

DELECTABLE SALADS.



A GOOD deal has to be taken for granted in the present instance, for space would fail me were I to attempt an explanation of the way to prepare the salad materials of the old familiar type: viz., lettuce, endive, and other "greenery," which generally have to make an

acquaintance with water before they are presentable at table; therefore I am assuming that when required in the concoction of any of the dainties I am presenting to your notice that the green salad will be *dry* and *clean*. If not, then your reputation must suffer, and so, I fear, will mine.

For the recipes that follow I claim novelty, piquancy, and what is often lost sight of: viz., an appetising appearance. You have heard of, and perhaps eaten, a "chicken salad," but maybe have voted it rather insipid, particularly when the bird has first appeared at table boiled, with the usual trimmings: never a very tasty dish, though very nice, but one which becomes less tasty as time goes on. Perchance it did not occur to you that such a salad owes very much to the seasoning if it is to be worth the pains expended on it. But I will proceed to detail my

Chicken Salad.—Take the meat of the fowl, and trim it by taking the skin off and cutting it in dice or slices, as most convenient. Then put it on a dish, and splash it with the juice of half a lemon; sprinkle a little salt over, and, if you have it, a pinch of celery salt too; grate just a hint of nutmeg, and mix with a good pinch of cayenne and a suspicion of white sugar, with about a saltspoonful of the rind of the lemon grated; distribute this mixture over, and then add either a little fresh tarragon in shreds—say, enough to fill a saltspoon—or use a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; cover up, and leave while you pile up the salad proper. Take a good-sized dish, and put in the centre either a couple of lettuces pulled to pieces, *not cut*, or one lettuce and a head of endive in sprigs, and about enough sliced cucumber to fill a gill measure. Pour some of the dressing over—this is detailed below—then pile the chicken meat on. I forgot to mention that the seasoning given is enough for about half a pound, but you may be as liberal in the matter of the meat as circumstances permit, so that you are equally generous with the seasoning. Now go over with more dressing; and this should not be stinted. Some scraps of onion or shallot, in the smallest shreds, will give *such* a zest, supposing there is no rooted dislike to their flavour. Now for the finishing touches. Have a couple of eggs boiled hard, and shelled, and cut in slices, and some beetroot boiled and sliced, the thinner the better; the latter should be seasoned at

the last moment with vinegar, and pepper, and a dash of salt, and remember a hint of sugar should the vegetable not be quite up to the mark. Drain well, and put a ring round the green, reserving the eggs for the outer border; or arrange a little tuft of cress or a heap of shredded celery between the beetroot slices, if you please, and then embed the yolks of eggs in, leaving the whites to be chopped up and put about the dish where they will be most effective: that is, near the green or red, not in contact with the celery. It is astonishing how many salads, and other dishes too, are marred in appearance by inattention to such commonplace details as I am describing. There! Now there is nothing to do but eat it, and the result will be generally-expressed wonder that no one thought of some such seasoning before. Let me remind you that in place of beetroot, some ripe tomatoes are excellent; or some shredded tomatoes may with advantage be used in the salad; the principle is the thing to grasp; viz., piquancy is to be the key-note of this dish. The dressing will be found just as good with rabbit or veal as with chicken, and if you have a supply of it in the larder and exercise your ingenuity, wonderful are the dishes you will send to table, no matter how scanty the supply of meat; and I know of nothing more likely to remove the stigma that in some houses is attached to cold vegetables of every sort: indeed, it is not unlikely that you will get some "left-overs" on purpose to demonstrate your skill in their transformation; for want of a better name, then, here is the

Piquant Dressing.—I must again assume, this time that you are in possession of a mortar; put in it, supposing that you wish for about half-a-pint of dressing, a tablespoonful of cooked ham that has been chopped, then pound it with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and add the yolk of a raw one a little at a time, pounding constantly. Tiring work to do well single-handed, but think of the exercise and the benefits derivable! Take a bottle of good salad oil—it cannot be too good—and add it *drop by drop*; this, you must know, is all-important; and when about a gill and a half has been added, stop. The mixture should be quite thick. Now thin it down with vinegar, both plain and flavoured, or use some lemon or lime juice in place of some of it; anything from clear light-coloured pickles comes in handy, and we all know how the surplus vinegar *does* accumulate; about a teaspoonful of onion juice is a feature of this dressing, and this you get by slicing and pounding the onion, or by chopping and wringing in a cloth. The Spanish are to be preferred in every respect to those of our own country. Then you will give a final seasoning of cayenne, salt—some of it celery, please—white pepper, and a little grated lemon-peel and some French mustard. The latter is not to be found in every house, then the best English must be used as a

substitute ; but on occasions like the present don't take it from the cruet, but mix a little fresh with some of your vinegar or lemon juice. A teaspoonful of tomato conserve, should you chance to have a bottle going, is a first-rate addition ; the veriest suspicion of anchovy essence is worth a host of other seasonings ; I almost fear to name it, lest the novice may suppose that the mixture should taste of anchovy ; that would ruin it ; the result is something that shall set those not in the secret wondering " whatever is the delicious flavour in the dressing ? " Experienced cooks will see the drift of my remarks. It often happens—does it not ?—though there is not the least reason why it should, that the root of a tongue gets left over, and a portion of it wasted. Try a bit of it in place of the ham, or in addition. I gave the above in its entirety to an acquaintance, who took the trouble to pound up the inferior bits of the fowl in the same manner, with particularly good results. Another uses curry paste, and omits the mustard ; and this is successful, and in no way interferes with the preliminary dressing of the chicken. Now let me introduce you to something very cheap, but *not* nasty : viz.,

Turnip Salad.—The nicer the turnips have been boiled the better the salad ; they should be white and well-drained, then cut in slices. Dust them with a mixture of salt and pepper in equal parts, and a hint of white sugar and grated nutmeg ; then sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon for a pound or so of turnips, and mix oil and vinegar in the proportion of two parts oil to one of vinegar, and add a little mustard ; or the oil may be put over first, and then the vinegar ; some finely-chopped parsley or mint, or tarragon and chervil, completes this—plenty of choice, you see ; and to win applause set the dish over ice for a time ; it cannot be too cold. Some carrots may be introduced or used as a border, or a little may be sieved and added to the dressing ; and I am of opinion that in the latter way the addition will be most relished ; a dash of onion juice is not to be despised in this connection. The turnips must be a trifle under rather than overdone, or the salad is a failure. Those who like cheese with salad—and who does not ?—will do well to add " a grate " over the several layers of turnip ; or to use one of the ordinary cream dressings as a basis, with such additions as I have named and a further addition of grated cheese, of which a small proportion at least must be Parmesan.

Boiled Beef Salad.—This is famous, but the meat must be tender, and should be only slightly salted. A piece of brisket or flat ribs is as good as or better than any other part. I may remind you that tongue, even the despised root, will come as a dainty dish in the same guise. Take some thin slices, and set them aside covered, then chop up any remains and mix with some tomatoes in dice, celery salt, and pepper, which ought to be black, and a little grated horse-radish ; do not omit a squeeze of lemon juice and a pinch of white sugar, for they will bring out the flavour of the tomatoes and the horse-radish. Then add mustard-and-cress, or watercress, or lettuce, any or all ; you see, I am here leaving the proportions to you. Mix a

hard-boiled egg yolk in a bowl with a dash of mustard and a gill of oil—these are the proportions ; the quantity is regulated by the size of the salad—and then thin with a little good walnut or mushroom ketchup and a spoonful of hot sauce, and vinegar to suit the palate ; ordinary good brown vinegar will do. Toss the whole, and lay the slices of meat on the top, with a little horse-radish here and there, and a few sprigs of green, and send the cruet to table with it. This is the sort of snack for days that are so trying—we all know them, when people say it is too hot to eat, and they feel as if they can touch nothing ; but, strange to say, it is one that seems quite as acceptable on a cold day ; and when tomatoes are not available, beet-root comes in just as well, some say better. Should there be any horse-radish sauce left over from a joint, it may be used, some in the dressing, and some over the top slices of beef. Some hard eggs make a more substantial dish of it ; or, for increased piquancy, a small quantity of hot chutney should be borne in mind.

Here is a snack that is especially calculated to make cold insipid food of various sorts attractive and palatable. Put in your salad bowl anything for a foundation in the way of *cooked* vegetables or *raw* salad, or mix them. Always remember, though, that should such tasteless ingredients as potatoes or turnips find a place therein, savour must be given by increased seasoning, and herbs of some kind are almost indispensable. The name of this is

Cosmopolitan Salad, I must tell you. Then season the foundation, and I must of necessity leave something to your discretion. There must be salt and pepper, and probably you will think of other suitable adjuncts if you glance at the foregoing recipes. A dash of acid liquid in some form is certain to be wanted. Then take a tin of canned green corn and drain it : the liquid will not be wanted in this dish ; season it with a rather liberal hand with a mixture of oil and lime or lemon juice and good white vinegar, the parts of each being purely a matter of taste, and enough salt and pepper to redeem it from insipidity, but not to destroy its natural flavour. Some will vote a morsel of onion to the making of the dish, and I shall agree with them ; while many would consider it incomplete without some tomato juice—many, I mean, in the land where the corn is canned. This, too, is not the same thing if not served cold. When meat is introduced, and all sorts of scraps are permissible in the same dish, it should be cut in strips and scattered over the top. I have met with people who dress corn salad with a cream or egg dressing ; to any such who may not have given a trial to the simpler kind, I recommend this. Cold haricot beans are an admirable addition, providing they have been boiled until quite soft ; the green haricots may be specially named. I find that many like canned corn in very small quantities : just a slight mixture with other materials ; to such this salad will prove more acceptable than one of corn alone, though it is only fair to mention that where the latter is liked at all, it is usually very popular. The taste for the commodity is a decidedly acquired one.

Piccaililli Salad is a prime favourite in the States, and is as good with cold fish as with meat. So far, I have not acquired a taste for raw cabbage, often used, so I cannot recommend it for the basis. I think that lettuce or endive, with a small amount of shredded Spanish onion, cannot be improved upon for general purposes. Supposing these to be mixed in a bowl or deep dish, the next thing is to dredge with fine white sugar and pepper and a little salt, and toss well, then to introduce the above-named pickle, drained from its liquid, and chopped up with a will, for the finer this hot mince the better the dish; uniform seasoning is the thing to aim at. The thick liquid from the pickles forms the dressing, and may be rendered more pungent with chutney, or mustard, or cayenne, or modified by the aid of cream

or oil; this last touch is of necessity a matter of taste; besides, the pickles vary much in quality and strength. I have seen this garnished with all sorts of bright-coloured salad stuffs, and with tufts of horse-radish and morsels of cheese, each resting on a bit of fried bread cut to size, and it would not be easy to find a better cheese snack than it makes in this form. There is no objection to the use of cooked vegetables in this dish, but, as a rule, raw salads are preferred. I *must* refer to cream cheese in such a salad as this. There are no particular rules to observe; the surface is best decorated with little lumps of it, preferably laid on slices of seasoned tomato, and as much as may be liked is pounded and blended with the dressing. A cheese that has become fully ripe is essential.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

HEADS OF THE PROFESSIONS.

I.—CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

—who is one of the handsomest men of his day, as well as an artist of rare distinction—is the most popular president the Royal Academy has ever had. He was born at Scarborough on December 3rd, 1830, in a house which is now incorporated in a boarding-house. His father and grandfather were medical men, and remarkable not only for skill in their profession, but for music and literary culture. Sir Frederick's

earliest recollections of his own ambition is that he was always determined to be an artist. Circumstances must have aided him greatly, for when quite a small child he was taken abroad, in consequence of his mother's delicate health; and with the exception of short visits to England, the first thirty years of his life were spent in the cities of Italy and the Fatherland. His father helped him with the study of anatomy; the wandering life and his own quickness speedily gave him conversational facility in German, French, and Italian; but the definite question of an artistic career was not settled till 1844, when the family were in Florence. Mr. Leighton asked the then celebrated Hiram Power: "What is he to be? Shall I make him an artist?" "Sir," replied the American, "you have no choice in the matter; Nature has done it for you." How eagerly the boy of fourteen worked both in the Academy of Fine Arts and the Anatomy Schools may be imagined, and in style his work speedily became more Florentine than that of the Florentines themselves. But after a time he went to Paris, and copied from Titian in the Louvre; and to Frankfort, and worked for some years under Steinle, the friend and contemporary of Overbeck. In 1852

he went to Rome, then the home of many distinguished literary people, and for two years worked hard at his first well-known picture "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," which was exhibited in London in 1855. In 1858 he met, and was strongly influenced by, the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and in 1860 he took up his abode in London. In 1869 he was made an Academician, and in 1878 elected President of the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards knighted. His baronetcy dates from 1886.

Sir John Everett Millais was born at Southampton in 1829. His father was a Jersey man; and when his son was about six years old, he migrated with his family to Dinan, in Brittany, where the child's sketches of the French officers stationed in the neighbourhood attracted a great deal of attention. In 1838 his parents went to London in order to see how their boy could best be trained for an art career; and on the advice of Sir Martin Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, he entered Sass's Preparatory Art School at the age of ten, and was passed on to the Academy School a year later—the youngest student who had ever worked there. During his career in the Schools he won every honour they had to bestow, and in 1846 exhibited a picture that was very highly spoken of by the critics. Then Millais became one of the seven original members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; and in the first enthusiasm of realism he produced the now famous picture called "Isabella," and in 1850 "The Carpenter's Shop," which was first known as "Christ in the House of His Parents." His "Huguenots," "Ophelia," and "Order of Release" are familiar to us all; his portraits are legion and life-like; but his first great landscape was "Chill October." Sir John is a good horseman, a capital shot, and a first-rate fisherman. When at home, he lives in a big square house at Prince's Gate, of which the studio and marble staircase are principal features; and instead of