



THE
EPICURE'S
YEAR BOOK



"LES ANIMAUX
SE REPAISSENT

RE & FU

L'HOMME D'ESPRIT
SEUL SAIT MANGER.

L'HOMME MANGE

18  69.





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THE
EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK

FOR 1869.

THE
EPICURE'S
YEAR BOOK FOR 1869.

" Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life."



A Representative Kitchen.

SECOND YEAR.

LONDON :
BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.
1869.

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PREFACE.

“It was, it seems to me, a bright idea to place Bacchus and Minerva together at table, to prevent the one from turning libertine, and the other from airing herself as a pedant.”—*Joseph de Maistre.*

PREFACING his first Year Book of Gastronomy, FIN-BEC wrote:—“This Year Book, which in all humility is submitted to the gastronomic worlds of England, America, and France, is to be regarded as a first endeavour to create a centre for future gastronomy. It is a tentative work. Yet it includes, for the first time, something like a chronicle of the gastronomic festivals which have been held in 1867; a calendar, wherein events of import to the gourmet are set down; and the seasons, as they affect the scientific and artistic kitchen. It has been deemed necessary, seeing the condition of English table literature, to dwell on divers elementary subjects. The

novices whose trembling fingers dare to touch the hem of Gasterea's dainty robe, are re-assured with directions, and hints, and advice." No reader can have been more impressed with the imperfections of the work than was FIN-BEC himself: and critics were not slow in pointing them out and dwelling lovingly upon them. There were many marks of haste in this first Gastronomic Year Book, as well as manifestations of defective knowledge. These, it is hoped and believed, will not appear in the Year Book for 1869. On the other hand, many new features have been added; the Calendar has been revised and enlarged: "The Seasons in the Kitchen," have been entirely re-composed and so amplified as to afford a comprehensive view of the gastronomic capabilities of each month. The Wine is the subject of a paper based on the experiences of the highest authorities in the art of laying down a cellar. FIN-BEC has composed a series of *menus* for travellers in every part of the world, the provisions of which may be carried without danger; Race-baskets and Pic-nics are discussed with a view to their reformation: and all the features of

the original Year Book have undergone the most careful revision.

It should be understood that the EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK is a Gastronomic Annual—as the British Almanac and Companion to the Almanac are year books. The plan alone remains from year to year : the matter shifts with the circling of the seasons. The difficulty with which FIN-BEC has to contend is the rejection of good material. He is assailed with *menus* of the great feasts of the year. Inventors of new dishes and new condiments ; importers of unknown vintages ; creators of new provision trades ; gastronomic authorities on the table-arts, besiege him, bespeaking his attention.

The object of this Year Book is to keep the gastronomic world informed on the epicurean events of the year, and to chronicle the progress of the art which should “satisfy the exquisite taste of Alcibiades, without wounding the proud austerity of Lycurgus.”

With the experience of each succeeding season FIN-BEC hopes to make his Year Book more and still more acceptable to his readers.

It is with the utmost satisfaction that FIN-BEC has marked the effect of his first YEAR BOOK. Epicurism has been taken up in nearly every popular periodical, and the food question has advanced. The result will be important; the English people will presently learn how to eat, and then they will cease to waste.

FIN-BEC begs any epicure who may make a note of public value in his diary, to forward it to him early in the autumn, for the YEAR BOOK of 1870.

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THE
EPICURE'S CALENDAR,

1869.

JANUARY, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 1. FRI. | Henri Heine <i>b.</i> 1800. Grimod de la Reynière founded the <i>Almanach des Gourmands</i> , 1803. Truffles are now at their best. |
| 2. SAT. | |
| 3. Sun. | Cardinal Fesch <i>b.</i> 1763. |
| 4. MON. | |
| 5. TUE. | |
| 6. WED. | Twelfth Cake Day. |
| 7. THU. | |
| 8. FRI. | Wild Duck and Geese. |
| 9. SAT. | |
| 10. Sun. | Partridge Shooting ends in Ireland. |
| 11. MON. | Felix, the confectioner, <i>b.</i> |
| 12. TUE. | |
| 13. WED. | Talleyrand-Périgord <i>b.</i> 1754. |
| 14. THU. | |
| 15. FRI. | |
| 16. SAT. | Eat larks this month. |
| 17. Sun. | St. Anthony. |
| 18. MON. | |
| 19. TUE. | |
| 20. WED. | Codfish spawn. |
| 21. THU. | Joseph Méry <i>b.</i> 1798. |
| 22. FRI. | Saint Vincent, patron of the wine grower. |
| 23. SAT. | |
| 24. Sun. | Prince Soltikoff <i>b.</i> |
| 25. MON. | |
| 26. TUE. | Sir T. N. Talfourd <i>b.</i> 1795. |
| 27. WED. | If very cold, the poachard, or dun-bird, will appear on the Misley Hall Estate, Essex, and only there. |
| 28. THU. | |
| 29. FRI. | |
| 30. SAT. | |
| 31. Sun. | |

FEBRUARY, xxviii Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. MON. | Salmon fishing ends. Partridge and Pheasant shooting end. |
| 2. TUE. | <i>Le Gastronom</i> e founded by P. L. Jacob and Charles Lemesle, 1830. Only complete copy known in the Bibliothèque Impériale. |
| 3. WED. | |
| 4. THU. | |
| 5. FRI. | John Lindley, LL.D., <i>b.</i> 1799. |
| 6. SAT. | Diner de Cheval, Langham Hotel, 1868. |
| 7. SUN. | |
| 8. MON. | |
| 9. TUE. | Shrove Tuesday. Pancake Day. |
| 10. WED. | Rabelais <i>b.</i> 1483. |
| 11. THU. | |
| 12. FRI. | |
| 13. SAT. | |
| 14. SUN. | Véry <i>b.</i> |
| 15. MON. | |
| 16. TUE. | |
| 17. WED. | Henri Heine <i>d.</i> 1856. |
| 18. THU. | Charles Lamb <i>b.</i> 1775. |
| 19. FRI. | |
| 20. SAT. | M. Ouvrard's Chambertin Clos sold, 1868. |
| 21. SUN. | Prévost <i>b.</i> (the inventor of galantine). |
| 22. MON. | |
| 23. TUE. | Samuel Pepys <i>b.</i> 1632. |
| 24. WED. | The capucin Chabot, inventor of the omelette purée de pintade, <i>b.</i> |
| 25. THU. | |
| 26. FRI. | Dr. Kitchiner, author of the <i>Cook's Oracle</i> , <i>d.</i>
Salt fish at its best. Fresh water fish leave winter quarters. Hare hunting ends. |
| 27. SAT. | |
| 28. SUN. | Veuve Clicquot <i>b.</i> |

MARCH, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. MON. | Oysters in perfection. |
| 2. TUE. | Horace Walpole <i>d.</i> 1797. |
| 3. WED. | Dinner served to M. Baroche, Minister of Justice, Paris; by M. Pécheux, 1868. |
| 4. THU. | Pheasants crow. |
| 5. FRI. | Asparagus appears. |
| 6. SAT. | Snipe and teal depart. |
| 7. Sun. | <i>Chef Pluméry b.</i> |
| 8. MON. | Salmon fry descend rivers. |
| 9. TUE. | |
| 10. WED. | |
| 11. THU. | The Speaker's Dinner, House of Commons, 1868. |
| 12. FRI. | |
| 13. SAT. | Sir T. N. Talfourd <i>d.</i> 1854. |
| 14. Sun. | |
| 15. MON. | Woodcock last seen. |
| 16. TUE. | Fresh-water fish begin to spawn. |
| 17. WED. | Antonin Carême <i>b.</i> |
| 18. THU. | |
| 19. FRI. | |
| 20. SAT. | |
| 21. Sun. | |
| 22. MON. | |
| 23. TUE. | |
| 24. WED. | Prince de Soubise <i>b.</i> Dinner served to Marshal Niel by M. Alexandre, 1868. |
| 25. THU. | Lady Day. |
| 26. FRI. | Good Friday. Capercailzie and red grouse |
| 27. SAT. | [pair. |
| 28. Sun. | Easter Sunday. Lamprn fishing ends. |
| 29. MON. | |
| 30. TUE. | |
| 31. WED. | |

APRIL, xxx Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. THU. | Trout fishing in Thames begins. Lamb |
| 2. FRI. | [meets mint sauce and early peas. |
| 3. SAT. | Dinner given by Djemil Pacha, Paris, 1868. |
| 4. Sun. | Dr. Gastaldy <i>b.</i> Game licence expires. |
| 5. MON. | |
| 6. TUE. | |
| 7. WED. | Tortoni <i>b.</i> |
| 8. THU. | |
| 9. FRI. | The mackerel is the usher of the sturgeon. |
| 10. SAT. | Remarkable <i>niaigre</i> dinner given at Nantes,
1868. Simnel cakes are made in Shropshire
and Herefordshire. |
| 11. Sun. | Lamb and Gooseberry Pie Day. |
| 12. MON. | |
| 13. TUE. | |
| 14. WED. | |
| 15. THU. | |
| 16. FRI. | |
| 17. SAT. | Green peas make their appearance. |
| 18. Sun. | |
| 19. MON. | Eel fishing begins. |
| 20. TUE. | |
| 21. WED. | Judgment of the Jury of Gourmands delivered
on the Abbeville eel pies of M. Richard,
1807. |
| 22. THU. | De Villemessant <i>b.</i> 1812. Marriage Feast of |
| 23. FRI. | [Prince Humbert, of Italy, 1868. |
| 24. SAT. | |
| 25. Sun. | |
| 26. MON. | |
| 27. TUE. | Prince de Metternich, proprietor of the Jo-
hannisberg cru, <i>b.</i> |
| 28. WED. | Two Thousand. |
| 29. THU. | |
| 30. FRI. | Brillat-Savarin <i>b.</i> Charles Monselet <i>b.</i> 1825. |

MAY, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. SAT. | Trout fishing begins. Chickens and turkey poults. |
| 2. Sun. | |
| 3. MON. | Colnet (author of <i>L'Art de dîner en Ville</i>) <i>b.</i> |
| 4. TUE. | Chevet <i>b.</i> |
| 5. WED. | Baron Brisse <i>b.</i> Napoleon I. <i>d.</i> 1821.
Chester Cup. |
| 6. THU. | Montreuil leads the way with early cherries. |
| 7. FRI. | <i>Chef</i> Dunan <i>b.</i> |
| 8. SAT. | |
| 9. Sun. | |
| 10. MON. | Ducklings from Rouen : at a pinch, Aylesbury. |
| 11. TUE. | Quails arrive. |
| 12. WED. | Nestor Roqueplan <i>b.</i> |
| 13. THU. | Cardinal Fesch <i>d.</i> 1839. |
| 14. FRI. | Young pigeons and green peas ! |
| 15. SAT. | [of bakers.] |
| 16. Sun. | Whit Sunday. St. Honoré, the patron saint |
| 17. MON. | Camerani <i>b.</i> Talleyrand <i>d.</i> 1838. |
| 18. TUE. | |
| 19. WED. | |
| 20. THU. | The first number of <i>The Original</i> , by Thomas Walker, appeared, 1835. Balzac <i>b.</i> 1799. |
| 21. FRI. | |
| 22. SAT. | Artichokes from the sweet South. |
| 23. Sun. | |
| 24. MON. | Dinner served to Lord Blomfield, Vienna, 1867, by M. Loyer. |
| 25. TUE. | Marquis de Béchamel <i>b.</i> |
| 26. WED. | Derby. |
| 27. THU. | |
| 28. FRI. | Melons, cucumbers, strawberries ! |
| 29. SAT. | |
| 30. Sun. | |
| 31. MON. | Berchoux (author of <i>La Gastronomie</i>) <i>b.</i> |

JUNE, xxx Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. TUE. | |
| 2. WED. | De Montmaur <i>b.</i> |
| 3. THU. | Robert (inventor of the sauce) <i>b.</i> ; buried in Père la Chaise; note epitaph. |
| 4. FRI. | |
| 5. SAT. | |
| 6. SUN. | |
| 7. MON. | Siraudin, dramatist and confectioner, <i>b.</i> |
| 8. TUE. | Her Majesty's Dinner, served by H. J. Hutin, Windsor Castle, 1868. Ascot. |
| 9. WED. | |
| 10. THU. | |
| 11. FRI. | The <i>Fistulina hepatica</i> , or "poor man's fungus," is in abundance. |
| 12. SAT. | |
| 13. SUN. | First "Potted Luck," "sous les feuilles," Belvedere, 1868. |
| 14. MON. | |
| 15. TUE. | |
| 16. WED. | Jules Gouffé, <i>b.</i> 1807. |
| 17. THU. | |
| 18. FRI. | |
| 19. SAT. | |
| 20. SUN. | Partridges are hatched. |
| 21. MON. | |
| 22. TUE. | Maille (of the mustard), <i>b.</i> |
| 23. WED. | Strawberries ripen. |
| 24. THU. | |
| 25. FRI. | |
| 26. SAT. | |
| 27. SUN. | |
| 28. MON. | |
| 29. TUE. | |
| 30. WED. | Aimé Picot (the great truffle eater), <i>b.</i> |

JULY, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. THU. | Poultry of all kinds are on the scene. Try
Mans or Houdan pullets. |
| 2. FRI. | |
| 3. SAT. | Véfour <i>b.</i> |
| 4. Sun. | Prince de Soubise <i>d.</i> 1787. |
| 5. MON. | Figs, apricots, and peaches are ripe. |
| 6. TUE. | Grenadier Guards' Dinner to the Prince of
Wales, 1868. |
| 7. WED. | Sheridan <i>d.</i> 1816. |
| 8. THU. | |
| 9. FRI. | |
| 10. SAT. | |
| 11. Sun. | |
| 12. MON. | |
| 13. TUE. | Apples begin to ripen. |
| 14. WED. | |
| 15. THU. | St. Swithin. Go to Plymouth to eat dories,
and to the coast of Cornwall for mullet. |
| 16. FRI. | |
| 17. SAT. | |
| 18. Sun. | |
| 19. MON. | |
| 20. TUE. | |
| 21. WED. | Havre International Tasting Banquet, 1868. |
| 22. THU. | |
| 23. FRI. | |
| 24. SAT. | Alexandre Dumas <i>b.</i> 1803. |
| 25. Sun. | Prince de Condé (potage Condé) <i>b.</i> |
| 26. MON. | |
| 27. TUE. | |
| 28. WED. | Goodwood. |
| 29. THU. | |
| 30. FRI. | Samuel Rogers <i>b.</i> 1763. |
| 31. SAT. | |

AUGUST, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|--|
| 1. Sun. | Lammas Day. The sucking-pig month. |
| 2. MON. | |
| 3. TUE. | Apricots ripen. |
| 4. WED. | Count d'Orsay <i>d.</i> 1852. |
| 5. THU. | Oyster season opens, for those who can eat oysters in any condition. |
| 6. FRI. | |
| 7. SAT. | |
| 8. Sun. | |
| 9. MON. | |
| 10. TUE. | |
| 11. WED. | |
| 12. THU. | Grouse shooting begins. George IV. <i>b.</i> 1762. |
| 13. FRI. | |
| 14. SAT. | |
| 15. Sun. | |
| 16. MON. | Horace Raison (author of the <i>Code Gourmand</i>), <i>b.</i> |
| 17. TUE. | |
| 18. WED. | Pears begin to ripen. |
| 19. THU. | Blackcock shooting commences. |
| 20. FRI. | Balzac <i>d.</i> 1850. |
| 21. SAT. | Lady Mary Wortley Montague <i>d.</i> 1762. |
| 22. Sun. | |
| 23. MON. | Lamprey fishing begins. |
| 24. TUE. | Theodore Hook <i>d.</i> 1841. Greengages in perfection. |
| 25. WED. | Saint Louis. Fête of the Cooks. |
| 26. THU. | |
| 27. FRI. | Ruffs and reeves; remember, reverend sirs, this month and next. |
| 28. SAT. | Baden. |
| 29. Sun. | |
| 30. MON. | |
| 31. TUE. | Quails, leverets! |

SEPTEMBER, xxx Days.

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|-----|------|---|
| 1. | WED. | Partridge shooting begins. Peaches ripen. |
| 2. | THU. | St. Lazarus, old patron of the bakers. Meeting of Paris restaurateurs to fix the price of oysters for 1868-9. |
| 3. | FRI. | The King of the Pumpkins for 1868, was crowned at the Halles, Paris. |
| 4. | SAT. | |
| 5. | SUN. | |
| 6. | MON. | |
| 7. | TUE. | Epicure Dinner, Paris, 1868. |
| 8. | WED. | |
| 9. | THU. | |
| 10. | FRI. | Salmon and trout fishing ends. |
| 11. | SAT. | Chesterfield <i>d.</i> 1756. |
| 12. | SUN. | Woodcocks are in the market. |
| 13. | MON. | Provençal Poets' Dinner, 1868. |
| 14. | TUE. | |
| 15. | WED. | |
| 16. | THU. | Bonvalet <i>b.</i> |
| 17. | FRI. | Buck hunting ends. |
| 18. | SAT. | |
| 19. | SUN. | |
| 20. | MON. | |
| 21. | TUE. | Partridge shooting in Ireland begins. |
| 22. | WED. | Theodore Hook <i>b.</i> 1788. Lord Chesterfield <i>b.</i> 1694. |
| 23. | THU. | |
| 24. | FRI. | Philippe <i>b.</i> |
| 25. | SAT. | |
| 26. | SUN. | |
| 27. | MON. | Widgeons and teal arrive. |
| 28. | TUE. | Dr. Véron, <i>d.</i> 1867. |
| 29. | WED. | St. Michael, patron of the cake-women.
Michaelmas Goose Day. |
| 30. | THU. | |

OCTOBER, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 1. FRI. | Pheasant shooting begins. The month for |
| 2. SAT. | [game. |
| 3. SUN. | Snipe appear. Pascal, proprietor of Philippe's, Paris, <i>d.</i> 1868. |
| 4. MON. | |
| 5. TUE. | Horace Walpole <i>b.</i> 1717. |
| 6. WED. | Cæsarewitch. Woodcocks arrive. |
| 7. THU. | |
| 8. FRI. | |
| 9. SAT. | Beccaficos. |
| 10. SUN. | |
| 11. MON. | |
| 12. TUE. | |
| 13. WED. | Quails depart. |
| 14. THU. | Alexis Soyer <i>b.</i> |
| 15. FRI. | |
| 16. SAT. | |
| 17. SUN. | Fox hunting commences. |
| 18. MON. | |
| 19. TUE. | [Oyster Feast held, 1868. |
| 20. WED. | Cambridgeshire. The Annual Colchester |
| 21. THU. | Jullien, pastrycook, <i>b.</i> Sixty-third Anniversary Dinner of the Battle of Trafalgar, held at Willis's Rooms, 1868. |
| 22. FRI. | |
| 23. SAT. | |
| 24. SUN. | Golden plovers arrive. |
| 25. MON. | |
| 26. TUE. | Anniversary Dinner of the Battle of Bala- |
| 27. WED. | [clava, 1868, Willis's Rooms. |
| 28. THU. | [executed, 1618. Eel fishing ends. |
| 29. FRI. | Hare hunting commences. Sir W. Raleigh |
| 30. SAT. | Thackeray <i>b.</i> 1811. Sheridan <i>b.</i> 1751. |
| 31. SUN. | |

NOVEMBER, xxx Days.

1. MON.	
2. TUE.	
3. WED.	St. Hubert.
4. THU.	
5. FRI.	
6. SAT.	
7. Sun.	The New <i>Almanach des Gourmands</i> , by A. B. de Périgord appeared, 1824.
8. MON.	
9. TUE.	
10. WED.	
11. THU.	Martinmas Day. One Million of turkeys eaten in France!
12. FRI.	First "Epicure" Dinner, St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, 1867.
13. SAT.	
14. Sun.	
15. MON.	
16. TUE.	
17. WED.	
18. THU.	
19. FRI.	Fieldfare arrives.
20. SAT.	
21. Sun.	Mr. Quartermaine, of the "Ship" Tavern, Greenwich, <i>d.</i> 1867.
22. MON.	
23. TUE.	
24. WED.	
25. THU.	
26. FRI.	
27. SAT.	
28. Sun.	Roger de Beauvoir <i>b.</i> 1809.
29. MON.	
30. TUE.	

DECEMBER, xxxi Days.

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 1. WED. | The month of good cheer. |
| 2. THU. | |
| 3. FRI. | |
| 4. SAT. | Strasbourg, Amiens, Chartres, and Périgueux
pies are in excellent condition. |
| 5. Sun. | |
| 6. MON. | |
| 7. TUE. | |
| 8. WED. | Vattel <i>b.</i> 1714. |
| 9. THU. | Grouse shooting ends. |
| 10. FRI. | |
| 11. SAT. | |
| 12. Sun. | Woodcocks plentiful. |
| 13. MON. | |
| 14. TUE. | |
| 15. WED. | |
| 16. THU. | William Bosville, of Gunthwaite, <i>bon vivant</i> ,
<i>d.</i> 1813. |
| 17. FRI. | |
| 18. SAT. | Samuel Rogers <i>d.</i> 1855. |
| 19. Sun. | |
| 20. MON. | |
| 21. TUE. | |
| 22. WED. | Fin-Bec <i>b.</i> |
| 23. THU. | |
| 24. FRI. | |
| 25. SAT. | Christmas Day. The gourmet eats a perfect
English dinner. |
| 26. Sun. | |
| 27. MON. | Charles Lamb <i>d.</i> 1834. |
| 28. TUE. | |
| 29. WED. | Char fishing ends. |
| 30. THU. | |
| 31. FRI. | |

“I, GENTLE readers, have set before you a table liberally spread. It is not expected or desired that every dish should suit the palate of all the guests; but every guest will find something that he likes. You, madam, may prefer the boiled chicken with stewed celery, or a little of that fricandeau; the lady opposite will send her plate for some pigeon-pie. The Doctor has an eye upon the venison—and so, I see, has the Captain. Sir, I have not forgotten that this is one of your fast days; I am glad, therefore, that the turbot proves so good,—and that dish has been prepared for you. Sir John, there is garlic in the fricassée. The Hungarian wine has a bitterness which everybody may not like; the ladies will probably prefer Malmsey. The Captain sticks to his port, and the Doctor to his Madeira. There is a splendid trifle for the young folks, which some of the elders may not despise; and I only wish my garden could have furnished a better dessert,—but, considering climate, it is not amiss. Is not this entertainment better than if I had set you all down to a round of beef and turnips?”—SOUTHEY’S “*Doctor*.”

THE
EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

THE LEGACY OF CORKS.*



THE REVEREND Father was a right joyous companion : a lettered man who graced his love of the good things of the world with scholarly discourse,— saying noble, wise, and witty things gathered in his closet, out of famous or obscure volumes, and stored under his skullcap as carefully and daintily as a lady disposes her brilliants in her jewel-case. He was taken to task for his banquetings, as sensuous indulgences not in

* Father la Loque died in an attic of the Quartier Grenelle, Paris, leaving a long array of corks inscribed with the names of false friends, who had helped him to dissipate his fortune.

harmony with the priestly character. To which he had ever ready answers, drawn from venerable authorities, or happy anecdotes tending to the justification of moderate and cultivated table indulgences. He would pleasantly cite Father Prout's Watergrass-hill Carousal, taking O'Meara's point. "The repast is divided into three distinct periods, and in the conventual refectory you can easily distinguish at what stage of the feeding time the brotherhood are engaged. The first is called 1°, *altum silentium*; then, 2°, *clangor dentium*; and then, 3°, *rumor gentium*."

"Now," Father Round would observe, drawing the edge of his serviette between his lips, "*altum silentium* and *clangor dentium*, make *rumor gentium* worth hearing." Again, read Rabelais' chapter, *Pourquoi les moines sont volontiers en cuisine*. The monks and nuns of old became famous cooks, never forgetting dishes for the table of the poor. Let us not despise the good things of the world. They reach us mostly from the hands of good people."

Father Round lived in a village close by a venerable French city, to which Genteil Parsimony and Shame-faced Poverty mincing easy moneyed airs, had migrated in force from the British Isles. The reverend father was pastor of these unpromising importations; and very much had he to say of their hateful petty vanities—their squabbles and their empty boasting. If, in the midst of the vicious circle, he had not found two or three gentlemen, whom spare means or national neglect had driven forth to seek refinements where

they could be had cheap and under sunny skies, amid bright hearts and genial happy faces ; he had not tarried even amid his hives and melons, in the wooded valley, where his chimney drove blue columns from his wood fire, amid the poplars. But, with these he could make a select circle : hold a hand at whist : and fight the battle of life over again.

Father Round was attended by an ancient woman of rare culinary skill. She had been bequeathed to him by a bishop ; and in her age she sparkled, and was clear and radiant, as became a child of Gascony, over whose cradle the Gascon grape had nodded. Melanie had very much her own way ; but she let you know, raising her finger to her lip, that the father had his moments when it was not safe to contradict him—as when the keys of the cellar had strayed from the corner of his desk, or he rose with one of his headaches. One night he carried a headache to bed, and he did not rise—nor soon, nor late—next day.

But Father Round is at table. Raising a glass of chartreuse to the light (in days when bad chartreuse was not in every wine-shop, and the chemist was not so busy as he is now in the vineyard), the father said, “The monks have been very good to us. They left us scholarship, and the noblest grape. Don’t we get the perfection of champagne from the Benedictines ? It was the Visitandines of la Côte who originated good liqueurs. Clos Vougeot traces its renown to the Cistercians, who would have only the good vintages drunk. But the gastronomic world owes a debt as

large as that of the learned world to the holy men of old."*

"And they were well reprov'd for their gourmandise," said Mr. Martyn. "What says Saint Jérôme? He recalls to them their original poverty, and bids them be ashamed of their daintiness. 'They know the names of all varieties of fish,' he says, 'the seas in which the best oysters are to be found. They can taste game, and tell you from whose ground it came; and they have good esteem only for that which is rare.'"

Trafford, who was cutting up a chicken, roasted with tarragon—a dish on which Melanie prided herself, and which Father Round praised anew each time it was set before him—chuckled, and said: "The monks were right. It is paying reverence to Nature, to become an epicure amid her wonders. The ortolan is lost on the man who can live on roots."

"Saint Bernard, again—" Martyn was pursuing, when he was interrupted by Father Round's third guest, Major Pike.

"Yes, yes! you told us, my dear Martyn, last time we were here, all about the sin of perfumed and honeyed wines, sipped from chiselled goblets. But, my dear sir, the thing was inevitable. The monks got rich; the monks became artful cultivators of the

* The Capucin monk, Chabot, had a weakness for guinea-fowl. In one of his inspired moments, he created the *omelette truffée aux pointes d'asperges*, and the *purée de pintade*. The editor of the Code Gourmand observes that he would have escaped the guillotine had he stuck to the cuisine.

vine, and selected it grape by grape ; and the holy men—each having his turn in the kitchen—became good cooks. Put any man of éducation in the kitchen, and he won't limit himself to a plain boil and broil. Melanie, the chicken is excellent."

"Yes," Trafford observed, with solemnity ; "Melanie, you have surpassed yourself: cooked to a turn, and tender as my own heart."

Melanie protested that Monsieur Trafford was too indulgent ; and, at the same time she would observe that there was no person in the world, for whose opinion she had the respect she had ever entertained for his. When Melanie had left to fetch another triumph, in the shape of *entremet*, Father Round took occasion to say oracularly,—

"There is no happier human creature than a cook in the receipt of compliments from an epicure, whom he or she respects. The chicken is excellent, and my volnay (it has been in a wine cooler of fern dipped in the stream,) goes trippingly with it ! What say you ?"

"The wine does you honour, father," sharply answered the major, "and I shall back my opinion with another glass."

"The sacerdotal cellar is in good order," Trafford gravely said, looking, with a melancholy, speculative glance at the deep ruby.

"The Abbé de Rancé wrote to the Abbé Nicaise on the 29th of June, 1693——"

The major and Father Round laughed outright ; but the bookworm went on severely,—"the passions, when

men should not have any, carry them to great lengths."

"In the middle ages, medicine was nursed in monastic cells," Trafford replied. "But here comes the brave Melanie again—and with some new delight, I warrant."

"Monsieur Trafford is so amiable," Melanie said, plumping a dish of artichokes *lyonnaise* before him: for Trafford always took the head of Father Round's table when he was present; being a profound authority on gourmandise, whose learning was the delight of Melanie, and the pride of her master. Father Round rose in his housekeeper's esteem when she saw that he was the friend of a gourmet of Mr. Trafford's rank. The only point which puzzled Melanie was how Monsieur Trafford could be a gentleman of perfect taste and—an Englishman!

Major Pike engaged Mr. Martyn with what he called a poser. "Come, Martyn, what do you think of this: Lauzun—the Czartoriska, and Marie Antoinette, one you know—when he was summoned to the guillotine, in 1793, was employed upon a dozen of oysters. What do you say his dying request was?"

"A glass of chablis, I suppose."

"No,—that he might be permitted to finish the five remaining upon his plate."

"Ugh! One of the disgusting stories of callousness in the face of death, in which these French people delight. You've spoilt my artichoke," from Martyn.

"Try the father's tokay," was Trafford's interrup-

tion. "It is here, as always, at the right moment. Melanie, you have given us, I remember, artichokes *à la barigoule*."

"Monsieur remembers!"

"Remembers," the father interrupted; "did Monsieur Trafford ever forget anything that was worth remembering?"

A *croûte aux fruits* came in at last, and Father Round treated his guests to a taste of his constantia as an accompaniment; and then,

"Mocha's berry, from Arabia, pure,
In small, fine, china cups, came in at last."

Melanie served many banquets under the sacerdotal roof, and saw various sets of Father Round's acquaintance come and go. The good father was never happier than when he had his handsome silk-encased leg under his oaken board, with three or four friends about him, and a pleasant topic, with, as he expressed it, "Plenty of flesh upon it." Did a guest specially distinguish himself, Father Round would turn to Melanie, and say, "Madam, you shall prepare a pot of our honey, carefully packed in the freshest of our fig-leaves, for monsieur, that he may take it home with him."

"You must be lonely here, father," many a guest would say.

"What!" the father would answer, "with my books and bees!"

Friends, both French and English, would send him

seasonable dainties ; for, far and wide, his repute had spread on the lips of the many who had been his guests. One day, came a basket of wheatears, which reminded Martyn, to Trafford's annoyance, of a very pleasing trait of Hurdis recounted by Southey.

"Hurdis," said Martyn, "used to let the wheatears out of their traps, and leave their price for their ransom."

"Melanie will cook these," Trafford said, "and the father will commend them with a bottle of his best."

"In honour of old England," quoth Major Pike.

Even the *gélinotte* reached the sapient hands of Melanie now and then ; for the father's guests, as I have said, were wide spread, and plied observant forks in every clime.

Father Round was a man of fair estate. Living abroad, it was administered by a steward, who, with a regularity which the father often extolled, remitted him his rents. "Oates is as punctual as daybreak," was his constant observation, and the money was deposited in the town bank. One quarter day, however, the friends who had so arranged their worldly affairs as to dine with the father, according to their ancient custom (which had never been broken yet, save when Round was in bed with a bad headache), received a note from their hospitable host.

"No Oates to-day ;" was all the father wrote. Much speculation in the group of guests ; much disappointment also.

Trafford observed, "That pheasant Melanie showed me yesterday will not keep. Confound Oates."

Martyn was at hand. "Robert Hall, the renowned Nonconformist preacher, said of Chalmers, his mind moved not on wheels, but on hinges. So you, Trafford, move on the hinges of your stomach. At a funeral your head must run on the baked meats."

Major Pike was just in the cue for a bottle of the father's port. The major was unfortunate. Martyn was destined to see no more of the pheasant, and had paid his last compliment to Melanie. Briefly, Father Round's steward had eaten up his master's substance. He had been punctual in his remittances—out of Round's capital.

"I have no more than you see about me, my good Melanie," said the pastor, speaking no word against Oates. "My agent has spent the fortune God in his mercy gave me, and which is, it may be, handed over to better keeping. We must part, Melanie."

Melanie sobbed. She would never leave her old, kind master. But the father, paternally taking his servant's hand, firmly answered her: "Melanie, the cunning you have would be lost here. I will not let you wrong yourself, and I will not rob some happier man of the skill with which you can grace his board. I thank you for your honourable and affectionate service—but, we part. Some village wench can trim my *pot-au-feu*, and the bees and chickens will be my care. It is not for long."

With a heavy heart Melanie departed. Father

Round watched her from his door, as she packed her belongings upon the sheepskin saddle, and led Gabrielle (the ass on which she had always ridden to market, and which her master had given her,) down the poplar grove towards the town.

Father Round was equal to the blows of fate. He bore robbery at the hands of Oates, however, more patiently than the ingratitude of friends. "Feast won, fast lost," he quoted to himself, and then, "it is very true, and hard."

Martyn, Trafford, Pike, and others, whom it is not needful to intrude on the reader, met in their café; and at times, the conversation turned to the father.

"The world will say," was Martyn's speech, "that we ceased to visit him *because* he suddenly became poor."

"And the cakes and ale fell short," from Trafford.

"And he sold his wine-cellar," from Major Pike.

"Preposterous!" was the universal shout. But the conversation recurred so often, that it seemed to me qualms of conscience were working in the breast of a few. After a year, however, the qualms subsided; and in eighteen months, Trafford was not quite sure whether M. Round wrote his name with a final e, or Round, *tout court*.

A market-woman was announced, early one morning, at Trafford's lodgings. He hurried to the door, wondering who could have sent him a present.

"Let me see!" he speculated, "partridge-shooting began five days ago."

Slipped, and in his dressing-gown, he hurried into the street. "Bless me!" he cried, disappointment and a little shame in his mien, "it's Melanie, and with the brave Gabrielle!" With this, he began to diligently stroke the neck of the faithful animal.

Melanie turned a stony face upon Monsieur Trafford. Never could she have believed that a gentleman of his noble taste would behave so basely to the master.

"Monsieur Trafford," she said, fixing her eyes upon the parasite, and disdaining to give him credit for a heart, "Father Round died yesterday, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. My hands stopped the clock, or it would be ticking now. Allez, Gabrielle," and she moved away.

The friends of Father Round were summoned to meet on the following afternoon at the mortuary house, and to listen to the last wishes of the departed soul.

They gathered outside the sacerdotal retreat. The black cloth covered the vine; Melanie had twisted crape upon the hives. The coffin was in the doorway, and not a peasant dwelling within a league of the spot failed to sprinkle holy water over the ashes of Father Round.

Returned from the churchyard, the curé from the next village, who had been the friend of Round's poor days, read the last wishes of him whose cast-off clothes he had just committed to the earth.

Father Round lamented the sums he had spent in

pleasures, and desired that his experiences of friendship might act as a lesson to others.

"He has left some legacies," the priest solemnly said, turning in the direction of Martyn, Trafford, and Pike. Melanie opened a cupboard behind the reverend reader.

Trafford whispered to Martyn, "I believe he has left the Cellini cup to me."

Melanie solemnly laid two or three rows of corks upon the table before the priest; who proceeded with the reading.

Father Round described his life, and the moral he drew from it was, that men should be careful in the selection of their friends. He had hosts when his sun shone: and he was alone when the twilight abruptly deepened to night. Early in life he had contracted the habit of saving the corks of the fine vintages, with which he had regaled his guests—marking upon each the occasion and the date. In his latter time these corks had become a warning and weighty lesson to him, and so many damning witnesses against his false friends. Upon each he had written a little sermon—leaving them to the keeping of his only companion in misfortune, the curé of Pervenches. These were now before the curé; who, addressing Trafford and his companions, said, "Gentlemen, you are free to take those upon which your names are marked." Then turning to the villagers, the curé preached a little sermon, taking up each cork as he touched upon its story.

“Château-Margaux, 1858; uncorked, March 14, 1861, and dedicated to Major Pike.” The curé read, “Major Pike borrowed half of the last sum Oates remitted to me: and I never saw him after. Was to have eaten a pheasant with me the day I discovered the dishonesty of my steward.”

The curé handed the cork to Melanie, who conveyed it to the major, saying, “Perhaps monsieur would like to take it away with him.” The major rose, in a passion, and threw the cork into the fire; but Melanie withdrew it, and cast it out of the cottage. “It shall not warm the last *pot-au-feu*,” she said.

“White Hermitage, 1848; uncorked, May 10, 1859, *en tête-à-tête* with Trafford. M. Trafford knew my cellar better than I did myself when it was full; and he knew neither me nor it, when it was empty.”

“Father Round has misjudged me,” said Trafford; “but, of the dead *nil nisi bonum*——”

“Silence, monsieur!” the priest said, severely; “Father Round misjudged men indeed, for he welcomed all as good men.” With this, the curé lifted another cork.

“Schloss-Johannisberg, 1862; uncorked, Nov. 18, in honour of Count Stumpfel, my friend from Moscow. I did not sell out to invest in his Otaheitan Credit Mobilier; but lent him all I had in hand, and he never answered a letter afterwards.”

“Rauenthaler Berg, 1862; uncorked, June 1, 1864, my birthday. Present Trafford, Pike, and Martyn, pledged my health. We were to be friends till death.

Note. June, 1866. Alone: there is cider only in the cellar."

"Château Latour, 1858." Martyn rose to speak, but the villagers hushed him to his seat. "Uncorked, Feb. 28, 1863, with Martyn. He had come to thank me for rescuing him from the Upper Town Prison. Note. April 10, 1866. Wrote to him for a return of a small instalment of my advance. No reply."

The three ungrateful guests rose and departed, under the angry eye of the priest, and the ominous murmurs of Father Round's rustic neighbours.

The father left his little property in his cottage to the poor—his neighbours, and his best friends. Quoting St. Augustine, he closed his will, "The poor man gives all he hath. If he has nothing, he affords his kindness—a counsel, if no more; help if he can; when he can neither help nor advise, he consoles with a wish, or supports with his prayers."

The hives passed to the garden of the pastor of Pervenches.

Father Round's moral I leave to the reader's consideration, with my "Year-Book" for 1869.

FIN-BEC.

THE
SEASONS & SEASON MENUS.

JANUARY.



THE practical host can have no epicurean excuse at the opening of the year, for not presenting to his guests a varied banquet. January was called by A. B. de Périgord, the "spoilt child of Nature." It is in this, the opening month of the year, that all men are festively inclined, and it is precisely in this month that nature furnishes to the cook the richest varieties of human food. The difficulty is where to choose. The field, the forest, the garden, and the seas are alike bountiful. It has been said that a bad dinner at any time is an offence, but that in January it is a deliberate snare. Why, in the matter of poultry, your poulterer offers you turkey, capon, chicken, rabbit, goose, larks, and duck ; and his game display is amazing : pheasant, partridge, widgeon, woodcock, wild-duck, plover, snipe, teal, hare, and doe-venison are before you, where to choose. The fishmonger shows sturgeon, turbot, cod, carp, gurnet, John Dory, eels, smelts, soles, tench, and whiting ; you can get oysters, crevettes, and lobsters in perfection. Survey the green-

grocer's window : mind, he must be a greengrocer who thoroughly understands his business. He has spinach, sorrel, endive, celery, Brussels sprouts, cardons, and salsify ; he can show you apples, pears, medlars, grapes, and hothouse fruits in rare perfection. Beef, mutton, house-lamb, and pork, are all at command—in admirable condition. Beef, whether used for *entrées* in M. Urbain Dubois' most scientific manner, or in familiar English fashion as a roast, is a meat of which every Englishman may be proud to make his foreign guest partake. A learned controversy proceeded last year, on the use of the word sirloin, whence it appears that the butcher of the time of Henry the Sixth, sent home a surloyn, but not exactly with the modern bill thereof.*

It is in salads that we show our most lamentable contrast with the winter kitchen resources of the continent. The reader has only to glance at Evelyn's *Acetaria* or discourse of sallets, to be surprised not that we have made no advance since that time, but that we have so far relapsed from its richness in salad plants. A professional writer in the "Field" told us last autumn, that "there is no reason why salads for winter should not be just as well grown here as they

* Amongst the records of the Ironmongers' Company, *temp.* Henry the Sixth, is the following entry of moneys expended in catering for one of their feasts :—14 capons, 8s. ; a *surloyn beeff*, vij*d.* ; a shoulder veal, iij*d.* ; a lamb with sewet, xiiij*d.* ; a samon, xs. : 1 ell linen cloth, vd. : 6 pair calfs feet, 12*d.* ; 8 pikes, 9s. 4*d.* : 2 knuckles veal, vij*d.* : 12 long marybones, ijs. : 15 ribs beef, ijs. xd. The prices afford a strong contrast to the butchers' bills of 1867. CLARENCE HOPPER.—*Athenæum*, Dec. 23, 1867.

are in France. But the French gardener pays just as much attention to his salads, as we do to our orchids or other house plants, and hence the reason of his superior success." This authority suggests as a substitute for lettuce in the spring, the young tender leaves of rampion. There is no reason why corn-salad (the Italian variety), should not be general. Why should the broad leaved endive or scariole, or the curled (*chicorée frisée*) of our neighbours, not be at the disposal of every English household? Our market-gardeners have risked a few attempts to force winter chicory into the market, and make it as common as it is in France, with exactly the discouraging result which marked the early introduction of rhubarb. Mr. Cuthill, one of these innovators, cheerfully remarks, that even now he hopes to see it largely brought into public markets, for it often takes many years' hard fighting to persuade people to their own benefit. There is no excuse for the absence of the Capucin's beard from the most modest tables in this month. Let the epicure turn to his cookery book for *salade d'Estrées*; the winter salad of the fair Gabrielle, the ingredients of which are to be had in London in January—with a little trouble.

In "The Seasons of the Kitchen," of last year, I observed "in this month, too, is eaten the redbreast;" quoting the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which describes the bird spitted, or *en salmi*. Some critics took exception to this, observing that the *rouge-gorge* was safe from the epicure in this country. Let me

refer the critic to Urbain Dubois' *Cuisine de Tous les Pays*, page 342. He will find that the becfigues, or *becfin*, which are spitted with a slice of bacon between each bird, roasted and served upon toast, are indifferently, red-breasts, red-starts, black-caps, and other small birds which live in the south of France—chiefly upon figs. The *chef* opens directions for a dish of *bec-figues à la Provençale*: “Pluck twenty-four fat beccaficos, ortolans, red-breasts, etc.”

Let me make a timely note of the *poularde des gourmets* for the reader's use this month. It is a very simple but exquisitely delicate dish, that deserves to rank very high indeed in the lists of three hundred and sixty-five methods of cooking a fowl, which M. de Cussy offered to submit to the hero of Austerlitz. Take a plump and tender pullet, truss it, dry and singe the interior, take a clean piece of meat dripping about the size of an egg, with double its quantity of butter, and mix with a good pinch of tarragon leaves;—and stuff the bird. Tie up the pullet securely at both ends, the feet within. Then take a fresh clean pig's bladder; insert the pullet; tie the aperture. Then wrap it in a cloth, and put it into boiling water. It should boil uninterruptedly for two hours. Untie the pullet when done, and serve it upon a hot dish in its own gravy. Separately, a *sauce blonde* flavoured with tarragon. Surely, such a dish as this may be served any day in any January in the most modest British establishment, without creating a domestic revolution!

1.

Soupe aux queues de veau.
Huitres d'Ostende.
Cabillaud, sauce aux huitres.
Pommes de terre bouillies.
Rosbif à l'anglaise, jus.
Légumes variés.
Cailles bardées, rôties.
Choux-fleurs à la Villeroy.
Tartelettes à la crème.
Mousse à l'ananas.

U. D.

2.

La bouillabaisse à la provençale.
Les escalopes d'huitres au gratin.
Les filets de bœuf mignons à la
Perigueux.
Les hâtelettes de rognons à la
Lucullus.

Les côtelettes de volaille à la Vil-
leroy.
Les canards sauvages à la Bigar-
ade.
Le chouffleur au gratin.
La gelée au Kirsch.
Les beignets.

H. B.

3.

Soupe écossaise (hodge-podge).
Mortadelle et anchois.
Bouchées aux huitres.
Côte de bœuf braisée.
Carottes et asperges.
Dinde rôtie, cresson.
Salade de légumes à la gelée.
Omelette au Kirsch.
Compote.

U. D.

FEBRUARY.

“JANUARY for sporting, February for eating,” is an epicurean saying. The first month holds a gun, the second a fork. It has been said that everything is in season. Game is abundant. The partridge and the truffle have the place of honour, especially on the other side of the channel, where the *Maison Dorée*, the *Café Riche*, and the *Café Anglais* are open all night. Poultry are in splendid condition. The French capon of Mans is the prince of the yard. Perceive, it has been said, one of these succulent capons upon the table with a fresh collar of watercresses; then just a Mayonnaise, and a fair bottle of Chablis between; and

be sure no epicurean novice is at hand. There are dainty pigeons upon the next table. They are for the teeth of two lovers, who, a season or two hence, will ask one another whether a little *foie-gras*, or a cut at an Amiens *pâté*, will not lighten somewhat the lagging hours. A little pyramid of larks is delightful. They have been neglected of late years; they no longer hold the proud place they had when Cambacérès governed the dinner-tables of the First Empire. The observant epicure has remarked that the snipe is a restorative, and that the wild-duck repairs the wasted frame. It would be a sin indeed to forget the pheasant.

Last winter a gastronomic discovery was bruited about, to the terror of Strasbourg, Bergerac, and Bordeaux. The liver of the hare had been a neglected delicacy. Yet it had been long known to cooks as the ingredient in hare stuffing which gave that refreshing and edifying compound its chief savour. Hare liver, treated with the honours which have been hitherto most unjustly concentrated in the goose, rewards us with a pie, the delicacy of which is equal to those which the truffle and the goose have hitherto been deemed alone able to produce. I strongly recommend the epicure of tentative mind, to afford the hare's liver a fair trial.

Foie gras not only found a rival last season, but a historian also. Let me note, to begin with, that *foie gras pâtés* do not come exclusively nor mainly from Strasbourg. Bergérac, Agen, Périgueux, Bordeaux,

and of course Paris, share the honours of producing these delightful pasties with Strasbourg. And now for their origin: the question is so important, that early in last February, the *Moniteur* published an authoritative historical treatise on the subject. It had been asserted that *foie gras pâtés* were among the epicurean enjoyments of the ancients, and that they were mentioned by Pliny. Their story is a much more modern one. They are of Norman extraction, nor can they boast of very remote descent. According to the *Moniteur*, one Clare, who was steward to the Marshal de Cantades, invented the pie of the goose's liver in 1780, at Strasbourg. When the marshal left, Clare remained behind, serving a new master—the Marshal de Stinville. Clare placed his splendid invention daily upon his new master's table. But De Stinville was a man of dull palate, and ate *foie-gras* as a hungry clerk eats beef-steak. This was too much for the author of so renowned a *chef d'œuvre*. Clare withdrew from the dull man's service, and opened an establishment in the Rue Mésanges at Strasbourg, which he made the original Strasbourg pie-shop! Here Clare flourished, and became exceedingly rich. Albeit his *foie-gras* was but an elementary study of the perfect *pâté* which is bought now-a-days in Piccadilly. Clare lived to see a vast improvement made on his invention. In 1792, one Deyer, at Bordeaux, was inspired with the idea of associating the fat liver of the goose with the gastronomic diamonds of Périgord. It is related that, overwhelmed

by the discovery of his Bordeaux rival, Clare sickened and died.

Another correction. The terrine de Nérac (the best truffled *foie-gras* in the market), is a misnomer, it should be called terrine d'Agen, for from this town does it proceed to the table of the epicure. So much for the history of the *pâté de foie-gras*. And why should *foie-gras* be had only *en pâté*? It is delightfully served *à la Provençale*, or with truffle, at this time of the year, in good Paris restaurants. I see no reason why we should not enjoy it frequently in London.*

The season is always one of abundance. The beef and mutton are excellent: you can get house-lamb. Ducks, guinea-fowl (upon which the *chef* delights to exercise his art), turkey, goose, and rabbit are in the poultry list. The range of game is magnificent: pheasant, woodcock, partridge, wild-duck, ptarmigan, teal, snipe, widgeon. And then the fish: the sea yields turbot, cod, smelts, soles, sturgeon, whiting, and the fish Theodore Hook foolishly called the work-house turbot, for it is a most delicate fish—the brill. Vegetables are in great variety for those who know where to seek them. But fruits are scanty, save at very high prices; for we have not yet reached the skill in fruit-preserving which at this moment provides the fortunate epicurean public of New York with delicious pears, etc., through the winter. M. Nyce's

* Try rissoles of *foie-gras* with truffle, and a little crowning bouquet of fried parsley.

fruit-preserving house system remains to be adopted in this country, and on the continent (*see Scrap-Book*).

Raisson dubs the pig the true gastronomic hero of the month of February. He takes a hundred different shapes. He is, indeed, the hero of humble gastronomic festivals. But he is only a humble assistant at the best.

On Shrove Tuesday, try *Crêpes de la Marquise*, as M. Dubois directs. They are exquisitely delicate any day.

1.

Potage croûte au pôt.
Soles à la dieppoise.
Filet de bœuf braisé aux laitues.
Poulet reine rôti aux cressons.
Salade italienne.
Glaces à la vanille.
Dessert.

2.

Soupe à la Malmesbury.
Huitres au gratin.
Alose grillée maitre d'hôtel.
Langue de bœuf à l'italienne.
Quenelles de poulets frites.
Oie rôtie à l'alsacienne.

Salade de cardons cuits.
Plombière à la vanille.
Compote.

U. D.

3.

Consommé à la bonne femme.
Amourettes frites.
Gigot de mouton, braisé.
Purée de haricots
Quenelles de brochets aux truffes.
Oie rôtie à l'allemande.
Cardons à la parmesane.
Charlotte à la westphalienne.
Glaces aux fraises.

U. D.

MARCH.

MARCH is the month in all the year, in which fish is most abundant. Turbot, salmon, soles, ling, plaice, flounders, perch, pike, eels, lobsters, oysters, smelts, dabs, carp, etc., are all in the market in fine condition. Oysters are in perfection. The spring enriches the vegetable garden, but there is no escaping the record of the fact, that this is a transition month in the kitchen. For those who fast, March is happily constituted, giving plentiful fish and vegetables to the art of the accomplished cook. It is held on all hands, that a *chef* must be a superior artist to furnish a good *dîner en maigre*. It is the month of *matelottes* and *fritures*. The *rôti*, in March dinners, is the difficulty. There is the plover, the *coq de prairie*, and lastly the famous *gêlinottes*. Last season, Paris was suddenly provided, in plenty, with varieties of moor-fowl—from *gêlinottes* to the Capercaillie, which call to my mind certain winter nights when I enjoyed the bird under the hospitable auspices of that notable Swedish patriot, Count Adolphe Rosen of Orebro. Epicures will be glad to hear that an important trade has arisen between Russia and Western Europe, in varieties of moor-fowl. The *gêlinotte* is the favourite, and he comes well packed in oats, contained in wicker-baskets. These most welcome birds in March are delivered within a week from the time of being booked in Russia. The *gêlinotte* is a mighty relief from chicken and pigeon. *Pain de gêlinottes aux truffes*,

crowned with a little pyramid of truffles, terrine of *gêlinottes*—*gêlinottes* in the Swedish manner—or grilled with a cold *sauce Tartare* or *à la Russe*, are good eating.

“Barren as the month is, a man may dine,” said a club-lounger to a club *chef*.

“Why, yes,” said the *chef*. “Shall I give you *potage au lièvre*, *brunoise*, *Palestine*, *à la lazagne*, *vermicelle*, *macaroni*—of course, *Saint Georges*, or *printanier à l’Impératrice*? In the matter of fish, we have *filets de soles*, *Colberts à l’Orly*, *à l’italienne*, or *vénitienne*, or would you like *mackerel hollandaise*, or *bordelaise*, or *salmon vénitienne* or *hollandaise*, or *turbot dieppois*. Say *perche gratinée*, *brochet en dauphin*. Then *côtelettes de mouton jardinière* or *à la reform*, *epigrammes d’agneau champignons*, *filets de bœuf malaga*, *croquettes à la Villeroy*, *filets piemontaise*, or *au Madère*. Then *coq de prairie*, or *pluviers*, or a *salmi of gêlinottes*. You can have a saddle of lamb. *Omelette aux huîtres* is very good. *Peas or cabbage farcie*; *asparagus*, of course, or *cardons à l’espagnole*, or any other way. Sweets? Well, *beignets d’Ananas*, *Frangipanne*, *suprêmes*, *fruit*, *soufflés*, *omelettes*, *pears à la florentine*, *biscuits glacés*, *au chocolat*, if you like. I forgot to say before, *artichokes and écrevisses*.”

I believe that the young gentleman managed to make a dinner.

For fruit, the dainty must look to the forcing

houses, if they will not wait to eat that which is in season :—

“ Wealthy palates there be that scout
 What is *in* season for what is *out*,
 And prefer all precocious savour ;
 For instance, early green peas, of the sort
 That costs some four or five guineas a quart,
 Where the *mint* is the principal flavour.”

Strawberries, when the snow is upon the ground, taste only of—money.

H. B. C. has drawn public attention, in the “Athenæum,” to the origin of hot cross buns eaten on Good Friday. In the Museo Lapidario of the Vatican, on the Christian side of it, there is a table representing roughly the miracle of the five barley loaves. The loaves are round, and bear a cross upon them,—“Such as our buns bear which are broken and eaten on Good Friday morning, symbolical of the sacrifice of the body of our Lord.” H. B. C., however, notices that his faith in the Christian biography of these buns has received a very rude shock.* The shock is not, after

* “It would appear that they have descended to us, not from any Popish practice, as some pious souls affirm, but from one which was actually Pagan; and, like the word which we use to signify the great festival of the church, Easter, to a Paganism as ancient as the worship of Astarte—in honour of whom, about the time of the passover, our Pagan ancestors the Saxons baked and offered up a particular kind of cake. We read in Jeremiah (vii. 18) of the Israelitish women kneading their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven. Dr. Stukeley, in his ‘Medallic History of Valerius Carausius,’ remarks that they were ‘assiduous to knead the Easter cakes for her service.’ The worship of a queen of heaven, under some significant name or other, was an almost universal practice, and exists still in various parts of the globe. She is

all, very terrible. The origin of the buns remains, surely, a very respectable one.

1.

Potage bisque d'écrevisses.
Mulets sauce ravigote.
Côtes de mouton Soubise.
Canards sauvages rôtis.
Pommes de terre nouvelles sautées
au beurre.
Pommes au riz vanille.
Salade ; dessert ; fraises.

2.

Potage à la royale.
Homards à l'américaine.
Côtes de veau à la Singara.

Poulets rôtis aux cressons.
Artichauts sauce riche.
Rochers de glaces.
Salade ; dessert ; fruits.

3.

Potage piémontais.
Coquilles de turbot crème au
gratin.
Pigeons à la crapaudine.
Aloyau rôti garni de pommes de
terre nouvelles.
Croûtes parisiennes.
Salade et dessert.

APRIL.

APRIL, gastronomically, may be said to "open the eyes of expectation." The old French gourmands held that the honours of April were divided between ham and lamb. At Easter, it was said, the hams of Bayonne and Mayence were in all their savoury glory,

usually represented, like the Madonna, bearing her son in her lap, or like Isis with the infant Horus. We may see such images in the Louvre, and in the great Ethnographical Museum at Copenhagen, where the Queen of Heaven of the Chinese, Tinehow, figures in white porcelain, side by side with Schling-mu, the Holy Mother. Certain metaphysical ideas are apt to flow in a common channel, and get clothed in the same symbolical dress. Hence we find a Queen of Heaven no less in Mexico than in China, in Egypt, Greece, Italy, and England; and under the Pagan title of a Christian festival, preserve, along with our buns, the memorial of her ancient reign."

and were as welcome at dinner as at breakfast. But it was the gourmand's duty to accompany his ham to the table with a bottle of good wine from its native province. A noble Gascon wine belonged to the delightful ham of Bayonne. The Mayence ham claims a Rhine vintage for companion. But April is sweet for the promises it brings. The vine comes in leaf; the fruit trees are superb in their dresses of delicate blossom; the beccafico steals back to the mild regions of happy France. It is the month for early vegetables—when they have, for the first time in the year, the freshness of nature upon them. The lamb is very young early in the month; it is better in May. But the chickens are in good condition. The fish market is plentifully supplied. Those fish which are in season, are turbot (what do we not owe to turbot in the early season of the year), soles, flounder, salmon, ling, eels, oysters, lobsters; then carp, chub, perch, pike, and crayfish, for those who may happen to care about them. I call to mind a breakfast in the April of last year, in which a slice of a superb York ham figured with fresh-gathered peas that, I said, was a dish many an English cook of the most moderate pretensions, can cook with the proudest of her profession. It may be tried, among other places, with fair prospect, at the Blue Posts in Cork Street, Bond Street. There are ducklings, and leverets, and pigeons; Jerusalem artichokes and sea-kale, among the vegetables—with delightful salads!

Lamb and ham, chickens and guinea-fowl; turbot,

soles, lobster, and oysters; *foie-gras*, asparagus, the two artichokes, peas, and spinach are the main elements of the April menu. The *gêlinottes* are still a favourite roast. *Soups*, say,—consommé printanier, aux profiteroles, aux quenelles et pointes d'asperges, or duchesse. Turbot sauce genevoise, or aux huîtres, or salmon, or sole parisienne or Joinville. Beef, sauce Robert, or Godard; Welsh or Southdown mutton. A suprême de volaille, Périgord; epigrammes of lamb, Macedoine! Lobster mayonnaise, by all means—both lobster and salad are in perfection. A gigot aux laitues; a chafroix of snipe. Asparagus flamande, or au beurre: or haricots verts à la poulette, or artichokes lyonnaise, or à l'italienne, or again spinach, au sucre—an excellent vegetable, the doctors say, in the spring.

In the way of *douceurs*, there is not much to add to the resources of last month. The early gooseberry and the fresh rhubarb are our national spring fruit riches—with the green currant we so strangely neglect, and of which our neighbours are totally oblivious. An American author of a literary work on gastronomy,* says, "Jelly can be made of green currants in the same manner as from the ripe ones. To give it a fine colour, stain it with strawberry juice; it is nice of its own colour, but not equally handsome. This jelly is said to be delicious." The author writes only on hearsay; I speak with experience. It is delicious—

* "Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea," &c. New York. (See "Reviews.")

only it must not be made handsome with strawberry or any other foreign juice. I am glad to see that in the list of the world's gastronomic delicacies, M. Dubois places the veritable English rhubarb pie, as *Tarte à la rhubarbe*—even to the brown sugar.

Last April, at a dinner given by the Minister of the Interior to his colleagues and their wives, the potage, *crème d'asperges*, the *filets de canetons à la Bigarade*; the *gêlinottes*, terrine of Nérac that comes from Agen, and finally *Cèpes de Bordeaux à la Provençale*, were the chief new delicacies. *Asperges glacées au marasquin*, are worth attention.

1.

Potage tapioca Crécy.
Turbot sauce crevettes.
Côtes de bœuf braisées aux oignons glacés.
Poulets rôtis au cresson.
Asperges en branches, sauce riche.
Glaces en rochers.
Salade; dessert; fraises.

2.

Potage riz Crécy.
Turbot à la hollandaise.
Poulets financière.

Filet de bœuf rôti.
Petits pois nouveaux à la française.
Glaces à l'abricot.
Dessert.

3.

Potage à la Véron.
Maquereaux au beurre d'estragon.
Ris de veau aux pointes d'asperges.
Pintades rôties au cresson.
Pommes de terre nouvelles sautées au beurre.
Tourte aux pommes à l'anglaise.
Salade; dessert.

In some of the important towns of Brittany the principal hotel-keepers announce a special *maigre* dinner for faithful observers. The following was the *menu* of one of the great Nantes hotels, and at only five francs a head:

GOOD FRIDAY, April 10, 1868.

Potage.—Colbert ; bisque d'écrevisses.

Hors d'œuvre.—Beurre, radis, salade d'anchois, olives, sardines, cornichons, ravigotes, &c. &c.

Hors d'œuvre de cuisine.—Cochilles Saint-Jacques ; bouquets de crevettes de mer ; caisses de laitances de carpes à la Marie Stuart.

Relevé de potage.—Saumon de Loire à la regence ; turbot sauce aux huîtres.

Pièces froides.—Galantine de brochets à l'ambassadrice ; aspic de filets de soles à la napolitaine ; chaudfroid d'anguilles monté en bastion ; mayonnaise d'homard à l'orientale.

PREMIER SERVICE.

Grosses pièces chaudes.—Carpes à la Chambord ; bar à la Normande.

Entrées.—Petites bouchées à la bohémienne ; suprême de filets de soles à la venitienne ; vol-au-vent à la Bechamel ; timbales à la parisienne aux truffes ; pâtés chauds

à la Richelieu ; homards à la Bagration.

Bouts de table.—Buisson d'écrevisses.

Punch Romaine.

DEUXIÈME SERVICE.

Gibier maigre sur Croustade.—Sarcelles en broche, brochettes de becassines de mer.

Legumes primeurs.—Asperges en branches sauce hollandaise ; petits pois à l'anglaise ; ceps à la bordelaise ; pommes au beurre ; artichauts à l'italienne ; épinards au sucre.

Entremets.—Mousse chocolat à l'Impératrice ; fromage glacé à la Victoria ; gelée au Marasquin ; génoise à l'impériale ; pêches montées à la Maintenon.

Pièces montées en pâtisserie.—Hongats en rocher ; rubannées en torsade ; petits fours ; corbeilles de fruits ; gâteaux assortis.

Confitures.—Groseilles, cerises, abricots, mirabelles, coings, &c.

MAY.

MANY of the promises of April are realised in May. It is a month that is rich in material for cooks of all degrees. The peas which were for the rich man's table only are democratised. Cooks call them the pearl of vegetables. Peas play many parts with uniform success ; but according to De Périgord, they are at their very best in the company of young pigeons : a dictum open to grave dispute in the country where Yorkshire ham is grown. The young pigeon meets the early pea at the right moment ; but the Yorkshire ham, like southern hams, is also most grateful to the palate when peas are in their first perfection. We must yield precedence, however, directly we have passed over our vegetables, meat, and fish. Our poultry is not the finest in the world. The modern cosmopolitan culinary authority whom the King of Prussia retains as minister to the royal knife and fork, while he admits that poultry exists all the world over, places his own country in a line with England as a poultry breeder. M. Dubois is too modest. The highest authorities, English as well as French, have agreed that England has nothing to show comparable to the turkeys and capons which the French breeders exhibit every year in Paris. And yet poultry may be grown in perfection in any part of Europe. It is, M. Dubois would remind his readers, an affair of science and attention, and not of climate.

In May chickens, turkey poults, pigeons, and duck-

lings, are in delightful order, and vegetables are abundant—only fruit being absent. However, the strawberry creeps to the table; and who, in the presence of this most delightful of fruits which now reaches us from the sweet south, and is gathered in the woods for our club tables, cannot composedly wait all the harvest June and July promise?

In May the fish harvest is a plentiful one, including turbot, flounders, soles, salmon, trout, lobsters—and mackerel! Mackerel is one of those dainties which have been placed within the reach of all; as, indeed, have many other dainties which popular ignorance still passes over, knowing little more than the onion and the crust. With those elementary substances of the kitchen, fresh vegetables of all descriptions; with eggs and butter in their best month, what varieties of simple, tasteful dinners are to be had, with just a little knowledge at hand to spread the banquet the sun has ripened! Julienne, Crécý, Condé, Saint-Germain, are soups to be had in perfection—or *consommé* of chicken. Salmon, soles, turbot, red mullet, and trout, and the despised brill, that sounds and eats very well as *barbue hollandaise*! Try *escalopes aux huitres* after the soup. *Entrées* are infinitely various. The lobster is not to be neglected. Try *caneton braisé*. Mullet, *en caisse*, *fines herbes*, turbot *bechamel*, trout, sauce *morilles*, and whitebait, are all at the cook's command. Sweetbread is excellent now, with peas. Say, lamb cutlets *aux concombres*, or a *chartreuse de volaille*, or veal cutlet Singarat, or sucking pig *pâté*, or as the Russians eat

him. But it is early for Charles Lamb's friend. A better *relevé* than an *omelette aux champignons* is not to be hit upon. Creams, puddings (Condé for instance), jellies, frangipanne, as *gelée curaçoa*; *parfait vanille*, or *soufflé chocolat*, or a *savarin aux fruits*, or a *soufflé au parmesan*, is an admirable wind-up.

VIENNA.

Menu of 40 Couverts.

Consommé printanier à la royale.	Pâté de foie-gras, à la gelée.
Crème de volaille à la française.	Aspic de queues d'écrevisses à l'italienne.
Croquettes aux truffes.	Cimier de chevreuil, sauce groscilles.
Petites timbales Agnès Sorel.	Canetons nouveaux, au cresson.
Saumon du Rhin, sauce genevoise.	Asperges, sauce au beurre.
Turbot, sauce aux huîtres.	Petits pois à l'anglaise.
Filet de bœuf piqué à la jardinière.	Timbale de fruits à la Pompadour.
Tête de veau à la financière.	Charlotte Génoise, à la plombière d'ananas.
Suprême de poulet à l'anglaise.	
Cailles truffées, à la Périgord.	

His Excellency Lord Blomfield, English Ambassador. Served by M. Soyer (May 24, 1867).

Potage bisque d'écrevisses.	Asperges à l'huile.
Turbot, sauce hollandaise.	Croûtes aux fruits.
Riz de veau purée d'oseille.	Dessert (fraises).
Poulet rôti, cresson.	

JUNE.

CHARLES II., dining in state, drew the Count de Grammont to remark that he was served upon the knee, an extent of respect not usually observed at other courts. "I am obliged to your Majesty for the explanation," the Count answered, "I thought they were begging your Majesty's pardon for offering so indifferent a dinner." Much state with poor cookery, many servants in the dining-room and a clumsy or dull *chef* in the kitchen—can festival be more irritating than that which moved De Grammont to rebuke the king? We are reproached to this day by De Grammont's countrymen for our magnificence in service, and our poverty in cooks. The month of June has been maligned by epicures as a barren one; and yet it is that in which British hosts spread all the splendour of their plate, and give their chief dinner parties. They apologise for the fare in the brilliancy of the dishes. They seem to ask your pardon, as Charles' attendants seemed to pray his, on their knees.

It is the height of the season. If Nature gives only the green riches of the earth, leaves, and roots, and fruits, she sends fine weather—a leafy month, and this is the time for state. The state dinner—I think, Gouffé, Dubois, Francatelli, and the rest of the marshals of the culinary army agree—may be served at any time of the year. The modest *gourmand*, who is thinking only of the perfect every-day kitchen, and who has to measure palate by purse now and then, declares that the

turkey-poult is his only consolation. Fish has become rare ; cod and skate are his chief resources. He gives a welcome to the cauliflower, who shows his white head powdered with parmesan. June is the month for *entremets* ; the gardener's opportunity, when the cook is compelled to pay him court. The poultry is good, but then it has been good a long time now. In England we have whitebait, and fish dinners, to fall back upon ; a resource, in the picturesque neighbourhoods of London, which the Parisians envy us. Philippe's ! The fish is good, but the street ! The Rue Montorgueil for a stroll after dinner ! Veal is in good condition in June. "But so it was in May," is the petulant answer. Whiting, mullet, cod, salmon, trout, turbot, were all to be had last month. The *gourmand* complains that June has nothing in an epicurean way special to her leafiness. The strawberries become cheap—with the cucumbers—and what more can be said ? Wheatears are about—sometimes. The wood-pigeon and the plover are fit for table. Cherries, currants, gooseberries, forced melons, strawberries, and varieties from the hot-house, spread a luscious dessert ; but there the *gourmet's rôle* is at an end. Give him some *tartelettes piémontaise au fromage*, and the children may eat all the fruit for him. Yet special banquets are given in June. In June, 1868, for instance, Madame du Plessis Bellière, near Amiens, gave a banquet to 140 guests, to commemorate the consecration of a chapel. The reader remembers that Amiens is renowned for duck pies—*vide*

Morel Brothers. One of the dishes placed before Madame du Plessis' guests was a gigantic *paté d'Amiens*, containing twenty ducks!

June was the month adapted for the trial of a cook which took place last year. The cook's wife charged him with being a lazy fellow, who took all her earnings. He replied with a certificate from the head cook of Prince Napoleon, in which it was stated that on all occasions when banquets had been given at the Palais Royal he had acted as supplementary cook. The wife's counsel had the case in a nutshell. For five years, he said, it was notorious that the kitchen fires of the Prince's town palace had not been lighted. This was, I repeat, a case for June—as June has been so long gastronomically estimated. Larded turkey poult, roast duck, curried crab (I throw a few seasonable dishes together at random to stimulate the epicurean memory), quail cutlets, macedoine of vegetables, chicken *à la Demidoff*, or Marengo, *noix de veau flamande*, *aubergines provençale*, &c. These find their way into many June *menus*, and are among the very welcome dishes of the month.

HER MAJESTY'S DINNER.

Given at Windsor Castle, June 8, 1868, by Mr. J. H. Hutin.

Potages.—À la princesse; à la purée de haricots rouges.
Poissons.—Le St. Pierre, sauce hollandaise; les merlans frits.

Relevés.—Les poulardes à la Toulouse; le jambon glacé.
Entrées.—Les petites bouchées à la reine; les côtelettes de mou-

ton ; purée de marrons ; le salmi de grouse.

Rôts. — Les poulets ; les mauviettes.

Relevés.—Tyroler appfel kuchen ; le pouding de pain aux cerises.

Entremets. — Les cardons à la Moëlle ; les canapés d'anchois ; la gelée d'oranges à l'anglaise ; les merlitons de Rouen.

Buffet.—Bœuf rôti, et selle de mouton.

JULY.

THE whitebait's position in Nature was settled during the season of last year. Very early in the autumn, Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, laid before the London Zoological Society an abstract of his researches into the distinctions between the different fish of the herring family. The doctor's researches led to these positive discoveries. "The British species of this important group are the herring, the sprat, the pilchard (which is identical with the sardines of the French coast), and the two species of shad. These species are generally distinguished one from the other by the number of their vertebræ, and that of their scales, the relative positions of the fins, and those of their teeth." One of the most important results which Dr. Günther now brings forward is, according to his observations, the absolute identity of the whitebait and the herring. Let the epicure bear this in mind. The Doctor, in his "Catalogue of Fishes in the British Museum," calls the whitebait a purely fanciful species, "introduced into science in deference to the opinion of fishermen and *gourmands*." Whereat the editor of the "Scientific Review" grows exceedingly angry, and frightens

its learned readers with visions of "fishermen and *gourmands*" occupying the presidential chairs of the Royal Society and the British Association. Is not the fisherman a thoughtful, brooding, often wise man; and he who knows how to eat must know how to think.

For the rest, the whitebait must abdicate the place apart in which Mr. Yarrell put it, and accept its new and final position as the fry or young of the herring. Is the man of science to govern the epicure? The editor of the "Scientific Review" calls for a crucial test. "Nothing, however, could be more simple in these days of aquaria and salmon breeding, than to take a few whitebait fresh from the ocean, and placing them in a salt aquarium properly arranged, follow their development until they had actually become herrings. It would be still more interesting to obtain at the same time some herring spawn, and develop the young from it after artificial fecundation, so that the development of the young herrings might be followed alongside that of the supposed young herrings or whitebait."

Whitebait will disappear from Dr. Günther's Catalogue: but what says Mr. Quartermaine? Shall we repair to Greenwich or Blackwall next summer to eat devilled herrings' fry? At the same time, shall we depose the sardine, and enthrone the pilchard? I fancy the fisherman and the *gourmand* will be strong enough for the professor.

July is in all respects as delightful a month in Eng-

land as it is, gastronomically, in France. We are not permitted to bask in the sweets of the orange-flower harvest ; but we have our hedge-rows, and lanes, and uplands, our timber, and our gardens, which the Frenchman is copying. Nowhere is there such framework for picnics ; and nowhere is the gastronomic part of the picnic so little understood. I pray the reader's attention to the remarks I have made elsewhere on this head. Who shall pretend to match our strawberries, and the pines, melons, and grapes of our artificial summers !

In July we have our happiest banquetings, if not our rarest. There is a sad lack of birds—grateful as we are to the quail and the lark. We have had long acquaintance enough, for a time, with the chicken, the duckling, and the leveret. I find the Corsican black-bird in a July *menu* ; he is difficult to get.

July is just a little richer in fruits than June, but here the advantage ends. People delight to get away from club-rooms, and feasts in winter dining-rooms. We have few home provisions against the heat. Hence the delight of a drive to Richmond, or a trip to Greenwich, or a rough feast under the leaves. In July the whitebait season is in its glory. The list of fish is long. Trout, mullet, salmon, and eels, are to be had in splendid condition. Soles are always in season, and lay the epicure under heavy obligations. Veal is at its best, and there is buck-venison ! Green geese appear ; and let me add to my list of birds, plovers, wheatears, and wild pigeons. Sweet dishes of the

season, while the season is so bountiful: *Gelée aux fruits, omelette à la Reine Claude, mousse aux fraises, or a Suédoise de pêches!*

THE GRENADIER GUARDS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich, July 6, 1867.

PREMIER SERVICE.

Potages.—Tortue: gras de tortue; ailerons de tortue.

Poissons.—Souchets: carrelets; perches; saumon. Fritures: croquettes de homard; petites soles; anguilles.

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

Flancs.—Sole à la normande; live salmon boiled; rougets à l'italienne.

Relevés de poissons.—Omelette de merlans; truites à la Tartare; saumon à la norvégienne; WHITEBAIT.

Entrées.—Petites timbales de foie gras à la Sefton; ris de veau piqué à la Louis XIV.

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

DEUXIÈME SERVICE.

Rôts.—Poulets; cailles; canetons; jambon grillé au vin de champagne.

Entremets.—Gelée Marasquin aux fraises; charlotte d'ananas; talmouse au citron; petits gâteau aux pistaches; soufflé glacé à la vanille; savarin aux cerises.

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

SHIP, GREENWICH.

Friday, July 31, 1868.

GEO. W. K. POTTER, ESQ.

Souchée de carrelets et saumon.

Anguilles à la Magdala.*

Filets de truite à l'epicurienne.*

Côtelettes de saumon à l'indienne.

Rouget à la Reform.*

Rissoles de homard.

* These dishes were the novelties of last season.

Omelette de merlan.

Whitebait.

Cailles farcies aux truffes à la Mazarin.*

Filets de chevreuil à la Windsor.*

Poulets et canetons rôtis.

Jambon grillé.

Pouding modelé à la Napier.*

Gelée à la Eugénie.

Pâtisserie française.

Pouding "Luxemburg."**

Crème aux framboises glacée.

Eau de citron glacée.

AUGUST.

THE month when game appears. The month of the sucking pig! The month when fruit is in perfection—notably the peach—and Montreuil is at its busiest. But it is the month, with us, for fresh fields and pastures new : for the sea-side, the baths, where people are not very particular about their eating, having made up their minds to the worst. Yet August brings us grouse ! The sea is liberal still. Try *homard en casserole*, a *matelote*, *flounders en crème*, *nullet à la Reforme*; or at Greenwich, *omelette de merlan*, and by all means, salmon Norvégienne, or *tranches de saumon Colbert*. At this point I am bound to draw the reader's particular attention to some new Greenwich dishes, which appeared in the Epicure's Annual *Menu* last year. *Filets de truite à l'Epicurienne*, *anguilles à la Magdala*, *pouding modelé à la Napier*. *Puits d'amour à la Greenwich* will not be suffered to drop out of Mr. Quartermaine's *menus*. The hero of Magdala's exploits inspired cooks to sing his fame in

* These dishes were the novelties of last season.

the pan. In a Paris *menu* of this month I observe the ringdove, *ramereaux marinés et frits*.

A gastronomic writer wonders why Augustus and Julius Cæsar gave their names to the two most ungrateful epicurean months in the whole year. He wants to know what there can possibly be in common between the protector of Virgil and Horace and the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and sucking-pigs, leverets, young rabbits, and partridges. I confess that the relation does not "jump to the eyes." The remark of Louis XV. discovers at once, on the other hand, a royal perception of the epicurean weakness of the time, and a selfish content in getting over it in the most comfortable way possible, which mark his place in the season. Seeing the slaughter of the young rabbits and hares (which are insipid now, but would be full of generous flavour if left another month or so of life), his majesty exclaimed, "They will last my time. But our sons, will there be any game for them to eat!" The protest against the destruction of leverets, lamb, and sucking-pigs, has been made repeatedly during the last fifty years. In vain is the consumer of the sucking-pig apostrophised. "Had you waited, the little creature whom you are now devouring in white chumps, as the cunning Muscovite serves it, or in the English manner, as Charles Lamb loved it, the perfect pig would have given you two delicious hams, a *hure*, a tongue, trotters with truffles, and sweet blankets of bacon for your little birds." But in vain. The reckless epicure discounts all for crackling!

It is in August that the green fig appears, and that the melon is most enjoyed. Peaches, *vanille à la Richelieu*, *Condé*, *glaces de pêches*, *marmalade de pêches!* Later, try a *gateau Portuguais aux pêches*, or peaches *au riz*, or *flan de riz aux pêches*.

M. Dubois observes of roast sucking-pig, "England, Poland, and Russia, are the only countries I know where roast pig is highly esteemed, and frequently eaten. In Germany and Italy it is seldom seen; in France scarcely ever." M. Dubois recommends a gravy flavoured with tarragon to be served with the sucking-pig, and admirable is the combination. *Cochon de lait froid à la Russe*, with horse-radish cream sauce, is a dish which English housewives should copy from Russia. It is not very troublesome, and it is a new sensation to the lover of sucking-pig!

Sagou aux tomates.
Melon et sardines.
Tranches de saumon Colbert.
Pièce de bœuf à la jardinière.
Poulet sauté à la Cumberland.

Levraut rôti, sauce piquante.
Salade Russe.
Chicorée à la crème.
Tarte à la rhubarbe.

U. D.

WEDDING BREAKFAST.

Given at the Grosvenor Hotel, August 7, 1868.

Potages. — Bisque d'écrevisse;
purée d'asperges verts.

Entrées. — Ris de veau purée de champignons; filets de pigeons à la St. Claire; petites bouchées à la napolitaine; boudins de volaille à la Richelieu; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois; cro-

quettes de lapins frits; chartreuse de tendons de veau; filets de chevreuil, sauce genevoise.

Chands-froids. — Aspic de volaille; terrine de foie gras; galantine de veau en aspic; pâté de dinde à la Perigueux; mayonnaise de homard décorée; poulet garni;

tête de sanglier; timbales de quenelles en aspic; bastione au beurre de Montpellier.

Entremets.—Gelée de Chinoise; crème d'orange; friteau à la royale; gelée de mille fruits; charlotte russe à la vanille; gâteau à la napolitaine; corbeille de sucre à la Chantilly; nougat de Provence; meringue

d'abricots; crème de chocolat; génoise glacée; pâtisserie montée; suédoise de fraises.

Glaces.—Crèmes aux pêches, et au citron.

Dessert.—Pommes, noix, raisins secs; ananas, figues, dattes, oranges, poires, fraises, compote de fruits, cerises, raisins et amandes.

SEPTEMBER.

PASSING on my way to a little epicure dinner (Sept. 7th) chez Verdier, I was attracted to a crowd about the windows of Potel and Chabot. I pressed forward: there is seldom a pack before these renowned purveyors for little. Amid the sausages, terrines, creams, sauces, and tongues, there stood a cage full of lively, chirruping *Ortolans des Landes!* The comments of the more educated among the crowd were entertaining. The alert, grey little fellows were congratulated on their luck in arriving in such fine weather, that they did not require a top-coat of lard. I watched them day by day: but the sight was too much for some fine fourchette who passed that way. Within a week they had graced a table. They might have been spared, I thought, with all this game at hand. September is a full, rich gastronomic month, the anticipation of which makes July and August bearable. It is the grape-gathering month. Fresh breezes, gaiety, and game belong to September. In September the thrush is in perfection—caught after

his debauches in the loaded vineyards. Topsy as a Thrush* is a popular saying derived from the gluttonous habits of the thrushes among the grapes. Their orgies on the grape give them a fine flavour, that is at its best now, when the vineyards are in their glory of purple and gold. Snipe are again upon the scene—with the partridge, and grouse, and the royal pheasant. With the abundant fruits, we have now chestnuts and artichokes in the kitchen. Artichokes are a rich resource, as hors d'œuvres, as entrées, and finally, as entremets. Of how many vegetables can this praise be spoken? The vegetable garden is full at this season. Observe the list of fruits. Apricots, apples, figs, greengages, grapes, melons, peaches, pears, plums, quinces, filberts, and walnuts! The varieties of fish are many, sturgeon, turbot, trout, carp, mullet, John Dory, crayfish, and now the oyster (why have we not some of the French varieties?) is put upon the table.† But I protest that it is early: that the oyster is not in a condition satisfactory to the man of taste; and that M. Raison was right when he conjured the epicure to eat his first oyster at the close of November. Venison is before us!

Of thrushes, or *grives*. They may be eaten in many ways. Petites caisses de grives aux truffes, timbale de macaroni aux grives, are coquettishly pre-

* Saoul comme une grive.

† Last autumn a remarkable oyster establishment (where every variety, to the American, is to be had) was opened in the Rue Scribe, Paris. It might be copied in London. —F. B.

pared dishes—of which the truffle is the crown. Roasted à l'allemande, they are delicious, gently flavoured with juniper, and recommended with bacon and toast. The *gratin*, and *crépinettes* of these loiterers amid the vines are welcome varieties.

A *chaufroix* of snipe, built up and flavoured with liver, truffles, bacon, white wine, etc., is a triumph for the kitchen that can send it forth. Roasted, and bedded upon toast, and refreshed with watercresses—snipe are in their fairest plight for the table, according to many authorities. They are good in a pie—with forcemeat, and mushrooms.

How many ways have cooks invented for giving welcome to the partridge! As *salmis* based upon truffles, and crowned with them, and recommended by a *purée* flavoured with their own juices and livers, they may challenge comparison with any dish beside them. Partridge *au chasseur*, à la *choucroute*, a *chaufroix* with truffles, red partridges in *terrines*, *sautés* à la *diplomate*, à la *Sierra Moréna*, or à la *Periguenx*, or, again with red cabbage, or *quenelles au fumet* or *epigrammes à la provençale*! I have touched lightly upon a long list. There are grey partridges à la *polonaise*, with their sharp cream sauce: *perdreaux à la Sybarite*.

From the partridge we turn to the pheasant, and like great men, taken up any way, he is pleasant company. Piqué and roasted, à la *Silésienne*, in a pie Strasbourg fashion, *sauté* with truffles, or in *quenelles*. He is in royal state *soufflé*—and delightful à la

Monglas, or just roast and encompassed with watercresses, and carved, ready for the epicure's fork.

EPICURE DINNER.

Maison Dorée, Paris, Sept. 7, 1868.

Huitres d'Ostende.

Potage purée de gibier.

Truite saumonée, sauce hollandaise.

[pois.

Epigrammes d'agneau aux petits

Perdreux aux choux.

Artichauts à la Barigoule.

Parfait de café.

Vins. — Tio Pepe ; Pomard ; Moët.

PAVILLON IMPERIAL,

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sept. 18, 1868.

Potage.—Purée pois aux croûtons.

Hors d'œuvres.—Les timbales de macaroni.

Relevés.—Rougets ; pommes de terre au naturel.

Entrées.—Les tournedos sautés aux champignons ; les poulets braisés, sauce suprême.

Rôts.—Les gigots d'agneau à la

broche ; les râbles de lievre, sauce groseille.

Entremets.—Les épinards au velouté.

Dessert.—Salade : les bavaroises en surprises à la vanille ; les croûtes aux ananas.

Chablis ; Roederer ; Romanée conti.

Huitres d'Ostende.

Potage printanier.

Hors d'œuvre.

Saumons de Seine, sauce hollandaise.

Fricandeau aux olives.

Canetons de Rouen rôtis aux cressons.

Perdreux à la Richelieu.

Artichauts sauce riche.

Pommes de terre à la maitre d'hotel.

Salade. Glaces groseilles framboisées.

Purée à la Soubise.
Beurre et olives.
Ailerons de tortue à l'anglaise.
Jambon aux épinards.
Poularde au riz.

Ortolans rôtis à l'italienne.
Salade.
Tomates farcies.
Gaufres à la crème.
Compote.

U. D.

OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is a flat gastronomic month in England, not because there are not riches of the finest and most delicate kind to spread upon the board, since at this time of the year, flesh, fowl, and fruit are in extraordinary variety, but because people are away from their establishments. There are shooting parties everywhere: and everywhere are English cooks or *chefs* who know how to manage game—but the fine arts of the cuisine are generally neglected. The clubs, for instance, are deserts. Abroad, the cook is bidden to re-light his ovens and his ardour, and give an account of the game and the wildfowl. People are getting back to Paris; and the cooks who have taken their holiday, see guests once more approaching worthy to test the resources of their art. The poultry is plump; the turkey is at an excellent age—albeit he will be even better by Martinmas Day. Mackerel and fresh herrings are at hand. Meat is in fair condition, reminding the diner of the short cold days that are coming. We catch the first harmonies of the overture of which Christmas and the New-Year will hear the full force and climax. The very month for a dish of smelts, a *céleri au jus*, duck *aux navets*,

gigot de chevreuil, sturgeon braisé, carp, Chambord, petits aspics de levrant, boudins de lapereaux aux petits fois or levrant provençale, pain de lièvre aux truffes, etc. But the game now fairly in season, gives breathing time to the hares and rabbits and wildfowl—that will only improve week by week. In December the epicure may eat a lièvre à la provençale, in a frill of *grives*.

Soupe au riz à la purée de lentilles.
Beurre et radis.
Côtelettes de veau panées, sauce
Colbert.
Pommes de terre frites.

Poulet sauté à la Marengo.
Perdreux rôtis, salade.
Salsifis à la poulette.
Crème au bain-marie.

U. D.

1.

Potage Véron.
Eperlans frits.
Filet de bœuf Mirabeau.
Poulet rôti au cresson.
Coquille de macaroni.
Glaces.
Parfait au café : Dessert.

2.

Potages riz Crecy ; bouillabaisse.
Eperlans au vin blanc.
Salmis de perdreaux aux truffes.
Aloyau rôti.
Pommes de terre à la parisienne.
Pêches à la Condé.
Glaces : Dessert.

NOVEMBER.

SAINT MARTIN is not the feast with us it is among our neighbours. It has been estimated that Saint Martin, patron of epicurism, costs the life of one million of turkeys every year. The old directions for passing the 11th of November were precise. Keep the scent keen and clean, the eye bright, the hand neat—for the Longchamps of gourmandise. Game is magnificent. Fresh herrings are gracious enough to enter an appearance—with the mackerel, in their very best condition. The fresh herring is not now so neglected by the epicure as it was early in the century. There is no reason whatever to insist on its claims to take an honourable place in the refined kitchen. Salted, the herring makes a delectable salad à l'Allemande. Fresh herrings curried, and cunningly mingled with white wine, parsley, bay leaf, etc., etc., are recommended with good reason to the diner. Herring-roe *au gratin* are good. The mackerel is grateful for many sauces, and methods of preparation. I recommend, by the way, while I think of it, smoked eels in the Swedish fashion. They are easily prepared, and are an appetising breakfast dish—at long intervals. They were well served from the Russian or Swedish cuisine, in Paris in 1867. I have never understood why the Russians did not establish a permanent *cuisine* by the banks of the Seine. They are among the few nations beyond the French frontier who have a notion, at once refined and native, of

cookery. Their *coulbiac* is as dainty a dish as any which Cambacérès patronised : and they have some entremets which they might proudly place in the best studied menu of the Café Anglais, or of the St. James's Hotel. The Russian kitchen in the Exhibition, poor as it was considered as a representative institution, discovered a few new sensations to Parisian epicures ; and I confess that I was among those who banqueted there with pleasure. The number of French *chefs* who have served or are serving Muscovite princes or grandees, accounts for the direction in which the French *cuisine* has been seeking, of late, for epicurean novelties. Only a day or two since, M. Jules Gouffé was describing to me the success with which fresh reindeer flesh has been brought this year from Archangel to Paris. It is a rare but delightfully appetising addition to a menu.

Now, and henceforth to Lent, the market is, in most respects, splendidly supplied. Nearly all kinds of fish are to be had. The poultry yard is at its richest time. Run your eye along the list of game. Pheasants, partridges, plovers, ptarmigan ; woodcock, widgeon, wild ducks, grouse, quails, snipe, teal ; and hares and doe-venison. The difficulty is where to choose, if the market be only fairly supplied. The truffles should be pretty plentiful and fairly cheap. Let this be borne in mind, that when the truffle is very dear, it is very bad, gritty, and without aroma ! The reason is clear. The truffle, when in full season, is in perfection : it is plentiful, *because* it is perfect ; and

therefore, I repeat, it is best when it is cheapest. The remark applies to marketing generally. When anything is so scarce as to have an extravagant price upon it, it is generally not only scarce, but of bad quality. Market according to the season, and buy those things which the season has brought forth in abundance, for these are the best products in the market.

MENU FOR TWENTY.

4 *Potages.*

- Une bisque d'écrevisses.
- Un potage à la reine, au lait d'amandes et biscotes.
- Une julienne aux pointes d'asperges.
- Un consommé de volaille.

4 *Relvés de Potages.*

- Un brochet à la Chambord.
- Une dinde aux truffes.
- Un turbot.
- Une culotte de bœuf au vin de Madère, garnie de légumes.

12 *Entrées.*

- Un aspic de filets mignons de perdreaux.
- Une jardinière.
- Filets de poularde, piqués aux truffes.
- Des perdreaux rouges au fumet.
- Des filets de mauviettes sautés.
- Des scalopes de poularde, au velouté.
- Des filets de lapereaux en turban.
- Un vol-au-vent à la financière.
- Des ailerons piqués à la chicorée.

- Deux poulets de grains au beurre d'écrevisses.
- Des escalopes de saumon à l'espagnole. [truffes.
- Des filets mignons, piqués de

SECOND SERVICE.

4 *Grosses pièces.*

- Une truite.
- Un pâté de foie gras.
- Des écrevisses.
- Un jambon glacé.

4 *Plats de rôti.*

- Un faisan.
- Des éperlans.
- Des bécassines.
- Des soles.

8 *Entremets.*

- Une jatte de blanc-manger.
- Un miroton de pommes.
- Des asperges en branche.
- Des truffes à la serviette.
- Une jatte de gelée d'orange.
- Un soufflé à la vanille.
- Des cardons à la moëlle.
- Des truffes à la serviette.

This *menu* was offered to the admiration of the gastronomic world, in 1823, by the authors of the *Code Gourmand*, with the note that "the great Grimod de la Reynière assisted at this dinner, and 'made the round of the table!'"

DINNER SERVED TO NAPOLEON I.

2 *Potages*.—Purée de marrons ; macaroni.

2 *Relevés*.—Brochet à la Chambord ; culotte de bœuf garnie.

4 *Entrées*.—Filets de perdreaux à la Monglas ; filets de canards sauvages au fumet de gibier ; fri-cassée de poulet à la chevalière ; côtelettes de mouton à la Soubise.

2 *Rôts*.—Chapon au cresson ; quartier d'agneau.

4 *Entremets sucrés*.—Gelée d'orange moulée ; crème française au café ; genoise décorée ; gaufres à l'allemande.

2 *Entremets de légumes*.—Chou-fleurs au gratin ; céleri-navet au jus.

Napoleon, as it is well known, rarely broke from his favourite Chambertin.

DECEMBER.

WE enjoy in this the eminently festive month of our year, the vast store of delicacies which Nature gathers to our use and enjoyment. Our markets are packed with fish, flesh, fowl, and game, and vegetables. The main avenue of Covent Garden Market glows with constantly increasing varieties of fruits ; grown scientifically by our own gardeners, or imported from sunnier lands than ours. The marketing for Christmas offers few, if any, differences, from that of the first month of the year. But our cooks have enough to learn in dealing with the gastronomic riches which flood our Christmas market. It has been observed that the ways of carving a leg of mutton are infinite. Every day a new way is discovered ; and yet, albeit we exhaust our energies and our cunning in carving the leg, we are content to remain with just two methods of cooking it. Our roast leg or saddle of mutton is a real delicacy which the best foreign *chefs* have been

proud to introduce in good *cuisines* all over Europe. But because our national manner of roasting a leg or a haunch is good, no artist will concede that it is the only good way. Nay, our roast leg of mutton with onion sauce, has been refined by cultivated foreign treatment, into a *gigot des mouton rôti à la Soubise*. A leg of mutton as the Milanese cook it, commended with a Tomato sauce, or again à la Polonaise, or *en pot-pourri* in the manner of Burgundy, may be produced, and would assuredly be welcomed as occasional changes on the ordinary roast leg of mutton in England. With our roast beef again. Why should we be content to eat it eternally cooked in one manner. Why the sauce *au pauvre homme*, simple as *bonjour*—is to me, a happy change. Beef à la Richelieu, or as Lord Vernon introduced it from Italy, or with a celery sauce, or à la mode de Paris, so unlike à la mode de Londres, or *braisé* in the Parisian manner, or *au gratin* :—these are delicate varieties, and neither difficult nor expensive. Why should it be impossible for an English household to produce oxtail with a good purée of chestnuts, or a tongue with sauce Italienne. As for veal, it lends itself to infinite culinary combinations. The same may be said of all poultry, and yet the households of the United Kingdom, excepting those which boast scientific *chefs*, could not muster half a dozen ways of preparing a chicken for the table. People persist in running away with the idea that epicurism is synonymous with extravagance; the fact being directly the contrary of

this proposition. With the remains of an English Christmas banquet, the foreign culinary professor would dish up a feast infinitely better than the original entertainment. With English funeral baked meats, the French or Italian *chef* would furnish forth a splendid marriage feast. The material is all unusually excellent in England, where most it is maltreated and wasted. We are indeed wholly ignorant of vegetable cookery. Let the reader reflect on the barbarous manner in which we treat, for instance, mushrooms, obstinately remaining uninformed about them even with the examples of the Italians before us, nay of the Russians and Poles. Little *pâtés* of *ceps à la crème*; *ceps au gratin*, or *provençale*, or *polonaise*, or *en pûté* in the Russian manner; why should not these dishes become familiar in English houses?

It is however my hope—that which shall encourage me, year after year, to have something to say about the bounty of the seasons, and its proper cultivation for man's enjoyment—the British housewife will profit somewhat, by the counsel and directions of the
 EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK.

Purée de lentilles aux croûtons.
 Eperlans au gratin.
 Blanquette de veau au cary.
 Riz à l'indienne.
 Aspasia aux truffes.
 Canards sauvages rôtis.
 Epinards aux croûtons.
 Beignets de semoule, à la grosseille.
 Glaces au café.

U. D.

Soupe à la Westmoreland.
 Huitres, citrons.
 Saumon à la mode de Francfort.
 Longe de veau au jus.
 Champignons au gratin.
 Terrine de foie-gras de canard.
 Bécasses aux croûtes.
 Salade et cresson.
 Salsifs à la poulette.
 Plombière aux marrons. U. D.

MENUS FOR THE 4 SEASONS.

BY M. JULES GOUFFÉ.



GOUFFÉ has composed for me the eight following season *menus*, as a tribute to the taste of the readers of the "EPICURE'S YEAR BOOK." On their behalf I beg to thank the illustrious *chef* personally. In a winter *menu* will be found a saddle of reindeer. I should beg the reader to remark that fresh reindeer has been recently got to the great kitchens—to the kitchens of the West; and it is the finest addition our *cuisine* has received for many years. With *purée de celeri* it is an exquisite dish. I was talking to M. Gouffé, last autumn, of the relative excellences of venison and reindeer, when he gave the following emphatic opinion: "Reindeer is superior to every other meat I know—whether butcher's meat, poultry, or game; for delicacy and fineness of flavour, with *onctuosité*, are united in the flesh of this quadruped. It is greatly superior to the venison which is so popular in England. It is as rich in nutritious juices as beef, and the grain of the meat is magnificent. Cooked *à point*, the *gourmet* cannot take his eyes off it. The

long eulogium which the Baron Brisse pronounced on it was not beyond the strict truth. It made him regret he had not been born a Laplander. In no edible animal I know is there the same tenderness, and the same delicate flavour and aroma. To me it is the food *par excellence*."

SPRING.

30 COUVERTS A LA FRANÇAISE.

2 Potages.

Tapioca à la vert-pré.

Riz à la reine.

2 Relevés.

Turbot garni de crevettes, sauce hollandaise.

Jambon de Bayonne à la Maillot.

2 Flancs.

Tête de veau en tortue.

Poularde à la Toulouse.

4 Entrées.

Grenadines de filet de bœuf aux champignons.

Pigeons à la monarque.

Timbale au chasseur.

Salade de homards, sauce mayonnaise.

2 Rôtis.

Gélinottes sur canapés.

Quartier d'agneau, sauce menthe.

2 Flancs.

Gâteau napolitain.

Croquenbouche de choux garnie d'abricots.

4 Entremets.

Haricots verts sautés.
Asperges en branches.
Gâteau Mazarin au rhum.
Gelée de Kirsch garnie de cerises.

Un Extra.

Soufflé au café.

20 COUVERTS.

2 Potages.

Printanier au quenelles de volaille.
Crécy au riz.

2 Hors d'œuvre.

Timbales de nouilles purée de lapereaux.
Boudins de merlans à l'allemande.

4 Entrées.

Vol-au-vent d'amourettes à la crème.
Côtelettes de mouton aux pointes d'asperges.
Cailles à la jardinière.
Pain de foie gras à la gelée.

2 Rôtis.

Bécasses sur canapés.
Poulets nouveaux au cresson.

2 Flancs.

Biscuit à l'italienne à la Chantilly.
Croquenbouches de choux garnis d'abricots.

4 Entremets.

Petits pois à la française.
Epinards nouveaux au velouté.
Gelée de vanille garnie de fraises.
Timbale Chateaubriand.

Un Extra.

Soufflé à la vanille.

SUMMER.

20 COUVERTS.

2 Potages.

Brunoise.

St. Germain.

2 Hors d'œuvre.

Petits pâtés russes.

Croquettes nantaise.

2 Relevés.

Bar, sauce hollandaise, garni de coquilles de homards.
Gigot braisé à la jardinière.

4 Entrées.

Côtelettes de pigeons aux pointes d'asperges.

Noix de veau à la gendarme, purée de tomates servi à part.

Boudins de lapereaux aux truffes.

Aspic à la reine.

2 Rôtis.

Dindonneaux au cresson.

Jambon à la gelée.

2 Grosses pièces de Pâtisserie.

Biscuit de Savoie à la vanille.

Coupe en nougat, garnie de fraises glacées au café.

4 Entremets.

Artichauds à la lyonnaise.

Petits pois à la française.

Gelée de noyaux garnie d'abricots.

Timbale de gaufres garnie d'une glace Madeleine.

30 COUVERTS A LA FRANÇAISE.

2 *Potages.*

Pâtes d'Italie au blond de veau Parmesan, rapé à part.
Crème de chevreau aux croutons.

2 *Relevés.*

Filets de soles à la Montreuil.
Culotte de bœuf à la flamande.

2 *Flancs.*

Longe de veau rôti garni de tomates farcies.
Casserolles au riz à la St. Lambert.

4 *Entrées.*

Filets de mouton, purée d'artichauds.
Pâté chaud à la financière.
Suprême de volaille aux petits pois.
Escalopes de lapereaux dans une bordure de farci.

2 *Rôtis.*

Filets de bœuf rôti, sauce piquante.
Galantine de poularde à la gelée.

2 *Flancs.*

Millefeuille à la royale.
Croquenbouches de fruits et choux.

4 *Entremets.*

Artichauds lyonnaise.
Piores cardés à l'espagnole.
Moscovite aux fraises.
Plombière aux abricots.

Extra.

Ramequins.

AUTUMN.

20 COUVERTS.

2 Potages.

Potage profiteroles.

Potage à la Condé.

1 Relevé.

Cabillaud à la hollandaise, garni d'orly de merlans.

2 Hors-d'œuvre.

Tartelettes chevreuse.

Croustade au salpicon.

4 Entrées.

Filets de perdreaux aux truffes.

Filets de poulet à la royale.

Noisettes de veau à la nivernaise.

Ortolans à la provençale.

2 Rôtis.

Dinde gras au cresson.

Râble de levraux, sauee poivrade et groseille.

2 Grosses pièces de Pâtisserie.

Gâteau breton.

Nougat d'avelines et pistache.

4 Entremets.

Celeris sauee à l'espagnole.

Ceps de Bordeaux à la provençale.

Pommes à la parisienne.

Bavarois au choeolat.

20 COUVERTS.

2 *Potages.*

Purée de navets à la crème.
Potage aux laitues farcies.

2 *Hors-d'œuvre.*

Bouchées de homards.
Cannelons à la Victoria.

2 *Relevés.*

Saumon à la Chambord.
Filet de bœuf à la napolitaine.

4 *Entrées.*

Côtelettes de mouton Soubise.
Mauviettes au gratin.
Chevalière de poulet.
Aspic de cervelles, sauce ravigote.

2 *Rôtis.*

Faisandeaux et bécasses.
Poularde au cresson.

2 *Pièces de Pâtisserie.*

Pyramide de savarins.
Croquenbouches de noix d'abricots.

4 *Entremets.*

Blanquette de fonds d'artichauds.
Champignons farcis.
Profiteroles à la Joinville.
Gelée d'eau d'or, garnie de poires de St. Germain.

WINTER.

30 COUVERTS A LA FRANÇAISE.

2 Potages.

Consommé à la royale.

Purée de gibier aux croutons.

2 Relevés.

Saumon garni de laitances frites, sauce genevoise.

Rosbif à la Saint-Florentin.

2 Flancs.

Dinde à la Chipolata.

Timbale milanaise.

4 Entrées.

Grenadines de veau, purée de champignons.

Cailles à la financière.

Filets de canards sauvages aux olives.

Aspic de foie gras.

2 Rôtis.

Poularde rôtie au cresson.

Quartier de chevreuil, sauce poivrade et groseille.

Un Extra.

Gaufres à la flamande.

2 Flancs.

Sultane à la Chantilly.

Baba au rhum.

4 Entremets.

Céleris à la française.

Œufs brouillés aux truffes.

Gâteau de riz à la Montmorency, salaison au Kirsch.

Suprême de fruits.

Extra.

Biscuit à la crème.

20 COUVERTS A LA FRANÇAISE.

2 Potages.

Potage Faubonne.

Potage Douglas.

2 Hors-d'œuvre chauds.

Kramouski de perdreaux aux truffes..

Bouchées aux huîtres.

2 Relevés.

Filets de barbue à l'américaine.

Selle de renne rôtie, purée de celeris.

4 Entrées.

Riz de veau à la financière.

Poularde à la Saint Cloud.

Matelote de foie gras en croustade.

Escalopes de levraux, bordure de pommes de terre.

2 Rôtis.

Dinde truffée, sauce Périgieux.

Faisan garni de bécassine.

2 Flancs.

Nougât à la parisienne.

Compiègne à l'angelique, sauce Calvel.

2 Entremets.

Cardons à la moëlle.

Chevré à la crème.

Un Extra.

Fondu au Parmesan.

NATIONAL DINNERS.



KEEPING in view the object of this Year Book, viz., the instruction of every class of epicures, some national dinners are here set forth. M. URBAIN DUBOIS' fine list of *menus* includes the following representative ones:—

ENGLAND.

Menu of 25 Couverts.

Potages.—Quenelles au consommé ; orge à la Princesse.

Poissons.—Saumon au bleu, sauce génoise ; whitebait.

Relevés.—Selle d'agneau rôtie à la jardinière ; poulardes à la régence.

Entrées.—Filets de canetons à la Bigarrade ; boudins de lapereaux à la Richelieu ; filets de poulets à la maréchale, garnis ; timbale à la Milanaise ; Punch à la Romaine.

Rôts.—Chapons rôtis au cresson ; cailles bardées, rôties.

Flans.—Nougat à la parisienne ; biscuit de Savoie à la vanille.

Entremets.—Asperges à la hollandaise ; laitues à l'espagnole ; Mayonnaise de homard ; charlotte aux fraises ; timbale génoise, glacée.

S. A. M. the Duke d'Aumale. Served by M. Barthélemy.

AMERICA.

Menu of 40 Couverts.

Clams-chouder ; consommé à la régence ; crème de pois verts, printanière.

Timbales à la Rothschild ; filets de kingfish à l'italienne ; truites à la vénitienne ; filet de bœuf, sauce Madère ; jambon glacé, aux épinards.

Côtelettes de pigeons, purée champignons ; pâté de foie-gras à la gelée ; cardinal ; bécasses et chapons truffés.

Haricots verts ; petits pois ; cardons et choux-fleurs.

Pêches à la parisienne ; pommes à la Dauphine ; bavarois au café ; charlotte Russe ; Sultane aux amandes ; corbeille arabeque ; asperges glacées au marasquin ; parfait au café.

Delmonico's House. Served by M. Ranhofer, President of the New York Culinary and Philanthropic Society.

VIENNA.

Menu of 30 Couverts.

Potage à la bisque ; consommé printanier.

Bouchées au chasseur.

Fogosch sauce hollandaise ; selle de mouton, braisée, sauce tomate.

Légumes de primeur.

Poulardes à la Toulouse ; pâté de Strasbourg à la gelée.

Asperges sauce à la crème.

Cailles et cimier de chevreuil, rôtis.

Salade et cresson.

Pêches à la Condé ; charlotte glacée.

Soufflé au Parmesan.

His Excellency Baron Sina, Greek Minister. Served by M. Bédé.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Menu of 20 Couverts.

Potages.—Printanier à la française ; purée de levraut à la Rossini.

Hors d'œuvre.—Crème de volaille, à l'Impératrice.

Relevés.—Truite, sauce hollandaise et sauce génoise ; jambon de Tonquin à la Macédoine.

Entrées.—Suprême de filets de volaille ; epigrammes d'agneau aux petits pois ; sauté de perdreaux à la bordelaise ; aspic de homard à la Mayonnaise.

Rôts.—Râble de chevreuil sauce à la crème ; chapons flanqués de cailles.

Entremets.—Haricots verts à l'anglaise ; savarin à l'orange et aux liqueurs ; buisson de gauffres à la parisienne ; Suédoise de pêches à la moderne.

Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Hélène. Served by M. Loucheux.

TURKEY.

Menu of 40 Couverts.

Crème d'orge à la reine ; consommé à la régence.

Bouchées de grives à la bohémienne.

Soup, sauce aux huîtres ; estomacs de dinde à l'ambas-sadrice.

Petites timbales à la Palhen ; côtelettes de mouton braisées, Soubise ; filets de poulets à la chicorée ; chauffroix de filets de perdreaux.

Punch à la romaine.

Faisans rôtis, au cresson.

Céleris à la moëlle ; charlotte de fruits à la parisienne ; gateaux Malakoff aux noisettes ; glacés moulées.

At the French Embassy at Constantinople. Served by M. Bla (1367).

HOLLAND.

Menu of 12 Couverts.

Consommé printanier à la royale.

Petits pâtés Monglas.

Turbot, sauce crevettes ; oie braisée, à l'alsacienne ; bœuf fumé de Hambourg ; ravioles.

Filets de poulets ; quenelles de faisans aux truffes ; salade de langouste, aux œufs de vanneaux ; cailles et chapons, rôtis. Salade Russe.

Asperges, sauce à la crème ; Bavarois à la vanille ; gelée d'oranges, garnie. Compote.

Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, at the Hague. Served by M. Bourguet.

FINLAND.

Menu of 40 Couverts.

Potages.—Soupe tortue, à l'anglaise ; consommé à la Bagation.

Hors d'œuvre.—Côtelettes chevreuse et bouchées ; altereaux et rissoles d'huîtres.

Relevés.—Sterlet à la Chambord ; selle de mouton à la jardinière.

Entrées.—Suprême de poulets, aux truffes ; cailles à la bohémienne ; côtelettes de homards à la gelée ; chausfroix de foie-gras.

Punch à l'impériale.

Rôts.—Gélinottes et faisans rôtis.

Soufflé au Parmesan.

Entremets.—Asperges sauce hollandaise ; truffes au vin du Rhin ; timbale à l'ananas ; Macédoine de fruits à la gelée.

Dinner given to the Emperor of Russia at Helsingfors. Served by M. Adolphe Cogéry.

LISBON.

Menu of 18 Couverts.

Soupe tortue ; tapioca ; friture italienne.

Filets de soles à la rouennaise ; pièce de bœuf à la Vernon ; légumes glacés.

Côtelettes de chevreuil, purée de marrons ; escalopes de faisan en croustade ; petits poulets à l'anglaise ; aspic de crevettes ; dinde truffée et becfigues rôtis.

Pointes d'asperges vertes ; tomates farcies.

Ananas à la ville de Francfort ; soufflé parfait, à la fleur d'oranger ; corne d'abondance, garnie de fruits ; mousse à la napolitaine. Fondus au Parmesan.

French Embassy at Lisbon. Served by M. Bla.

HAMBURG.

Menu of 30 Couverts.

Potage à la d'Orleans ; petites timbales à la Valenciennes. Turbot, sauce hollandaise ; filet de bœuf à la Reynière.

Poulardes du Mans, truffées ; epigrammes d'agneau, à la Macédoine ; buissons de queues de homards ; chausfroix de foie-gras, à la gelée.

Punch à la romaine.

Bécasses garnies de canapés ; dinde de bresse, au cresson.

Petits pois à la française ; cardons à la demi-glacé ; gelée Napolitaine ; Plombière aux avelines ; croquenbouche aux fruits ; gâteau de broche à la vanille.

M. Gottlieb Jenisch. Served by M. Finot (1867).

OUR CELLAR.

"I know of nothing serious here below, except the cultivation of the vine."—*Voltaire's correspondence with D'Alembert.*



THE presence of fierce controversialists, who elbow us at the door of our cellar; and while we turn the key, dispute about the bin, is admitted. One will have that there is no sound port nor sherry in the country; the other, more courtly, patiently examines the question. Wine is intended to promote good fellowship, to warm the heart, and quicken the wits. There will be passionate admirers of Rhine wine, of Burgundy, of port and sherry, to the end of time, we trust. Kings are deep in the controversy. While the Czar prefers champagne and Burgundy, the Prussian King delights in Marcobrunner, and is specially complimentary to Røederer. The bluff *galantuomo* of Italy stores his royal cellars from the Côte d'Or; while his Dutch majesty, who keeps up one of *the* cellars of Europe, is partial to old Burgundy. The French Pretenders, the Counts of Chambord and Paris, are lovers of their native grape, even to the little sour wine of Argenteuil. The Kaiser

dutifully delights in Hungarian wines. There are connoisseurs of Greek vintages growing apace in England. I have noted many new importers of wine, not only in London, but in Paris, during the last year. I have been delighted with a rich, full wine from the Antilles, submitted to me by Edouard Damiar, who announces himself as the French monopolist of the wines of Arroyo, and the direct importer of Spanish wines—to Beni Carlo at two francs a bottle. The Spaniards have invaded the two capitals, offering cheap unadulterated *crus*, encouraged probably by the extraordinary successes of Mr. Denman's Greek wines, and the example of Max Greger. The revolution that is progressing in the cellars of England and France, is observable in the *cartes* of the leading restaurants. Greek, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish wines of comparatively humble vintages are becoming general. The French are slowly admitting wines that have grown without the frontier. The Tio-pepe dry sherry, and the rich Solera you may get at the *Maison dorée*, will convince the profound sceptic that there is always good sherry, like sunrise, somewhere in the world.

The doctors are many in the wine disagreements which have accompanied the introduction of new and cheap wines to this country. From the facts in regard to the adulteration of wine—and of port and sherry in particular—the enthusiasts in favour of new cheap vintages for the English and French markets, have advanced to the proposition, that pure port and pure

sherry exist only in rich municipal imaginations. The doctors and chemists have been dragged into the controversy; and the lover of an old dry wine has been frightened with a chemical analysis.

The two important treatises on wine, which have appeared in this country, since the publication of the "Year Book" for 1868, are Mr. Beckwith's notes, as Commissioner for the Great Exhibition of 1867, and Mr. Denman's answer.* In these treatises, by writers who speak in the fulness of experience, there is no royal way marked out to sound wine connoisseurship. I have before remarked that there is no royal road to taste; and you cannot lay down laws by which he who has never sipped anything more delicate than village ale, shall suddenly be able to discriminate among the many *crus* of Bordeaux. I touched last year upon a fantastic book on wines and wine-drinking; † and bulky matter lies before me, as Aug. Petit's *La Vigne dans le Bordelais*; but I have to deal with wine, neither from the grower's, nor from the dealer's point of view. Druitt, Lytton, Redding, Tomes, and the rest of the controversialists, may pass to the shelves of the wine merchant. I am with the

* "Practical Notes on Wine;" being a Reprint, by special permission, of the Report on Wines and other fermented Liquors, prepared by command of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1867; with additions and corrections. By Edward Lonsdale Beckwith. Smith, Elder, & Co.

† "What should we Drink?" An Enquiry suggested by Mr. E. L. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By James L. Denman. Longmans & Co.

† *Ce qu'il y a dans une Boutille de Vin.* By Antony Réal.

wine consumer, and if I touch on Mr. Beckwith's ground, it is because in his official capacity, it has been his duty to tell every Englishman facts that may guide him in the formation of a cellar of wine. I skip over the effect of trade-marks on commerce, the new and old styles of trading in wine, the duties on wine, the best mode of bringing wine within the reach of all classes ; and wine from a physiological or pathological point of view ; to come to the chief fact for the man who is going to his wine merchant's, or is sitting down to dinner :—where is good wine to be had, and how is it to be had and kept ?

France takes the lead ; for, beyond question, by right of quality and quantity, she is Queen of the Vineyards. Mr. Beckwith begins by disburdening his soul. Bordeaux and Burgundy merchants of the highest repute, sell as Château-Lafite and Château-Margaux, very clever chemical imitations of those renowned vintages. Here is Mr. Beckwith's admission : "Highly respectable firms, whose integrity is somewhat unimpeachable, and who would scorn to descend to the small chicaneries of trade, do not scruple to sell as Château-Lafite and Château-Margaux, wines which they know perfectly well do not proceed from these vineyards." In other words, Bordeaux would disdain to give short measure, but she sends you base wine for the best. I dwell on this, because Mr. Beckwith helps the consumer to a way out of the deception. "Far better would it be if the wine merchants of Bordeaux, following the example of

their brethren at Oporto and Cadiz, completely sank the individuality of the vineyards, and trusted to the good repute, for honesty and rectitude of purpose, of their own names. The public, who are now suffered to wander in a very labyrinth of deceit, would very soon discover, and fix upon for patronage, the best shippers, whose names would become 'household words.' Nor would this system fail to redound to the advantage of the shipper himself. He would be unfettered in his choice of growths. He would have to look only to quality; he would buy cheaper, and he could even profitably sell at a much lower rate, wines of a much better quality than are now in the market. As matters are managed at present, the product of some vineyards is just as absurdly over-estimated, as that of others is unjustly undervalued," and in both cases to the loss of our friend the consumer.

Rheims has set the example. Here manufactures take the place of vintages. You drink Charles Heidsieck or Jules Mumm; but, I fear, the example is not encouraging. It is some little guarantee where the buyer is particular, and at the pains of selecting his wine merchant; but we must get morality into the heart of the hotel keeper, as well as the wine grower, manufacturer, and merchant, before we can hope to touch the false wine market, or break up the impostures of Hamburg and Cette. Then shall we get the pure Roussillon, which is now doctored into spurious port and sherry. Waiting the good time, let us see

what wine is to be had sound and good now—and how it should be kept.

Mr. Beckwith justly observes of wine-drinking as it is practised, and as it should be: "We should adopt a new standard by which to test the quality of wine. We should seek for a beverage which could be *drunk*, and not merely sipped. We should look more to the legitimate quenching of thirst, and the consequent refreshment of the frame, than to a refined kind of dram-drinking. We should drink our wine *with our food*, and not separately; and, did we adopt that course, I am persuaded that the liquor which appears almost acid to those accustomed to *vins de dessert*, would become simply fresh and appetizing. And, finally, we should give ourselves a little more trouble about our wine."

CELLAR MANAGEMENT.

Raisson, in the *Code Gourmand*, observes: "He who does not inspect his cellar at least three times a month, deserves to have it emptied by his servants."

Mr. Beckwith offers the following directions to the host who has a cellar under his government: "1st. The wine-cellar must be of a temperate heat, between 50° and 60° Fahrenheit,* and should it be necessary to employ more than one place for storage, the coldest should be selected for sparkling wines, the next for the

* According to Mr. Denman, the cellar should be of a uniform temperature, rarely exceeding 56°, or falling below 46° of Fahrenheit.

wines of France, Germany, Italy, etc.; and the warmest for port, sherry, and other similar descriptions. 2nd. *All* wines, high-priced and ordinary alike, must be decanted before they are taken from the cellar for consumption, no matter from what country, nor of what colour they may be. They all deposit more or less lees, and to cause those lees to pass through the wine again, as is most effectually accomplished in the act of passing the bottle round the table, is to undo, in the course of a few minutes, whatever improvement it may have taken perhaps years to effect. All *fine* wines ought also to be decanted two or three hours before consumption; the difference between good and inferior wine is not nearly so apparent at the moment of decanting as is exhibited after a limited contact with the atmosphere. 3rd. The wine-glass should be light, large, and slight in texture; in fact, it should resemble, as Cyrus Redding suggests, 'a soap-bubble divided in two,' but leaving the larger portion for use. It is quite unnecessary, nay, it is a great mistake, to fill a glass with wine; and, therefore, the economical feature, which I fancy enters strongly into the construction of the modern wine-glass, to the entire detriment of conformity of purpose, can be still indulged in by a timely and not quite unnecessary instruction to the officiating domestic."

I turn to another authority on cellar management and decanting wine—seeking wisdom in many counsellors. Mr. Denman says: "In decanting wines,

great care should be taken not to disturb the deposit or crust, for all improving wines must of necessity continue to precipitate their tartar, tannin, etc. When any wine ceases to deposit, it ceases to improve, and begins to deteriorate. All natural wines ripen more quickly than those that are fortified (or made up), as the action of the spirit retards improvement, and ultimately tends to destroy its vinous character. . . . To fully develop the flavour and bouquet of any wine, a little gentle warmth is necessary, and it is therefore advisable that the wines intended for immediate use should be placed in a warmer temperature than that of the cellar. . . . All sparkling wines should be kept in the very coolest part of the cellar, cork downwards; all other kinds should be laid down horizontally, that the cork may be kept moist, and the air thereby excluded."

In these two paragraphs by eminent authorities, all the needful directions for the protection of wine, and its presentation at table, are included.

THE WINE.

I now pass to the considerations which should guide the gourmet in his cellar. First among the growths of France stands

CHAMPAGNE.

M. Pierre Véron, in an article on "The Age of Adulteration," recently published in the *Siccle*, gives a significant anecdote. "My son," said a wine mer-

chant, on his death-bed, giving his last advice to his heir, "remember that wine may be made with anything—even with grape-juice." M. Véron remarks that grape-juice has, however, gone out of fashion, while "anything" has come into favour.* That Champagne is made out of "anything," the shilling bottles which are spread out in the dram-shops on the quay of Boulogne-sur-Mer, to catch the bibulous British excursionist, bear witness. But there is good Champagne ready for the man of taste who will be at the trouble of selecting among the thirteen millions of bottles that issue annually from the Champagne country. Technically, Mr. Beckwith tells me, as I pass with him among the bins,—technically the characteristics of good Champagne are great "elegance and fruitiness, without excessive sweetness. Its effervescence should not be rapid, and should form *corruscating bubbles* rather than a *smooth froth* on the surface. The *bouquet* should be suggestive rather of a delicate dryness than of a cloying sweetness." So much for the observation and testing of the wine. And now for the treatment of it. It is a vulgar error to assume that this delicate wine does not improve by keeping, after it is landed in England. "It may not be necessary to lay it by for any very considerable period, yet it is certainly susceptible of ripening; and I know few wines that show more improvement after the repose of one or two years." This opinion will, I

* See "Year Book for 1868;" article "The Wine."—The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes.

think, be shared by those who have been fortunate enough to taste lately Champagne of the vintage of 1857, landed in England, say, in 1861. It should not be retained in cases, but the bottles should be kept in a cool place, with good ventilation. The continental nations prefer a sweet Champagne—one-fifth of which being “simply syrup;” while in England, wine containing one-tenth of pure saccharine matter is sweet. One-twelfth of sugar suffices for most English palates. Mr. Beckwith notes as a significant fact, that the sweetening of Champagne intended for the English market, is prepared with brandy, while that for France and the continent is made with wine. The result is worth pondering. “The former, naturally, is of increased strength; but this increase is at the expense of the *bouquet*, and is, very probably, injurious to digestion.” The moderated sweetness is the more wholesome, and most grateful to the delicate palate. A moderated quantity of saccharine prepared with wine, would make a most acceptable Champagne among British wine critics; it having been proved that the wine prepared at Rheims for our market, is almost destitute of the subtle and delicate flavour of the French, “at the same time displaying an augmentation of coarse and unwholesome strength.” The enlivening and revivifying powers of good Champagne commend it to the patient and loving attention of all who are concerned in its growth and preparation, as they keep it first favourite among wines, in refined society all the world over. It is bottled sunshine,

over which he who has it in his cellar, should watch anxiously after he has selected it carefully. Will no importers of authority drive the old idea—that we delight in a coarse heady wine which has got strength at the expense of flavour—out of the heads of the Rheims manufacturers? Let us be served, as the cellars of the *Café Anglais* in Paris are served; this is all we ask. On our side we have very much to learn in the art of distributing wines through a *menu*. We take Champagne, as a rule, too early—spoiling the other wines.*

Lounging through a wine-cellar, has been a favourite subject with the literary epicure. De Périgord describes it as a subterranean library, invented for the consolation of man. He dwells on the clean dry alleys, flanked with casks, and walled with ripening wine. The air is dry, and redolent of the riches of the world's vineyards. No sunlight penetrates. The warmth that ripened the grape, would spoil the juice; as the wet which swells the germ of corn in the earth, harms the wheat in the ear. The peripatetic cellar philosopher of 1825, counsels the owner not to take in immense stores of Champagne or Burgundy. "Woe," he cries, "to the ignorant gourmand, who piles up

* The French usually take it exceedingly iced, and towards the end of dinner; while in England, it is *not* preferably drunk in a state of coolness approaching fridity, and it is served at the commencement or towards the middle of the repast. I conceive that we are in the right as to the conditions of temperature in which we take Champagne, but that we grossly err in imbibing it at the beginning of our meals; for, after partaking of Champagne, it becomes extremely difficult, if not impossible to do justice to more natural wines.—*Beckwith*.

butts of Burgundy and Champagne in his cellars." These wines have only a few years of vitality in them. They degenerate rapidly. It may be said generally of white wines, that they will not keep; while Bordeaux, the southern, and Spanish vintages, may be kept a long time with benefit to them. Age is their great merit. They should be accumulated in noble piles. The new wines should be hidden away and forgotten under their elders, that they may presently be found crusted with tartaric honours and titles to respect. When the Amphitryon, moved by a worthy pride, shall say to his guests, "There is wine thirty years old," a sardonic smile shall not break upon the lips of the guests. Without becoming "maudlin moral," M. Périgord hints at the lessons that lie in the sawdust of the cellar. He lightly suggests a history of the philosophy of wine: the moral qualities of each vintage; the intellectual effects of the various *crus*; and the advantages and disadvantages of vinous inebriety! He might have amplified the idea—for it has its heroic and poetic sides. The precise relation of the battle-field to the vineyard: of battle-bravery; of the influence of Champagne in matters of the heart. The dangers of the water-drinker! Wine and letters! The chapters crowd upon me: but these are times when even the epicure must be practical. It is not the poet's mind that is brightened by the glorious grape, and vineyard of Chambertin; by the wine which glowed in the veins of the conqueror of Austerlitz! I pass from Champagne to

BURGUNDY.

I am delighted to see that Mr. Beckwith is just to a favourite wine of mine—often neglected—Moulin-à-Vent, “a very delicate grape from the department of the Sône-et-Loire.” Of Burgundy, our cellar-guide says some good things. His observation on the multitudinous divisions and subdivisions adopted by the French in their classification of Burgundy, is excellent. It is a French weakness. They would classify a spoonful of peas. But their love of order—in the vineyard and the cellar—is a refinement over-refined; while the obtuseness of the Portuguese, who calls all his red wines, and not a little of his elderberry, “port,” is coarse and ignorant.

We take the broad distinctions. Of the glorious grape we have Romanée-conti, Clos-vougeot, Chambertin, Richebourg, La Tâche, Corton, Beaune, Volnay, and Pomard. Then come the white wines, Mont-Rachet,* Meursault, and Chablis. Macon and Beaujolais, follow in the rear of their masters: honest, rough, sound fellows, fit for everyday acquaintance. In Mr. Beckwith, Burgundy finds an intrepid champion. Burgundy has been denounced as gouty, apoplectic, and a destroyer of the nerves. “I am satisfied,” says the government reporter, “that, were Burgundy taken on its merits, and treated with fairness, were it imbibed in moderation *at* dinner, and not *after*, its unpleasant repute as a heater of the blood,

* Which some critics declare to be the finest of white French wines.
—Beckwith.

and a provoker of gout and plethora, would very soon disappear. I admit it cannot be taken with so much freedom as claret; but I am of opinion that the public would act wisely in occasionally varying their orders, and in requesting their wine merchants to alternate the light claret wines with cheap and wholesome Burgundy. They will find it 'stouter,' and possessing a more aromatic flavour." Let me add a word or two about the higher Burgundies. They are full, ripe, rich, and have a powerful bouquet; but they must be used with vast discretion—never freely.

We reach our BORDEAUX or CLARET stores, and the learned cellarman will observe on the special treatment the great *crus* of the Gironde require. While Bordeaux gains by a halt in the upper, warmer air, before it passes to the gourmet's lips, Burgundy should go straight, cold and glittering, from the cellar to the guest's throat. The old gourmands said, "Burgundy from the cellar, Bordeaux on the stove, and Champagne in the ice-tubs."

BORDEAUX.

The importance of a good *vin d'ordinaire* in a cellar is not to be overrated; and is much neglected, especially by people who pretend to give the finer wines. The ordinary table wine is that to which the diner owes the enjoyment of most dinners; it should, therefore, be selected with the greatest care. The wines of Orleans, Auxerre, Joigny, Coulanges, Vermanton, and other mediocre *crus* of Lower Burgundy,

are good ; the heady wines of Marseilles and Rousillon, are too strong for general use. Macon, Moulin-à-Vent, second qualities of Beaune, and the red wines of Champagne, are used as *vins d'ordinaire* by people of good means—or say the third *crus* of Bordeaux.*

These third *crus* of Bordeaux ! They are the wines in which people delight throughout France, and far beyond the frontier, whereon people are permitted to drink them not over-doctored. The wines of the Gironde are perplexingly divided and sub-divided. Mr. Beckwith does not trouble us with the long list,—which is one of all the vineyards of the Bordeaux country : but we may take the following to be a good summary of them. “There are many very excellent growths which are not even classed at all ; but I may mention cursorily, such wines of the first class, as Château-Margaux, Château-Lafite (and not Lafitte, as it is usually spelt), Château-Latour, and Haut-Brion ; of the second class, Monton, Leoville, Rausan, La Rose, and Cos d’Estournel ; of the third class, Giscours, Lagrange, Langon, and Boyd-Cantenac ; of the fourth class, St. Pierre, Duluc, and Duhard ; of the fifth class, Grand-Puy, Cantemerle, Cos Labory, and Batailley.”

Our wine guide offers, at once, on the subject of the first Bordeaux, some words of comfort. All the Château-Margaux and Château-Lafite, is not bought

* A few very particular *gourmets* do not scruple to offer, à l'ordinaire, the first qualities in Beaune and Volnay, and the Bordeaux of Grave and Saint-Emilion.—*Nouvelle Almanach des Gourmands*.

up by royal, imperial, or holy purses. Mr. Beckwith believes all the forestalling tales to be pure invention, and that these *crus* are in the market. "Any person, however private or obscure he may be, can, if he have a sufficient command of money, buy up every year, during the vintage, as much first-class Claret as he desires." The following is highly important to the claret buyer: "That it may not be very easy to obtain at a late period a sufficient quantity of the *first growths* in a *genuine* state, I readily admit; and, without wishing to assert anything which might cause offence to the merchant princes of Bordeaux, it is notorious that there is openly sold every year at least one hundred times as much Château-Lafite and Château-Margaux, as is actually produced." The buyer's difficulty is great; but it is not insurmountable. He wants—if he insists on the hundredth bottle which is alone pure and true—plenty of money and a little foresight.

Of the qualities of Bordeaux, my guide through our cellar has a few pregnant words to say. "The properties and peculiarities of Claret are too numerous and too elaborate to be particularised in a report of which brevity is an essential. Those who have lately tasted a fine '48, need no other guide or illustration as to what is almost 'perfect' in wine."

A guide to good Claret is almost out of the question. Mr. Beckwith despairs to realise an idea of its various beauties by description. To begin with, the Bordeaux or claret-colour is indefinable. The bare mention of

an analysis of a *bouquet*, is enough to make an old connoisseur tremble. A combination of raspberries and violets is the hint Mr. Beckwith throws out, timidly. Try to describe the loveliest woman your imagination has ever approached. Endeavour after words that shall present to the sense the perfume of the rose, the fragrance of a bed of thyme; master in a written page the full flavour of the peach; and your "prentice hand" may turn to your Bordeaux bins.

Mr. Beckwith says, of Bordeaux, "The body is round, fruity, and soft as satin; and all the components are so happily blended into a homogeneous whole, that, during the 'degustation' of good Claret, all the senses seem to be simultaneously gratified. It is not, however, merely as a Sybaritic luxury, that I would wish Claret to be known. Higher praise may be accorded to it as one of the most refreshing, the most cooling, and the most invigorating of beverages, easy of digestion, and even assisting that process. A mildly stimulating and inebriating drink, in every way fulfilling its scriptural character as a 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' Commencing at as low a price as one shilling a gallon, the finest growths in their crude state may rule as high as twenty-five shillings." I must not forget the white wines of Sauterne, as Latour, Blanche, and chief of all—Château-d'Yquem. Made in good condition, these wines are, as Mr. Beckwith describes them, exquisitely dulcet and delicate. The light wines of the Grave district are, to my mind, most welcome hot-day *crus*.

The east and south-east of France, include vast wine-districts, whence the *Vins d'Est* and the straw wine. The *Vins du Midi* are the bases of the vast imitation wine manufacture, of which Certe is the centre. Not only are bad imitation wines made, but some good *crus* are destroyed in the dishonest and ignoble process. "The excuse urged for loading them with alcohol, is that, unless brandy be added to them, they will not bear the sea-voyage; but, as large quantities of Roussillon are exported in a perfectly natural state to the north of Europe, I hold that, with proper care in the earlier stages of preparation, this wine might be brought to England without any perceptible injury being inflicted upon it. Nor can I doubt that, were such an exportation of 'undertoned' Roussillon found practicable, a very wide and profitable field of enterprise would be open to the English wine-merchant. Luscious, powerful, and of a fine colour, the wines of the Hérault, of St. Georges, of Montpellier, are eminently suited to our moist climate, and when mingled with water, they form a smooth, sweet, and pleasant drink." Of the table-wines of France, some authority of Mr. Beckwith's eminence should make an elaborate conscientious study; reporting thereon, popularly and copiously, to his countrymen. I am delighted to see our government reporter say a good word for *Château-neuf-du-Pape*: "An excellent wine, peculiarly suited to the English palate."

With just a bright glance at the little corners,

where the white and red Hermitage, and the *Côte rôtie* lie, we reach our

GERMAN WINES.

The Germans deserve the very highest credit for the skill and science with which they produce their noble Rhine wine. Of the wines of the Rhine and of Moselle, little in the way of advice or of remark need be given, beyond the following most important paragraph from the government reporter's notes: "It may not be out of place to warn purchasers who pay a very high price for Johannisberg, that there is a marked difference between the qualities; Johannisberg Schloss is one wine, Johannisberg district is another. Still, although the wine grown at the castle is incomparably the finest, and, in good years, exquisitely delicious, even its produce is occasionally poor. The same remark applies to Margaux Clarets; those of the Château-Margaux being of the very highest class, while the district Margaux—an area of much wider extent—produces both good and bad wines." In the matter of

AUSTRIAN WINES,

the reader, who is replenishing his cellar, is let into a useful secret. Austrian wines are most welcome for the promise of future excellence which they give. They are all alike. The fame of Tokay is levelled to the proportion of a dessert, or sweet wine, or liqueur. The *Voslau* red wines, and the Ofen of Hungary, are

the best. The wine-buyer should beware of the extravagant prices which are put by some wine-merchants upon fanciful Austrian *crus*. The following Beckwith note is valuable : "High-sounding titles are given to wines whose original producers were entirely ignorant of their illustrious paternity. Such a wine is 'Cabinet ;' such another is 'Own Growth ;' and, on the principle of 'fine feathers' making 'fine birds,' a correspondingly high price is asked. I can only say that no such dignified growths are known in the country where they are said to be grown. The price of wine in Hungary is, throughout, exceedingly moderate ; and it is really an insult to the intelligence of the English people, thus to trifle with them. There is little to wonder at, seeing with what facility we are duped, in our character for good taste being held so cheap by foreign nations."

It is sad to hear it said that

ITALIAN WINES

are defective, as they undoubtedly are, in consequence of the ignorant and careless cultivation of the vine. We are told that the sight of an Italian vineyard, and an Italian vintage, may awaken a sensation of astonishment that even such good wine as that which we get from Italy should come out of such a place, and such defects and difficulties. In consequence of the bad training of the vines, the grapes never become so well or so evenly ripened as those of France and Germany. In the Italian vineyards,

lies undeveloped wealth. A little knowledge, and care, and capital, would so strengthen and improve Italian wines that they would easily bear transport by sea, without the use of alcohol. We must judge of what we might get out of Italy by improved culture, and by the removal of fiscal imposts—by the good Italian wines which have already reached our market, and for some of which I strongly recommend a place in an English cellar. The dry Capri of Naples is a delicate and most sweetly-scented wine, that may be taken with oysters. Our government guide says:—“Those who are acquainted with the Ghem and Buanza wines of Lombardy; with the Broglio, the Chianti, and the Monte-pulciano of Tuscany; with the Capri of Naples and the Barolo of Piedmont, will gladly testify to the excellence of these and many other Italian growths, possessing, as they do, good colour, purity, flavour, and sufficient fruitiness and body.” I have already had the satisfaction of adding, at least, Capri to a few lists. Now, as we approach the

PORT AND SHERRY

bins, we appear to be entering upon ground every inch of which will be disputed, or is disputable. What does the ordinary sherry-drinker know about the Xeres districts? Of port, Mr. Beckwith observes:—“Ever since I have known anything of port wine, it has formed a theme for controversy.” We are told of sherry that the region where this wine properly so-called, is produced, “is situated not far from the port

of Cadiz, and is about twelve miles square." If one hundred bottles of manufactured Château-Margaux are sold for every bottle of the true vintage which is produced, it is a moderate calculation to estimate that for every bottle of sound sherry which comes from the best merchants of Cadiz and Puerta-Santa-Maria (whose brands bear a high and ancient value) ten thousand bottles of manufactured stuff are poured down the throats of the English people, chiefly. I have already observed that some serious attempts have been made recently to extend our knowledge of Spanish wines and that of our neighbours. With improved railway intercourse, Mr. Beckwith anticipates that we shall begin eagerly to seek, not only the wines of Andalusia, but those of Valencia and Granada to the South, and of Catalonia and the Castiles to the North. It is from Spain and Italy, indeed, that we may hope presently to find, inexhaustible stores of admirable table wines. The common wine of Spain—Vino del País—is almost inconceivable. It is said that at Val-de-Peñas, the common wine has been sometimes used instead of water for mixing mortar. I give our guide's hint to the sherry-buyer:—"Sherry should be soft, without being sweet; fruity to the taste while in the mouth, but leaving the palate quite clean; it should be invigorating, but not heating; and as regards hue, it should be of a decided straw colour. If it possesses these qualities, the epicure may rest fairly contented; albeit in some few and minor particularities, such, for instance, as gradation

of tint, the opinions of the very best judges may differ."

I cannot enter anew into the great port-wine controversy. We became a port-wine drinking people under the great Methuen treaty, and now that Claret is once more on a customs equality with port, we must wait patiently to see whether the shippers of port will consent to make radical alterations in their mode of alteration and compete with French clarets by the pure vintages of the Alto Douro ; or let port "sink to the third rank in the hierarchy of wines." I can remember the days when my old friend the late Baron Forrester was throwing all his energies into the question, on the right side. I am glad to see him vindicated by so estimable a writer as Mr. Beckwith, who says: "I cannot help thinking that, had the Baron's suggestion been acted upon, we should be enabled to take our port in comfort and safety, and with something like pride. As it is, the fact that we have habitually drunk, or that we drink, this potent wine, has become almost a reproach, and the Englishman's fondness for port has made him a laughing-stock in the eyes of foreigners."

Shippers from the Alto Douro will have to take the course recommended to the wine-merchants of Bordeaux and Cadiz ; and export the varieties of Portuguese wines protected by their individual brands. Why should we not taste the various wines of Estremadura, of Beira, and of Minho ?

Our faithful guide's description of the true charac-

teristics of port :—" It may be stated that the presence of a modified ' fruitiness,' in it, is an essential. But it should *never* be sweet. Rich colour, firmness, homogeneousness, and a tendency to dryness without astringency, will not fail to be among the qualities of a good port wine. When in addition to these it has attained a ripe age, in bottle, and has acquired some *bouquet*, it is undeniably—whatever may be urged to the contrary—a noble and generous beverage, and, so long as Englishmen are Englishmen, will never fail to find admirers."

I hope that good port wine will be deemed a good thing by Englishmen for very many generations to come ;—but at something much less than one guinea per bottle.

WINE NOTES.

"A gentleman was lately going over the Halle aux Vins in Paris. ' Now,' said his triumphant guide, ' shall I give you Bordeaux and Burgundy from the same cask?' And by the help of a flavouring wand the feat was accomplished."—*The Athenæum*.

THE FINEST WINE IN THE WORLD.

"I have no hesitation in stating, as my deliberate opinion, that were one medal only to be awarded as a recompense to the exhibitor of the finest wine, illus-

trative of what nature, aided by industry and improved by science, can effect, that medal should at once be awarded to Johannisberger. It is the Château-Margaux of the Rhine, as the Steinberg is its Lafite." —*Beckwith.*

CHAMBERTIN AND LAFITE.

Two noble vintages changed owners last year. On the 20th of February, about three hectares of the famous Chambertin *cru* (the property of the late M. Ouvrard) were sold at Beaune (Côte d'Or). When Ponchard was singing in the Nouveau Seigneur, the manager gave him poor wine for the famous scene in which the air "*c'est vraiment du Chambertin*" occurs. The late M. Ouvrard heard of this, and at once sent a hamper of the real *cru* to the artist. M. Ouvrard was a worthy possessor of the renowned *clos*.

The famous domain of Château Lafite, passed into the possession of the late Baron James de Rothschild, for the sum of £180,000. The price put upon the property was £320,000: and the biddings were at the rate of £4000! In 1867, the Château Lafite produced £48,000: and last year its produce was estimated at £64,000. The same fate befell the Château-Margaux property not long ago. The Vicomte Onésippe-Aguado bought it for £60,000. Its net return for 1868, was estimated last autumn at £32,000.

THE DENSITY OF WINES.

The Scientific Review (Feb. 1. 1868) observes: "It

has been discovered that the specific gravity of a wine, may, in some instances, serve to point out adulteration, etc. Pure red wines of France, according to the recent determinations of MM. Saint Pierre and Pujo, have a specific gravity of 0'999 to 0'994. Dry white wines are generally the lightest ; their specific gravity attains to about 0'994. Sweet wines, on the contrary, are always heavier than water ; but the more alcohol they contain, the lighter they become. They sometimes contain enough sugar to give them a specific gravity of 1'089, which is observed in the Muscat de Lunel."

M. PASTEUR'S PROCESS.

M. PASTEUR'S process for the preservation of wine by heat was examined on the 20th of last June by a Commission appointed by the French Minister of Marine, to decide whether it should be adopted for the wine supplies of the Imperial Navy. The report of the Commission is in favour of the process. The Commissioners tasted wine bottled in 1863, after undergoing M. Pasteur's process, and the same wine which had not undergone the process. The heated wine was in perfect condition ; while that which had not been heated had a "*saveur amère très prononcée.*" But M. Pasteur's process has now been applied at Orleans, Béziers, &c., on a very large scale, and with the best results. The wine which has undergone the process will bear long voyages by sea. In short, the French Marine gives its experience in the inventor's favour.

Let wine consumers mark this ; the thinnest wine which has undergone this heating process may be transported far and wide, without the help of alcohol to make it "keep." The expense is very small indeed. I refer interested readers to the Report of the French Commission, to be had at the Ministry of Marine.

M. DUMESNIL has devised, the *Chemical News* says, a new process for preserving wine. The cask of wine uncorked is placed under an iron bell and the air exhausted ; two hours' work is necessary before the noise occasioned by the exit of the air ceases. A vacuum being created, the gases contained in the wine are released from atmospheric pressure, and, as they are essentially elastic, they expand sufficiently to break the cells of vegetable fibrine inclosing them, and escape. These gases are dissolved to such an extent that the withdrawal of a large quantity occasions no sensible decrease of liquid. The theory of the decomposition of grape juice and other organic substances rests on the power of double decomposition. Gaseous products of fermentation are most active in inducing decomposition ; they alter wines indefinitely when inclosed in the fibrine-cells, which M. Pasteur calls mycoderma. M. Dumesnil allowed the wines of 1865 to ferment till March, 1866, so as to allow of the conversion of all the sugar and extractive matter into alcohol. At this period he substituted for the usual operations the treatment by the vacuum ; fermentation ceased entirely. The wines thus treated arrived at

their destination in good condition. With other samples treated in the usual way the result was very different. Notwithstanding four rackings, and possibly four clarifications, the wines have continued to ferment during the whole of the year 1866 and also the commencement of 1867, and they probably still contain gases which will affect them more slowly.

THE shipments of port wine from Oporto during 1867 amounted to 34,679 pipes, of which 25,105 were consigned to the United Kingdom, 6,449 to Brazil, and 983 to Bremen and Hamburg.

THE BURGUNDY VINTAGE OF 1868.

BEAUNE, *September, 1868.*

IF "wine maketh glad the heart of man" there should be great rejoicing in this fair land of sunny France, for God has blessed Burgundy with a most wonderful vintage this year. An invitation from a gentleman of this town, largely engaged in the wine trade, to be present at the vintage, drew me hither. "You will see," he wrote, "a very remarkable sight, for seldom has the Côte d'Or, even in the most famous vintage years, borne such a grape crop as that of this year." He did not exaggerate. The vines are literally bowed down beneath the weight of fruit, the purple glory culminating to extraordinary richness between Beaune and the famous Clos de Vougeot. My friend drove me to the latter vineyard yesterday (fifteen miles from this town). Both sides of the road were almost

purple with grapes, which seemed to outnumber the vine-leaves. The great size and lusciousness of the fruit are also very remarkable. But as a perfect agricultural crop is a kind of phenomenon rarely witnessed, the vineyard proprietors complain, and I believe justly, that the excessive heat of this summer has had the effect of ripening the grapes exposed to the full influence of the sun too rapidly. Thus, although the crop is enormous, the wine-yield will not be quite so great as was expected some months ago. Still, the quantity that will be made in Burgundy this year will be far above the average, and, what is of even greater consequence, it will be of very superior quality.—*Athenæum*.

CLOS DE VOUGEOT IN 1868.

CLOS DE VOUGEOT originally belonged to the monks of the Abbey of Citeaux. They converted it into a vineyard, and spared no pains to carry its cultivation to the highest perfection. They succeeded beyond their expectations, and in their hands the Clos de Vougeot became the most famous vineyard in Burgundy. There are few more perplexing agricultural phenomena than the produce of vines. Here, as in almost all vine countries, is a small district (for the Clos de Vougeot only contains about 115 acres) consisting of light red loam, mixed with the *débris* of limestone, abounding with shells, similar, apparently, to the soil of neighbouring vineyards; and yet the latter never produce a wine at all equal in excellence to that of Vougeot. The vines in the upper part of the

vineyard, which grow on very dry ground, produce the best wine. Those on the clay soil yield the ordinary *vin du pays*.

When the Revolution disturbed the monks, and expelled them from their fine convent in the Clos, the celebrated vineyard became the property of Ouvrard, the loan-contractor. He made the garden near the ancient convent. Ouvrard, it may be remembered, had a passion for gardens, and it was to him that the fascinating Madame Tallien (afterwards his mistress) was indebted for what was at that period the loveliest garden in Paris. Subsequently, the Clos de Vougeot passed through various hands, and it now belongs to the Marquis de la Garde, of Paris. It is valued at two and a half million francs.

On arriving at the *ci-devant* convent, we were received by M. Roux, who has long been at the head of this great wine-making establishment. He was surrounded by a very army of workmen and women, no less than 830 being this year engaged in grape-picking and wine-making. Under the guidance of an intelligent foreman, we visited the vast cellars, which still contain the capacious tuns (each holding 900 gallons) used by the monks of old for the reception of the new wine. They are still employed for this purpose, and it is only when you see their great number that you realise the enormous produce of this vineyard; and yet we read that the monks never sold their Burgundy, but made presents of what they did not consume themselves. M. Roux's face brightened when

we congratulated him on the produce of this year's vintage. "Yes," he exclaimed, "it is truly marvellous, and, what is even better, the quantity of wine will not only be far in excess of the annual average (250 hogsheads); but it will be of a very superior quality." And how transcendently delicious is the prime *cru* of the Clos de Vougeot you will not soon forget, if you have the good fortune to be favoured, as we were, with a "tasting order." It requires at least ten years to develop the exquisite flavour and aroma of this wine; but many thousand bottles which we saw in the cellars contain wine far older than this.

On leaving the cellars we went over the convent, the vast but empty rooms of which on the first story still contain grand chimney-pieces and fine specimens of stone-carving. And when we had seen all noteworthy in the building, M. Roux turned us into the Clos, where, said he, you may do as you please; which meant that we were at liberty to feast on the luscious grapes which hung temptingly from every vine.

C. R. W.

DUMAS' GREAT MENU.



THE Second Act of Alexandre Dumas' "Madame de Chamblay," shows Count Alfred de Senonches, Prefect of the Eure, discussing with his major-domo the dinner he is to give to the Council-General. Only part is given in the piece; but the dramatist has completed the *menu* for the benefit of the Epicurean world: and has been good enough to correct it for Fin-Bec.

Deux potages.—À la reine aux avelines; bisque rossolis aux pouparads.

Quatre grosses pièces.—Turbot à la purée d'huîtres vertes; brochet à la Chambord; dinde aux truffes de Barberieux; reins de sanglier à la St. Hubert.

Quatre entrées.—Pâté chaud de pluviers dorés; six ailes de canetons au jus de bigarrades; quatre ailes de poulardes glacées aux concombres; matelote de lottes à la bourguignonne.

Quatre plats de rôti.—Deux poules faisannes, l'une piquée, l'autre bardée; rocher formé d'un brochet de six petits homards, et de quarante écrevisses au vin de Sillery; buisson composé d'un engoulement de deux râles, de quatre ramereaux, de deux tourtereaux, et de six cailles rôties; terrine de foie-gras de canards de Toulouse.

Huit Entremets.—Grosses pointes d'asperges à la Pompadour au beurre de Rennes ; croûte aux champignons émincés aux lames de truffes noires à la Bechamel ; charlotte de poires à la vanille.

On the stage the banquet is broken off at this point ; but, as we have said, M. Dumas has kindly completed the *menu* for the use of *gourmets* who are not subject to stage interruptions.

Profiteroles au chocolat.

Fonds d'artichauts, à la lyonnaise et au coulis de jambon. Macédoine de patates d'Espagne, de petits pois de serre chaude, et de truffes blanches de Piémont à la crème, et au blond de veau réduit.

Mousse fouettée au jus d'ananas.

Fanchonnettes à la gelée de pommes de Rouen.

Dessert.—Quatre corbeilles de fruits à la main ; huit corbillons de fines sucreries coloriés, six sorbetières, garnies de douze sortes de glaces, huit compotiers, huit assiettes de confitures, et quatre espèces de fromages servis en extra.

The Wine.

Luvel (*paille*), with the soup.

Vin de Mercuret, Comet, with the *relevé*.

Aï, Moët, still, well iced, towards the end of the *entrées*.

Château-Lafite, 1825, with the *entremets*.

Old London Porter, with the cheeses.

Pacaret, dry, and Malvoisie de la Commanderie de Chypre, with the dessert.

Coffee.

Absinthe au candi, and Mirobolan de Madame Amphoux.

ALEX. DUMAS.

AT MARKET.



HALFWAY in a recent conversation with M. Gouffé, he said: "The *menu* should be thought out at market. You must see what is to be had, what is plentiful and cheap; for bear this in mind, the plentiful and cheap things of the day are always in best condition. You have a dinner in hand; you have made out a *menu* to include a turbot; you find none in the market under 75 francs. It is dear, and be quite certain that it is at best but indifferently good. On this ground I am opposed to the fat meat and fat poultry shows. The fat meat represents so much food wasted in making diseased animals—in creating expensive, unwholesome fat. As regards poultry it is monstrous; the yellow fat with which it is covered is detestable. I see a turkey marked 6*l.*, geese at 4*l.* each, fowls at 1*l.*, and pigeons at 3*s.* 6*d.* a head. They are all unhealthy monsters, coarse, and gastronomically bad. The restaurants buy them; but who that knows how to eat would order one?

"I would have prizes given on quite a different plan. I would not reward the grazier who sends the fattest

Cotentin on a given day, but I would have market inspectors, and he who sent the greatest quantity of the finest meat to market in the course of the year, and at the cheapest price, should have a prize of some importance—say 50,000 francs! In this way cattle breeders and dealers would be encouraged not to overfatten a single beast, but to send a good supply of the best breeds in the best possible condition to market all the year round. These remarks apply of course to poultry.”

The idea is that of a practical authority, who knows perhaps better than any living man what good meat and poultry for human food mean.

DINNERS OF 1868.



THE dinners of the past year are not many; but they include some of special interest.

MARRIAGE FEAST OF PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY.

April 22, 1868.

166 Couverts.

Potage.—Royale au consommé de faisans.

Entrées.—Saumon et turbot à la prince Humbert; filet de bœuf à la chasseur gastronome; poulardes à l'Impératrice; côtelettes d'agneau aux petits pois; grenadines de bécasses à la napolitaine; filets d'innocents à la princesse Marguérite; fonds d'artichaut aux pointes d'asperges.

Hors d'Œuvre.—Pâté de marcassins à la gelée.

Punch à la Romaine.

Rôti.—Dindonneaux et pintades piqués cresson; blanc manger aux fruits; gelée reine de Portugal; biscuit au chocolat praliné.

Dessert.—Glaces, Chantilly au café et framboise.

Vins.—Château-Margaux supérieur; Xérès (1824); Hochheimer; Grand Crémant Impérial (Moët et Chandon); Muscat de Sétubal très vieux.

MARSHAL NIEL'S DINNER.

Paris.

Menu of 60 Couverts.

Consommé aux quenelles et pointes d'asperges ; crème de riz à l'allemande ; bouchées à la Cardinal.

Saumon de Loire, sauce genevoise ; jambon d'York, sauce Madère ; épinards au jus.

Suprême de poulets à l'impériale ; filets de lapereaux en demi-deuil ; caisses de foie-gras, aux truffes ; filets de soles, sauce ravigote ; gelée.

Pintades truffées, sauce Perigueux ; gelinottes de Russie, rôties ; galantines de poulardes à l'anglaise.

Asperges bouillies, sauce hollandaise ; petits pois nouveaux à l'anglaise ; pain de mandarines à la parisienne ; charlotte Pompadour à l'ananas ; croquenbouche de fruits.

His Excellency Marshal Niel, Minister of War. Served by M. Alexandre (March 24, 1868).

M. THIERS' DINNER.

Paris.

Menu of 20 Couverts.

Potage.—Quenelles de volaille à la Darmantière.

Relevés.—Turbot Dieppois, sauce hollandaise ; quartier de chevreuil à la provençale.

Entrées.—Suprême de poulets aux petits pois ; timbales de foie-gras à la Bagration ; sauté de filets de perdreaux à la Mancelle ; Chartreuse de homards à la Stuart.

Rôts.—Chapons truffés à la Périgord ; faisans de Bohême, rôtis.

Entremets.—Ramequins à la vaudoise ; asperges, sauce au beurre ; gateau Florentin aux avelines ; pouding à la Condé.

M. Ad. Thiers, Ex-President of the Ministerial Council. Served by M. Charlier (March, 1868).

M. BAROCHE'S DINNER.

*Paris.**Menu of 40 Couverts.*

Potage aux profiteroles ; consommé printanier.

Turbot, sauce hollandaise et génoise ; filet de bœuf à la Godard ; Suprême de volaille à la Périgord ; chafroix de bécassines à la régence.

Epigrammes d'agneau à la Macédoine ; salade de homards en belle vue.

Sorbets aux liqueurs.

Dinde truffée et rôtie ; pâté de foie-gras de Strasbourg.

Asperges sauce flamande ; artichauts à l'italienne.

Pouding au rhum ; Chartreuse à la Sultane ; timbale friande à l'ananas ; gelée au champagne et aux fraises.

His Excellency M. Baroche, Minister of Justice. Served by M. Pécheux (March 3, 1868).

COUNT DE GOLTZ'S DINNER.

*Paris.**Menu of 40 Couverts.*

Soupe tortue et consommé.

Haltereaux d'huîtres.

Cromesquis de foie-gras.

Turbot, sauce à la crème.

Saumon à la régence.

Dinde à l'anglaise.

Aloyau braisé, à la bordelaise.

Croustades de cailles à la Périgoux.

Filets de canetons à la rouennaise.

Côtelettes d'agneau, purée de champignons.
Salade de filets de soles, à la gelée.
Punch à la Romaine.
Bécassines et faisans, rôtis.
Fonds d'artichauts à la Colbert.
Asperges bouillies, sauce hollandaise.
Ananas à la créole, sauce abricots.
Mousse, garnie d'Eugénie.

S. S. M. le Comte de Goltz, Prussian Ambassador. Served by M. Jules Tarette (1868).

THE EPICURE'S (YEAR BOOK) ANNUAL DINNER.

Ship, Greenwich.

Diner à la Russe.

Potage à la tortue plein—clair. Gras vert au vin de Madère.

Souchée de carrelets ; souchée de saumon.

Filets de truite à l'épicurienne * ; rougets à la reform.*

Pâtés de laitance de maquereau aux fines herbes.

Anguilles à la Magdala* ; croquettes de homard.

Saumon à la norvegienne ; omelette de merlan à l'italienne.

Whitebait.

Cailles farcies aux truffes à la Périgord* ; filets de chevreuil piquées à la Windsor.

Poulets grillés ; canetons rôtis ; jambon grillé aux vin de champagne.

Pouding modélé à la Napier* ; puits d'amour à la Greenwich* ; pouding Luxemburg.

Crème aux abricots glacée ; eau de framboises glacée.

* New dishes at Greenwich, 1868.

GARRICK CLUB.

*February 3rd.**Potages.*—Tortue clair ; tortue liée.*Poissons.*—Turbot, sauce hollandaise et homard ; filets de sole en matelote.*Entrées.*—Rissoles aux huîtres ; suprême de volaille à l'écarlate ; côtelettes de mouton à la provençale ; curry tête de veau à l'indienné.*Relevés.*—Hanche de mouton ; dinde braisé au celeri ; aitch bone of beef ; jambon aux épinards.*Rôts.*—Faisans ; canards sauvages ; pâtés de foie-gras en belle vue.*Entremets.*—Bavarois aux abricots ; gelée à la Macédoine.*Relevés.*—Plombière glacé à la Cintrait.DINNER GIVEN BY DJEMIL PACHA, TURKISH
AMBASSADOR.*Paris, April 3, 1868.*

Printanier aux quenelles de volailles.

Bisque aux écrevisses.

Saumon, sauce genevoise.

Filet à la provençale.

Côtelettes d'agneau aux pois.

Poularde à la Montmorency.

Salade aux truffes.

Sorbets.

Gélinottes, rôties au cresson.

Salade Romaine.

Pilau.

Asperges en branches.

Blanc manger historié.

Gelée du marasquin aux fraises.

[The gélinottes arrived from Russia in the morning ; the asparagus, from Provence, cost 4*l.* each head, and was three inches in circumference, in spite of Monselet's condemnation of monster stalks.]

PROVENÇAL BANQUET.

The following dinner was given by the poets and friends of Provence to the poets of Spain, of Catalonia, and of France, at Saint-Rémy, on the 13th of September, 1868. Mistral, the popular Provençal poet, made the speech of the occasion, in the presence of Alexandre Dumas, Monselet, Sarcey, Cochinat, Alfred d'Aunay, and other known Frenchmen. The poets had made a triumphal entry into Saint-Rémy in the morning, amid the acclamations of the citizens. Bright poesy stirs the Provençals still, and they have not forgotten the art of building a *menu*. The poets were not entertained with cottage fare :

Mets Froids.—Olives d'Aix ; saucisson d'Arles ; tête de sanglier.

Mets Chauds.—Pâtés d'Avignon à la reine.

Entrées.—Filet de bœuf à la provençale ; bouillabaisse du Martigues ; poisson de mer à l'aïoli (sauce à l'ail) ; salmis de cailles aux truffes ; jambon glacé avec Macédoine de légumes ; galantine de paon.

Rôti.—Dindonneau de Barthelasse au cresson ; brochettes de culs-blancs.

Entremets.—(?)

Légumes.—Haricots de Durance ; pois gourmands ; pudding anglais ; sorbets.

Dessert.—Pièce montée ; pêches de Barbantane ; raisins de Baux ; oranges de Majorque.

Vins.—Vin des Félibres, de Château-Neuf-du-Pape ; Vin de Fiergoulet ; Bordeaux ; Champagne.

Café ; Eau-de-vie ; Cigare.

Et tout à pleine écuelle.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

Potages.—Brunoise ; tortue.

Poissons.—Turbot bouilli, sauce hollandaise ; saumon à l'écossaise ; filets de merlans à l'orly.

Hors d'Œuvre.—Rissolettes à la béchamelle.

Entrées.—Sauté de ris de veau aux champignons ; fricassée de poulets à la chevalière ; quenelles de lapereau à l'estragon ; côtelettes d'agneau aux pois.

Relevés.—Petits poulets à la jardinière ; filet de bœuf piqué à l'allemande ; selle et gigot de mouton rôti ; jambon braisé aux épinards.

Légumes.—Choux-fleurs ; haricots verts ; asperges ; pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel ; cardons à l'espagnole.

Second Service.

Rôts.—Paonneaux ; pluviars dorées.

Entremets.—Mayonnaise de homard à l'italienne ; gelée au vin de Malaga garnie ; pain des prunes de Damas à la crème ; pouding de biscuit aux cerises ; pommes méringués à la portugaise ; petits fondus au Parmesan.

Glaces.—Abricots ; orange panachée.

Given at the House of Commons, on Wednesday, March 11, 1868.
By Mr. Grogan.

BANQUET DE DEGUSTATION.

Havre International Club, July 21, 1868.

The Havre Maritime Exhibition was turned to good Epicurean account in the pleasant form of a banquet, worthy to rank with the great series of gastronomic experiments which the Acclimatisation Society of Great Britain gave at Willis's Rooms, in the summer of 1862. (See "Year Book, 1868," p. 92.)

Mr. Bernal, the English Consul, was in the chair ; and *the* guest of the evening was to have been the renowned *gourmet*, Alexandre Dumas ; but at the last moment he declined on the score that he was *triste*. Some of the contributors to the feast distributed receipts for their dishes. The scent vaporised by Rimmel unpleasantly disturbed the tasters ; anything more barbarous than a scented dinner-table it is impossible to discover. How to taste a truffle, or catch the flavour of a wine, in an atmosphere charged with hairdresser's scents ! One *contretemps* should be noted. The Prefect of Havre was churlish enough to stop the English venison sent by Walter C. Trevelyan, "la chasse" not being open in France.

MENU.

Hors d'Œuvres.—Huîtres d'Angleterre ; harengs à la sardine ; mahee kubab.

Hors d'Œuvres Chauds.—Rissoles de homards ; petits pâtés d'huîtres.

Potages.—Potage clair de kangaroo ; bisque d'écrevisses ; consommé à l'essence de légumes avec l'extrait de viande d'Australie ; potage aux pâtes d'Italie, avec l'extrait de viande ; Potage clair aux quenelles ; potage à l'extrait de viande de Liébig.

Relevés.—Saumon sauce hollandaise et genévoise ; grand filet de bœuf à la portugaise ; jambon d'York au Malvoisie ; bœuf d'Australie braisé au vin de Madère ; bœuf épicé d'Australie.

Entrées.—Kubab Byhezah ; poulardes du maris à la régence aux truffes ; quenelles de Soissons à l'impériale ; pillow kitcherie de maizena ; poupiette de gibier farcie de

cerises ; mayonnaise de saumon ; escalope de kangaroo, à l'australienne ; escalope de viande écossaise.

Rôts.—Venaison d'Angleterre ; canetons farcis à la rouennaise ; homards à la bagration ; pâtés de foies gras.

Entremets de Légumes.—Haricots verts ; pois à la française ; asperges (conservés).

Entremets.—Babas de Borwick ; babas de Borwick aux abricots ; babas de Borwick aux pêches ; babas de Borwick au jus de fruits ; brioches au vin de Madère ; brioches au punch ; puddings de Borwick à l'anglaise ; puddings de maizena ; puddings de tapioca naturel de Rio Janeiro.

Dessert.—Fruits assortis ; jambons en surprise à l'essence de Rimmel ; eclats de bombes glacés en surprise ; biscuits à la fleur d'oranger pralinés ; biscuits à la vanille ; biscuits au punch ; gâteaux Bidon, au Thlang-Thlang ; gâteaux de maizena à l'essence de Rimmel ; biscuits à l'essence de Sauterne ; confitures assorties ; ananas conservés ; cosaques à l'eau de roses et à costumes.

Café ; lait concentré.

Carte des Vins.

1. Vin de Puyreaux (1864) ; Eug. de Thiac (Charente).
2. Pichou de Longueville (1858) ; H. Peraire & Co., Bordeaux.
3. Braune Mouton (1858) ; ditto, ditto.
4. Saint Emilion (1861) ; ditto, ditto.
5. Saint Emilion (1858) ; Gendreye & Gouny, dc Bordeaux.
6. Vin Mousseux de Bar, qualité supérieure ; Boinette & Fils, Bar-le-Duc.
7. Vin Rouge de Bar, première tête ; ditto, ditto.
8. Vins Rouges et Blancs de Piot frères, Macon.
9. Vouvray Mousseux ; E. Guettrot, Tours.
10. Vouvray non Mousseux ; ditto.
11. Champagne (carte blanche) ; G. Bastien & Co., Epernay.

12. Champagne ; Ernest Pasquier, Port-à-Binson.
13. Frontignan, Comice Viticole des Pyrenées.
14. Bitter ; Desvignes, Paris.
15. Liqueur de l'Abbaye de Fécamp ; P. Milon, Fécamp.
16. Elixir d'Etretat ; Albert Hollier, Paris.
17. Curaçao Impérial, triple sec ; ditto, ditto.
18. Ayapana du Brésil ; ditto, ditto.
19. Anisette, glacée à la menthe ; ditto, ditto.
20. Rainette de Caux (Liqueur de Pomme) ; ditto, ditto.
21. Punch Duchesse ; ditto, ditto.
22. Fine Champagne ; ditto, ditto.
23. Fine Champagne ; Ch. Prouhet & Co., Jarnouzeau, près Cognac.

Bières.—Dreher, Vienne ; Fanta, Vienne.

MENU SUPPLÉMENTAIRE.

Hors d'Œuvres.—Sardines, lamprois, &c., de Bertran, Dallereau, & Co., Nantes ; saucisses et crevettes de L. Rayet père, Deauville ; harengs à la sardine, Morton, Londres ; biscuits de viande de Liébig par Coleman, Londres ; homards du Portland Packing Co., Portland (Etats-Unis).

Pâtés alimentaires.—Boudier, Paris ; Bourquin, Paris ; Mathieu, Neufchateau ; Ve. Rozier & fils, Nantes.

Truffes.—Dodain, Paris ; Bonnestève, Brives (Corrèze).

Légumes.—Briant, Paris ; Cassegrain, Nantes ; Cormier, Paris ; Dubard-Dutartre, Corbeil.

Pâtés de foie-gras.—Doyen, Strasbourg ; Albrighi, Toulouse ; Bonnestève, Brives.

Fromage.—Matinière fils, Catherine, Camenbert, Calvados.

Dessert.—Gâteaux, Roland, Dijon ; Cruger, Lorient ; Pigault, Paris. Confitures, Morlicr, Bar-le-Duc. Dragées et gelées, Billard, Rouen. Conserves, Lesage & Raigicard, Paris. Ananas de Kemp, Day, & Co., New York. Gelées de Coleman, Londres.

Cafés torréfiés.—Keuknesky, Paris ; C. Joly, Paris.

Lait concentré de la Compagnie Anglo-Suisse, Cham (Suisse).

This remarkable dinner, originated by the manufacturers of preserved provisions, was cooked by M. Goyard, of the Trois Frères Provençaux.

Dinner given by the Lyons Railway Directors on the completion of telegraphic communication between Paris and Monaco. October, 1868.

Potages.—Soupe de tortue à l'anglaise ; printanier aux œufs pochés.

Hors d'Œuvre.

Relevés.—Turbot, sauce genevoise et hollandaise ; filet de bœuf à la Charles III.

Entrées.—Timbales milanaises ; suprême de filets de poulardes à la maréchal ; sorbets au rhum.

Rôts.—Perdreaux flanqués de cailles truffées ; salade ; écrevisses à la bordelaise.

Entremets.—Haricots panachés à la maître-d'hôtel ; macedoines de fruits aux liqueurs ; parfait au moka ; pâtisseries montées.

Dessert.

Vins.—Madère et Xérès ; Macon en carafes ; Haut Barsac, 1858 ; Château-Léoville ; Musigny ; Roederer frappé.

A SCOTCH MENU.

A writer in *Le Gaulois* gives a *menu* of a dinner given in Scotland at the "Château de Stichill," on the

21st September, 1868 ; remarking that it was charmingly printed—but in bad French—at the printing-press of the château. I correct the French, but leave the reader to guess where the Château de Stichill may be. One help to a solution of the enigma I *will* add. There are two heiresses within its walls, waiting to be married. But then for dowry—they have merely two millions sterling a-piece.

Potages.—Consommé clair de concombres ; purée Crecy ; potage à la reine ; potage de veau à la tortue.

Poissons.—Cabillaud, sauce aux huîtres ; turbot ; tranches de saumon grillées.

Entrées.—Petits pâtés de riz de veau à la crème ; boudins de lièvre à la Monglas ; boudins d'huîtres à la crème ; fricassée de poulet à la blanquette de truffes.

Relevés.—Poulardes braisées à la jardinière ; rond de veau aux champignons ; perdreau braisé aux choux ; selle de mouton rôtie.

Légumes.—Choux-fleurs à la crème ; haricots flageolets à la maître-d'hôtel ; pommes de terre au beurre ; asperges en branches.

Rôts.—Perdreux ; poulardes ; canetons ; cailles de France.

Entremets.—Moëlle de légumes ; purée d'épinards à la velouté ; dariolles d'œufs et jambon à la Périgueux ; gelée au vin de Madère ; crème de millefruits ; gâteau de cerises à la parisienne.

Relevés.—Talmouse de Gruyère à la Saint-Denis ; soufflé aux fleurs d'oranger.

Glaces.—Crème au chocolat ; eau de framboises.

A

REPRESENTATIVE KITCHEN.



HE world behind the scenes has always felt that there was a story behind the monstrous failure which our good neighbours made, gastronomically, on the Champ de Mars in 1867. All the nations were invited to the capital of the people who supply the civilised world with *chefs*; there was—so the Imperial Commissioners announced—to be a grand international cookery match among other attractions. The nations arrived, and found a few indifferently provided cafés, and some cheap breakfasts and dinners. Even Gousset could not reach the culinary height of which Jules Gouffé, Pascal, and others, had dreamed. A little bird—neither ortolan, beccafico, nor wheatear—has whispered the whole story to me. M. Jules Gouffé had designed a magnificent representative kitchen, worthy of French gastronomic renown, to be built in the Champ de Mars; with noble salons and dining-rooms attached. In the kitchen were to be the potage department, the sauce department, the department of the roasts. The heads of the

profession would have taken each the section to which his chief triumphs belonged. In this way a model kitchen, in operation under the command of the first professors in the world, would have been seen by the representatives of all nations ; and the guests of France would have been bidden to perfect banquets in the noble dining-halls. The idea was worthy of the author of the greatest book on the *cuisine* which the world has yet seen : that it was not realised, and that a great opportunity for spreading a knowledge of gastronomy was lost to the world, we have to thank Napoleon's Commissioners, who sold every square yard to the highest bidder, and put men of M. Gouffé's rank aside for Palais Royal purveyors. Some day, however, I trust a representative kitchen will be set up, in London or in Paris, with a Gouffé for president. All classes would gain in refinement and enjoyment by such an institution ; for it cannot be too often impressed on the dunderheads who revile at the accomplished cook, that good and varied cookery is economic and healthy cookery.

POT AND KETTLE.

BY TWO COOKS.

"Je vis de bonne soupe, et non de beau langage."
Molière, "*Femmes Savantes*."



REWHILE, Albéric Second asked Dumas for a receipt for his famous salad. Dumas, who loves talking about his kitchen, sent it him in a sprightly letter, adding at the same time a great deal of gossip about soups. "Rivarol," said he, "one day dining in company with a few gourmands belonging to the free towns of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hambourg, was observed by one of the guests to make a wry face on tasting his first spoonful of Teutonic soup. On being questioned, he replied, 'Monsieur, if I showed my dislike to your soup, I was wrong, for French courtesy would have counselled me to appear to think it excellent; but since the ugly face *was* made, allow me to tell you that any old nurse or *concièrge* in France would know how to make a better *bouillon* than the cleverest cook in your three Hanseatic towns.'

The Bourbons loved a good soup. Great eaters

mostly from Louis XIV., they always commenced a repast by eating two or three kinds of soup. Louis Philippe ate sometimes four platefuls of different soups, and a fifth in which all were mixed together. During the latter part of his reign at the Tuileries, the doctors ordered him, while at dinner, to make little *tartines* or sandwiches of marrow, caviar, or anchovies, and to send them round to his favourite guests : this was in order to prevent his eating too continuously and too rapidly.

The Condés were also great eaters, and great soup-eaters. Dumas mentions having dined, when a very young man, at his cousin's house, with the old prince, who was afterwards hanged at Chantilly, when going to hunt in the forest. On that occasion, the prince said that during his emigration he went on a visit to the bishop-prince of Passau, and that on arriving, his host after saluting him, said, "Monseigneur, I have given orders that the soups receive particular attention while you are here ; France is a nation *soupière*." "And *bouillonnante* also, monsieur," replied the prince. "Let the French Revolution boil in its *marmite*," said a well-known German diplomatist, who, in 1792, endeavoured to prevent Prussia and Austria going to war with France.

A consummate gourmet sitting down to table, may judge of the entire repast simply by the odour and appearance of the soup. The superiority of French cookery is chiefly owing to the excellence of its *bouillon*, and this not because the beef is superior : our English

meat is decidedly finer, and yet our neighbours say of us that we have but one good soup—turtle. Dumas, who has studied the *cuisine* of all nations, tells us that the Viennese make their *bouillon* by putting two chickens into a *marmite*, and boiling them till half-cooked; they then take them out and roast them. To the *bouillon* they add a spoonful of gravy to colour it, and then they serve it—lukewarm. Thus they have at once a bad *rôti* and a bad *bouillon*. He thinks it also a mistake to suppose that chickens, unless old and very fat, are good for any soup but invalid soup. The basis of a good *pot-au-feu* is beef. In the south of France mutton is preferred; but then the south is not renowned for its soup. Still, mutton—after beef—makes a very good *potage*, especially if fried or roasted a little before putting in the saucepan. The same illustrious authority thus initiates us into the mysteries of a good *potage*. We are told to choose a piece of beef as large as is compatible with the family consumption. *Bouillon* will keep two days in summer, and three or four in winter, and large pieces therefore are a saving of time and fuel. The leg is an excellent joint—there is a good proportion of fat and lean. It should be fresh, with as much gravy in it as possible; thick—a thin piece is wasted in the cooking. It should not be washed—washing deprives it of its juices. Take away the bones, tie it up, and put it in the *marmite* with a pint of water to each pound of meat. We are advised to bone our piece of beef, but not by any means to exile the bones from the *marmite*, only

they must be crushed with a mallet, for the more broken they are the more gelatine they will yield. They are then put into a bag, with any other bones of poultry or meat there may be remaining in the larder, and dropped into the *marmite*—which is to be of earthenware. *Mieux vaut une marmite en terre qu'une marmite en fer.* It should heat by degrees, and begin to boil gently. At this point we are told to throw in a little salt, three or four carrots, as many turnips, two parsnips, a bunch of celery and leeks tied together, and three onions, one pierced by a clove of garlic, the two others by two cloves. If we choose, in a moment of caprice, to throw in a piece of mutton, it must have been already roasted. Seven hours of slow and constant boiling, or rather simmering, is necessary for the perfection of the *pot-au-feu*.

Old housewives, it seems, have an expressive word for this process, which Dumas promises to make a "dictionary word" when he shall have become a member of the famous Academic Forty. They say *mijoter la soupe*. The brave Dumas also favours us with his idea of a good cabbage soup. Put at the bottom of a large saucepan, a pound or a pound and a half of smoked ham; cut a cabbage into four, in order to effectually extract those minor animals whose cooking is not necessary to the perfection of the *bouillon*. It must then be tied up carefully and put in the pot, packed up with the ham: after which fill the saucepan—up to the top of the cabbage only—with the *bouillon*, which must have simmered during six hours.

Now put it over a good fire, and at the end of ten minutes the saucepan will be dry ;—the cabbage has absorbed the liquid, and is a third bigger than it was at first. Now pour in more *bouillon* as before ; the cabbage only absorbs half the liquid this time. Repeat the process once more, and after two hours' cooking, serve the cabbage on the top of the ham, and put into the tureen, the liquor, mixed with the remainder of the *bouillon*. You have before you the famous *soupe aux choux* of the great *romancier* !

Dumas, however, has not been content with putting the finishing touch to the labours of others ; his master mind has unbent itself, and he has *invented* a soup, the receipt for which he also sent to his admiring friend Second. Here it is—first premising that tomatoes must be in season for its composition. At eleven in the morning, the *pot-au-feu* should be ready, but in less quantity than has been already directed, since the *bouillon* only enters a third into the composition of this *potage*, which may be made with either mussels, shrimps, or *écrevisses*. At four o'clock, twelve tomatoes and twelve white onions should be put into a saucepan and allowed to boil an hour, and then passed through a rather fine sieve, so that the tomato seeds do not escape. Thus reduced to a pulp, the mixture must be salted and peppered, and put over a very slow fire to reduce and thicken. Then put on the mussels, should you choose them for your soup, without water ; if you prefer shrimps or *écrevisses*, cook them with a sauce

formed of a bottle of white wine, some herbs, a large glass of good vinegar, some chopped carrot and pepper and salt. In a quarter of an hour the mussels will have exuded their juices, and in half an hour the shrimps or *écrevisses* will be cooked. You then add the tomatoes, the liquor of the mussels, or the sauce of the *écrevisses* or shrimps—whichever you have chosen for your soup—to the *bouillon* of beef which has been cooking since the morning. Crush a very small piece of garlic with the end of a knife, and brown it over the fire in a saucepan with a little oil. You now pour the *bouillon*, to which you have added the tomatoes, etc., gently into this saucepan, turning the while; let it boil well for a quarter of an hour, and then throw in the mussels, or the *écrevisses* or shrimps. If you have chosen *écrevisses* for your soup, you should bruise the claws and bodies in a mortar, boil the paste in a little of the sauce which you have made, and mix this with the other ingredients of the soup.

The directions of the Great Alexander to his friend Alberic, conclude with a receipt for onion soup. He admits that he is prolix, but then he says he writes less for cooks than for those who have no idea of what cookery should be. He tells us that this soup ought to be made with the large white Spanish onion, which is sweeter, more agreeable in taste, and possesses more nutritive and stimulating properties than the red onion of Florence. These qualities blended into a soup, render it especially dear to sportsmen and tipplers, by whom it is held in great veneration as

a restorative. Take twenty large onions, chopped very fine ; fry them with a pound of butter. When well browned, mix with them three quarts of new milk—if not fresh the milk will turn—and boil them together ten minutes. Then pass them through a coarse sieve so that the *bouillon* may be thick : add pepper and salt, and the yolks of six eggs ; mix well and pour into the tureen, into the bottom of which some *croûtes* of fried bread should be waiting.

M. Gouffé is not so extravagant as M. Dumas. The renowned *chef* of the Jockey Club says in his work on the Kitchen : “ I make a distinction between a *pot-au-feu* for every day use, and one for extra occasions. For the first, or small *pot-au-feu*, take a pound and a half of beef (leg or shoulder parts), a quarter of a pound of bone (about that quantity included in that weight of meat), three and a half quarts of water, an ounce of salt, one middle sized carrot (say five ounces), one large onion (say five ounces), with a clove stuck in it ; three leeks (say about seven ounces), half a head of celery (say half an ounce), one middle-sized turnip (say five ounces), and one small parsnip (say one ounce). For the larger *pot-au-feu*, take three pounds of beef, one pound of bone, five and a half quarts of water, two ounces of salt, two carrots, two large onions, six leeks, two turnips, one parsnip (say two ounces), and two cloves to the onion. Soup produced by the first recipe will be found amply sufficient for four or five persons ; if there are only two to partake of it, the remainder will

not, on that account, be lost, as it will do for a second time ; it will also be useful to have at hand to add to the sauce for warming up the beef. The meat, besides producing a good broth, makes a good *bouilli*.

“The first requisite is a good slow fire ; feed your stove well with charcoal, so as not to have to replenish it for three hours, and when you *do* have to renew the fire, be careful not to hurry the boiling, which should always proceed slowly. Do not close the pot hermetically, as this would prevent the broth being clear. After boning the beef, tie it round with string, in order to keep it together and in shape ; break the bones with the cleaver, put the pieces in the pot first and the meat over them ; add three and a half quarts of cold filtered water for the small pot, and five and a half for the large one. Put the pot on the fire : when nearly boiling, skim, and add half-a-gill of cold water for the small pot, and one gill for the large pot ; repeating this operation two or three times, will secure a clear and limpid appearance to the broth. Then add the vegetables indicated above, and as soon as boiling recommences, remove the pot to the stove-corner. Let it remain there simmering for four or five hours ; the fire should be kept steady all the time, so that a slight but continual ebullition take place. When the broth is done, take out the meat and put it on a dish ; taste the broth, and if any additional salt be required, add it—but only at the last moment, when the soup is poured in the tureen, it being best to keep the stock lightly seasoned, as

this will always increase in warming up and reducing for sauces."

Dr. Letheby, in his Lecture on Food, in the *Medical Press and Circular*, has described the chemical values, to the human frame, of different soups. His remarks should be studied by *chefs* and housewives. The cook should be something of a chemist.

See "Year Book," 1868, pp. 194, 164; the "pignatta." p. 160.

LADY BUSTLE'S ORANGE PUDDING.



RIED Dr. Johnson—"She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which she has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with such secresy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been discovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can suggest. It is never known beforehand when this pudding will be produced ; she takes the ingredients privately into her own closet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the house, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands ; the mouth of the oven is then stopped, and all inquiries are vain."

Lady Bustle has left disciples. The ingredients of a plum-pudding which has been made in a great Bloomsbury house, for two or three generations, remain a secret to this hour, save to the eldest daughter of the family. Unruly members have stormed the

citadel: but the secret has been preserved intact. Sisters have parted in enmity: but the Bloomsbury plum-pudding still proudly remains the heritage of the eldest girl. It chanced that one of the sons of the family was born a philosopher. This calamity befell the great house in the Bloomsbury Square some forty years ago. In due time, among other experiments, he essayed matrimony. Reasoning on the morality of secrets in cookery, he concluded that locking up a good recipe was as sinful as withholding a great truth. Suppose Newton had said that the law of gravitation should go with him to his grave! He sat at his desk and wrote a moral essay on the selfishness of hoarding an enjoyment, the communication of which to others lessens no part of the imparter's share. "You will send me, my good sister, the recipe which has been in our family some seventy years: and your pudding should be the sweeter, eaten with the knowledge that, through you, one equally good is the portion of your brother and your sister-in-law on the first Christmas day of her married life." The philosopher's sister wrote that she was astonished at the audacity of her brother; and, moreover, was very sorry, if her sister-in-law had been a party to the application, her mother had not taught her better manners.

Hereupon the philosopher was parted from his sister for years; and she and her children enjoyed the Bloomsbury plum-pudding alone. Time led the sister's eldest daughter to the altar. "I wonder," said the mocking philosopher, "whether Theodosia will give

the recipe to her own child, on her marriage." In very mischief he took up the account of Lady Bustle's Orange pudding, and extracted the following paragraph: "She (Lady B.) has, however, promised her daughter Clorinda, that if she pleases her in marriage, she shall be told the composition of the pudding without reserve." He sent this extract, in a blank envelope, to his sister. The female mind has a quick scent. The sister recognised the malice of the philosopher: and returned the extract, having written on the tongue of the envelope, "Nobody shall have it while I live. My mother left it to me on her deathbed. I am sorry your wife has not learned manners yet. To be sure *you* are not capable of teaching her."

"What profound, what whimsical, what devilish selfishness," quoth the philosopher. "The perfect Christmas pudding is that which none but ourselves can taste!"

The Bustle blood has not died out yet.

PICNIC REFORM.



VEN the naturally disputatious will not dispute the fact, that half the picnics given under the uncertain sky of England, are failures. To begin with, it is difficult to get a good picnic party together. The thorough picnic nature is not common among us. We cannot unbend easily. It is with the greatest difficulty we loose the bow. Now, at a picnic, the company should be all not only genial, but *sans-gêne*. As Mademoiselle Schneider has pithily observed in *Barbe Bleue*, "*Jusqu'il y a de la gêne, il y a pas de plaisir.*" I have had occasion to observe that the government of *sans-gêne* is one of the most difficult and delicate matters in the world. How far it is removed from rudeness, from familiarity, from "hail, fellow" coarseness, it is not given to all to measure justly. Safe *sans-gêne* is possible only in a company where all are well-bred. The underbred pass rapidly from playfulness to buffoonery. The laughter becomes loud that should only sparkle and bubble. At best, we make bad gipsies. But there is no reason why we should not endeavour to get at something like the reason why picnics are so often

failures ; and do away with it. Bores and *gâte-joies* are accidents which the most careful host cannot always eliminate from his company. A comic gentleman intrudes. A guest lives too well in presence of the champagne that he has espied lying in the ice-buckets, and buried in ferns. A prude finds fault with everything. An audacious lady shocks the dean. Your awkward visitor upsets the salad mixture—for salad mixtures have not yet been driven, as an abomination, out of the best regulated picnics. Somebody troubles the party with an attack of hysterics. There is the lady who is quite sure she cannot sit upon the grass. It is barely possible to escape the pest who screams at the approach of a June fly, and wants salts after the apparition of a caterpillar. But of all picnic nuisances, preserve me from the officious, awkward guest, who gives the wrong wines with unflagging assiduity. The provoking element in him is, that while he is rasping the temper of the company, he is in the seventh heaven of enjoyment himself.

Leaving some sociable and sensible creature to address herself to the art of selecting a picnic company, I would submit a few observations on picnic gastronomy, which are the result of experiments I made, or assisted to make, during last autumn and in the spring of last year. The art of lying on the grass, of dispensing with knife or fork, of making yourself generally useful—with the air of one accustomed to be generally useless,—is not to be mastered in an afternoon. As it is held a special compliment to a man's

manners and intellectual gifts, to ask him to breakfast, so it should be high flattery to bid him be merry in good company under the greenwood tree. Let the candid reader admit, however, that there is vast room for improvement in the art of dining with nothing between you and the pendent caterpillar—in a gastronomic direction. The English picnic, as now ordered, may be described as an incongruous company brought together to eat anything, and everything, in the open. The time will come, I fondly hope, when we shall know how to select a picnic company, as Costa selects a band, so that there shall not be a possibility of discord. Now I am anxious that when that good time shall be upon us, picnic-hosts or planners shall have learned the art of composing a

MENU SOUS LES FEUILLES.

To this end, I repeat, I have ventured on a few experiments, and counselled many more. Could anything be more barbarous than the common picnic fare of England? Picnics are held in the glad summertime, when we are least inclined for substantial fare. Glance under yonder branching elm. There a cloth is spread, and upon it are substantial viands, ham and beef, those greasy plummets called meat patties, a Stilton cheese, mounds of biscuits, cold fowls, glazed tongues, dozens of bottled beer—varieties of chemical mixtures dear to the British palate, as sherry pale or brown. If the picnic be on the true principle of a common gastronomic subscription, there is no telling

what horrible forms some of the subscriptions will take. While one lady will bring a little pigeon-pic, noticeable chiefly for the absence of pigeons, and a *char-à-banc* full of friends; another will bring a copious provision of crude fruit from her garden. The consequence of a general gastronomic subscription in a large English company, where the knowledge of nearly all is restricted to a few meats and pies, must be a heavy, not to say coarse, banquet, altogether unsuited to the season. At the English picnic, more than in any other entertainment, is shown our utter disregard of the fitness of things in the matter of eating. Dr. A. W. Bellows, in his "Philosophy of Eating," recently published in New York,* complains that the Americans in their diet pay no attention to season and climate, and their own occupations, but "persist in having the same greasy and carbonaceous fare upon their tables, in summer as in winter, in Maine and South Carolina, and hence dyspepsia and bilious fevers." He strongly objects to a breakfast of baked beans and fat pork—the proper meal for a wood sawyer in January—as a fitting preparation for a sermon on a Sunday in July. The remark applies with particular force to our picnics, and to other gastronomic habits of ours. The provoking part of our blunder is, that with a little thought it is easily mended; since the gastronomic resources of London are as abounding and as accessible to modest purses as they are in any European capital.

* See "Reviews."

I was led to the consideration of the radical defects in English picnics, by a conversation that happened early last spring, on bachelors' receptions. A Temple man was besieged by his female relatives. They insisted that he should show them the church and the grave of poor Goldy, and afterwards entertain them to lunch in his chambers. The ladies were enchanted at the idea of penetrating the dusty retreat of the bachelor. The Temple man was horrified; he had no cook, and Gunter was out of the question. I undertook to solve the difficulty for him, beseeching him to remember how enchanting girls look when they are roughing it—if they know how to rough it. Hearts have been killed with an oyster-knife before now, and a girl with a penholder for a teaspoon has proved irresistible. I undertook to get my friend out of his difficulty, and in my own way. I took into my councils the intelligent purveyors of delicacies, who are scattered about the west-end of London. There was not time to study a *menu*, but just to show my friend what could be done in a bachelor's lodgings, with merely a fire and an intelligent woman to wait, I threw together the following whimsical bill of fare, and I called it (for all was carried to the Temple packed in tins, as it might be carried to Timbuctoo),

POTTED LUCK.

MENU.

Potages.—Crécy; julienne; mock turtle. Vin du Rhin.
Hors d'œuvres.—Sardines d'arcachon; Russian caviare;

Oxford brawn ; Hamburg bread ; beurre de Milan ; cressons de Springhead ; barberà ; vermouth de Milan.

Entrées.—Côtelettes de porc, sauce tomate ; chaud-froid de bœuf ; pâté de veau ; pâté de poulet ; galantine de volaille truffée ; foie-gras aux truffes. Macon vieux ; Roederer.

Douceurs.—Confiture de cerises ; compote de fraises ; confiture aux abricots ; marmalade d'oranges de Seville ; babas Savarin ; petits fours ; grapes.

Coffee ; Grande Chartreuse ; cognac ; cigarettes de St. Petersbourg.

“Potted Lucks” are entertainments of which the reader will hear again. The success of our Temple experiment led to its repetition on other occasions. It was agreed that the plan might be extended to picnics and races, and that henceforth instead of the hampers of heavy ill-packed meats, etc., which the Englishman has been wont to carry for consumption *al fresco* ; he might have light and seasonable delicacies, and for instance, at a picnic, arrange a *menu* to which the various guests might bring their appointed contributions in the smallest possible compass, and without risk of damage. The ladies who assisted at the “Potted Luck” in chambers, were so surprised and delighted with the novelty of the bachelor’s fare, that they resolved to imitate it ; and in the full glory of the summer, I received a gracious summons to a delightful day in the country, accompanied with the following *menu*.

POTTED LUCK.

Sous les Feuilles.

BELVEDERE PARK, June 13, 1868.

"No larger feast than under plane or pine,
 With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
 Only such cups as left us friendly, warm,
 Nothing to mar the sober majesties
 Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life."

*Tennyson.**Potage.*—Crécy. Vermouth de Turin.

Hors d'œuvres.—Salade d'anchois ; salade de homard ; caviare ; saucisson de Brunswick ; saucisson de Strasbourg aux truffes ; salame di Milan ; salame di Bologna ; olives d'Espagne ; anchois frais ; écrevisse ; potted tongue.

Punch à la Romaine.

Entrées.—Pâté de gibier de Yorck ; pâté de volaille ; pâté de veau ; potted Strasbourg meat ; poulet aux truffes ; jambon de Yorck ; gigot d'agneau à l'anglais ; bœuf.

Wines.—Xérès ; Bordeaux ; Champagne ; Carlowitz ; Rudesheimer.

Dessert.—Fraises ; pâtisserie ; gruyère ; roquefort.

Café.

Estratto di tamarindo.

The oldest picnic-frequenter present, cordially pronounced our day *sous les feuilles* to be a glorious revolution.

REVIEWS.

THE COSMOPOLITAN COOK.*



RANTING M. Urbain Dubois' book comprehensive and learned as it is, it will not supersede M. Gouffé's great work, nor pale the Gouffé laurels. The *Cuisine de Tous les Pays* is an admirable conception in this particular, that it is a thoroughly liberal cookery-book. There is no wearisome glorification of the French cuisine, to the exclusion of everything foreign. M. Dubois, albeit he is necessarily based on the French methods and inventions, and combinations, as the only true ones in his art, is cosmopolitan in spirit, and for the best of all reasons,—he has had experience of various kitchens. He has surveyed the schools, and has found something good in each. He teaches the continental *chefs* that there is much in England which it will be to their advantage to learn. Writing from the culinary realms of the King of Prussia, he does not

* *Cuisine de Tous les Pays. Etudes Cosmopolites.* Par Urbain Dubois, Chef de Cuisine to the King and Queen of Prussia. Paris. Dentu.

forget the excellence of the English rhubarb tart. He explains that knowledge of the tastes of men of all nations "who know how to eat," is now indispensable to the professor of the culinary art. He must be able to cook a banquet at which all the sovereigns of Europe should be assembled; and flatter each *convive* with a good sample of his native kitchen—not forgetting a *clam chowder* for the President of the United States. M. Dubois has approached his subject from this true and lofty point of view; so that with his book, in which the directions are at once plain and copious, a *chef* may defy his master to produce a guest for whom he cannot prepare a gastronomic compliment. The author of the "Classic Kitchen" (*Cuisine Classique*) has pursued his plan throughout with laborious caution, taking care to inform himself on foreign or rare dishes among his brethren who were special authorities. Among the soups are *Cucido a la Portugaise*, *Puchero à l'Espagnole*, *consommé aux biscottes à la Viennoise*, *Consommé aux noques à la Genevoise*, *Fulienne à la Russe* and *à la Polonaise*, *Couscous des Arabes*, *Soupe aux cerises à l'Allemande*, *Soupe à la Bière*, *à la Berlinoise*, *Soupe du Holstein*, *Cock-a-leekie à l'Ecossaise*, *Purée Belge*, *Purée de Mauviettes à la Persane*, *Soupe au canard à la Lithuanienne*, *Stchi vert à la Russe*, *Borsch Moldave*, *Soupe d'agneau à la Grecque*, *Soupe tortue à l'Americaine*, &c., &c. This list will give the reader a tolerable notion of the author's geographical scope.

Each department or section is introduced with

general reflections and directions, in which we see the practical man as well as the man of taste. This Cosmopolitan cookery book is not a work, it should be at once observed, on the *Grande Cuisine* (this has been treated at length in the author's *Cuisine Classique*), but a manual for the daily use of people who know how to eat, and have cooks who, with its help, could take them on a tasting expedition round the world. M. Dubois distinguishes carefully, like M. Jules Gouffé, between the ordinary epicurean dinner and the state dinner; the ordinary dinner being that which the epicure enjoys, and over which the criticism is keenest. Soup, for instance, in an ordinary dinner, where the dishes are well chosen and delicate, is but an accessory, and should be richly simple and delicately succulent: on state occasions, when the soup may be one of the important dishes of the banquet, as in Russia, where it often costs more than the rest of the dinner, every licence is given to the cook in the way of *garniture*.

The author dwells on the immense value of fish to the gastronomic professor; it offers him inexhaustible resources wherever he may be. There is fish in every corner of the world, which he may turn to profit upon the table—as soup, *hors d'œuvre*, *relevés*, hot and cold *entrées*, and *rôts*. M. Dubois in this department exhibits the copiousness of his sources of information, brilliantly. He treats of every fish known in Europe, and begins with fish as the English cook and eat it, giving us credit for the skill with which we prepare it, and the sauces with which we produce it upon our

tables. There is a drawing of a turbot *à l'Anglaise*, crowned with a *hâtelet* (trident-shaped) bearing truffle and prawns, that warms the patriotism of the British reader. Europe, from the fishmonger's point of view, follows. Salmon cutlets *à la mode de Francfort*, cured salmon *à la Norvégienne*, Rhine salmon, *Hure de saumon à la Dieppoise*, brancino, *sauce verte à la Vénitienne*, perch *à la sauce Silésienne* and *à la Suédoise*, *coulubiak Russe*, a German herring salad, a curry of fresh herrings, cured eels *à la Suédoise*, the little Tiber eels *aux petit pois*, the celebrated *clovisses* of Marseilles and *praires* of Toulon (which are served alive in a little fresh water), *brochet à la mode de Potsdam*, whitebait*, *seibling sauce Bavaoise* (with a portrait of one weighing upwards of six pounds, served at the King of Prussia's table), *Saudres à la mode de Dantzig*, *soudac des gourmets*, grilled oysters *à l'Américaine*, and fried *à la mode de Hambourg*, *matelote Russe*, *sterlet au Chablis*. Sterlet is the finest Russian fish,—a real delicacy, for which fabulous sums are paid in the winter months. M. Dubois makes a handsome suggestion. Let some speculator establish himself at St. Petersburg, and open a business in *patés de sterlet*, and he will command the support of the gourmets of Europe. M. Dubois speaks with the experience of a learned and renowned professor who has made and tasted sterlet *patés*. We might fill

* M. Dubois says: "English whitebait is the little fish that is called canchetti in Italy, poutin at Nice, and poisson blanc at Bordeaux." He remarks that the English love to eat it at "Grénisch."

pages with the various European dishes of fish ; some are startling to the English reader, as *carpe à la Bière* ; many are new, even to the fairly travelled epicure. But at every page points of interest to the *chef* or to the gourmet, turn up.

Speaking of soles *à la mode de Trouville*, M. Dubois recommends the finishing touch of 150 grammes of good Isigny butter. This leads to a remark on the butter in question. "Isigny butter possesses incomparable culinary qualities. A sauce finished at the moment with a little of this butter, becomes unctuous, velvety, and creamy. Happy indeed the cooks who, when at work, are able to command this powerful auxiliary !" Again, of caviar : "Caviar is a product of Eastern Russia. That from Astrakan is the most highly esteemed, but Europe gets all its caviar through Russia. It is an excellent, and a wholesome breakfast dish. In Russia it is eaten with wooden or mother-of-pearl spoons, for it should never be touched with metal. It is served on toast, flavoured with pepper and lemon juice ; robust epicureans add chopped onion or eschalot. This addition brings out the flavour wonderfully. It can be preserved only by being kept in closed earthenware jars, upon ice. Heat destroys its good qualities. In the East, and even in the South of France, pressed caviar is known as poutargue. This is well esteemed by connoisseurs, but it has not all the qualities of fresh caviar." Poutargue is to be had, I may observe, in Paris and London. I have had it commonly in Paris. It should be eaten directly it is

cut. Oil and lemon are necessary, if only to moisten and freshen it.

Meat is described by M. Dubois as "the nerve and soul of the kitchen." Great joints are the background to state dinners; and meat is the basis of soups, and entrées, and sauces. He observes: "butcher's meat is served as *relevé*, as *entrée*, but very rarely as *rôt*; albeit in the position of *relevé* or *entrée*, a roast or a grill is dished." The author insists on hot plates and dishes; a good point, especially on the Continent, where the commonest kitchen vice is inattention to this. He gives us full credit for our methods of cooking and carving joints, and recommends it to his brethren. A valuable feature in the directions for the preparation of meats is, indeed, the minutely explained carving.* Anything more closely to the purpose, and more pregnant with plentiful knowledge, than the 106 full pages which are devoted to the epicurean treatment of butcher's meats in the various countries of the civilised world, cannot be imagined. Every dish is a personal study and experience. The correct "bifteck Chateaubriand," not the ordinary one, is a good illustration of M. Dubois' care and conscientiousness. He gives the method laid down and practised by Chateaubriand's own *chef*, and an infinitely more delicate one it is than that which is generally adopted. Where he trusts to others he candidly owns his obligation, as in his account of *Paëlla à l'Espagnole*, the great dish of

* See, on this subject, the "Year Book for 1868," p. 47, "The Point of the Knife."

great Spanish entertainments. "I admit," M. Dubois observes, "that I have never prepared it myself, but I have tasted it in Spain, and found it better than I had supposed it could be." In this dish are beef, pork,* ham, fowls, pigeons, partridges, and rabbits; eels, snails; artichokes, peas, beans, carrots, and tomatos—among other things! The culinary bit from Turkey is amusing; *apropos* of the *ouson-kebab*, or Turkish roast. That which is curious in the cooking of the square slices of beef on a spit, between fat and bay leaves, is, that the fat must be of sheep's tail. In Turkey sheeps' tail fat is used instead of lard—lard being prohibited by the law of the Prophet. "I have seen," M. Dubois says, "at Constantinople, sheeps' tails that weighed, without exaggeration, ten kilogrammes (over twenty pounds). The tails are so excessively developed that the breeders are compelled to support them upon the live sheep, with little chariots. The Turks are very fond of the fat of the sheep's tail."

The English saddle of mutton and quarter of lamb have made their reputation good in most of the kitchens in Europe, with little modifications, none of which, to my mind, are improvements. The saddle of mutton of the *Maison Dorée* is not worthy to appear under the same roof with one—say at the Reform Club, or at the Albion, by Drury Lane. Nor can we accept the dish marked 569 on M. Dubois' list, and headed, *Muttons shopps des brasseurs*. We pass the spelling as the

* A learned Spanish traveller suggests to me that the pork was cast into the Spanish dishes, in fear of the Inquisition.

least objectionable part of the complete mistake. The cook is directed to broil the chops, after having salted them, and warmed them with Cayenne pepper, and rubbed them with lard! Serve each with a lump of butter seasoned with chopped eschalots, parsley, and lemon juice. This may be a continental "muttons shopps," but it is not an improvement on an English mutton chop.

Poultry is divided into four distinct categories, viz. 1, chickens, fowls, and capons; 2, turkeys, peacocks, and guinea fowl; 3, geese and ducks; 4, pigeons. Game is marked into two categories, viz. 1, bipeds; 2, quadrupeds. France and England are set down as better provided with poultry than any other country, because in these lands the improvement of breeds and the best fattening processes are studied. The fowls of Brussels and Sagou, the geese of Silesia and Wurtemberg, Tou'ouse ducks, the capons of Kieff, Florence, and Styria, are evidence that excellent poultry may be raised in any part of the Continent. M. Dubois' gastronomic wanderings in the poultry-yard are comprehensively learned. He tells us how the turkey is cooked, not only in various countries, but in the various departments of countries; as that roast turkey, possibly stuffed with sausages and chestnuts, is served in Provence, with a salad of sweet white celery. Again in the south of France, and in Italy, the turkey is presented to the fire stuffed with black olives. "Such a roast is little known in the north, but is worthy to be offered to the gourmet." We have

even *les poulets de Sahara*, a contribution to the author's treasures from an eminent epicure, who, he suspects, must be a practiser of gastronomic science as well as a man of taste. Some dishes the renowned *chef* enters with a protest. *Canard aux cerises à la Flamande*, is accompanied by a note: "In regard to some dishes, which sin against the common rules of gastronomy, I may be permitted to observe that I was bound to include them in my plan, and I have done so." *Patés d'Ours à la Russe*, in spite of the careful preparation and the currant jelly, is not, M. Dubois admits, appetising to the palates of the gourmets of Western Europe: try reindeer. *Mauviettes des Épicuriens*, each little fat, white bird, lying upon a truffle couch, the truffle being filled with a paste of truffle and *foie gras*, are more to the taste of Paris or London. During the season of 1868 *gêlinottes* from Russia were the fashionable dainty of the Paris gourmet.* M. Dubois gives five ways of cooking them, including the Russian and Swedish fashions. Broiled, and served with *sauce Tartare*, is perhaps the simplest and best manner.

Here is a culinary law. "*Entremets* of vegetables, in their simplicity, are always welcome at table; they have an assigned and a distinct rank in the order of a classic dinner, which would be incomplete without them. At a friendly or family dinner, *entremets* of vegetables are not always served, particularly when the *entrées* of meat have been garnished; but they

* Hazel-hen.

are obligatory at state dinners. Farinaceous dishes, as polenta, tagliarini, lasagne, spaglietti, nouilles, are ranged with vegetables. It is a pity M. Dubois has not had his English corrected; among his *entremets* figure "Indian mell," "Buckro-heat-cakes."

Entremets sucrés call up all M. Dubois' energies. They are the crown of the dinner. According to this authority the sweet *entremets* must, at a classic banquet, equal in number the hot or cold *entrées*. On occasions, at a pinch, the sweet *entremets* may appear with the vegetables. M. Dubois' list is a long one, for every nation in which gastronomy is at all studied, has its range of sweet dishes. England figures honourably in the list, to her rhubarb pie and roly-poly pudding, corrupted by the *chef* to "rool-pudding." The bulky volume is brought to a close with a direction for the concoction of a brisk Berlin restorative, called "Knick-ebein. "Drop the yolk of an egg into a long champagne glass. Upon this yolk pour gently half a liqueur glass of good cogniac, and upon this again a glass of alkermès or good curaçoa, taking care that this floats upon the rest, without mixing with it. Swallow at a draught—and to the health of M. Urbain Dubois, whose book is a delightful addition to gastronomic literature.

M. Dubois is a bold man. He has divulged the secret of the pork butchers of Sainte Menchould, who have so long enjoyed the secret of so preparing trotters, that the bones crumble under the pressure of a finger. I refer those who may be interested in acquiring the

secret (and surely our clumsy native operators are) to M. Dubois' pages.

“HISTOIRE DE LA TABLE.”*

A MASS of learned gossip about *Monsieur l'Appétit* is compressed within the covers of M. Nicolardot's book. The table customs of the Greeks and Romans ; the influence of Christianity on gastronomy ; foreign tables before the time of Louis XIV. ; the influence of the Great Monarch on modern epicureanism ; eighteenth century studies on the necessary and the superfluous ; Napoleon's table, and the modern kitchen ;—comprehend an area for the observation of the scholarly epicure, which must satisfy the most ambitious and the greediest worker. M. Nicolardot has opened up a new way by which the student may look at the history of the world. The world, as *Monsieur l'Appétit* has affected it, is a point of view not unworthy of the most serious intellect. The universe seen from the dinner table has been a favourite theme with a hundred writers. “La sentence du satirique est vraie, qui dict Messer Gaster, estre de tous arts le maistre,” says Rabelais. “Have you never reflected,” Count Joseph de Maistre asked, in his *Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*, “on the importance which men

* *Histoire de la Table. Curiosités Gastronomiques de tous les temps et de tous les pays.* Par Louis Nicolardot. Paris. Dentu.

have always given to a feast in common?" It is true that men have found no more expressive sign of union than that of breaking bread together. M. Nicolardot, while he pretends to embrace the world, and to fold it in a dinner napkin, explains that there is no reason to mention every race, since there are many who have no cookery whatever. He supports his assertion with a passage from Jacques Arago's *Voyage autour du Monde*. Arago observes, that from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn, a space equal to five-sixths of the earth's circumference, not one savage race eats a seasoned dish ; no sauces, no mixtures. Everything is burnt in the fire, or in an oven. This is barren ground to the gastronomic student ; whence he hastens to France, where the appearance of the dessert marks the hour of art, of surprises, of refined luxuries. M. Nicolardot lays all his verdicts and observations under suspicion, by the little knowledge he shows of the state of gastronomy in England. Since when has the distinguished Englishman disdained bread in favour of potatoes? It is not true that the cultivated Briton has taste or care for a *pièce de résistance* only. "It is generally a roast or a fish, and he returns again and again for slices until his appetite is appeased." He says, "I have dined on such a meat or such a fish." Invitations are issued to eat a certain roast, or a salmon. In honour of this dish the richest plate is brought out. The ordinary silver is good enough for the rest." Herein is a grain of truth. An Englishman asks a friend to have a chop with him ; a Frenchman

invites his companion to take soup with him ; but he is a provokingly literal fellow who expects just the chop or the *bouillon*.

M. Nicolardot says he might go back to Cadmus the cook, and founder of Thebes ; but he prefers the more modest plan of beginning with Homer. He notes Achilles as a skilful *rôtisseur*. From Homer we come naturally to his plentiful borrower, Athenæus and his table laws ; and here we find the beginning of a system governing hospitality and the refinements of the table. Is it proper to carry wreaths of flowers to a banquet ? What are the qualities which should shine in the president of a feast ? Should table conversation include philosophy ? Should public affairs be a dinner topic, as among the Greeks and Persians ? The whole is concluded in this precept : " The supper's most delicious *ragout* is the society of an intimate friend ; not because he eats and drinks with us, but because he shares the charms of conversation with us." M. Nicolardot vividly sketches the gradual rise of the cook's art, which began in the chase, the fields, the poultry yard, the garden, and with the discriminating angler's rod. Gradually, as men learned how to improve upon wild nature in the production of flavours and noble pieces for the cook's use, a contention arose between the plain roast and the *ragout*, which was "as the first cannon-shot between the ancients and the moderns." The *entremets* strove against the *pièces de résistance*, and *petits fours* burned to take their place as conquerors. Experiments were spread far

and wide ; receipts were accumulated. "Altars and temples were raised to those who discovered necessary or useful things. Everything which contributed to human happiness was put under the protection of a divinity. The harvests were given to Ceres, the vine to Bacchus, gardens to Pomona, the forest to Diana, the sea to Neptune. From rivers to fountains, all streams became peopled, without harming Bacchus or Ceres, the worship of whom, according to Diodorus of Sicily, was most general. Honours must be designed for the creators of pleasures. History did not disdain to dedicate to immortality every individual who, directly or indirectly, by his industry or his appetite, tended to promote the progress of the culinary art. Athenæus mentions the great eaters and the great drinkers. He distinguishes lovers of fish, and does not forget the searchers after pure springs of water." Plato boasts of the attic pastry, and drags from obscurity the baker Thearion, celebrated for his bread ; and Mithæcus, whose *ragouts* were famous. This principle is as fresh and applicable now as though it were laid down yesterday. He who knows nothing of the culinary art cannot worthily take his place at the banquet. The Greeks who set the names of seven cooks against the seven sages (Lamprias, inventor of black butter, was of the number) were a nation in whom delicacy of perception was the chief characteristic. The Romans paid homage to the culinary art to the greatest extent ; a good cook in their most luxurious days earned something like £1000

a-year. Seneca laments, "No more literary studies. Neglected professors yawn in their deserted schools. In the rooms of the rhetorician and the philosopher, the solitude is complete. But, see the crowds in the kitchens! Youths in hosts besiege the ovens of the dissipated!"

The Sybarites, who gave the inventor of a dish a patent right over it for a year; Heliogabalus; Apicius, who discovered how to keep oysters fresh, and him of the *ragouts* and cakes; Caligula and Vitellius; Caracalla as a picman;—these are beads on the historian's string. "Observe," remarks Juvenal, "their tastes lay all the elements under contribution. No price frightens them. The dearest thing is that which flatters them the most." The superfluous has become the indispensable, is Seneca's comment. "We have reached so high a point of delicacy, that we will walk only upon precious stones!" There was a sound idea of the fitness of things in the arrangement of Lucullus, who had dining-rooms prepared according to the banquets to be given in them. In the Hall of Apollo the feasts always cost one thousand pounds.

M. Nicolardot is full of anecdote. His collection is not a history, but consists of most entertaining and valuable *mémoires pour servir*; a kind of compilation in which our good neighbours excel.

BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA.*

WE have no book in which the art, the classics, and the poetry of gastronomy, is treated lightly, brightly, and learnedly, as in this handsome volume, which has reached me from the other side of the Atlantic. It is not a work of yesterday, but it is new in England. It is not an original book, but it is a patient compilation made by a refined, scholarly, and delicately appreciative mind. It is designed for ladies who, like Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Carter, can "both translate Epictetus and make a pudding; and write a Greek poem as well as embroider a handkerchief." The class is not large, I fear, just now, for if the female translators of Epictetus have increased in numbers vastly since the doctor's time, the makers of puddings have steadily decreased. "It must surely," the author says, "be a matter of interest, while preparing dishes to gratify the palates of the present generation, to notice what have pleased poets and philosophers, and races long past away, as well as to remark the great diversity of tastes, among the various nations now existing on the earth." The "three hundred original receipts of a practical nature" with which the volume is garnished, are furnished forth with abundance of gastronomic anecdote and history. The chapter on breakfasts is in Leigh Hunt's manner, travelling from Izaak Walton on the angler's breakfast, to N. P. Willis, Mrs. Stowe, and Lord Macaulay's

* "Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea: viewed Classically, Poetically, and Practically." D. Appleton. New York.

breakfast ideas, including his well-known distinction between an invitation to dinner and one to the intimate and bright early meal. Follow, capital hints on the various ingredients of breakfasts on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The chapter on the table habits and peculiar dishes of various nations is most entertaining, setting forth old dishes which have fallen into disuse, prejudices which have been overcome, and ancient habits to which modern customs may be traced. The recipe for dressing the peacock in the days of chivalry is curious, showing what honour was paid to the noble bird :

“When it was introduced on days of grand festivals, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry ‘before the peacock and the ladies.’ The receipt for dressing the peacock ‘enkakyll,’ as this dish was called, is thus given ; ‘Take and flay off the skin with the feathers, tail, and the neck and head thereon ; then take the skin and all the feathers, and lay it on the table abroad, and strew thereon ground cummin ; then take the peacock and roast him, and baste him with raw yolks of eggs ; and when he is roasted, take him off and let him cool awhile, then take him and sew him in his skin, and gild his comb, and so serve him forth with the last course.’ To accompany this dish, we are told of—

——— ‘the carcasses
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock.’”

The origin of the *menu* is touched upon, where the author treats of festival customs in the houses of the country gentlemen about Shakspeare's time :

“The *carte*, or bill of fare, was introduced about this period at the tables of the nobility ; for Harrison tells us that ‘the clearke of the kitchen useth (by a tricke taken up of late) to give in a briefe rehearsall of such and so manie dishes as are to come in everie course throughout the whole service in the dinner or supper ; which bill some doo call a memoriall, others a billet, but some a fillet, because such are commonly hanged on the file.”

The review of what people eat, and what their forefathers ate, diselos a rare list of human tastes and prejudices. The Spaniard held that eating a boar's head would drive a man mad ; the Englishman gives it the place of honour at his Christmas board. The ancient Roman epicures were fond of the flavour of young and well-fed puppies ; these same gentlemen crunched the bones of the nightingale. Christmas is celebrated by the Swedes with lut-fisk, or stock-fish, decomposed in a solution of potash. Miss Bunbury observes : “The smell of the lut-fisk is terrific.” To the Scandinavian nose it is a whiff of Araby the blest. The Burmese delight to regale themselves with fried locusts (likened to fried shrimps). In China rat-soup is considered equal to oxtail soup. Are we right, or are the celestials ? The Japanese eat sea-weed.

LES SOUPEURS DE MON TEMPS.*

WHEN the Golden Youth of 1830 were opening the Romantic School's steady, unrelenting war against the Academicians—about the time poor dear old Viennet (who has gone to his rest, at length, this year) was at the height of his popularity, Roger de Beauvoir appeared on the scene, and made himself welcome to Dumas, and Méry, Champagne, Bouffé, Briffault, and the rest of the laughing band, who wreathed their pens with the vine, and drew inspiration from Epernay and Rheims, and Perigueux, and Strasbourg, and were the life and soul of the Provençal brothers, and Véry, and the Café Anglais, in Delaunay's days. The supping men of his time, whom he has described in this posthumous volume, are a strange, weird set. There is an indescribable melancholy behind the laughter. The wit is plentiful; the fare is worthy of cultivated epicures. We see the pedantic eater, De Courchamps, in this corner of the Provençal Café, taking his saucers from his pocket, and cracking the bread which has been made specially for him in the morning. Roger de Beauvoir's jocund laugh and unflagging small-talk enliven the atmosphere. Life in its hey-day encompasses us. But behind the laughter lie the madhouse and the sick room; and Roger, while he paints the banquet, points the moral in hard lines. His own life and death, as told by his vivacious friend and boon

* *Les Soupeurs de mon Temps.* Par Roger de Beauvoir. Paris. Achille Faure.

companion, Dumas the Elder, make a surprisingly vivid teaching example. Roger's champagne bout with his doctor, when the man of science had given him up, is an acted scene that will shock many not over-sensitive people. There are some capital epicurean touches scattered through the book ; but some which show at once the taste and extravagance of the time of the plain Citizen King,—as the entertainment, the *menu* of which I transfer for the reader's benefit :

SUPPER given by Count Marius de Courchamps to Roger de Beauvoir, about 1832, at the Frères Provençaux, Palais Royal, Paris.

Début I. Vin de Frontignac pour les habiles, vin vieux de Pouilly pour les routiniers.—Vingt douzaines d'huitres d'Ostende ou d'huitres vertes de Marennes ; quatres piles de tartines au beurre frais assaisonné de mignonnette et jus de limon.

Vins de Sauterne et de Madère Sec.—Potage au gruau de Bretagne au lait d'amandes ; croûtes gratinées au consommé.

Vins de Marrachet et de l'Hermitage-Blanc.—Rognons de mouton émincés au vin de champagne mousseux ; boudins de chevreuil grillés sur une sauce à la moutarde ; Bayonnaise de homard garnie de queues de crevettes, œufs de gibier et cœurs de laitue ; aspic de blanc de volaille aux truffes, aux pistaches et à la gelée de couleur.

Vins de Saint-Féray, de Sillery, et de Nuits, blanc et mousseux.—Jambon de sanglier (sauce froide à l'allemande) ; gros pâté de bécasses et bécassines de Montreuil-sur-Mer ; truffes de Périgord au vin de Bordeaux (dressez-les en forme de rocher, sur une corbeille).

Vins du Rhin, vins de Rattertorff, vin de Sétuval, et Mal-

voisie de l'Archipel.—Tourte de marrons glacés à la croûte d'amandes ; Solilème au beurre d'Isigny (pour le chocolat) ; Konques-biscoques à la flamande (pour le café) ; Brioche à l'ancienne, c'est-à-dire au fromage de Brie (pour le thé) ; gaufres de macarons d'amandes amères, roulées en cornets ; glacés panachées, nougats.

N.B. Terminer le présent souper par un bon verre de vieux Kirsch ou de cinnamomum de Trieste.

Roger de Beauvoir observes that had *menus* like these been in vogue, the monarchy of Charles X. would have remained unshaken. His own stories contradict him. His boon companions died mostly poor ; many forgotten ; and some mad. The Golden Youth faded sadly—sadly as Father la Loque, whose legacy of corks to his ungrateful guests should be borne in mind by the man who is prone to sit at the spendthrift's board.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.*

OUR American cousins are pushing in advance of us in epicurean literature, as well as in dietetics. Since "The Original" appeared, English publishers have put forth no work worthy to be ranked with that of Dr. A. Bellows—a Boston physician, who has made the philosophy of eating his study for thirty years.

* "The Philosophy of Eating." By Dr. A. W. Bellows. Hurd and Houghton, New York.

Like all who have written gastronomically of late, the Boston physician is a stout advocate of rigorous temperance. The testimony he brings in support of his view, is important; but it applies chiefly to the classes whom his words will never reach. The well-bred, in these days are, in the main, temperate: but among the lower middle, and the working ranks of life, intemperance is making mighty havoc. The "scallywag" class among the doctor's fellow countrymen need his impressive warning. But put this part of Dr. Bellows' work aside, as beyond the province of the epicurean inquirer. Who knows how to eat, knows how to drink. Mr. Walker, on the subject of wine, is far sounder than Dr. Bellows. But the Boston physician is a useful man in his generation—and especially in his country, where pie and candies have sway. He inculcates the economical use of food moreover; and dwells on the need there is in a well-ordered society, that all to whom the production, purchase, and preparation of food is intrusted, should be instructed in its chemical and nutritive qualities. There is waste of food, and there is misapplication of it in the United States, as well as in Great Britain. The buttermilk, that would give brain and muscle to American children, is thrown to the pigs: the butter yields only fat and heat—these the children get. The misuse of wheat is graver still. The solid flesh-giving part goes to the cattle; the starch to the human creature. The doctor advocates bread made of unbolted wheat-flour, as a food chemically sufficient to

supply all the daily waste of the physical man. Seasonable food is another consideration—and one that is wholly neglected among the poorer classes of all artificial societies; but especially so, it would seem, in the United States as well as in this country. The doctor rebukes his fellow citizens as careless eaters, who have the same greasy and carbonaceous food North and South, in winter and summer. This is surely rational enough. He who is about to spend a July morning listening to a sermon, cannot require the breakfast of baked beans and fat pork, which is needful to the wood-sawyer in January: yet the attendant at church takes the overdose, while the danger is that the wood-sawyer, to whom it is a necessity, cannot get within reach of it. The doctor is a humorous narrator of his experience—putting his argument as to the fitness of food so that it shall strike home. As,—

“Is your fat, good-natured old grandfather living on fat beef and pork, white bread and butter, buckwheat cakes and molasses, rice and sugar, till he has lost all mental and physical energy, and desires to sit from morning till night in the chimney-corner or at the register, saying nothing and caring for nothing?—change his diet, give him fish, beefsteak, potatoes, and unbolted wheat bread, or rye and Indian, with one half or three quarters of the carboniferous articles of his former diet, and in one week he will cheer you again with his old jokes, and call for his hat and cane.”

WHOLESONE FARE, OR THE DOCTOR
AND THE COOK.

AN English book on wholesome eating has appeared within the last twelve months.* It is a cookery book with a running commentary. The authors start with the proposition that "the doctor, unsupported by the cook's material aid, and the cook, unguided by the doctor's knowledge, are two powerful agents, half whose strength is paralysed or misdirected." True; but the Delameres have not method enough in their text. They have assembled the materials for an admirable manual; and they have given themselves a good aim—but they have missed it. The values of various foods; the suitability of dishes to various eaters; regular courses of diet; dishes and drinks that may not be mixed, should have all been found in due order. The doctor should be always at the cook's elbow. A book for cooks, written by a philosophical chemist: and one compiled methodically by a doctor for the guidance of the eater—remain to be written. I repeat that the Delameres have made an excellent but incomplete addition to gastronomic literature. Their work is amusing, copious—the fruit of no niggards where labour is in question. It wants that which it professes to promote—digestion.

* "Wholesome Fare, or the Doctor and the Cook; etc.," by Edmund S. and Ellen J. Delamere. Lockwood & Co.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A COSMOPOLITAN WHITE SAUCE.



BEL HUGO, an eminent writer and epicure, invented the following white sauce, which he called "La Sauce Blanche Cosmopolite." The yolks of newly-laid eggs, pepper, salt, just a tear of water, and a suspicion of vinegar. Beat together. A charming, light, smooth sauce, infinitely beyond the white sauces of our English kitchens. The author of the *Code Gourmand* was strongly recommending it forty years ago. His friend Abel is noticed, moreover, as a gourmand, who drank coffee without milk after every repast, and in a cup that would have served ten people for a soup tureen.

* It is to the vaudevilliste Moreau, author of the carnival song, *La Profession de Foi du Gourmand*, that France is indebted for the introduction of good English dishes. "Never," his panegyrist says, "would he allow an omelette to be served at his table without salad, nor a stuffed hare without currant jelly."

* According to the authors of the *Code Gourmand*, it was M. Henrion de Pansey, president of the Court of Cassation, who created the well-diffused epicurean aphorism: "The

invention of a new dish creates more pleasure for the human race than the discovery of a star."

* In a restaurant, at Joinville-le-Pont, the following notice appears upon the first page of the *carte*, "Guests may dine in their shirt-sleeves."

* An Oriental installed himself recently in Paris, with extraordinary magnificence; and launched into all the epicurean pleasures of the French cuisine with astonishing vigour. The breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were incessant. A lady, free in speech, observed of her host: "He is a wild boar whom civilisation has turned into a pig."

* A lady ordered a fine capon for dinner. The cook showed her purchase to her mistress, who tossed her head at the spare proportions of the bird. The cook protested, "But, madame, you will see how beautiful it will look when it is filled with truffles. It will be quite another thing: just like madame when she has her diamonds on."

* The Spaniards have a proverb which describes their salad: "A spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it all up." Infinitely preferable to Sydney Smith's poetic recipe.

In the province of La Mancha, the phrase "the grace of God" is applied to a dish of eggs and bacon fried in honey.
—*Cervantes*.

THE MIND FOR TABLE.

"Before my meals and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied; a full

mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, nor that for its own sake; neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission."—*Bishop Hall*.

LADY BLESSINGTON AT TABLE.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that beseems it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves, and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener.—*N. P. Willis*.

GALLS INSTEAD OF TRUFFLES.

M. Desmartis has informed the French Academy that the galls of the *Lotos esculentus* have the flavour and savour of the finest Perigord truffles. The way from truffles to galls will be, we fancy, a long one—as long as that from goose-liver to hare-liver, delicate in flavour as hare-liver undoubtedly is. Hare-liver has, however, been one of the gastro-nomic excitements of the past year.

A MAGNIFICENT SHERRY.

Host. "Taste this sherry, sir : magnificent. Bought it at the sale of Bishop——"

Guest. (Having tasted.) "Colenso, I presume."

THREE AVERSIONS.

It was the witty Prince de Ligne—to whom Talleyrand's fame is somewhat indebted—who said that there were three things for which he had an especial abhorrence—meat that had been twice cooked, reconciled enemies, and spiteful women.

A MAN OF UNIVERSAL TASTE.

Southey describes a man of universal taste in matters of the palate, as one who would have eaten "sausages for *breakfast* at Norwich, sally-lunns at Bath, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon had-docks at Aberdeen, and drunk punch with beef-steaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a *déjeuner à l'Anglaise*. He would have eaten squab-pie in Devonshire, sheep's-head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland ; frogs with the French, * pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour kroust with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, aniseed with the Spaniards, garlic with everybody ; horse-flesh with the Tartars (or Mr. Bicknell), ass-flesh with the Persians, dogs with the North-West Indians, curry with the Asiatic East Indians, birds' nests with the Chinese, mutton roasted with honey with the Turks, pismirc cakes on the Orinoko, and turtle and venison with the lord mayor ; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though Catholic, was not indiscriminating."

* Rather, with the Americans, who are *the* frog eating race. See "Year Book," 1868, p. 195.

WHO ARE THE FROG-EATERS?

The consumption of frogs is not now, as formerly, confined to the French. An English paper, the *Athenæum*, recently came out (1860) in favour of frogs. "There is no reason," it remarks, "why we should eschew frogs, and relish turtle." They are eaten to a considerable extent by Americans; and frogs command a high price in the New York market. "In America, the flesh of the huge bull-frog is tender, white, and affords excellent eating. Some bull-frogs weigh as much as half-a-pound, but the hind legs are the only parts used as food." The green, or edible frog, is in high request on the Continent of Europe, being delicate and well-tasted. In Vienna, where the consumption of these frogs is very considerable, they are preserved alive, and fattened in froggeries (*grenouillières*) constructed for the express purpose. *To cook frogs*: Take the hind legs of a young frog, skin them, wash, and *fry* them in butter; or *broil* them. They are as delicate as the breast of a chicken. Queen Elizabeth, out of compliment to her royal French suitor, the Duc d'Alençon, cherished the jewelled similitude of a *frog* in her bosom, in the form of a brooch.—*Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea.*

EPITAPH BY ROGER DE BEAUVOIR.

Cy git Béquet, * le franc glouton
 Qui but tout ce qu'il eut de rente;
 Son gilet n'avait qu'un bouton,
 Son nez en avait plus de trente!

MARMALADE.

Marmalade claims its historian. Mr. C. C. Maxwell, when the British Association met at Dundee, read a paper

* Béquet, a famous gourmand of the time of Bouffé and Dr. Véron; and the predecessor of Jules Janin in the *Débats*.

on Dundee marmalade. It seems that it was first manufactured about seventy years ago by Mr. James Keiller, for local use. Now, one thousand tons are annually exported. One of the Newcastle potteries is almost exclusively employed in turning marmalade pots, about one million and a half being required annually.

DESSERT FRUITS IN 1256.

The only kinds of fruit named in the Countess of Leicester's expenses are apples and pears. Three hundred of the latter were purchased at Canterbury, probably from the gardens of the monks. It is believed, however, that few other sorts were generally grown in England before the latter end of the fifteenth century; although Mathew Paris, describing the bad season of 1257, observes that apples were scarce and pears scarcer, while quinces, vegetables, cherries, plums, and all shell fruits, were entirely destroyed. These shell fruits were probably the common hazel-nut, walnuts, and perhaps chesnuts. In 1256, the sheriffs of London were ordered to buy two thousand chesnuts for the king's use. In the wardrobe book of the 14th of Edward the First, we find the bill of Nicholas, the royal fruiterer, in which the only fruits mentioned are pears, apples, quinces, medlars, and nuts. The supply of these from Whitsuntide to November cost £21 14s. 1½d. This apparent scarcity of indigenous fruits, naturally leads to the inquiry, what foreign kinds besides those included in the term spicery, such as almonds, dates, figs, and raisins, were imported into England in this and the following century? In the time of John and of Henry the Third, Rochelle was celebrated for its pears and conger cels. The sheriffs of London purchased a hundred of the former for Henry in 1223.—*Timbs' Nooks and Corners of English Life.*

EDIBLE SPRING FUNGI.

“I have observed a non-deliquestent, black-spored *Agaric* (*Agaricus phlenarum*, Bull), which seems very nearly to coincide with Berkeley’s description of *Panæolus separatus*, cropping up in immense quantities from a seakale bed in this neighbourhood. The bed is made with sawdust used for littering a stable, and the portions bearing the fungi are exposed to the air, with little or no internal heat. The soft delicate biscuit-brown colour, and the abundance and not unwholesome smell of the specimens, inclined me to experiment upon their edible qualities—cautiously enough at first—for I hold the maxim, “consider every one a rogue until he proves himself a true man,” applicable to the *Toadstool* family. Having, however, at last consumed some considerable quantities—say a dozen or so at a time—without the slightest inconvenience, I venture to recommend the variety to your readers, not by any means as equal to the autumn kinds, but as a wholesome and delicately-flavoured substitute during the interregnum of the tribe. Freshly-gathered and undecayed specimens should be selected for the frying-pan, sliced with the usual accompaniments, and removed the instant they become soft and dark coloured. Whilst on the subject of *Fungi*, I may as well add that I have found the following an easy and useful way of preserving the spores, and autographing to a certain extent the shape and juxtaposition of the gills. I place a piece of gummed paper (white, drab, or black, in reverse of the expected colour of the deposit) in a damp place (a box with a wet sponge in it will do in summer), until it has become sticky and relaxed in texture. I then lay the cap, gills downward, upon it, as usually directed, not allowing it to remain too long, and when the specimens are removed, and the paper dried, I have a fixed and indelible impression for future reference.

When required for microscopic investigation by transmitted light, the gum (which should be the best white, sold in powder) should be spread on *collodionized glass*, instead of paper, and a *second* coating of collodion poured upon the dry impression. The double film with the intervening spores may then be separated from the glass when dry, and packed in a very small space. I do not know if collodion has been used in this way before, but I can strongly recommend it for extempore preservation of small dry objects for the microscope as an economy of time and space."—*J. Aubrey, Clark Street, Somerset, in Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

POLLO CON ARROZ.

Show me the reason why this fine dish should not be produced in an ordinary English household. All the ingredients are handy: we have chickens, rice, oil, garlic, onions, chiles, and tomatoes. I quote Ford: "Another very excellent, but very difficult, dish is the *pollo con arroz*, or the chicken and rice. It is eaten in perfection in Valencia, and is therefore often called *Pollo Valencian*. Cut a good fowl into pieces, wipe them clean, but do not put them into water; take a saucepan, put in a wine-glass of fine oil, beat the oil well, put in a bit of bread, let it fry, stirring it about with a wooden spoon; when the bread is browned, take it out and throw it away; put in two cloves of garlic, taking care that it does not burn, as, if it does, it will become bitter, stir the garlic till it is fried; put in the chicken, keep stirring it about while it fries, then put in a little salt and stir again; whenever a sound of cracking is heard, stir again; when the chicken is well browned, or gilded, which will take from five to ten minutes, *stirring constantly*, put in chopped onions, three or four chopped red or green chiles, and stir about; if once the contents catch

the pan, the dish is spoiled ; then add tomatoes divided into quarters, and parsley ; take two teacupsful of rice, mix all well together ; add *hot* stock enough to cover the whole over ; let it boil *once*, and then set it aside to simmer, until the rice becomes tender and done. The great art consists in having the rice turned out granulated and separate, not in a pudding state, which is sure to be the case if a cover be put over the dish, which condenses the steam."

IN FIN-BEC'S PLATE.

Fin-Bec was dining with a friend—a delightful host, as scholarly with his fork as with his pen—one of the few redoubtable fourchettes contemporary letters can boast. Dainty lines were upon cards in every plate. Fin-Bec was noticed thus :

"I, then, would rise up thus,
And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,
A most voluptuous and unsatiable epicure."

Massinger.

* At a meeting of the restaurateurs of Paris, held last September, the price of oysters was fixed for 1868-9, at one franc two sous per dozen.

THE KING OF THE PUMPKINS FOR 1868.

On the 3rd of September the annual coronation of the King of the Pumpkins took place in the Great Market, Paris. Having been covered with flowers, crowned, and ornamented with ribbons, by the godfather, godmother, and the maids and men of honour, the royal vegetable was placed on a board, and carried aloft, and sprinkled, and promenaded about, according to the usual traditions. It was baptized *Jean-bon-vin*, in honour of the hopes which this year's exceptional vine-harvest has raised.

The king was enormous, weighing about 330 lbs., and measuring two yards and a half in circumference. This regal pumpkin saw the light of day first in the lovely valley of La Loire, near Ollivet. It was bought for three hundred francs, by a fruiterer in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

STOCK-KEEPERS.

How many English middle-class cooks, laying their hands on their hearts or stomachs, can conscientiously declare that they understand the art and mystery of providing a *pot-au-feu*? The quantity of meat absolutely wasted by English cooks in making soup is shameful, and when the soup is made you never hear anything of the residue, or of the *bouilli*. If soup is wanted the next day, there must be a fresh purchase of mounds of meat from the butcher's. I have very frequently calculated that a basin of beef-tea at home has cost me eighteenpence; it need not have cost me fourpence. Some cooks have a hazy notion about boiling down bones for "stock," and such stock-keepers are considered to be far in advance of their sisters who are continually rushing to the butcher for more gravy-beef; but even these enlightened professors are constantly complaining that their "stock" has gone bad, and that they cannot do anything with it. Had Mr. Gouffé's bulky tome contained nothing beyond the above simple and practical recipe, I should feel inclined to regard him as a benefactor to society.—
G. A. Sala.

* "After having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not

so fine a flavour as golden pippins ; that the beecaficos of Italy are not so well tasted as a lump of beef ; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of old England.”—*Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.*

LAST autumn Xavier Aubryet published, in the *Vogue Parisienne*, a poem entitled “The Will of a Red Partridge,” full of happy bits. Here are the final lines :

“ Qu'on prenne le plus pur arôme
Des herbes, l'honneur de nos prés ;
Que pieusement on l'embanne
Dans une eroûte aux flanes dorés.

“ Afin que toute une semaine,
Sans redouter qu'il soit gâté,
Sa tombe à chaque lèvres amène :
Requiescat in pâté.”

* I was watching the embarkation of dozens of baskets of radishes, at Boulogne, on a certain morning in last spring—of radishes which pay the rent of the Boulonnais market gardeners—when I was attracted by the conversation of the custom-house officer and a fisherman, who, like myself, was watching the operation. The fisherman had issued an opinion on the various radishes, and their prices. He was sharply brought to book by the officer, who granted everything as to price, but insisted on this, “*Les rosés sont les plus délicats.*”

MOTTO FOR CHARITY-DINNERS.

“ A fellow feeding makes us wondrous kind.”—*F. B.*

M. Jules Favre and M. de Rémusat delivered their reception speeches at the Institute last year. Rémusat followed

Favre. M. de Pontmartin described the two orations in the *Gazette de France*: "A gourmet's dinner after a table d'hôte feed."

M. Glais Bizoin was equally happy. He said of the sententious solemnity of M. Malézieux, in the tribune: "He spreads a table cloth to crack a nut."

FRUIT-PRESERVING HOUSES.

The effect of Mr. Nyce's Fruit-Preserving Houses is already apparent to the citizens of New York—to their great delight. "Duchesse," according to "Putnam's Magazine," "and all the finer varieties of late pears, are now offered for sale every day in the shops, and are become a regular part of the dessert at all the great hotels. Indeed, they are so reasonable in price—ten cents will buy a very good pear, a Duchesse, a Winter Nelis, a Glout Morceau, that a year ago would have cost a dollar, and would not have been easy to buy even at that price—that they are to be found on many modest tables. Nor is this all. Catawba grapes, in excellent condition, are brought out of the New York Preserving House daily, and the finer varieties of grapes ripened last fall in cold graperies. Professor Nyce is an enthusiast, and perhaps believes that his invention will do more than it will be found able to accomplish; but it has thus far done all that he has demanded of it. His theory is that, by keeping fruit in a very cold and even temperature, employing certain disinfectants and appliances to absorb all moisture, and admitting no ray of light, he can arrest the process of ripening, and keep the life of the fruit, so to speak, in absolute suspense. If this can be done practically, we do not see why one fruit should not be as well preserved as another; why we should not be eating peaches to-day as well as these delightful Catawbas."

We have not yet been able to get a flower-market in London—while Paris supports four. Can we hope for fruit-preserving houses?

THE MAIZE.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another ;
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
And in rapture, Hiawatha
Cried aloud, “ It is Mondamin !
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! ”

Then he called to old Nokomis,
And Tagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food for ever.

Mr. Longfellow's poetic discovery, the maize, deserves the grateful homage of a renowned *chef*. *Pouding de Maizena*, *Hiawatha*, should be a dish next season.

* “ Qui n'a point mangé vanneau,
N'a point mangé bon moreeau.”

Old French Proverb.

THE EPICURE AS EDUCATOR.

“ It would be curious—yes, instructive—to inquire how far epicures help to educate and civilise a people. Man has been

defined as a cooking animal. Delicate eating accompanies other refinements. But how far is its cookery the measure of a nation's worth? I leave my readers to pursue these thoughts, noticing myself one apparently good result from dainty and expensive feeding. Every fruit and vegetable sold at a large price is a reward of skilful scientific gardening. Did no one really care for very early peas, or what not, probably few or none would be grown. Horticulture, as a science, would want one of its strongest supports if there were no epicures. Think how much stimulus is given to gardening, as well as to cookery; by an elaborate and expensive meal. A dinner at so many guineas a-head, represents genuine talent and work in several professions, though it may imply much sensuality in the guests."—*Holiday Papers. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A.*

RESPECT COOKERY.

"At any rate, please don't pretend a contempt for cookery. There is nothing in the world, my good friend, which you could so ill afford to lose. *You don't care what you eat!* You deserve to have every spit, range, and pot pass out of creation, and to die of scurvy!"—*Holiday Papers. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A.*

LAGUIPIÈRE'S DEATH.

+ Jules Janin, writing in the *Débats* of gastronomy, last August, described the last moments of the great Laguipière. "One of his pupils had made him taste *quenelles de sole*. 'Well made,' said the great artist, 'but too quickly cooked. You must stir the stewpan gently.' He waved his hand slowly to complete his meaning. After two or three gentle turns the arm subsided. → Laguipière had lived!"

+ Carès.

This was a review of a book on Carès - also 1842
see the original notice of it in the *Revue*
to Carès's house

THE EPICURE'S LIBRARY.

Almanach des Gourmands.

Physiologie du Gout, Brillat-Savarin.

Count Rumford.

The Original.

The Art of Dining. (Murray's Series.)

Le Cuisinier Européen. By Jules Breteuil.

*L'Art de la Cuisine Française au Dix-Neuvième
Siècle.* By Carême and Pluméry.

Le Maître d'Hôtel Français. By Carême.

Le Cuisinier Français. By Carême.

La Cuisine Ordinaire. By Beauvilliers.

Traité de l'Office. By Étienne.

Le Trésor de la Cuisinière. By A. B. de Périgord.

Le Cuisinier Durand.

Nouveau Manuel de la Cuisinière Bourgeoise. By
an ancient Cordon Bleu.

Redding & Drutt on Wines.

Les 365 Menus du Baron Brisse.

Le Double Almanach des Gourmands. Edited by
Charles Monselet.

Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille de Vin. By Antony
Réal.

Almanach de la Salle à Manger.

Le Livre de Cuisine. By Jules Gouffé.

The Royal Confectioner. By Francatelli.

Practical Dietary. By Dr. E. Smith.

The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes.

Meals for the Million. By Cre-Fydd.

L'Art d'Accommoder les Restes. By a *Gastronome Emérite.*

On the Esculent Funguses of England. By Dr. Badham.

The Herring; its Natural History and National Importance. By John M. Mitchell.

Soyer's Modern Housewife.

Soyer's Cookery.

The Pantropheon; or, History of Food. By Soyer.

Vegetable Cookery, &c. By John Smith.

Lettres sur les Substances Alimentaires. By Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.

The Art of Good Dining. By Theodore Hook.

The Art of Confectionery. By H. Weatherley.

Isaac Disraeli's Works. (Chapter on Ancient Cookery and Cooks.)

Le Cuisinier des Cuisiniers.

Father Prout's Works. (See his "Song to an Egg," and his panegyric on Geese.)

Art du Cuisinier. By Beauvilliers.

A Thousand Hints for the Table, including Wines.

Walpole, on Charming Suppers.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By Johnston.

Le Véritable Manière de faire le Punch.

Dainty Dishes. By Lady Harriet St. Clair.

A Plain Cookery for the Working Classes. By Francatelli.

La Cuisine de Tous les Pays. Études Cosmopolites. By Urbain Dubois, Chef de Cuisine to the King and Queen of Prussia. Paris, Dentu. 1868. (See "Reviews.")

La Cuisine Classique. By Urbain Dubois.

Études sur les Vins et les Conservees. By Dr. Gaubert.

La Cuisinière Poétique. Par Monselet.

Histoire de la Table. Curiosités Gastronomiques de tous les Temps et de tous les Pays. Par Louis Nicolardot. Paris, Dentu. 1868. (See "Reviews.")

Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea: Viewed Classically, Poetically, and Practically. Containing numerous curious dishes and feasts of all times and all countries. Besides three hundred modern receipts. New York. D. Appleton. 1860. (See "Reviews.")

Les Soupeurs de Mon Temps. Par Roger de Beauvoir. Paris. Achille Faure. (See "Reviews.")

Boke of Curtasye. Edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society.

Practical Notes on Wine. By E. L. Beckwith. (See "Our Cellar.")

What should we Drink? An Inquiry suggested by Mr. E. L. Beckwith's "Practical notes on Wine." By James L. Denman. Longmans & Co. (See "Our Cellar.")

Des Richesses Gastronomiques de la France. Texte

par Charles de Lorbac ; illustré par Charles Lallemand. Paris. Hetzel.

La Vigne dans le Bordelais; Histoire, histoire naturelle, commerce, culture. Par Aug. Petit-Lafitte. Paris. Rothschild.

Evelyn's Acetaria. A discourse of Sallets.

Charles Carter's Royal Cookery book. (Queen Anne.)

The Accomplished Cook. By Robert May. (Charles II.)

L'Histoire d'une Bonchée de Pain. Par Jean Macé. Paris.

Host and Guest.

Athenæus. Bohn's edition, 3 vols.

Historiographie de la Table. Historique, philosophique, anecdotique, &c. Par C. Verdot. Paris.

Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands. Dedié au Ventre. Par A. B. de Périgord. 1st year 1825. Paris.

Code Gourmand. Manuel Complet de Gastronomie. By Raisson. J. B. Roret. Paris.

Universal History of Arts and Sciences. By Dennis de Coetlogon.

Meg Dod's Cookery. (Scotch Dishes.)

Dr. Lankester's *Lectures on Food*.

L'Art de Diner en Ville. By Colnet.

La Gastronomie. By Berchoux.

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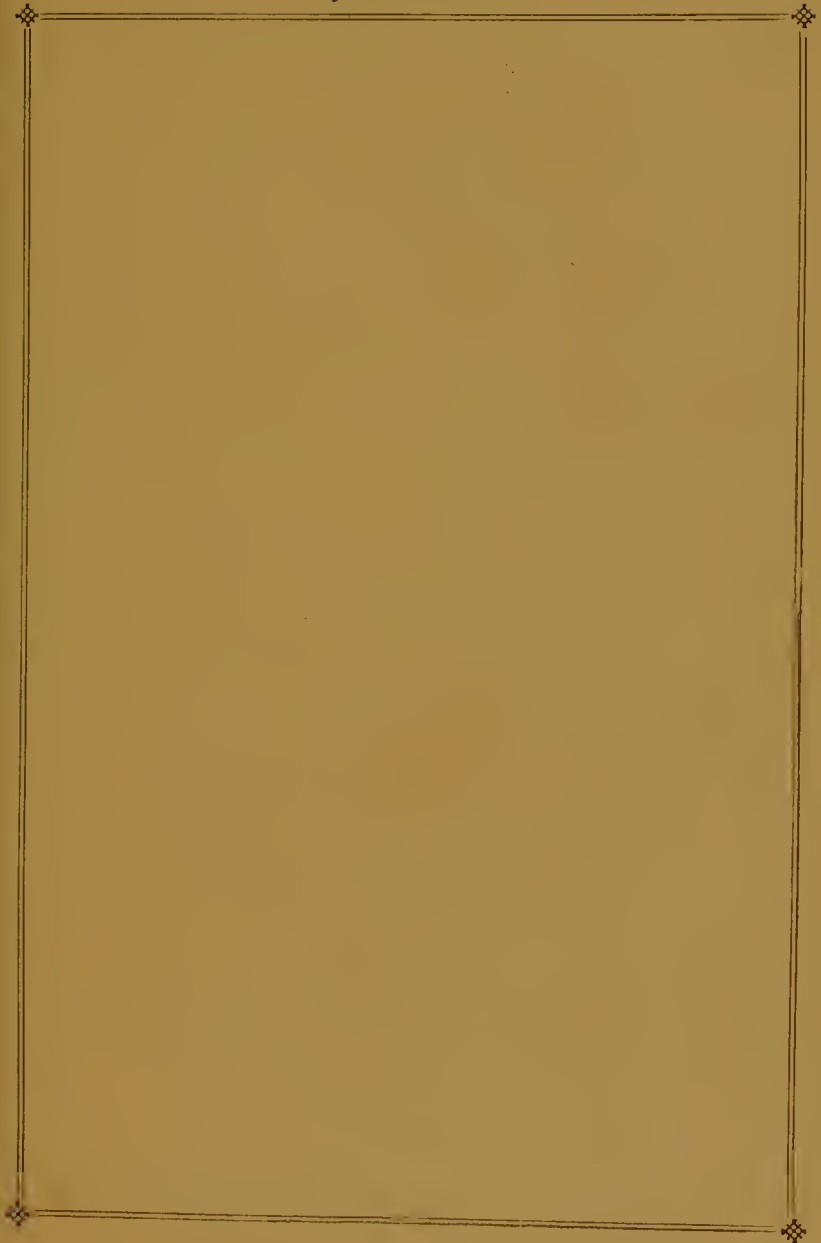
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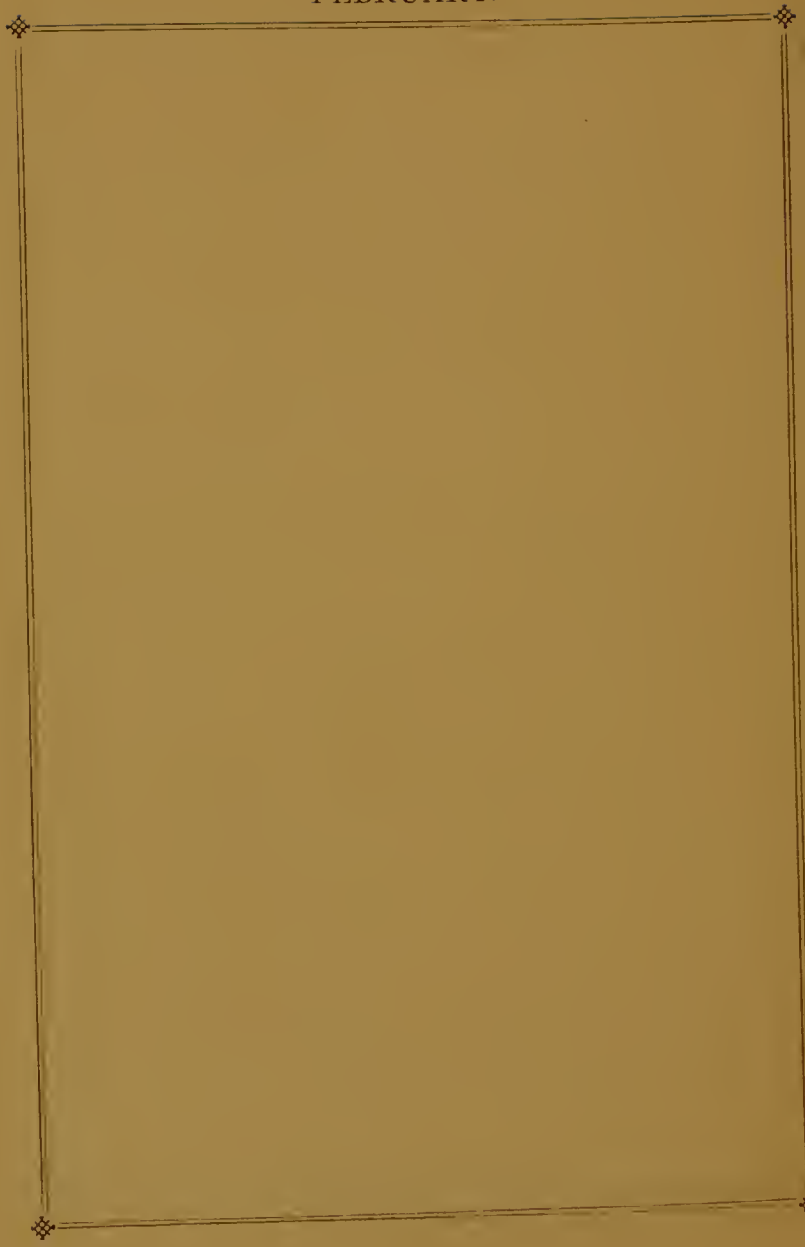
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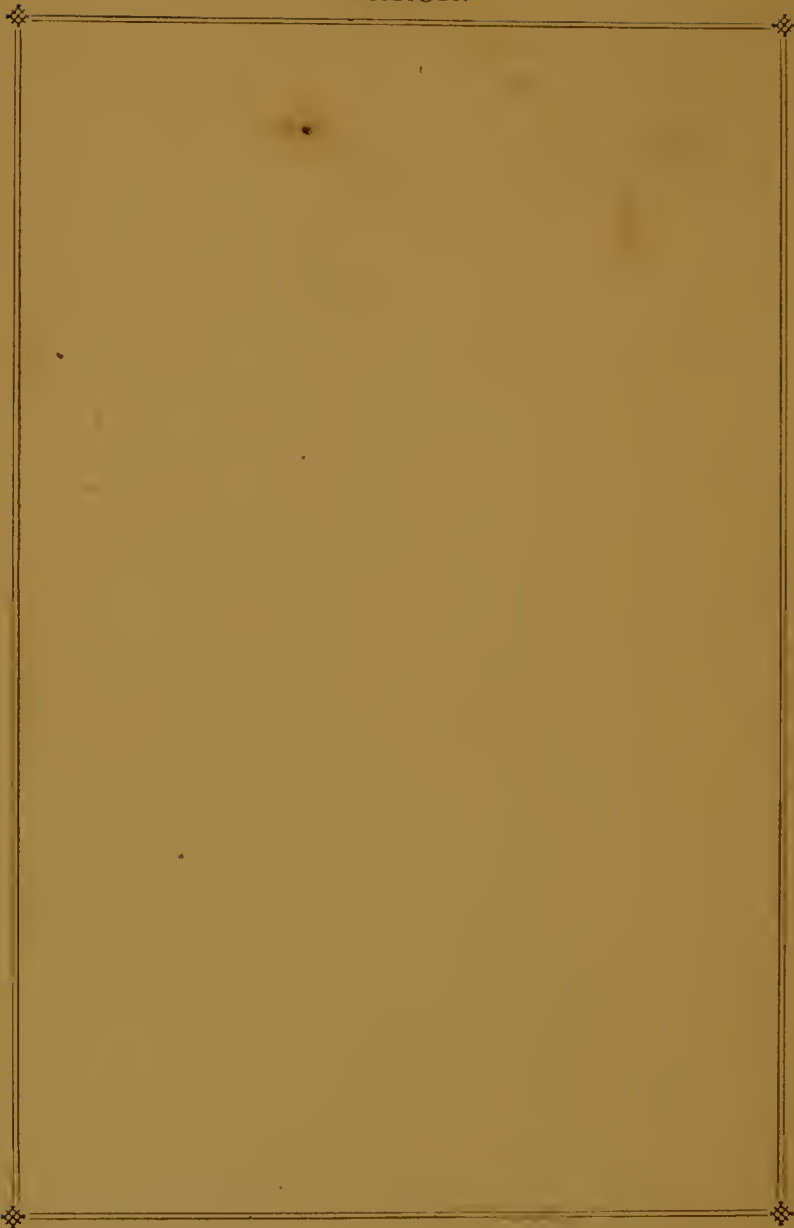
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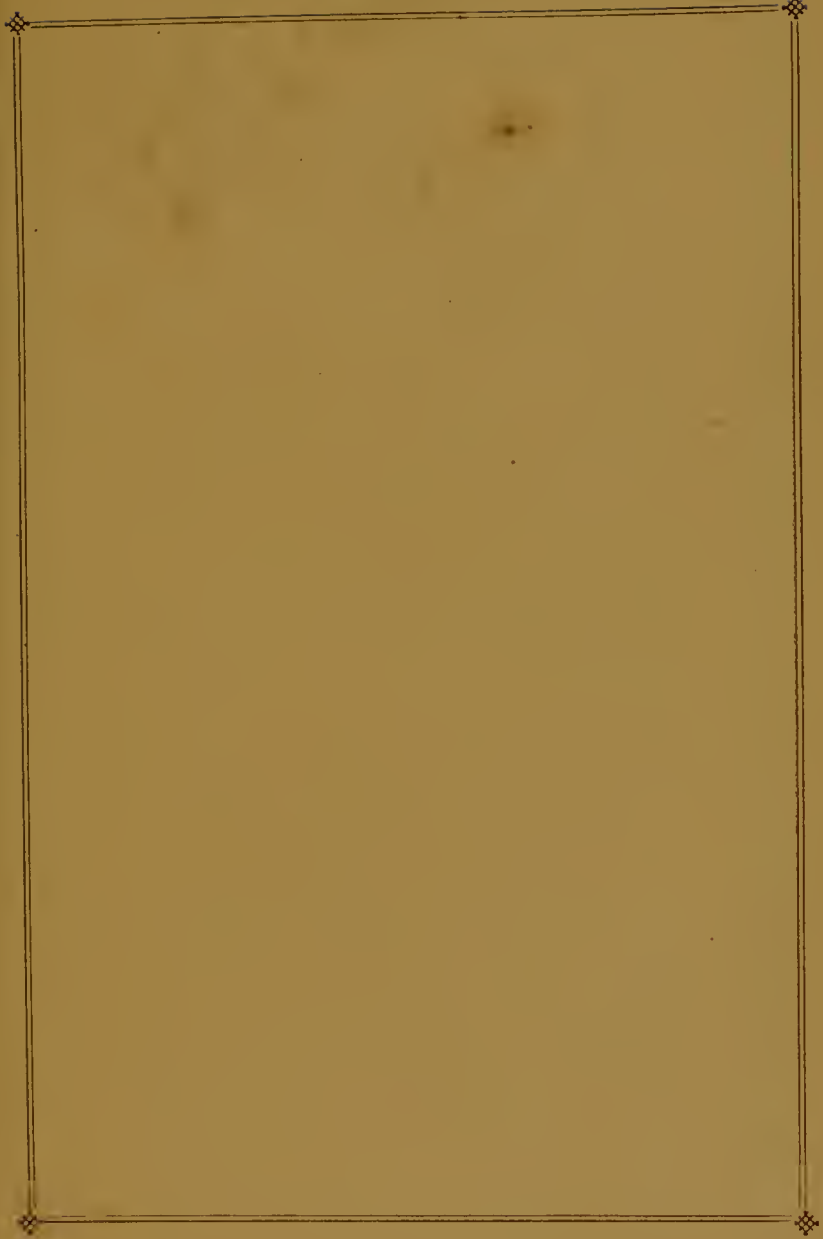
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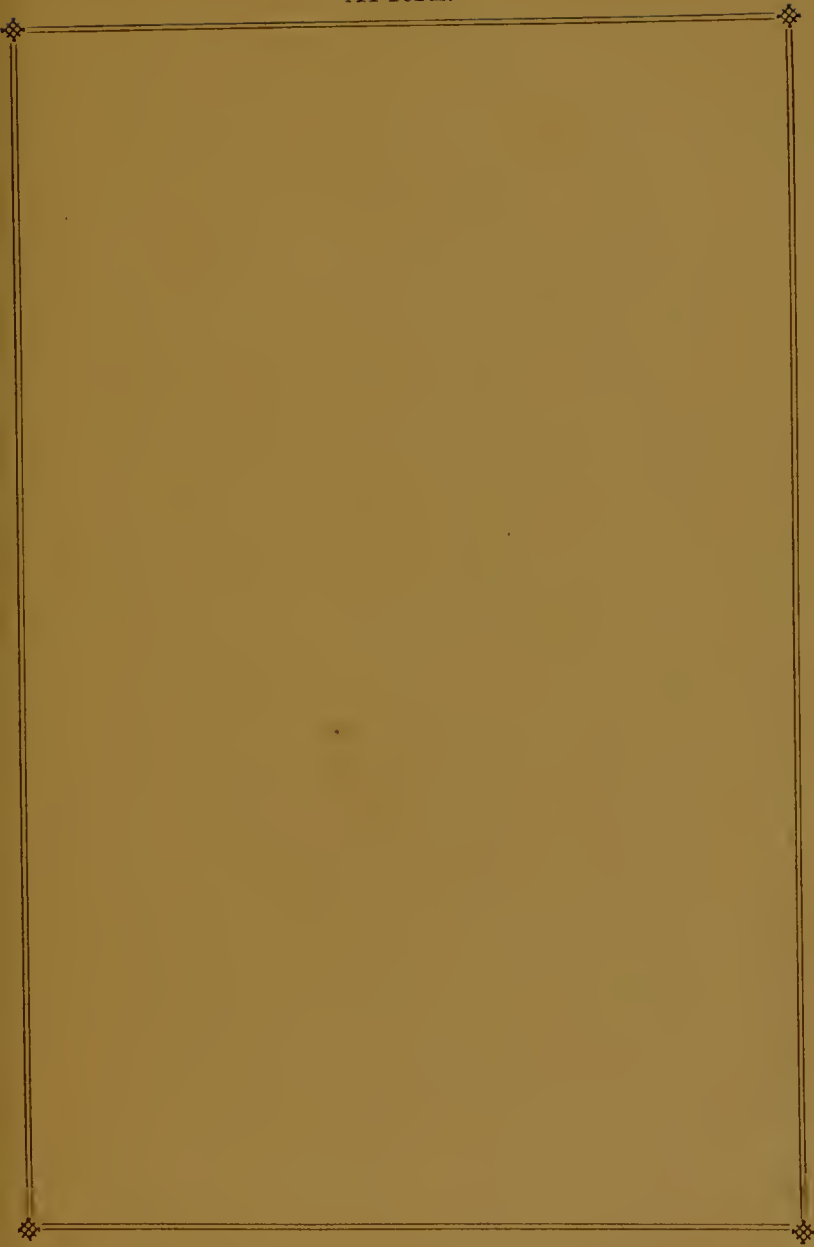
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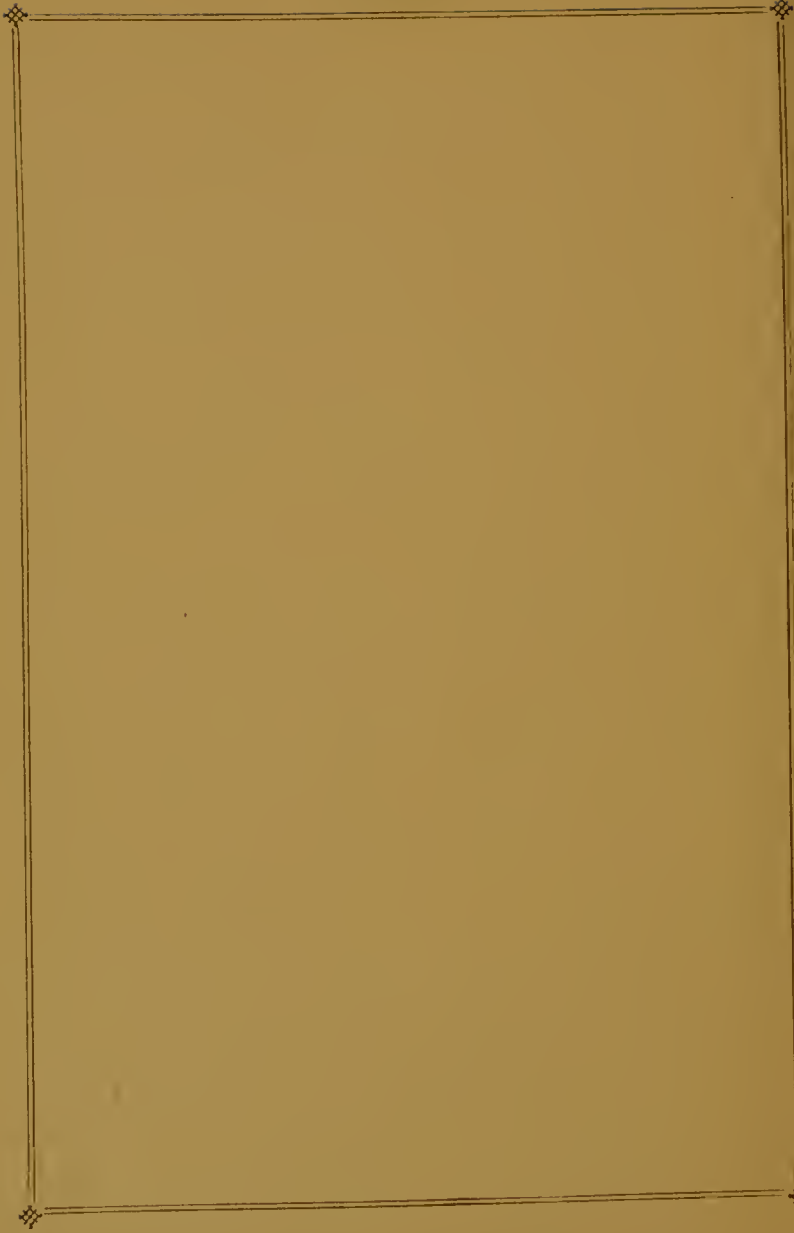
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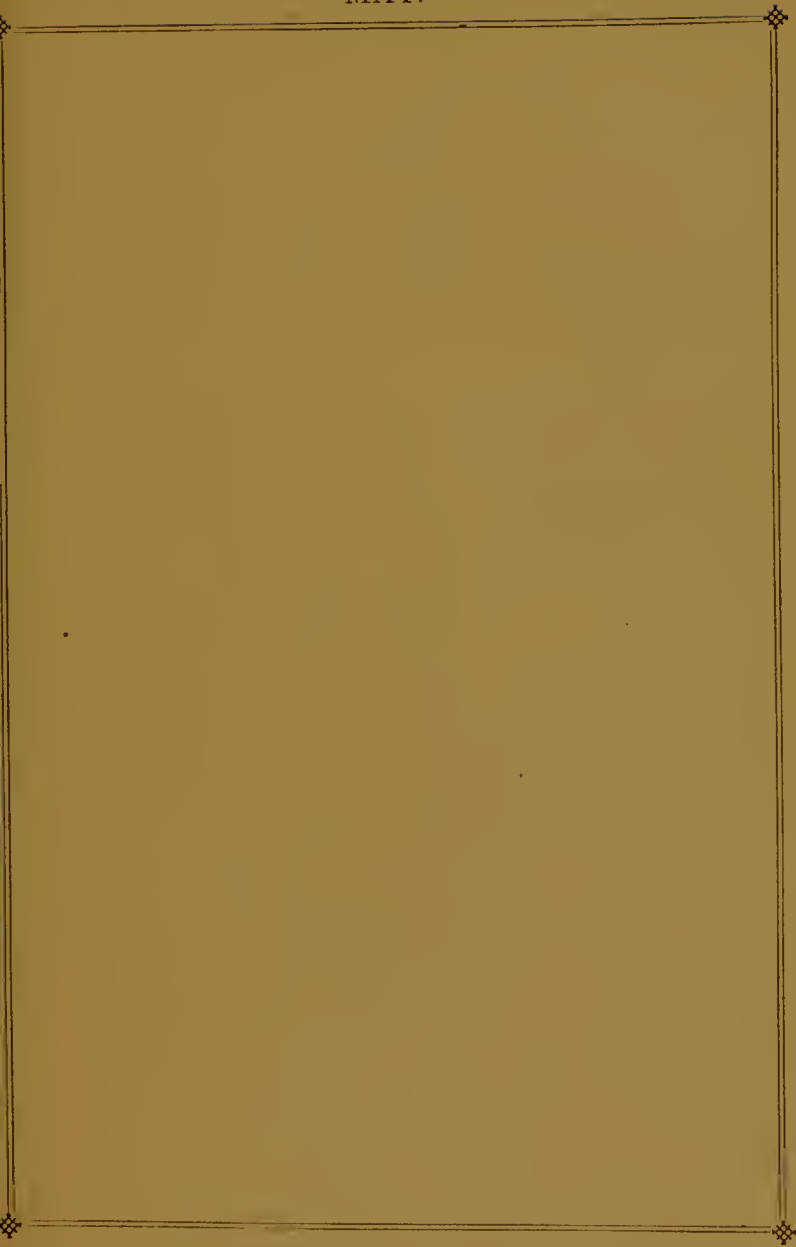
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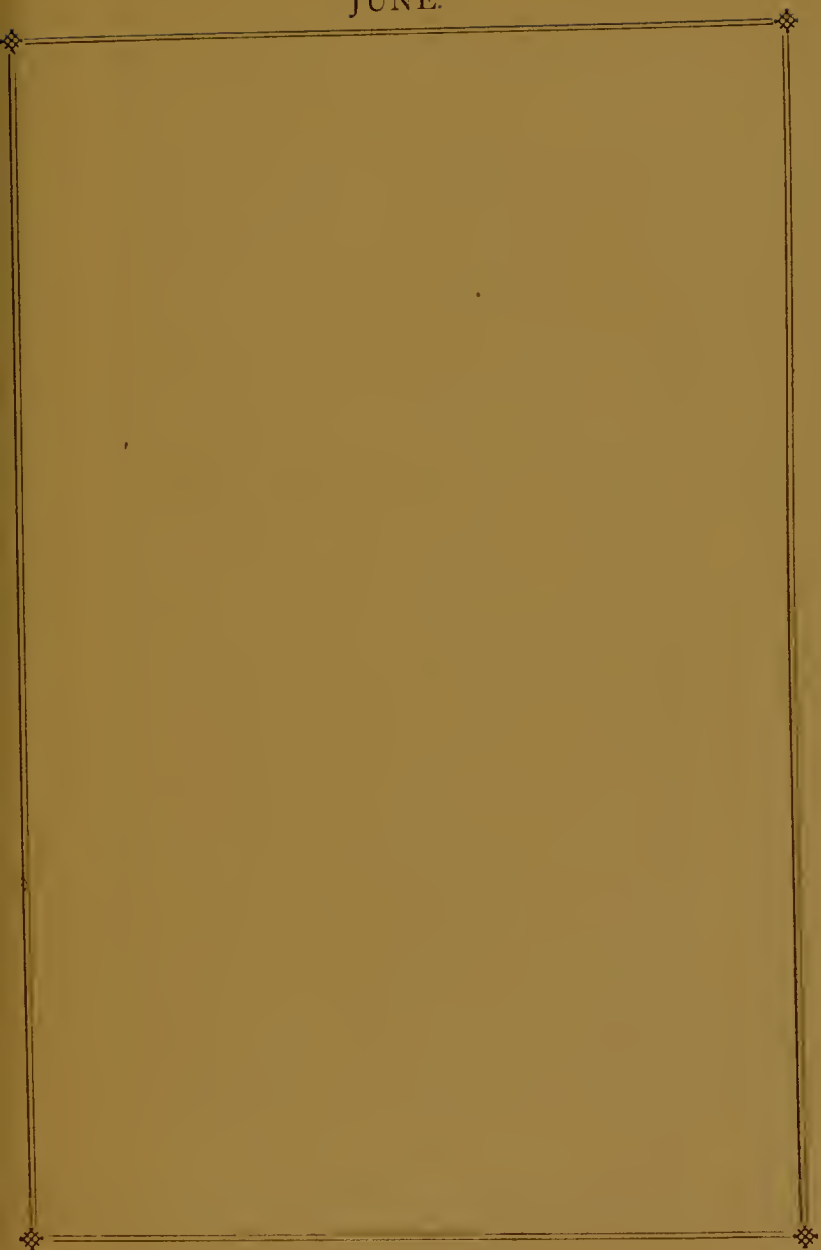
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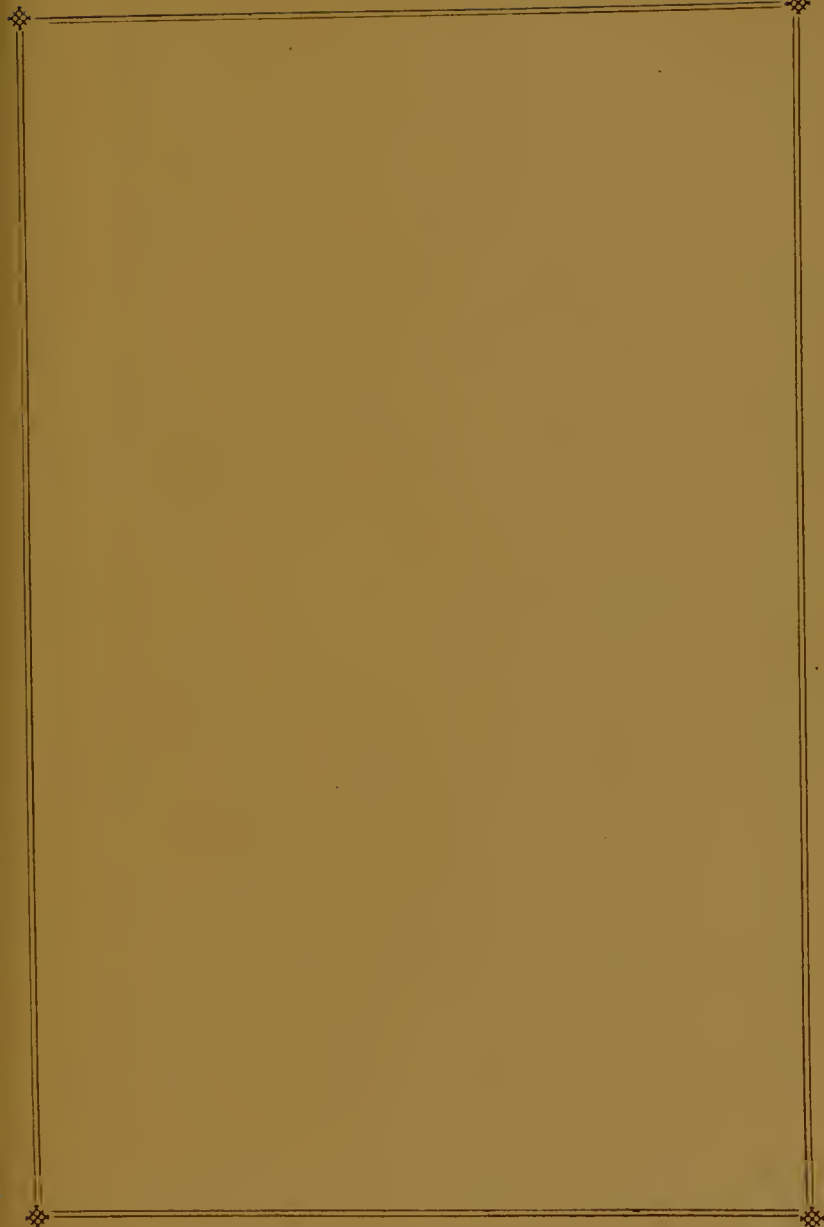
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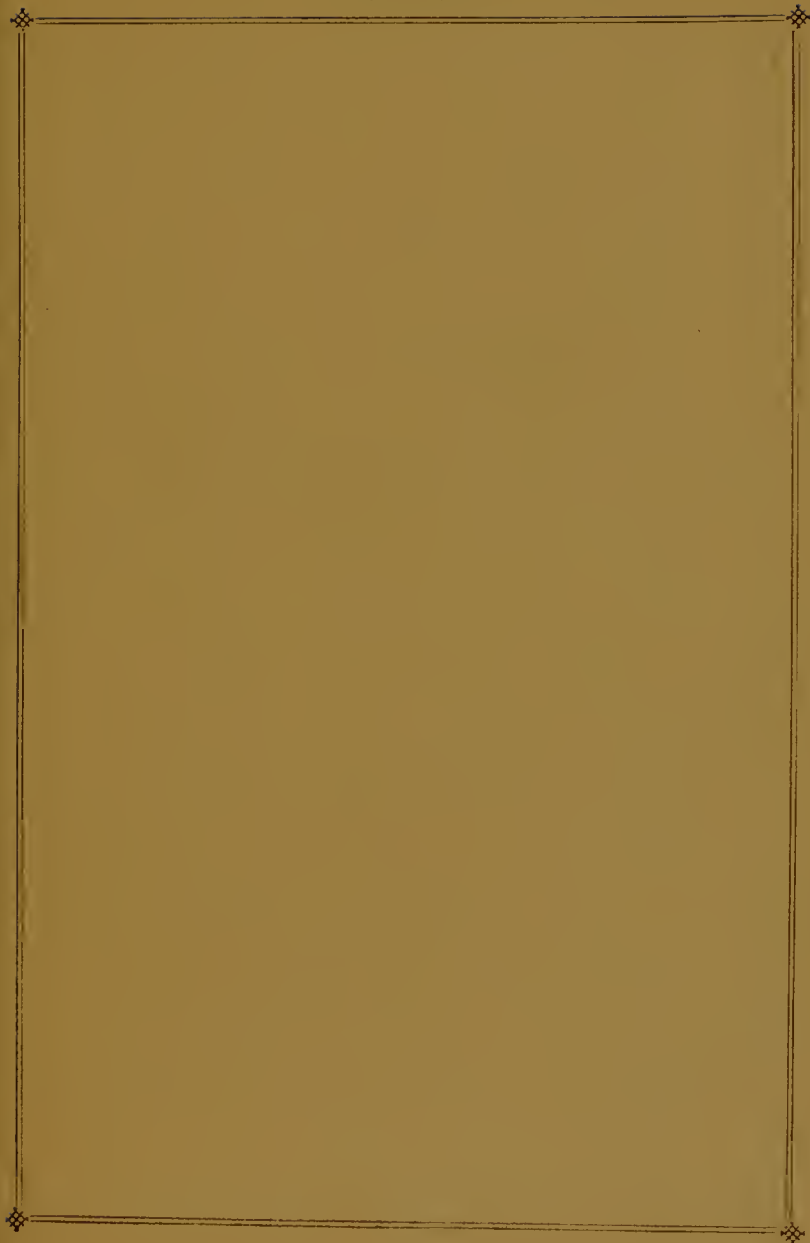
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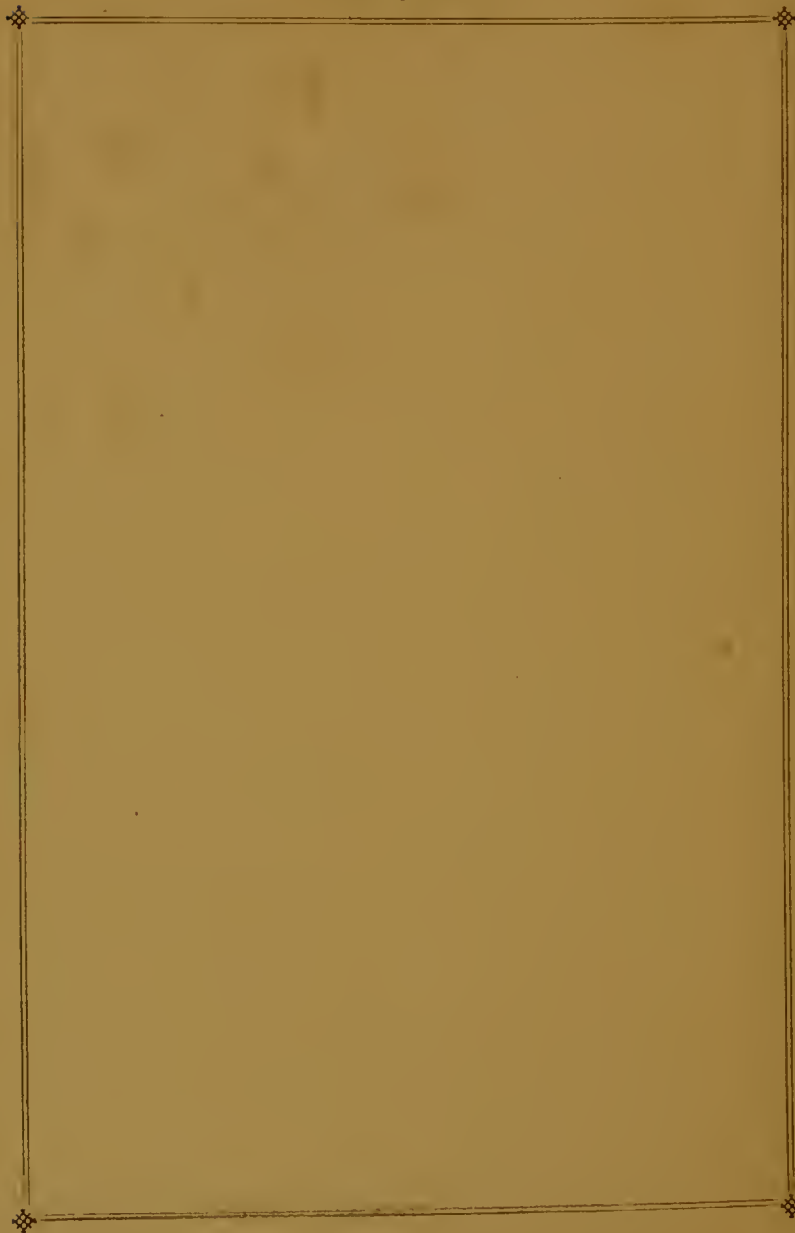
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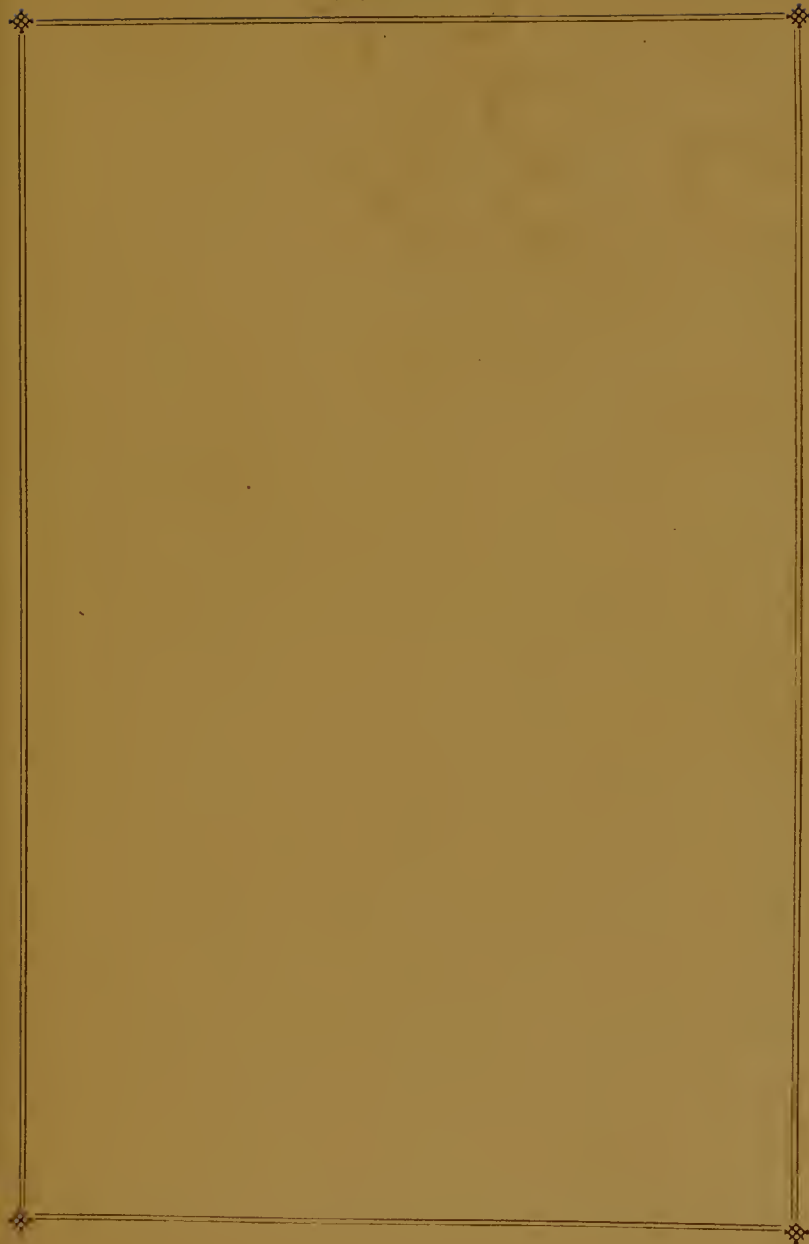
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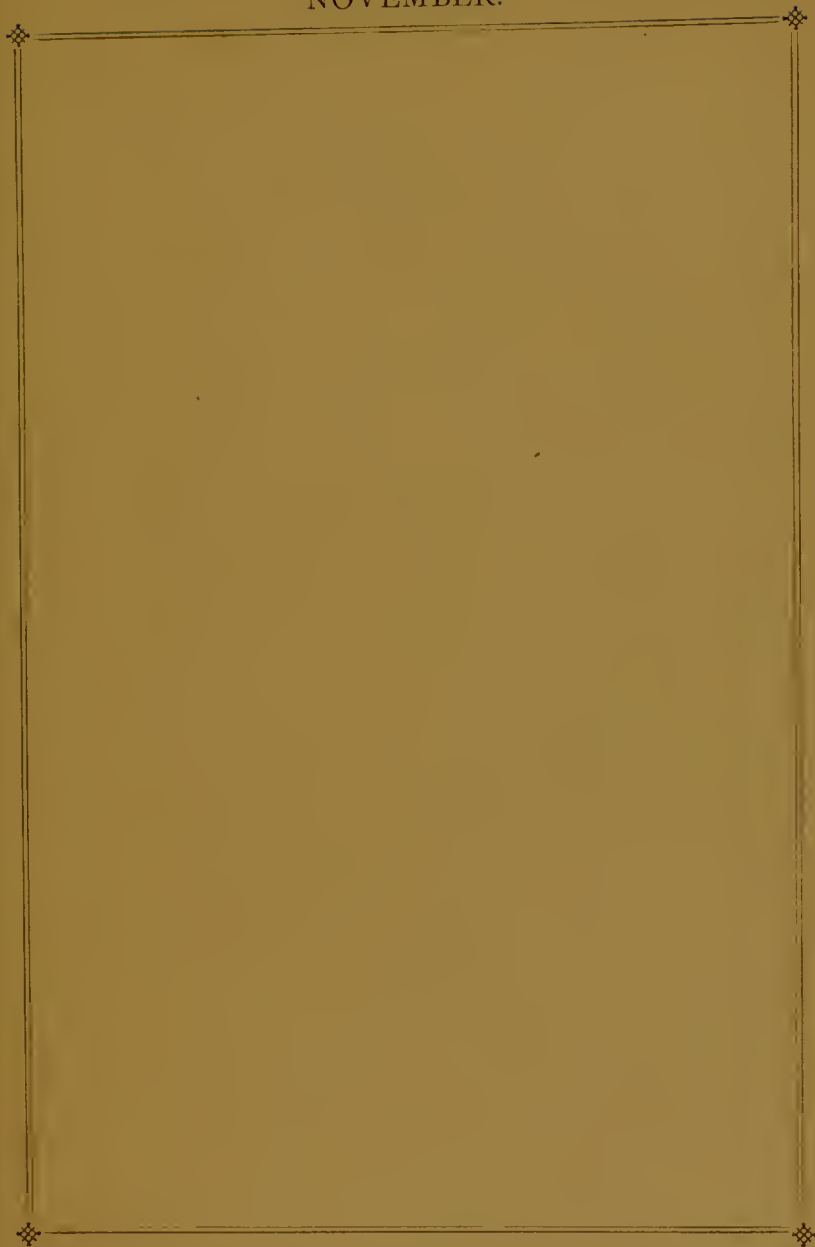
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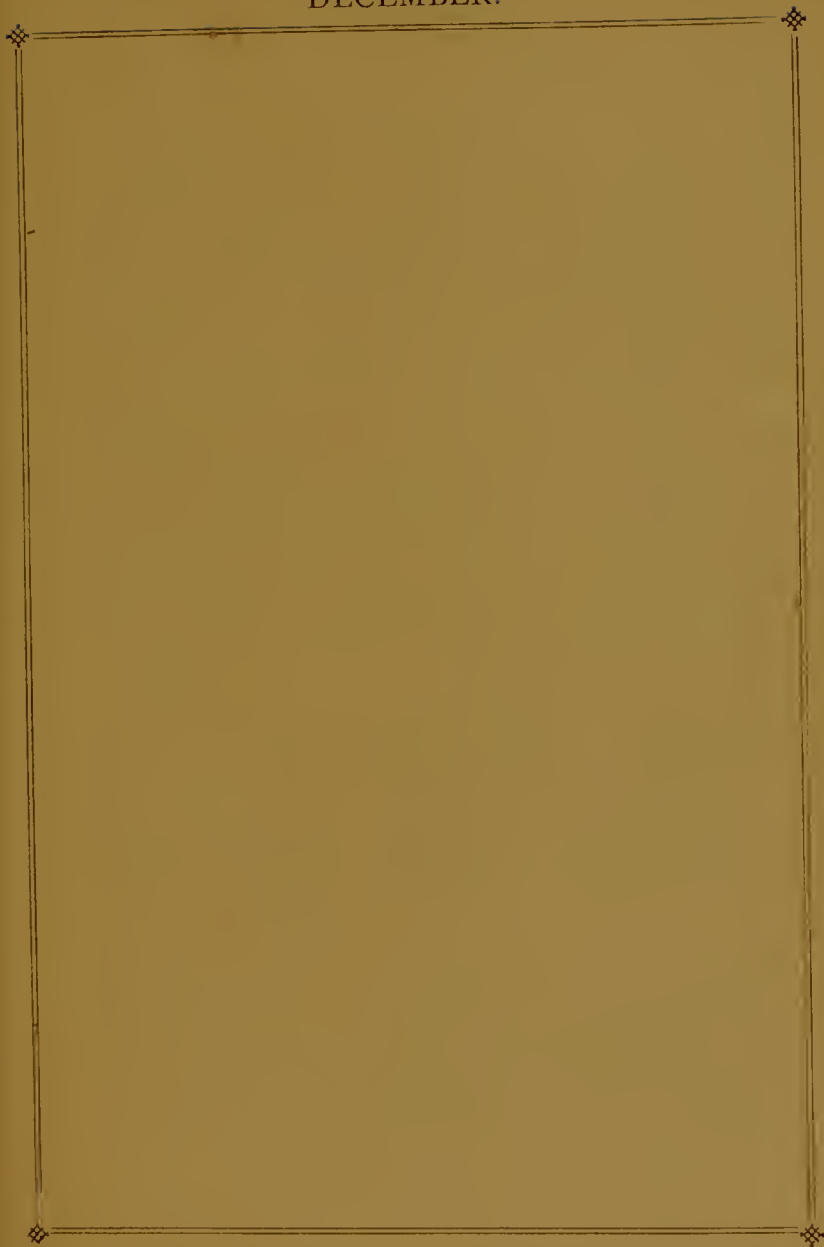
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DECEMBER.



CALENDAR.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR 1869.

*	JAN.				FEB.				MAR.					
MONDAY.....	..	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	1	8	15	22	29
TUESDAY	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	2	9	16	23	30
WEDNESDAY	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	3	10	17	24	31
THURSDAY.....	..	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	4	11	18	25	.
FRIDAY	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	5	12	19	26	.
SATURDAY	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	6	13	20	27	.
SUNDAY	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	7	14	21	28	.
*	APRIL.				MAY.				JUNE.					
MONDAY.....	..	5	12	19	26	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28
TUESDAY	6	13	20	27	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29
WEDNESDAY	7	14	21	28	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30
THURSDAY.....	1	8	15	22	29	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	.
FRIDAY	2	9	16	23	30	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	.
SATURDAY	3	10	17	24	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	.
SUNDAY	4	11	18	25	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	.
*	JULY.				AUG.				SEPT.					
MONDAY.....	..	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27
TUESDAY	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28
WEDNESDAY	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29
THURSDAY.....	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30
FRIDAY	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	.
SATURDAY.....	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	.
SUNDAY	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	.
*	OCT.				NOV.				DEC.					
MONDAY.....	..	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29	6	13	20	27
TUESDAY	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	7	14	21	28
WEDNESDAY	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	1	8	15	22	29
THURSDAY.....	..	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	2	9	16	23	30
FRIDAY	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	3	10	17	24	31
SATURDAY.....	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	4	11	18	25	.
SUNDAY	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	5	12	19	26	.

MEMORANDA.

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MEMORANDA.

A page of lined paper for memoranda. The page is framed by a double-line border with decorative diamond-shaped corner ornaments. Inside the border, there are ten horizontal dotted lines spaced evenly down the page, providing a guide for writing.

MEMORANDA.

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MEMORANDA.

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