

# ANGLO-INDIAN COOKERY AT HOME:

A SHORT TREATISE FOR RETURNED  
EXILES.

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BY

THE WIFE OF A RETIRED INDIAN OFFICER.

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## PREFACE.

INASMUCH as the demand for books on Anglo-Indian cookery and housekeeping still exists, in spite of the many excellent works already published on these subjects, I am induced to compile this little volume with a hope that it may prove acceptable to those Anglo-Indian ladies who are not too proud to supplement their experience with mine. It is my endeavour, therefore, to give in these pages the result of knowledge gained during twenty-three years of married life in India, and which, I sincerely trust, may be of service to those who, having finally quitted the East, may still hanker, now and again, after the fleshpots of the land of their exile. As I have resided in various parts of India, I submit I am in a position to strike a fair average, whereby my wrinkles and recipes may be acceptable to those whose lots may erewhile have been cast anywhere from Peshawur to Cape Comorin; from Kurrachee to Calcutta. My aim being to supply a cookery book for "Old Indians" in England, I have not, as a rule, given vernacular terms, weights, or quantities, endeavouring to adapt my instructions to the conditions ruling here, which are somewhat different to those obtaining out yonder.

I could give many more recipes on all culinary subjects

and yet be within my profession—*i.e.*, the furnishing of a guide to Anglo-Indian Cookery in England—but the many difficulties to contend with in producing all but the plainer styles of dishes are so obvious, that I feel sure my fellow Anglo-Indians and the general Public will pardon the small dimensions of the book wherewith I seek to gain their favour.

HENRIETTA A. HERVEY,

The Wife of a Retired Indian Officer.

Hammersmith, W.,

*November, 1894.*

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# ANGLO-INDIAN COOKERY AT HOME.

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## SOME HINTS.

PROVIDE yourself with a set of agate or enamel ware utensils, with, preferably, flat-handled lids. I brought home my “Dekchies”—tinned just previous to embarking at Bombay—but, in due course, they required the attentions of the “Kalai Man,” and I looked for him and his grimy assistant in vain. I was told to try Whiteley; but his prices for “Kalying” I found to be so prohibitive, that my “Dekchies” have been consigned to the kitchen cupboard as useless.

I strongly advise the purchase of a mincing or sausage machine, to be firmly fixed to the dresser. English kitchens, as a rule, are boarded, and in close proximity to the dwelling-rooms. More, they are resonant, and the average English servant, be she cook or “general,” is *not* light-handed. Chopping, therefore, is inconvenient; the noise is not mellowed by distance, as is the case in India. So, if there be any objection to a machine, provide a corner of the dresser or kitchen table with a small stone slab. By placing a thick board on the slab, and chopping thereon, the sound will be minimised. By keeping the kitchen door shut as much as possible, opening the

window when feasible, that objectionable feature of English domestic life, to wit, the "smell of dinner," will be appreciably ameliorated.

To those of us who have a weakness for the soft fresh bread of the Indian "Roti Walli," the dryasdust London article is an infliction. I find the only way to keep bread from drying up altogether is to deposit it in an earthen pan and cover the mouth with a clean damp cloth of several folds.

Though butter, lard, and dripping *are* substitutes for "ghee," still, for Indian cookery there is nothing like this last. I intend giving a recipe for the making of "ghee," and I very strongly advise its adoption when making up anything from this little book.

The English servant, I find, is open to instruction. Ours, a raw country Essex girl, has learnt to boil rice as well as any old "Thunnikurchi" or cook-boy out there, and I am hopeful of being able to entrust her with curries, &c., at no very distant date. Patience is a virtue and—everything.