



WILLIAM VERRAL
Recipes from the
WHITE
HART INN



GREAT FOOD



Recipes from the White Hart Inn

WILLIAM VERRALL was publican of the White Hart in Lewes, Sussex, from 1737 to 1760. Having been apprenticed to the French chef St Clouet, Verrall created recipes that were an inspired combination of the French and English traditions standing apart from those of his contemporaries. Published in 1759, the ideas in his *Complete System of Cookery* are strikingly modern, and many dishes – which include turkey braised with chestnuts, rabbit with champagne and ham hock with peach fritters – would not be out of place on restaurant menus today.

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WILLIAM VERRALL



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Preface

From a presumption of some small success from my friends I venture to publish the following treatise. To pretend to write for fame would illy become a person in my sphere of life (who am no more than what is vulgarly called a poor publican). 'Twould be an unparalleled piece of imprudence, and wholly incompatible to reason and the nature of things. 'Twill be sufficient for me that it meets with the approbation amongst my friends and acquaintances, & may just satisfy me for the pains I have taken to collect them (though small matters) together. The chief end and design of this part of my little volume is to show, both to the experienced and unexperienced in the business, the whole and simple art of the most modern and best French Cookery; to lay down before them such an unerring guide how it may always be well managed, and please the eye as well as the taste of everybody; and to show, too, by the notorious errors I have frequently seen, how of course it must for ever fail of being either good or pleasing, and a great many favourite morsels entirely spoiled.

First, then, give me leave to advise those who please to try the following receipts, to provide a proper apparatus for the work they take in hand, without which it is impossible it can be done with the least air of decency: and before I finish this, shall further show by maxims unexceptionable, that a good dinner cannot be got up to look neat and pretty without proper utensils to work it in, such as neat stewpans of several sizes, soup-pots, &c. to do it withal, though your provisions be never so good. I have been sent for many and many a time to get dinners for some of the best families herabouts; the salute generally is: Will, (for that is my name) I want you to dress me a dinner to-day; with all my heart, Sir, says I; how many will your company be; why about ten or twelve, or thereabouts: and what would you please to have me get, Sir, for ye? O, says the gentleman, I shall leave that entirely to you; but I'll show you my larder, and you'll be the better judge how to make your bill of fare; and a vast plenty of good provisions there was, enough to make two courses, one of seven, the other of nine, with an addition only of three or four small dishes for the second course; and a fine dish of fish there was for a remove. So it was agreed that should be the thing; but, says the gentleman, be sure you make us some good things in your own way, for they are polite sort of gentry that are to dine with me. I promised my care, and wrote the bill immediately; and it was vastly approved of. My next step was to go and offer a great many compliments to

Mrs. Cook about getting the dinner; and as it was her master's order I should assist her, I hoped we should agree; and the girl, I'll say that for her, returned the compliment very prettily, by saying, Sir, whatever my master or you shall order me to do, shall be done as far and as well as I am able. But Nanny (for that I found to be her name) soon got into such an air as often happens upon such occasions. Pray, Nanny, says I, where do you place your stewpans, and the other things you make use of in the cooking way? La, Sir, says she, that is all we have (pointing to one poor solitary stewpan, as one might call it,) but no more fit for the use than a wooden hand-dish. Ump, says I to myself, how's this to be? A surgeon may as well attempt to make an incision with a pair of sheers, or open a vein with an oyster-knife, as for me to pretend to get this dinner without proper tools to do it; here's neither stewpan, soup-pot, or any one thing else that is useful; there's what they call a frying-pan indeed, but black as my hat, and a handle long enough to obstruct half the passage of the kitchen. However, upon a little pause I sent away post haste for my own kitchen furniture. In the meantime Nanny and I kept on in preparing what we could, that no time might be lost. When the things came we at it again, and all was in a tolerable way, and forward enough for the time of day; but at length wanting a sieve I begg'd of Nanny to give me one, and so she did in a moment; but such a one! – I put my fingers to it and found it gravelly. Nanny, says I, this won't do, it is sandy: she look'd at it, and angry enough she was: rot our Sue, says she, she's always taking my sieve to sand her nasty dirty stairs. But, however, to be a little cleanly Nanny gave it a good thump upon the table, much about the part of it where the meat is generally laid, and whips it into the boiler where I suppose the pork and cabbage was boiling for the family, gives it a sort of a rinse, and gave it me again, with as much of the pork fat about it as would poison the whole dinner; so I said no more, but could not use it, and made use of a napkin that I silyly made friends with her fellow-servant for; at which she leer'd round and set off; but I heard her say as she flirted her tail into the scullery, hang these men cooks they are so confounded nice. – I'll be whipt, says she, if there was more sand in the sieve than would lay upon a sixpence. However, she came again presently, and I soon coax'd her into good humour again; come, says I, Nanny, I'm going to make a fricasee of chickens, observe how I cut 'em (for I'll show ye how to do any part of the dinner), and she seemed very attentive. When I had cut mine, there, says I, do you take that, and cut it in the same manner: and indeed the girl handled her knife well, and did it very prettily: then I gave her directions how to proceed; and it was done neatly, notwithstanding the story of the sandy

sieve. I then took in hand to show her in what manner it was to be finished for the table. And now, dinner being dish'd up, Nanny was vastly pleased, and said, that in her judgment it was the prettiest and best she had ever seen. When 'twas over, the gentleman desired, if I had time in the evening, he should be glad I would come and get him two or three little matters for supper, for they all stay: and be sure, says he, make us just such another fricasee, for it was highly approved on; so I went and told Nanny she should do it; which was agreed to: but Sir, says she, if I don't do right I hope you'll tell me. But it was done to my mind, and Nanny was now the cook; supper was sent in, and great praises ran from plate to plate, and they unanimously agreed that that fricasee was better than what they had for dinner. Before supper was well over out comes the gentleman to me. Will, says he, we hope you have this dish in the book you are going to publish. Yes, Sir, says I, and everything else you had to-day dressed in the foreign way. But, Sir, says I, your cook did that you had for supper. My maid do it, says he, and away he went to his company. Nanny was immediately sent for, and after some questions something was given her for the care she had taken; so I wished the family a good night, and went home. The next day, just as I had finished the transcribing my first sheet for the press, in comes an elderly gentleman, a friend of mine, and took it up to read. While I was writing on he interrupted me, by asking what was meant by apparatus, here, this word says he, (holding it to me to read). Why, Sir, says I, it comprehends all necessary and useful things for dressing a dinner fit to serve a gentleman's table, particularly your pretty little made dishes, (what are generally called French dishes). Ump, says my old friend, I seldom eat any thing more than a mutton chop, or so; but, however, 'tis all very well for them that like it. Well, but Sir, says I, please to give me leave; I take it you must have a good handsome kitchen in your great house, and well furnished I suppose. Not a jot, says my good friend, not a jot, I want none. Why, Sir, says I, gentlemen in general are as well pleased with the handsome decorations of their kitchen (though they never dress a morsel of victuals there) as they are with an expensive and fine furnished parlour. Well, says he, I like your scheme very well; but what must I get? So I named several things, and their uses. Well, I'll go and see, says he, and away he went cock-a-hoop to the brazier's immediately, and buys much about as much as is necessary for the getting up such a dinner as I sent to table yesterday; which is enough for any private gentleman's family, or the best inn or tavern in England; and costs but a trifle, (for I had seen it without the old gentleman's knowing it). But in he comes to tell me what he had done, and seemed mightily pleased that I approved on't, and invited

me to come to see it to-morrow. Next day I went, and was had into the kitchen by my old friend, and very neat and decent it look'd; but when I had gazed round a little, talking of his admirable taste of placing his furniture, I missed one material article, which put me in mind of an observation I have made, and often seen in small country houses; you may be sure to find a mantelpiece with spits, a hold-fast, basting-ladle, drudging-box, iron skewers, &c., but you may look all over the house and find no jack; just such is the case of my good neighbour Hackum, he seems so delighted with his new show that he lives in the kitchen, and chuses it rather than his parlour, but has not thought one word of a stove; so I addressed myself to him, while walking round by way of pleasing him, I presume, Sir, your stoves are in your back kitchen, in the old fashion way; stoves, says he, what d'ye mean by stoves? Why, Sir, little round machines of iron fix'd in brickwork about three feet from the ground, where charcoal is always burnt on all occasions in the cooking way, without which all your other materials are of no sort of use but as you see 'em now. Oh no; says he, it mayn't be often I shall invite my friends, and when I do my maid can do it all very well over this fire. (Now the fire-place, to save coals, is reduced to about the size of a salt-box.) After a little more chit about indifferent things I bid the old gentleman good-morrow, and trudged home; but dare say I shall hear from him again about the stoves, and some other little matters there must be added to it that will surprize him again, but all not worth naming. As I said so it happened, for the old man was close at my heels, and without ceremony of any sort, Will, says he, I'll have my stoves put up to-morrow, and next day I'll invite a few friends to try how my furniture answers; you'll come and dress my dinner for me, won't you? Yes, Sir, with a vast deal of pleasure. Well, says he, there will be about four of us, three of which was with him, think, an attorney's clerk, a taylor, and a journeyman perriwig-maker, who, I suppose, are much about as great epicures as himself. What do you please I should get you, Sir, says I? Why, um, says he, I don't know, I think I have heard you talk of five and five, and a remove. Now, says he, I should think three and three and two removes would be better. (Ay, says I to myself, put two fresh dishes upon the table, and leave one tore all to pieces to keep up the symmetry of it.) Just as you like, Sir, says I, and for novelty-sake so 'tis to be. Now he ordered me to provide just what I thought proper; only that he should be glad of a soup-maigre; and then set off. Now I heard him say to his cronies, as he went along, I know I shall like that soup-maigre because they always stuff it full of meat. Maigre, says he, I suppose is French for meat; so in English we may call it a meat-soup. I went to market next morning,

and provided what I judged necessary for their dinners, and took care to get enough; for I supposed 'em to be good trenchermen; and about one o'clock dinner went up, the soup, three fowls and bacon, and a large shoulder of mutton. The soup they eat all up, which was a very large old-fashioned pewter dish full; then fell aboard of the fowls, and demolished them, and so on to the mutton; but before they had finished it a dispute arose about what meat the soup was made of. Beef and bacon to be sure, says my old friend (and kept on eating like a ploughman). His right-hand man said he thought it was composed of rumps and burs.* He at the bottom took it to be made of a leg of mutton and turnips. Well, Sir, says he, to one upon the left, what think you of it? Why, Sir, I won't think of it at all: if I do I shall be sick, for I have eat too much of it. At length they sent for me, and I decided it; which surprized them. There was no other ingredients than about six carrots, as many turnips, and onions and herbs boiled to a sort of porridge, and strained through a cullender to a large quantity of toasted bread: the next three things were a hare, a turkey, (both baked, and spoiled, for want of a proper fire in the kitchen) and a plumb-pudding. There was no ceremony for clean plates; but at it they went, just as they do at one of our country club-feasts; the turkey was stript in a minute, and the poor hare tore all to pieces, (for there was not a carver amongst them) and most profound silence there was for a long time, except only a very pretty concert of growling, smacking their chaps, and cracking of crusts: when all was over with meat, plates were called for the pudding, which disappeared in about three minutes, though no small one. The two removes, as the old gentleman called them, were then brought in, and the question was which should be taken off? The empty dish, says one; and that they all agreed to. Take away the turkey, says the tonsor. No, says another, the hare; so as they could not agree, a third took the hare and plunged it into the turkey's dish. The removes were then put on; and that the beauty of the third course (as I call it) might be kept up, at each end was a sort of pudding, and in the middle the gibbet of the hare, and the skeleton of the turkey. Now the two puddings (improperly called so) were made as follows: I took a few potatoes boiled, and thump'd to pieces, with an egg or two, and a little sugar, for one; the other was a few old mackeroons I had in my house perhaps twenty years: I soak'd 'em well, and put them into a little milk and flour, instead of cream and eggs, seasoned it high with plenty of onions, &c., to which I added a large clove of garlick, which is enough for the dishes of a fifty-cover table served twice over, and covered it over with some good old Cheshire cheese instead of Parmesan; so that the colours were alike, and sent up, as said before. Well, neighbour, says

the old gentleman, now for a bit of pudding, and then we shall have done pretty well, I hope
let's see, here's eight of us; so they were cut into so many parts, and every one took his
share, and heartily they fell to, except one whose taste was not quite so depraved as the rest
he tasted, but went no farther. You don't eat, neighbour, says the opposite gentleman. I don't
love sweet things, says he. Well, I do, says one that was gobbling down the highest dish that
ever was. They vastly commended it, and swallowed it all down; but the beauty of it was, that
mackeron eaters eat it for a custard, and to this moment call it the best they ever tasted. But
one of 'em said it had a terrible twang of a bad egg, though there was neither egg or butter in
it. Well, says my old friend, with such a sort of a groan as may frequently be heard in large
peals at your great feasts in and about the metropolis of this kingdom. I say, I hope every
body has made a good dinner; but we may thank you for it, Mr. Cook, says he, turning to me
why we should have cut but a sad figure to-day, if we had not had the apparatusses. Pray, Sir,
says one of the most learned, what is an apparatus? Why, says my old friend, laughing at
him, why a stewpan is one, a pot is another, a ladle another, and many other things down in
my kitchen are called apparatusses; so I left them in the midst of their sublime chat, and went
home, where, to my no great surprize, I found the gentleman whose dinner I dress'd t'other
day. Will, says he, why here you have made a strange racket at our house. My maid talks of
nothing but you; what a pretty dinner you sent to table, and so easy, that it seemed no more
trouble to ye than for her to make a Welch rabbit; but says, that if she had such a set of
kitchen goods as yours, and a little of your instructions, she could do it all very well. Well,
Sir, says I, if you please to furnish such things as are wanting, and spare a little of her time to
peruse what I am about to publish, I make no doubt but she'll make an excellent cook. The
girl is in the right on't, she told me she was afraid you would set her a spel by and by, by
ordering just such another dinner, and I am sure it is impossible two made dishes can be well
done with what your kitchen affords. What must I do then, says he, Will? Why has not your
good old neighbour Hackum invited ye to see his kitchen since he has furnished it? No, says
he. Well, he has got all quite new from top to bottom; such a set as will just do for you; and
I'll tell you what it is, and then shall draw to a conclusion; but must ask the favour of one
small digression. – I promised at the beginning to fix one never-erring chart to steer by, so
that the weakest capacity shall never do amiss, though he mayn't arrive at once to that pitch
of perfection equal to that of the celebrated Mons. Clouet. First then, my brethren, take care
to begin your work betimes. Your broth and gravy for your soups and sauces should be the

first thing in hand: your little matters in the pastry way may be done whilst that is going on,
next prepare your fowls, collops, cutlets, or whatever it may be; put them upon plates, and
range them in neat order upon the dresser before ye; next see that your meat and roast in the
English way be all cleverly trimmed, trussed and singed, and ready for the spit. In like
manner get all your garden things cut, pared, pick'd, and washed out into a cullender; and
amongst the rest be sure you provide a plate of green onions, shallots, parsley, minced very
fine, pepper and salt always ready mixed, and your spice-box always at hand; so that every
thing you want may be ready at a moment's call, and not to be hunting after such trifles
when your dinner should be ready to send to table. When your stewpans, &c., make their
appearance, place them all in proper arrangement, and you cannot easily err. (For want of
this steady care I have known a whole course stopt, and the half of a very grand dinner in a
fair way of being spoiled by misplacing only one stewpan, and the cooks (though great ones)
were forced to make shift with any thing they could throw together to make a dish to fill the
chasm on the table; but it was found out at last that the poor scullery woman finding it
among the foul things without looking under the cover, soust it into the dishkeeler, and 'twas
lost. It was only a charming dish of green morels, in the room of which was served six or
eight heads of celery flung into a frying-pan for a little colour, and dished up with a little
sugar sifted over it.) What I observed before this long parenthesis I call good management,
and will always succeed; the reverse of it is bad. I have known the time more than once or
twice, that a cook has loitered away his time in the morning, and began his work perhaps at
ten o'clock, and then at the wrong end too: so that time has so elapsed upon his hands that it
was impossible for him to be ready at the hour set for sending to table; so that instead of
winning the praises of his master or lady, and the rest of the good company, he gets into
disgrace, and loses his character. This is what is meant by saying the cook can never do well
for they must fail of it if they are regardless of time, so take it by the forelocks, my friends,
and follow the instructions in the treatise before ye, and you'll be sure to be right, and soon
procure to yourself a vast deal of fame. Now, Sir, please to give me leave to make a
catalogue of such things as you stand in need of in your kitchen: Two little boilers, one big
enough for your broth or boiling a leg of mutton, and the other for the boiling of a couple of
fowls or so, a soup-pot, eight small stewpans of different sizes, two very large ones, and
covers to them all, a neat handy frying pan that may serve as well for frying any little
matters, as an amlette or pancakes, a couple of copper ladles, two or three large copper

spoons, a slice or two, and an egg spoon, all tinn'd; a pewter cullender, three or four sieves, (one of lawn); to which you may add half a dozen copper cups that hold about three-fourths of half a pint, and as many of a lesser size, and an *etamine or two for the straining your thick soups, cullies or creams. Your cook will find uses for all these utensils, if you should ever give an order to get the dishes prescribed in the following receipts: but all your wooden ladles, skimmers, cabbage-nets, and such nasty things, banish them from your kitchen, let them not touch your broth, soup, fish, or any thing else; keep nothing of that sort there but two or three large wooden spoons, and them always kept clean for their particular uses, such as stirring any of your sauces in your stewpans, for pewter will melt, and copper will fret the tinning off. It is needless to say any thing of little round sauce-pans for venison sauce, warming of gravy, melting of butter or fish sauce, or the like. 'Tis supposed every house has provision of that sort. And now let my brother or sister cook come on clean and neat like my friend and patron Clouet, with two or three clean aprons and rubbers, and follow the rules laid down in the easy method prescribed in the following receipts; and if it is not the most egregious blunderer in the world I'll be answerable for all that is done amiss. What my friend Clouet will say when he hears of this rash adventure of mine I cannot guess; but this I'm sure of, he'll be my voucher that it is all authentic.

As to the character of that gentleman, much at this time must not be said: that he was an honest man I verily believe, and might I have leave to give him praise equal to his merit, I would venture to say he was worthy of the place he enjoyed in that noble family he had the honour to live in. Much has been said of his extravagance, but I beg pardon for saying it, he was not that at all, nay, so far from it, this I can aver, that setting aside the two soups, fish, and about five *gros entrees* (as the French call them) he has, with the help of a couple of rabbits or chickens, and six pigeons, completed a table of twenty-one dishes at a course, with such things as used to serve only for garnish round a lump of great heavy dishes before he came here, such as calves and lambs' sweetbreads, sheep and lambs' rumps, turkeys' livers, and many other such like things, of which, with proper sauces, he used to make as many pretty neat dishes. The second or third great dinner he drest for my Lord Duke, he ordered five calves' heads to be brought in, which made us think some extravagant thing was on foot; but we soon saw it was just the reverse of it; he made five very handsome and good dishes of what he took, and the heads not worth a groat less each. The tongues, pallets, eyes, brains, and ears. The story of his *affiette* of popes-eyes, the quintessence of a ham for sauce, and the

gravy of twenty-two partridges for sauce for a brace, was always beyond the credit of any sensible person; so shall leave that untouched. The second course dishes, or *extremes*, he made as much difference in, I mean as to the expence, for what formerly (and that since my time too) made but one of most of them, he made two, and all prettier, because they were not so heavy. But I am afraid I shall launch out too far in encomiums on my friend Clouet; but beg to be excused by all my readers. One thing more and then I'll leave him to his new master marshal Richlieu (for there I am informed he now lives as steward, or *maitre d'hotel*). That I thought him very honest I think I said before, not only that, but he was of a temper so affable and agreeable, as to make every body happy about him. He would converse about indifferent matters with me or his kitchen boy, and the next moment, by a sweet turn in his discourse, give pleasure by his good behaviour and genteel deportment, to the first steward in the family. His conversation is always modest enough; and having read a little he never wanted something to say, let the topick be what it would.

Soups

Before we begin with Mr. Clouet's method or art of making his potages or soups, 'tis necessary first of all to point out his manner of preparing his bouillion or broth. Instead of the leg or shin of beef (which are the common pieces in your two-penny cut shops) take eight or ten pounds of the lean part, which, in London, is called the mouse-buttock, with a little knuckle of veal, neatly trimm'd, that it may serve to send up in your soup. A pot that holds three or four gallons will do. When you have wash'd your meat put it over the stove full of water; take care that 'tis well skimmed before it boils, or you'll lose the whole beauty of your soups and sauces; sprinkle in a little salt now and then, and 'twill cause the skim to rise; let it just boil upon the stove, but take it off, and to simmer sideways, then all the soil will sink to the bottom; to season it take ten or twelve large sound onions, eight or ten whole carrots, three or four turnips, a parsnip, two or three leeks, and a little bundle of celery tied up, a few cloves, a blade or two of mace, and some whole white pepper; let it boil no longer than the meat is thoroughly boiled to eat; for to boil it to rags (as is the common practice) it makes the broth thick and grouty, and spoils the pleasing aspect of all your dinner, and hurts the meat that thousands of families would leap mast-high at; strain it through a lawn sieve into a clean earthen pan, skim the fat all off, and make your soups and gravies, &c., of it as you have directions in the following receipts. N.B. Mons. Clouet never made use of either thyme, marjoram, or savoury in any of his soups or sauces, except in some few made dishes, as you'll see in going on; and where carrots are used be sure to cut off the rind, or 'twill give a reddish hue, which is disagreeable in any thing. This recipe of making my broth takes up a pretty deal of room; but as all the rest depends upon this being well done, 'tis of the utmost consequence to see that 'tis so. You may wonder of what use so many roots, &c., can be of; my answer is, you can make no savoury dish good without them. In this the French always were too cunning for us. The best of them all will not pretend to do any thing for the best gentleman in the kingdom, unless they could be allowed plenty of every thing from the garden. No, no. *Point des legumes; point de Cuisiniere*. No good garden things, no French cook. And from my own experience I know it to be so. I would venture myself to make a better soup with two pounds of meat, and such garden things as I liked, than is made of eight pounds for the tables of most of our gentry, and all for want of better knowing the uses of roots and

other vegetables. And now, my good cook, take care that this is well done; 'tis by this as 'tis by your *Aqua Fontana* in an apothecary's shop, scarce any thing can be done and finished without it. After this I shall endeavour to be much more concise. I shall say nothing of drawing and trussing of fowls, and singing,* peeling, scraping, picking, or washing of garden things, trimming of your meats, scaling or cleaning of fish, or any thing of that sort, for so much tautology would fill up a volume half as big as what I propose this to be, but shall put down the composition in as few words as it will admit of. – Next then –

TO MAKE A CLEAR GRAVY OF VEAL FOR SOUP.

Three or four pound of a leg of veal, a slice of raw ham, in the middle of a stewpan, with a morsel of fat bacon under it, two or three onions, carrots, and some parsley upon it, pour in two or three spoonfuls of your broth, cover it close, set it upon a slow fire till it becomes dry and brown; but you must observe that that part of the pan that is uncovered with meat will take colour first, so that you must often move it round, that it may every part be of an equal brownness; and if you nick the time between its being of a nice brown and burning, put in your broth – full as many quarts as there is pounds of meat, let it simmer for half an hour or a little more, strain it through a lawn sieve; and if you have taken care you will find it of a fine colour, and clear as rock-water, and may use of it for any sort of gravy-soup or sauce.

POTAGE DE SANTE AUX HERBES.

Soup sante with herbs.

Of herbs or vegetables you must shift with celery and endives in the winter, but add a lettuce if you can get it; provide a duckling, or a chicken neatly blanch't, and boil it in your soup, which is nothing more than the same broth and gravy as before. With the celery, &c., cut in bits about an inch long; let it boil gently for an hour or so, and when 'tis almost your time of dining add a little spinage, sorrel, and chervil, chopt but not small, and boil it about five minutes; prepare your crusts as before in a stewpan, and lay at the bottom of your dish, lay your duckling in the middle, and pour your soup over it, and serve it up with some thin bits of celery for garnish, or without, as you like best.

For the summer season you may add a handful of young pease, heads of asparagus or

sparagrass, nice little firm bits of cauliflower, bottoms of artichokes, and many other things that the season affords; 'tis but altering the name from one to the other, as you make your bills of fare daily; and you make twenty soups by this one receipt as easy as one; for instance *Soup sante aux petit pois*, i.e. with young pease; so on to the rest.

POTAGE, OR SOUP A LA JULIENNE.

This is a favourite soup, and now highly in vogue, and not much more expensive than the former. Instead of beef and veal for its broth, make it of a hen and veal and a bit of ham, seasoned as before. Make your gravy of it as for *Soup sante*; provide some bits of carrots about an inch in length, cut longways, slice it very thin, and cut it into small square pieces the full length; prepare some turnips in the same manner, some celery in the smallest bits you can of equal length; blanch all this two or three minutes, strain them, and put them in your soup-pot, and when your gravy is ready strain it to them; add to this a little purslane, the hearts of two or three lettuce, a little chervil, spinage, and sorrel, minced fine, and boil it together gently for an hour; get your crusts ready as before, and serve it up. If green pease are to be had fling in a handful or two, but very young, for old ones will thicken your soup, and make it have a bad look. You may serve a chicken up in it, or veal as before.

POTAGE A LA REINE. – WHAT QUEEN I KNOW NOT.

To make a proper stock for this, to about three quarts of broth put about a pound of lean veal and some bits of ham, two or three whole onions, carrots, parsley, and a blade of mace; boil it all together as you do gravy, for an hour; take all from your broth, and stir in the white part of a roasted fowl or chicken, and about two ounces of sweet almonds blanch'd, and both well pounded, the yolks of three or four hard eggs mash'd, with the soft of a manchet boiled in good milk or cream; rub it well through an etamine, and pour it into your soup-pot; take care to keep it boiling hot, but never let it boil a moment over your stove, but keep it moving; provide some crusts well soak'd, and a chicken in your dish, and serve it up, with a little of your best gravy poured in circles or patches. This is the most modern way.

Another fashion I have often seen, and I think no bad one where plate is used: put your soak'd bread into your dish, and set on a chaffing-dish of charcoal, so that it boil to cleave to

the bottom; but take care you don't let it burn: and yet it ought to be pretty brown, and should be scraped off with the soup-spoon. No other difference but that.

POTAGE AUX NANTILES; OR, NANTILE SOUP.

Nantiles are a sort of grain that come from abroad, and are sold at most of the oil-shops in London, in shape like a vetch or tare, but much less. Take about a quart of them, and boil in water only till very tender, for your stock. You must be so extravagant as to have a roasted partridge; pick off the flesh, and I'll presently shew the use of it: the bones you may crush to pieces, and put to them some bits of ham, with about three quarts of broth and gravy mix'd: add to it as before onions and carrots and parsley; boil this as the last; take all from it; see that your partridge meat is well pounded, and your nantiles, and stir them into your broth, and let boil a few minutes; strain it through your etamine, and serve it with a partridge in the middle, and some thin morsels of bacon for garnish, which may be both boil'd in your broth, being well blanch'd; have some crusts soak'd as before, and serve it up.

POTAGE A LA PUREE VERTE

Pease Soup.

If you make this soup in the season of green-pease, take about three pints of old ones, boil them tender, and pound 'em well, a bit of butter in a large stewpan, and fry, with some bits of ham, two or three carrots, onions, turnips, and a parsnip, a leek or two, some bits of celery, and mint-tops, a little spice and whole pepper; pour in about three quarts of broth, and boil it an hour; take all out, and put in your pease, with the soft of a French roll well soak'd in a little broth, for pease will not thicken enough at this time of the year; set it over your fire a few minutes, and pass it through your etamine; provide a little celery and endive or lettuce ready boiled, with a few young pease; put them to your soup, and let it simmer till dinner-time; add a little handful of spinage and sorrel chop'd, which may boil five minutes; prepare your crusts as before, and serve it up with a square bit of bacon cut in bits through the rind, and may be boiled with your broth.

For the winter season make use of blue pease, which are always to be had in London, and celery and endives to serve up in it; and stain it with the juice of spinage.

UN PLAT DE SOUP POUR SOUPER.

Soup for Supper.

This may seem to be but a simple thing to place among these high matters; but I never see it come from table without a terrible wound in it. If it has but the approbation of few it will pay very well for the room it takes up here.

To a quart of good new milk put a pint of cream, a bit of lemon-peel, a laurel-leaf or two and a stick of cinnamon, and a few coriander seeds, and some good sugar; boil it for a few minutes, and set off to cool; blanch two ounces of sweet almonds, with two or three bitter ones, pound them with a drop of water to a paste, and stir them in your milk, rub it through an etamine, pour it back into your stewpan, and make it just boiling. Provide the yolks of about ten eggs, and pour in beat nice and smooth, stir it upon your stove carefully for a minute or two, and it is ready to serve to table, putting on it some rusks or toasts of French bread.

WATER SOUCHY.

This is rather a Dutch dish, and for change no bad one. To make this in perfection you should have several sorts of small fish, flounders, gudgeons, eels, perch, and a pike or two; but it is often with perch only; they ought to be very fresh; take care all is very clean, for what they are boiled in is the soup; cut little notches in all, and put them a little while in fresh spring water; (this is what is called crimping of fish in London); put them into a stewpan with as much water as you think will fill your dish, half a pint of white wine, a spoonful or two of vinegar, and as much salt as you would for broth. Put them over your fire in cold water, and take particular care you skim it well in boiling; provide some parsley roots cut in slices, and boiled very tender, and a large quantity of leaves of parsley boiled nice and green. When your fish have boiled gently for a quarter of an hour take them from the fire, and put in your roots, and when you serve it to table strew your leaves over it; take care not to break your fish, and pour your liquor on softly and hot; some plates of bread and butter are generally served up with this, so be sure to have them ready.

POTAGE MAIGRE AUX HERBES.

For the summer season three or four carrots, a little bunch of green onions, a few beet-leaves and a handful of spinach and sorrel, a little purslane and chervil, and two or three lettuce, and some spice and pepper, strip all into small bits and fry them in a large stewpan, with a bit of fresh butter; pour in about two quarts of water, and let it boil gently for an hour at least, strain it off to the soft of a French roll well soaked, and pass it through your etamine; prepare the heart of two of nice light savoys or cabbage, a couple of lettuce, and a handful of two of young pease, stew them well, and drain them upon a sieve; when it draws towards your dinner-time have ready the yolks of half a dozen eggs, mixed well with half a pint of cream; put your pease, &c. into the soup, and boil it for a few minutes, a few slices of white bread, then your cream and eggs; stir it well together, cover it down very close till you are ready for it, just shew it to the fire and send it up. This soup is frequently done with cucumbers quartered, and the seed cut out, instead of the things before-mentioned. For the winter, celery and endives, white beet-roots, sliced thin, or the bottoms of artichokes, which in some families are preserved for such uses, and in most of the oil-shops in and about London.

Fish being the second first course dish takes its place next.

N.B. Mr. Clouet never boiled any fish of any sort in the plain way; and as almost every body knows the easy method of dressing of them so, and their proper sauces, 'twill be needless to put it down here. I propose but four for his *gros entrees*, or removes, which is a turbot, salmon, a pike, and carps, done in manner following.

TURBOT A L'ITALIENNE.

Turbot in the Italian way.

Cut the fins and tail of your fish off, and lay to soak in a marinade for an hour or two, which is a little vinegar, white wine, salt and water, some green onions and bay leaves, with some blades of mace and whole pepper; take your fish and dry it upon a cloth, and place it in a stewpan just its size. The most common sauce in Mr. Clouet's way was that at top, *sauce Italienne*; to make which, with about a pint of good gravy, put a glass or two of Rhenish, two or three spoonfuls of oil, the juice of a couple of lemons, an anchovy or two, a little pepper and salt, some shallots minced very fine, and a little bundle of green onions and parsley tied up, pour it on your fish, so much as will just cover it; if you find this not quite enough add a spoonful or two of your cullis [p. 15], cover it down very close, and set it upon a slow stove to simmer very gently for about an hour, that it may be done rather by fumigation than hast boiling; take a large ladle of your cullis and strain to it, about as much of your liquor from your fish, add a few olives pared from the kernel, or capers; dish your fish up hot, boil your sauce a few minutes and pour it over it, strewing a little parsley minced very fine over, and garnish with a great deal of whole, fresh and fine pick'd.

This is an excellent way to dress a John o'Dorey, or upon a pinch a large plaice is no bad thing.

SAUMON AUX CREVETTES.

Salmon with shrimp sauce.

Of a salmon the jowl is preferr'd to any other part; notch it to the bone on both sides about an inch apart; lay it in a marinade, as before mentioned; put it into some long stewpan just big enough if you can, with a fish plate or napkin under it, that you may take it out without breaking; put to it a pint of white wine, a dash of vinegar, some sweet basil and thyme, whole pepper, salt and mace, two or three shallots, a bunch of parsley and green onions; pour in as much water as will just cover it, let your lid be shut close upon it, and about an hour before your dinner put it over a slow stove to simmer, and prepare your sauce as follows: provide as many small prawns or shrimps (the tails only) as you think necessary for your piece of salmon; put into your stewpan to them a proportionate quantity of cullis, add to it a little basil, pimpernel, thyme and parsley, all minced very fine, with a dash of white wine; boil all about a quarter of an hour, squeeze in the juice of a lemon or two, take care that the fish is well drained, and put meat into your dish, pour your sauce over, and serve it up; garnish with lemons cut in quarters.

Trouts may be done in the same manner.

At times when *maigre sauces* are chosen, make a little broth of a few small fish, season as above, skim it well, and boil it but about half an hour, strain it into a stewpan, add a bit of butter mix'd with some fine flour, provide the yolks of four or five eggs, and about a gill of cream; stir your butter, &c. to prevent its being lumpy, and let it boil a little while, set it off the fire, put in your prawns with your cream and eggs, * cover it close for a few minutes, keep it moving over the stove for a moment, squeeze in your lemon, and serve it up.

Such a sauce as this may serve for any sort of fish, either stew'd or boil'd; and without the help of Mr. Clouet, I have many a time toss'd up a dish of fish with only its own natural broth seasoned in the manner prescribed; I mean by stewing and straining its broth, and thickened as above.

UN BROCHET FARCEZ, SAUCE AUX CAPERS.

Pike with force-meat and caper sauce.

Prepare your pike thus: gut it without cutting of it open, but take care it is well cleaned; cut a notch down the back from head to tail, turn it round, and fasten the tail in the mouth, and lay it in a marinade as before: for your farce or forcemeat take the udder of a leg of veal, or the kidney part of a loin of lamb, some fat bacon cut in dice, the spawn or melt of the fish, some

green onions, a mushroom or two, or truffles, parsley, and salt, a little nutmeg and pepper, add a morsel of butter to fry it, chop it all well, and the soft of a French roll soak'd in cream or milk, pound all together in a large mortar, with three or four eggs; try if it is seasoned to your mind, and fill the belly of your fish, and close up that part that is cut in the back; make it nice and even; take two or three eggs, daub it well over, and strew some crumbs of bread upon it, and bake it in a gentle oven, the time according to the bigness of your pike. For your sauce, to two or three ladles of your cullis add two or three large spoonfuls of whole capers, some parsley minced fine, the juice of two lemons, a little minced shallot, and serve it up in your dish hot, but not poured over.

As this dish is bak'd, garnish with a large quantity of fry'd parsley.

The French are fond of barbel, chubs, or chevins, done in the same manner.

DES CARPES A LA COUR.

Carps done the court fashion.

A brace of carp is handsomest for a dish. Place your fish in a stewpan that they just fill, upon two or three slices of bacon or ham, that you may turn them the easier; pour in as much wine as will just cover them, a ladle or two of cullis, season with a bunch of onions and parsley, some cloves and mace, pepper, salt, and three or four bay leaves, and two or three shallots and mushrooms, an anchovy or two; and let your melts or soft rows stew with the fish about half an hour; but the spawn or hard rows boil separate, and when your sauce is ready cut it in pieces, and put in, for it is very apt to crumble to bits and spoil the comeliness of it. For the sauce take about half of what the fish are stewed in, and as much cullis added to it. For a *sauce hachee*, a little burnet, pimpernel, a mushroom or two, and some parsley, all minced very fine; take your melts or spawns and cut in small pieces, and boil a little while in your sauce; dish up your fish, add the juice of a lemon, and pour hot upon 'em; garnish with parsley only.

Tench may be done just in the same manner.

I propose to put twelve *gros entrees* of meat; but first of all to shew Mr. Clouet's method of preparing his coulis or cullis.

Take a stewpan that will hold about four quarts, put a thin slice or two of bacon at the bottom, about two pound of veal, a piece of ham, three or four carrots, onions and parsley, with a head or two of celery, pour in about a pint of your broth, cover it close, and let it go gently on upon a slow stove for an hour; when it comes to be almost dry watch it narrowly, so as to bring it to a nice brown, fill it up with broth, and let it boil softly about half an hour; take about half a pound of fresh butter, melt it, three or four large spoonfuls of fine flour, and rub over a stove till it is a fine yellowish or light-brown colour, pour it into your gravy, and stir it well after boiling ten minutes or so; take your meat and roots out, and pass it through your etamine;* take off the fat, and set it handy for such uses as you'll find in the following receipts. Be sure great care is taken of this, for on it the goodness and beauty of all the rest depends.

LONGE DE VEAU MARINEE, SAUCE BRUNE.

Loin of veal marinaded, with a brown sauce.

Your loin of veal should be put into the marinade the day before; take about two quarts of new milk, and put to it some green onions, a shallot or two, parsley, a little spice, whole pepper, salt, two or three bay leaves, and some coriander seed; put your veal in, and keep it well turned so as to soak it well, till it should be spitted next day, cover it with paper with butter rubb'd on it, and roast it gently till it is well done. I have known a cook baste with the marinade, but Mr. Clouet never, nor with any thing else. For your sauce, mix about a pint of your cullis thinned with a little gravy, mince two or three mushrooms and capers, a little parsley, and a shallot or two, pour it into your dish, adding the juice of a lemon, with the kidney undermost.

UN JAMBON AUX EPINARS.

Ham with spinage.

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