; wooden specimens have been found among pre-historic relics. Specimens have been found in the ruins of Troy.

At first, hollow shells were used to eat broth with, then came in wooden spoons, and then bone spoons, which were so common for centuries; and it was only lords and grandees who rejoiced in silver ones, which were always very massive, and became heirlooms.

The Egyptians made their spoons of bronze, ivory, and earthenware. Baronius relates that Pierre Damien made a handsome present of several wooden spoons to Pope Gregory VII. Iron and tin spoons followed horn in England, and were common enough, till after the Wars of the Roses, with the highest families; and it was not till the time of Henry VIII. that gold and silver spoons became necessary adjuncts to every gentleman's household.

In the Tudor days, spoons were great objects

of luxury, and became very quaint and curious, and are rare in these days to be found, for in the troublous time of Charles I. an immense amount of old family plate was melted in order to furnish money for the war.

The oldest spoon extant is what is called the Pudsey spoon, and of the date of Henry VI., which king gave it, after the battle of Hexham, to the chief of that name at Bolton Hall, where the king fled for shelter. The apostle spoons, imitations of which are so well known, were used in the Tudor and early Stuart days. The handles represented the different apostles.

The oldest shaped spoons were round in bowl, similar to salt spoons, and of large size.

In the Highlands, shepherds formerly carried their wooden spoons in their plaids, which was a fashion centuries old, and existed in many countries. The beggar students, who wandered about in the olden times from town to town, always carried a spoon in their hats; this spoon was partly an emblem of their readiness to receive gifts.

The fashion of each guest providing his own spoon was very much in vogue in the sixteenth century, even by persons of pretension. Pocket spoons were made carved in cases.

Wranglers at Cambridge are presented with a wooden spoon, and are supposed to keep them as heirlooms.

Rats'-tail spoons, which are again so fashionable, were first known in the days of Charles II., but went out of fashion in the time of George I. The handle of the spoon ran down at the back of the bowl to a fine tapering point, which somewhat resembled a rat's tail.

In the Jewel House the gold coronation spoon, used for receiving the holy oil from the ampulla at the anointing of the sovereign, is supposed to be the only relic of the ancient regalia that is preserved.

Tourraine nine dozen silver spoons are enumerated, and only two forks of silver gilt. They were seldom used except for eating fruit. The Duke de Bourgoyne only ate strawberries with his, and Charles V. for cheesecakes. It

was only in the reign of Louis XIV. they were at all generally used, and then even Anne of Austria used to eat with her fingers. The use of forks became in general use in good society at Versailles.

ORIGIN OF DRINKING CUPS AND GLASSES.

Since the remotest antiquity, cups have been employed at banquets for drinking beverages. They were of metal, more or less precious, according to the wealth of the host. In the middle ages they were very rare, and, when used, were generally mounted upon a foot or stand of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones. It was not till the fifteenth century, the time when Venice began to spread abroad her manufactures, that the use of glasses became more general, though, for a long time, people in ordinary life used tin drinking cups, which were often of beautiful workmanship, and which figured with other utensils, likewise of tin, upon

the dressers and buffets of the grandees. The custom of setting several glasses before each person for the different wines that are served, belongs only to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century, the glass was dipped, at each new wine, into small earthenware bowls filled with water, and which were placed upon the table in reach of the guests.

The cups that kings drank from were of metal; gold for choice, heavily set with jewels.

The origin of the word "tumbler" is, that formerly these drinking vessels were made with rounded bottoms, and could not be made to stand up. The idea was to make the drinker empty his glass promptly, which, in olden times, when hard drinking was in fashion, and thought to be the correct thing, were generally made of silver, and when they became empty, they were placed on the table, mouth downwards, when instantly they flew back into place again, as if asking to be filled again.

TABLE NAPKINS.

Table napkins have been in use more than twenty centuries. In early days, each guest brought his napkin when bidden to a feast. An expensive treat for a prince was napkins of asbestos, which were cleansed by throwing them into a charcoal fire.

CULINARY PROVERBS.

BOIL stones in butter and you may sup the broth.

A sharp stomach maketh short devotion.

'Tis not every one to catch a salmon.

Enough's as good as a feast to one that's not a beast.

He that gapeth till he be fed, may gape until he be dead !

Grapes were made to eat, and lips to open.

Unbidden guests are most welcome when they are gone.

He who would catch fish, must not mind getting wet.

One ill weed mars a whole pot of pottage.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Set a fool to roast eggs, and a wise man to eat them.

As dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.

Take heed of enemies reconciled, and meat twice boiled.

Hungry men think the cook lazy.

Prettiness makes no pottage.

The king's cheese goes half-way in parings.

All should profit by the cook except the apothecary.

Court the onion and flee the doctor.

A wise cook fondles his fire.

True economy in the kitchen has heaven for its banker.

He who eateth without drink, buildeth his wall without mortar.

Fast well, feed well.

The lean buyer maketh the fat seller.

Wise counsel cometh not from an empty stomach.

Peace hideth herself under the lid of the well-managed pot.

Neither the nibbler nor the glutton knoweth the value of the feast.

Diplomacy lieth under the dish-cover.

All straw is alike to the hungry donkey.

A bad dinner is often redeemed by a good salad.

Roast beef and well-cooked fish betray a wise cook.

A good saver is a good server.

Two weak evils—age and hunger.

THE END.

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