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PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE Jottings have again undergone very careful revision. By pruning unnecessary matter, and simplifying the recipes wherever possible, space has been found for considerable additions without adding materially to the bulk or cost of the book.

It is hoped that the endeavours thus made to effect improvement may prove successful, and that the public by whom the four earlier editions have been so kindly received will have reason to be satisfied with

WYVERN.

OOTACAMUND, *1st July 1885.*

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PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

OWING to the unavoidable delay attending the transmission of proofs between Simla and Madras, the fourth edition of the *Culinary Jottings* has been nearly twelve months in my publishers' hands. For this I offer my sincere apologies.

I have endeavoured to correct and improve what I have already published, and have added one hundred pages of new matter.

Three articles on *curries* and *mulligatunny* which appeared in the *Pioneer* have, by the kind permission of the Proprietors of that journal, been introduced; the subject of vegetables has received still closer attention; and among a number of new recipes several will be found for the treatment of rice which I hope will be found useful.

Vegetarians (who perhaps might be more accurately described as non-consumers of animal food) will, I trust, discover some acceptable hints in this edition, while those who are anxious to adopt the new form of *menu*, will find their task explained and simplified.

WYVERN.

CALCUTTA, *15th Feby. 1883.*

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WHEN I first began to write about Cookery I flattered myself that I had undertaken a very easy, and pleasant task. I thought that my jottings would be composed *currente calamo*, and that I should be able to carry out my project with satisfaction and success. But at the hour of launching my frail shallop from the shore, I am compassed about with grave doubts concerning its seaworthiness. Alas! :—

> "My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for"

a very Icarus. Lo! the wings of my ambition have melted, and I have fallen into the sea of blighted hope. I am only conscious of failure. I undertook much, what have I performed? Whilst, however, I frankly acknowledge my many shortcomings, I derive some consolation in trying to believe that, there may nevertheless be a few things recorded in the pages of my book which will be found useful. If this hope be realized, and if the LADIES OF MADRAS—to whom, in all humility, I dedicate the first fruits of my labours—discover here and there a word of assistance when perplexed about their daily orders, I shall be bountifully rewarded, and the winter of my discontent will indeed be made glorious summer.

I have to tender my best acknowledgments to the Proprietors of the *Madras Athenæum and Daily News* for the permission they have kindly given me to republish my culinary articles which appeared originally in that journal; I have to express my gratitude for the hints I have received from friendly *savants* in the science of cookery; and to own that I have obtained the most valuable aid from the writings of Jules Gouffé, and the "G. C."

WYVERN.

MADRAS, *1st November 1878.*

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INTRODUCTION.

"The subject of Cookery is worthy of study, and one to which English people would do well to give their attention. If that man is a benefactor to his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one did before, the art must be worth cultivating that enables a person to make one pound of meat go as far, by proper cooking, as two by neglect and inattention."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food."*

WHILST reform slow, yet sure, has of late years been creeping into our style of living in India, the want of a hand-book on culinary science—locally considered—of a more modern description than that time-honoured and, in its day, excellent work "*Indian Domestic Cookery*" must have been long felt by the busy housewife of Madras.

Our dinners of to-day would indeed astonish our Anglo-Indian forefathers. With a taste for light wines, and a far more moderate indulgence in stimulating drinks, has been germinated a desire for delicate and artistic cookery. Quality has superseded quantity, and the molten curries and florid oriental compositions of the olden time—so fearfully and wonderfully made—have been gradually banished from our dinner tables.

For although a well-considered curry, or *mulligatunny*,—capital things in their way,—are still very frequently given at breakfast or at luncheon, they no longer occupy a posi-

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CHAPTER I.

The Menu.

ALL who have studied the reformed system of dinner-giving will, I think, agree with me when I say that the *menu* of a dinner anywhere, but in India especially, should be reduced to the smallest compass possible. An hour at the outside should suffice for the discussion of the daintiest of bills of fare, so to ensure this, we should strike out of it all unnecessary encumbrances. Let the little card be clothed in the white garb of simplicity and completeness, and I am prepared to declare that *all* our lady guests, and a majority of the men we entertain, will rejoice at the result.

A cosy dinner to be perfect should be, it seems to me, a highly finished cabinet picture with every atom of detail carefully worked out, rather than a large pretentious canvas with an infinite amount of color expended in order to produce a satisfactory impression. Every line of the little *menu* should, therefore, be written with a loving hand, and both lights and shadows should be considered, for our guests must e'en partake of each dish we offer them.

Soup, fish, two well contrasted *entrées* served separately, one joint only, game, and a dressed vegetable, one *entremets sucré*, an iced pudding, cheese with *hors d' œuvres* and dessert, will be found, if thoughtfully composed, ample fare

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CHAPTER II.

The Cook and his Management.

AFTER some years of observation I have come to the conclusion that if you want to put nice little dinners upon your table, you must not only be prepared to take an infinite amount of trouble, but you must make a *friend* of your *chef*. Unless amicable relations exist between the cook and his mistress or master, the work will never be carried out satisfactorily. There will be a thousand and one annoying failures, your mind will never know what repose means, and, in the end,—utterly wearied with the daily struggle against petty larceny, carelessness, ignorance, stupidity, and an apparently wayward desire to thwart your desires to the utmost,—you will resign the *bâton* to your butler, and submit in sheer desperation to that style of dinner unto which it may please him to call you.

I do not allude to people happy in the possession of a butler absolutely capable of composing, with very little aid, a fairly good *menu*, and able to direct the cook in the manipulation thereof. There are, I know, a few estimable men of that kind to be found—in point of fact, I am acquainted with three or four—but alas! they are rare to meet, and even the cleverest of them requires a little diplomatic supervision, or he will drift into a groove of dinners, and tire you with repetitions. Are not the accounts,

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CHAPTER III.

Certain Kitchen Requisites.

ALLOWING then, that our native cooks are, by nature, adapted to their calling, and that by judicious treatment we can develop the talent which they possess, one of the next things for consideration is our kitchen equipment, and the kind of utensils which will be found best suited for Ramasámy's use, bearing in mind the sort of dishes we shall hereafter call upon him to prepare.

In introducing novelties of European construction to the Indian cook-room it is, a *sine quâ non* to proceed with caution. Ramasámy is intensely conservative, and a sworn foe to innovations. Perchance there are amongst my readers some who can look back with a sigh to sundry patented culinary nicknacks brought out from England, in happy anticipation of grand cook-room reforms, to India, which, misunderstood from the first, were either soon cast aside as worthless from barbarous treatment, or diverted to uses which would drive the inventors crazy to think of. I call to mind having observed an instance of this kind when staying once with a friend on the Hills. The water for my bath was brought, I noticed, in the outer vessel of a "Warren's patent cooking pot." "Yes," said my host sorrowfully when I mentioned the occurrence, "I could never prevail upon my fellows to use the thing in

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CHAPTER IV.

In the Store-room.

ON visiting the vast collections of tinned provisions, sauces, &c., at some of the large establishments at the Presidency, I have often wondered how a lady, commencing house-keeping, is guided in selecting the things she requires for her store-room. A majority, no doubt, of the fair *châtelaines* of Madras, do their shopping at their boudoir writing tables, filling up lists at the dictation of the butler at their elbow; for few, I take it,—very few care to go to the fountain head for what they want.

Now, a butler's ideas about stores are, on the whole, very mixed: he worships "Europe articles" and delights in filling the shelves of the store-room with rows of tins; of which some may perhaps be useful, but many need never be bought at all at Madras, and so remain for months untouched, lumbering the shelves of the cupboard. It has struck me, therefore, that having satisfied ourselves concerning the equipment of the kitchen, a few words regarding the choosing of stores may be acceptable.

I have long come to the conclusion that the fewer accessories you use in the way of hermetically sealed provisions in the cooking of a dinner the better. In Madras we have all the materials for soup-making at hand, we have excellent fish, very fair flesh and fowl, good wild fowl and

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CHAPTER V.

On Stock, and clear Soups.

WITH a keen appreciation of the importance of the subject, and of the difficulties with which it is surrounded, I now proceed to place before my readers a little collection of hints and wrinkles about soup-making which I have gathered from time to time from a variety of sources. Some, by practical experience, gained by *bonâ fide* work in the kitchen, some given to me by friends, and some picked out of different works on the culinary art. In my extracts from books, I shall endeavour to record, as much as possible, such advice only as I have tested myself, and I shall try to make my gleanings simple and concise.

To begin then; there are, we know, three distinct classes of soups:—the clear, the thick, and the *purée*. We recognise clear soups in the *menu* under different names. For instance, we meet *consommé de volaille*, and *potage à la printanière*, but whereas the word *consommé* is invariably applied to clear soups, we find *potage* frequently used for thick also, to wit:—*potage à la Reine*, *potage à la bonne femme*, *&c.* Let us distinguish between thick soups and *purées* in this way:—The former owe their consistency to the addition of some artificial thickening, such as flour, egg yolks, &c., the latter, on the other hand, derive their thick characteristic from the ingredients that compose them being rubbed through a *tamis*, or through a wire

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CHAPTER VI.

Thick soups and purées.

NOW about thick soups, apart from *purées*:—these are perhaps more popular with the majority of English people, than the thin clear. There is an expression of richness and of strength in them which cannot fail to captivate the Briton. He, therefore, that would gratify his countrymen, must frequently offer them a soup which is in itself a meal.

I made the acquaintance of a little French woman in London whose husband kept a pastry cook's shop and was a *chef* indeed. Asking one day in a hurry for any clear soup they could give me, Madame Grégoire arched her eyebrows and said "Ah! *m'sieur* it would not pay us to make for our customers the *consommé*. Ox-tail, mock-turtle, and *purée de pois* we have ready; for a clear soup, we must have notice of a few hours." And we exchanged our regrets that Englishmen could not appreciate, even in the midst of July, a *potage à la printanière*.

Still I confess that a thick soup is acceptable at times:—In cool weather; when you return as hungry as a hunter from some physical enterprise; or when you have a little cosy dinner of only a very few items to discuss—a soup, a slice of a joint, a dressed vegetable, and your cheese. But I hesitate to recommend soups of this class for a Madras dinner party,—to be placed before men whose

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