

SOME FAVORITE DISHES OF FAMOUS GOURMANDS

Historic Examples of the Exalted Place in Man's Ruling Passions Held by Good Living

No digest of law is like the law of the digest," said More, many years ago in the age of gourmanderie. That is, of course, if gourmanderie, ever had a particular age in which it was not at least the second of man's ruling passions.

Even the roast beef and plum pudding, vaunted by the English as a national institution were the principal features of the bill of fare at the table of no less an ancient celebrity than Cleopatra. Napot on, the world's greatest soldier, met with his first defeat before a dish of mutton, losing the battle of Lepsic through a fit of indigestion caused by a surfeit of a succulent joint of lamb, while Montezuma, the Magnificent, who was found in full royal authority by the Spaniards when they landed in Mexico, varied his bill of fare, which was usually taken up with game and other dainty viands, with an occasional dairy-fed baby, when the peculiar delicacy happened to be in season.

Moderation and regularity formed the text on many a discourse in the good old days when dyspepsia prevailed and physicians rode in carriages when the gourmand would praise the simplicity of lying and sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

Love of good food was a positive obsession at the end of the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, whence came many a heritage of woe in a weak stomach. There is a story extant of the journey, post haste, of her Grace of Queensbury to Parson's Green to tell Lady Sophia Thomas "something of importance," which was "Take a couple of beefsteaks, clap them together as if they were a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt. It is the best thing you ever tasted. I could not help coming to tell you this."

Napoleon had a penchant for roast fowls, cutlets, and smoking coffee. He ate at odd times, and only when he felt hungry, driving his cooks to distraction because when he called for food it had to be ready for him almost on the instant, or at least as soon as the table could be laid.

Beau Brummel's favorite dish was roasted capon stuffed with truffles

When he was living almost on the bounty of Mr. Marshall he attended a dinner party at that gentleman's house taking with him, according to his most impertinent custom, one of his favorite dogs. The Beau was helped to a wing of roast capon, but choosing to fancy that the wing was tough he delicately seized the end of it with a napkin-covered finger and thumb and passed it under the table to his dog with the remark: "Here Atout, try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be damned if I can."

Brand relates that on Christmas Day, 1801, he dined at the Chaplain's table at St. James's Palace and partook of the first thing served and eaten on that festival at that table, namely, "a fourteen full of rich, luscious plum porridge."

But the art of cookery came into England by way of France, which has been celebrated through the ages as the ideal home of the gastronomists. Cookery was so much esteemed by the Normans that monarchs granted estates on the sole condition that the holder, through his cook, should prepare a certain dish at stated periods to set before the King. It was under the Normans in England that the boar's head had regal honors paid to it, and its progress from the kitchen to the banquet was under the escort of a guard, and behind the deafening salutes of puffy-cheeked trumpeters.

The crane was then, as the goose is now, highly esteemed yet laboring under the suspicion of being "common." The peacock on the other hand was only seen, tall and all, on the tables of the wealthy. Their beverages were of a heavy, billious character, spicy and cordialized, hippocras, piment, morat, and mead. The Norman maxim for good living was "to rise at five, dine at nine, sup at five, and bed at nine, if you'd live to a hundred all but one."

And so it went down through the ages. To have things "brenning like wildfire" was the characteristic of the cookery of the regime of Richard II. Confectionery of the richest sorts was the lightest material of meals, which were abundantly irrigated by hippocras, piment, or claret, or the slender

and purer wines of France, Spain, Syria, and Greece.

"Those English," said the Spaniards who went over to England with Philip II, "have their homes made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly as well as the King."

Porks came in with Tom Coryay in the reign of James I, but they were not familiar until after the Restoration. The laying of napkins, as it was called, was a profession in itself. Pepys mentions the fact that the day before one of his dinner parties he went home and "there found one laying of my napkins against tomorrow, in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty, and it seems to his trade, and he gets much money by it." Pepys gives an account of a dinner given in 1662, to which he took his spoon and fork, as was the custom of those days with guests invited to great entertainments. The dish Pepys liked most, and on which he supped heartily, was venison pasty, but his occasional next-morning remark was like that of Scrub, "My head aches consumedly."

The dashing Duchess of Cleveland had a passion for roast chine of beef, while in a succeeding reign Roger de Coverly was content to wind up the day with "good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, and a pipe of John Sly's best."

Sheridan says of champagne: "It does not enter and steal your reason; it simply takes a runaway knock at a man's head and there's an end on't."

George I. liked fish a trifle stale. He never cared for oysters until their shells began spontaneously to gape. George III., on the other hand, spent his joyous evenings at Virginia Water, supping on tea and marrow bones.

Of Dean Howell, it is said that he grew strong by drinking ale. He was the accidental inventor of bottled ale, and the first church dignitary who laid the foundation of red noses by bringing bottled ale to the notice of the clergy. There is an old tradition that what this ale used to do for our churchmen, cider used to effect for the Africans.

Human nature is made up of sentiment and hunger, and Hood's sentimentalist was not unnatural with his epicurean reminiscences when he said:

"'Twas at Christmas, I think, that I met Miss Chase,
Yes, for Morrin had asked me to dine;
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
Or so noble a turkey or chine."

It is to the nobility and other distinguished persons in the life of France that gastronomy owes many a dish whose very name betrays an ecstasy.

The famous French gastronomist, the Marquis de Cussy, was orthodox in his gastronomy, for he fed well, but heeded the church. His favorite soup in Lent was an onion soup, composed of a score of small bulbs, well cleaned, sliced, and put in a stewpan with a lump of fresh butter and a little sugar. They were turned over the fire until they became a fine golden color, when they were moistened with broth, and the necessary quantity of bread added. Before the soup was served its excellence was perfected by the addition of two small glasses of very old cognac brandy. This Lent fare, however, was only the preface to salmon and asparagus, with which the orthodox epicure mortified his appetite.

The Marquis de Cussy was fond of partridges, one of which he ate on the day of his death, after a six months' illness. It was his last act, and in gastronomic annals it is recorded with the same wonder, love and awe as Nelson's calling for sealing wax amid the thunders of Copenhagen is noticed by the biographers of naval heroes.

Cardinal Pasch loved blackbirds and his dinners at Lyons were renowned for the excellence and variety of those dishes. The birds were sent him weekly from Corsica. They were served with great form, and none who dined off them forgot the flavor, "which melted along his palate." The Cardinal used to say it was like swallowing paradise, and that the smell of his cooked blackbirds alone was enough to revivify half the defunct in his diocese.

Monsieur Controls de Quincey, Bishop of Belley, was exceedingly fond of the stalks of asparagus, and on being informed that a head of asparagus had just peered the soil, the Cardinal and his convives rose from the table, visited the spot and were lost in admiration at what they saw. Day by day the Bishop watched the growth of the delicious giant. His mouth watered when he looked at it, and happy was the day when he took it from the ground with his own hands. When he did so, however, he found to his disappointment that he held a wooden counterfeit, admirably turned and painted by Canon Rosset, who was famous for his artistic abilities and his practical jokes. The joke on this occasion was taken in good part, and the counterfeit asparagus was admitted to the honor of lying on the Bishop's table.

Cleopatra, frail and fragile, like many thin people ate heartily, and her guests wondered at the rarities of which they partook. There was everywhere there the gastronomy could think of, except mutton, an exception in favor of the divine Ammon with the ramlike head. Even the roast beef and plum pudding were not lacking. For these delicacies were as popular in Thebes as was the broiled and salted goose, with the good brown stout, and strong barley wine to cheer the spirits and assist the digestion.

Peter the Great loved, and most frequently ordered for his own special enjoyment, a soup with four cabbages in it, gravel, pig, with sour cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers for salad, lemons and lampreys, salt meat, ham, and limburger cheese. He began dinner with cabbage water and closed the banquet with goblets of burundy.

MR. HOWELLS ON AMERICAN MANNERS

It must be owned that the Bermudian average have better manners than we have if they are white, and even if they are black they have better manners than our colored people, who are the only Americans who like good manners. Still, the Bermudians are more like Americans than English, in face and figure and bearing, and if they are better bred, it is surely not their fault. Somehow, somewhere, we have slipped a cog, and have fallen behind those gentle colonial or imperial English in the finer civilization. Better people than we are I do not think breathe, and surely none kinder; but we are rude, formless, uncouth in our angelic presence. Perhaps we have had too much room to grow up in, and have not learned the art of controlling the knees and elbows which more restricted peoples are forced to acquire. Perhaps our unmannerliness is designed by Providence; if we were as polite as we are worthy and able, we should overrun the whole earth and engage the affections of the other nations beyond reprove. Doubtless it is not intended that the world should be Americanized.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

ROOSEVELT IN NEW LIGHT.
DETROIT, Mich., November 21.—United States Senator Coe I. Crawford last night declared former President Roosevelt is in sympathy with the progressive plans of Senator Robert M. LaFollette and predicted that the Republicans of the United States are ready to vote for a Socialist or

Prohibitionist to show their dissatisfaction over present conditions. Senator LaFollette as a presidential candidate. Senator Crawford is scheduled to speak at Hillsdale, Mich., today.

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