

The clerical patronage in the Lord Chancellor's hands has been diminished by Lord Westbury's legislation, though it is still considerable. It arose in the old days when he had a College of Chaplains about him, or Clerks in Chancery. This will account for the smallness of many of the livings. In 1863 there were 720 small livings in his gift, which have since been reduced by upwards of 300, and of the former number 150 were under £150 per annum. No doubt Lord Halsbury could tell some good stories about the excuses made by applicants. Eldon sent a short note to an applicant: "I cannot to-day give you the appointment for which you ask." The recipient was asked to "turn over," and there he read the words "I gave it you yesterday." Westbury once received a letter in which a lady laid her husband's death at his door. He had applied for a living, but could not wait for the answer, went down to view the place, slept in a damp bed, caught cold, and died!

Another Chancellor had a living claimed in a romantic manner. When simply an aspirant for political

preferment, he blessed a baby-girl, and whispered over her cradle that if she ever married a clergyman, and he himself became Lord Chancellor, he would give her husband a living. The bride-elect claimed it of him in person as necessary to marriage, and received its promise with blushes. But "giving agreeable girls away" like this is seldom the good fortune of the Lord Chancellor, unless they happen to be his wards.

The power of a Lord Chancellor is great, and so is the extent of his work. Incessant appeals and complaints reach him from all quarters by nearly every post. He need be a Briareus to satisfy everybody. If he reward competent relatives, he is sure to be accused of nepotism; if he essay to be too scrupulously impartial, he will do them an injustice by passing them over. Partisans and opponents lead him a nice life. The burden upon his time and his attention is immense and unceasing. It is only in the far-off Elizabethan days that it could be said—

"My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,  
The Seals and Maces danced before him."

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## SOME SUMMER SAVOURIES.

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Presenting the readers of this Magazine with the following recipes and suggestions, I have made special provision for dwellers in house-boat or tent, as well as for picnic parties and holiday-makers generally, the hot dishes being easily and expeditiously cooked (as in

some cases the tiniest oil or spirit stove will suffice), while those which are intended to be served cold will, I hope, commend themselves to one and all at the present season; to the latter kind I will give first attention.

A nicely made *meat pie* is, I think, a generally liked dish (but people who begrudge a little time and trouble in its preparation will be wise to turn their attention to some other branch of cookery), and I confidently recommend the undermentioned, the crust for all of which is known as "French raised crust," and is less difficult for beginners than our English raised pastry. It is also very delicious, keeps well, and retains its crispness. The flour used must be good "pastry whites," warmed and passed through a sieve; to one pound, six ounces of fresh butter should be added, and rubbed in until very fine, with half a teaspoonful of salt, and a fourth as much pepper. The unbeaten yolks of three eggs, the juice of a quarter of a lemon, and enough cold water to form a smooth, stiff mass must next be added, the whole being lightly mixed with the tips of the fingers; it requires very

little kneading, and should be rolled out once only. Have in readiness a tin pie-mould, round or oval, about three inches high, and well buttered, line it evenly with the crust—reserving a portion for the lid—then pack in the meat, about a pound and a half for the foregoing proportions, and press the lid on, first brushing the inner edge with a little beaten egg; ornament the top with leaves cut from the trimmings, taking care to make one or two holes for the escape of the steam. The oven must be steady, and of a moderate heat, a little quicker at first to "set" the crust. When done, let the pie stand for half an hour before filling up with the gravy, as it allows the meat to sink, and the better to absorb the liquid. Now for a few suggestions as to the meats for our pies:—

1. Veal, with a fourth its weight of ham, and a couple of hard-boiled eggs, and a half-teaspoonful of mixed sweet herbs to each pound of meat, a morsel of grated lemon-peel, and a pinch of grated nutmeg being a further improvement.

2. Chicken, with ham, &c., as above, or cooked tongue, may be used in either recipe; the ham should be raw, but will be improved by soaking awhile in tepid water if it is hard or too salt. I would, however, suggest good bacon in preference to inferior ham.

3. Pigeons, with a third their weight in veal or beef-steak, with boiled eggs as before-mentioned; the livers of the birds to be pounded, and mixed with the ordinary ingredients used for veal stuffing, the forcemeat being formed into small balls, and interspersed

amongst the meat. I say *ordinary* ingredients, but there is one exception, viz., butter must be used in place of suet. The meat in all the recipes must be carefully freed from skin and gristle, and cut into dice, or passed through a chopping-machine. The *approximate* quantity of seasoning is a teaspoonful of salt and a fourth as much pepper for each pound of meat.

For gravy for Nos. 1 and 2, the bones of the veal or chicken should be stewed until the liquor is strong enough to "jelly" when cold, or in very hot weather, as a further precaution, a little gelatine should be added. For No. 3 a veal bone and a morsel of glaze may be used in addition to the bones of the pigeons. During the boiling, the stock must be frequently skimmed, and strained through a clean cloth before being poured into the pie.

I will next detail *Mock Foie Gras Gâteau*, a novel and excellent dish, though inexpensive, trusting that any who may try it will carry out the recipe carefully. The ingredients required are a calf's kidney, and its weight of bacon and calf's liver, and twice its weight of veal cutlet. The liver needs washing and drying, so does the kidney, and from the latter all the hard inner portion must be removed. After mincing them all up very small, the following should be well mixed with the mass:—Two eggs well beaten, a gill of strong stock made from bones, a generous teaspoonful each of salt, chopped thyme, and red currant jelly, the rind of a lemon (carefully grated to avoid the bitterness of the white pithy part), a brimming dessert-spoonful of Worcester sauce, mushroom ketchup, and chopped parsley, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. The whole ought to be pounded in a mortar, as the ingredients need perfect amalgamation, but a strong bowl and the end of a rolling-pin may be used as substitutes. To cook this *gâteau*, press it very tightly in a buttered pie-dish and twist a sheet of buttered paper over the top; cover it also with an old dish or baking-sheet, then bake it in a *very moderate* oven for two hours. Remove the tin or dish, but leave the paper until the *gâteau* is cold, when it may be turned out and served as a breakfast or luncheon dish, or, if thinly sliced, will furnish material for delicious sandwiches.

*Moulded Calf's Head* will provide a dish suitable for any meal. The head should be boiled in the ordinary way, but with a good allowance of herbs and vegetables, and as soon as the meat will slip from the bones it must be cut up while warm, and thoroughly seasoned with a mixture of salt, pepper, a *suspicion* of grated nutmeg, the grated rind of half a lemon, and some parsley scalded and chopped. It should then be very tightly packed in a mould with alternate layers of boiled ham in thin slices, a cupful or thereabouts of the liquor mixed with half an ounce of glaze being poured over by degrees. The glaze is a great improvement; it gives colour and flavour, and renders an otherwise somewhat insipid dish very appetising. The tongue may either be skinned and cut up with the meat for the *mould*, or served hot with a sauce made from the brains; or the latter will make a

delicious little dish, if they are boiled and beaten up while hot, then mixed with bread-crumbs, herbs, and seasoning, and a beaten egg to bind them. They can be shaped as desired, and browned in a Dutch oven, or fried; in either case they should be coated with "frying batter," or a beaten egg and bread-crumbs.

The stock from the head may be converted into excellent *Soup*, with the least possible trouble, as follows:—Put back the bones, and boil them till there is only a quart of liquor; strain it through a clean cloth, and add some of the vegetables cut into shreds, and the pulp of a few ripe tomatoes. Thicken with two ounces of corn-flour or rice-flour mixed with cold water, then return the whole to the pan, boil it for ten minutes, season, and serve. For this, and many other dishes, "tomato pulp" in tins (a recently introduced article) will be found very convenient when fresh tomatoes cannot be readily obtained, as it is excellent in colour and flavour; from the same medium I recommend an appetising *Sauce*, good with cold meats generally, and particularly good with cold fish: the required ingredients are a gill each of tomato pulp and plain brown vinegar, a dessert-spoonful of finely chopped capers, a salt-spoonful each of white pepper, mustard, and salt, and a small teaspoonful of castor sugar. The proportions of the seasonings can be varied to suit individual requirements, but the omission of the sugar will spoil the sauce.

A dish of *Fowl Scallops* is a little luxury, and economical withal, being one of the best methods of re-serving the remains of a boiled or roasted fowl. For half a dozen scallops, take about nine ounces of the whitest of the meat, free from skin, and mince it very finely; meanwhile stew down the bones and skin in water, until there is rather more than a gill of stock, which must then be blended with an ounce and a half each of butter and flour, and boiled up well, previous to mixing with the minced fowl, and half a gill of boiling milk or cream. White pepper and cayenne, salt, a hint of nutmeg, and a few drops of lemon-juice are suitable seasonings, but one or two button mushrooms cooked in the stock and minced will be found a great improvement. Now fill the shells with the mixture, sprinkle some browned bread-crumbs on the top, and heat them in a quick oven; they are intended to be eaten while hot, but are very good cold.

*Fowl en Friture* is another little dainty, or any other cooked white meat can be used in the same way, veal being very nice. Whatever is used—about half a pound—should be thinly sliced and freed from skin, and laid in the juice of a lemon for an hour. A flat dish should then be buttered, and sprinkled thickly with bread-crumbs mixed with a little thyme and chopped parsley, the meat being next added in a single layer, over which a batter is poured. Ten to fifteen minutes in a *hot* oven will cook this and delicately brown the surface. For the batter put two ounces of flour in a bowl with a good pinch of salt and pepper; add the yolks of two eggs and the third of a pint of milk, beating well all the time from the centre of the flour

to avoid lumps; then *stir* in the whites of the eggs, first whisked until stiff. I may mention that the chief reason for coating the dish with crumbs is to avoid undue hardening of the meat; this should always be guarded against in re-cooking meat of any kind, otherwise it becomes not only flavourless, but indigestible; hence, if crumbs are not handy, some cold potatoes in slices (or any other vegetable) may be substituted.

I will next ask my readers to make trial of *Scalloped Beef*, assuring them of a treat if they carry out in detail the directions. First, assuming that a couple of rib bones—with enough meat on them to fill a breakfast-cup after being scraped from the bones—are at hand, they must be chopped up, covered with water, and boiled for several hours until there is a teacupful of good gravy. Into a small stewpan put an ounce of butter, and brown it well, then fry in it a small onion, chopped; remove the onion, add a table-spoonful of flour, and let that brown also; then a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, the same of mushroom ketchup and brown vinegar, then the strained stock; boil up, and *off* the fire mix the meat in, which is preferable if underdone. Grease a flat dish and spread it with bread-crumbs, lay the meat on, and put crumbs in a layer a quarter of an inch thick on the top, with an ounce of butter, broken into bits, here and there all over it. A sharp oven is necessary, or a Dutch oven

is useful, as the baking should not take more than ten minutes.

I will close with a *Fish Soufflé*, a real delicacy, that will be appreciated by most people—indeed, it is the *bonne bouche* of the present collection. A lobster is required, and half a pound of white fish (sole or plaice), two ounces each of flour and butter, a quarter of a pint of milk, the same of fish stock, and a couple of eggs. The white fish must first be divided into small pieces—the dark skin and bones being rejected—and thoroughly mixed with the minced lobster, then blended with the butter, milk, stock, and flour, first boiled well together and left till cool, when the yolks of the eggs, with a good seasoning of salt, pepper, and lemon-juice, and a few drops of essence of anchovies, are to be added, and last of all the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Forty minutes' steaming in a buttered mould covered with buttered paper will cook this, if the operation be carefully performed—*i.e.*, care must be taken that the water is kept gently boiling, and that it does not come within an inch of the top of the mould. It should be turned out and served with white sauce flavoured with lemon-juice, or with shrimp or anchovy sauce. I may remind my readers that a tinned lobster—if of the best quality—does as well as a fresh one; the dish is then a practical illustration of the fact that nice cooking does not always mean costliness.

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 PICTURES OF THE MONTHS.
 

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JULY.

THE rose-leaves scatter in scented showers  
 O'er the velvet turf where the warm sun lies;  
 In still white light stand the garden bowers,  
 And the sky is a sapphire of wondrous price:  
 And life is singing a sweet home tune,  
 For the pair here dreaming through golden noon.