

Royal Menus.

By J. J. MORAN.



THE growing demand for information as to all matters of national and Imperial importance connected with the personal life of Royalty (such matters, for instance, as the size of the gloves worn by our beloved Queen, and the colour of the largest cat at Windsor Castle) betokens a patriotic fervour greatly to be welcomed. So urgent, indeed, has the demand been found, that the supply of facts has now and again failed to keep pace with it, and many a hard-worked journalist has been driven to his imagination for his anecdotes; anecdotes which all the other hard-worked journalists instantly fell upon with large scissors and reproduced in their own journals. As is the case in other departments of fiction, the kailyard school of anecdote takes its full share of public attention, and the happenings (mostly meaning things that might have happened) about Balmoral have been prepared in large quantities and with heavy pepperings of dialect. Thus the story of the boy driving sheep who shouted indignantly to Her Most Gracious Majesty to "Gang awa', wifie,

and dinna brak ma sheep!" may be true or it may not, but in any case it has as generous a dose of dialect as can well be crammed into eight words, and, after all, that's what people want.

The anecdote culinary and the anecdote gastronomical, closely allied in nature, and sometimes indistinguishable, have also had their part among the most esteemed stories of the little doings of Royalty. In this paper we shall not report simple facts (nor, indeed,

any of the other things), but shall present the facts themselves by way of facsimiles. So that our fellow-countrymen who rightly esteem the importance of a general knowledge of what daily food is preferred and consumed by Royalty may refer direct to the menus themselves, or, at any rate, to as good reproductions thereof as the resources of photography will permit.

First, then, we have a menu itself somewhat in the kailyard manner. It is the menu of the Queen's luncheon served on Sunday, December 30th, 1888, on board a yacht on which Her Majesty was taking a short cruise. The design of the card is Scotch distinctly, and such as to lead one at once to look for caller herrin' in the list. Herring, however, is not there—caller or otherwise; a good opportunity is lost in line three, where "Faisans rôtis" (merely roast pheasant) might at least have been made "Faisans de Billingsgate." But there are Scotch broth, haunch of venison (of Scotch deer, doubtless), Scotch kale (kailyard, indeed!), boar's head, and brawn. But in order not to show undue preference, and so offend national susceptibilities, there is Indian curry, also "bouillie



gratinée" (which means baked milk pudding) as a concession to France; and something called "Gerostete Lerchen," which would seem to have been made in Germany. While, to finish the list and to reconcile ancient enemies, there is apple tart done in a German manner, and described in the French language. Altogether a sufficiently Scotch luncheon, with an elegant touch of cosmopolitanism to save it from severity.

The next menu has a more important and more historical character. It is that of the Royal wedding breakfast eaten on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, Thursday, July 6th, 1893. The floral design at the side is printed, in the original, in silver, gold, and pink, and it carries its meaning; the white roses of York being twined with hawthorn and other flowers blossoming in May—this in compliment to the Royal bride's name. As to the solid in formation, we perceive that there are two soups, as usual, hot entrées and cold, divided by fillets of beef and larded fowls, announced in French. It is all a very admirable breakfast, including nothing very astonishing (one doesn't like being astonished at meals, especially in presence of Royalty), but a good many very excellent things. Lamb cutlets make capital entrées, and so do duckling and peas, even when they come disguised in French. Lobster salad and mayonnaise are good, too, for those who have good digestions, and so are ham and tongue in aspic jelly, and collar of veal, and all the rest of it.



THE
ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST,
THURSDAY, 6TH JULY 1893



POTAGES.

Bernoise à l'Imperatrice.
Crème de Riz à la Polonoise.

ENTRÉES (CHAUDS)

Côtelettes d'Agneau à l'Italienne.
Aiguillettes de Canetons aux Pois.

RELEVÉS.

Filets de Bœuf à la Napolitaine. Poulets gras au Cresson

ENTRÉES (FROIDES).

Mayonnaises de Volaille. Salades d'Homard
Jambons découpés à l'Aspic.
Langues découpées à l'Aspic.
Roullards de Veau.
Pains de Foies à la Gelée.
Haricots Verts. Les Epinards.

Gelées et Crèmes.
Pâtisserie assortie.
Cold Roast Fowls.

It is something of a puzzle to guess why the able *littérateur* who composed this menu could bring himself at the end of his task calmly to set down "cold roast fowls" in simple English. But he did it; though one would suppose that "poulets rôtis, froids" would have done as well.

Three years and a few months ago—on November 27th, 1894, to be precise—Her Majesty the Queen dined at Windsor, and what was offered her appears on her menu for the meal, here reproduced. Again we may recognise a graceful cosmopolitanism in the selection, red mullets done Italian fashion standing just below an indefinite Indian dish of fish, the partridges being cooked in a Flemish way, and the roast beef of Old England giving general support, while the whole feast is held together and given finish by a general layer of the French language. Truly our Queen has none of the exclusive Chauvinism of her grandson of Germany, who was some time since reported to have ordered all his menus to be set out in



German wholly and entirely. The design of this card is in gold, blue, red, and brown.

Now we arrive at a menu which gives a piece of information as to a taste of Her Majesty's which is little known. It is a taste for roast beef and plum pudding eaten from the same dish. The relevé, as one sees, is roast beef, with Yorkshire pudding and plum pudding served with it. Truly, our Queen could offer no better testimony of her truly English character than her preference for a combination of the two national dishes on the same plate. Whether a public knowledge of this preference will lead to the eating of beef and plum pudding together as a general fashion, we are unable to prophesy; but if such a result actually follow, we do venture to prophesy digestive trouble among those of Her Majesty's subjects blessed (or otherwise) with a weaker constitution than that of their Queen. Another very noticeable thing—noticeable in most of these menus—is that Her Majesty always has a certain sound “stand-by,” or more, on a side table. These are usually hot and cold fowls, beef, and tongue, all very excellent resources in case of a temporary distaste for

things more artificial. The menu under notice is dated Sunday, February 3rd, 1895, at Osborne.

Here is another Royal wedding breakfast, three years later than that we have spoken of already. On Wednesday, July 22nd, 1896, Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Maud were married. The menu card of the breakfast is printed in gold, silver, red, green, blue, and pink. At the bottom the initial of Prince Charles (embellished with an anchor to signify his naval profession) is joined to that of Princess Maud by a true lover's knot, and at the top the crowned monogram of our Queen beams over all. Roses, forget-me-nots, shamrocks, and thistles typify the sentiments proper to the occasion, further assisted by knots of silver ribbon. As for the tale of dainties itself, it is singularly like that of the other wedding breakfast—indeed, every very good wedding breakfast is a matter of much the same dishes as every other. The soups are, different, it is true, but the hot entrées and the relevés are exactly the same, and the cold entrées are very little varied, except that this time the composer spells “roulades” correctly. But he has not mustered the courage to wind up with that



THE
ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST
WEDNESDAY, 22ND JULY, 1896.

POTAGES

A la Princesse.
Vermicelle à la Windsor.

ENTRÉES (CHAUDES)
Côtelettes d'Agnneau à l'Italienne.
Aiguillettes de Canetons aux pois.

RELEVÉS

Filets de Bœuf à la Napolitaine.
Poulets gras aux Cressons.

ENTRÉES (FROIDES)

Chaudfroids de Volaille sur Croûtes.
Salades d'Homard.
Jambons découpés à l'Aspic.
Langues découpées à l'Aspic.
Mayonnaises de Volaille.
Roulades de Veau à la Gelée.

Harecots verts. Epinards...

Gelées et Cèbres.
Pâtisserie assortie.

calmly English "cold roast fowls" that distinguished the other menu. Vegetables and sweets are precisely as before.

Our next is the menu of the Queen's dinner on Monday, September 28th, 1896, at Balmoral. The border, with its stags' heads, thistles and heather, is extremely and appropriately Scotch, but the written list is pure and uninterrupted French until we arrive at that excellent "Side table," with its fowls, its tongue, and its beef. So much had we written when we glanced at the list again and saw that we were mistaken: the list is pure French except for the one very British item "roast beef," which must always stand important in any dinner which shall please Her Majesty. And, indeed, though the names be French, there is much sound British food disguised in this list. There is ox-tail soup, fried whiting, haunch of venison, and stuffed turkey—though there are worthy people who might fail to recognise these things in "potage aux queues de bœuf," "merlans frits," "hanche de venaison," and "dindes farcies." Just as a gentleman from the country, whom we once observed at a great restaurant after he had ordered "Pied

The Royal Luncheon,
MONDAY, 2nd AUGUST, 1897

Potage Tapioca clair
Soles au Gratin
Cotelettes d'Agneau panées sautées
Bœuf braisé au Macaroni
Purée de Ris de Veau à la gelée
Poulets à la Casserole
Epinards aux Œufs
Riz aux Pêches
Tarte de Prunes

BUFFET.

Hot and Cold Roast Fowls
Cold Roast Beef Tongue
Homard, Sauce Rémouade
Salade Macédoine

BALMORAL
Her Majesty's Dinner
Monday 28th September 1896

(avec Soufflé de Poulet) — (Cordon) —

Les Rois de l'Élatonné Les Merlans frits
Epinards
Les Quenelles à la Salsou Les Cotelettes d'Agneau
Le Relais
Le Hanche de Venaison Rôt Bœuf
Les Dindes farcies
Entremets
Les Fruits de Saison
Les Compagnons à l'orange
Les Glaces au Chocolat

Cordon
Hot & Cold Fowls
Salade Macédoine
Tongue
Roast Beef

di porc au Bechamel," by pointing to the words with his finger; and who was mightily amazed, a minute later, at receiving a pig's trotter.

On August 2nd of last year, the King of Siam took luncheon with Her Majesty. On that occasion, by reason of the preferences of the Royal guest, the dishes were of a much lighter nature than are generally set before the Royal Family. The menu card, which was printed in the colours of Siam, is here reproduced. Clear tapioca soup is not heavy, nor is sole au gratin, nor spinach with eggs, nor peaches and rice. Indeed, the heaviest dish in the luncheon proper would seem to be braised beef with macaroni; but there stands the faithful buffet, laden as usual with hot and cold roast fowls, cold roast beef and tongue, and in addition, with lobster and a salad; ready for the succour of such as may require it.

Three days later is the date of our next example, but then there was no Oriental monarch to consider. Consequently, observe the difference. After the soup there are fillets of soles, fillets of beef, fowls, goose-livers in jelly, green peas, omelette, and brown bread pudding with cherries. And the fowls and tongue on the buffet are



reinforced by cold lamb and salad and anchovies on toast. Buckingham Palace was the scene of this luncheon, and the design of the menu card, in gold, green, red, and blue, is perhaps more remarkable for complexity than for beauty.

Last we have a remarkable menu card of a luncheon consumed, not by our Queen, but by her grandson, the German Emperor. The luncheon was prepared and eaten on board the Emperor's yacht *Meteor* (previously *Thistle*) in course of a race. The menu is written very hurriedly in pencil, and, wonder of all wonders, in English! Somebody seems to have been in such a hurry as to forget all his French and the Emperor's order as to German menus at the same time. The word "luncheon" is hastily abbreviated to "lunch," and "Imperial" is left out altogether, which looks rather like an insidi-

ous sort of *lèse-majesté*. Nevertheless, no treasonable attempt is made to starve the Emperor. Gravy soup, fillet of sole, with anchovy sauce, fricassée chicken and macaroni, fillet of beef sauté with mushrooms, roast leg of lamb and mint sauce, with green peas; beans, asparagus and butter, chocolate puddings, maraschino jelly, caviar, dessert, and coffee—this lunch spells anything but starvation. And, if this is the insufficient luncheon of the German Emperor in a hurry, racing his yacht, what must his full dinner be like at home, with plenty of time to eat it?

