

**Memoirs of Alexis Soyer : with unpublished receipts and odds and ends of
gastronomy / compiled and edited by F. Volant & J.R. Warren.**

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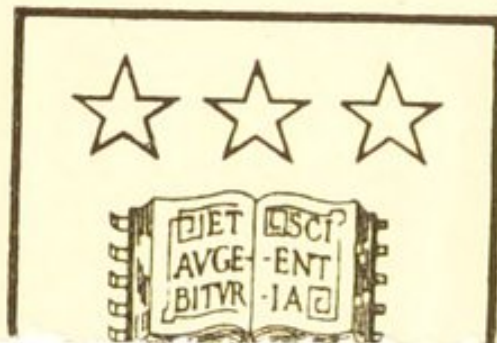
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ODDS AND ENDS OF GASTRONOMY.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
F. VOLANT & J. R. WARREN,
HIS LATE SECRETARIES.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.



THE compilers of the following Memoirs of the famous *chef-de-cuisine*, who has just passed from us, feel how unworthy they are to be the medium of placing Alexis Soyer before the public once more, and for the last time.

Yet, however ineffectual their efforts may be, they sincerely hope that this little volume will find a nook on the same shelf, side by side, with the deservedly popular and useful works of the *Gastronomic Re-generator*.

They trust, moreover, that the disciples of Soyer (whose name is legion), having mastered his tedious and difficult art, will turn to the following pages, and be able at once to interest and instruct themselves by the contemplation of the long professional and zealous life spent by the great master in the advancement of the science of cookery.

F. VOLANT, } *M. Soyer's*
J. R. WARREN, } *late Secretaries.*
J. G. LOMAX, *an esteemed Friend.*



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INTRODUCTION.



IN Alexis Soyer's time there were many culinary artists of foreign extraction, who, like him, lived in England, and whose names could be associated with the Regenerator as men of talent, possessing a sound knowledge of the gastronomic art, not only as practitioners, but as first-rate administrators, and who have not left to the world one iota of their secrets for the benefit of posterity.

We are aware that the class of artists to which we refer are not very communicative, otherwise, instead of three or four publications of any note, there might have been twenty to enlighten us in that most interesting of all arts.

Carème, Eude, Francatelli, and Soyer are the only foreign artists we know of who have published useful works in the high style of cookery. But Alexis Soyer did more: he benefited the middle class with his "Modern Housewife," the tradesman with his "Shilling Cookery," and the labourer with "The Poor Man's Regenerator." Such instructions never were published before in so comprehensive a manner, and the enormous sale of his works has no parallel in the annals of cookery.

For the *gourmet* much has been done, even in this solid-loving England. There are the revelations of *Les*

Classiques de la Table ; La Physiologie du Goût, by Brilliar Savarin ; *La Gastronomie*, by Berchout ; *Les Ressources de la Table pendant toute l'année*, by Grimod de la Reynière ; *L'Art de Dîner en Ville*, by Colonet ; *La Gastronomie Historique*, by Le Marquis de Cussy ; *Quelques Recettes Délicates* de M. Rogues ; *De la Table particulière du Menu*, by M. Fayot ; and *La Cuisine et la Table Romaine, par feu Mazors* ; and we have Soyer's "Pantropheon, or the History of Food and its Preparation, from the Earliest Ages of the World." The revelations of such works as these tell us how the rich may profit by the science of cookery ; yet the poor are left to make the least of the little which they can command ! This should not be. The man, whose discoveries offer benefit to the humblest and most necessitous among us, is the most valuable patron to his kind, and the man most likely to be applauded.

Why, we make bold to ask, should such men as Bony, who was thirteen years at the late Duke of Wellington's, and twelve years at the Duke of Buccleuch's ; Aberlin, from Lord Sefton's of old, and from the Duke of Devonshire's ; Perron, from the Marquis of Londonderry's ; Loyer, from Lord Chesterfield's ; Deloy, from Baron Brunow's ; Surville, from Lord Wharnccliffe's ; Crépin, from the Duke of Sutherland's ; and a host of others, have consigned to oblivion the mysteries of their culinary productions ? Evidently the man whose life we record in the following pages thought differently, and has in consequence become a public benefactor.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Alexis Soyer's Birthplace—His Entering the Church as a Chorister, in 1818—His Journey to Paris, in 1821—His Apprenticeship as Cook—He is made Head Cook at Seventeen Years of Age—A Funny Anecdote at that time—Soyer's Song—Leaves his Old Master, to be Engaged at Prince Polignac's, in 1830—Leaves Paris for London, in 1831 1—7

CHAPTER II.

SOYER'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

His Early Friends—His First Situation—His Culinary Fame in the Ascendant—Sought after by the Aristocracy—His Conviviality—His Field Sport—A slight Accident—Soyer's Temper Ruffled for once—His Happy Hours at the "Queen's" Hotel—Return to London—Takes an Appointment—Repudiates Single-Blessedness—Introduction to his future Father-in-Law—First sees Emma Jones—She is Fascinated with his Conversation—His Rival Eclipsed—Soyer's Courtship—Makes Proposals of Marriage—His Wedding Day—His Pretty Verses to Emma Jones 8—13

CHAPTER III.

MADAME SOYER'S BIOGRAPHY.

- Her Birth—Early Death of her Father—She becomes a Linguist—Her first Introduction to the Flemish Artist—He becomes her Tutor—Her Success as an Amateur Pianist—Her Mother Marries the Flemish Artist—How Madame Soyer chose the Profession of Painting—Her first Sketch sells for £60—Death of Her Mother—Becomes celebrated as a Portrait Etcher—Her *Chef-d'œuvres*—Makes Application for the Admission of her Paintings to the Royal Academy—Refusal to Accept them—Soyer's "Skit" upon the Royal Academicians—Her Talent with the Pen—Her Fashionable Precepts for the Ladies 14—21

CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORM CLUB.

- M. Soyer's first Essay—His *Bouleversement* of Old Dishes—Cutlets à la *Réforme*—Queen's Coronation—Prepares a Breakfast for 2000 Guests—New Club-house built in Pall Mall—Its Description—Soyer's Kitchen—Madame Soyer's Card—M. Ude's Birthday—Ball at the Reform Club
22—35

CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF MADAME SOYER.

- Visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to the Reform Club—Invites Soyer to visit the King of the Belgians, his Brother, at Brussels—Soyer's Departure—Takes two of Madame's

Paintings with him—Her approaching Accouchement—The Finishing Touch to her Painting of the “Two Organ Boys”—Sees her Husband for the Last Time—Her Death—Panic amongst his Friends—Ultimate Departure of one of them to Brussels—Breaking the sad News to Soyer—The Fact imparted—Its Result—A Family Dinner upset—Attempt of Soyer to lay violent Hands upon Himself—Departure for Ostend—Arrival in London—Reaches Home—The Funeral—A few Remarks upon Madame Soyer’s Talents—Letters of Condolence 36—41

CHAPTER VI.

SOYER A WIDOWER.

Kind Invitation from the Marquis of Ailsa—Soyer once more in London—Takes Lessons from a Writing Master, to Imitate his late Wife’s Hand—Progress of the Kensal Green Monument—Poetry in its Praise—Monody on the late Madame Soyer 42—47

CHAPTER VII.

M. SOYER RESUMES HIS POST AT THE REFORM CLUB.

First Idea of “The Gastronomic Regenerator”—Extraordinary Way it was written—An immense Number sold in Twelve Months—Laudatory Reviews from the Press—The *Leviathan’s* Notice—Dedication, etc.—Becomes an Opera Lounger—His First Essay as a Ballet Inventor and Writer—Quaint Descriptions on Title-page—An Elongated Phiz—Philippe the Wizard—Flirtation with F. C——, the Opera Dancer—Soyer at Windsor 48—67

CHAPTER VIII.

SOYER'S PECULIARITIES.

His Love of a *Bon Mot*—His Naturally Comic Vein—His Advancement of the Culinary Art to a Science—Crowds of the Aristocracy and Nobility visit his Kitchen—His Manufacture of Extraordinary Concoctions in their Presence—His Odd Card, Hat, Boots, etc.—His Mysterious Cabinet Unlocked—A Box at the Opera—Supper at the Hotel Provence—His Song, "*Vive le Militaire*"—His House of Call—His Foul (Fowl) Joke, and its Results—A Roll in the Snow—Behind the Scenes—His Notions on Transformations—His Way of Entering a Theatre—His Horror of Gambling—His System of Living—What a Bachelor's Dinner should be—A Nucleus of his Inventions—Soyer Surprised at last—Eating One of his own Receipts—Soyer's Kitchen at Home 68—86

CHAPTER IX.

SOYER IN HIS ZENITH.

Grand Banquet to Ibrahim Pacha—Too many Cooks spoil the Broth—Soyer once more Descends to the Kitchen—A Success at last—A Magnificent Bill of Fare—The Fall of China—High Eulogium from the late Lord Panmure—Soyer's Tendon Separator—Extravagance Extraordinary—The Sampayo Banquet—The Bill of Fare—Soyer's Own Remarks on the Dinner 87—95

CHAPTER X.

BOUQUET OF GAME.

Presents a Bouquet to Louis Philippe—The King's Letter and Present—Contents of Bouquet—*Punch's* Comments, 96—99

CHAPTER XI.

SOYER'S DEPARTURE FOR IRELAND.

Letter to Soyer—Second Letter to the Press—What he did in Dublin—Opening of his Soup-kitchen—His “Poor Man’s Regenerator”—Banquet given to Soyer—Return to England—Another Grand Banquet—Communication from the Royal Agricultural Society—A Dripping Courier—Letters and Suggestions to Soyer 100—117

CHAPTER XII.

HIS FIRST SAUCE.

Success of the *Lady and Gentleman’s Sauce*—Interview with a well-known Firm—His Second Hit, the “*Relish*”—Press Opinions—His Third Prosperous Idea—Lines upon his Nectar—A Modern Fable—The renowned Aerial Dish at Slough—Miniature Kitchen—The Poor Weavers of Spitalfields—Philanthropic Gallery—Exhibition of Madame Soyer’s Paintings—Criticisms, etc.—The Anonymous Letter and Ode to Soyer—The Cream of Great Britain—The *Bouquet à la Pomona*—A New Recipe—The *Potage au Desir du Patronage*—A Dangerous Accident—Soyer’s Philosophic Reflections—Grand Supper *Lucullusien à la Zoug-zoug* 118—152

CHAPTER XIII.

“THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE.”

Notes on the Book—Soyer has a Notion of Writing a Book on Ancient Cookery—Appeal to Soyer for a “Modern Housewife”—Mrs. S. C. Hall’s Letter—Soyer’s Magic Stove—Soyer is much sought after—Le Chevalier Lemolt—The Camp-kitchen—Bill of Fare—The Drawing-room trans-

formed into the Kitchen—Makes a Tour of the Provinces—
Morning Post on the Magic Stove—an Infernal Machine—
 Dismay at a Picnic—Lieutenant Gale . . . 153—162

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO THE REFORM CLUB.

A Long Servitude—Intruders to the Coffee-room—Leaves the
 Club—Condolence—Soyer's Tact—His Room the Resort of
 the Literati—*Petits Soupers*—Called before the Committee
 —His Love of Lauding Madame's Talent—The Club cut
 into Sections—A good Speculation—Thoughts on House-
 wives—His Daily Visitors—Feed with a Spoon—Servants
 at a Cheap Rate—Doffs his Apron—Off to the Opera—A
 Frugal Meal—Supposed Illness—Gymnastics—Letter from
 the Committee—Departure for the Provinces—Proposals—
 Grand Fête at Chancellor House—Bill of Fare Extraordi-
 nary—The *Tempesta* Dish—*Punch's* Tribute to Soyer—
 Vote of Thanks—Another large Undertaking—Goes to
 Exeter—Tradesmen go mad—The Town-crier—Peace Pro-
 claimed—Anticipated Triumph—A Vegetarian Trophy—
 Bill of Fare—Dinner for the Poor—Thanks—The Exeter
 Pudding and the Editor 163—182

CHAPTER XV.

SOYER'S RETURN TO LONDON.

A Gastronomic Trip to Paris contemplated—Quarters Hunted
 After—All Ends in a Bottle of Smoke—Grand Doings at
 York—Soyer goes there—Decorates the Guildhall—Arrival
 of Prince Albert—Magnificent Bills of Fare—The celebrated
 Hundred Guinea Dish—Soyer's Proposals to Establish a
 College of Domestic Economy—Soyer not a mere Cook

183—196

CHAPTER XVI.

SOYER'S SYMPOSIUM.

An Intruder—Hunted After—A Proposition—The Exhibition of 1851—Preparations take place—A Chat about the Pyramids—Gore House and its Uses—A Crowd of Nations—A Mob of Celebrities—The Use of the Symposium—Programme of Gore House—Description of the Mansion—The Cupola of Jupiter Tonans—The Hall—Architectural Wonders—*La Salle du Parnasse*—The Transatlantic Ante-Chamber—The Alcove of Camellias—The Shower of Gems—The Night of Stars—The Grand Macédoine—*La Grotte des Neiges Eternelles*—The Doriana—The Floral Retreat—The Celestial Hall—The Garden—The Banqueting Bridge—The Washington Refreshment-room—The Grotto of Ondine—The Baronial Hall—Encampment of All Nations—M. Soyer's Speech—Report on the Symposium—Suggestions—City Dining—A Large Party and its Consequences—An Inquisitive Intruder—A Legal Mistake—Letter to the Press—Hungry Creditors—Adieu to the Symposium—Soyer's Discovery of the Existence of his Son . 196—242

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE DISCOVERIES.

The Food of the Navy—Foul Doings—What Jack puts up with—Soup-kitchens—A Christmas Festival—Good Cheer—The Beggar's Bill of Fare—Grand Ball—Terpsichorean Gas Apparatus—More Soup-kitchens—The Pantropheon—Classic Suppers—Cooks in Early Times—Idleness—Masonic News—The People's Palate once more Tickled—Soyer's Crib—An Odd Picture Gallery—Artistic Chat—A Merry Dinner Party—An Animated Joint—A Chase—Clever Capture—Once more Free—Soyer's Glee—The Banquet terminated—

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| The Boulogne Fêtes—Taken Prisoner—Happy Release—A Royal Present—More Troubles—Return Home to the Hotel—The Passport Nuisance—The Culprit—An Accusation—An Odd Surmise—Firm in his Faith—“The Shilling Cookery”—Large Sale—Its Merits—Soyer’s Funny Invention | 243—257 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST STAGE.

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Soyer’s Offer to go to the Crimea—His Letter to the <i>Times</i> —The Offer Accepted—The Farewell Dinner at the Adelaide Hotel, London Bridge—Arrival at Constantinople—Awful Mortality among the Troops at Scutari—Soyer Opens a Model Kitchen—Goes to the Crimea—Illness and Return to Constantinople—Given up by his Medical Attendants—Mr. Ambler—Second Visit to the Crimea—Miss Nightingale—Banquet to the Allied Generals—Painting the Grass—Interview with the Sultan—The Sultan’s Gift—Soyer’s Arrival in Paris, and Model Kitchen at Wellington Barracks—Soyer’s Last Illness—Goes to Sydenham—Compelled to Return to London—His Death and Funeral—Not Buried with Due Honour | 258—286 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|

ADDENDA.

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| ORIGINAL HINTS BY M. SOYER | 287 |
| OBSERVATIONS ON VEGETABLE DIET | 289 |
| ADDITIONAL RECIPES NOT STRICTLY VEGETATIVE | 293 |
| SUNDRY UNPUBLISHED RECIPES BY M. SOYER | 293 |
| VERY IMPORTANT | 303 |

MEMOIRS OF ALEXIS SOYER.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Alexis Soyer's Birthplace—His Entering the Church as a Chorister, in 1818—His Journey to Paris, in 1821—His Apprenticeship as Cook—He is Made Head Cook at Seventeen Years of Age—A Funny Anecdote at that time—Soyer's Song—Leaves his old Master, to be Engaged at Prince Polignac's, in 1830—Leaves Paris for London, in 1831.

ALEXIS SOYER was born in October, 1809, at Meaux-en-Brie, a small town in France noted for its famous cheese, called *fromage-de-Brie*, so much esteemed by the Parisians, who are its chief consumers. His parents were small shopkeepers. They had two other sons; Philippe Soyer, brought up as a cook, and Louis Soyer, as a cabinetmaker. Alexis, at the age of nine, was presented to the heads of the cathedral church, to act, in the first instance, as a chorister, and, after going through the regular instruction, to be made a priest. The singing suited him very well, because he had a good voice and great musical taste; but the confined

life that accompanied the vocation was far from agreeable to his disposition.

Alexis complained to his parents; but to no purpose, as they were bent on making him an ecclesiastic. Then, in order to obtain his liberty, he began to play various tricks, which might serve to show practically his unfitness for the holy calling. Here is a specimen: With the assistance of some schoolmates, he pulled the great bell of the church late one night, and gave an alarm of fire. The whole of the inhabitants were aroused from their slumber, and the garrison also were soon under arms. The following day he was discovered to be the prime mover in this prank, which was eminently successful, for it closed his clerical career. He was dismissed, with an admonition, from his appointment in the church, much to the regret of his parents.

The year following, 1821, Alexis was sent to Paris, where he remained some considerable time before he could fix on any particular trade; but at last his brother Philippe induced him to become a cook, and he was then apprenticed at Grignon until 1826; after that he was engaged by the well-known *restaurateur*, Douix, Boulevard des Italiens, where he remained above three years.

Any young man who has a real taste for the profession, cannot go to a better school than to some of those noted houses, where they have to go through the rough part of the business, and are generally hard worked, but where, ultimately, the intelligent and

clever are sure to be promoted. Such was the case with Alexis, who rapidly advanced to the post of chief cook. At the early age of seventeen he was, with all solemnity, declared head of the kitchen, and had no less than twelve cooks under him, greatly to the annoyance of several of the number, who fancied they had greater claims to the position. But the master of the establishment was decided in his preference, knowing well that in so doing he was studying the interest of the house.

Somewhere about this period his brother Philippe had the greatest trouble imaginable to keep him from the stage; for there were then at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, Paris, three or four very celebrated comic actors: Messieurs Brunet, Odry, Levasseur, and another whom we do not now recollect. Alexis Soyer was a regular frequenter of that theatre; and, being also a great lover of the comic, began to imitate their performances so well, that his company was much courted by all who knew him. Being also possessed of a good voice and good ear for music, his songs were in request, so that altogether it was no easy matter to keep him to his business.

In the early part of Alexis's apprenticeship, a grand ball was given by a rich banker of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and his master had to supply the refreshments, while Alexis himself was deputed to superintend the dessert. On these occasions, china and other ornaments are generally supplied by the *restaurateur*, and brought back in wooden trays by the apprentices and

second cooks. Alexis Soyer, being a jovial fellow, was solicited by the household for a song, and of course treated liberally at the expense of the feast-giver. So he supped and drank to his heart's content until about one o'clock on a cold snowy morning, when, loaded with his tray filled with valuable ornaments, etc., he went off. As soon as he left the hall, and breathed the cold air, he began to feel jollier than ever; he sang and sang again, and whilst he was repeating the chorus of—

“ Ah! voila la vie, la vie, la vie, suivie,
 Ah! voila la vie, que les moines font—
 V'la—v'la—v'la—v'la—v'la—v'la,
 Ah!” etc. etc.—

all at once his head began to swim, and his road became an unfathomable mystery to him. He walked on thus for an hour or so, and at last dropped down into an enclosure, china and all, where some buildings were in progress, and went fast asleep. At the end of another hour he woke, rubbed his eyes, and started off without the china; and, after a great deal of trouble, found himself at the door of his master, Douix, just as the other cooks arrived, all staring at him, laughing, joking, and pulling him about. Well they might, for poor Alexis *had left his nether garments behind him!* He could not account for it, and much less for the trayful of china, valued by the master at 150 francs. However, the name of Douix being on the tray, it was brought

home uninjured, some hours afterwards, by the police, together with the pair of nether garments left behind, to the great delight and merriment of the whole establishment. Of course Alexis was for many weeks after the laughing-stock of his companions, for this his first attempt at bivouacking in the open field.

Alexis, having a turn of mind for poetry, composed the following light verses, after another night's frolic:—

“ CHANSONNETTE.

“ Les cafés se garnissent de gourmands, de fumeurs,
Les théâtres se remplissent de joyeux spectateurs,
Les passages fourmillent de badauds, d'amateurs,
Et les filous frétilent derrière les flaneurs.

“ Les maris sont de garde, les amants au logis;
Mais chât! ça ne regarde que les gens établis;
On ne voit dans les rues qu'ivrognes et viveurs,
Et la patrouille grise ramasse les buveurs.

“ Bientôt donnant l'exemple, les riches rentre chez eux,
Jusqu'au Boulevard du Temple tout devient silencieux;
La silhouette n'est bien vue que derrière les rideaux bleu
D'une noce en goguette qui danse du merveilleux.

“ Mais j'entends à la ville sonner l'heure des matines,
Et l'ouvrier agile s'empresse de gagner la tartine,
Le marteau, la tenaille commencent à marcher,
On se lève, on travaille—vite, allons nous coucher.”

In June, 1830, Alexis, who had perfected his skill in several noted houses reputed for their public banquets, went to the Foreign Office, as second, under one of the best cooks of the day, until the 26th of July,

1830, when, assisting at the preparations made by Prince Polignac for a grand entertainment to be given upon the occasion of the publication of the famous ordonnances, he and his brethren were surprised by the Revolution, which burst into the kitchen, represented by a fearful crowd of men of all ranks, hastily armed, who forced the gates of the hotel, massacred many persons, and extended their ravages upon all the refined resources of French skill, "*lorsque toutes ces somptueuses préparations furent doublement consommées par eux!*" as Soyer expressed it. The cooks were driven from the palace, and in the flight two of Soyer's *confrères* were shot before his eyes, and he himself only escaped through his presence of mind, in beginning to sing "*la Marseillaise*" et "*la Parisienne*;" when he was in consequence carried off amid the cheers of the mob. After this, when the "*cafards*" were rewarded, to the neglect of those who had borne the burden and the heat of the day, M. Soyer composed the air and strain which our Parisian visitors may remember—*Le Patriote Mécontent*—

" C'est tout de même embêtant,
 J'maronne quand j'y pense,
 D'voir tant de Schnapants
 Se faire valoir à nos dépens.
 Nous avons eu l'mal,
 Eux la récompense:
 Pour la nation
 Faites donc une révolution!"

In consequence of this event, and at the request of his brother, in 1831, he came to London, and worked

with him at the late Duke of Cambridge's; afterwards assisted at the Duke of Sutherland's, the Marquis of Waterford's, and then was engaged at Mr. Lloyd's, of Aston Hall.

CHAPTER II.

SOYER'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

His Early Friends—His First Situation—His Culinary Fame in the Ascendant—Sought after by the Aristocracy—His Conviviality—His Field Sport—A slight Accident—Soyer's Temper ruffled for once—His Happy Hours at the "Queen's" Hotel—Return to London—Takes an Appointment—Repudiates Single-Blessedness—Introduction to his future Father-in-Law—First sees Emma Jones—She is Fascinated with his Conversation—His Rival Eclipsed—Soyer's Courtship—Makes Proposals of Marriage—His Wedding Day—His pretty Verses to Emma Jones.

ONE of Soyer's oldest and most valued acquaintances was Mr. Charles Pierce, steward of Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, North Wales, and now of the Russian Embassy, with whom he became associated in 1832. M. Soyer was at the time in the service of Mr. Lloyd, of Aston Hall, Oswestry, where he had not been long before he discovered that two of his fellow-apprentices were living in the neighbourhood.

Already the culinary fame of M. Soyer was growing fast; he became a great favourite at Aston Hall, and many of the leading aristocracy when giving entertainments eagerly sought his assistance. Among the many epicures of those days, Myddleton Biddulph, Esq., lord

of Chirk Castle, did not disdain to partake of the fruits of our hero's culinary lore.

But not only as a *chef* was he so much esteemed, but during his hours of leisure he was always the life and soul of every convivial party to which he was invited, and at many of the dinners at which he has been present as a welcome guest, he has been merely partaking of part of his own productions.

There was no branch of his art that he would not most willingly explain, and whenever asked for information he most readily gave it, however valuable.

Although Soyer was possessed of an undoubted good temper, it is well known it was ruffled for once in the neighbourhood of Aston Hall. This occurred on Taffy's day, the 1st of March, when it was the custom of the late Sir Watkin William Wynne to give the lovers of field sport some amusement, and more especially to unbag a fox. On this occasion it was arranged by "John," the huntsman, in order to give the real sportsmen some fun at the expense of the new comer and the uninitiated, that a dog, in lieu of a fox, should be set free. Soyer was not only taken in by the trick, at which, however, alone, he might have laughed; but by an accident in following the supposed fox he was thrown from his horse and pitched into a hedge, where, of course, he became the cynosure of all eyes, and chief cause of all the mirth, and from which he afterwards emerged in a very curious plight, to the intense gratification of the well-fed farmers and others present. Poor Soyer swallowed his mortification as well as he

could, vowing all the while, in broken English, that no horse had ever before served him so!

The "Queen's Head" hotel was the favourite resort of our friend, and it was often a difficult matter to find sitting-room there, such was the desire to be in his company and listen to his quaint songs and strangely-original remarks.

At the end of some four or five years' service at Aston Hall, he left that happy and comfortable situation to enter into the establishment of the Marquis of Ailsa, at Isleworth, a real *gourmet*, and a very eccentric man. Here, too, Soyer became a great favourite, and when he left in 1836 he was much regretted by that nobleman.

Before the above period, namely in 1835, Soyer was single, and by no means desired to remain so, and he fancied that he should like to have his portrait taken to send to Paris, we believe to an old love; so, rambling one day along Rathbone Place, he inquired at a curiosity shop of some note whether they knew of a good portrait painter? He was referred to M. Simonau, a Flemish artist, pupil of the celebrated Baron Gros. Away went our hero to London Street, Fitzroy Square, found M. Simonau, and made acquaintance with that artist, whose somewhat peculiar disposition rather pleased than displeased Alexis.

The Flemish painter introduced him to his pupil, Emma Jones, a very clever girl, who had already given so many proofs of her talent, that she was daily besieged by members of the aristocracy, to have sketches of their likenesses in *crayons*.

Alexis's good-looking appearance, lively and witty conversation, fascinated the young lady. A first sitting was to take place the next day. At the very time appointed there appeared another young man in the shape of a suitor (he also was a Frenchman), so the proposed sittings were disturbed, but Alexis was not; he continued his addresses to the lady, and soon an attachment was formed. The rival disappeared, and Soyer made proposals of marriage, which were accepted, but not without opposition from her step-father Simonau, who would have had his pupil marry anybody rather than *a cook*. However, on the 12th of April, 1837, the marriage ceremony was solemnized in the Church of St. George's, Hanover Square, between Alexis Bénéoit Soyer, bachelor, and Elizabeth Emma Jones, spinster, in the presence of Louis Eustache Ude, the celebrated cook of the day, and a female friend, Charlotte Amelia Walrow. On that same day the Marquis of Douro, son of the late Duke of Wellington, was also married, which poor Soyer considered a good omen.

As a further illustration of Soyer's *penchant* for poetry, the following verses were addressed to Emma Jones in the course of his courtship:—

“DÉDIÉ À MADEMOISELLE EMMA JONES.

“ Ô vous, Emma, ô vous, que mon cœur aime,
 Enfant gâté d'Apollon et des arts,
 Lorsque parfois, d'enthousiasme extrême,
 Sur vos tableaux s'arrête mes regards,

MEMOIRS OF

Mon âme ému ne peut en faire part.
Les dieux prodigues ont sur votre carrière,
Semé les fleurs du plus riant printemps,
Que ne puisse d'immortelles ou de lierre
Couronner un aussi beau talent.

“ L'astre brillant qui dès votre naissance
Vous protégea, encore enfant,
Dessous le voile de l'innocence !!!
Vous dédiait un maître à talent;
Un père ami vous fut toujours constant,
Et pour marcher chaque jour sur ses traces,
Il délia vos bras peu vigilant !!
Emma, vos jours sont filés au Parnasse,
J'en atteste à votre talent !!!

“ Quand vos pinceaux retracent la nature,
D'un goût moderne et toujours élégant,
Du clair ruisseau ou d'un champ de verdure,
Avec succès, dans un salon charmant,
Là sont groupés de l'amour les enfants.
Oui, des neuf sœurs favori tutélaire !!
Ah, chère Emma, que n'ai je pour vous plaire,
Un grain de votre beau talent !!!

“ Mais je me tais, déjà l'orage gronde—
Faible mortel, tes vœux sont superflus,
C'est t'élever trop au-dessus du monde,
Que d'oser rêver à tant de vertus.
Je le conçois et reconnait l'abus,
Mais de la vie le char fragile
Conduit mes jours trop lentement,
Si près d'Emma je n'ai pas un asyle,
Pour admirer son beau talent !!!

“ This 13th May, 1835.

SOYER.”

“ALLUSION À LA PEINTURE AUX ARTISTES DE
L'OPÉRA.

“DEDIE A MADEMOISELLE EMMA JONES.

“Hier au soir, belle amie!!!
Pour vous voir—oui, en vain—
J'ai promené mes rêveries,
Près du café ci-devant Jarin,
Quand un sort plus prospère
Près de vous me ramena,
Car des sylphides légères
Mattirèrent à l'opéra.
Terpsicore et Melpomène
Me sont tout deux favoris!!
Mais la peinture est l'art que j'aime,
Emma elle seule je chéri;
Car dans cette vie passagère
Bien des talents brillant,
Par leurs courses légères,
Charme pour un moment;
Mais les belles peintures,
Des siècles les plus vieux,
Nous trace la nature
Des immortels dieux.

“15th June, 1836.

SOYER.”

Madame Soyer was too interesting a person to be passed over as merely the wife of the rising culinary artist, so we shall devote the next Chapter specially to her biography.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME SOYER'S BIOGRAPHY.

Her Birth—Early Death of her Father—She becomes a Linguist—Her first Introduction to the Flemish Artist—He becomes her Tutor—Her Success as an Amateur Pianist—Her Mother Marries the Flemish Artist—How Madame Soyer chose the Profession of Painting—Her first Sketch sells for £60—Death of her Mother—Becomes celebrated as a Portrait Etcher—Her *Chef-d'œuvres*—Makes Application for the Admission of her Paintings to the Royal Academy—Refusal to Accept them—Soyer's "Skit" upon the Royal Academicians—Her Talent with the Pen—Her Fashionable Precepts for the Ladies.

EMMA JONES was born in London in 1813. Her father died when she was only four years of age, and left her to the care of a fond mother, who sacrificed the prospect of an increasing fortune to devote her time entirely to the education of her child, who showed great inclination for study. The usual instructions were received with success, the French and Italian languages soon acquired, and music became a favourite amusement; in fact, it appeared that whatever was undertaken was of easy accomplishment.

About the year 1817, M. Simonau visited London, and brought with him some of his works, which were purchased by an antiquary, who advised him to open an academy for drawing and painting, which he did, and

in a short time gained great celebrity. Mrs. Jones having heard of the fame of M. Simonau, went to him with her little girl, and wished him to give her lessons. The extreme youth of the child at first made him hesitate; but at length he consented, and when Emma had been with him about six months, she showed such decided talent, that her mother proposed to remunerate him for the loss of all his other pupils if he would give his whole time to her daughter's instruction. To this, after some consideration, he agreed, and every succeeding year her improvement was so great, that before the age of twelve she had drawn more than a hundred portraits from life with surprising fidelity.

During the same time she advanced wonderfully in music, under the eminent pianist, Ancot, who, at that time, was patronized by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and was also a great friend of Rossini and Weber. The last of these heard little Emma play a passage of his "Der Freischutz" with such fine execution, that he declared, in the most flattering terms, that she would become a brilliant star in the musical world. M. Ancot strongly recommended that she should adopt music as a profession; and, as her mother feared that drawing would injure her health, his opinion was for some time adopted. Through the following circumstance, however, painting was finally chosen instead of music: Mrs. Jones—who, in 1820, had become the wife of M. Simonau—having gone to the Continent for her health, young Emma, one day looking out of the window at Dunkirk, saw some children blowing

bubbles, and immediately, with a piece of charcoal, made a sketch of the group upon the wall. The execution of this rude drawing evinced so much power, that it was at once finally decided by her mother and M. Simonau to adhere to the original intention of making painting her principal study, and that music should only be cultivated as an accomplishment. A few years after a picture from this sketch was sold at Liverpool for sixty pounds. At an early age many original paintings and portraits bore ample testimony to the perseverance of the mother, the care of the master, and the genius of the young artist.

Her marriage did not arrest her artistic labours. She turned her attention to portraits in oil, under the superintendence of her old master, M. Simonau, with whom she travelled the provinces, and gained great popularity. Upon her return to town she produced, among other paintings, the "Blind Boy," the "Crossing Sweeper," the "Bavarians," "Taglioni," the "Kentish Ceres," etc.

While Madame Soyer was thus gaining renown by her paintings, she thought she would make an application to the authorities at the Royal Academy, to be allowed to exhibit some of her productions on their walls; but, after repeated applications, the following letter came, which at once and for ever estranged Madame Soyer from the "focus" of the arts:—

" Cavendish Square, April 13, 1840.

" Sir Martin Archer Shee presents his compliments

to Madame Soyer, and, in reply to her note, begs to state that he has no privilege as President of the Royal Academy to influence the admission or rejection of works of art sent for exhibition, the decision on that subject resting entirely with the council for the time being. Sir Martin regrets that, from the press of occupation and the numerous applications to which he is subjected at this period, he had not an opportunity of sending an earlier answer to Madame Soyer's letter."

Of course it will be obvious to English readers that Madame Soyer and her husband acted as unaware of the rules of procedure at the Academy; but the refusal of her request so annoyed M. Soyer, that, some time after her death, he produced the following lines. As their translation into English would entirely spoil their spirit, we give them as written:—

“ SUR LA CRITIQUE.

“ La critique à mes yeux
Est un monstre sublime,
Qui fait souvent du néant
Naître le génie qu'on ôprime.”

“ AUX ROYAUX ACADEMICIENS.

“ Etoiles couvertes d'un obscur nuage,
Votre ambition jalouse ne saurait vous faire briller,
Non plus persuader des peuples sages,
Qu'un mensonge enorme est une vérité,
Vos pinceaux, vos palettes emblème de chef-d'œuvres inexécutés,
Ne sont dans la plus part de vos mains qu'un songe défiguré,

are so true and pointed in their irony, that they must not be passed over in silence :—

“ FASHIONABLE PRECEPTS FOR THE LADIES.

“ Nothing, in the eye of Fashion, is more amiable than to deviate from Nature.

“ To speak naturally, to act naturally, are vulgar and commonplace in the last degree.

“ To hear a story and not to express an emotion you do not feel is rude and unmannerly.

“ Not to shed tears on a slight disappointment is exceedingly hard-hearted; not to force a blush on the smallest commendation is prodigiously immodest.

“ To move and think as you feel inclined are offences that no polite person can ever in honour or delicacy forgive.

“ To be an artificial woman in perfection, go to a boarding-school; if in London, so much the better. Should the young lady show any unwillingness to proceed to business, then order, without delay, the collar; the stays, and the pediform apparatus. The discipline you must now undergo is very severe, and unless you have a good heart you will half repent your obsequiousness. But in the midst of all sufferings, keep in remembrance the prize that is before you, recollect that you are throwing off vulgarity, and making fast strides to the goal of fashion.

“ In walking keep your feet extended out nearly to a right angle with your body, and seldom let more than the points of your toes touch the ground; keep your

shoulders at the same time well extended back ; and, in a word, during the whole of your gait, suppose yourself to be anything but what you are.

“ An exquisite degree of sensibility will be found extremely useful in your progress ; therefore listen with extreme attention to every moving story, sympathize most heartily with distress, and, if you can manage it, weep as much as possible, if command of tears is most easy to be had ; but you have no conception how much frequent practice will make them flow at your pleasure.

“ On any sudden alarm, either faint or fall into hysterics ; perhaps the latter may be preferred as being the most fashionable, and as testifying the greatest emotion. But beware that in your attempts you do not bear a resemblance to a person labouring under the falling sickness, for this is a disorder as vulgar as hysterical convulsions are sentimental and polite.

“ On every occasion let your discourse turn on plebeian vulgarity, and on the unfashionableness of ordinary life.

“ Nothing is more common than pretensions to science or classical literature ; therefore hold such studies and their professors in profound contempt. As to the learning you ought to pursue, you need be very little solicitous : it is unfashionable to put the mind to severe exertion, or to blunt natural sensibility by an over-studious attention to the more dry and abstruse departments of knowledge.

“ Nothing whatever can refine your taste and

sharpen your sensibility. Hence, novels are particularly adapted for your condition, and with them you should pursue with unremitting care the arts of drawing, singing, instrumental music, poetry, and dancing. Let the "Ladies' Magazine" and "Theatrical Inquisitor" constitute your periodical literature. Visit as much as you can all the assemblies, theatres, concerts, routs, and balls.

"Study the art of blushing with peculiar interest, and let the crimson overspread your visage on every occasion where the empire of modesty is threatened with invasion. You should even wear flying colours for less occasions, and practice will give a facility in assuming this natural pigment, of which you have no conception.

"Take your meals invariably later than your vulgar neighbours. Go to bed at two in the morning, and rise at twelve next day.

"You will then become a fashionable lady, and, in the midst of congratulation, will entirely forget the sacrifice of truth and nature by which you have acquired this enviable distinction.

"EMMA JONES."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORM CLUB.

M. Soyer's First Essay—His *Bouleversement* of Old Dishes—Cutlets *à la Réforme*—Queen's Coronation—Prepares a Breakfast for 2000 Guests—New Club-house built in Pall Mall—Its Description—Soyer's Kitchen—Madame Soyer's Card—M. Ude's Birthday—Ball at the Reform Club.

WE now come to the time, 1837, when Alexis Soyer's culinary capacity was to be put to a severe test at the Reform Club. It was, indeed, no joke for a young *aspirant* and a foreigner to face some fifteen hundred members of the aristocracy, whose refined appetites were on the *qui vive* to taste with severe criticism the productions of the youthful artist. It appears that the members of the Reform Club admitted, generally, that their political success in the new era could not be better supported than by a corresponding development of the important department of the kitchen. So Soyer had full swing, and he and his patrons luxuriated accordingly. Day after day small and large parties of members succeeded each other to regale on the new soups, sauces, and entrées by which the talents of the artist were to be appreciated.

Soyer, ambitious of glory, kept on producing new delicacies in return for every new manifestation of the

delight with which his efforts were welcomed, and altogether created such a sensation amongst the members that they even for a while forgot, it is said, the people's cause, so lately hurried onwards by the legitimate Revolution of 1830, which hurled down the elder branch of the Bourbons. Political reform for the moment was absorbed in "*les côtelettes à la Réforme,*" and other equally new and delicious dishes which the wizard cook provided.

These repeated trials were only the forerunners of an ordeal which was to establish his reputation as a master of his profession. At the coronation of her present most gracious Majesty a public breakfast was given by the members of the Club to 2000 guests, and prepared by the young artist. Here indeed was the Hour, and the Man! Great were Soyer's gratulations and success!

It was about this time the Reformers planned and erected the new Reform Club, one of the finest specimens of Italian architecture in the metropolis.

Mr. Barry's design was preferred, both for its elegance and convenience, over other plans submitted by eminent architects; it offered an elevation in harmony with the Travellers', and, although of superior grandeur, did not detract from the architectural importance either of that or of the Athenæum.

As the scene of M. Soyer's labours for so many years, and as a place unique in itself for its combination of all the advantages that could possibly be desired, we must here describe the present kitchen, availing our-

selves of certain official accounts published at the time of its formation.

On entering the Club, a flight of steps from the porter's lobby leads you into a splendid hall, from thence to an elegant saloon, an appropriate visitors' waiting-room, a comfortable morning-room, a very fine Parliamentary library, a most commodious, large, and beautiful coffee-room, cloak-room, and private dining-room, a committee-room, second library of general reference, and a very magnificent drawing-room.

But, gentle reader, our business is not with these; so let us descend, not to meaner subjects, but to that which M. Soyer made one of the sights of London (at least all the time the great *chef* was in the establishment), as a sort of pilgrim's shrine for gastronomic peer, prince, and peasant—to the culinary sphere below. We begin with the place where all joints were trimmed for cooking, from thence to the Meat and Game Larder, a lofty, well-ventilated room, excellently fitted up with various slate dressers and ice drawers, which being always maintained at a temperature of 35 to 40 degrees, enabled every variety of comestibles to be kept fresh as imported, even for a considerable time. Here herbs and vegetables were sorted and arranged, and seemed, by their very freshness, to reflect the temperature they felt. Thence to the Cold Meat and Sauce Larder, fitted up with safes constructed upon a new self-acting principle. We next approach the part located to an artist whose taste has been frequently cited as being in some degree professional; we mean the Confectioner, whose land-

scapes glittering with dew, waterfalls which did all but burst upon the ear—whose Gothic castles and fairy forms so frequently arrested the sight, ere the materials of which they were formed tempted the palate, and then, like the vision which betrayed Orlando in the enchanted castle, the landscape, the waterfall, and the palace, faded like the baseless fabric of which they were formed, and, sweetened by a thousand recollections, left “not a wreck behind.” Every corner exhibited order, method, and division of labour. In the small space beneath the staircase, near the office of the *chef*, all the fish required for immediate use reposed; and, to keep it delicately cool, even in the height of summer, a stream of iced water was gradually, at intervals, diffused around. A large square board near this is even deserving of attention, as an indication of the system adopted. It was lettered from five to eight o’clock, and on this the dinners were set prior to cooking, according to the respective hours for which they were ordered. Thus no confusion or mistake could occur, and every member enjoyed the fare his appetite or taste desired. The next was the roasting kitchen; the fire-place, which held 3 cwt. of coals, was used principally for large joints; at the back of it was a great boiler, which could be used to heat water for baths and for the general purposes of the house. Delicate vegetables were here brought to culinary perfection by French charcoal stoves, and ovens of varying temperature were fixed in various places. We must pass over some minor departments to describe the principal kitchen. This was so placed in the centre of

operations, that M. Soyer could at once command a full view of all the departments of his office. The fittings of this room deserved the most particular attention. In the centre a table was so contrived that it afforded the greatest possible facility for working with the utmost economy of space. Sliding boards and moveable cases were attached, which permitted the cutting up of many articles without confusion, and with the most perfect cleanliness. Hot closets were here also, of various degrees of temperature; and a fire-place, holding $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coal was deserving attention for the admirable manner in which it was constructed. The smallest bird to the largest joint, could be cooked by this with much less consumption of fuel, and to far greater perfection, than by the ranges generally in use.

Around this room were arranged coal stoves for broiling chops, boiling or stewing fish, etc., and all of these were provided with moveable screens to protect the eyes, and to act as reflectors. Near them was the delivery window, divided into three openings; and the dresser before it was half-lined with heated plates; it was used for entrées—joints and vegetables—and service plates, all of which were sent up from separate departments. The Kitchen Clerk's desk, and the lift by which dinners were conveyed into the coffee-room, formed the angle near the window. Speaking-pipes, with bells attached to them, enabled the readiest communication to be maintained with every part of the house. This may serve to give our readers a general idea of the skilful arrangement of the kitchen of the

Reform Club; but the visitor will be more struck by the admirable economy of time and space it indicated throughout. The pillars which support the ceiling were supplied with revolving boxes, in which sauces in general use, herbs, and trifling articles, were always to be found; thus nothing was to be sought for, everything was at hand; the minute index-hand did not pass more regularly over the face of the clock than the assistants of Soyer revolved around him as the centre planet of their system.

MADAME SOYER'S CARD.

One of those natural and charming bits of naïveté, so peculiar to Madame Soyer, was strongly shown upon one occasion at the Reform Club. She had called there, and after waiting above an hour to see her husband, determined to leave a souvenir. Accordingly she took a crayon and sketched her own likeness upon the wall, rang the bell and told the attendant that she had waited a long time, and so—here she pointed to the sketch—she had left her card! Soyer, on his return, was so enraptured at the circumstance, and at her quick-witted idea, that he had the likeness preserved, by placing a glass over and a frame around it. The anecdote caused general merriment in the Club, and many were the visitors to Soyer's room to see Madame Soyer's handiwork.

M. UDE'S BIRTHDAY.

M. Ude, who had acquired renown and wealth at Crockford's Club-house, as steward and cook, was natu-

rally the great gun of the day, and courted by his colleagues in the culinary art.

M. Soyer, who had already made some noise in the world, became a favourite with Ude (the most punctilious of cooks), not only on account of his growing popularity, and the high talent of his wife as a painter, but also for his comic songs and jocular *repartees*. The 25th of August being the patron-saint day of *Louis Eustache Ude*, it was usually celebrated in splendid style by that gentleman, and, therefore, invitations were always forwarded some days previous, to noted *gros bonnets* and *cordons bleu*. The following is the letter, *verbatim et literatim*, sent to M. and Madame Soyer on that occasion:—

“London, August 21, 1841.

“DEAR SIR,—You will *oblidge* me to favour with your Company you and your *Wiffè*, on Wednesday next at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five o'clock *been* my birth day.

“The favour of an answer is requested.

“*Your* truly, “L= E= UDE.

“Mr. Soyer and Wife.”

The day previous (24th of August), many were the complimentary visits paid to M. Ude. Nosegays and presents of various descriptions abounded. Amongst them figured a clever picture, painted by Madame Soyer, representing a market-girl with a wicker basket on her head full of fowls, several of which, peeping through the apertures of the basket, had a most curious and lively appearance.

The next day M. and Madame Soyer were punctu-

ally at the door of the Amphytrion, and ushered into his presence with all due ceremony. He did not forget to come forward and express to Madame Soyer his heartfelt thanks for the handsome present he had been honoured with; for M. Ude was no mean judge of paintings, and he valued much this modern work, which he now added to the specimens of the old masters he was already possessed of, besides works of art and *virtu*. On these occasions, gold and silver plate, rare china services, and costly ornaments, were laid out to deck the banqueting-table and the sideboard. Those who for the first time were favoured with invitations always gazed with astonishment at a sight so little expected in the abode of a *chef de cuisine*.

As everything was conducted with perfect *étiquette*, M. Ude, at the appointed hour for dinner, waited for no one; and at half-past five the order was given to serve.

We must here observe that the great *chef* and his wife were very fond of the canine species. It is very well to be partial to dogs, for they are useful animals in their places; but, when carried to the extreme, as it was in that house, it becomes ridiculous; and we are sorry to say that M. Ude's petted dumb creatures were often the means of separating their master from his best friends.

These favourite companions of the great *chef* knew their business so well, that the comico-tragical part of the dinners generally began when the company descended into the dining-room, for they were perfectly

aware that an extra feed was then coming. Hence they wagged their tails, barked and jumped with delight, but also very sagaciously detected any strangers, against whom they were sure to growl and grin so viciously that timid ladies or gentlemen, in order to save their legs or feet from a bite, were apt to create confusion at the beginning of the dinner. Thus, one of the guests, in attempting to kick away spiteful "Azor," stumbled and knocked down one of the dessert plates, cooler and all, from the side-board, and, in trying to save it, went bang over the plate-warmer. His lady trod on "Tiny's" paw, the scream was awful, the hostess almost fainted; in fact, all was in an uproar for some minutes, until the master, in a stentorian voice, made each dog go into his kennel.

At last every one began to feel that they were really within the walls of a *véritable gastronome*; but this delightful sensation was, unfortunately, disturbed just as the venison was being carved out to the guests by M. M——, whose position, at the top of the table, had given him this unenviable task, and who, of course, took a china plate to warm over the spirit-warmer lying close to his elbow for that purpose. Click! went the first plate, then a second, a third, and so on, until, positively, seven of them were cracked before it came to the ears of M. Ude, who bawled out, in a passion, "What do I hear, M. M——? *Il faut, que vous soyez bien maladroit,* to break seven of my precious china plates before you found out they were cold? Do you know, sir, that each of them cost me two guineas, at the late Duke of

York's sale? You are a donkey, and, were it not for the respect I have for her Majesty (whose faithful servant you are), I would be almost disposed to—to—to knock you down, if—if I was near you!" Poor M. Ude was so exasperated, that it took all the influence M. Soyer possessed over him to pacify his anger; but he did succeed, and even made him apologize for the hard language used towards his old and esteemed friend. M. Soyer then said, "Ladies and gentlemen, fill your glasses, and let us drink to the health of our worthy host: may he never break peace with China any more." M. Ude returned thanks, but prayed that honour be done to the venison.

Now all was quiet and comfortable, the plates had been put into hot water, and the savoury dish served all round, with the requisite adjuncts of hot gravy and currant-jelly, etc.

Peace was not of long duration. One of the party, who did not like venison, instead of refusing it, gave a piece secretly to one of the dogs; it so happened that the poor beast, in his extreme eagerness for the morsel, tried to bolt it, and was nearly choked. The alarm was given. Madam Ude rose from the table, took up Tiny, and ran out of the room to attend to the dear creature, which lay sprawling with agony, and soon after died. The harmony of the evening was thus much disturbed; some of the ladies left the table to condole with the hostess; but, ultimately, when the gentlemen made their appearance in the drawing-room, general laughter greeted them, the cause being simply that five or six of them, looking

at one another, perceived that, whilst taking their dinner, their varnished boots had been licked clean by the dogs, who were very fond of sugar, and had made them to look as if they had been rubbed over with mutton fat.

After these little incidents, the conviviality of the evening passed uninterruptedly on, with the promise from the host and hostess that, at the next fête of St. Louis, the canine tribe—even the cats and parrots—should be excluded from the banqueting-room, so that on that day they would be doomed to a feast of their own.

The gallantry of M. Ude (as our late friend often expressed it) was not of the very liberal character which might be expected of him; for Emma Soyer received, in return for the valuable picture she made him a present of (worth £40 at least), a small silver candlestick for sealing letters. Some years after Madame Soyer's and M. Ude's death, M. Soyer would have given £50 to get that picture back again, as he did for the "Buy-a-Broom Girl and Boy," also painted by his wife, from the Saltmarsh collection; but he could not obtain it.

BALL AT THE REFORM CLUB.

Some considerable time after the opening of that splendid palace, the Reform Club, M. Soyer, being consulted by the Committee respecting the intended ball for the servants of the establishment, which usually took place at Christmas time, proposed, in commemoration of the opening of the Club, if the

members would allow it, that it should be given in the banqueting-room, not only to the household, but to a limited number of their friends. As this could not be decided unless the members were consulted, the Committee was adjourned for a week; and in the meantime M. Soyer was to give the bill of fare and the probable cost. Some little opposition was made by some of the over-nice members, who did not like to be disturbed in their usual privileges; but it was overruled, and the order was transmitted according to the wish expressed by M. Soyer, and fixed to take place on Twelfth Night of 1842. The joy of the servants was such that they, in a body, thanked M. Soyer for this treat; the female portion in particular, who made preparations as if each of them were going to be married. The invitations to their friends were quickly communicated, with an injunction to be particular and come to the ball in style, as it was to take place in the grand drawing-room. For a week previous, the female portion could hardly be kept to their duties, so anxious were they to prepare their dresses for the ball. However the day arrived, and, in order to give the utmost time and liberty to the servants, the members voluntarily turned themselves out of the Club; everything, in fact, was done to insure the comfort, pleasure, and amusement of those for whom it was intended. The ball-room was decorated with extra ornaments of evergreens, flowers, and garlands, and was brilliantly lighted up; a first-rate band of music attended; the refreshments were prepared *à la Soyer*;

and nothing could exceed the perfect order of the arrangements.

This ball of course was the gossip of the members of the Club, and so excited the curiosity of their wives and daughters that, in the course of the evening, carriage after carriage set down parties of ladies with cards of *laissé passé*, to have a peep, and, if possible, criticize the innovation so creditable to the Reformers, thus giving enjoyment to their servants and their friends, altogether about 150 persons. However, there was nothing to find fault with; and merry England was here represented all over, laughing, giggling, capering to its heart's content; there were the rosy faces (not fictitiously coloured) of enviable, good-looking, and in some cases remarkably handsome countenances, fit to adorn the arm of any aristocratic gentleman; their heads dressed neatly, and adorned with flowers; light muslins of all colours, scarfs, *écharpes*, etc., etc., of flaming hues predominated. In fact, everything was in keeping with the wish of the matron of the establishment, who felt very proud of her flock.

Supper being announced, all the good things provided by the noted *chef* were not only very handsome to look at, but better to demolish, so they soon vanished from sight. The ladies of course were seated first, and waited upon by the gentlemen. When they arose, lo there was hardly anything left. Some looked piteously at their loving partners; but, in the twinkling of an eye, a fresh supply of substantial removes, surrounded with appetizing *entrémets*, caused another onslaught on

them—*poulets rôtis, galantines, pâtés, tongues, etc.*, with delicate jellies and creams. The wines were liberally supplied. Those who had made fresh conquests did not long remain at table, they joined their partners, and, *de novo*, the band-master struck up a *contre-danse*, and all was alive again, until, towards four o'clock in the morning, two of the gentlemen, who had made a little too free, quarrelled. Their fists went to work, the claret flew rather copiously, they were separated quietly, turned out, and *ainsi fini l'histoire*.

CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF MADAME SOYER.

Visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to the Reform Club—Invites Soyer to Visit the King of the Belgians, his Brother, at Brussels—Soyer's Departure—Takes two of Madame's Paintings with him—Her approaching Accouchement—The Finishing Touch to her Painting of the "Two Organ Boys"—Sees her Husband for the Last Time—Her Death—Panic amongst his Friends—Ultimate Departure of one of them to Brussels—Breaking the sad News to Soyer—The Fact imparted—Its Result—A Family Dinner upset—Attempt of Soyer to lay violent Hands upon Himself—Departure for Ostend—Arrival in London—Reaches Home—The Funeral—A few Remarks upon Madame Soyer's Talents—Letters of Condolence.

IN the beginning of August, 1842, a friend of M. Soyer, M. V——, who had just returned from the East, called on Madame Soyer, and the conversation turning on the visit of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg at the Reform Club, she said that he had admired her pictures, part of which were there, and he was so pleased with her husband, who had explained to the Duke the usefulness of everything relative to the kitchen, that the Duke invited him to go over to Brussels in the same packet with himself; that he would then introduce Soyer to his brother the King of the Belgians, and at the same time show the King a couple of her pictures, he being a great

admirer of paintings. M. V——, observing she was near her confinement, thought it imprudent for her husband to leave her then; but she replied that she did not expect that event for a fortnight, therefore he would be back soon enough; and, besides, it was a great honour conferred on M. Soyer, who wanted a holiday from his heavy duties at the Club. Poor Emma, who was then giving the finishing touch to the admirable picture of the "Two Organ Boys," was far from thinking that she was about to part with her husband for ever!

Alexis Soyer, who delighted as much to obtain the praises of royalty for the talent of his wife as he did in the idea of the journey and honour conferred on himself, left London on the 21st of August with the Duke and his suite. Two days after his departure a terrible thunder-storm came over London, in the evening of the 29th of August, which so alarmed Madame Soyer that she was prematurely confined, and died the same night.

The shock of course was great amongst the friends of the deceased. Every one deplored the absence of her husband. The great difficulty was how to announce it to him. A letter was dispatched to say that she was prematurely confined, and that both the child and her were very unwell. The next day one of the party, M. V——, offered to go over to Brussels, break the sad event to M. Soyer, and bring him home. His offer was accepted. The task was a difficult one. The messenger knew how fondly the bereaved husband was attached

to his wife. As soon as M. Soyer met him in the streets of Brussels, he suspected something was wrong, so, immediately he accosted him, he said, "What brought you here?"

"Two young ladies I have just left at boarding-school, which will give me the pleasure of going back with you."

"Well, but did you see Emma before you left?"

"I did."

"How is she doing?"

"Not so well as I should like to have seen her."

"Then she is worse?"

"I fear so."

His penetrating and anxious look denoted that he was not satisfied with the answers to his inquiries; so, as they were moving towards Soyer's lodging, in company with another friend, he took hold of M. V——'s arm, and said with suppressed emotion—"Now, my dear fellow, are you not the messenger of death?"

M. V—— looked at him, and Soyer saw in his countenance that it was too true; yet as he did not pronounce the word "Yes!" Soyer looked wild, shook M. V—— nervously, and said—"For Heaven's sake, speak; is she dead?"

M. V—— bent his head as they approached the house of M. Simonau, the brother of Simonau the artist, where a family dinner had been prepared, and together they stepped in, and then poor Soyer saw the tears flowing from M. V——'s eyes which told the sad tale.

It would be superfluous to describe the state of

Alexis's mind; suffice it to say that he attempted to snatch a knife from the dinner-table, but M. Simonau, his son, and M. V——, dragged him into the garden, where it took two long hours to bring him to a sense of reason. As soon as he was somewhat calmed, they left Brussels for Ostend, and the weather being fine, and there being a great many passengers on board who knew him, his mind was, as it were, forcibly drawn away from the sense of his loss, and he arrived at London Bridge a great deal better than could have been anticipated.

But the meeting with all his most attached friends, who had been waiting their arrival, was truly an affecting scene. So again when they arrived at his house at Charing Cross; for it was with the greatest difficulty they could manage to prevent him seeing poor Emma in her coffin. M. Simonau, who had for many years communicated all his sterling knowledge in painting to his pupil, who was his pride, was also sadly cast down.

However, the funeral took place at Kensal Green Cemetery, on the 8th of September, 1842, and was attended by numerous friends and admirers of the deceased lady. A monument in the ground marks the spot, and testifies truly to the affection, love, and respect of her husband.

The loss of this lady was a source of great regret, not merely to her personal friends, but to those lovers of art who had faith in her artistic future. We read in the *Times* :—

“ Besides an immense variety of drawings, sketches, and studies, she had painted upwards of 400 pictures,

some of them of very high merit, and which, when exhibited in the Louvre, obtained the highest praise. No female artist has exceeded this lady as a colourist, and very few artists of the rougher sex have produced portraits so full of character, spirit, and vigour, and that boldness and breadth of light and shadow which constitutes one of the highest triumphs of art. She was exceedingly clever in recognizing the character of those who sat to her, so that her portraits convey the mind as well as the features of the sitters, their thoughts and sentiments. Her group, already mentioned, depicting two boys selling lemons, has been recently engraved by Gerard of Paris, in mezzotinto, and is a fine illustration of the talents of the deceased. It partakes of the style of Murillo; but, though in his manner, it has not the subserviency of imitation, nor the stiffness of copy."

The following letters are selected from a numerous correspondence, as exhibiting at once sympathy for her loss, and admiration for her talents:—

“A MONSIEUR ALEXIS SOYER.

“Gotha, le 4 Janvier, 1843.

“MONSIEUR,—Je vous suis très obligé du dessin original fait de feu Madame votre épouse, ainsi que les gravures d'après le tableau des jeunes Israélites, que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer.

“C'est avec beaucoup d'intérêt que j'adjoindrai à ma collection de dessins les produits d'un talent aussi distingué que celui de feu Madame Soyer.

“ En vous faisant mes remercimens et souhaitant que le temps adoucît votre grande et juste douleur sur sa perte prématurée, je vous assure encore de toute mon estime.

“ ERNEST DUC DE SAXE-GOTHA.”

“ Cambridge House, le 21 Mai, 1843.

“ MONSIEUR,—Je suis chargé de la part de S. A. R. Monseigneur le Duc de Cambridge de vous remercier pour l'envoi des trois tableaux, peints par feu Madame votre épouse, qui ont été ducement admirés et appréciés, non seulement par S. A. R. le Duc, mais aussi par Madame la Duchesse, ainsi que par ceux à qui la été permis de les voir.—J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et obéissant serviteur,

“ LE BARON DE KNESEBECK.”

CHAPTER VI.

SOYER A WIDOWER.

Kind Invitation from the Marquis of Ailsa—Soyer once more in London—Takes Lessons from a Writing Master, to Imitate his late Wife's Hand — Progress of the Kensal Green Monument — Poetry in its Praise — Monody on the late Madame Soyer.

A DAY or two after Madame Soyer's funeral, the following letter was addressed to M. Simonau, by the late Marquis of Ailsa:—

“ TO M. SIMONAU.

“ St. Margaret's, 2nd Sept.

“ SIR,—I very deeply deplore poor M. Soyer's and your loss. If I could render him any service, I should be happy to do so. He is most welcome to come here, and you with him, and stay as long as you please.—
Your most obt. servt. “ AILSA.”

The kind offer of the Marquis was accepted, and our hero, with his late wife's step-father, remained at St. Margaret's for a few weeks, then returned to the Reform Club, and re-commenced business with new vigour.

Immediately after the severe loss sustained by the

noted *chef*, he found that he not only was deprived of a most excellent wife, but a very useful secretary, who wrote all his correspondence, bills of fare, etc., etc. To replace the peculiar round hand she had adopted was not easy; but in order to effect this, Soyer looked out for a writing-master to improve his own calligraphy. And he selected Mr. Lewis, of the Strand, who regularly came, three or four times a-week, to give him lessons. However the progress was so slow, owing to his culinary occupation, that at the end of a couple of months he gave it up; and the only improvement he made was to sign his name in the curious manner we have often seen it since.

During the same period M. Soyer had another, and more painfully interesting, occupation—the raising a worthy memorial to his buried wife; which was accomplished in a few months, at an expense of some five hundred pounds. It consists of a pedestal about twelve feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of Faith, with her right hand pointing towards heaven, and the left supporting a golden cross. At her feet, lightly floating upon clouds, are two cherubim, the one holding a crown over the head of, and the other presenting a palm to, the deceased, who is represented on a beautiful medallion executed in white marble, and surrounded by the emblem of eternity. A palette and brushes, embellished with a wreath of unfading laurels, is placed beneath the medallion. M. Puyenbroach, of Brussels, one of the principal sculptors to his Majesty the King of the Belgians, has added to his fame by this

work. Although the figures on the monument are larger than life, so light and elegant are their forms that the observer might almost fancy they were leaving this terrestrial sphere; while the cherubim, poised upon the ascending clouds, convey such an idea of buoyancy that one is cheated to believe that the heavy and solid stone (like the pure and eternal spirit of her who sleeps below) had taken its departure from earth, and was following that shade whose memory it was erected to perpetuate. The palette and brushes, with the laurel and her initials, were sketched by the lamented artist the morning previous to her death, she being then in perfect health; while the medallion is from her portrait, by M. Simonau, her only master. The railing is cast most elaborately, from a design by Mr. Rogers, the great artist in wood-carving.

The work became the theme of general conversation. Many letters of congratulation and praise were at this time sent to M. Soyer; among them one from the noble Marquis of Ailsa, in whose service he had been, and accompanied with a handsome subscription.

Various pieces of poetry also reached M. Soyer. From these we quote the following:—

“MONODY ON THE LATE MADAME SOYER.

“In thy fair groves! amid thy scented boughs,
Sweet shades of first-created paradise,
Did the primeval curse 'light on the brows
Of that fallen pair— ‘Whoso liveth dies.’

Earth heard the words, and ev'ry breeze was mute;
 The sky look'd dark, and ocean ceas'd to move—
 Stagnant, opaque! while ev'ry bird and lute
 Then hush'd their song—and hushing, ceas'd to love!
 Sadness and gloom hung round each moving tree,
 Each flower then droop'd in pensiveness and fear;
 Creation lost its native mirth and glee,
 And felt that gloom and gloomy Death were near.

“ And so he was; for quick he rose on wing
 Outspread, of sable hue, and plum'd dart,
 To strike at young and old with pois'nous sting,
 And prove the pow'r of his acquir'd art.
 Then with huge banner grim, pois'd high, unfurl'd,
 Triumphant soar'd he in his savage glee,
 And through the air—the murky air—then hurl'd
 His jav'lins to transfix mortality;
 Alas! how has he mow'd down beauty rare,
 Sunk myriads 'neath old ocean's wave,
 Made cot and palace ring with grief's despair,
 And hung the willow o'er the hero's grave!

“ But why, grim monster, lay thy icy hand
 Upon the young—the beautiful—and fair?
 Why pluck the bright and gifted of the land,
 And lay the honour'd brow of genius bare?

“ Ah me! ye Nine, a mournful lay prepare,
 Go, weave a requiem for her now mute,
 Bid Thalia bind the cypress with her hair,
 And Sappho twine it with her weeping lute;
 For, ah me! fair Artiste, too soon hast thou
 Fall'n 'neath the thralldom of the spoiler's skill,
 Too soon has he stripp'd from thy laughing brow,
 All that his envious shafts and spleen dare kill.

- " Thy doom was heard—thy full life must be brief!
 The thunder bellow'd—herald of thy fall—
 The heavens shower'd their sad tears in grief,
 And lightnings—as torch-bearers—lit thy pall;
 And at thy death fell, too, the gen'rous tear
 Science will o'er her fav'rite daughters shed;
 And Genius mourned o'er thy youthful bier,
 To know the one it lov'd so well—was dead.
- " Thine was the gift, the rarer gift, divine,
 To make on canvas youth's glad radiant smile,
 To light the rays which 'lumine beauty's shrine,
 Grief's tears to hush, and brighter scenes beguile.
 Thine was the gift—forgetting earth's vain toys—
 To find sweet music in the breath of flowers;
 All low pursuits to shun—all vulgar joys—
 Preferring fame to bright wealth's golden showers.
 Thine was the gift—to treasure things once seen,
 The bright gems Nature spreads upon its sward,
 And, by thy pencil's touch, become their queen,
 And in her study find thy great reward.
 Yes, thine it was to love the treasures thrown
 On the fair bosom of this beaut'ous earth—
 Thine 'twas to make the whole thy pencil's own,
 And on thy canvas show the native worth.
 Thine was the pencil born to know no rest—
 Morning—evening—by its spell always bound,
 Thy restless spirit, like the dove distress'd,
 Soar'd o'er life's deluge till the ark it found.
 Thine 'twas to sketch the outlines of the face—
 Youth's rosy smiles, or age's wrinkled brow—
 And to transmit, with more than common grace,
 Rich spoils for time, to keep now thou art low.
 Thine 'twas to labour in thy fresh youth's days,
 And win renown to flourish o'er thy tomb—
 Bright wreaths to win, entwin'd in laurel'd bays,
 To shine in splendour o'er thy smitten bloom.

“But if, indeed, the spirit must live on—
Must live! because its nature cannot die—
Then is there reason to rest hope upon—
And thy young soul may dare old Death defy;
For if that mind and genius be blest twins,
And matter but the grosser stuff of earth,
Yet might thy praise be sung in purer hymns
Than those swell'd here, to celebrate thy worth.
Tho' to Death's leaden sceptre and stern nod
Thou hast submitted, and his icy kiss,
Thy spirit now may flutter o'er thy sod,
To guard it for a brigher world than this.

“So sleep, fair lady—devotee to art—
Death cannot rob thee of thy well-earn'd name;
Death thou canst vanquish, and the reckless dart
Transform to stars, to gem thy wreath of fame.”

CHAPTER VII.

M. SOYER RESUMES HIS POST AT THE REFORM CLUB.

First Idea of "The Gastronomic Regenerator"—Extraordinary Way it was written—An immense Number sold in Twelve Months—Laudatory Reviews from the Press—The *Leviathan's* Notice—Dedication, etc.—Becomes an Opera Lounger—His First Essay as a Ballet Inventor and Writer—Quaint Descriptions on Title-page—An Elongated Phiz—Philippe the Wizard—Flirtation with F. C —, the Opera Dancer—Soyer at Windsor.

M. SOYER's mind being now a little at rest, he began to think seriously of writing a cookery-book. He set to work in earnest, and, to go on quicker with the receipts, he employed a very clever first kitchen-maid who had been some years under his tuition, and knew well the composition of all his soups, sauces, entrées, etc. He therefore requested her to write, in regular order, how she would proceed to make the various dishes. He did the same with his apprentice, who also wrote a certain series of receipts, which were afterwards revised, corrected, and some altogether put aside. Thus, in the course of ten months, the illustrated volume called "The Gastronomic Regenerator" came to light, and was very successful. Numerous and extraordinary reviews from the Press appeared. In less than twelve months more than 2000 copies, at a guinea per copy, were sold. We give, as a specimen of the value of this

book, the spirited review of the *Times*, and if space would allow, we would also include that in *Blackwood*, called "Cookery and Civilization:"—

"Alas! have we not lived to vote the resources of all *perruque* and *rococo*, and to behold the precious laurels that wreathed the temples of the culinary demigods of the eighteenth century, transferred by acclamation in the nineteenth to the mighty brows of a Carême and a Beauvilliers, a Soyer and a Francatelli—great names every one—poetizers of the spit, philosophers of the larder, sublime fire-worshippers, high priests of a kitchen fuller than Druidical groves of deep and sacred mysteries?"

"For ten months he laboured at the pyramid which the remotest posterity shall applaud; and during the whole of that period he was intent upon providing the countless meals which a living generation have already approved and fully digested. Talk of the labours of a Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor! Sir R. Peel was not an idle man. Lord Brougham is a tolerably busy one. Could either, we ask, in the short space of ten months—ten 'little months'—have written 'The Gastronomic Regenerator,' and furnished 25,000 dinners, 38 banquets of importance, comprising above 70,000 dishes, besides providing daily for 60 servants, and receiving the visits of 15,000 strangers, all too eager to inspect the renowned altar of a great Apician temple? All this did M. Soyer, and we back him for industry against even the indefatigable Brougham.

"That more than one of the 38 banquets were of the

highest moment, and must, at the time, have engrossed the mind of their accomplished author to the serious derangement of his literary avocations, admits of no question the moment we peruse one bill of fare which M. Soyer places before our dazzled and admiring eyes. A memorable dinner was given at the Reform Club, upon the 9th day of May, of that year, to a select party of ten highly-gifted connoisseurs; none of your gobble-and-gulp people, who in their melancholy ignorance, swallow a *potage à la Comte de Paris*, or a *rissolette à la Pompadour*, with the same frightful *nonchalance* as a sailor will devour his pea-soup, or a rustic bolt his bacon; but creatures of ethereal natures, devotees of what the painters call 'high art,' men who feed their bodies only to give elasticity and vigour to their souls. The *Dîner Lucullusien à la Sampayo* was ordered with a magnificent contempt of expense. No money was to be spared in obtaining the most novel, luxurious, rare compounds that ingenuity could discover or gold procure. Stimulated by the anxious and repeated visits of a noble-spirited and judicious guide—a Grove and a Jay, a Townsend and a Morel, a Slater and a Solomon, surpassed themselves in the quality of the viands they purveyed. One dish, the *Buisson d'Écrevisses Pagodatique au vin de Champagne à la Sampayo*, cost something more than seven guineas—a trifle! Two large bottles of Perigord truffles, value four guineas, were stewed with the *écrevisses* in champagne. We have no heart to proceed, for 'the author regrets that, in fulfilment of an agreement between him and M. Sam-

payo, he is restricted from giving the receipt of crawfish *à la Sampayo.*' Why was the dish mentioned at all, if the world is still to be deprived of the receipt? The loss is a national one. Doubtless it would have been very popular at the small clubs, and in great request with gentlemen of limited incomes! But to return to the incomparable dinner. There were *Dotrelles aux feuilles de vigne*, and there was *miroton de homard aux œufs de pluvier*, and there were many other dishes too, enough, as you would think, to crown the happiness of a cook, and to satisfy the ambition of the proudest caterer in Christendom. You know not cooks. At page 608 of 'The Regenerator,' the soft sigh of a Soyer falls painfully upon the reader's ear. And no wonder! A brilliant thought—one of those superb inspirations, the property of great minds—had occurred to our author during the procreation of this matchless banquet. Mentioned by him to the mysterious and too exclusive Sampayo and his friends, they caught with joy at the idea. Two dozen of ortolans, and twelve of the largest and finest truffles were to be procured, and in each of the latter a hole was to be dug, wherein one of the unctuous and semi-transparent little volatiles was to be buried. Yes, the delicate native of Provence, gloriously interred in the choicest production of Perigord; then must a piece of calf or lamb's caul (exquisite minuteness of description!) cover the aperture and shelter the imprisoned bird; then was there to be, braising in a gravy of fowls and lachrymæ Christi, poached forced meat upon the dish, the truffles in pyramid.

Upon that a *purée* with the truffle that had been dug out of the graves, and a *garniture* of roasted ortolans. Stupendous thought! we have read of superior minds overcoming obstacles long deemed insurmountable, and have gathered from the perusal strength for the difficult struggle of life. Such strength find we here. ‘An ortolan,’ said Alexis Soyer, pondering on the difficult and self-appointed task, ‘an ortolan can hardly be truffled, but I will undertake that a truffle shall be ortolaned!’ He might have added, ‘’Tis not in mortals to command success—we’ll do more, Sampayo, we’ll deserve it;’ for, great as the ‘regenerator’s’ conception was, it was not destined to be realized. The elements were unpropitious, and the ortolans did not arrive in time from Paris, whence they had been ordered. This however was the only failure. Everything else was to the turn, the minute. At seven o’clock the Severn salmon arrived alive, and by express from Gloucester. Ten minutes later it smoked upon the board. Happy Sampayo!—happier guests!—immortal Soyer!

“We turn to the pictorial portion of this notable book. After the agreeable portrait of the author which faces the title-page, the first of the woodcuts that attracts attention is ‘The Table of the Wealthy,’ with the motto, “*Rien ne dispose mieux l’esprit humain à des transactions amicales qu’un dîner bien conçu et artistement préparé.*” A great maxim of diplomacy! How many treaties of peace and commerce have owed their conclusion to the mollifying effects of a series of good dinners! What numerous misunderstandings have been arranged, and thorny points happily settled, less by the wisdom

of the ambassador than by the ability of the ambassador's cook! On a judiciously compounded sauce, or a *rôti cuit à point*, or the seasoning of a *salmi*, or the twirl of a *casseroles* may depend the fate of a crowned head—the marriage of a prince—the weal or woe of a nation. Is cookery, then, no art? Truly is it—the highest, the noblest.

“Nothing that relates to the kitchen or the table has been neglected or overlooked by the ‘regenerator.’ We have plans and drawings of kitchens of every description, from the matchless establishment of the Reform Club, with its ice drawers, slate mells, steam closets, *bains-marie*, and fifty other modern refinements, to the unpretending cooking-places of the cottage or the bachelor. But perhaps the section of the book to be chiefly prized by the general reader and indifferent gastronome, is the short one relating to carving. Good carvers are almost as rare as good tenor singers. The proper dissection of flesh and fowl is a matter of high importance, rarely excelled in, but should be always studied. It is an accomplishment almost as indispensable as reading and writing, and quite as graceful.”

On the publication of “The Regenerator,” he, as was his custom, sent sample copies of the work to many celebrated men; among others, to Douglas Jerrold and Harrison Ainsworth. We select a few of the letters enclosed with the book:—

TO DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.

“Reform Club, 1st July, 1846.

“It is the least difficult to perceive that you, sir, have been the earnest and talented pioneer to many of

those great movements effected and in operation towards the comfort of the poor. It may seem a somewhat singular mode, in a unit of this earth thus expressing, in the fly-leaf of a cookery-book, a lasting admiration for the holy and unostentatious devotion to such a cause. My only apology, however, is, that of my not having any other opportunity of thus individually testifying to a fact so spontaneously acknowledged by millions.

“A SOYER.”

DEDICATION OF “THE GASTRONOMIC REGENERATOR.”

“TO H. A.

“To Refinement in its essence ;

“To Art in its loftiest intentions ;

“To Poetry in its most soothing influences ;

“To Kindliness in its blandest form ;

“To Elegance which encourages Nations to its imitation ;

“To the Paradox which proves that the *Quietude* of men of taste makes the most *Noise* everywhere ; and to every quality which constitutes a Gentleman, this volume earnestly seeks acceptance, through the timid, yet earnest desire of its Author,

“A. SOYER.”

TO MR. F——

“Although, my dear friend, this book is written by a Frenchman, there is not a receipt herein which treats upon frogs ; therefore there will be no occasion for you to go sporting in the marshes, as Lord Byron has it—

“A was an Archer, that shot at a frog.’

“No, no, my excellent fellow, keep your appetite for better things; and better things, with a good appetite, may you always have, is the sincere wish of yours,
 “A. SOYER.”

LETTER TO A. SOYER FROM A GASTRONOMIC AMATEUR.

“September 25th, 1846.

“MY DEAR GOOD SIR,—Having recently purchased your *excellent, clever, and perspicuous book*, and being myself much addicted to *gastronomy*, I can't help offering you my thanks for having given to the public such an invaluable guide to the comforts of the table. I have been thought, by some of my friends and acquaintances, in consequence of my being *epicurean*, that I was nothing better than a *gourmand*; but I hold the difference as great between a *gourmand* and an *epicurean*, as between a *gentleman* and a *blackguard*.

“Your book, sir, does you great credit, both from its simplicity of detail, as well as its scientific instructions; and I can assure you that from good Mrs. Glasse, Fenley, and all the intervening culinary authors, up to the present time, I know no work equal to your own. I have studied Véry's, Beauvilliers, and many other celebrated *restaurateurs* in Paris, but, with a strong amateur propensity, I give a decided preference to yourself; and this may be called an honest and unbiased opinion, as I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you.—I remain, your obedient servant,

“W. Roots, M.D.

“Kingston-upon-Thames.”

Soyer, who was a devoted opera-goer, and a fine judge of music, burning for popularity behind, as well as before the scenes, wrote, in 1846, the ballet *La Fille de l'Orage* (only set to music this year), which was replete with choregraphic difficulties, and not entirely suited to the London boards. In consequence, it never was performed; but his imaginary conversation with managers, actors, actresses, and all the "clique" of an opera-house, at the end of the book, which he sent to all the Press and his friends, showed his literary talent in a new direction. *Bell's Life*, of March 29th, 1846, said:—

“LA FILLE DE L'ORAGE.—M. Soyer, who is confessedly one of the first of cooks, pretends to artistic fame in another way, or rather, in more ways than one. Under the above title he has published a book, in which he shows himself almost as much an artist in the production of ballets as of epicurean dishes. His opening sketch of the conversation in which his powers in this new department are challenged, is very lively and spirited, and the plot of his ballet is exceedingly good. We cannot say quite as much for his jokes. The graces of conversation better befit his pen than do its puns, its equivoques, or its sarcasm. M. Soyer can be as *recherché* in his imaginary as in his real dishes, and there is, probably, no compound with which he has astonished and delighted the palates of the members of the Reform Club, more elaborately and artistically worked up, than his ‘Crème de la Grande Bretagne,’ in this book, in which he has happily blended together all the

amiable characteristics of our female aristocracy into such a 'cream' of virtues and excellences as any country must rejoice to be in possession of. The book is beautifully printed."

The frontispiece was a portrait of M. Soyer, with an elongated face, such as may be seen produced by a mirror at Vauxhall or Cremorne Gardens. This brought him another complimentary epistle, ending thus:—

"Behold this phiz, of awful length,
Equipped with brains of wondrous strength,
Compared with which Carème's were dull,
And Ude can scarcely boast a skull.
Long-headed Soyer, long may thy name
Be *stretched* upon the rolls of Fame."—L.

In the same year a French conjurer named Philippe, was much noted in London for his wonderful tricks. Although he made a great deal of money by his performances, he had a failing which generally ended in ruin—for the uninitiated at least; that was, dabbling in railway shares—a common practice at that time. Our friend Soyer, who was always the admirer of noted individuals, particularly of those who exhibited themselves in public, soon formed an intimate acquaintance with the conjuror, who, on his part, speedily discovered that his new friend Soyer had a few thousands in the Bank of England. At that period Philippe was on the winning side, and used to show his luck, and boast how easy it was to get a fortune by steadily playing for the rise of shares. Poor Soyer, who did not understand gambling of any kind, was easily prevailed upon to employ his

money much better, as he thought, than in receiving three and a-half per cent. It was, therefore, arranged that in all future transactions Philippe and Soyer would share and share alike in the purchase or sale of railway shares, and divide the difference. This game lasted a few months: the end of it was, that Soyer lost nearly £1000; and when the last call of £150 took place, Philippe had disappeared, and Soyer had to put the seal to his new speculation by paying it.

Poor Soyer's attachment to his friend Philippe was not to be shaken, even after being made aware that they had suffered to the tune of above £2000. The following consoling letter was forwarded to Philippe by our hero:—

[*Translation.*]

“ Reform Club.

“ MY DEAR AND GOOD PHILIPPE,—You are a naughty fellow. You came to see me, not finding me at home, you ought to have written; but believe me, my good friend, notwithstanding the misfortune weighing heavily upon us—more particularly upon me, because I never had a wish to speculate in anything, being satisfied with the produce of my humble talent, whilst, on the other hand, you are a sublime genius, perhaps a little too exalted, leading you to heavenly dreams, but that time has not yet arrived—I hope, however, that we shall have to live and love each other for a long time to come on this earth. *N'importe* what may happen, be always Philippe; and I swear, on my honour, that Soyer shall always remain Soyer. Do not lose your

courage, my good friend, you and I are one; together we shall form a colossus, capable, in a short time, to overthrow a thousand adversities, and we shall do it, my devoted and dear friend.

“ London is full of people, advertise well, and Christmas will put us on our legs again. Tell me, as a true friend, your tribulations; I shall tell you mine, which are in proportion greater than yours, my situation being all I possess, and even compromised. But no trees are without branches, and one remains which is not yet broken, my celebrated friend: the spring will produce flowers, the fruits of which we shall gather. The honest man, believe me, may receive severe lessons; but God is the unaccountable physician and master, who does not exhaust his goodness except on the good.

“ Too happy to see, admire, and love you, more than ever, believe me, your most sincere, “ SOYER.”

It would be absurd to imagine that our friend, after the sudden loss he had sustained in 1842, would seriously make a vow of remaining single at the age of thirty-two, endowed, as he was, with a rather handsome countenance, plenty of wit and conversation for the fair sex, and possessed already of the highest reputation in his art. We often heard him, it is true, say—“ No; I shall not marry again, for I am sure that I shall never find a woman like poor Emma. She not only was talented as a painter, but also as a musician and a domesticated housewife; but her other amiable qualities made her a

treasure to any man." However, Soyer, who was roving like a bee from flower to flower, was above all things an admirer of talent in whatever profession; but as he devoted his spare hours from his toil at the Reform Club, to everything likely to cheer his already lively spirit, the theatre had the greatest part of his time. Thus it was reasonable to suppose there was no lack of opportunities to fall in love. His eyes were fixed on a very pretty and much admired star of the ballet, F—— C——. The courtship lasted some time. Her portrait was painted by M. Simonau, from which a beautiful engraving was taken; but we understand that the parents of the young star objected to the match; and the last visit M. Soyer made to the favourite sylphide was at Brighton, where he took some very acceptable presents, but the cool reception he met with from the mother of the young lady, before their going to the Continent, put an extinguisher on his pretensions. Their dreams, it appears, were that the young coryphée should be either a duchess or a princess. The result was that Soyer had a jollification with his friends at Brighton, and forgot the damsel who had for a while made a slight impression upon his heart.

M. SOYER AT WINDSOR.

In the summer of 1846 M. Soyer received an invitation, from one of his *confrères* at Windsor Castle, to meet other guests, to celebrate, we believe, his birthday. At that time most of the artist-cooks, con-

fectioners, and pastry-cooks in her Majesty's service, and their immediate friends, were married, or about to marry, very pretty women. As the company consisted mostly of foreigners, there was a kind of freedom and gaiety which made the whole party exceedingly happy.

M. Soyer, who could not bear the monotony of travelling alone, generally invited an old friend of his, who went by the nickname of *Briolet*, arising out of a comic song of that name, but who was well known amongst his acquaintances, as not only Soyer's nurse, but as one of the most amusing wits of the day—full of life, puns, comic songs, slang Parisian talk, and who could dance admirably. With such an addition to a party already determined to be merry, and with a man of Soyer's disposition for all kinds of fun, we leave our readers to imagine how they were likely to be received by the guests when they made their appearance.

The weather being rather cloudy, the two friends, on leaving the coach for the private residence of their host, were overtaken by a very heavy shower. Whether by mistake or purposely, *Briolet* had taken Soyer's umbrella (carefully covered with a wrapper), and on opening it there was a hole about a foot and a-half in diameter at the top. Nothing dismayed at this new kind of tiling, they proceeded through Windsor, talking and gesticulating as if they were not in the least interrupted by the rain; and as they trotted along, the people in the street laughed and joked at their expense, and it drew the attention of so many that a few boys began to follow them, hooting and laughing

at them heartily, which brought people to their windows, who in their turn laughed like all the rest, until they arrived within sight of the Castle, where the company was impatiently waiting for them. As soon as they were spied, a general burst of laughter ran through the whole party, who could not believe their own eyes until they positively saw the pair of heroes emerge from their *holy* (?) covering. They pretended that they knew nothing of it until they opened it; but finding the mistake, it was too good a joke not to have a bit of fun with the good people of Windsor.

The dinner prepared was of course of the very best kind, for about sixteen. Merry songs and all kinds of jokes delighted the company. Coffee, cards, and supper carried the *fête* through until a pretty late hour, when they were informed by the Amphitryon that on the morrow he hoped that his friends would find plenty of amusement in and out of Windsor after breakfast, and that the dinner would be early, because there would be a ball in the evening. Then each went to his nest, and the next morning, after breakfast, the whole party set off for Virginia Water, and returned to prepare for the ball. But our friend Soyer and his nurse remained behind, to stroll about Windsor; and, at about three o'clock, they met a foreigner of rather military appearance, with an interpreter, who seemed to give such an unsatisfactory description of what they were looking at, that a discussion arose; and they talked so loud that M. Soyer and his friend accosted them, and said—"If we can be of service, we would

be very glad to be your cicerone, for we are well acquainted with the Castle of Windsor."

The gentleman was rather surprised to be accosted by merry-looking Frenchmen, and said—

"A thousand pardons, gentlemen; you are very kind. You see I was warming the ears of my interpreter, who knows Windsor less than I do myself; and I have so little time to see it, that I fear that I shall leave it with less information than when I came."

"Don't be alarmed," replied M. Soyer, "you appear to us a good fellow. We are on a visit to the Queen, *when she is not there*. We shall show you everything worth looking at, and even more than that; only, as we are answerable for your person, let us exchange cards."

"Certainly, gentlemen. I am now going to tell my stupid interpreter to take himself off, and I shall be with you in a minute."

He settled with his man, who was glad to be well paid for his bad services. The gentleman gave his card to M. Soyer, upon which was printed—"M. Ernest Bourdin, Bookseller and Publisher, Captain of the Horse National Guard, Paris."

"Honour to the braves!" said Soyer.

"Ha! ha!" answered M. Bourdin, "how happy I am to find Frenchmen in this little corner of beautiful England, and still better to be *rib to rib* with the *commanding* culinary *chef* of the great Reform Club. Well then, gentlemen, I am entirely at your command."

M. Soyer, who was a pretty good physiognomist, soon perceived that his new acquaintance was a gentleman who could safely be introduced to his friends, although not exactly prudent; still he felt a novelty in it, and, as he could take that liberty with her Majesty's servant on his own responsibility, he thought to himself, "The Captain of Louis Philippe's body-guard little expects what treat we have in store for him." Straight they marched to the Castle, hurried over the apartments, down into the kitchen to pay their respects à *l'officier de bouche de la Reine*, M. G——, who, with his usual politeness, expressed his happiness in shaking hands with M. Soyer's *old friend*, and was heartily welcome to join them at dinner, *car plus on est de four plus on rit* (the more the merrier). Mr. Bourdin began to feel himself at home, and expressed his thanks in a very agreeable manner, and, the time pressing, M. Soyer hurried him on to Madame G——, and, *sans cérémonie*, introduced to her M. Ernest Bourdin. The lady, rather surprised, hardly knew the meaning of it. However, she had no time to think of the adventure, but left the gentlemen, and said to herself, "Really, that Soyer and his nurse are always at some game or other. Who knows what this man is, with his great moustaches and beard, a total stranger to us, going about the Castle, amongst the fine things, jewellery, and gold plate? Really, it's no joke. There's my husband's situation too. Who knows what might happen?"

Dinner being ready, M. Bourdin, who had gone upstairs to wash and make the best appearance he

could, came down, and seeing the company dressed up in style, apologized to the host and hostess for being in his travelling apparel; but he was politely requested to make himself at home. However, as Madame G—— did not feel comfortable, she called M. Soyer on one side, and begged of him to satisfy her respecting the stranger. His assurance that he was not only a publisher, well known in the city of Paris, but a Captain of the Horse National Guard, tranquillized her mind, and all apprehension of robbery vanished. The dinner passed off merrily, and the *fête* ended with a ball, composed not only of French but also of English beauties.

M. Bourdin, every now and then, while enjoying himself like the rest, was at Soyer's elbow, and his friend's, exclaiming—"It is not possible! It must be a dream! Pray make me believe it is not! Am I really at Windsor? No, it cannot be! See all these French faces; above all, those pretty little women! Pray tell me, where have you fished them? Really I am bewildered. However, I shall never forget this meeting; and be certain, God willing, that we shall know each other more intimately in time to come. Only give me a chance to prove to you my gratefulness, and you shall see what Bourdin is."

The ball was kept up rather late, and the morning saw the whole party off to London, delighted with the merry time and liberality of M. and Madame G——.

M. Bourdin, being the editor of *Les Classiques de la Table*, by M. F. Fayot, he did not forget, on his return to Paris, to make known the *chef* to that devoted

writer on the culinary art, and presented him with a copy of the "Cream of Great Britain" (a fiction), by A. Soyer, on the receipt of which, M. Fayot wrote to our author the following complimentary letter:—

"Paris, le 8 Mars, 1847.

"MONSIEUR—Il y a 20 ans que j'écris dans les *Revues*, légèrement sans doute, sur *l'art culinaire*; j'ai été l'ami de Carème pendant de longues années, celui du Marquis de Cussy, de Grimod de la Reynière; j'ai connu Brilliar Savarin; j'ai travaillé plus que personne pour qu'un peu de justice fût rendue dans le monde à la vive intelligence, à la sérieuse application des praticiens. C'est parce que ces légers titres sont connus quelque peu à Paris que Bourdin (le libraire de l'édition illustrée du *Mémorial de Ste. Hélène* que j'ai publiée chez lui) m'a remis votre spirituelle et élégante brochure, dictée par un esprit si gracieux, une imagination si riche. J'ai lu votre fiction avec un vif plaisir. Chez vous, monsieur, le cuisinier rempli de goût et d'une charmante élégance, étincelle dans l'écrivain.

"Vous avez eu raison, monsieur, de ne vous appesantir sur rien de tous ces sujets, de laisser courir votre plume suivant la délicate fantaisie qui occupait alors votre esprit. Vous êtes resté sous cette allure, Parisien, bien Français, dans le genre le plus délicat qu'il soit possible d'aborder, puisque ce genre, au point de vue du monde, vit surtout de sous-entendus. J'ai voulu rendre le bon sentiment que ne faisait éprouver votre brochure dans le petit article ci-joint, que j'ai

promis depuis long-temps à Bourdin. (*La Presse*, du 8 Mars.)

“*Les Classiques de la Table* ne se republieront pas, monsieur, sans vous devoir quelques jolis chapitres tirés de votre brochure, lesquels figureront bien à côté des articles si spirituels de Lady Morgan.

“Si je fais bientôt votre connaissance, monsieur, dans une tournée que je projette à Londres, je suis sûr d'après ce qui m'a été dit, que le vieil ami de Carème deviendra celui de son brillant émule, le Directeur du *Reform Club*. Vous seriez bien aimable de me permettre, monsieur, de réclamer de vous, de votre autorité sur vos confrères à Londres, le rappel des *Traité de Carème*; j'en suis l'éditeur, le commentateur, et le propriétaire; je voudrais les répandre d'avantage parmi vos amis et parmi ceux qui les suivent dans cet art difficile de la table élégante où vous êtes des maîtres. Ce n'est pas peu de chose que de tant élever à travers les préjugés les plus vifs une petite science qui exige tant de jugement, de goût et de connaissance, et à laquelle une approbation ouverte a manqué jusqu'ici. Les livres de Carème, comme le service du *Reform Club*, comptent aujourd'hui parmi ses titres.

“Permettez moi, monsieur, de vous renouveler dans cette dernière ligne l'expression de ma considération la plus distinguée.

“F. FAGOT.

“Rue Ste. Anne, S.S.”

CHAPTER VIII.

SOYER'S PECULIARITIES.

His Love of a *Bon Mot*—His Naturally Comic Vein—His Advancement of the Culinary Art to a Science—Crowds of the Aristocracy and Nobility visit his Kitchen—His Manufacture of Extraordinary Concoctions in their Presence—His Odd Card, Hat, Boots, etc.—His Mysterious Cabinet Unlocked—A Box at the Opera—Supper at the Hotel Provence—His Song, “*Vive le Militaire*”—His House of Call—His Foul (Fowl) Joke, and its Results—A Roll in the Snow—Behind the Scenes—His Notions on Transformations—His Way of Entering a Theatre—His Horror of Gambling—His System of Living—What a Bachelor's Dinner should be—A Nucleus of his Inventions—Soyer Surprised at last—Eating One of his Own Receipts—Soyer's Kitchen at Home.

LET us here dwell for a few moments on some of M. Soyer's peculiarities.

An unceasing love of pleasure marked his life. No man loved a joke, practical or otherwise, more than he did; he would spare neither time, trouble, nor expense to create fun for his own or his friends' enjoyment. As a specimen of his ever ready wit, we will cite an instance:—One day when Lord Melbourne was inspecting the *cuisine* of the Reform Club, and jocosely said to M. Soyer, “How is it you have such a number of pretty female assistants?” “My Lord,” said Soyer, “we do not want plain cooks here.”

It was pleasant to see the lurking smile of delight in his face at a *bon mot*, or *repartee*. No bit of sparkling wit, however occasionally far-fetched, was ever lost upon him. No man caught the dazzling fire of Jerrold's sarcasm better than Soyer; and few could give, either in broken English, or in his own language, so ready a reply as he did. Possessed, in truth, of a true comic vein, it was a treat to draw him out.

Passing from these to his own particular art, we may remark that he was original in everything he undertook—was determined, as it were, to run counter to every one else; yet his success in so many things is sufficient proof of his sound judgment in all matters connected with the vocation, which it was Soyer's pride to raise to the dignity of a noble science. At the time spoken of here, the Reform Club was daily besieged by persons anxious to see the celebrated *cuisine* of the great *chef*; and it is an actual fact, that the gentleman upon whom devolved the duties of secretary to Soyer, had to neglect his business very often to pay polite attention to Lord This, or Count That, who had called, sent in their cards, and begged permission to see the improvements of the renowned model kitchen. When Soyer himself showed the place, it was curious to watch him, with his red velvet cap and spoon in hand, explaining to elegantly dressed ladies, and to the best blood of the aristocracy and nobility, his various methods of concocting soups of exquisite flavour, or his different styles of producing his dishes of fish, game, poultry, etc., at the

same time giving full proof of his power over the art, by handing round either some *properly* made mulligatawny, or a basin of filleted sole à *la maitre d'hôtel*, sending home the tasters positively rabid for their dinner, and wishing Soyer could be divided into as many pieces as the calf's head for his mock-turtle, that they might each have a bit of him in their cookery department. Sometimes he would suddenly plunge his finger, diamond ring and all, into what appeared to be a boiling cauldron of glue, pass it across his tongue, wink his eye, and add either a little more salt, pepper, or some mysterious dust, known possibly only to great *artistes*, to make it palatable. Then, again, he would whisper, chucklingly, "I've a dish for Lord M—— H——, for six o'clock, or a potage for Sir J. So-and-so at eight o'clock; *let us taste it.*" And we would walk into the room that was hung around with his wife's beautifully executed paintings, and where some of his own extraordinary inventions were seen upon a little square table near the window. There, too, we espy a quaint-looking card, from which we learn that Alexis Soyer has more than one home, for we read:—



Here, perhaps, he takes up one of his dress boots and shakes it, and we hear money rattle inside the heel (one of his whims). His hat, too, was built on one side, so that whichever way worn, it would be slightly coquettish, or, as he used to call it, "*à la sugzug*," meaning *zigzag*. We could not also but notice the *outré* cut of his clothes; the vest gold-braided, and made to fold half a dozen fashions, and all *comme il faut*. Then would Alexis unlock a mystical cabinet, full of all kinds of rare liqueurs, wines, and brandies, huddled together with his different sauces, and books, emanating from a brain continually on the rack for new potages, sauces, or *entrées*—and, wonderful to say, never failing to find them—and place on the table for us to enjoy, with something *piquant* and *appétissant*, a bottle of wine, which made our eyes sparkle and our palates yearn for a dozen of it. At last would come forth the new and much looked for dish. We would taste it, whatever it might be, look at him, and taste again, and pronounce, as judges of what was good, Soyer to be "never a traitor; but, most assuredly, a *traiteur* of the class A 1."

M. Soyer was fond of theatricals. While listening to some song or adventure, possibly his eye would fall upon the *Morning Post*, and he would suddenly say, "What's played at Her Majesty's to-night? Ah, 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and Cerito in the ballet. I shall go." And sure enough, as we went there on business, would we see come in, about nine o'clock, the magnificent Alexis, in full costume; perhaps in company

with a Continental beauty, or possibly with Captain Jones, or Colonel Brown. He knew everybody. After the opera, he would run in and see his old friend Dubourg, have a "*petit verre*" of cognac, and adjourn to the "Provence," or any other hotel where there might be merry-making at the supper, and a circle of friends ready to call upon him for his favourite *chansonnette* of "*Vive le Militaire*," which he was always willing to sing, commencing thus :—

"Vive le militaire!
 Pour séduire un tendron,
 En amour comme en guerre,
 Le militaire
 Est toujours bon luron.

 Où va tu, donc, Seulette,
 Disait un beau troupiér,
 À la gentille Annette,
 Qu'il voyait cheminer.
 Permets que je t'accompagne,
 Ne fais pas de façon,
 F'sons un tour de campagne,
 Viens—j'ai ma permission.
 Vive le militaire."
 Etc. etc.

The song was always enthusiastically welcomed, and poor Alexis would then cry out, "Ah, my boys! you are all good friends to me, I *nevare* can return your compliments," etc., etc.

One of his houses of call was at Frost's, in Bow Street, kept by an old friend who sadly feels his loss; so, too,

does the "coterie" of twelve or fifteen, all men of talent of the day, who sat in the snug little back parlour, where, with hardly room to turn, they enjoyed themselves with him, and listened to his tales of French and English fun that he had been originator of, or participator in. Reader, if you have met him, you can easily appreciate the following joke:—

It was a dreadful snowy night, we think in 1849; one of his friends had purchased a pair of fowls, and calling at the house in question, placed them on the table, intending to take them home when he left. However, Soyer's "veto" was upon it, and having artfully drawn the party out of the room, he seized the fowls and went below, cut them up and cooked them. Upon return, in the course of conversation, his friend was asked to stay and have some supper, as he (Soyer) had ordered some. The victim explained that he had supped at Jaquet's celebrated *à la mode* beef-house, but by persuasion he consented. Ultimately ten of us, Soyer included, sat down to a dish of fricasséed fowl. The victim, who noticed sundry grins and titters, but never dreamt he was partaking of his own birds, was delighted with the exquisite cooking, and after supper ordered brandy as a "settler" for them all, thereby having to pay 2s. 6d. for his invitation, and losing his fowls into the bargain, as he found rather late, to his great grief and our uproarious gratification. As to Soyer, he positively screamed, and in the heat of his delight, going homewards, upset several of his friends in the snow.

Who that has ever heard his jovial old French *chan-*

sonnette of "*Pan, pan, pan, voilà mes amis,*" etc., can ever forget it, with its rich, racy, unctuous, exuberant style?

As one characteristic of this extraordinary man, who could believe that the elegant, white-kid gloved Soyer, chatting with and amusing a dozen different parties, either in the front or at the *coulisses* of the Opera, would afterwards quietly and slyly often dive into some obscure place and purchase two-pennyworth of fried fish! eating it with the greatest relish as he walked along, preferring, as in a thousand other instances, the humblest fare to his own *vol-au-vent gras à la Talleyrand*, or *côtelettes d'agneau demi Provençale*.

M. Soyer was fond of pantomimes. Those who have been present with him behind the scenes at one of our principal theatres, during the rehearsal of a Christmas pantomime, will remember the singularly wild inventions he would suggest for new tricks and transformations, and his intense personal satisfaction when something like a large pumpkin suddenly became a "bottle of Soyer's Relish!"

Free, of course, to all the theatres, and able, had he wished it, to have his house papered with orders, he often went without either order or payment for the sake of the joke, managing thus:—In passing the check-taker, he would say, "Oh, don't tell Mr. So-and-so (the stage-manager probably) I'm inside, let him find me!" The man naturally thinking this was correct, would not tell Mr. So-and-so; but it was only when the said Mr. So-and-so noticed Soyer, that the check-taker saw that it was really all right, and then would Soyer walk up with the

manager, and chuckle at the trick he had played him, but he never left the house without leaving a glass of grog to wash away the angry spot that burnt in the cheek of the deceived one. It was these genial qualities which made him so many friends; go where he would, either in his own world, the *cuisine*, the literary and theatrical world, the fashionable world, or into *pur-lieus* which out of mere curiosity he sought to know, everybody liked him. He never was half an hour in a place before the laughter would cause the inquiry of "What's the matter?" or, "Who's that?" "Why, that's Soyer!" would be the response.

Generous in the extreme, and not altogether free from ostentation, Soyer was occasionally foolishly so; he never allowed a case brought before his notice to be neglected. "Well, my dear boy," he would say, "if it is all right, put down a sovereign for me." His hand was continually in his pocket. Soyer never gambled but once, to his cost; however he had a perfect horror of that vice, and never wished to meet those who "made fools of themselves," as he called it.

When any great event of which he was the originator was coming off, he never slept upon it, but was night and day on the *qui vive* until it was *un fait accompli*. No man could be more zealous and persevering in his cause, or more determined, when the object was to do good.

As to his own gastronomic tastes, let us remark, there is a certain page, 413, of his "Modern Housewife," where he says—"When I first married, our

means were limited, and the following was our system of living :—

- “ Sunday’s dinner..Roast beef, potatoes, greens, and
Yorkshire pudding.
MondayHashed beef and potatoes.
TuesdayBroiled beef and bones, vege-
tables, and spotted-dick pudding!
WednesdayFish, IF CHEAP, chops, and vege-
tables.
ThursdayBoiled pork, peas-pudding, and
greens.
FridayPeas soup, and remains of pork.
SaturdayStewed steak, with suet dump-
ling.”

Yet, contrast this with page 420, where he dilates upon a bachelor’s dinner, and says :—

“ What ought a bachelor’s dinner to be? In the first place, the number of guests ought not to consist of more than eight, with the table nicely arranged and set out, with all that is required in its proper place, napkins nicely folded, glasses of unrivalled crystal, and the *groom of the chamber* in his last new attire, assisted by one more *au fait* in the matter, with the lights nicely disposed, and the room an agreeable temperature, say 63°.

“ The guests all seated, with good appetites, and six delicate oysters upon the plate before each of them, and a few *hors-d’œuvres*, such as a small dish of sardines, some slices of Lyons’ sausages, a little caviare on toast, and two bottles of Chablis. This is an excellent

beginning; it does not stop the appetite, and merely clears the road. Some persons go too long without eating, and the moment they begin, they do so with an avidity which spoils their taste for the after part of the dinner, and during which time the whole mind is absorbed upon the plate before them, and until they are satisfied no words escape their lips; and when at last they come forth, they do it with a heaviness and dulness which belongs not to the person who utters them, but to the inartistic manner of eating. Some of the greatest wits, from going too long without eating previous to dinner, become the dullest guests; whilst some, who from want of thought thus begin their meal, find themselves, before dessert is on the table, in the arms of Morpheus, instead of enjoying the gifts of Bacchus.

“ The pleasure of eating requires an appetite, but the pleasures of the table require that the appetite should not be appeased until it is time to arise from it. The mind should never give way to any great intensity of feeling, no ecstasy, no surprise, no transports, which would destroy that equilibrium which is so requisite for digestion.

“ If artistically partaken of, at the end of the repast the mind becomes exhilarated, the brain is refreshed, the physiognomy opens, the colour rises, the eyes become brilliant, and a warmth spreads over the whole body, the imagination glows, and wit sparkles and overflows; whereas, on the contrary, the mind becomes dull, the eyes heavy, and the body shuddering with cold.

“ The dinner having thus began with six oysters, a large glass of Chablis, or, if preferred, white hermitage, or even Moselle, the soup is then placed upon the table. This ought to be of a light kind, and should turtle be preferred it ought to be light and transparent. With the soup, a glass of sherry or Madeira is the best accompaniment. At the same time that the soup is placed upon the table, so are the fish, the sauce, and the potatoes on the sideboard. The fish, if boiled, should be accompanied by Hock or white Burgundy, if baked or stewed, with claret of a light kind.

“ The next course should consist of a boiled and roast Remove and two Entrées. To those who know artistically how to eat a dinner, it may appear strange when I tell them that I have known some who have considered themselves gourmets commence this course with the Entrées. The plan which ought to be followed is to begin with the boiled, and, if your appetite is good, to slightly touch the roast, partaking of wines according to the nature of the dish; for instance, boiled poultry with oyster sauce, return to Chablis; lamb, with caper sauce, to Hock or Moselle; roast mutton, light claret; roast beef, sherry or Madeira. The two substantials having been disposed of, the palate has now arrived at that degree of perfection (supposing the wines partaken of to have been good of their kind, for nothing destroys the reputation of a good dinner more than bad wines), the art of the cook as displayed in his Entrées now engages the attention of the guests. These Entrées should be as different as

possible, and also differ from the roast and boiled. With the Entrées, whatever their nature, it is generally the custom to partake of champagne. This, when ladies are at the table, I do not object to, as they are not supposed to be professors in the science of eating, but with the real epicure it is a *sin* I cannot pardon. The wine to be partaken of depends upon the nature of the Entrée, but should never be of that luscious description as to overpower that delightful sensation of taste produced by the succulent dish.

“These having been removed, and their places occupied by two dishes of nicely-roasted game and four Entremets, as, for instance, woodcocks and pheasants, or even a fine larded capon and wild fowl, and one savory, one vegetable, and two sweets as Entrémets. With the roast I prefer claret or red Burgundy; with the Entremets may be served the champagne.

“These Entremets should display the skill of the preparer, not in a way that anything about them cannot be partaken of, but that what they are made of may delight the sight as well as the taste. The roast should be removed with two dishes, containing either a soufflé, a pudding, or a Charlotte, or a Nesselrode pudding, or something of that nature. These being disposed of, I would have the dessert placed upon the table, with the cheese handed round, and at the same time a loving cup, or if that is not to be obtained, a tankard full of the same liquid. Port wine may be partaken of with the dessert. The plates should be changed as often as required, and not left, as at present,

to receive a collection of orange and apple peel and other refuse. During the time this is being partaken of—say twenty minutes to half an hour, or even longer, so much depending upon the *Amphitryon* and his guests—the coffee ought to be introduced, and with a *chasse-café* the table is cleared, or the guests go into the drawing-room, should the unhappy bachelor happen to have one, and the remainder of the evening may be passed according to the disposition and taste of the party, such as music, cards, etc.; and I am afraid the enjoyment of the evening would not be complete without cigars.”

Bravo, Soyer! how charmingly described! what a real *bon vivant* he here offers! how he revelled in luxurious mental images, and made human nature’s mouth water! As fast as one invention grew stale, out came another; magic stoves, magic kitchens, gas cooking apparatuses, cottager’s stoves, ariel stoves, magic coffee-pot, egg-cooking machines, ballet, and various books on cookery; relish and sauces of all kinds, celebrated “nectar,” mustard of delectable flavour; his pine-apple punch and punch *à la Marmora*, all of which will be fully entered into. One could write upon them for a week; but let us not anticipate.

On one occasion (but such occurrences were rare) Soyer was fairly taken by surprise. One of his old friends had invited him to a dinner party, and had prepared, from his own directions, a dish of curried rabbit, knowing the great *chef* liked it. The guests sat down to table, and Soyer, who appeared to fancy the

rich odour of the rabbit, was observed to seat himself close to it. Upon asking him his choice, he chose the curried rabbit; and, to the utter astonishment of all present, he was helped three times, declaring it was the best-made dish he had ever tasted. As a matter of course, the *cook* felt the compliment, and there were roars of laughter when it was explained that the receipt was taken from his own book, and that the dish had been prepared by his friend, whose birthday it was.

SOYER'S KITCHEN AT HOME.

There is no doubt that all who purchased Soyer's "Gastronomic Regenerator" were struck with *Soyer's kitchen at home*, as being a perfect model of comfort in domestic economy, with every convenience to secure the preparation of dinners at home. At the time the book was published, the regenerator intended to fit up his kitchen at home, principally for the purpose of exhibiting it to whoever was pleased to have a peep into his private domicile; but it never was done.

A lady, who had been the round of her friends, and who could not find out any one who had seen this wonderful place, thought of a scheme to satisfy her curiosity. Knowing that the late Madame Soyer's master took portraits in oil, she applied to him as if she intended to have her own portrait taken, and, at the same time, made inquiries respecting M. Soyer's private residence. The artist then lived in Leicester Square, in very spacious apartments covered with pic-

tures by poor Emma Jones, and also some by himself. The lady probably thought of seeing them hung up with perfect order, and ornamented with beautiful frames. No such thing; the room of the artist was a mixture of something of everything—works of art, old china, bronzes, old furniture, pictures, and drawings; besides, the bed was not made up, a feather-bed and mattress lying on the floor, and on a beautiful drawing-room table lay carrots, onions, leeks, and cabbages, *pêle-mêle* with the scrag of mutton the servant was getting ready, but which she did not dare to cook.

The lady's surprise was such that she stood still for a moment, and, forcing a smile on her countenance, said—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, for coming at such an unseasonable hour; but living a little distance out of town, I thought that if I had a first sitting this morning, I could transact some other business afterwards, and return home early."

The artist, who never took portraits unless he had previous notice, said—"I am very sorry, madame; but if you was to give me twenty guineas for a sitting to-day, you could not have one."

"Oh, well then, any other day will do quite as well. What is your charge?"

"Twenty guineas, madame."

"Very well, I then will come this day week; will that suit you?"

"Certainly, madame."

"Tell me, are all these paintings your work?"

“Oh no, madame, many of these are my pupil's, the late Madame Soyer.”

“Indeed; but how is it that M. Soyer leaves them here? I should say that they would ornament his private residence beautifully.”

“I beg your pardon, madame, but M. Soyer lives here with me.”

“You don't say so?” taking a view all round.

“Yes, I assure you.” The artist, who knew that the time was going fast, and that his broth ought to be on the fire, said—“Excuse me a moment, madame; but I must attend to a little culinary business.”

Off he goes with the mutton, the servant following him with the vegetables, etc.; but, to his surprise, he found the lady at his elbow, in a back-room on the same floor, where the servant slept, and where all the drudgery of cleaning, washing, and cooking was done; in fact, everything was in confusion. The artist, not at all dismayed at the inquisitiveness of the lady, said—

“You see, madame, we are very domesticated; we do everything at home; besides, we foreigners cannot live without good soup and some relishing stews: these are as much the half of our lives, as roast beef and plum-pudding are to the English.”

“Then do you mean to say that M. Soyer is going to dine with you?”

“Indeed, madame, he does not make it a rule; but I can assure you that he enjoys what I cook, particularly my potage.”

“Do you expect him?”

“No; but he may pop in, for we expect the admirable Mademoiselle Cerito to give her last sitting, and probably he will come.”

The word was hardly out of his mouth before M. Soyer entered. The lady, blushing, and being rather of a prepossessing appearance, soon attracted Soyer's attention, who at once apologized for his intrusion, and said—“I am not aware what is your business with my old friend Simonau; but he is as great an artist in making soup as he is a painter, therefore you are in very good hands. The lady at once made known her business with M. Simonau, and said that she was really much gratified with the unexpected interview with so great an artist as M. Soyer, and would seize this opportunity to ask permission to see his *kitchen at home*.”

M. Soyer, whose presence of mind seldom forsook him, said—“It would afford me great pleasure, madame, to satisfy your curiosity; but my kitchen at home *is out of town*, and, as I am unfortunately a bachelor, I do not see a chance of granting your request.”

M. Simonau, who was listening to the conversation, said—“*Sacresti*, madame, I forgot to tell you we had a country-box.”

However, the lady had her portrait taken, and became one of M. Soyer's subscribers to all his works, but never had the gratification of seeing his *kitchen at home*.

The same lady made frequent visits at the Reform Club. She was a native of Ireland, and so engaged the attention of our friend, that he ventured upon writing and sending the following verses to her:—

"SOYER'S KITCHEN AT HOME.

"A LA BELLE IRLANDAISE.

"Quand je t'ai vue adorable Thalie,
 On aurait dit la Reine de *Paphos*
 Tu m'eblois et ta gorge embellie
 Eut fait pleurer un marbre de *Paros*
 Aussi mon cœur tresaillant d'allègresse,
 En ta présence a senti de l'emoi
 Tu révélait le port d'une déesse ;
 Vierge aux yeux noirs j'ai soupiré pour toi.

"Tu revenais des plaines verdoyantes
 J'avais suivi tes pas voluptueux,
 Tes cheveux noirs en-tresses ondoyantes
 Flottaient au gré des zéphirs amoureux.
 Pour entrevoir ton joli teint de rose
 J'aurai donné tous les palais du roi,
 Et pour t'aimer j'aurais bien, je n'ose,
 Vierge aux yeux noirs j'ai soupiré pour toi.

"Telle autre fois une jeune Amazone,
 Se promenait au bord du Simaïs,
 Telle est encore dans les cieux quand il tonne
 L'Echarpe en feu de la brillante Isis.
 Ton teint si pur électrisait mon âme
 Si tes regards s'étaient tournés vers moi.
 Je n'aurait pu résister a ma flamme,
 Vierge aux yeux noirs j'ai soupiré pour toi.

"Ton nom Thalie honoré sur le Peinde
 Pour moi doit être un souffle inspirateur
 Aussi pour toi j'abandonne Clorinde
 J'ai trop fleuri son minois seducteur.

L'Amour me tient pour toujours dans les chaînes
 De ses desirs je subirai la loi
 T'on cœur Thalie en t'aimant m'y entraîne,
 Vierge aux yeux noirs j'ai soupiré pour toi.

“ Si d'un amant tu savais les supplices
 Tu te rendrais a l'ardeur d'Almansor !
 Viens avec moi tu sera mes délices,
 Ma déité, mon mirior, mon trésor,
 Que ce serment sur ma tête retombe
 Par tous les dieux je te promets ma foi,
 Oui désormais jusqu' aux bords de la tombe,
 Vierge aux yeux noirs je n'amerai que toi.”

Whatever was the result of this declaration we know not ; but we believe she never was seen afterwards at the Reform Club.

CHAPTER IX.

SOYER IN HIS ZENITH.

Grand Banquet to Ibrahim Pacha—Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth—Soyer once more Descends to the Kitchen—A Success at last—A Magnificent Bill of Fare—The Fall of China—High Eulogium from the late Lord Panmure—Soyer's Tendon Separator—Extravagance Extraordinary—The Sampayo Banquet—The Bill of Fare—Soyer's Own Remarks on the Dinner.

ON the 3rd of July, 1846, a grand banquet was given, by the members of the Reform Club, to Ibrahim Pacha. It was got up and superintended by the immortal *chef*; and, with the exception of the coronation breakfast and the opening dinner of the Reform Club, was unparalleled in M. Soyer's annals of dining. However, it was nearly spoiled by an unexpected display of insubordination on the part of his satellites. Soyer discovered, at the last moment, that there was a disposition, on the part of the very cooks he had engaged, to retard its due progress. Like other great men in the moment of danger and difficulty, Soyer threw himself into the breach; in other words, just when he was dressed to attend on the princely recipient of the ovation, he was compelled to don his odd cap of never-dying memory; and, descending to the kitchen, soon set his "aides" to the right

about, and achieved the usual conquest. Subjoined is the bill of fare :—

“Dinner for 150, given to his Highness Ibrahim Pacha, by the Members of the Reform Club, July 3rd, 1846.

SEIZE POTAGES.

Quatre à la Victoria.
 Quatre à la Louis Philippe.
 Quatre à la Colbert.
 Quatre à la Comte de Paris aux Légumes printaniers.

SEIZE POISSONS.

Quatre de Turbots Sauce à la Mazarin.
 Quatre de Saumons de Severn à la Crème.
 Quatre de Buissons de Filets de Merlans à la Egyptienne.
 Quatre de Truites Saumonée en Matelote Marinière.

SEIZE RELEVES.

Quatre de Chapons à la Nelson.
 Quatre de Saddleback of Southdown Mutton rôti à la Soyer.
 Quatre de Poulardes en Diadème.
 Quatre de Saddleback d'Agneau rôti à la Sévigné.

CINQUANTE-QUATRE ENTREES.

Six de Poussins printaniers à l'Ambassadrice.
 Six de Côtelettes de Mouton à la Réforme.
 Quatre de Ris de Veau piqués en Macédoine de Légumes.
 Quatre de Petits Vol-au-Vents aux Laitances de Maquereaux.
 Quatre de Timbales de Riz aux Queux d'Agneau.
 Quatre de Jambonneaux braisées au Vin de Madère.
 Quatre de Volailles farcies à la Russe aux Légumes verts.
 Quatre de Pâtés chauds de Cailles à la Banquier.
 Quatre de Rissolettes à la Pompadour.
 Quatre de Grenadins de Bœuf à la Beyrout.
 Six de Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Vicomtesse.
 Quatre de Turbans Epigramme de Leverreau au fumée.

Baron of Beef à l'Anglaise.

Entre Pagodatique de Riz à la Luxor.

SEIZE RÔTS.

Quatre de Turkey Poults piqués et bardés.
 Quatre de Cannelons au Jus de Bigarades.
 Quatre de Levereaux au Jus de Groseilles.
 Quatre de Gros Chapons au Cresson.

CINQUANTE-QUATRE ENTREMETS.

Six de Gelées Macédoine de Fruits au Dantzic.
 Quatre de Turbans de Meringues demi glacées.
 Quatre de Charlottes Prussienne.
 Six de Croquantes d'Amandes aux Cérises.
 { Quatre de Galantines à la Volière.
 { Quatre de Mirotons de Homard à l'Indienne.
 { Quatre de Salades de Volaille à la Soyer.
 { Quatre de Haricots verts au Beurre Noisette.
 Six de Tartelettes Pralinées aux Abricots.
 Quatre de Pain de Pêches au Noyeau.
 Quatre de Petits Pois à l'Anglo-Française.
 Quatre de Gelées cristallisées à l'Ananas.

RELEVES DE RÔTS.

La Crème d'Egypte, à l'Ibrahim Pacha.
 Le Gâteau Britannique à l'Amiral.

Quatre de Jambons glacées en Surprise.
 Quatre de Manivaux de Champignons au Curaçao en
 Surprise.
 Quatre de Côtelettes en Surprise à la Réforme.
 Deux de Meringues Chinoise-Pagoda aux Fraises."

Subsequent to the dinner, and in consequence of some large breakages that characterized the occasion, a friend hit him off in the following doggerel verses:—

"THE FALL OF CHINA.

"Alone he sat, that man of might,
 Away from noisy din;
 Deep thoughts of weight pressed on his brain;
 Mirth had no charms for him.

“As summer sky, with coming showers,
Is darkened o'er with clouds;
Some new idea, yet in its birth,
His manly brow enshrouds.

“He's caught it now, and from his head
His velvet cap he throws;
When suddenly a dreadful noise
Upon his ear arose.

“Now turn'd he pale, and with bold grasp
His staff prepared for war—
Fancied, at last, the Chartists come—
Expected long before.

“So forth he ran, with wondering look,
Inquired of Jack and Dinah,
And found the war, though near at home,
Had happened still in China!”

Etc, etc. etc.

The following is part of a letter, in reference to the success of the banquet, from the late Lord Panmure to a friend of his Lordship's:—

“The bill of fare at the Reform Club was worthy of *the great Soyer*. Pray call at Ridgway's, and desire him to send me two copies of '*his*' book by Saturday next's Dundee Steamer.—Your's truly,

“PANMURE.”

One of the best things Soyer did, when he first made his reputation, was to alleviate the sorry condition of bad carvers by inventing a “Tendon Separator.” “Its object is to relieve carvers, more or less

proficient, and must become indispensable for the use of all cooks and poulterers in disjoining the volatile species previous to trussing, roasting, or boiling.

“To a clever carver, sitting at a homely table or public banquet, it matters little whether all eyes be fixed upon him, or a fidgety footman be at his elbow. He quietly distributes the several dainties according to the fancy of the guests, and everything goes on in comfort. But to a person inexperienced, the notion of being placed at either end of the table, to stay the ravenous appetite of some of the guests, causes such a nervous excitement that it is not an uncommon thing to see the splashing of sauce and gravy on those around—perchance the sudden appearance of an unfortunate limb flying with terrific velocity on a lady’s dress, the whole of the company being thus thrown into confusion—the poor carver’s apologies received with black looks, and the harmony of the party placed in jeopardy.

“It is with a view to extricate society from such an awkward position that the inventor offers to the public the ‘Tendon Separator,’ as a medium by which any gentleman may boldly take the carving-knife in hand, and be delighted to comply with the invitation of the *Amphitryon*: instead of inspiring fear, he will be admired for his ability in gracefully dividing a favourite piece of game or poultry.”

To give our readers an idea how far extravagance will carry men, we subjoin a bill of fare of a private dinner party, given at the Reform Club at this period:—

DINER LUCULLUSIEN A LA SAMPAYO.

Soyer, speaking of this document, says:—

“I beg to present a copy of the bill of fare of the most *recherché* dinner I ever dressed, which the liberality and epicurean taste of the gentleman who gave it, to a select party of connoisseurs, enabled me to procure; he wishing me to get him a first-rate dinner, and spare no expense in procuring the most novel, luxurious, and rare edibles to be obtained at this extravagant season of the year, I therefore, much to his satisfaction, placed before him and his guests the following:—

“REFORM CLUB.

9 Mai, 1846.

Diner pour 10 Personnes.

Potage à la Comte de Paris.

Do. à la purée d'Asperges.

DEUX POISSONS.

Saumon de Severne
à la Mazarin.

Rougets gratinés
à la Montesquieu.

DEUX RELEVÉS.

Le Chapon farci de Foie gras à la Nelson.

Saddleback d'Agneau de Maison à la Sévigné.

QUATRE HORS-D'ŒUVRES A LA FRANCAISE.

Les Olives farcies.

Salade d'Anchois historiée.

Thon mariné à l'Italienne.

Sardines à l'Huile de Noisette.

QUATRE ENTREES.

Sauté de Filets de Volaille à l'Ambassadrice.
Petites Croustades de Beurre aux Laitances de
Maquereaux.

Côtelettes de Mouton Galloise à la Réforme.

Turban de Ris de Veau purée de Con-
combres.

Rissolettes à la
Pompadour.

Rissolettes à la
Pompadour.

Les grosses Asperges vertes,
sauce à la Crème.

Les grosses Asperges vertes,
sauce à la Crème.

DEUX RÔTS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Les Dotrelles aux Feuilles de Vigne. | |
| Le Buisson d'Ecrevisse Pagodatique, au Vin de Champagne à la Sampayo. | |
| La Gelée de Dantzic aux Fruits Prin- taniers. | Les Croquantes d'Amandes Pralinées aux Abricots. |
| Les Petits Pois nouveaux à l'Anglo-Français. | Le Miroton de Homard aux Œufs de Pluviers. |
| Les grosses Truffes à l'Essence de Madère. | La Crème mousseuse au Curaçao. |

DEUX RELEVÉS.

- La Hûre de Sanglier demi-glacée,
garnie de Champignons en surprise.
Les Diablotins au Fromage de Windsor."

He goes on to say:—

"I had also proposed the following dish to the party, which was accepted, but which I was unable to obtain from Paris on account of a change in the weather preventing their arrival—the articles being two dozen of ortolans. Having already procured twelve of the largest and finest truffles I could obtain, it was my intention to have dug a hole in each, into which I should have placed one of the birds, and covered each with a piece of lamb's or calf's caul; then to have braised them half an hour in good stock made from fowl and veal, with half a pint of *Lachryma Christi* added; then to have drained them upon a cloth, placed a border of poached force-meat upon the dish, built the truffles in pyramid, made a purée with the truffle dug from the interior, using the stock reduced to a demi-glace, and poured over; roasted the twelve

remaining ortolans before a sharp fire, with which I should have garnished the whole round, and served very hot.

“The tradespeople received their orders a week previous to the dinner. The finest mullets I ever saw, as well as the Severn salmon, were obtained at Grove’s, in Bond Street; the remainder of the fish was from Jay’s, Hungerford Market. At seven o’clock the live Severn salmon were brought to me, they having just arrived direct from Gloucester, and were boiled immediately, being just ten minutes before the dinner was placed upon the table, and were eaten in their greatest possible perfection. The finest of the poultry came from Bailey’s, Davis Street, Grosvenor Square, and Townshend’s, Charles Street, Haymarket. The foies gras and some very fine fresh French truffles came from Morel’s; the hors-d’œuvres from Hedge’s and Butler’s, Regent Street. The saddleback of lamb came from Newland’s, Air Street, Piccadilly; the Welsh mutton from Slater’s; and the young green peas and a very expensive dessert came from Lewis Solomon’s, Covent Garden.

“My being so minute in mentioning the names of the above tradespeople is not to advertize their fame in their different specialities, as that I believe they have already acquired, but merely to prove the trouble a real gourmet will take to furnish his table, Mr. S. having called many times upon several of them himself, previous to this party taking place, to ascertain what his dinner was to be composed of. The most expensive

dishes were the mullets, the salmon, poulardes à la Nelson, and, above all, the crawfish, which, when dressed, cost upwards of seven guineas."

The dinner cost £4 4s. per head, and our *chef* almost believed himself inspired while producing it.

CHAPTER X.

BOUQUET OF GAME.

Presents a Bouquet to Louis Philippe—The King's Letter and Present—Contents of Bouquet—*Punch's* Comments.

SOYER'S "*Bouquet de Gibier*" created a great sensation here and in France. Our old friend *Punch*, whose notice we append, was delighted at the idea, and the entire Press applauded. The following letter from the Tuileries was accompanied by a valuable diamond pin:—

' Cabinet du Roi, Château des Tuileries, 1847.

" MONSIEUR,—Le Roi a reçu votre ouvrage sur l'art culinaire, et le groupe de gibier dont vous lui avez fait hommage.

" Je suis chargé, Monsieur, de vous transmettre les remerciements de sa Majesté pour cette double attention, et d'y joindre comme témoignage de sa satisfaction, le bijou que je m'empresse de vous remettre.

" Recevez je vous prie, Monsieur, mes plus parfaites salutations.

" Le Secrétaire du Cabinet,

" CAMILLE FAIN.

" Monsieur Alexis Soyer."

The bouquet consisted of the following rather extravagant articles, viz. :—

| | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| | Two Golden Plovers. | |
| | Leveret. | |
| Wild Duck. | Wild Rabbit. | Pheasant. |
| Grouse. | | Widgeon. |
| French Partridge. | | English Partridge. |
| Woodcock. | | Teal. |
| | Two Snipes. | |
| | Two Larks. | |

The brilliancy of the plovers and of the pheasant, the brightness of the wild duck, backed by the sombre green, and the whole variegated and relieved with multi-coloured flowers, were really very effective.

“THE DIPLOMATIC BOUQUET.

“Certainly that great cook, Soyer—the only true Minister of the Interior—has resolved that France and England shall not mutually retire into a state of isolation. No; Soyer would carry the olive into the very bowels of France, and bind the two countries together in one *Bouquet de Gibier*; or what may be freely translated, a nosegay of game. To which end, he despatched from the Reform Club, on the 23rd ult., the aforesaid nosegay to their Majesties of the French. ‘The height of the bouquet,’ says the *Times*, ‘was about ten feet, and wide in proportion; the frame was richly covered with Christmas holly, laurel, mistletoe, and evergreen, with a great variety of winter flowers. There were twenty-two head of game, consisting of larks, snipes, woodcocks, teal, French and English partridges, grouse, widgeons, wild ducks, blackcocks, pheasants, a leveret, a hare, and golden plovers. The interstices were lightly

filled with wheat and oats, the whole ornamented with tri-coloured ribbons.'

"We see a profound political lesson in this bouquet. The oriental mode of a declaration of love by means of flowers, is well known; and Soyer, like a great genius, has elevated a comparative commonplace into the grand and instructive. Lord Palmerston may write long letters, with the quill of the thunder-bearing eagle, and the Marquis of Normanby, with face of diplomatic stone, may present them—but what is all this to the significance of Soyer's bouquet? There is matter in it for a whole winter night's contemplation, long as winter nights are at this present writing. Let us first consider the frame. The 'holly,' with its prickly spikes, hints of English swords and bayonets, and, moreover, if Louis Philippe be a reader of Southey, which, no doubt, he is, suggests to him, that

'All vain asperities he, day by day,
Should wear away,
'Till the smooth temper of his age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.'

"The 'laurel' is, as Ophelia would say, for memory of certain little affairs in the last war with perfidious Albion; whilst the 'mistletoe' suggests—and we thank Soyer for the suggestion—the propriety of a kiss of lasting peace between the two nations. The 'larks' have a playful allusion to the friskiness of Louis Philippe at Eu, when he out-diplomatized (we choose to make a word now and then) our good, unsuspecting, little Queen. (Perhaps lapwings, that only pipe to

cheat, would have been a truer illustration; but possibly a little *too* strong.) The 'woodcocks,' living only on suction, indicate the condition of England, depending upon the mere word of the King of the French. The 'wild-duck' gaily points to the sportive Duchess de Montpensier, whilst the 'leveret' means something about the Spanish Crown, and its future heir. 'Golden plovers' indicate the money-power of England to carry on a war; whilst the 'wheat and oats' touchingly declare the right and duty of nations to bestow upon one another their daily bread. We understand that Louis Philippe was much affected on reading (*more Turcorum*) the *bouquet*, and, as he gave orders to his cook to have it served at table, there is no doubt that his Majesty has, ere this, laid the contents nearer to his heart than any missive ever yet written by Aberdeen or Palmerston."—*Punch*, January 9th, 1847.

CHAPTER XI.

SOYER'S DEPARTURE FOR IRELAND.

Letter to Soyer—Second Letter to the Press—What he did in Dublin—Opening of his Soup-kitchen—His “Poor Man’s Regenerator”—Banquet given to Soyer—Return to England—Another grand Banquet—Communication from the Royal Agricultural Society—A Dripping Courier—Letters and Suggestions to Soyer.

IN the beginning of February, 1847, M. Soyer turned his indefatigable thoughts to relieving the starving poor in Ireland, and addressed a letter to the *Times* and other papers, with the object of raising subscriptions to open a model soup-kitchen in London and Dublin, which he headed with a donation of £30. Amongst the letters of subscriptions and thanks he received, was the following:—

“February 15th, 1847.

“SIR,—Your very excellent letter, in the *Morning Advertiser* of Wednesday last, on the subject of a reformation in the various soup-houses of the metropolis, and the liberality you have evinced by the offer of a subscription towards their improvement, calls forth the prayers of hundreds of your fellow-creatures who are now suffering the most acute privations. Pardon me, sir, for

thus addressing you ; but, being one of those who have long suffered the pinching hand of want, I have considered it my duty to address you out of a pure feeling of gratitude, and to thank you for your philanthropy in behalf of myself and my many destitute fellow-creatures.

“ May God reward you for the energy with which you are prosecuting this work of charity ; and when the period of all your earthly labours may be drawing to a close, how sweet and beautiful will be your reflections, when you feel that you have been the instrument of rendering the many desolate hearts happy who would have otherwise sunk into a premature grave, neglected and forgotten.

“ In conclusion, sir, allow me to reiterate my feelings of gratitude for the sympathy you have shown for the destitute, the prayers of whom will ascend to heaven, calling down those blessings which must ultimately be the reward of your Christian conduct.

“ I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and grateful servant,

“ JOHN GRIFFIN.”

Then appeared his second letter to the Press :—

“ M. SOYER'S KITCHEN AND SOUP FOR THE POOR.

“ *To the Editor.*

“ SIR,—In returning my most sincere thanks for the benevolent intentions which prompted you to publish so speedily my letter of the 10th inst., relating to

my new kitchen and soup for the poor, in your valuable journal, I beg your insertion of the two following receipts, which, if closely followed, would confer an immediate benefit, not only on the poor, and various charitable institutions, but also on the labouring population of the United Kingdom. I much regret the delay that has taken place since the publication of my former letter, which has unavoidably occurred, the time being consumed in experiments which I have made with various kinds of farinaceous ingredients, produced and imported into this country; and likewise with some of the immense varieties of vegetables, cultivated with so much success in this favoured soil; but which, generally speaking, are not sufficiently appreciated, or used to the greatest advantage by the industrious classes.

“My intention is, with your kind permission, not only to publish the receipt for one kind of soup, but for five or six, the whole, however, being made upon the same principle as the first, to save any confusion in the making, hoping they may prove advantageous, by giving a change in food, which acts as generously on the digestive organs as a change of air does on the convalescent, and likewise to prevent the rise in price of any particular articles; for should the soup be approved of, and become a chief article of consumption for a certain time, such a receipt would be quite useless in some parts of the country where the ingredients could not be obtained; my sincere devotion to this important cause being to take every possible advantage of every kind of nutritious substances, animal and vegetable, and fish,

and to convert them, by study and judgment, into a wholesome and cheap aliment for the millions.

“Several hundreds of letters I have already received upon the subject have induced me to give immediate publicity to the two following receipts, which I consider quite correct. Having thus stated my impressions upon this all-important subject, I now give you the result of my first economical study to produce a cheap and wholesome soup:—

“*The Receipt for Soup No. 1.*”

“I first put one ounce of dripping into a sauce-pan (capable of holding two gallons of water), with a quarter of a pound of leg of beef without bones, cut into square pieces about half an inch, and two middle-sized onions, peeled and sliced. I then set the saucepan over a coal fire, and stirred the contents round for a few minutes with a wooden (or iron) spoon until fried lightly brown. I had then ready washed the peeling of two turnips, fifteen green leaves or tops of celery, and the green part of two leeks (the whole of which, I must observe, are always thrown away). Having cut the above vegetables into small pieces, I threw them into the saucepan with the other ingredients, stirring them occasionally over the fire for another ten minutes; then added half a pound of common flour (any farinaceous substance would do), and half a pound of pearl barley, mixing all well together. I then added two gallons of water, seasoned with three ounces of salt, and a quarter of an ounce of brown sugar, stirred occasionally until boiling,

and allowed it to simmer very gently for three hours, at the end of which time I found the barley perfectly tender. The above soup has been tasted by numerous noblemen, members of Parliament, and several ladies, who have lately visited my kitchen department, and who have considered it very good and nourishing. The cost, at full price, was as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| “ Quarter of a pound of leg of beef, at 4 <i>d.</i> per lb. . . | 1 <i>d.</i> |
| Two ounces of dripping-fat, at 4 <i>d.</i> per lb. . . . | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Two onions and other vegetables | 1 <i>d.</i> |
| Half a pound of flour, seconds, at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i> per lb. . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| Half a pound of pearl barley, at 3 <i>d.</i> per lb. . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Three ounces of salt, with half an ounce of brown sugar | 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Fuel | 1 |
| Two gallons of water | 0 |
| | — |
| | 6 <i>d.</i> |

“ This soup will keep several days, when made as above described.

“ The above expenses make it come to $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per quart in London; but, as almost everything can be had at much less cost in the country, the price of this soup will be still more reduced. In that case a little additional meat might be used; and by giving away a small portion of bread or biscuit, better support would be given to the poor at a trifling cost, and no one, it is to be hoped, hereafter, would hear of the dreadful calamity of starvation.

“ The Receipt for the Soup No. 2.

“ This can be made cheaper, and in less time. Proceed as Receipt No. 1 explains (as regards the fat, meat, onions, and the other vegetables), but add one quart of water upon the whole, which you let boil twenty minutes, stirring now and then to prevent burning; or else, if convenient, set it by the side of the fire, and add one pound of maize, mix well together, and fill the stew-pan with six quarts of water; season as above; let it simmer one hour, skim lightly, and it is then ready for use.

“ If a large quantity is to be made—say, 100 gallons—any kind of vessels now in use, such as copper or cast-iron, will do; have ready a spatula, or a piece of board the shape of a cricket-bat, about six inches wide, tapering towards the top as a handle (which must be from one foot and a-half to two feet above the surface of the vessel), to stir with. The fire being well lighted, take 12lb. of solid meat, or 18lb. with the bones (legs or clods of beef, with a portion of cow-heels, are excellent for the purpose; but any kind of edible meat, from beef to doe venison, would do), cut it in pieces about one inch square, put $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fat. In case there should be difficulties to procure the fat, put in 1 gallon of water instead; then you have ready 12lb. of onions, lightly peeled and cut in slices, and 24lb. of vegetables of any kind, mixed (such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, leeks, celery, cabbages, savoys, sorel, spinach, mangel-wurzel, Swedes, and Jerusalem artichokes, all cut in a slanting

direction, which facilitates greatly the cooking), with the meat in the copper left stewing about one hour, stirring the whole contents until the moisture is nearly gone, which will depend entirely on the fire; then add enough water to cover the whole, which you will let boil ten minutes; then add 25lb. of flour, and mix it well together; add 30lb. of either barley or rice, season with 9lb. of salt, and 3lb. of brown sugar; afterwards fill the copper with water, and boil the whole contents for two hours or more, until the barley or rice is quite tender; the soup is then ready for use.

“In case either the barley or rice did not produce the thickness required (as those ingredients may differ in quality), then add, if too thin, a few pounds of flour or oatmeal, previously mixed with cold water, to make it into a liquid paste, and pour it in when boiling, about twenty minutes before serving it out. But the proper thickness is easily ascertained when the soup hangs lightly on the back of the spatula or ladle.

“One hundred gallons of this soup will cost under £1. Respecting my plan of kitchens for the poor, I am happy to inform you, that my subscription, which is only of a few days' date, has met with the greatest encouragement by benevolent contributors, the list of whom will shortly be published. I have been able, already, to begin one of those kitchens on a small scale, where from 40 to 50 gallons of soup can be easily made, and quickly distributed to 200 or 300 poor, in an ordinary-sized London house. As soon as it is in practice,

this simple plan will be made public through the Press; therefore any private application becomes unnecessary, as it would prevent my carrying the plan into effect.

“A correct drawing of my large plan for making and supplying 20,000 persons, is also in a very forward state.

“With high consideration, I have the honour to be, sir, your very obliged and humble servant,

“Reform Club, Feb. 17th.”

“A. SOYER.

In consequence of this and similar communications, M. Soyer received an appointment from Government, to proceed immediately to Ireland.

On his arrival in Dublin he began his task in a very energetic manner, and in less than three weeks had a building raised, which was constructed of wood, of about forty feet in length, and thirty feet in breadth, and consisted of one large apartment, where the preparation and distribution of the food were effected. In the centre of this apartment was a large steam-boiler, mounted on wheels, and arranged round the apartment were a number of metallic box-shaped vessels, also mounted on wheels, into which the materials for the soup were placed. These were heated by steam, conveyed, by means of iron pipes from the central boiler, and, by a slow digestive process, the entire nutriment contained in the materials was extracted without having its properties deteriorated. When the soup was ready, the recipients were admitted by a narrow en-

trance at one side of the house, one by one, each receiving a large bowl of soup and an ample allowance of bread, and being then dismissed by another door in the rear of the building. In this manner M. Soyer calculated he would be able to give one meal every day to at least 5000 persons, from an establishment of the size employed. A large and brilliant assemblage arrived on the spot (the Royal Barracks Esplanade) where the kitchen had been erected, about three o'clock P.M., and proceeded to inspect the various arrangements of the concern, and to taste the soups prepared by M. Soyer, and all who tasted declared them to be excellent. The chief advantage about the kitchen appeared to be this, that, while it had been erected in such a manner as to afford an immense amount of accommodation, the cost of its erection must have been comparatively trifling; and all its internal arrangements were so excellently contrived as to effect a great economy of time and labour, since a very few servants could make an extensive distribution of food amongst a large number of persons, without dreading the occurrence of all the disagreeable confusion and bustle which had hitherto wasted so much time and caused so much vexation to the distributors of soup elsewhere.

While in Ireland, he published a little sixpenny book, entitled "The Poor Man's Regenerator," in which he gave the poor and labouring classes the benefit of his gastronomic knowledge. The book contained very many valuable receipts; and, as the reviewers then said, "it deserves a corner in every poor

man's library." What made the thing more interesting was, that out of every copy sold, our kind-hearted friend gave a penny of the proceeds to the poor.

The trial of the soup kitchen, at Dublin, proved successful, and the following were the results of the plan, as described by M. Soyer :—

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| “ From the opening of my model kitchen by me, on the 6th of April last, to the 24th, the number of rations of 2½lb. each was | 40,000 |
| From the 26th of April to the 22nd of May, by the South Union Relief Committee, the number of rations, averaging 12,500 per day, was | 300,000 |
| From the 24th of May to the 31st of July, also by the South Union Relief Committee, the number of rations per day, varying from 1,750 to 23,940, was | 729,279 |
| From the 2nd of August to the 14th, averaging 6,500 per day, was | 78,000 |
| Making 2,868,197lb. of food, and of rations, | <u>1,147,278</u> |
| To supply that number of rations by the old plan of preparing food in different depots would have cost, at 3 <i>d.</i> per ration (which is rather under the average), the sum of | £15,536 |
| But according to my plan of preparing food with my model kitchen, as it was estimated in a report made to the Relief | |

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Brought forward | £15,536 |
| Committee, by its secretary, on the 23rd of April last, the cost of each ration, including coals, expenses of house, carriage, labour, etc., came to 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ d., making altogether, for 2,863,187lb. of solid food, a sum of | £7,768 |
| Effecting a saving in favour of the South Union Committee of 50 per cent., or a sum of | £7,768" |

LETTER OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT, FOR M. SOYER'S EFFORTS
IN DUBLIN TO RELIEVE THE STARVING IRISH, FROM
A GENTLEMAN HIGH IN OFFICE.

“MY DEAR MONSIEUR,—I was much gratified to receive your kind letter, and have to congratulate you upon the hold your system has taken upon all rational and thinking persons, despite of the unjust and ignorant abuse heaped upon your efforts to benefit Ireland; but *n'importe, 'la vérité est toute puissante, et elle vainquera.'*

“We hear your name resounding through every street in the ballads of the day. I must procure you a copy as a curiosity; but it is a vile production.

“Assure yourself of my regards and thanks for your disinterested efforts to carry the much-required regenerating efforts of *la cuisine* into the cottages of my neglected and wretched countrymen.—Yours faithfully,

“W. J. K.”

M. Soyer, having fulfilled his philanthropic object, returned to London. Previous to his departure, his

friends entertained him at the Freemasons' Hall, College Green; where about thirty gentlemen sat down to dinner. The chair was filled by Thomas M. Gresham, Esq., who, after the cloth was removed and the usual loyal toasts given, proposed the health of M. Soyer, whose mission to Ireland he looked upon as one which would confer a lasting benefit on the country, by raising the general condition of the people, and giving them lessons in an art which was calculated to improve their present state, and permanently improve their condition physically and morally. In conclusion, Mr. Gresham, presented M. Soyer, in the name of the company, with a very elegant snuff-box, manufactured by Mr. Bennett, of Grafton Street, as a memento of his visit to Ireland.

On M. Soyer's return from Dublin, another public dinner was given to him at the London Tavern, to commemorate his philanthropic and disinterested efforts for the relief of the starving Irish. More than 150 gentlemen sat down. The dinner was of a most *recherché* description, and the table service of gold and silver. It was a most fitting ovation to the unbought talents of the *chef*.

M. Soyer's opinion was considered of such value, that he received many applications upon the best means of employing provisions to relieve the greatest number of poor. Hence the Royal Agricultural Society communicated their wishes as follows:—

“SIR,—In a letter I have received this morning, from Mr. Pusey, M.P., the Chairman of our *Journal* .

Committee, there is enclosed a memorandum expressive of his wish that you should be requested to favour the Society in the promotion of one of its objects, namely, the economy of food for the poor. I beg to transmit this memorandum to you, along with a copy of the last part of our *Journal* and a copy of the Cottage Tract on Cookery, at present circulated at prime cost by the members of the Society. I shall also feel favoured if you will allow me to have an interview with you, on this subject, at any time next week that may be most convenient to you.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

“JAMES HUDSON.

“M. Soyer, etc.”

(*Memorandum.*)

“I think that, as markets are looking down, and vegetables becoming plentiful, the best course would be to give M. Soyer time until the Christmas number, as an article on provisions for famine might be out of date by the time the *Journal* is out. I wish particularly to call M. Soyer’s attention, in the meanwhile, to the ordinary cookery, or no-cookery, of our labourers, and to the suggestion of practical substitutes. If the potatoe-disease returns he could also then, as the time draws near, judge whether to embody in his paper extraordinary remedies. There is another point on which his advice would be useful. It is, no doubt, the practice in many country houses to distribute soup once a-week to the labourers’ families, made with bones and superfluous materials of the establishment. A hint from M. Soyer

would no doubt make this equal to mock-turtle soup, at a trifling expense.

“ This postponement will be better for M. Soyer, as well as for us, by enabling him to give us, at his leisure, the result of his reflection. Our essay on ‘ Cottage Cookery ’ will show him at what stage we stand at present. Possibly he might provide a substitute.”

At the time M. Soyer published his famous receipts for the poor, in the newspapers, for the making of cheap soup, he said that a certain quantity of dripping, or fat, should be used for every gallon of broth required. One day a very intimate and enthusiastic friend of his, Mr. W——r, who saw M. Soyer’s letter and receipts in the *Times*, came running to the Reform Club, and soon arrived in the presence of the “ Poor Man’s Regenerator,” hat in hand, with glowing face, and so exhausted that it was some seconds before he could articulate. Meanwhile M. Soyer, always ready for a joke, said to his friend, “ Well, old boy, I hope this time I am not to be disappointed; the last one was a girl, and, as I intend standing godfather to the next, I trust you have come to inform me that it is a son and heir.” In answer to this interesting inquiry, the reply was, “ Dripping’s up!” “ What?” replied Soyer. “ My dear fellow,” continued Mr. W——r, “ if you had told me that you intended publishing your receipts, I could have gone into the market, and bought tons of dripping; and we might between us have pocketed a few hundreds!” Poor

Soyer, whose mind was never troubled about the state of the market, as to its rising or falling, fell back on his sofa in a fit of laughter, to the great astonishment of his friend, who saw his mistake, and could not consequently help joining the *chef* in his hilarity, and then said he would take Soyer at his word, "You shall be godfather to my next, if a boy." And so it happened—a son was born, and he bears the Christian name of Alexis. Soyer often related this anecdote. This gentleman afterwards accompanied M. Soyer on his governmental mission to Ireland, and did good service.

SUGGESTIONS TO M. SOYER.

"Woodside, Freshford, near Bath, 18th May, 1847.

"SIR,—I am sure that no apology will be necessary for this address to you, on the subject of food for the people, at a time when bread is at a price which is unprecedentedly high to many of our labouring population.

"You have won, sir, the good opinion of the whole English public, by your exertions towards the more general introduction of the French 'potages' as an article of cottage consumption.

"Your endeavours were caused by the failure of *potatoes*, and you did not, perhaps, anticipate the very great rise in *bread-stuffs* which has lately taken place.

"What I would now, with much deference, suggest to you is the desirableness of finding a substitute for bread, or a preparation which will enable the poor

person to consume a much less quantity of bread per week than he now does.

“On looking round the articles which offer themselves, there appears nothing more cheap, in proportion to its bulk when cooked, than rice—nothing so clean—nothing so simply and easily boiled. I feel, however, the difficulty of rendering it palatable to the English poor, and I doubt not you have found the soups received with difficulty in many quarters. It is on this point I venture to address you.

“With regard to rice as food for infants, there is a means of preparing it which I could wish to see more generally adverted to; I mean in the country, where skimmed milk (sweet) can be purchased, generally, for one penny a quart. I could wish, sir, that this milk, while good, could find its way, mixed with rice, into the plates of the poor, instead of into the hog’s tub. But, with regard to adults, who want something beyond rice, milk, or pudding, cannot a combination be made with rice and cheese?

“There is no article of similar nutrition so cheap as cheese, and plentiful. With rice, cheese, and milk, we ought to repress all the murmurings of famine (so long as God gives us these). And if you will kindly lend your powerful aid in combining them, you would be the happy instrument of feeding many a hungry man.

“If, sir, you think my communication deserving your attention, I would ask, how you would recommend the rice and cheese to be mixed, so as to become the most pleasant and easily prepared for the poor man’s

meal? No doubt, prepared as macaroni (I mean boiled with a little milk and baked with grated cheese over it), it is very good; but I fear few poor men can even *brown* it before their fire, much less bake it. I have had cheese, in thin pieces, put into a dish with boiled rice (that had been boiled in plain water), and the mess baked in a kitchen oven. Eaten with mustard, I found it very good. I have also this day tried plain boiled rice, and eaten it warm, instead of bread, with cheese, using a knife and fork to the latter, with mustard. And, as giving the poor man something to bite upon, I think the latter plan preferable.

“I feel certain that this mixture deserves to follow in the wake of the mixed *rice and turnips* which found newspaper publicity, and which was so generally approved. This latter dish had all the flavour of very good turnips, and was, indeed, an *improvement* upon the simple vegetable. I am sure that, if combined with cheese, all the vapidness of the rice would disappear, and it would become a good medium for the animal matter. The extent to which cheese is used to support life in the workhouse dietaries, under medical advice, places it in the highest rank as to nourishment.

“I have said nothing of bacon, it being so dear; but, of course, it might be used in some places instead of cheese.

“If, therefore, your numerous engagements will admit of your giving this subject your consideration, and if you will oblige me—or, I should rather say, the public at large—by your advice as to its execution, it will be

esteemed a great favour by me that you should have listened to the remarks of a private individual, who begs to subscribe himself, sir, with much respect, your obedient servant,

“WILLIAM GEE.

“P.S.—This letter is quite at your service.”

Acting on these and similar suggestions, M. Soyer produced, as we have seen, “The Poor Man’s Regenerator,” wherein receipts were abundantly given to make use of fish in conjunction with other alimentary substances.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS FIRST SAUCE.

Success of the *Lady and Gentleman's Sauce*—Interview with a well-known Firm—His Second Hit, the "*Relish*"—Press Opinions—His Third Prosperous Idea—Lines upon his Nectar—A Modern Fable—The renowned Aerial Dish at Slough—Miniature Kitchen—The Poor Weavers of Spitalfields—Philanthropic Gallery—Exhibition of Madame Soyer's Paintings—Criticisms, etc.—The Anonymous Letter and Ode to Soyer—The Cream of Great Britain—The *Bouquet à la Pomona*—A New Recipe—The *Potage au Desir du Patronage*—A Dangerous Accident—Soyer's Philosophic Reflections—Grand Supper *Lucullusien à la Zoug-zoug*.

HIS first successful effort in reference to sauces was made in 1848, when, to the delight of all lovers of piquant flavour, he manufactured the *Lady and Gentleman's Sauce*, price 2s. 6d., which went off amazingly. M. Soyer had intended to keep the receipt to himself, but, being deeply occupied in various pursuits, he had an interview with Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, the celebrated provision merchants; and eventually, finding the terms offered for the receipt to be advantageous, he sold it to them, and commenced afresh with another novelty, which he termed *Soyer's Relish*. It was well patronized, and sells now beyond expectation.

"At present we do not know of any person," said the *Observer*, "who administers more assiduously and

effectively to our corporeal wants—at any rate, to the most craving of them—than the renowned Soyer. He is not one

‘ Who gives up to a party what was meant for mankind.’

He has abandoned the service of the Reform Club, and entered that of the public. We have seen him erecting soup-kitchens, and making soup, etc., for a famishing nation; we have seen him inventing a ‘magic stove’ for the benefit of the affluent classes; we have seen him distilling a cooling water to quench the ‘spark in the throat’ wheresoever it was ignited; and we see him now compounding a sauce, which undoubtedly will prove a ‘relish’ to the most used-up of palates. It will add flavour to game, freshness to fish, piquancy to poultry, and prevent cold meats from being a reproof to thrifty housewives. M. Soyer is a culinary artist as profound as he is versatile. Nothing comes amiss to him—neither a York *pâté*, worth a couple of hundred sovereigns, nor a basin of soup, expense two sous. No foreign *cuisinier* ever tickled the Saxon palate so successfully. He is wiser than the celebrated Carême, who left the splendid service of the Prince Regent (George IV.) because he with vanity considered the English palate unworthy of his talents. Soyer knows better, and he has made himself one of our penates—*le dieu de la cuisine* from the baronial hall in the far north to the graceful villa by the Thames-side. He is a great man; and the ill-cooked mutton chops that lost Napoleon the battle of Leipsic would have produced a very different effect if Soyer had dished them up from

his 'magic stove,' and rendered them thoroughly light and digestible by his appetizing 'sauce.' "

"It is," said another authority, "the best promoter of the appetite, and the most agreeable adjunct to the festal table of any sauce hitherto in use. To invalids suffering from loss of appetite, its virtues are invaluable, while the ingredients of which it is composed are nutritious and wholesome.

"The greatest reform wrought by the 'Gastronomic Regenerator' is his second achievement in the palatable form of a new companion to the universal dinner-table, entitled 'Soyer's Relish.' After its delicacy of flavour, its chief recommendation is apparent in its wholesome qualities; and its cheapness consists in its various capabilities, since it is equally available for FISH, MEAT, POULTRY, or GAME. As an incentive to the appetite it is invaluable, and is pronounced by celebrated epicures to be the most *recherché* sauce hitherto devised."

About this time M. Soyer was introduced to a party who had just started a cooling beverage called "Tortoni's Anana," but as the flavour was very indifferent, the sale was limited: therefore, as M. Soyer's name was considered of great importance to a new drink, he agreed to become a partner, and the celebrated "Nectar" was then introduced by him, which to this day in great favour.

A curious circumstance occurred which brought a gentleman of the Stock Exchange in contact with M. Soyer. This party being of a speculative disposition,

and seeing that the "nectar" manufactory was going on swimmingly, offered to become a partner, and, even before any agreement was entered into, he placed at the disposal of the firm £1000 in the London and Westminster Bank. Such an addition to the funds of the company put spirits into the affair, but one of the party having given rise to some suspicion, the new partner took the reins of government and managed the financial department, which naturally caused discussion, and ultimately the break-up of the affair. The concern was sold by M. Soyer, in 1850, for £800.

The "nectar" is composed of the juices of the most delicious fruits, mingled with the scientific dash of a master-hand: the saccharine tartness of the raspberry, the mellow flavour of the apple, a bare suspicion of quince, merely an idea of lemon, and all creaming in effervescence. Ganymede never made such nectar for the gods, in all his Olympian revels. It beats all the lemonade, orangeade, citronade, soda-water, sherry-cobbler, sherbet, Carrara-water, Seltzer, or Vichy-water we ever tasted.

The following lines were written at the time by one of his old friends:—

“SOYER'S NECTAR.

“When I arise in feverish pain,
And feel a giddiness of brain,
What brings back my health again?

Soyer's Nectar.

“ Walking in the cool parterre,
Fête champêtre, or fancy fair,
What regales the debonair?

Soyer's Nectar.

“ If with nausea at the sight
Of dainties, which all else delight,
What restores my appetite?

Soyer's Nectar.

“ When at ball, or masquerade,
Whirling round the gay parade,
What revives when spirits fade?

Soyer's Nectar.”

Nor was this the only poetic effusion inspired by the “nectar.” The accompanying verses were sent anonymously to M. Soyer:—

“ A MODERN FABLE.

“ A certain Fox on mischief bent—
Methinks they call him Billy Scrub—
Resolved to play some wicked prank,
Set out to dine at a well-known Club.
Now, in this Club there dwelt a man,
A man of wondrous fame,
Not won by puffing deeds of might,
Like Brian or Cochrane,
For he the world had service done,
E'en beyond the Agitator ;
Afar let Echo breathe his name!
'Twas S——, the Regenerator !!!
' Well,' cried the Fox, ' by this same brief,
The first I've ever drawn,
swear my name shall make a noise
Will startle the Reform.'

So, up he took his bill of fare
 ('Twas full of right good cheer),
 Thought he, with demoniac grin,
 I'll have something not found here ;
 I'll have a dish shall take some time
 To fetch, and more to cook ;
 And if not ready in a trice,
 I'll bring that *S*— to book ;—
 'Twill cast a light upon my name,
 And throw him in the shade.
 So acted he on this resolve,
 As soon as it was made.
 A noise now, through the hall resounds ;
 Something's afloat of weight,
 Or why thus grave each lordly brow,
 If 'tis not for the State?
 The Fox 'tis speaks :—' My Lords, I'm known
 Full well in this same Club ;
 You've heard of me in courts of law,
 My name is WILLIAM SCRUB.'
 Alas ! each Lord with doubtful mien
 His memory now chid,
 And thought that although he did not,
 No doubt his neighbour did.
 ' My Lords,' said he, ' this is my plaint,
 And SOYER is the sinner !
 He made me wait—start not, my Lords !—
Ten minutes for my dinner !!'
 Each cheek grows pale, each heart against
 One spark of mercy shuts,
 For this most grave and wicked crime
 Was directed 'gainst their guts !!
 What said Sir Soyer ? had he no word
 To offer in defence ?
 Oh yes, he answered them with all
 His usual eloquence.

Said he, ' My Lords, if I have failed,
 I need no interceder;
 You also know my cause's too just
 To want a special pleader ;
 And, believe me, if my time is spent
 Apart from you a minute,
 I have your comfort still at heart,
 And that I'll *die*, or win it !
 This be a proof of what I say—
 Behold, I am projector
 Of this same drink—'twill please you, Lords—
 I call it my Own Nectar !'
 While thus he spoke, off brushed the Fox,
 He felt his cause had failed,
 And much he feared that of his brush
 He soon would be curtailed.
 And *S*— was right, his cause had no
 Occasion for recorders,
 His judges, when they tasted it,
 Became his first applauders.
 And when they cease, my puny voice
 Above each lordly *cit*
 Shall cry, ' Bravo, mon-cher Soyer !!
 For he's the king of wit.
 And when I stay to praise him still,
 May I be dumb and cold,
 For he shall be unto the end,
 My brave ! my love, my bold.
 Long may he live ! and when his soul
 In death shall calm repose,
 The world shall own he lived a man—
 A man unto its close !'

During this period, M. Soyer was a constant visitor
 at Bifron Villa, St. John's Wood, the residence of Mr.

and Mrs. Baker, and he found the lady such an admirable manager, and her conversation on housekeeping and cookery so interesting, that M. Soyer, who had already begun his *Ménagère*, and afterwards published it under the title of "Soyer's Modern Housewife, or *Ménagère*," dedicated the work to that lady, under the name of Eloïse. Its success is too well known to need any comment here. We regret to add, that, through the misfortunes of her husband, poor Eloïse, who was a most exemplary wife, ultimately died in a hospital.

We well remember his celebrated "aerial dish," and the fun connected with it. It was arranged that six of the principal culinary artists should each produce a new dish. Accordingly they all met in the magnificent hotel of Signor Dotesio, at Slough.

Amongst the number present were her Majesty's two principal *chefs-de-cuisine*, the Dowager Baroness Rothschild's, and the head-cook belonging to the establishment, with two others. The table was laid for twelve—six competitors, and six to judge the result of this new trial of skill. The challenge was, that the one that produced the newest, lightest, and most delicate dish, was to be presented with a piece of plate; the judges not to know the authors of the respective dishes until after the degustation and decision. After an excellent course of soup and fish, five dishes were placed upon the table, and four of them met with the greatest approbation from the severe jury; but a general clamour was made for the sixth, when in walked the

worthy host, with an elegant dish labelled "*La Croustade Sylphe en surprise à la Cerito,*" and upon the lid being removed by the chairman, to the astonishment of every one present, out flew a beautiful pigeon, which immediately found its way to the terrace, and took its departure for London. The party, however astonished, were not disappointed; for, upon removing a false bottom, an ample supply of *salade de filets de grouse à la Bohémienne* was discovered, and beneath that some artificial *côtelettes* and mushrooms were sweetly resting on a *crème aux pêches*.

The author of this curious dish made a wager, a few days previous, that he would send part of a dish, of his own composition, from Slough to London, in a manner which for speed should only be exceeded by the electric telegraph; consequently, the moment the dish was placed upon the table, it was announced by telegraph to the parties in London, and in fourteen minutes afterwards they received the principal part of the atmospheric dish, at the spot appointed by the author, with a paper under its wing, upon which was written—"Please to pay the *chef-de-cuisine* of the Reform Club the sum of £50, for my private apartment in his new dish, and make the cheque payable to A. Soyer."

It was intended that a meeting of this description should take place in this magnificent hotel every two months, and each competitor was to invent two new dishes at least, and prizes to be given accordingly; and that a pamphlet should be published at the commence-

ment of the following season, under the title of "Gastronomique Innovation."

Singular being! we have often wondered he could ever sleep at all, his mind was so continually upon the rack for novelty.

Another handsome innovation by M. Soyer was a dish for luncheon, which he called, *Pagodatique Entrée* dish—an excellent idea. It was executed with great taste by Mr. Smith, of Conduit Street. We believe that the sale was limited on account of its weight, and perhaps the price; but still it was pretty well circulated among the nobility. Such a dish, M. Soyer afterwards thought, would be better in electro-plate.

His object in introducing this dish was to serve, in the five compartments, small delicate *entrées*, the variety of which he gives in his "Gastronomic Regenerator," amounting to some fifty different dishes.

SOYER'S MINIATURE KITCHEN.

In the course of 1847, a merchant of the City of London, Mr. Harbottle, an agent for the sale of cigars from Cuba, was commissioned by the Steam-boat Company of that island to have a steam-vessel built at Liverpool for the transport of goods and passengers from Cuba to the extremity of the island coastwise. That gentleman applied to M. Soyer for the fittings of the kitchen on board that vessel, the "Guadalquivir," and seventeen feet by eight were the dimensions that could be allowed for it. M. Soyer, and his secretary, M. Volant, accomplished the plan, and Messrs. Bramah and Tristige,

of Piccadilly, completed the work very satisfactorily. It was indeed a compact and commodious kitchen. It combined great economy of space with the most methodical arrangement, since it afforded every possible convenience for cooking large dinners if required, and without confusion. On the left-hand side, going in, were vegetable boxes ; further on, a kitchen-range, complete ; next to it the stove, beginning with a *bain-marie*, and followed by three charcoal stoves, ornamented with moveable balance grating ; over it were open shelves for stew-pans and covers. Under the stove there were a supply of hot water and recesses for coals. Opposite, going in, three more charcoal stoves, and a hot closet to keep the dishes warm ; on the right a kitchen dresser, with drawers and sliding chopping-board, and, immediately to the right of the door, a mortar. This beautiful vessel was wrecked two years afterwards.

In 1848, M. Soyer engaged the attention of the London public on behalf of the Spitalfields soup-kitchen, by the exhibition of his wife's paintings, entitling it "Soyer's Philanthropic Gallery." The artistic excellence of her style of painting surprised every one. He had the staircase adorned on each side with choice flowers ; and even the admission card was fancifully painted, and cut into a rhomboidal form, showing his determination to keep away from the usual beaten track. The funds derived from this exhibition were to be devoted to establishing parochial soup-kitchens for each destitute district in London, where

a quart of soup and a quarter of a pound of bread would be distributed, every day, to each person for one penny! The *Morning Advertiser*, of May 25th, said:—"Many among the higher classes have promptly shown their strong sympathy in M. Soyer's charitable design. Among them may be mentioned the names of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Lady Emma Campbell, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Sir Claude Wade, the Mir Shahamet Ali, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Filmor, Mr. and Mrs. De Pentheny O'Kelly and daughter, etc., etc. We trust that their example will be extensively and immediately followed. The exhibition is admirable, and its object is most estimable. They are, indeed, worthy of each other, and of most generous public patronage." The entire Press were warm in their praise of his laudable endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the poor.

"UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON. — SOYER'S PAROCHIAL MODEL KITCHEN FOR THE POOR WEAVERS OF SPITALFIELDS.

(*From the Times of February 21.*)

"SIR—Having lately been introduced, by several gentlemen of distinction, to the Rev. Joseph Brown, the benevolent pastor of Saint Matthias, Spitalfields, with the view of relieving, if possible, at a trifling expense, the sufferings of that industrious but distressed class of society, the weavers of Spitalfields; and having, with

that gentleman, visited several of their abodes, we found, in many of the houses, five or six in a small room entirely deprived of the common necessaries of life—no food, no fire, and hardly any garment to cover their persons, and that during the late severe frost. In one of the attics we visited we inquired of a woman how they subsisted. Her husband, she said, had no employment during the last four months, and that they merely lived on what he could get by begging in the streets. She added, that she and her children had not touched a bit of food for twenty-four hours, the last of which consisted of apples partly decayed, and bits of bread given to her husband; which food we may consider, if even plentiful, to be pernicious to health. The only piece of furniture in that gloomy abode of misery was the weaving machine, now at rest, and which, in time of prosperity, was used to provide food, and made, if not a wealthy, at least a happy home for those now wretched and destitute families, and the scientific production of which has often, and even now, adorns the persons of thousands of the aristocracy and gentry of the country.

“I am quite convinced, sir, that the wearers of those luxuries possess at all times the most charitable feelings towards their fellow-creatures in distress; and when they are made aware, through the medium of your powerful journal, of the facts of the present lamentable position of those who have by their industry so often gratified their sights and wishes, none of them will, I am certain, refuse a small token of charity towards the relief of those unfortunate martyrs of industry,

whose poverty no one can blame, but whom everybody must pity. After having witnessed such distressing scenes, I immediately proposed that my subscription kitchen for the poor, which was being made at Messrs. Bramah and Prestige's factory, should be erected, without any loss of time, in the most populous district of Spitalfields, where there are no less than 10,000 poor people in one parish, and hardly any wealthy families among them to give them relief.

“I am happy to inform you, sir, that my first experiment, made last Saturday, has been most successful, having been able to make a most excellent peas-panada and meat-soup in less than one hour and a-half, and that at a very moderate expense—the quickness and saving of which are partly owing to the contrivance of my new steam apparatus, and which food was distributed, without any confusion, in less than twenty minutes, to about *three hundred and fifty* children, who were selected for the occasion from the different schools, the remainder of the food, with bread, being given away to many poor families in the neighbourhood.

“The kitchen will remain open daily, and nothing will be given away except to those who are proved to be quite destitute; a quart of food or soup, and a quarter of a pound of bread, will be given for one penny.

“All information respecting the issuing of tickets and receiving of subscriptions will be made known by advertisements.

“I am aware that every nobleman, gentleman, and tradesman have to support their own poor, and there-

fore propose that not more than a guinea should be received from any one as a subscription; but from sixpence to the above sum will be most thankfully received, and disposed of with the greatest economy.

“I beg to observe, that any of the subscribers who should wish to keep their names private, will be pleased to make a private mark, that they may see it correctly entered in a catalogue, which will be published monthly, with an account of all the subscriptions received, expenses incurred, the quantity of ingredients consumed, with a correct list of the poor relieved.

“I trust, under all these circumstances, you will be good enough to give a place to this letter in your journal.

“With the highest consideration, I am, sir, your most obliged,

“A. SOYER.

“Reform Club, Feb. 17, 1848.”

“SOYER'S PAROCHIAL MODEL KITCHEN.—This kitchen has just been opened in Spitalfields, where ten thousand poor reside, with a very small number of wealthy neighbours to assist them. M. Soyer was so impressed with this melancholy fact, that he at once caused one of his model kitchens to be set up in the above district, and from it will be distributed beef-soup, peas-panada, and rice-curry, at the rate of a quart for one penny, with a quarter of a pound of bread. It is proposed to defray the expense of this distribution by public subscription, to be accounted for monthly, showing the cost, ingredients consumed, and number of persons relieved. We

hope this philanthropic plan will succeed; for judicious economy, combined with charitable dispensation, may effect wonders in the relief of public distress."—*Illustrated London News*.

"The distress now existing amongst the artisans of Spitalfields has once more brought M. Soyer into public notice. He has erected a soup-kitchen in one of the most densely-populated parts of the district. Many hundreds are daily relieved there. Subscriptions are, of course, necessary, and it is to be hoped that the claims of the industrious weavers of Spitalfields on the sympathies of their countrymen will not be overlooked."—*Daily News*.

SOYER'S PHILANTHROPIC GALLERY.

Immediately after the publication of the foregoing letter, and the erection of the model kitchen, finding that the subscription made slow progress, and in order to increase it, M. Soyer exhibited, as already stated, all the pictures painted by his wife. The exhibition was opened in June, at the Prince of Wales' Bazaar, under the name of "Soyer's Philanthropic Gallery," and was composed of about 140 pictures and drawings. Strange to say, it failed to produce what might have been expected for the purpose intended. In itself it was praiseworthy, and any one would have imagined that M. Soyer's reputation, his great exertions the year previous in Ireland, and his endeavour to establish means of relief in every parish, would have drawn together crowds of people, with their contributions, in support of his views.

Even admitting that the exhibition of paintings was of no interest to the English public, the cause, at all events, was for the relief of their own poor, and the result ought to have been very different. The sum of £259 11s. 10d. was subscribed, two hundred and thirty-eight persons only having contributed. It certainly enabled the promoters of the charity to distribute some 50,000 rations of food; but they would have been happier if the amount had been larger, to encourage them to open a soup-kitchen, on a similar plan, in every parish.

Many persons sympathized with M. Soyer, and amongst the number of letters he received on the subject was the following, upon which we shall make no other comment than to observe that this characteristic effusion on the English, by one of themselves, is very severe:—

“Kensington, 26th July, 1848.

“DEAR SIR,—I had intended to have written ere this, to express, on the part of Miss S—— and myself, the very great gratification we received from visiting the Exhibition of Madame Soyer’s paintings, and as sincerely we lament that the very benevolent purpose to which you meant to have applied the profits of it should have been so painfully disappointed. It may be some consolation to you to know, that there are those who cordially sympathize with the feelings which that disappointment must occasion. The fact is, that the upper ranks of this country have no real feeling for art. If the more wealthy among them patronize it, it is from a feeling of vanity, and not from any impulse of true

taste or genuine admiration. If they adorn their walls with paintings, either of the old masters or the modern, it is not because they delight to possess them; but that it would be a disgrace to be without. They have not the elevation of mind necessary to esteem genius, and therefore do not honour it.

“I should have thought that at least every member of the *Reform Club* would have visited the Exhibition, and that *their pride would have been flattered* by it; that it is not so, is a reproach to them. Madame Soyer working with the soul and hand of inspiration, is a conception beyond their reach; it is to minds of another cast that her productions must speak. *Such minds* may be forming amongst us, but at present *they are rare*. The time, however, will one day come when her fame will have its worshippers; such, at least, is the sincere and earnest hope of, dear sir, yours faithfully,

“J. S.”

However pleasing this letter might have been to M. Soyer, his greatest satisfaction was that he had brought together many of the aristocratic admirers of Madame Soyer's talent, and thus had made known, to a greater extent than he could otherwise have done, the value of his wife's paintings; for he was not solitary in the worth he attached to them. And, notwithstanding the disregard of the Royal Academicians, the public Press (who must be an authority in such matters) was unanimous in praise of her works, which was to Soyer the greatest consolation.

A very nicely got-up catalogue, which we might almost call historical, was so interesting that we think the reproduction of some parts of it will be amusing to our readers:—

“No. 1. ‘The Alpine Wanderers.’ Two young Italians, one with white mice and the other playing a hurdy-gurdy. The contrast between the two boys, though in the same sphere of life, brings to mind the old French proverb, *Les deux extrêmes se touchent*. The noble countenance of the kneeling boy, appearing as if in deep thought, is a beautiful contrast to the rough but genuine truthfulness of his companion, who appears as if he could laugh at anything and everything, and has been the cause of a celebrated artist remarking, that ‘None but a woman could have expressed the feeling and sentiments of so difficult a subject,’ adding that it was but a step in life from the sublime to the ridiculous.”

This picture was exhibited at the British Institution, and sold for 100 guineas to W. C. Packe, Esq., M.P., who most kindly lent it to M. Soyer for his charitable undertaking.

“No. 2. ‘The Irish Fruit Woman and Child.’ A true representation of nature, especially the child, which appears ready to jump away; the feebleness of the head and arms approach as near nature as it is possible for painting to depict.

“No. 3. ‘Portrait of the late Artist, Madame Soyer.’ This portrait was finished only some few days

previous to her death. It was painted by F. Simonau, of Antwerp, her only master, who is still pursuing his career as an artist. She is represented in the attitude of sketching the first sitting for a picture; the development of her forehead, and the expression of the eyes, denote a person of a lively imagination, full of vigour and intelligence. It is from this portrait that a superb basso-relievo was carved in marble, by Puyenbroach, of Brussels, larger than life, which now ornaments her chaste monument at Kensal Green Cemetery.

“No. 7. ‘The English Ceres.’ This delightful picture was painted at Maidstone, from life. The artist was delighted with the freshness and cheerful countenance of a gleaner, whilst crossing a field of corn; and the latter, at the artist’s request, accompanied her home, where the picture was then begun, and finished in about seventeen hours, in eight sittings.”

Critiques on “The English Ceres,” and “The Centenarian,” No. 115, when exhibited at the Louvre, at Paris, in 1840 (translations):—

“Madame Soyer, from London, has sent us two exquisite pieces, the ‘Gleaner’ and the ‘Centenarian.’ If we could dispose of a crown to the most worthy, it is assuredly to her that we would render that homage. Not being able to present her with laurels, we will give her the first place in our columns, for the correctness of drawing, the vigour, the manner, and the purity of colouring. These are the qualities that would be envied by the cleverest of our masters; but what we

admire above all, is, in its truest sense, the delicate touch, the softness of colouring, always full of elasticity and simplicity."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"A 'Gleaner,' by Madame Soyer, from London, has passed unperceived; critics and the public did not speak of it, because that picture, although containing very great qualities, does not please at first sight. We do not know Madame Soyer; we even could not say whether that name is a *pseudonym*, or if it really is the name of the artist. What we consider most singular is, that no woman ever painted with so much vigour and ease. Madame Soyer (supposing always that Madame Soyer is a woman) is to the other painters what George Sand is to literary men. We hope to see, at a future time, if the *woman-painter* will sustain her talent, and if her next productions will be worth those of this year."—*Feuilleton du Capitole, du 30 Avril, 1840*.

" — Ta bonne *Centenaire* est d'une touche heureuse,
 Mais la foule a toujours préféré ta *Glaneuse*,
 Et, Soyer, ses arrêts sont justes quelquefois;
 Quant à nous, qui n'avons que notre foible vue,
 Nous aimons l'une et l'autre, et ma foi, la revue
 Reste dans l'embarras du choix."

Revue Poétique du Salon de 1840.

"No. 26. 'The Young Israelites.' The countenances and truthfulness of these children of industry, when exhibited in the British Institution, in the year 1835, were the cause of an anecdote worthy of being

related. A gentleman, of the name of Fitzgerald, was observed to fix his entire attention upon the picture, and then to leave his seat abruptly, and inquire of the Secretary of the Institution, 'Who was *the man* that painted so effective a picture?' 'It is not a man,' was the reply, 'but a young lady.' This not being satisfactory to the gentleman, he was introduced to the painter (then Emma Jones), who was by chance in the gallery. Having given him her word of honour that it was her work, he asked if she meant to paint any more? The answer was—'Indeed, I hope so, sir!' 'Well,' said he, 'you are wrong; you will never excel this picture; it is so true to nature, that I might ask the little urchins to take these lemons to my house.'

"*Deux Enfants Israélites Marchands de Citrons.*—This picture is the work of a lady. It is remarkable for truth of expression and the happy manner in which the physiognomies of the Hebrew children are rendered; what makes it so, above all, is, that one can discern the lines and character of Israelites which never deceive. Madame Emma Soyer is, for certain, in advance, and will not stop there we are sure.—*L'Echo Salon de 1841.*'

"No. 27. '*Une Fermière Française.*' This picture is a portrait of Monsieur Soyer's mother, and was painted at Meaux-en-Brie, where the artist was on a visit. The execution of the head is very much in the style of Vandyck, and is a powerful specimen of the talented artist, both in colouring and drawing."

"No. 95 'The Young Savoyards Resting.' This

picture was painted under the following circumstances:—The first year the celebrated picture of ‘St. John,’ by Murillo, adorned the walls of the National Gallery, a nobleman offered 100 guineas to Madame Soyer to paint for him an exact copy of the original, saying, that no modern artist could copy that great master so well as herself, her style being so similar to that fine and pleasing school; but she refused, on the ground that every one would fancy that all her pictures might be taken as copies after him. M. Soyer wishing to persuade her to the contrary, she begged of him to get two good-looking Spanish or Italian boys, and then she would paint and make him a present of a Murillo of her own. The subjects were found, the picture begun and finished in about a month. The boys, but especially the one looking down to receive the bread, are fine and agreeable specimens of the Murillo school.”

“MADAME SOYER.—This lady has two pictures only in the Exhibition; but they are both excellent, and highly creditable to her taste and talent in the art. No. 16, ‘Savoyards Resting,’ a youthful delineation of a scene which few who have passed the Pennine Alps have failed to witness, is at once spiritedly and artistically executed. And No. 151, ‘L’Heureux Gourmet,’ an epicure balancing the leg of a *dindon aux truffes* on the point of his fork, and contemplating it with the delight which none but a finished French *gourmet*, which he appears to be, can feel in such matters, is of the same class and character.”—*Observer*, April 3rd, 1842.

“No. 108. ‘The Two Inseparables.’ A Margate boy and donkey, painted on the spot. The most interesting part of this delightful delineation is the fact of the young donkey having had to be carried to the first floor of the Parade House for every sitting. When almost finished, the boy’s mother saw the picture. She was indignant at the idea of seeing her boy’s knee through his ragged trowsers, observing that she had a new suit of clothes at home, which, she said, would have been the most proper way to take him. But this did not suit the artist, who wished to paint from nature. It required some management not to let the mother see it again until finished.

“No. 115. ‘The Centenarian Scotch Knitter.’ This picture is very remarkable, both in execution and in subject. The artist, having seen in the papers that a Scotch woman had attained her 107th year, and possessed all her faculties, felt desirous to see her. She called upon her, and proposed to take her portrait, when, after a long denial, money tempted her, and she sat for it, but in so small a room that Madame Soyer was obliged to sit on the bed. The old woman would not cease knitting, as represented in the painting. This picture was exhibited in the Louvre at Paris, Somerset House, and the British Institution, with ‘The English Ceres,’ and created general admiration.

“No. 121. ‘The Nosegay of Tulips.’ M. Soyer, having sent from the country, where he was then living, a fine collection of tulips to Madame Soyer

(then Miss Emma Jones), was not a little surprised, that, instead of receiving a letter of thanks, he received one very differently worded, thus written :—‘ Miss Jones is quite astonished at the liberty M. S. has taken, in sending her such a present without her request, and consequently, by the next mail, he will receive a box and his flowers back ; and it will be useless for him to send any more, as she will return them in the same manner.’ Very great disappointment was felt by M. Soyer, until, at the appointed time, the box arrived with the picture just named, in emulation of, and in return for, the flowers which he supposed had been refused.

“No. 128. ‘The Escape.’ This picture of a fine little girl is very remarkable for the melancholy and sorrowful expression of a child, losing unexpectedly a favourite pet. The difficulty of drawing a child in that troublesome attitude has been most ably surmounted by the talented artist.

“No. 131. A portrait of M. Pouchet (who died at the advanced age of 107 years, in the possession of all his faculties). The last picture Madame Soyer painted. At a dinner given to him on his birthday, when 105 years old, he not only enjoyed his dinner, but, after his health was proposed, made an excellent speech, and, shortly after, sung a song, in the course of the evening played some old quadrilles, and made the party dance. He was, fifty years before that, first violin at one of the theatres, also violinist to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Jersey. He was in the habit of walk-

ing to Brompton, to see his youngest son, who was infirm by reason of his great age (as the old man used to say). He was a native of Rouen, and born in 1734. He gave orders for the way he wished his funeral to be conducted, and the friends he wished to follow him. While his portrait was painting, he walked every day from Leicester Square to Fitzroy Square and back, and never was five minutes behind the appointed time. He was never more offended than when asked to ride in a cab. The likeness is so striking, that a Royal Duke was heard to say, when the picture was exhibited at the Society of British Artists, 'I thought I heard my old friend Pouchet was dead; but I perceive he is still alive.'

"*Madame Soyer's last two Sketches*, being both finished the morning previous to her death.—The artist had a beautiful greyhound, and her servant, in a playful manner, took the animal into her arms. Madame, being struck with the graceful position of the girl and the dog, quickly made a sketch of it, and said to her, 'Look at this. I shall make a very pleasing picture of *you both* after my confinement.' A few minutes after the above occurrence, the servant asked leave to go to the play, to see a new piece called 'Angels and Lucifers.' Madame Soyer answered in a very jocular manner, 'Nonsense! Why go to the theatre to see such things? I have plenty of lucifers here, and I shall draw you lots of angels. Would not that do for you?' She then began sketching the representation of her *palette* surrounded with unfading laurel, and her

initials, E. S., strongly marked. The servant wishing to see what her mistress had drawn, she took it up, saying, 'It's only a bit of my nonsense,' and threw it into a *chiffonier*, where it was found six weeks afterwards, and adopted by M. Soyer as the emblem of her talent to put on the *pedestal* of her monument at Kensal Green."

During M. Soyer's stay at the Reform Club, and at the time of the famine in Ireland, a letter came, including some manuscript verses, which the author begged M. S. would accept, with the addition that if he (M. S.) would oblige the sender with a few broken pieces of bread and meat he would be for ever indebted. Poor poet!

"ODE TO M. SOYER.

"SOYER! great king of cooks! my lyre
I string; but need a 'muse of *fire*
(*Pan* is the God I most require)
To chant aloud thy taste:
Thou well deservest, artist great
(Winner of culinary plate),
A wreath of *diamonds* round thy pate,
As pure as is thy *paste*!

"Amidst the din of party strife,
Illustrious *chef*! you bare the knife
To save—not to extinguish life—
All peaceful are your toils;
For place, or pension, many fight—
You only war with *appetite*;
Men of all parties you delight,
So pleasant are your *broils*.

“ The Press, with its far-sounding tongues,
 And brazen front, and iron lungs,
 Records your deeds—in sounding songs :
 Times—Chronicle—and Post,
 The *Advertiser—Herald—Sun,*
 The *News—and Punch,* the king of fun,
 All vow you have this title won—
 The ‘ RULER OF THE ROAST.’

“ Old BLACKWOOD, leaning on his crutch,
 Declares he cannot have too much
 Of cates like yours. With graphic touch
 The keen and witty FRASER,
 Depicts thy dishes on his pages ;
 Where they, as feasts of future sages,
 Will lie, embalmed, through coming ages,
 And gladden many a gazer.

“ GLASSE—ACTON—KITCHENER—and UDE,
 Who’ve told us how to *spoil* our food,
 No more in kitchens shall intrude ;
 No black and lowering looks
 Shall at the dinner-hour be seen ;
 Nor husbands growl, their teeth between,
 ‘ Heaven sends us meat—but then, I ween,
 The Devil sends us cooks !’

“ Yet, SOYER ! great as was thy fame,
 New glories now adorn thy name ;
 For, though the rich thy art did claim,
 Thou heard’st the poor man’s cry :
 When famine scourged green Erin’s land,
 Thy generous heart swift succour plann’d,
 And from thy able, willing hand,
 Was poured a rich supply.

“ I almost fancy that *her** eyes,
 Who left thee for her native skies,
 Looked from her home, in Paradise,
 Upon thy work—and smiled!
 For angel hearts rejoice to see
 The plants of human charity!
 Without whose fruits this world would be
 A drear and gloomy wild.

“ SOYER! farewell—within your kitchen
 Long may you reign sole king; bewitching
 Eye, tongue, and stomach. Things grow rich in
 That good and great are.
 So shall your name be handed down
 To future cooks; and long renown
 Shall hail thee—as hails now ‘the town’—
 Regenerator! “ B.”

“ *July 13th, 1847.*”

Soyer’s next idea of perfection belonged to what we may call the spiritual region of cookery (see p. 56):—

“ *The Celestial and Terrestrial Cream of Great Britain.*

“ Procure, if possible, the antique vase of the Roman Capitol—that on the ruin of which three doves are resting in peace—then proceed as follows:—

“ Deposit in it a Smile from the Duchess of Sutherland; then add a Lesson from the Duchess of Northumberland; the Remembrance of Lady Byron; an Invitation from Lady Exeter; a Walk in the Fairy Palace of the Duchess of Buckingham; the Honour of

* Madame S.

Lady Douro ; a Sketch from Lady Westmoreland ; Lady Chesterfield's Conversation ; the Deportment of Lady Ailesbury ; the Affability of Lady Marcus Hill some Romances of Mrs. Norton ; a Mite of Gold from Miss Coutts ; a Royal Dress from the Duchess of Buccleuch ; a Reception from the Duchess of Leinster ; a Fragment of the Works of Lady Blessington ; a Gift from the Duchess of Bedford ; an Interview with Madame Bunsen ; a Diplomatic Reminiscence from Lady Clanricarde ; an Autocratic Thought from Baroness Brunow ; a Reflection from Lady John Russell ; an Amiable Word from Lady Wilton ; the Protection of Madame St. Aulaire ; a Seraphic Strain from the Dowager Lady Essex ; a Welcome from Lady Alice Peel ; the Sylph-like Form of Lady Abercorn ; a Soirée of the Duchess of Beaufort ; a Curtsy from Lady Jocelyn ; and the Good-will of Lady Palmerston.

“ Season with the piquant Observation of Lady Londonderry ; the Stately Mien of Lady Jersey ; the Wealth of the Baroness Rothschild ; the noble Devotion of Lady Sale ; Lady Lansdowne's Knowledge of the Fine Arts ; Lady de Grey's Charity ; and a Criticism from Lady Melville.

“ Amalgamate scientifically, and should you find this preparation not mix well, do not regard expense for the completion of a dish worthy of the gods ! Endeavour to procure, no matter at what price, a Virtuous Maxim from the Duchess of Kent's Book of Education ; a Kiss from the infant Princess Alice ; an Innocent Trick from the Princess Royal ; a Benevolent Visit from

the Duchess of Gloucester; a Maternal Sentiment from the Duchess of Cambridge; a Compliment from the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; the Future Hopes of the Princess Mary; and the Munificence of Queen Adelaide.

“Decorate profusely with the many bright and noble qualities of her Majesty Queen Victoria.”

Surely such a cream, if possible to have been produced, was worthy the feast of the *Barmecide*!

Here is another of his ideal dishes:—

“*Recipe of a distinguished Artiste for a favourite Soup, much in request of late at the Official Cabinet Dinners.*”

“POTAGE AU DESIR DU PATRONAGE.—Take for your stock anything capable of improvement—education, locomotion, sanitary administration, either will do very well; simmer very slowly, throw in occasionally a petition or two, flavoured with a spice of the marvellous and startling; now take it off, and stand by to cool down. Before putting on again, an inquiry or two as to any measure in contemplation will be proper. At this stage, a commission may be safely added, but be very careful to have your materials of the best, and such as you can depend upon; troublesome members, newspaper proprietors, reviewers, barristers on the lookout, and members of any powerful corporate bodies, are the best to select from. Do not choose such as are young or green, and your stock will run smooth and agreeable. Now skim the surface well, to remove facts as they arise; throw them on one side as worse than useless, and be very careful not to stir too deeply; reject

or pare well down all conflicting and incongruous evidence—it would ruin your stock to have any contradictory flavours—thicken with a slice or two of gammon; and if it boil too clear, throw in plenty of statistical herbs—medical are the best—sage and honesty will not be proper, however. Now put by your first stock to stand, and you may garnish your tureen *après le livre-bleue*; it has a pretty artistic effect.

“Now make out your bill of fare, and let it lie on the table. Questions and petitions, as before, may now be thrown in at intervals. Put on your stock again to simmer, not too quickly, or the fat may be in the fire. Now get ready your forcemeats (which some cooks term ‘farce,’) also your mock; stir in the whole with curry powder *à la Denoyer*, with several heads of salary (celery?); boil up quickly now without loss of time, or the best parts may evaporate, and you will have a nice rich soup, well suited to the English constitution. Always serve up with plenty of powdered mint!

“*Note.* To some English palates, it has been objected that this soup is attended with an unpleasant *après goût* of bitter herbs, in which *rue* is said to predominate; this objection is not valid, merely demonstrating that the English palate has not yet acquired a taste for the best French *cuisine*.”

In the course of this year (1849) an accident occurred to Soyer, which might have ended fatally. While skating in St. James’s Park, the ice suddenly broke under him, and the *chef* was immersed; fortu-

nately, assistance was near at hand, and he was soon extricated, and taken to the Society's reception-tent, where every attention was paid him, until he was himself again. Soyer gratefully handed over to the Royal Humane Society the sum of ten guineas, and was made a life-governor.

This incident set Soyer immediately to work in a new direction; and, ever intent upon his one great object, that of accelerating the march of civilization, he forwarded to the Society a novel method of saving life during the skating season, which met with general approval, and received the Society's thanks.

At a dinner given shortly afterwards, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Right Hon. Fox Maule in the chair, Soyer, in allusion to his narrow escape, made the following speech, and, as usual, caused much mirth. He said—"It is with the deepest feelings of gratitude that I rise to return thanks to the members of this unique and admirable institution, which, like a second mother, has been the means of bringing me and many of my brother and sister sufferers to life again. (Cheers.) To die is the common lot of nature—a debt which every human being has to pay to his Creator; but a case of sudden death, caused by such an accident as that from which I was rescued by the instrumentality of this Society, is, we must all allow, the greatest of calamities. Its consequences fall with dire effect on those who are left behind; and, as an instance of the suffering which it would have given rise to in this case, I may refer to Mr. and Mrs. Boulterer, whose sufferings

and narrow escape I witnessed, and who, but for this institution, would have been lost, and no less than eleven helpless children thereby deprived of their parents. Had such a catastrophe taken place, it would have not only affected the children of those individuals, but likewise those who might have come after them, inasmuch as it would have blighted their social prospects, and sown the seeds of misery where happiness formerly prevailed. I therefore beg to return my thanks to those present for the reception I have this day experienced. I can never be too grateful for the institution having been the means of enabling me to do so *in propria persona*, and I must acknowledge that, of the two receptions which I have received from the institution, I much prefer the present one at the festive board—(laughter)—to that of the warm-bath in the reception-tent of St. James's Park; and, without disparagement to any individual, I cannot but express my sentiments in saying that I give the preference to this day's treatment, over the one so scientifically bestowed upon me, on the 29th of last December, by the indefatigable, worthy, and benevolent Dr. M'Cann."

We conclude this Chapter with two more specimens of M. Soyer's productive powers:—

“SOYER'S PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

“ Mourir à quarante ans est une faveur extrême
 Un bonheur, une indemnité de l'Être suprême ;
 On connaît les plaisirs et non les privations
 On a pu jouir enfin, et 'ouir avec raison.

“ Lorsque les ans blanchissent notre front
 Nous jouissons encore guidé par la raison ;
 Mais sur l'âge mûr de quatre-vingts ans
 La vie semble un meusonge, un mal, un tourment.

“ Des plaisirs à tout âge on peut avoir goûtés,
 Mais ceux de la jeunesse sont toujours regrettés ;
 Lorsque la Parque à mes jours mettra fin,
 Je regretterai tout, et ne regretterai rien.”

“ GRAND SUPPER LUCULLUSIEN À LA ZOUG-ZOUG.

“ Créée au palais des flammes du Génie, non loin de l'Éphémère
 Parnasse, près de (L'Olympie) vallée du *château* des enfants de la
 précieuse Melpomène,

au Salon des Bacchantes ;
 au soupir des Vierges ;
 au désir des Nônes ;
 au tombeau de l'ennui ;
 et à la naissance des plaisirs ;

“ Filets de rougets à la Figaro ;
 Matelote marinière à la Billingsgate ;
 Escalope d'anguille à la Poissonnière ;
 Étuve de filets de lièvre à la Matrone ;
 Chapons et poulardes braisés à la Cantinière
 Faisans farcies à la chasseur ;
 Macédoine de gibier à la Catalanaise ;
 Pré-salé à la Fontainebleau ;
 Chand froid de volaille à la Bohémienne ;
 Salade de grouse à la Soyer ;
 Compote de pêches à l'Eloise ;
 Gateau de pommes à la blanche fille ;
 Le jambon monstre en surprise glacé à l'Ananas ;
 Les champignons à la Philippe Deux.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE.”

Notes on the Book—Soyer has a Notion of Writing a Book on Ancient Cookery—Appeal to Soyer for a “Modern Housewife”—Mrs. S. C. Hall’s Letter—Soyer’s Magic Stove—Soyer is much sought after—Le Chevalier Lemolt—The Camp-kitchen—Bill of Fare—The Drawing-room transformed into the Kitchen—Makes a Tour of the Provinces—*Morning Post* on the Magic Stove—An Infernal Machine—Dismay at a Picnic—Lieutenant Gale.

M. SOYER’S next publication was “The Modern Housewife.” This was principally intended for the middle classes. Its success was decisive and sudden. “M. Soyer,” says *The Scotsman*, “has a fine enthusiasm for his profession; and he treats his subject with the zeal and the easy familiarity of a master. In his style a foreign idiom is somewhat predominant—in his remarks only, not in the receipts, which are written with great clearness and correctness. But he writes fluently, tossing off a paragraph as adroitly as he would a pancake, and garnishing his sentences with figures of speech as profusely as his model housewife does her cold meat with parsley. He is by turns philosophical, scientific, historical, picturesque, dramatic, and poetical. What can be better, for instance, as a maxim of domestic

philosophy—not so often acted on by cooks and their mistresses as it ought to be, however well known it may be theoretically—than the remark that ‘it matters not how simple the food—a chop, a steak, or a plain boiled or roast joint, but let it be of good quality and properly cooked, and every one who partakes of it will enjoy it!’ How nicely do the musings on the wonders of natural history, as exemplified in the lobster, merge into directions for making savory dishes of ‘one of the wonders of creation.’ ”

When writing this work, M. Soyer often said that it would be a curious compilation to write the cookery of the ancients; and as a specimen of what could be said, he tells us whether such and such a fish was known to the Romans; and in the following passages he waxes eloquent on the antiquity of sauces:—

“In all ages and countries at all removed from barbarism, where fish has formed an article of diet, sauces of various kinds have been an accompaniment. With the Romans, in the time of Lucullus, great care was observed in their preparation; amongst others which they used, and the most celebrated, was the Garum and the Muria. The Garum was the sauce the most esteemed and the most expensive; its composition is unknown. This is a subject well worth the attention of the epicures of the present day; they should subscribe and offer a premium for that which, in their opinion, may resemble it: it is a subject well worthy the attention of the professors of our universities. Perhaps some leaf yet undiscovered, that may have

escaped the conflagration of Alexandria, might throw some light upon so interesting a subject. It appears that mushrooms entered greatly into its composition, and that parts of mackerel, or of that species, formed another. The question is, at what time of the year were mushrooms in season there; and if at that period mackerel, or what species of mackerel, have soft rows, as I think it probable that they entered into its composition, as an island near Carthagina, where they were caught, was called *Scombraria*, and that which was prepared by a company in that town, and which was considered the best, was called *Garum Sociorum*. The *Muria* was the liquid in which the tunny was pickled, and no doubt very similar to our essence of anchovies."

APPEAL TO SOYER FOR A "MODERN HOUSEWIFE."

"MY DEAR SOYER,—O, thou 'Gastronomic Regenerator!' satisfy the cravings of a humble votary at thy shrine, and, according to thy promise, grant unto me a copy of thy *Ménagère*, that I may be enabled to eat of those things granted for our use without being poisoned for lack of thy transcendant knowledge; and that my palate being satisfied by the creations of thy genius, and my tongue assisting my lips to partake of thy '*triumphs of composition*,' I may afterwards give thee thanks, and assist to proclaim thee '*President of the Gastronomic Republic*.'—Believe me, O Soyer! thy most devoted gastronomic subject,

"T. F.

"*Vive le Président de la République Gastronomique!!!*

"*Voilà mon ami.*"

“The Rosery, Old Brompton, August 17th, 1849.

“Mrs. S. C. Hall would have thanked M. Soyer immediately after receiving the book he was so kind as to send her, but, before she did so, she wished to look it through.

“It contains so much valuable information—so much that must contribute to domestic comfort—that she hopes hereafter M. Soyer’s benevolence will induce him to publish an edition that the humbler classes may be able to obtain. Mrs. S. C. Hall means a book suited to those whose *duty* obliges them to study economy, and yet who wish to have their table neatly kept, and well served.

“The wealthy even cannot do this always; but he who teaches the young housekeeper to add to the comforts of home, to vary her husband’s table, without increasing the expense, adds to the stock of human happiness; and a woman with a well-directed mind will delight in combining thrift and elegance.

“The volume, as it now is, is a most valuable one, and the hints on carving the best Mrs. S. C. Hall ever met with.

“Again she begs to thank M. Soyer for his most valuable book.”

SOYER’S MAGIC STOVE.

M. Soyer being now, as we perceive, in great renown, was continually written to or visited by parties anxious to bring out inventions in reference to cookery; and *en passant*, be it said, that had M. Soyer been a real man of business, he might have become rich in the last

five or six years he remained at the Reform Club. But nothing could tempt him except what he fancied might form an important feature in the popularity he was ambitious to possess.

One day the Chevalier Lemolt brought with him a small stove, not above six inches in diameter, heated by spirits of wine, ingeniously contrived. M. Soyer at once perceived the importance of this little apparatus, and, very shortly afterwards, it was brought out, with valuable improvements, as "Soyer's Magic Stove," to which was added the "Camp Kitchen." The noise it created all over the country was something extraordinary: his office, No. 5, Charing Cross, was crowded from morning till night by the aristocracy—particularly at the hour named for the great *chef's* own attendance to cook, with his wonderful dexterity, *les côtelettes sauce tomate, filets de volaille à la maître d'hôtel, foie de veau au jambon, œufs au miroir*, and his famous *rognons de moutons aux fines herbes*; all cooked on the drawing-room table, and as quickly demolished by the company present, accompanied with claret, champagne, Soyer's nectar, etc., etc.

The sale of the Magic Stove was so rapid, that it was difficult to supply the orders; but through the exertion of Messrs. Gardner, the famous lamp manufacturers, of Charing Cross, and M. Soyer's great exertion in the provinces, in less than fifteen months between £5000 and £6000 worth of stoves were sold, leaving an enormous profit, but which unfortunately did not enter into Soyer's pocket.

The *Morning Post*, of 27th May, 1850, remarked that "the ever-inventive Soyer has just produced a complete *bijou* cooking apparatus. It is a species of copper with a furnace opening, and a flue passing from this opening near the bottom of one of its sides, through the middle, and up the centre to the top; on this top is placed a frying-pan, stew-pan, sauce-pan, kettle, or coffee-pot. Adjoining the stove or copper is a vessel with two reservoirs for spirits of wine, or any other kind of spirit, one at the bottom the other at the top. To the bottom reservoir are affixed two burners with their wicks; one of the burners is placed opposite the opening of the flue in the stove, the other burner is under the other reservoir. In connection with the upper reservoir is a tube or blow-pipe, passing from the centre of its apex, down by its side, under it, and opening in the wick that burns at the mouth of the flue. The spirit in the upper reservoir being heated by the burner beneath it, a gaseous vapour is generated, which, rushing out of the blow-pipe, and coming in contact with the burner at the mouth of the flue, is ignited, and passes in a volume of flame through the flue, and fries, stews, or boils, whatsoever is placed over it.

"The whole of this apparatus stands upon a tray about fourteen inches long, and does not stand higher from the table than six inches, and is so certain and cleanly in its operations that a gentleman may cook his steak or chop on his study table; or a lady may have it among her crotchet or other work; while it

will become an almost indispensable appendage to the breakfast table among those parties who like to have a steak or a chop in the only way in which it should be eaten—hot from the fire. Indeed we look upon it that this miniature kitchen will cause a complete revolution in cooking, and that every man becoming his own cook, no bachelor's chambers, no traveller, will be without it."

Another of the public journals, speaking of the Magic Stove, said:—

"The wonder is, that a machine sufficiently commodious to prepare with facility a dinner for half a dozen persons may be packed within a tin case of very small size, which might be carried even by a child, of so light and portable a nature is it. The stove consists of an elegant bell-like reservoir, supported upon a metal trellis-work, the bottom of which is affixed to a lamp supplied with spirit. Traversing the reservoir is a valve which answers the purpose of a blow-pipe. The bell being filled with spirit, and the lamp beneath it lighted, in a few moments a gaseous vapour is generated, which forces itself through the valve, until, arriving at its orifice, it comes in contact with a lighted wick, and immediately ignites, producing a flame of intense heat, double that of a large charcoal fire. This flame passes through a kind of flue into another portion of the machine, the top of which is so constructed as to conveniently sustain any utensil for the purpose of frying or boiling."

Again poetry hails the new invention:—

“Soyer, no more to one small class confined,
 With Magic Stove now cooks for all mankind ;
 Pall Mall but just sufficed for his rehearsal,
 The world his club, his guests are universal.”

So wrote Soyer's friend, Mr. Lee Stevens, on the Magic Stove.

La Patrie tells a story of a dispute between an English traveller and a *douanier*, respecting the admissibility of M. Soyer's Magic Stove. The *douanier* contended that it was hardware prohibited by law. The Englishman* assured him it was his kitchen; and, seeing the custom-house officers looking rather incredulous, he quietly fixed the stove, lighted a brass lamp, produced from a kind of book one or two raw *côtelettes* ready egged and breaded, threw them into a microscopic frying-pan, and served them up in about a minute, to the great astonishment of the spectators. The *douanier* was not proof against this demonstration, and the stove was allowed to pass.

On one occasion, before his stove was known, Soyer made one of a picnic party, and the providing of the viands being entrusted to his care, he quietly packed in a hamper his Liliputian stove (which, as we have said, weighs only 3lb. 2oz), and took in the basket nothing but uncooked victuals. The dismay of the party at luncheon-time, when they found that all the meat was raw, can be more readily conceived than described: in the fields, far away from the humblest cottage hearth, they were apparently in a worse predicament than that party celebrated in song,

* Mr. George Warriner, an old friend of M. Soyer.

where each, on producing a quota of provisions, found that every one had brought "cold lamb," without bread or any other edible. It is needless to say that dismay and disappointment, in M. Soyer's case, were soon changed into astonished delight, when he called the "spirits" (of his stove, and consequently those of the picnic party) from their "vast deep;" and they "did come when he did call them." Cooking a beefsteak on the pyramids of Egypt is no longer an achievement to be boasted of, Soyer has so wonderfully facilitated the operation. The late ill-fated Lieutenant Gale, only three weeks before the catastrophe which terminated his life, besought Soyer for one of his Magic Stoves, to take up in his balloon; but M. Soyer always steadily declined, on the ground of the danger to the aëronaut, in the event of the burning spirits of wine of the stove communicating its flame to any part of the balloon. In vain Lieutenant Gale urged that it would be a capital advertisement for the stove; M. Soyer, firm in his denial, good-humouredly parried the request, alleging that Lieutenant Gale would "not find many customers for stoves in the clouds." When the unfortunate gentleman said he had never had an accident in his aëronautic trips, M. Soyer told him that this was just what should make him more cautious; as immunity from danger for a while might lead to unwise neglect of precautions. Three weeks afterwards this gentleman perished.

The *Press*, among a hundred other notices, said of the Magic Stove:—

“M. Soyer had the honour of displaying his last culinary invention, the ‘Magic Stove and Kitchen,’ before the following distinguished personages:—The Hereditary Prince de Lippe and suite, Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall, Lady Morgan, Lady Talbot, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Henry Loftus, Mrs. and Miss Scudamore, the Hon. G. C. Agar, Mr. Arthur Barrington, and Mr. Theodore Bunsen. After witnessing the cooking, on the dining-room table, of several dishes, and having tasted them, the whole of the distinguished company expressed their great admiration of this entirely new system of cookery.”

We saw in the *Times* of September 7th, 1850:—

“M. SOYER AT CASTLE HOWARD.—At the ball given on the evening of her Majesty’s departure from Castle Howard, one of the greatest attractions was afforded by M. Soyer’s cooking various dishes on the supper-table with his Liliputian Magic Stove, surrounded by lords and ladies, not a little surprised to see, for the first time, part of their supper *cooked in a ball-room*. The favourite dish amongst the ladies present was *les œufs au miroir*, half-a-dozen of which seem to have been done every two minutes with the greatest ease and expedition. The following distinguished personages were present:—The Countess of Carlisle and Lady Mary Howard, Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Constance Leveson Gower, Lady Dover, Captain E. Howard, M.P., and Mrs. Howard, the Hon. W. F. Lascelles and Lady Caroline Lascelles, the Hon. Miss Ellis, the Hon. T. A. Ellis, Miss Diana Ellis, the Hon. F. and Lady E. Grey, Mr. Prescott, etc. etc.”

CHAPTER XIV.

FAREWELL TO THE REFORM CLUB.

A long Servitude—Intruders to the Coffee-room—Leaves the Club—Condolence—Soyer's Tact—His Room the Resort of the Literati—*Petits Soupers*—Called before the Committee—His Love of Lauding Madame's Talent—The Club cut into Sections—A good Speculation—Thoughts on Housewives—His Daily Visitors—Feed with a Spoon—Servants at a Cheap Rate—Doffs his Apron—Off to the Opera—A Frugal Meal—Supposed Illness—Gymnastics—Letter from the Committee—Departure for the Provinces—Proposals—Grand Fête at Chancellor House—Bill of Fare Extraordinary—The *Tempesta* Dish—*Punch's* Tribute to Soyer—Vote of Thanks—Another large Undertaking—Goes to Exeter—Tradesmen go Mad—The Town Crier—Peace Proclaimed—Anticipated Triumph—A Vegetarian Trophy—Bill of Fare—Dinner for the Poor—Thanks—The Exeter Pudding and the Editor.

AFTER a lapse of thirteen years of laborious and glorious services at the Reform Club, M. Soyer, finding that a change was intended in the admission of strangers into the coffee-room, expressed his disapprobation, and intimated that, if they were really admitted every day, as contemplated by the Committee, instead of twice a-week, as heretofore, he considered that the Reform Club would become a regular restaurant; not that he cared what they made of it, but the number of

assistants in the kitchen must then be greatly increased, and as he thought that the same attention could not be bestowed, and the members served in the usual style of cookery, he, therefore, would retire from the Club, as soon as the Committee could get suited with a cook.

Three months elapsed before an intimation was given that the members had determined to admit strangers, and then M. Soyer at once resigned his situation.

As soon as it was known that the "Regenerator" was about leaving the Club, he was besieged with visitors, expressing their regrets; and letter after letter arrived by each post, evidently from parties who were in the habit of enjoying the renowned *chef's* dinners with the members of the Club, regretting his determination.

The career of M. Soyer in that celebrated *sanctorum* of politics and good cheer is a matter of history. No artist-cook ever enjoyed greater popularity than he did for so long a period, both in and out of it. Still it was not without some difficulty that he overcame, on many occasions, the opposition raised against his tenacity in upholding his privileges and his views for the Club. Whatever concerned that vast establishment was always most interesting to him, even if the matter did not directly relate to his department. Whenever, for instance, any of the leading servants required his assistance to get out of trouble, he was ever willing and able to help them. Notwithstanding this readiness to oblige, it has occurred that the very individuals who sought, at times, his good offices, were, at other periods, untrue to him. In consequence, many were the scrapes

he had to defend in the presence of the Committee, from which presence, however, he made his exit always victorious. His penetration was so accurate that he never allowed himself to be surprised, and he could detect, at the very first question put to him, who was the delinquent, and who had made reports unfavourable to him. Soyer, with his apparent levity, never lost sight, as we have said, of what might be supposed a liberty taken with the Club; therefore, he always insisted stoutly on his authority, and was jealous of any interference with his doings as *commander-in-chief*. A man of his capacity and renown, who was daily in contact with scientific, literary, and artistic personages, whose company he courted, would naturally give them some *recherchés petits soupers* in the Club, after the hours of business were over. The expenses were always shown with the vouchers, so that, with the exception of the knives and forks belonging to the Club, used on those occasions, the "Regenerator" felt that he was perfectly independent; and, on every attack made against him, he generally refuted it with so much good sense, vigour, and wit, that the members of the Committee mostly enjoyed with him a good laugh.

Apart from these unavoidable incidents, Soyer's mind was continually on the alert to occupy the attention of the public, and particularly of the members of the Club and their friends, with the talents of his wife. Her pictures were exhibited in his own room through a particular light, which excited admiration. Two of them, the "Jew Lemon Boys" and the "English

Ceres," were engraved by first-rate artists, and prints were sold at £1 1s. each, and many hundreds were disposed of in a short time.

His large lithographic sectional view of the Reform Club kitchen, which we have already described, was also a very successful speculation. No one ever attempted before to represent the whole of that department, with the walls cut so as to show, at one view, every important room in the place, the whole worthily representing a kind of temple wherein there is much worship of the culinary art, upon a scale of unrivalled magnificence. M. Soyer had the print executed on a large scale, three feet by one, and he sold 1400 copies, at a guinea coloured, and half-a-guinea plain.

Any one who, like ourselves, may have been witnesses to his daily occupation, must have remarked with what singular ease he performed his duty, even though all the while visitors upon business or curiosity would pour in, from twelve o'clock until four, and often five. Some came to ask his assistance to provide them with cooks who had been under his tuition, and who expected from £5 to £6 monthly wages. Others came to see the kitchen, and often in such numbers that they were obliged to be divided into parties; many came to admire his wife's fine paintings, and not a few, doubtless, to delight over a basin of *potage à la Victoria*, clear turtle, or *côtelettes à la Réforme*. Four o'clock was supposed to be the time when the great *chef* could enjoy a little rest. This was never of long duration. Some one would be sure to pop in; but then Soyer was

in his *sanctum sanctorum*, dishing up some of his scientific *mélanges*, which occasionally put the intruders in such a restless state of longing appetite, that a spoonful or a mouthful was often bestowed upon them, to avoid further question as to how it was concocted. And so, with puns and jokes plentiful, the time passed on without interfering with the incessant calls of the various dinners for the members, by the clerk of the kitchen.

In the midst of his busiest evenings, he never forgot to inquire how much money the day's work was likely to bring in; so he would calculate, with the clerk, the expenses, and often would delight at the prospect of announcing to the Committee, that the sixty or seventy servants of the establishment had been kept at the rate of 4s. 6d. or 5s. per head per week! That part of the business pleased him as much as any other, showing that, through the luxury of the members, the servants could be well kept, and at a cheap rate.

It was strange to see the great *chef*, after he had given the final turn of the sauce-pan to serve the last dish, for Lord So-and-so, throw off his red velvet cap, jacket, and white apron, and, while passing through a kind of spray of small jokes with various visitors, how soon he would dress himself up for the Opera or any other place of amusement. He was so delighted to leave the Club after his laborious duties, that he often forgot to take the refreshment prepared for him, and, when out, would enter any place where a piece of bread and a slice of *fromage-de-Brio* could be had to delight his palate, and he never enjoyed anything better.

One time his health appeared to be declining, and, as his two brothers had died young—one of them of consumption—Alexis fancied that he was going in the same way, so he consulted a physician, who recommended to him gymnastics. He at once had what was necessary raised up in his own apartments, and began in right earnest to practise. The effect was extraordinary, for, in less than three months, a development of the chest took place, his strength increased, and his general appearance was so improved, that he altered quickly, and began to grow corpulent from that time. He had still a very acute pain in his side, of a serious nature, but this was effectually cured by Dr. D'Allex, a well-known physician. He then enjoyed good health, generally, until he left the Club, and for some years after.

On the termination of his services, Lord Marcus Hill was charged to draw up a certificate of thanks and acknowledgment, in the name of the Committee of the Reform Club, which was to the following effect:—

“Reform Club, May, 1850.

“MONSIEUR SOYER,—I am directed, by the Committee of Management of the Reform Club, as their Chairman, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, in which you state that, ‘in consequence of your beginning to find the duties devolving upon you too laborious, and of your hearing that these duties are about to be increased, and in consequence of your feeling that you may not be able to perform them

with credit to yourself, you are anxious to resign your situation as chief cook in this establishment.'

"In reply to your letter, the Committee have unanimously desired me to assure you of the great reluctance with which they accept that resignation; and to express to you the high sense which they entertain of your very valuable past services, as well as of the zeal, ability, perfect integrity, and uniform respectability of conduct which you have devoted to the well-being of the Club, during a period of nearly thirteen years' duration.

"With every wish for your health and happiness, I am, very truly yours, "A. MARCUS C. HILL."

SOYER'S ANSWER.

"Reform Club, May, 1850.

"MY LORD,—Il y aurait ingratitude de ma part, si je quittais les rênes du département culinaire du Reform Club sans remercier le gentilhomme par excellence, qui souvent, par son jugement impartial et les preuves de son amitié constante, fut la cause que je les aie guidés si long-temps.

"Vous, my Lord, qui savez parfaitement ce que c'est que de tenir un établissement particulier, croirez bien qu'après treize années de travaux, d'anxiété et de responsabilité continuel, tel que ma place l'exigeait au club, les années pourraient presque se compter double sur la tête d'un homme qui n'a pas eu à s'occuper de travaux ordinaires, pour preuve j'en atteste à mes cheveux blancs, qui ne comptent pas encore quarante printemps.

“Malgré que je me retire entièrement de la cuisine, j’ai des offres très-avantageux et de haute importance, que j’aimerais beaucoup vous soumettre, pour recevoir de vous les conseils d’un ami, basés sur cette amitié cordiale que vous n’aurez jamais occasion de changer.

“Veuillez avoir l’extrême obligeance, my Lord, de remercier mille fois les membres du comité pour la charmante lettre que votre âme noble à dictée, et qu’ils ont aussi unanimement et cordialement approuvés.

“C’est avec les sentiments de la plus haute estime que j’ai l’honneur de remercier en vous, my Lord, un des gentilhommes le plus distingué et le plus aimable de la Grande Bretagne.

“Recevez, my Lord, les salutations de votre bien dévoué serviteur,

“A. SOYER.”

It was after M. Soyer left the Reform Club that his attention was immediately directed towards a tour in the provinces, to exhibit his wonderful dexterity in using the Magic Stove, which we have amply related in the preceding chapter.

Had our hero seriously followed up the advice given him at the time, he would have become the star of the aristocratic world and lovers of good cheer, by opening an establishment, not of a temporary nature, but a permanent one.

He was hardly out of the Club before various parties made him offers to take the lead in those remarkable dinners, so often repeated in the City of London; and we know of one gentleman in particular,

who was proprietor of an immense hall, who would have laid at the feet of the renowned *chef* any amount of money. However, there was one characteristic peculiarity in his character which made him reject many advantageous offers, for the simple reason that the idea did not spring from his own brain.

One occasion soon occurred which was entirely to his taste; Mr. Lumley, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, wished to give a *fête champêtre* to the nobility, gentry, and the operatic world, in honour of the French dramatists M. Scribe and M. Halévy, who were to be present.

Soyer was sent for in the beginning of June, and, every preparation having been made, he put into the hands of the liberal host the following bill of fare for 500 persons; but, as the refreshments were to be continually supplied on a very grand scale to all comers, the number who partook of this splendid *fête* was not less than 2000. Nothing of the kind ever was given before, by a private individual, on such a scale of liberality, amounting, indeed, to profusion. It was both glorious to the giver and the Gastronomic Regenerator.

“ DEJEUNER CHAMPETRE.

Déjeuner pour 500 personnes,
Chancellor House, 19 Juin, 1850.

VINGT-QUATRE POTAGES.

Six Potages Velouté d'Asperges au pois verts.
„ à la Colbert à l'Italienne.

Six Potages Nivernaise à la Régence.
 „ à la Prince Arthur.

RELEVES SUBSTANTIELLES.

Douze Galantines à la Volière.
 Douze Pâtés froids.

Trois Pâtés froids de Pigeonneaux.
 „ de Cailles farcis aux truffes.
 „ aux jeunes Dindonneaux.
 „ d'Oisons aux Foies d'Agneaux.
 „ froids de Canetons.
 „ de Poussins aux Pistaches.
 „ de Poulets Printaniers.
 „ de Cailles en Canaris.

SOIXANTE ENTREES CHAUDES.

Dix Rissolottes à la Pompadour.
 Petits Pois.
 „ Côtelettes de Mouton Gallois à la Réforme.
 Haricots verts.
 „ Ris de Veau à la d'Aumale.
 Asperges.
 „ Ris de Veau à la d'Aumale.
 Asperges.
 „ Côtelettes d'Agneau à la purée de concombres.
 Haricots verts.
 „ Aiguillettes de petits Poussins à la Scribe.
 Petits Pois.

BUFFET.

Un Round of Beef à l'Anglaise.
 Deux Roulades de Veau farci.
 Deux Selles de Mouton Gallois.

PIECES DE RESISTANCE.

Deux Quartiers d'Agneau à la Sévigné.
 Pièces de Bœufs étuvés à la Garrick.
 Quatre Jambons de Westphalie au Vin de Madère.
 Huit Langues de Bœuf à l'écarlate.
 Vingt-quatre Poulardes froides au cresson fin.
 Douze Dindonneaux à la Meunière.

Filets de Rougets à la
 Halévy.

Baron of Beef
 à la Magna Charta.

Escallopes de petites Solles
 à la Souffig.

Baron of Beef
 à la Magna Charta.

QUATRE-VINGT SEIZE ENTREMETS.

Croustade Shakespearienne,

A la Halévy-Scribe.

(Tempesta.)

- Huit Salades de petits Homards aux concombres.
 „ Gélées au Dantzic et Pêches.
 „ Turbans de Meringues.
 Quatre Côtelettes glacés aux Pêches.
 „ Tartelettes pralinés à l'Ananas et Abricôts.
 „ Jambonneaux glacés aux Pêches.
 „ Crèmes de Fruits à la Marie Stuart.
 „ Vol-au-Vent aux Cerises.
 „ Turbans de Meringues aux Champignons en
 Surprise.
- Quatre Turbans de Meringues aux Champignons en
 Surprise.
 „ Vol-au-Vent aux Cerises.
 „ Crèmes de Fruits à la Marie Stuart.
 „ Jambonneaux glacés aux Pêches.
 „ Tartelettes pralinés à l'Ananas et Abricôts.
 „ Côtelettes glacés en Surprise.
 Huit Turbans de Meringues.
 „ Gélées au Dantzic et Pêches.
 „ Salades de petits Homards aux concombres.

Picnic Tent. Entrées, Pâtisserie, Bonbons.

Picnic Tent. Entrées, Pâtisserie, Bonbons.

QUATRE BABAS SAVARIN.

Turban d'Escalopes Aspic de Chevreuil à la Népaul.

DESSERT.

Floréal à la Watteau."

One dish attracted the general admiration of the company, especially that of the two great men, it being the exact representation in miniature of the ship in the "Tempesta" falling in the waves, under the magic power of Ariel. "This new culinary innovation," observes the *Globe*, "was named *Croustade Shakespearienne à la Halévy-Scribe*. The addition of two

chartreuses de pêches, in imitation of barrels, for cargo, were in the interior of the dilapidated vessel; on the top of each was seen, through a very clear jelly, beautifully framed, the portraits of the two celebrated French visitors. The waves were represented by spun sugar and transparent jelly, and the wrecked cargo by grapes, peaches, apricots, etc., floating around the ship. The illustrious guests highly complimented M. Soyer on the appropriate novelty, and Madame Scribe observed that it was a pleasing honour bestowed upon her husband; to which M. Soyer replied—‘Honour, Madame! no honour could exceed his greatness; for if the shade of Molière were to rise from his tomb, it would be jealous of his talents.’”

We cannot resist inserting the brilliant tribute *Punch* gave to the great *chef* on this occasion:—

“ALEXIS SOYER,—How I admire you! You appear to me to be the only man of our time who has adequately comprehended the mission of the cook. In your hands the *casserole* becomes eloquent, and the *marmiton* utters its moral. Shakspeare tells us of the

—“tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones;”

and shall the dinner-table be mute?—shall there be no voice in a *pièce de résistance*, no revelation in a *relevé substantiel*? You have seized this want, and in your hands every *plat* has its point, every *entrémet* its epigram.

“I was an honoured guest at Mr. Lumley’s *fête* last

season. You presided over the culinary part of the entertainment; you pleased the palates, and you appeased the appetites of 800 guests. You had only four day's notice. In your own simple, but sublime words, '*c'était impossible, mais c'est fait!*'

"I remember that luncheon with gratitude. With your own hands you pointed out to me a table, and attended to my wants. What charming invention was there exhibited by you that day! The *fête* was in honour of Messrs. Scribe and Halévy. Do you remember—or do these inventions pass from your mind like the inspirations of a Shakspeare—given to the world carelessly, as treasures prodigally given from a mind of exhaustless invention?

"But if you have forgotten, I cannot forget. Indeed I write with the *carte* before me. That Round of Beef *à la Magna Charta!*

"What a thought in that! It is the very philosophy of English history put into the compass of a dish. Plain, solid, somewhat heavy, cut-and-come-again, satisfactory. Such was that round of beef, happily illustrating the legislative bulwark of British liberties.

"With what grace you passed from history to art. Your *entremets* were criticisms, only more palatable. There were your '*Aiguillettes de petits poussins à la Scribe.*' Is it possible to characterize better the pointed turns and epigrammatic sallies of the accomplished dramatist, than by '*Aiguillettes,*' 'little needles?' Then your '*Escalopes de petits solles à la Sontag,*' crisp, delicate, yet little, exactly like the

vocalization of that charming artist. Then your centre piece—at once a compliment—a satire—and a criticism—*'The Croustade Shakespearienne à la Halévy-Scribe (Tempesta) !'*

“The shattered ship in a *pain d'Espagne*, with the characters of the *Tempest* in sugar, gaudily coloured, tossed by a sea of trifle, and stranded on a reef of *bon-bons*—illustrating, how happily, the treatment that the illustrious William had received at the hands of Messrs. Scribe and Halévy—the guests of the day.

“The Nepaulese princes were there. You felt their nationality, and symbolized it, at once, how gracefully! in a *'Turban d'Escalopes Aspic de Chevreuil à la Népaul.'*

“The race is there, and the man. The *'turban'* of Orientalism, the *'aspic'* of Eastern treachery—the *'chevreuil'* symbolizing the lightness and agility, the deer-like step of the illustrious stranger.”

We need scarcely observe that no *fête* of the kind can be gone through with success, unless supported by men of talent in the various departments of the culinary art, each having his own task to perform, but still with the eye of the great master fixed upon him, to see that everything is dressed rightly, and sent up at the proper time.

On this occasion he was ably supported by an old friend of his, Mr. Combes, an excellent stove cook, with whom he had worked at Oswestry in 1831, and also by a lady, Mdlle. Frederick, whose practical knowledge for many years at the Russian Embassy, at public break-

fasts, made her one of the most useful assistants on this remarkable day, and whose services were acknowledged by the leader with complimentary expressions of gratitude for her exertions and the talent she displayed. The *Amphitryon* ever after entertained the most lively interest for the hero of this *déjeuner champêtre*.

No sooner was this entertainment over, than another, of a very different description, was offered to M. Soyer, by the Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society, for a dinner of one thousand *convives*, to be held at Exeter on the 18th July, 1850.

Immediately after the agreement was signed, our artist set off for Exeter. On arriving in that ancient city, he discovered that the tradesmen of the place were in a state of excitement bordering on madness at the idea that a Frenchman had obtained the contract, and intended to have all provisions from London, and they seemed determined to kick up a row. However, when he arrived, he at once made known, by the town-crier, that he would be happy to see the various tradesmen at his hotel, and confer with them for the supplies he wanted. This appeal had its effect, and each took his orders, and left the *chef* with the most enthusiastic feelings of good humour at the cordial reception and gentlemanly behaviour of their customer.

Everything of importance undertaken by M. Soyer was always for him a stimulant; and as he was ever fond of doing things as nobody else did, to add to his reputation, he did not forget that this was an opportunity to distinguish himself. He was not a man to con-

sider whether he would keep within the bounds of his contract—gain or loss did not enter into his head, so long as the committee were satisfied that the preparations made were on such a scale that the guests would not only have plenty for their money, but that all would be done in a superior style.

The Royal Subscription-room kitchen was obtained to cook the dinner, besides other places for pastry-cooks and confectioners. Everything being in proper trim for work, the next thing was to ornament the pavilion where the dinner was to take place. He therefore raised a grand triumphal trophy, composed of all sorts of vegetables, wheat, flowers, game, poultry, lambs, cattle-heads, etc., with a table, on which was an immense boar's head, which was replaced afterwards by a whole ox roasted by gas. Upon this subject, a local newspaper wrote—

“THE SIRLOIN AND SADDLEBACK OF BEEF.—M. Soyer's fame has travelled through two or three hemispheres at least, and for all orders of society he has done something, but he had never achieved anything particularly artistic for the agricultural interest. Being much moved by the peculiar position of agriculture, he desired to show his sympathy with that interest; and his great soul struck out the happy idea of presenting to the astonished gaze of the rearers of fat oxen the largest joint that was ever cooked by mortal artist. But how to accomplish this object without wasting the meat or lavishing the fuel, that *was* the rub. There was a French *artiste* who made a beautiful

tiny boot as a sample specimen of his exquisite skill, and when questioned as to the origin of the idea, he exclaimed, that he had made the boot in a moment of enthusiasm. M. Soyer, in a moment of inspiration, improvised a cooking apparatus worthy of his genius. In the Castle Yard they constructed, with brick and mortar, an open cave, to which was added an iron cover. Into this cave gas pipes were inserted, and the huge joint, five hundred pounds in weight, was placed therein. The tubes were twined around it, the light applied to the gas, and after four hours and a-half, the joint was withdrawn thoroughly cooked, the object of general approbation, and carried to the pavilion with flying colours, to the sound of a band of music."

This dinner went off gloriously. "It was the first time," the Earl of Chichester observed, "that the Society had brought their own cook, and the splendid dinner provided would probably insure the employment of M. Soyer's talents on future occasions."

Twelve hundred sat down to dinner instead of one thousand. It was really a grand sight to see M. Soyer's energy and quickness in detecting the least confusion, and applying a remedy with his usual good humour. Unfortunately a very heavy shower of rain disturbed the arrangements outside the pavilion, but, with the exception of some of the attendants, the hilarity of the party was not disturbed.

The following was the bill of fare for the Pavilion Dinner on the 18th of July, 1850:—

General Bill of Fare for One Thousand Persons.

Baron of Beef à la Magna Charta.

- 33 Dishes of Ribs of Beef.
- 35 Dishes of Roast Lamb.
- 99 Dishes of Galantine of Veal.
- 99 Dishes of Ham.
- 66 Dishes of Pressed Beef.
- 2 Rounds of Beef à la Garrick.
- 264 Dishes of Chickens.
- 33 French Raised Pies of Venison.
- 33 French Raised Pies, à la Soyer.
- 198 Spring Mayonnaise Salad.
- 264 Tarts, of Cherries, Gooseberries, Raspberries,
and Currants.
- 33 Exeter Puddings.
- 198 Dishes of Hot Potatoes.

Grand Agricultural Trophy.

The dinner being over, it was found that the quantity of cooked meat, poultry, etc., and other provision, was rather large; so M. Soyer suggested a dinner to a thousand poor of the town, the extra expenses to be defrayed by subscription. The dinner, as proposed, took place amid the cheering of the population, and with three times three for the Gastronomic Regenerator.

M. Soyer's presence at Exeter gave a new impetus to his popularity, and altogether raised his social position. Invitations poured in from all quarters, seeking the honour of his company. It was no longer the mere contractor for a dinner, however eminent, who was thought of, but a man of genius, in the person of that lively and sociable Frenchman, whose company you could never leave without regret. It was therefore a matter of difficulty to obtain him. He, however, accepted few invitations; and, on leaving

Exeter, returned his thanks, through the medium of the Press, in a letter to the following effect:—

“MR. EDITOR,—Before leaving this blooming garden of Devonshire, and especially your ancient and picturesque city, I feel myself in duty bound to beg of you a favour, which is, to express, through the medium of your valuable journal, to the inhabitants of Exeter and its neighbourhood, an everlasting feeling of gratitude for the kindness and valuable assistance they have rendered to me in my laborious undertaking of supplying the pavilion dinner for the Royal Agricultural Society.

“If I was to give you a list of the names of those who have assisted me without the slightest hope of pecuniary advantage, I might put you to the expense of a double supplement. But I cannot leave this rural soil without expressing my debt of gratitude to Charles Brutton, Esq., whose kindness and intelligence has contributed greatly to my success, especially his placing at my service the Judges’ kitchen.

“Your celebrated and far-famed Mrs. Glasse, my predecessor, said—‘First catch your hare:’ I did so, but without catching a kitchen or a fire to cook it with, I would actually have been caught myself.

“With the highest consideration of respect and esteem to you and the inhabitants of this city, believe me, Mr. Editor, to be yours most devoted,

“A. SOYER.

“Exeter, 22nd July, 1850.

“P.S.—When in my culinary department in London I mean immediately to perfect the Exeter Pudding, which has already given such universal satisfaction, and send you a correct receipt of it, which I shall esteem a great favour if you would give it publicity.”

To this the editor slyly added—“Why not send the pudding? We will cheerfully insert it in the proper quarter.”

The end of this grand affair was not a profitable one to M. Soyer, but the glory was enough.

CHAPTER XV.

SOYER'S RETURN TO LONDON.

A Gastronomic Trip to Paris contemplated—Quarters Hunted After—All Ends in a Bottle of Smoke—Grand Doings at York—Soyer goes there—Decorates the Guildhall—Arrival of Prince Albert—Magnificent Bills of Fare—The celebrated Hundred Guinea Dish—Soyer's Proposals to Establish a College of Domestic Economy—Soyer not a mere Cook.

SPECULATORS, ever ready to make use of a popular name, were not wanting on M. Soyer's return to London. Among the various schemes, a proposal was made to him for the organization of a gastronomic pleasure party to Paris. The idea rather pleased the fancy of the *chef*. Some kind of agreement was entered into, and the programme of the journey was as follows :—

“SOYER'S TRIP TO PARIS.—M. Soyer has just arranged a splendid pleasure party to the delightful capital of France and its environs. Several days will be devoted to the monuments, galleries, and various curiosities. A *déjeuner à la fourchette*, promenade, and foot-race in the forest of Fontainebleau, where the Emperor Napoleon abdicated. A *fête champêtre* in the park of Rambouillet. A *fête dansante* at the

Ranelagh, in the Bois de Boulogne. A *fête musicale* at the fairy garden called Le Jardin d'Hiver. A *fête Venitienne* at Asnières, in a beautiful park. A collation at Versailles, the most magnificent palace, sculpture, and historical picture galleries in the world, the enchanting gardens, wonderful waterworks, forest groves of orange-trees, and numerous works of art, upon which many millions were lavished by the heroic Louis XIV. ; also the large and small Palais of Trianon, the rustic farm of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, where, away from the etiquette of court, their illustrious majesties fulfilled the duties of the farm, the Queen as the dairymaid, in company with Louis XVIII. as the miller, and Charles X. as keeper. A grand concert, vocal and instrumental, in the celebrated Chateau des Fleurs. A visit, by water, to the palace of St. Cloud. At Sèvres, a visit to the celebrated porcelain manufactory. An evening party at the renowned Jardin Mabille. A picnic at St. Germain, with a view of the palace and park; there the dinner will be partly cooked on Soyer's 'Liliputian Magic Stove,' in the pavilion of Henry IV. To conclude with a grand gastronomic banquet, at the elegant room, called '*La Salle Ste. Cecile*,' in the Chaussée d'Antin. These are some of the features of the programme. The subscription will be fifteen guineas, which sum will convey each individual from London to Paris and back, in first-class carriages, *viâ* Dover and Calais; and will include board, lodging, and free access to all the places mentioned."

But the over anxiety of one of the interested party gave rise to the following letter, on the 7th of August, 1850 :—

“ To the Editor of the Globe.

“ MR. EDITOR,—In reading your Paris correspondent of Monday last, I was not a little surprised to see my name in connection with a *supposed agent*, whose industry led him—my prospectus in hand—to hunt all the hotel-keepers in the fashionable quarters of Paris, to make room for a monster party of 600 excursionists from London; and that, owing to this sort of speculation being at a discount, I had been obliged (notwithstanding my magnificent prospectus), to reduce the anticipated number to one hundred. This leaves an impression that I intended to make a monster speculation. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to observe that I have not appointed any agent whatsoever in Paris for the object above mentioned; but merely confined myself to exchanging a few letters with one of the first hotel-keepers there to insure the comfort of my friends; and, secondly, that my magnificent prospectus is only intended for a select party of acquaintances, whom, at their own request, I have consented to lead and entertain in a manner hitherto never attempted, both as regards the gratification of sight-seeing in the capital of France and its environs, but also give them a full opportunity of judging of what can be done in the way of living when led by a gastronomic caterer.— I am, Mr. Editor, your most obedient servant,

“ A. SOYER.”

After all, the proposed pleasure party never took place.

Another grand provincial banquet now occupied his time and talent. We allude to the return dinner given by the Lord Mayor of York and all the provincial mayors of England, to Prince Albert and the Mayor of London, and other distinguished guests, on the 25th of October, 1850.

M. Soyer having had *carte-blanche*, from the Lord Mayor of York, for the superintendence of the entire management of this entertainment, he took a survey of the town-hall, and his fertile genius soon made of this ancient place a magnificent banqueting scene.

Among the most prominent ornaments at the back of the royal table, designed by M. Soyer, was an emblematical medallion. In the centre it represented the classic profiles of Her Majesty and of Prince Albert, surrounded by a wreath of laurel and oak leaves. The same medallion was also surrounded by the arms of the mayors of the most important cities and towns in the united kingdom, viz., York, London, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Bristol, Southampton, Norwich, etc., etc. On each side were classical figures representing Scotia and Hibernia. On the top, over the Prince Albert's arms, were the Prince of Wales' feathers, supported by two Cupids; the whole surmounted by the royal arms. In the centre and under the arms of York, larger than the others, as a supporter to the mass, were the arms of the Lord Mayor of London. The basement

consisted of a beautiful group, emblematical of the occasion; in the centre was Britannia, to whom the representatives of the four quarters of the globe presented specimens of their industry.

This design, so beautifully executed by Mr. Alfred Adams, formed, afterwards, one of the principal ornaments in the baronial hall at Gore House.

Prince Albert, on his arrival, being led into the banqueting-hall by the Lord Mayor of York, was perfectly astonished at the brilliant and magnificent appearance of the place, and expressed his delight in terms of the greatest eulogium. Covers were laid for 238, at the rate of four guineas a-head, and the following bills of fare will give an idea of the liberality of our hero, who, as usual, considered profits a secondary object:—

Grand Civic Banquet given to His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Lord Mayor of London, by the Lord Mayor of York and the Worshipful Mayors of the United Kingdom, in the Guildhall of the ancient and loyal City of York, October 25, 1850.

TRENTE-DEUX POTAGES.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Quatre Potages à la Victoria. | Huit Potages à la Tortue transparente. |
| Quatre idem à la Prince of Wales. | Seize idem à la Moderne. |

TRENTE-DEUX POISSONS.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Huit Turbots à la Mazarin. | Huit Filets de Merlans à la Crème. |
| Huit Truites Saumonées à la Marinère. | Huit Crimp Cod aux Huitres. |

TRENTE-DEUX RELEVES.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| Six Chapons à la Nelson. | Six Hanches de Venaison. |
| Six Saddlebacks de Mouton Gallois. | Six quartiers d'Agneau de Maison à la Sévigné. |
| Quatre Aloyaux de Bœuf au Raifort. | Quatre Dindonneaux en Diamè. |

TRENTE-DEUX FLANCS.

Huit Jambons à la York.
 Huit Poulardes à la Russe.
 Huit Timballes de Riz à la Royale.
 Huit Pâtés chauds à la Westphalien.

QUARANTE-HUIT ENTREES.

Huit Sautés de Faisans au Fumet de Gibier aux Truffes.
 Huit de Côtelettes de Mouton à la Vicomtesse.
 Huit de Blancs de Volaille à la York Minster.
 Huit de Ris de Veau à la Palestine.
 Huit de Rissolettes de Volaille à la Pompadour.
 Huit de Salmi de Gibier à la Chasseur.

Second Course.

QUARANTE RÔTIS.

Huit de Perdreaux aux feuilles de Céleri.
 Huit de Faisans bardés au Cresson.
 Six de Canetons au jus d'Oranges.
 Six de Grouses à l'Écossais.
 Six de Levrauts au jus de Groseilles.
 Six de Bécasses et Bécassines au jus.

CENT ENTREMETS.

Dix Chartreuses de Pêches.
 Dix Gelées de Fraises Françaises à la Fontainebleau.
 Dix Salades de Grouses à la Soyer.
 Dix Galantines Aspiqués à la Volière.
 Dix Petits Macédoines de fruit cristallisé.
 Dix Mirotons de Homard aux Olives.
 Dix Crevettes au Vin de Champagne.
 Dix Gâteaux Crémant à la Duke of York.
 Dix Crèmes transparentes au Kirschwasser.
 Dix Tartlettes Pralinés aux Cerises de Montmorency.

VINGT RELEVES.

Dix paniers de Fruits Glacés à la Lady Mayoress.
 Dix Jambons en Suprise à l'Ananas.

| | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|
| Céleri à la Crème. | Side Table. | Céleri à la Crème. |
| Choux fleurs au Beurre. | Vegetables. | Choux fleurs au Beurre. |
| Haricots verts. | | Sea Kale. |
| Choux de Bruxelles. | | Choux de Bruxelles. |

Grand Dessert floral à la Watteau.

Besides this elaborate bill of fare, the Lord Mayor's

royal table had to be provided with a separate supply of the most *recherché* dishes, consisting of the following:—

The Lord Mayor's Table.

TROIS POTAGES.

Un Potage à la Victoria.
 Un idem Tortue à l'Anglaise.
 Un idem idem Transparente.

TROIS POISSONS.

Le Turbot à la Mazarin.
 Les Mulets blancs à l'Italienne.
 Les Truites Saumonées à la Marinière.

TROIS RELEVES.

L'Extravagance Culinaire à l'Alderman.
 Les Chapons à la Nelson.
 Le Quartier d'Agneau de Maison à la Sévigné.

TROIS FLANCS.

La Timballe de Riz à la Royale.
 Le Jambon à la York.
 Les Canetons Canaris Macédoine de Légumes.

QUATRE ENTREES.

Le Santé de Faisans au Fumet de Gibier.
 Les Blancs de Volailles à la York Minster.
 Côtelettes de Mouton à la Réforme.
 Les Riz de Veau à la Palestine.

Second Course.

TROIS RÔTIS.

Les Perdrix aux feuilles de Céleri.
 Le Paon à l'Anglaise.
 Les Bécasses et Bécassines au jus.

TROIS RELEVES

Le Jambon en Surprise à la Soyer.
 La Hure de Sanglier à l'Allemande.
 Le Rocher de Fruits Glacés à la Lady Mayoress.

HUIT ENTREMETS.

La Galantine d'Oisons à la Volière.
 La Gelée de Fraises Françaises à la Fontainebleau.
 La Salade de Grouse à la Soyer.
 La Crème de la Grande Bretagne.
 Les Mirotons de Homards aux Olives.

Rissolettes à la Pompadour.

Rissolettes à la Pompadour.

Les petits Gâteaux Crémant à la Duke of York.
 La Chartreuse de Fruits au Pêches.
 La Crème de la Cité de Londres.

We cannot omit giving, as one of M. Soyer's extraordinary conceptions, the most conspicuous dish of the whole, and which excited the greatest curiosity when placed on the table; a dish that could never have been produced, but for the vast number of articles obtained for the whole banquet. This was the one-hundred-guinea dish, laughed at as an impossibility, owing to its not being understood; but easily explained by the undermentioned bill of cost:—

| | | | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|------|----|---|
| 5 Turtle's heads, part of fins, and green fat | costing | £34 | 0 | 0 |
| 24 Capons, the small <i>noix</i> from each side of the middle of the back only used, being the most delicate parts of every bird | costing | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| 18 Turkeys, the same | " | 8 | 12 | 0 |
| 18 Poulardes, the same | " | 5 | 17 | 0 |
| 16 Fowls, the same | " | 2 | 8 | 0 |
| 10 Grouse | " | 2 | 5 | 0 |
| 20 Pheasants, <i>noix</i> only | " | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| 45 Partridges, the same | " | 3 | 7 | 0 |
| 6 Plovers, whole | " | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| 40 Woodcocks, the same | " | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| 3 dozen Quails, whole | " | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| 100 Snipes, <i>noix</i> only | " | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| 3 doz. Pigeons, <i>noix</i> only | " | 0 | 14 | 0 |
| 6 doz. Larks, stuffed | " | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Ortolans from Belgium | " | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| The <i>garniture</i> , consisting of Cockscombs, Truffles, Mushrooms, Crawfish, Olives, American Asparagus, <i>Cronstades</i> , Sweetbreads, <i>Quenelles de Volaille</i> , Green Mangoes, and a new Sauce | costing | 14 | 10 | 0 |
| | | £105 | 5 | 0 |

The way M. Soyer accounted for the extravagance of this dish is as follows, viz., that if an epicure was to

order this dish only, he would be obliged to provide the whole of the above-mentioned articles.

As usual on such great occasions, the *chef* invited all who had lent him their assistance to a supper; and thus ended the festival which must form an epoch in the annals of the ancient city of York.

COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

At this time proposals for the establishment of a "College of Domestic Economy," adapted to the instruction and the wants of the upper, middle, and lower classes, were made by Soyer, and ran as follows:—

"The instruction given to the female population of this country is, to a great extent, ornamental rather than useful, and custom of late years has considerably increased the tendency in this direction.

"In the different branches of education given to the female sex, the science of domestic economy has been considered unworthy of notice, yet its practice is absolutely required every hour of our existence; its knowledge tends to the happiness of every dwelling, and is equally as important in the direction of a household as the knowledge of political economy is in the administration of a State. Many females enter into the great business of their lives—the management of a household—in perfect ignorance of its duties; which has precisely the same results as if a man entered into a trade or profession of which he was totally ignorant, and unable to direct his servants. In such circumstances his establishment either becomes a failure, or he

gains experience at a great loss of capital. To remedy this want of knowledge in the female character, many books have been written by different authors, which have no doubt been of very great service; but, after all, they only teach the theory of domestic economy. To introduce that theory into general practice has been a prominent object with me for several years. Judging from the sale of my works on the subject, and the interest now taken in it by the public, I am led to believe that the time has come for taking a more decided and practical step towards the realization of my views.

“ With that object I have drawn up the outline of an institution which, in my opinion, would prove advantageous to all classes of the community. To the higher and middle classes by giving them such practical instruction in the discharge of the duties devolving upon the mistress of a family, as will cause them to pass through life in their respective stations with more economy, comfort, and happiness than they can without such knowledge; to the lower class, by teaching them those duties which devolve upon them as domestic servants, and which will cause them to be respected and valued in the station of life they occupy. The following are my suggestions and ideas as to the formation and general management of the projected College of Domestic Economy:—

“ The college to be founded by donations and subscriptions. The donors and subscribers to have the privilege of nominating free students, improvers, and servants in the following ratio:—A donor of £100 to

have the right of nominating a free student alternately; a donor of £50 to have the privilege of nominating a free improver alternately; a donor of £10 to have the privilege of nominating a free servant alternately. A subscriber of £1 1s. to have the right of nominating students, improvers, and servants, to be placed on the list before those who are not subscribers.

“The number of free students to be fifteen in the year; the number of free improvers, five; and of free servants, seven. The number of students, in the first instance, will be limited to sixty. There will be twelve improvers and twelve servants at a time. For the purpose of study, the students will be divided into classes, consisting of five in each class; the classes to be selected so that the students of each will be the children of those whose family or guardians are acquainted with each other, or occupy the same station in society. Each class will have a distinct class-room and dormitory. Each class-room to be furnished with musical instruments, and mistresses of music and drawing will attend to give instruction, so that the previous education of the students shall receive no detriment during attendance at the College. Classes will be formed for the study of the French, German, and Italian languages, and lectures will be delivered by eminent professors on sciences connected with domestic economy, viz., Domestic Chemistry, Botany, etc., etc., at all of which the students will have to attend.

“The course of study will be divided into terms of three, six, and nine months, as some will be able to

learn all they require in the short term, while others will require the more lengthened period. Examinations will take place at the end of every term of three months, and diplomas according to ability will be given. The students of each class will take it in turn weekly to superintend, direct, and manage the domestic arrangements of the class to which they belong. Each class will be provided with its own servant and cook.

“ The period for the improvers will be one month, and the like period for the servants, though that period may be extended in both cases, should it be required. No student to be admitted under the age of fifteen ; no improver under the age of twenty-five ; and no servant under the age of seventeen. The improvers must be those who, having previously obtained a knowledge of cookery, require improvement in the art. Servants must be the children of parents of good character and reputation, who desire that their children should be educated to obtain their living as domestic servants. None but those quite competent will receive a character from the College. Attached to the College will be a laundry, where all the linen belonging to the establishment will be washed ; and those servants intending to become ladies’ maids will be instructed in that department. There will likewise be a charitable soup-kitchen attached to the establishment, to enable all the students to become acquainted with its management. A first-rate mistress of the needle will be engaged, and a work-room be provided, in which the dresses of every member of the establishment will be made, and which will be directed alternately by the students, assisted in

rotation by the servants. A dairy, and other domestic offices suitable to a large establishment, will be attached to the College. The management to be under the direction of a married lady, who must have had great experience in the direction of servants, and be fully competent to the duties of such a position, under the superintendence of a committee of twelve lady-patronesses.

“The financial affairs of the College to be conducted by a Finance Committee of five gentlemen, the treasurer and secretary being *ex-officio* members. The College to commence, in the first instance, from the donations and subscriptions from its founders. The after existence will depend upon itself, as the revenue received from the students will, it is believed, meet all the current expenses. The College to be commenced as soon as the sum of £2000 is subscribed.”

SOYER NOT A MERE COOK.—Amongst other marks of cleverness in Soyer may be reckoned his quickness at repartee, which we have heard him display as he was busy superintending his cooks, and was himself looking fit, with his fine person and open handsome countenance, to be *chef-de-cuisine* to no one less in importance than Napoleon I. He let off one of these quick retorts at York, when he was preparing the dinner at which the Lord Mayor of York entertained Prince Albert, and about a hundred of our municipal chiefs. Soyer is a good-natured man, and endured the boring, for a day or two, of some young clerks in the old city of York, who had managed to scrape an acquaintance with him during his professional stay; but, at last, their pertinacity exceeded his patience. One of these youngsters, in the warmth of his admiration, slapped him on the back, and exclaimed, “I’ll tell you what, Soyer, you are a regular brick.” “And you,” replied Soyer, “are the mortar that sticks to the brick.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SOYER'S SYMPOSIUM.

An Intruder—Hunted After—A Proposition—The Exhibition of 1851—Preparations take place—A Chat about the Pyramids—Gore House and its Uses—A Crowd of Nations—A Mob of Celebrities—The Use of the Symposium—Programme of Gore House—Description of the Mansion—The Cupola of Jupiter Tonans—The Hall—Architectural Wonders—*La Salle du Parnasse*—The Transatlantic Ante-chamber—The Alcove of Camellias—The Shower of Gems—The Night of Stars—The Grand Macédoine—*La Grotte des Neiges Eternelles*—The Doriana—The Floral Retreat—The Celestial Hall—The Garden—The Banqueting Bridge—The Washington Refreshment-room—The Grotto of Ondine—The Baronial Hall—Encampment of All Nations—Entertainments—Grand Dinner of All Nations—M. Soyer's Speech—Report on the Symposium—Suggestions—City Dining—A Large Party and its Consequences—An Inquisitive Intruder—A Legal Mistake—Letter to the Press—Hungry Creditors—Adieu to the Symposium—Soyer's Discovery of the Existence of his Son.

WHILE M. Soyer was at York, with his head full of a multitude of fancies, both culinary and ornamental, a person from Liverpool, quite a stranger to him, came to sound his views respecting the Exhibition of 1851. M. Soyer thought that the time was then inopportune, but said, "When the banquet is over let me see you again in London; at present I cannot say what I in-

tend doing." They met, accordingly, in London, when the stranger proposed the opening of an establishment on a grand scale, near the Exhibition if possible, and that he would advance all the requisite funds, provided M. Soyer was disposed to go ahead with his name, his talent, and his energy. Preliminary arrangements were made, and Gore House was fixed upon as the spot best suited for such an undertaking. The lease was taken by the year, with the option of keeping it three years, in case it was required for a permanent establishment.

M. Soyer, just at this time, received a letter, dated January, 1851, from the Executive Committee of the Exhibition, as follows:—

“SIR,—If it is at all your intention to tender for the refreshments at the Exhibition, and you think it may be advisable to have *single* glasses of wine served, will you be kind enough to mention such wish in your tender?—I am, sir, your obedt. servt.,

“L. L. BOSCAWEN IBBOTSON.”

M. Soyer felt honoured by the indirect invitation thus conveyed, and was almost inclined to make a tender, but on reflection he thought it more prudent to decline it. Some of his friends thought he was wrong; but M. Soyer could not be easily prevailed upon to change his views when once he had decided. Therefore, an answer was returned to the Executive Committee to this effect:—That M. Soyer was greatly

obliged for the proposition, but as he had taken Gore House for a *restaurant* on a grand scale, he felt that he could not do justice to both establishments in case his tender was accepted; therefore begged to decline it, with many thanks to the Secretary and the Executive Committee.

We have already mentioned, in a preceding Chapter, that M. Soyer, on his leaving the Reform Club, travelled the provinces with his magic stove; he then only had accomplished a part of his intended journey. Before leaving London again, he gave his orders for the alterations in Gore House and gardens. A great number of workmen of different professions were soon at work, and on his return in March he never left the place until its final close on the 14th of October, 1851.

The changes have been rung, "*usque ad nauseam*," on the mutabilities of men and manners; a few opening words, however, may be allowed us, in our record of the marvels of Gore House, on the subject of the mutabilities of *mansions*.

The pyramids of Egypt have perhaps less cause to complain of the succession of uses to which they have been turned, and the succession of tenants they have received, than any known edifices in this sublunary world. These are, and always have been, huge architectural mysteries, and as no one ever exactly ascertained whether they were constructed to serve for any other purpose than that of tombs for the Cheops, the Pharaohs, or the Ptolemies, so no one has since seemed exactly to know to what additional use to turn them.

But reflect for a moment on the almost innumerable changes and vicissitudes through which some of our own buildings have passed : alternately fortresses, convents, palaces, prisons, churches, theatres—

“ Everything by turns and nothing long ”—

as mutable in their masters as a sailor's dog, as polychromatic in their phases of occupancy as the patches in Harlequin's jacket.

Look at Holyrood House, once the splendid abode of Scottish royalty, and surrounded by an aristocratic *entourage* ; then a dingy, squalid, half-ruined pile, now, by judicious improvements and well-directed taste, rising again to its ancient splendour, and becoming once more a suitable residence for a British sovereign. Think of Crosby Hall, alternately a palace, a chapel, a woolstapler's rubbish loft, a concert room, and a mechanics' institute ; reflect on the Pantheon in Oxford Street, once a chapel, then a theatre, now a bazaar ; ponder on the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey, turned into a barber's shop ; philosophize on one of the residences of the great Duke of Marlborough, converted into an asylum for infant paupers ; cogitate, last of all, on the marvellous changes of occupancy, if not of vocation, to which a certain temple of the drama in the vicinity of Drury Lane has been subject—of the actors, painters, fiddlers, buffoons, lions, tigers, elephants, camels, horses, monkeys, corn-law repealers, and corn-law enactors, who have successively figured and refigured on its boards, and then agree with us

that the mutabilities of mankind are nothing to the mutabilities of mansions.

Gore House, too, has known change upon change; like Dogberry, it has had its losses. Time was when the stately mansion in question was occupied by the immortal champion of the enslaved African, William Wilberforce; time was when one of the greatest of our naval heroes, Rodney, dwelt within its walls; time was when it was the residence of the beautiful and accomplished Countess of Blessington; time was when it was desolate and dismantled; time is—we transcribe from the official account published in Soyer's time, before yet again another change was consummated—“when, like the phoenix, it has arisen fresh and revived; when its halls once more glitter with light, and its chambers re-echo with the voices of the noble and the talented; when all its former glories are called into new and even more glorious life, by the enchanter's wand of Alexis Soyer.

“And his, moreover, is an enchanter's wand which, like that of Merlin, will triumph over geographical limits, and laugh the restrictions of space to scorn. From all quarters of the globe, civilized or uncivilized, will his visitors come—the doors of the Symposium will be thrown open to universal humanity. The lightning-winged locomotive, the heavy vetturino, the clumsier diligence, the steamboat, the caïque, the junk, and the felucca, will bring their myriad visitors to the gates of Gore House. Cosmopolitan customs should demand cosmopolitan cookery; and it is by no means an exag-

gerated expectation, we think, to imagine within the walls of the Symposium grave and lively Frenchmen, expatiating over their potages and fricandeaux; phlegmatic Turks, discussing pillaf and hachis; mercurial Persians, enjoying their sherbet; sententious Spaniards, luxuriating over olla podrida; wide-awake Americans, consuming johnny-cakes and canvas-backed ducks; pigtailed Chinese, devouring their favourite stewed dog; metaphysical Germans, washing down prodigious quantities of sauerkraut with oceans of rhienwein; swarthy Russians, up to their eyes in caviar; Cossacks, calling for more train oil; Tartars, swallowing quarts of mare's milk; and New Zealanders—no, not New Zealanders, for who could form any idea of the horror and dismay which would be caused by some ebony-skinned and boomeranged chieftain demanding 'baked young woman' for two, and a 'cold boiled missionary' to follow?"

Let us stand for a moment in the gallery on the ground-floor, known in the topography of the Symposium as "The Blessington Temple of the Muses." This was once the library of Gore House. In this library, and in the adjacent boudoir, were wont to congregate round the lovely and gifted mistress of the mansion the *élite* of the blood and of the genius of Great Britain. Here peers, painters, poets, and philosophers met in all the glorious equality of intellect—here formed a mighty *symposium* of rank and talent. Here Lansdowne, Holland, Southey, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Rogers, Macaulay, Landseer, Hood,

Dickens, Washington Irving, Jerrold, Hallam, Foster, Fonblanque, Brydges, Landon, Thackeray, Bulwer, Dudley, Maclise, and a host, a very host, of others, heaped the bright fire of wit, and shone bright satellites round the presiding planet, the Venus of Gore House. Here, duly enshrined in frame, and duly installed on pedestal, were the pictured and the sculptured works of Count Alfred D'Orsay. Here was the Count himself,

“ The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.”

Here beings of most dissimilar structures of mind, extremes in talent yet meeting on the *common* ground of talent, whiled away the too fleeting hours in social converse. George Cruikshank and Faraday the philosopher; Lord Carlisle and Thomas Miller the basket-weaving poet; Thomas Carlyle and Nathaniel Willis. Here, last though not least, sat a constant but a moody guest, brooding on the fallen fortunes of his house and his own painfully chequered lot, the imperial *rejeton*, Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.

Every denizen of London ought to know by actual experience, and every provincial by common report, and all omnibus drivers and policemen actually do know by both, that Gore House is a noble mansion on the Kensington Road. The whole civilized world is also expected to know that at Gore House M. Alexis Soyer, the Macaulay *de l'art culinaire*, established the Universal Symposium—an academic grove, as we have just

seen, not for the study of ethics, but of good eating—a cosmopolitan *bourse*, where Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, and Australasians might not argue together, nor dance together, nor even fight together, but dine together.

Subjoined, we hand Soyer's Symposium Programme, which was printed on satin paper, the edges delicately tinted green, and scalloped:—

“SOYER'S UNIVERSAL SYMPOSIUM,

GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Season Tickets.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| Single Ticket, | | One Guinea. |
| Double Ticket, | | One and a-Half Guineas. |
| Family Ticket, admitting Five, | | Three Guineas. |
| None of which are transferable. | | |

To be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Bond Street;
Sams' Library, St. James's Street;
and all the principal Libraries and Music Sellers.

“The tickets will admit to all parts of this monstre and unique establishment, which is capable of providing Dinners and Refreshments of every description for five or six thousand persons daily, the charges for which will not preclude persons of every station from partaking of the hospitality of the *Maison Soyer*. Amongst the numerous attractions of this extraordinary Mansion and Grounds (which enclose the famous and park-like *Prè D'Orsay*), are—

“Le Vestibule de la Fille de l'Orage—The Hall of Architectural Wonders—The Blessington Temple of the Muses—The Temple of Danaë, or the Shower of Gems—The Transatlantic Passage—La Forêt Péruvienne, or the Night of Stars—The Grand Staircase, containing the Macédoine of all Nations, being a Demisemitragimimicomigrotesquepanofunniosymposiorama, or ‘Such a Getting up Stairs’ to the Great Exhibition of 1851, Painted in Fresco by Mr. George Augustus Sala—The Gallic Pavilion, or l'Avenue des Amours—The Temple of Phœbus—The Glittering Rocaille of Eternal Snow—The Bower of Ariadne—The Door of the Dungeon

of Mystery—The Boudoir de la Vallière, or the Doriana—L'Œil de Bœuf, or Flora's Retreat—The Celestial Hall of Golden Lilies—The Grand Banqueting Bridge, *al Fresco*—The Washington Refreshment Room, for the dispensation of every sort of American Beverage—Soyer's Colossal Offering to Amphitrite—Cupid's Delight—The Impenetrable Grotto of Ondine—Hebe's Mistake, or the Enchanted Fountain—The Aerial Orchestra—The Baronial Hall, containing the late Madame Soyer's celebrated Pictures, and the complete Gallery of Eminent Characters by Count D'Orsay, munificently presented to M. Soyer by J. Mitchell, Esq., of Bond Street—Gigantic Encampment of all Nations, with Monster Tablecloth, 307 feet long, of British manufacture—Picnic Tents—Magic Cookery, by Soyer's original Lilliputian Kitchen—Marble Statues and Fountains—Bacchanalian Vases—Emerald Pyramids of Morning Dew—Gipsy Dell—And Statuettes à la Watteau, etc.

“Subscribers will be permitted to view, from 12 till 2 o'clock, the Symposium Kitchen, in which no less than 600 Joints can be cooked with ease in the course of the day.”

It would be in vain now to attempt to recall for our readers' amusement any minute descriptions of the place, but a glimpse here and there of the more salient features may still be interesting.

Immediately above your head, in the vestibule, looming in the glittering indistinctness of blue and silver, was a *hand*, a monster hand, clutching the arrows of Jove, with sinuous wreaths of bright, forked, snaky lightning escaping from the clenched palms of the old thunderer, and which were dispersed over the ceiling and walls (painted a bright cerulean blue).

Above the inner portal, directly fronting the visitor, were the words “*Soyer's Symposium*,” household words to every lover of good cheer, depicted in *flashes of lightning*, and forming a specimen of meteoric typo-

graphy, very curious to behold. Near the ceiling, on the opposite wall, was a pretty fresco, representing "*La Fille de l'Orage*," in the very act of riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm with wings of electric fire.

L'Atelier de Michel Angelo, or the *Hall of Architectural Wonders*, offered, in the shape of mural paintings, a striking and splendid homage to the architectural genius of all nations. Here the shades of Vitruvius and Palladio, Phidias and Praxiteles, of Michael Angelo and Bernini, of Inigo Jones and Wren, of Jean Goujon and Mansard, might rejoice as in a species of architectural Elysium; for here were depicted the most striking monuments of their genius. Scattered in picturesque confusion we saw St. Peter's, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Duomo of Milan, the Louvre, the lions and portions of the Piazza of St. Mark, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Pyramids of Ghizeh, Pompey's Pillar, the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, the Bridge of Sighs, the Sphinx, the Walhalla of Munich, the Eddystone Lighthouse, the Colosseum, bridges, palaces, columns, fountains, in fact, almost *ad infinitum*. To come nearer home, we had St. Paul's, the monument, the new Palace of Westminster, and that latest triumph of combined engineering skill and artistic beauty, the Tubular Bridge. Geography, time, place, and locality had been certainly set at defiance in this extraordinary *pêle-mêle* of edifices; but if the unities of architectural decorum were lost sight of, an *ensemble* was produced of pleasing and novel character.

A delicious perfume was diffused throughout the hall, and an effect as delicious to the eye produced by an immense quantity of the rarest and most fragrant flowering plants, which were arranged on either side in curiously-modelled vases.

La Salle du Parnasse, or the Blessington Temple of the Muses.—The temple formed a spacious gallery, divided into sections by Ionic pilasters in white and gold, with panelled recesses in their interstices, filled with white drapery, fluted with green. A profusion of plate-glass was displayed in the panels of the doors, and in noble mirrors over the fire-places, and over five white marble consoles supported on golden pedestals. The panelled recesses were decorated with Grecian vases, and the ceiling represented a genial summer sky, its clear expanse of azure ether delicately fretted with Nature's own trellis-work of fleecy clouds. Supported on exquisitely-sculptured brackets, of classic design, were numerous *pots à fleurs*, modelled in a style as novel as beautiful. They had the appearance of being formed of richly-carved oak, heightened and enriched with silver.

During the Countess of Blessington's occupancy, this was, as we have said, a library, and the panelled recesses we have spoken of were filled with gorgeously-bound books. The Temple of the Muses, however, was comparatively but an ante-chamber to the *Sala Regia*—the throne-room of this *suite*—to attain which we passed through—

The Transatlantic Ante-chamber.—The walls of this

boudoir of the New World were prettily decorated with the heraldic stars and stripes of the great American Republic.

La Cabinet de Toilette à la Pompadour, or the *Alcove of Camellias*, was a beautiful little apartment, formerly Lady Blessington's own boudoir. The ceiling was tastefully decorated in fluted white and pink; but the chief feature of the apartment was the exquisite triumphal arch of camellias and verdant foliage which formed a frame to the mirror. The *recherché* elegance of this charming little retreat prepared our eyes for the austerer magnificence of—

La Salle de Noces de Danaé, or the *Shower of Gems*, which consisted of a magnificent and spacious quadrangular apartment, opening by two lofty windows on a verandah and Venetian bridge. The ceiling was an elaborate and gorgeously-tinted specimen of perforated arabesque, its open lattice-work answering admirably for ventilation, and constructed on a plan never before attempted. It united the graceful scroll-work and richness of detail of the *Renaissance* to the delicate and fancifully-elegant tracery of the *Alhambra*. The prevailing colour was pale green, *parsemé* with many-hued flowers, and profusely enriched with gold, while through its perforations were visible the clear blue tints of a summer sky.

Showers of *tears* of embossed gold and silver were seen descending as they left the cornice, and spreading wider as they came near the floor. The ceiling, gorgeous as it was, stood not alone in its oriental

glory. The general effect of magnificence was carried out by the tasteful and judicious introduction of *moyen age* clocks, rich chandeliers, elegantly-sculptured vases, etc., etc. A noble cheval glass, reaching from the lofty roof absolutely to the floor, mirror-panelled and crystal-handled doors, and rich window draperies, completed the decoration of this truly palatial saloon.

La Forêt Péruvienne, or the Night of Stars.—Passing from the Birth of Gems, through the Blessington Temple, and the Hall of Wonders, we must, ere we ascended the grand staircase, *cross the line*, and sojourn for a moment in the tropical regions. No burning sun—no scorching wind—no suffocating sirocco awaited, however, the visitor to this saloon. We were in the tropics, it is true, and a tropical sky was above us, but it was a *moonlit one*. A mild and balmy atmosphere seemed diffused around; the gentle summer wind seemed to sigh through the waving branches of the palm-trees; a fleecy haze half veiled, but did not obscure the features of the Queen of Night, while the myriad stars—the glow-worms of the heavens—twinkled above us with an almost startling semblance of reality.

The Grand Macédoine, being a “comigrotesquepanofanofoolishiorama, or such a getting up stairs to the Great Exhibition of 1851.” Some sixty or seventy feet of the walls of the staircase—three stories, in fact—were decorated with an incongruous medley of grotesque and monstrous-headed figures, painted, or rather sketched, in a species of fresco, on a tinted ground, and rushing up stairs as fast as ever their limbs would carry them. Some

walked, some rode, or tried to ride, on animals which decidedly never entered into Buffon's system of zoology, and which Cuvier would be puzzled to describe, and M. Soyer as much puzzled to cook. Hippogriffs, griffins, dragons, giraffes, elephants, hippopotami, rhinosceri, mastodons, the megatherium, crocodiles, camels, butterflies, cats, rats, mice, whales, scorpions, dromedaries, and other quadrupeds, bipeds, unipeds, sinepeds, and centipeds appeared in this galaxy of pictorial monstrosities. Of the characters, as the play-bills say, many were portraits; we had the ghost of Billy Pitt and his opponent Fox; then came Brougham, Wellington, Napoleon, Ali Baba, Abd-el-Kader, Thiers, Guizot, Joinville, Dickens, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Horace Mayhew, George Cruikshank, Jullien, Prospère, Balfe, Jerrold, Chatterton, Anderson (the wizard), "grave" Dr. Walker, Bunn, Maddox, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Disraeli, Cobden, Minerva, and Mr. Toole (the toast-master). These, with Indian chiefs, Exquimaux, dogs, with protected and unprotected females, and a host of others, parts of which were invisible to the naked eye, represented in garbs as grotesque, and picturesque positions as uncommon, as can well be imagined, were rushing and tearing past. The artist to whom these comic cartoons were due (Mr. George Sala) inscribed his name on a tombstone, which, considering its situation on the wall, would seem to indicate a probability of his being partial to the system of *intramural interments*. We may add that the pictorial monstrosities alluded to were all marching under an ample azure

verandah, and over a platform of crimson cloth. They were illumined in their nocturnal progress by beautiful lamps in the Etruscan style.

La Grotte des Neiges Eternelles, or La Rocaille des Lueurs Boréales.—From all the fiery splendour of the Temple of Phœbus we found ourselves instantaneously transported to the North Pole. We had but to emerge from the portal of the blazing pavilion of crimson and gold, and cross the avenue of Cupid, to enter the confines of Spitzbergen. Craggy masses of stalactite-like ice were hanging over us, threatening a momentary decadence, and glistening with the crystallized brilliancy of icicles. In a small cavern couched an arctic fox, making his bed on the ice, and burrowing, as it were, in the snow. Large mirrors—their edges artistically concealed by pendent icicles—enhanced the effect and enlarged the expanse of the Rocaille; while a beautiful painted view of the arctic coast, as seen under the influence of the short but ardent summer prevalent in that region, gave local colour and reality to the spot. The icy palace soon merged into the glorious and genial thaw of—

The Bower of Ariadne, or the Vintage Palazzo.—An Italian-like saloon, the ceiling tinted in imitation of the sky of sunny Italy, and the walls covered with beautiful views of picturesque continental scenery. At a glance, all the glowing beauties, the *délices* of the fertile plains of Lombardy, the iron-bound fastnesses of Calabria, and the Apennines, and the classic ruins of the Campagna were before us. They came not, however, suddenly;

we viewed them through the arches of an elaborate trellis-work, rising from a balcony of green and gold. A luxuriant vine twined with delightfully picturesque irregularity through the interstices of this trellis-work, and absolutely bent beneath the weight of ruby grapes. Whether they were real or not might have defied an experienced gardener to tell by the eye. The redoubtable "Door of the Dungeon of Mystery" next startled us; and a gloomy portal it was—dark oak, studded with huge nails, and massive chains in hideous festoons veiled its entrance. We held our breath, as if expecting to hear the groans and sighs of the unhappy prisoners within, loaded, no doubt, with chains, and stretched on scanty pallets of straw. But stay! the massive key turns in the lock in which Bramah and Chubb seemed to have combined their strength; the door rolls on its hinges, and discloses—

Le Boudoir de la Vallière, or the Doriana.—We entered a delightful *chambre à coucher*, the state bed-chamber of the Symposium, dedicated not to Rhadamanthus, as its outward appearance would suggest, but to the Paphian Goddess and her mischief-loving son. The Doriana was decorated in a striking and fanciful, but delightfully original, manner. The ceiling had the appearance of a *bizarre* Chinese puzzle of fluted white and blue satin, heightened with silver; while the walls presented a curious, yet a beautiful, pattern of zigzag stripes, and broad diagonal bands of black velvet and silver lace. Close to this boudoir was a delightful little room, called—

L'Œil de Bœuf, or the Floral Retreat.—This little *chambrette* formed a perfect alcove of festooned flowers, surmounted by a sky of delicately veiled rosy clouds. Opening once more the door of the dungeon, we enter—

Le Pagode du Cheval de Bronze, or the Celestial Hall of the Golden Lilies, which was perfectly in Chinese taste. The ceiling was coffered in the Chinese style, the prevailing colour being the favourite yellow of the celestials; the walls were divided into panels, surrounded with rich trellis-work, and separated by crimson columns. On the wall, facing the windows, an oval frame, carved into fantastic semblances of Chinese monsters, surrounded a view of the Golden Island on the Yang-tse-Kiang, and was supported on either side by grotesque coloured cartoons, representing the liege subjects of his celestial majesty deep in the enjoyment of their national pastimes. From the centre of the roof hung a characteristic hexagonal lantern.

The pleasure garden or park, if we may call it so, for it almost equalled one in extent, was a rich meadow, added by M. Soyer to the princely property, and christened by him "*Le Pré D'Orsay.*"

The garden was of course full of the most beautiful flowers. Many of the plants were unique specimens of horticulture, and were contributions from the hothouses of the *élite* of our aristocracy. The immense rose-tree was planted by the fair hands of Lady Blessington, and was her pet plant. When in full bloom it formed a perfect Paphian bower of roses.

The Impenetrable Grotto of Ondine, or Hebe's Mistake, was a beautifully-designed little kiosk, or pavilion of many-hued stalactites. A portion of the walls and the whole of the ceiling were formed in the most dazzling crystal, while through its pellucid consistence appeared myriads of beautiful gold and silver fish. This was certainly reversing the ordinary course of things, and with a vengeance, too! Water and fish above our heads!—a miniature Thames Tunnel! The entrance to the grotto was rendered almost impenetrable by the spray from a cascade on the summit, which fell in misty moisture around the whole grotto; and the problem was how to enter or leave it without getting wet.

The Baronial Banqueting-hall was as baronial in its dimensions as in its title, being 100 feet long, 50 feet broad, and 30 feet high. Here might the lavish hospitalities of the barons of old have fitly been dispensed—here might the Knights of the Round Table have met in that symposium of chivalry of which King Arthur was the head; or the mailed Barons of Runnymede have celebrated, with copious festivities, the signing of Magna Charta.

Exteriorly the Baronial Hall represented a time-worn Gothic donjon—a pile of castellated masonry such as we see picturesquely rising from the blue waters of the Rhine. The interior formed one magnificent apartment, disdaining in its vast proportions the adventitious aid of columns, standing, with its elaborate roof and lofty walls, the Westminster Hall of Gore House.

The roof was entirely of stained glass, the walls were covered with rich crimson drapery. The spaces were filled alternately with richly-framed oil paintings (the works of Madame Soyer, her merits and reputation ever the nearest things to the heart of her husband), and gorgeous trophies, or blazons of the insignia of various countries.

In the Hall, another picture gallery found place in the form of a complete collection of the famous portraits, in crayons, by Count D'Orsay. The celebrities who were wont to congregate in the library of Gore House here found "a local habitation and a name," and shone forth a pictorial galaxy of rank and talent as unique as splendid. That these two galleries of art, the works of Madame Soyer and of Count D'Orsay, should be brought into juxtaposition was a curious and striking coincidence. The accomplished Count prized the works of the deceased artist very highly, and the Countess of Blessington and her nieces, the Misses Power, were among the earliest visitors when Madame Soyer's pictures were exhibited for philanthropic purposes some time before. In conclusion, the great feature of the park-like meadow was—

Le Pavillon Monstre d'Amphitryon, or the Encampment of All Nations.—A regal dining-saloon, 400 feet long, and capable of affording prandial accommodation to 1500 persons. Only imagine standing at the head of the table (100 yards long), and picture to yourself a public dinner, and the chairman addressing the vice: we very much question if he would make himself

heard without the aid of a speaking-trumpet. The whole saloon was unprecedented in magnificence. A splendid collation was here provided each day for those who preferred the promiscuous refection of a public banquet to the more select, yet less joyous, society of a private room.

During the five months the Symposium was open, M. Soyer's imagination never ceased to be on the *qui vive*. Various bands of musical performers, singers, black or Ethiopian serenaders (of the most comic power), theatricals, balloons, games of different kinds, succeeded each other with rapidity.

Every day crowds of visitors thronged the house and gardens. The number, on an average, amounted to one thousand. It cannot be imagined that every one left this extraordinary establishment perfectly satisfied with everything they ate, drank, and saw; letters containing praises, others advice, etc., etc., and others complaining of the bad management and indifferent dinner they had, were of common occurrence; and if it had been possible to alter things so as to try to please everybody, the greatest confusion and disappointment must have been the consequence.

On the whole, M. Soyer's exertion was remarkable; he had his eyes almost everywhere; but his greatest anxiety was principally for the aristocratic diners who were continually pouring in, and he sustained his reputation most ably during the whole time. Had M. Soyer been seconded by able partners and managers, there is no question that Gore House would have

become a permanent sanctuary for the aristocratic and fashionable *gourmets*, as well as a school of cookery. Such, indeed, was the intention of the Gastronomic Regenerator, as expressed at the dinner given by him to the Press of all nations, on the 16th of May, 1851, when he made the following speech, which was received with immense applause. M. Soyer's health having been proposed by Captain Fitzmaurice, in a highly complimentary speech, pointing out the great benefits he had conferred upon the public by his enterprise and talents, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

M. Soyer then rose amidst loud cheers and said —“ It is with deep and heartfelt satisfaction that I rise on the present occasion to thank the distinguished guests who have this day honoured me with their presence. I welcome you all cordially and sincerely to the Symposium. Still more grateful am I for your many kind wishes for the welfare and prosperity of this gigantic establishment, to which, whatever its merits, I have devoted my best abilities. That those wishes will be realized I do not, for my part, one moment doubt. My endeavours in the gastronomic art have been for a long period so highly patronized in England, my adopted country, that I am sure that patronage will not cease to be bestowed, now that I have engaged in more extended operations—now that, like Cæsar, I have crossed the Rubicon, and unfurled the banner of gastronomy, not only to a nation, but to a world. (Loud cheering.) Gentlemen, looking around this festive board, I feel how inadequate

it will be to express my feelings. This, however, I can say, that were the Symposium to last a century, it would be many, many years ere it would behold so brilliant and so fairy-like a scene as this—ere it would see gathered together in this baronial hall so magnificent an assemblage of the talent and the genius of all nations. (Hear, hear.) And to whom are we indebted for the opportunity and the great undertaking which so deeply influences the fortunes of the Symposium, and has indirectly brought about this glittering meeting, but to that calmly wise and unaffectedly beneficent prince, the worthy mate of Royalty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert? (Cheers). But for that great Exhibition, which now so proudly raises its crystal head beneath his auspices, we could not have expected to see assembled here to-day so many distinguished individuals—so many talented representatives of the mighty empire of intellect—so many sinews of the great engines of the press, of the arts, and of science. The year 1851 has brought together not only samples of the industry, but noble corruscations of the talent of all nations—(Great cheering)—gentlemen not only distinguished by their literary, their scientific, their artistic, but also by their social qualifications, their hearts full of that genial cordiality and true-hearted friendship which will throw its glittering rays all over the universe. Allow me, gentlemen, once more, and in conclusion, to thank you for your kindness, and entreat you to believe that to whatever length Providence may extend my span of life, this day will always be engraven on my heart, will

always prompt me to fresh endeavours, and stimulate me to still greater perseverance in what I may term a great social reform movement, the amelioration of the gastronomic art, and the establishment of a national school of scientific but economical domestic cookery. (Great applause.) To accomplish this has always been the dearest wish of my heart, for its accomplishment would render the true principles of domestic cookery applicable and beneficial to all classes of humanity, would render them as acceptable to the peer as to the peasant, as welcome in the palace as in the cottage. I may add that it is my intention, when the Symposium is firmly established and its resources fully developed, to establish within its walls a model school of cookery for the purposes I have alluded to."

REPORT ON THE SYMPOSIUM.

The organization of such an establishment, prepared in a hurry, could not be otherwise than defective; and it was evident that a re-organization was necessary. M. Soyer, therefore, gave orders that a report should at once be made by M. G—— and M. V——, introducing into it whatever reform they thought indispensable throughout the establishment.

The following report was drawn up, on the 10th of June, 1851, and acted upon for a short time; but a change of partners taking place soon afterwards, it upset all the good intended, and so it was to the end of the chapter:—

“Gentlemen,—The position of the Symposium is sufficiently well explained by the statement herewith subjoined, to give you a fair opinion on the material situation of the establishment. We, therefore, have only to bear in mind now what is necessary to be done to improve its organization, in simplifying, as much as possible, the means of execution, and by pointing out all the resources belonging to the establishment, so as to insure its success.

“Without entering into a critique upon what has been well done or badly done, and what may be the result of a direction badly managed, it is important to remark what must be immediately corrected to establish order and regularity, principally, in the administration of the establishment.

“It is generally admitted in principle that, even in matters of government, the fewer councillors there are the greater chance there is of coming to a proper understanding; and that, in order to possess the most effective power, orders must always emanate from one point only. It would therefore be essential to name a board of administration composed of three persons—two directors and one superintendent.

“The board would have to meet every day for the first month, at the hour named the day previous; then by-laws shall be enacted on the various questions which may be proposed by the superintendent, and to be resolved upon with despatch.

“All decisions shall be entered in a book for that special purpose, as they occur, by each member of

the committee, and shall consequently form the order of the day, which will show the object of each meeting.

“What may have been decided upon on the various questions shall be definitive, and must be considered as an absolute order from the directors, to be transmitted afterwards to the superintendent, so as to be executed, without delay or observations, under his personal responsibility.

“At the end of the first month it will be sufficient to meet twice a-week.

“In an undertaking like this, it was, no doubt, essential to do (soon after it was open) everything calculated to bring the *élite* of society on the same spot. This was the greatest difficulty to overcome, and it must be acknowledged that the object was accomplished, and even surpassed our hopes. To succeed in gathering so quickly the aristocracy, M. Soyer's extraordinary popularity was not only necessary, but also his peculiar position with the gentlemen of the English and foreign Press, who simultaneously proclaimed, on its opening, the infallible success of the Symposium.

“Therefore it is not too much to say, in fairness, that the undertaking is a good one; and to make it prosperous must be well managed.

“The following are the reforms which we believe ought to be mentioned:—

“The directors themselves ought not to be personally occupied with the trifling details of the service; but they ought to have an account each day, by the

superintendent, of the doings throughout the establishment, so as to be perfectly acquainted with all that is done, both as regards receipts and expenses.

“Each of the two directors must watch specially that part of the service upon which his knowledge more particularly calls his attention.

“Thus M. Soyer shall direct his close application to the culinary department, and all that concerns the duties of the table (*la bouche*).

“M. M——h to be principally attached to all the accounts and what belongs to that part of the administration properly speaking.

“As regards all the orders and details of the service, they ought to be always transmitted by the superintendent, and not otherwise.

“Nevertheless the two directors, as well as the superintendent, shall each of them take their notes upon the observations or remarks they may have to make on the establishment, so as to be always able to examine all the questions upon which decisions are to be enacted in private meetings.

“No direct observation shall be allowed beyond the precinct of the committee, otherwise order could not possibly be established.”

Here followed the reforms recommended, and the report concluded by various considerations respecting the importance of increasing the receipts by means of attractions which were to be put into immediate operation.

SUGGESTIONS TO M. SOYER.

Soon after the opening of the Symposium, a great many persons made more or less wonderful propositions to M. Soyer. Many, out of good nature, suggested improvements which, in the hands of the great lion of the day, would put into the shade all attempts made in modern establishments to improve on the old system of catering. Some talented literary and other friends, true admirers of M. Soyer's skill, felt as anxious as he was himself to advise; others even offered their assistance to make the intended Symposium a perfect abode for gastronomic enjoyments. As a specimen of the interest some of his real friends took in his success, we subjoin the following interesting proposition to establish a college for the instruction of young cooks :—

“ 18th Juin, 1851.

“ C'est peut-être choisir un mauvais moment que celui où vous êtes déjà si préoccupé à bien recevoir les étrangers de toutes parts, pour vous proposer une autre grande entreprise toute digne de vous, monsieur. Qui sait cependant si, avec votre génie si remarquable dans ses combinaisons, vous ne puissiez allier la grande entreprise que vous conduisez maintenant avec celle que l'on ose ici vous proposer. En tout cas, l'on peut être bien sur que si vous en acceptez l'idée, vous la conduirez à bon port, car vous avez la main aussi heureuse en affaires difficiles qu'en plats recherchés.

“ Il s'agirait donc de créer sous vos auspices un

espèce de collège pour les jeunes cuisinières, où elles passeraient quelques mois, un an, ou deux, selon le degré de perfectionnement auquel elles aspireraient. Vous leur donneriez des diplômes selon leurs forces, et en s'adressant à votre collège, les bonnes ménagères, que vous auriez pris à tâche de former, pourront s'assurer d'y trouver des cuisinières—bien plus, à même de profiter de vos mille et une recettes; qu'à présent elles sont pour la plupart d'une ignorance si grande, qu'à peine savent elles l'usage des ustensiles de cuisine les plus ordinaires, et elles sont tout à fait déroutées si l'on se hasarde à leur enseigner quelques mets plus soignés. Mais comme Lord Carlisle l'a fort bien observé à l'un de ces grands dîners qui ont eu lieu chez vous, tout le monde est bien persuadé de l'avantage qu'il y aurait à répandre dans toutes les classes le bon goût, et en même tems l'économie, que vous savez mieux que personne, monsieur, concilier ensemble. Déjà dans plusieurs écoles (à commencer par celles auxquelles s'intéresse notre bonne reine, toujours prête à donner le meilleur exemple partout) on exige que toutes les jeunes filles (et pourquoi pas les garçons aussi?) apprennent à faire un peu de cuisine. C'est bien le premier pas; mais il ne mènera pas loin si l'on ne met d'autres moyens d'instruction à la portée de ceux et de celles qui voudraient en faire un état. Maintenant tout est au hasard, et elles attrapent à la volée, tantôt d'un côté, tantôt d'un autre, le peu qu'elles en savent. Vous sentez bien, monsieur, que si vous leur procuriez l'immense avantage d'une éducation régulière, l'on demanderait

bien des qualités à vos élèves, et qu'une Hortense ou une Eloïse serait bien contrariés si on lui en recommandait une sachant bien faire la cuisine, mais indigne de sa confiance, soit par manque de propreté, d'ordre, d'exactitude, ou d'économie, de mœurs enfin; ça n'est donc pas une tâche facile que celle-ci, mais après avoir tant fait pour votre pays d'adoption, en resterez vous là? Vous avez commencé par être le bienfaiteur des pauvres, ensuite vous avez passé aux classes moyennes; mais pour rendre votre durée complète, ne faudrait il pas élever celles qui appartiennent presque également aux deux autres?—par sa naissance à la classe pauvre et par son service à la classe moyenne. Songez y, monsieur, et voyez si ce sera encore à vous que l'on sera redevable d'un Collège Gastronomique."

M. Soyer had anticipated the idea, for he had mentioned, at the dinner he gave to the Press of all nations, that he intended to form a college of domestic economy; and, previous to that, had planned its organization soon after the York banquet. (See page 191.)

"Ashkirk, 8th August, 1851.

"MONSIEUR, —I have happened to see in Martial's 'Epigrams' (Lxn. E. 217), a couplet which would, I think, be a singularly appropriate inscription for your Symposium:—

'OBSONATOR.

'Die quotus es, quante cupias cœnare, unum
Addideres verbum: cœna parati tibi est.'

“No translation can convey the exquisite felicity of the original. I know not if you add classical scholarship to your other accomplishments, but lest you should not, I may translate the epigram. I can find no equivalent to *obsonator* so good as the French word *restaurateur*:—

“‘Say how many you are, and at what cost you wish to dine: you need say nothing more, your dinner is settled.’

“This indeed is not so much a profession on the part of the Roman *restaurateur*, as a compliment of the poet Martial to his skill and taste—a compliment which it would be by no means presumptuous in you to appropriate. A classical inscription would be in excellent keeping with the classical name of your establishment.

“The meaning of the verses simply is, a counsel of Martial to any of his friends, who wish a banquet at the celebrated *restaurateur*'s, merely to specify the number coming, and the expense to which they were willing to go, and not to interfere with the materials of the feast, but to leave that matter to the discretion of their host, confident that he would supply them with better entertainment than they could devise. Any one coming to you and saying, ‘I wish to dine with four friends at seven shillings each,’ follow the counsel of Martial; while you would infallibly entitle yourself to his compliment by giving the best possible dinner for the money.

“Should you think of making an inscription of the

epigram, the title '*obsonator*' would be better omitted, and only the two lines painted.

“Should you not be able to judge of the fitness of the motto, you may, of course, consult any friends, and I cannot doubt what their judgment will be.

“I have the honour to be, monsieur, your most obedient servant, “L. M.”

We know that, in a great measure, the system indicated in this letter was applied at the Symposium; every day private dinners were ordered (sometimes more than could be managed), and invariably the parties named their own price, and left it to the host to provide what he thought was equivalent for the money. Still the suggestion was appreciated by M. Soyer, and acted upon.

CITY DINING.

A month before the closing of the Symposium, a suggestion was made to M. Soyer to open a *restaurant* in the City. At page 170, we cursorily mentioned that a gentleman would have placed at M. Soyer's disposal any amount of money to open a *restaurant* in the City of London; he was proprietor of the Hall of Commerce, and a very enterprising individual.

M. Soyer, who had previously expressed his opinion that such an establishment, well conducted, would meet the wishes of the City business men, had several meetings with this person, and then thought that the Hall of Commerce was really a very suitable place, not only for

a dining-hall, but an admirable locality for banquets. He then proposed that the hall should be fitted up in the elegant style of the best Paris *restaurants*, and served with Anglo-French cookery, joining substantial fare to delicate made dishes. He also would have had the whole of his late wife's pictures to ornament the dining-hall, and the *service* completely French. A profusion of looking-glasses, flowers, and counters, with handsomely dressed women as cashiers, etc., etc.

However, M. Soyer, who was in the habit of sounding his friends' opinions on most subjects of a speculative nature, was told that it was a great mistake; that men of business never wanted anything more than a chop or steak as a lunch, and generally went home to dinner; therefore few only might per chance dine at the hall, but it would never pay. These reflections had the effect of changing M. Soyer's mind, and he laid aside the idea, until, he said, some favourable opportunity, when he should be more at liberty.

Strange to say, about a month before the closing of the Symposium, a gentleman, supposing that the opportunity was a good one to have the benefit of Soyer's cookery transferred from the aristocratic to the financial quarter of London, addressed to him the following suggestion:—

“M. Soyer, Gore House, Kensington.

“SIR,—It is well known that there is not a decent place to dine at in the City; in fact, numbers are saying that they don't know where to go to get a good dinner.

“It is upon this subject that I address you, believing that you, from your energetic character, and from your high reputation as a caterer for the appetites of the public, would be the most likely man to look upon my project with a favourable eye.

“In the first place, I wish you distinctly to understand that I do not address you with any pecuniary object on my own account; but what I am about to state is a scheme that I have had in my mind for a long time past, and not knowing how to get it carried out, and firmly believing it to be a most profitable project if well directed, I have determined to lay my idea before you.

“In the second place, I will state what has given rise to my scheme. I have dined at a great number of the City dining-houses, and I have not found decent comfort in any one of them, though I believe I have been to the best.

“Nearly all the dining-houses are of an ordinary character, and the accommodation furnished by them is not at all suitable to the number of rich men that are to be found in our City.

“To begin my list of evils. When you first enter, you are met (with very few exceptions) by a very dirty and greasy waiter, who shows you to a seat by making somebody get up to allow you to pass into your stall. I call them stalls because they are nothing better, as they consist of a table fixed against the wall, about two feet wide, with forms (in most cases cushionless) on each side, with upright wooden backs, the back making the division.

“ Well, when seated, the hot, dirty-looking waiter asks what you will take, and gives you a list of joints, all but the last having been up no end of times; but, as it is not to be seen, you must take your chance of that, if he is not honest. If you do not like joints, you can have everlasting chops and steaks.

“ Then when you have what you want, mostly after waiting some length of time, you find yourself in a fix with your opposite neighbour, on account of a wish on the part of both to keep all the plates, pewter-pots, bread, cruets, etc., on the two-feet wide table.

“ Then there is the inefficiency of attendance—a great nuisance to a commercial man. Again, there is the noise of the waiters, who seem to be mostly engaged in ordering one another, and giving vent to exclamations something in this style—‘ Follow chop—Potatoes down—Brocklow one—Half’ pint porter—Take money—Steaks on directly,’ etc. In nearly every house, the cloths are filthily dirty, ditto knives, forks, plates, cruets, etc.

“ The victuals, in many places, are not eatable; and where they are good, they are served up in a nasty, slap-bang sort of manner, nearly always including a large amount of oily grease.

“ Ventilation is another item; decoration is another. Many of them are like common public-houses. The walls and ceilings are often very dirty and smoky, and anything but agreeable to the eye. In fact, there are none at all suitable to men accustomed to have everything good, clean, and comfortable at home.

“The mode of charges generally consists of paying for every article separately. Of course, there are houses in which some of these evils do not exist; but where one fault is cut off, another is generally tacked on; in short, I have enumerated only a small portion of the discomforts to be found in City dining-houses.

“Now, I propose to adopt a new plan—not entirely new, but new for the City.

“The first thing to be secured is good premises—with large, lofty rooms, etc. The Hall of Commerce, in Threadneedle Street, I think, would suit very well, if it could be obtained; at present, I believe, it is only used as a reading-room for *stags*; tea-meetings, peace-meetings, fancy-fairs, and other absurdities take place there. The rooms are large, lofty, and handsome, and I think, with some alterations, it might be converted into a first-rate place. The situation, also, is very convenient, being close to the Royal Exchange, Stock Exchange, Bank of England, Excise Office, and several public offices. Not only all this, but it is in a nest of private offices, and within three minutes’ walk of Lombard Street. If the Hall of Commerce could not be obtained, there is some ground close by, where, I believe, suitable premises might be erected.

“Well, supposing good handsome premises were to be secured, the next thing to be considered is the management—an affair of the greatest importance.

“Instead of having boards and sawdust, I would have carpet or matting; and instead of stalls, with wooden forms and backs, I would have comfortable

tables, with nice comfortable padded chairs, and with room between the tables for the company and waiters to circulate, so that no one should have to trouble his neighbour.

“Cleanliness is a very great *desideratum*; for my part, I would have everything as clean as in a gentleman’s house. The waiters, also, should be well dressed, and not like the nasty, dirty, oily, greasy, worn-out, seedy, disreputable-looking beings they are at present. The eatables should also be of the very best character, as City men have all of them a pretty tolerable idea of what is good in the way of eating. Now, I would have ‘fish, soups, and joints always ready’ from one to six o’clock, P.M.; also side dishes (something *à la Soyer*) ready to be warmed up at five or ten minutes’ notice. The joints and fish should be brought into the room as they are at Simpson’s in the Strand, that is, to place them on a little moveable table, so as to allow the visitors that intend to partake of them an inspection of what he is going to eat. On no account would I allow anybody to carve for himself, as promiscuous carving nearly spoils a joint; but the man who has care of the joint should carve to the orders of the visitors, in the same way as at Simpson’s. The carvers should also be dressed in white, and be clean, respectable-looking men. I mention Simpson’s because it is by far the best-managed place I have seen.

“The best way to charge, I think, would be as follows:—Two shillings for an ordinary dinner, including everything except drinkables; two shillings and

sixpence with fish or soup ; and a regular charge of two-pence or threepence for attendance. Of course, if anybody wished to have anything scarce, he must pay more for it. I do not think these charges would be too high, as the connection to be obtained would not be poor devils of clerks, with a mere pittance per annum, but men who make their £10 to £100 per diem, at present often driven to dine at home from the want of comfortable accommodation.

“Such, sir, is an outline of my plan. As to the speculation being remunerative, I feel confident it would pay. Day after day do I hear gentlemen grumbling, and they all say that they would not mind paying a little more, if they could have a good place to go to. At present a dinner costs from one shilling to two shillings; surely sixpence or a shilling more is not much for a rich man.

“I have spoken to several gentlemen on the subject and the only objection that I find to my plan is, that commercial men cannot spare the time; but, for my part, I do not at all see why my system should take any longer than at present.

“By providing *very first-rate* wines, I have no doubt a good wholesale and retail business might be done in that branch.

“Of course you will be surprised at a stranger taking the trouble to write so much upon this subject, but really I have heard so much said about it, that I think it would be a great pity if such an opportunity for making money were lost.

“For the truth of my remarks, you have only to ask any gentleman in the habit of dining in the City.

“I will again state that I am not in any way actuated by an idea of self-interest, as I am in a very good business; neither am I connected with the Hall of Commerce, nor do I know anybody that is.

“Should you consider my scheme worthy of attention, perhaps you will be kind enough to let me know.

“Apologizing for the great length of this letter, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“H. P——

“5th September, 1851.”

Towards the close of the Symposium, a large party of about 200 country folk, with the parson of the parish at their head, arrived at Gore House, according to previous arrangements, to partake of a rural dinner in that part of the garden called the “Encampment for all Nations;” and after the closing of the Exhibition for the day, as soon as the dinner was over, these country people spread about the ground, and enjoyed themselves over the entire premises—some drinking at the various bars, others skipping about to the bands of music; in fact, taking as much pleasure as they could for the few hours they had to remain.

These 200, added to the usual 400 or 500 persons daily strolling about, made the place much more lively and noisy; and it so happened that a magistrate came that very evening to the Symposium, and we must suppose that he was so shocked at the merry-making of

these country visitors, that he took it for granted that Gore House was anything but what it ought to be—was, in fact, a receptacle of the commonest description. Just at that time M. Soyer had consulted with his friends, whether it would not be advisable to raise a music-hall where the encampment stood. M. Jullien, who was one of the number, approved, and steps had already been taken for an estimate, and a license applied for, when M. Soyer received an intimation that he could not expect a license after the orgies this magistrate had been a witness to. On M. Soyer's making inquiries, he found that through an error made by the solicitor, the word *dancing* was added to *music*. He immediately wrote the following letter to the Press:—

“SIR,—Proceedings having been commenced against Mr. Pownall, the magistrate of the Middlesex Sessions, respecting the attack made by him upon me at the last meeting of magistrates for granting music licenses, I beg to ask the public who have visited Gore House if they can corroborate any such attack upon me, or upon the respectability of my establishment? I have in my possession about two thousand autographs of the *élite* of society of all nations, who have visited Gore House repeatedly, and who have always spoken most highly of the manner in which it was conducted. I am proud to say that the very night that gentleman paid me a visit several of the nobility were there dining and spending the evening, and expressed to me the highest approbation of the arrangements. Respecting the notice for the music license, it was given by a friend and next neigh-

bour, in the idea of my erecting at the bottom of the grounds, if permitted, a magnificent *jardin d'hiver et d'été*, in connection with my friend M. Jullien. Understanding that a music license could not be granted without the other, the word '*dancing*' was introduced, but having been advised by my solicitor, some time previous to this meeting, that the word '*dancing*' was objectionable, I abandoned the application altogether, and gave notice to that effect, and no application was, therefore, made.

"It is not only for my own sake that I beg the insertion of this letter, but for the sake of redeeming the characters of upwards of one hundred servants, whom the remarks of Mr. Pownall are calculated to ruin.

"With the highest consideration, I have the honour to remain your most devoted,

" A. SOYER.

"October 18, 1851."

This circumstance happened on the 14th of October, and M. Soyer, thinking that difficulties would arise to annoy him in his new idea, at once ordered the closing of the Symposium.

The sudden shutting up of such an establishment raised the suspicion of many; but the announcement posted on the doors outside, 'that those who had claims were to apply at Messrs. Soyer and Co.'s office,' soon appeased the fears of the alarmists. Still a bad impression was produced, and the impatience of a few caused law proceedings to be taken. A few months afterwards all claims were settled, and we are sorry

to say, notwithstanding the enormous amount of £21,000 taken during the five months the Symposium was open, the expenses amounted to about £28,000, leaving a deficit of nearly £7000, much to poor Soyer's disappointment, for he had worked early and late, and he never could understand how such a result could be, when, on an average, 1000 persons daily had partaken of the good cheer provided.

ADVICE TO M. SOYER.

When M. Soyer made known that his intention was to leave the Reform Club, many private friends of his, who felt a particular interest in his welfare, doubted the policy of that determination. Some blamed him for so doing, others expressed their sorrow and good wishes in his future undertakings. But a very sincere friend, Mr. S. P——, a literary gentleman of repute, who appreciated his worth, warned him as regarded his next move, and said—"Whenever you make up your mind to do anything fresh, do not forget to consult your excellent friend Mr. T. P——; he will give you the very best advice." M. Soyer no doubt intended to do so; but, blinded by success, he followed his course, and took Gore House, and forgot his friend Mr. T. P——, a high authority in the law.

The end of 1851 arrived, and our friend Soyer wrote to Mr. S. P——, informing him of the serious result of his speculation at Gore House. The answer was:—

“ 31st December, 1851.

“ DEAR SOYER,—I am sorry to receive so bad an account of your speculation at Gore House as that which you have sent me; but, to tell you the truth, I hardly expected much good, at any time, from that undertaking. When you left the Reform Club and asked me for my advice, I recommended you strongly to take counsel from so experienced a man and so undoubted a friend of yours as I know Mr. T. P—— to be, and I quite coincided in the recommendation which, as I understood, Mr. P—— gave you, viz., to take a house and to give therein, without any clap-trap, show, or external demonstration, *the best dinners* that a man could get in London. Had you followed this advice you would have made your fortune, for your name stood as high as possible at the time; the world had faith in Soyer, and you might have commanded your own terms. As it was, you pursued a course the very opposite to the one prescribed, and the consequence has been the vexation, disappointment, and loss which you describe.

“ However, do not think the chance has gone yet. If you will set about repairing past mischief at once, keep yourself in your own hands, take a quiet place, cook the very best dinners, give the very best wines, people will still go to Soyer. But, as a sincere friend, I warn you, as you value your respectability and credit, and desire to maintain your position, to avoid anything that has the remotest resemblance to puff and charlatanism; you stand in need of neither, and may get on well without them.

“Pray write to me at any time. If I can be of service to you I will do at all times *mon possible*.

“Do not forget, also, that Mr. T. P—— is in London, and I am sure he will be glad, at any time, to give you advice if you want it. You cannot find a better adviser in England.

“Believe me, dear Soyer, faithfully yours,

“S. P——.”

The writer of this letter has since died. The course followed by M. Soyer afterwards, proves that, even then, this good advice was of very little use, if any.

In the course of the year 1851, one of those unexpected events which makes an epoch in a man's life came to the recollection of M. Soyer like a thunderbolt. Whilst he was walking in the beautiful grounds of Gore House, a letter from Paris, dated 10th of August, was handed to him. Although not a very long one, still, owing to the interruptions he met with, it took him more than an hour before he could read it through; and those who came around him for orders could not conceive how it was that the *governor* was not in his usual temper; in fact, he was like a man beside himself. All at once he turned round to hide his face, and seeing his old friend V—— coming towards him, said, with tears in his eyes, “Read this, old boy;” and, putting his forefinger across his lips, added, “let me know what we are to do about it.” The letter, written in excellent French, contained the following narrative:—

[*Translation.*]

“SIR,—Forgive me if I am bold enough to write these few lines to you, but when you are acquainted with the motive of my inspiration, you will understand that it is impossible for any one possessed of good feeling to remain inactive at the information which fills him with joy.”

The cause of his joy was this:—

“I was born in Paris, Quai de l’Ecole, No. 22, on the 5th of June, 1830. From that period, I lived until the age of seven years without knowing my father, and only recollect confusedly to have seen a person at M. Lequesne’s, a friend of my mother’s, who seemed to take great interest in me, but I never knew who that person was. In my eighth year, I lost my dear mother, whose name was Adèle Lamain, and who died in the Rue St. Nicholas, leaving me to the care of a M. Simon, who promised, on her death-bed, to take care of me as long as his means allowed. I thus lived five years, when I was apprenticed to a smith. Whilst there M. Simon failed in business, and he was obliged to give me up to my mother’s brother, who took care of me as his own son. Being anxious to know who I was, I questioned him respecting my father. I could not get precise information from him, so that I was compelled for the time to give up the wish I felt to know the author of my birth. But the great desire I felt of being informed on the subject made me persevere. I therefore chose a favourable opportunity to renew my question, and succeeded in learning the name of him

whom I so ardently wished to know. I then recollected having seen *your* name in the newspapers, as well as your address. I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing him whom I was so disposed to respect and love. I then thought of starting off to England; but on consideration, and in fear that my presence might displease you, I made up my mind to write and ask your permission to join you, then to fall at your feet and ask you to bestow upon me the friendship which a father cannot help granting to his son. I would then have left you, if you required it, and afterwards resumed my business with a good heart, to live happy after having seen him who had always been uppermost in my thoughts. I conjure you, do not refuse me this happiness; only send me, in a letter, permission to come and see you. I shall immediately leave Paris. I am sure you cannot be deaf to my prayer; your heart must grant it. Pray send me your permission. Besides, something tells me that you are good—that you will kindly remember that you had a son, and that that son was separated from you without being known to him. Grant my prayer, and by that you shall have bestowed on me the greatest blessing I am anxious to possess. My happiness may turn to bitterness if you refuse my request, and weigh heavily on my fate.

“I am waiting your answer with the calmness of a heart disposed to love you, and will preserve your letter, such as it may be, as a token of affection and gratefulness.

“Have the kindness, sir, to receive the assurance of

my respectful sentiments, and believe that I am for ever your dutiful and devoted servant,

“ALEXIS LAMAIN.”

After reading this letter, which greatly surprised the old friend to whom he entrusted it, a serious conversation took place, and the result was that a letter was despatched, with an invitation to young Alexis to come to England and embrace his father. He arrived at the Symposium in July; the meeting took place only in the presence of the old friend. We need not say what may have been the feelings of the father and the son. They saw each other with mutual affection, and Alexis was to remain a fortnight at the Symposium, to enjoy himself under the care of the only one who knew the circumstance. At the expiration of the time, young Alexis bid adieu to his father, his heart full of joy and gratefulness, to resume his business in Paris, still under the roof of his uncle.

From 1851 until 1853, young Alexis, happy as he was to have found his father, kept corresponding with the old friend, and expressed his great anxiety to bear the name of *Soyer* as a right. His father determined then to take a trip to Paris, and it was agreed, before leaving England, that he would not return without acknowledging his son according to the French laws, so that in case of death the young man should be able to show his rights.

The old friend communicated this important decision to young Alexis, who wrote in answer a most affection-

ate and grateful letter; and again, when the act was signed in all the forms required by his father, he despatched another with the glorious news that he had been acknowledged, and now was overjoyed that in all future communications he could add, next to his Christian name of *Alexis*, the glorious one of *Soyer*.

We must now subjoin, by way of explanation, that when Soyer left Paris, at the time of the Revolution of July, he had formed an attachment which was rather troublesome to him. He was then only twenty years of age, thoughtless, of light and rather timid disposition. He profited by his brother's suggestion to start off to England, and leave his first love to take care of herself and her baby, which he appeared to have soon forgotten, till the whole affair was thus, so long after, brought back to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE DISCOVERIES.

The Food of the Navy—Foul Doings—What Jack puts up with—Soup-kitchens—A Christmas Festival—Good Cheer—The Beggar's Bill of Fare—Grand Ball—Terpsichorean Gas Apparatus—More Soup-kitchens—The Pantropeon—Classic Suppers—Cooks in Early Times—Idleness—Masonic News—The People's Palate once more Tickled—Soyer's Crib—An Odd Picture Gallery—Artistic Chat—A Merry Dinner Party—An Animated Joint—A Chase—Clever Capture—Once more Free—Soyer's Glee—The Banquet terminated—The Boulogne Fêtes—Taken Prisoner—Happy Release—A Royal Present—More Troubles—Return Home to the Hotel—The Passport Nuisance—The Culprit—An Accusation—An Odd Surmise—Firm in his Faith—"The Shilling Cookery"—Large Sale—Its Merits—Soyer's Funny Invention.

EARLY in 1852, Soyer directed his attention to the preserved meats supplied to the navy, and addressed a letter from Gore House to the public Press, in which he said:—

"My attention having been attracted by the late reports throughout the public Press respecting the preserved meat supplied for the use of the navy, and being anxious to ascertain the cause of such complaints, I beg to state that I have had the opportunity of carefully inspecting the contents of several canisters supplied to the Government stores, which were expressly opened for the

purpose of giving my opinion upon them. Out of seven which I saw open, one was in a perfect state of decomposition, and of a very offensive smell, so much so that the contents could not even be analyzed with safety. Another had the appearance of pulp, forming almost a *purée*; though unfit to be used, it did not produce the slightest effluvia. Two of the other canisters were in a state of semi-decomposition; the remaining three were fit to be eaten, but not likely to keep for two or three years longer, as supposed by the contractors. In the latter I found the meat of good quality; the only offal was a piece of ox-heart in one of them, which, though objected to in the contract, is certainly eatable, and capable of keeping as well as any other part of the animal.

“The dreadful decomposition contained in the first canister is, in my opinion, owing to a quantity of unextracted air concealed in the meat, and which is at all times very pernicious to preserves of every kind; the second I attributed to the meat not being quite cooked enough; the third and fourth to the jelly mixed with the meat, in which vegetables are boiled to give flavour to the stock; the bulk of the meat is also rather too large, each canister containing from 10 lb. to 12 lb.; and another thing I fear, from the appearance of each canister, is that they have been painted when quite hot.

* * * * *

“No canister, besides, ought to contain more than 6 lb. of meat, the same to be very slightly seasoned with bay-salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs in powder, such as

thyme and bay-leaf, a small quantity of which would not be objectionable even for invalids.

“I also admit that no jelly should be added to the meat; but that the meat, and the meat alone, should produce its own jelly; and that with the bones and trimmings a good stock should be made without vegetables, well reduced and skimmed, to form a very strong transparent demi-glaze; and that 6-lb. canisters should be filled with the same, bearing a special mark, and one of these allowed to every dozen of the others. This demi-glaze, when diluted in water, would make six gallons of very good broth, with which any kind of soup could be made in a very short time; otherwise, divide it into portions with the meat. Ordinary vegetables of any kind—so very beneficial on a long sea-voyage—may be easily preserved separately, at a trifling cost, with the greatest facility, and used in perfection in every climate.”

These and similar reports at last roused the lethargy of the victualling department, and examinations took place, resulting in evidences of a still worse character as to the food supplied. The public were horrified and disgusted at the disclosures. It was stated in the *Times*, “that the result of the investigation proved that out of 6378 cases opened at the Royal Clarence victualling establishment at Gosport, 5468 were condemned, leaving 910 only consumable.”

Soyer was, we believe, instrumental in having the system altered altogether; and there has been no complaint since.

“ PRESERVED MEAT FOR THE NAVY.

“ *To the Editor of The Lancet.*

“ SIR,—Having had an opportunity of carefully inspecting the contents of several canisters of the preserved meat supplied to the Government stores, I should feel it as a special favour if you would allow me to make a few observations on the subject in your next impression.—
Your obedient servant, “ A. SOYER.

“ January 22, 1852.”

“ *.* We shall have much pleasure in inserting any communication that M. Soyer may forward to us upon this important subject.—SUB.-ED. L.”

“ *To the Editor of The Lancet.*

“ SIR,—I gladly embrace the opportunity you so kindly afford me of addressing to you a few culinary remarks respecting the preserved meat supplied to the navy, which topic has of late been so much commented upon.

“ The following observations, if acted upon, will do away with another such unpleasant task to the Government authorities, and must prove beneficial to the navy generally :—

“ Firstly, and most important, is the selection of meat previous to its being preserved.

“ Secondly. The meat should not be too fresh, allowing at least four-and-twenty hours to cool.

“ Thirdly. Each canister should not contain more

than six pounds of meat, including about six ounces of fat.

“Fourthly. The contents of each canister should be slightly seasoned with the following ingredients:— Bay-salt, pepper, thyme, and bay-leaf in powder, a very small quantity of which would not be objectionable even to invalids, to whom fresh meat is preferable.

“Fifthly. Avoid, if possible, the preserving of all meat in summer, and not give too large an order at once, which might tend to neglect and mistake on the part of the contractors.

“Sixthly. That no jelly should be mixed with the meat, but the meat alone produce its own gravy. Also that a very good stock be made of the bones and trimmings, and reduced to demi-glaze, and preserved in different canisters, each bearing a private mark, one to be stored to every dozen of others, the contents of which may be used for soup if required, or distributed in proportion with the meat. Also, that no vegetable should be used in making the stock, but a few sweet herbs introduced instead, which will give a good flavour without provoking fermentation. Also that ordinary vegetables, so beneficial in a long sea-voyage, should by all means be preserved in separate canisters. But I beg to state that the great desideratum of this important subject is, that every particle of atmospheric air should be allowed to escape while under the process of ebullition in the bain-marie,* till the vapour has entirely ceased to ascend through the pin-hole left for that purpose,

* Bain-marie is a pan of any dimension containing heated water.

the enormous mass of food distributed was supplied without confusion or difficulty, by adoption of the same means as were used by Soyer when relieving the poor during the famine in Ireland. The whole of the arrangements were under his superintendence; and, to his credit be it stated, that, having been consulted by the Committee of the Leicester Square Soup-kitchen, he handsomely and most humanely offered his services *gratuitously*. We ought to add, that to give an additional zest to this well-timed entertainment of the poor and needy, a band of music was in attendance, which played a succession of waltzes, polkas, and merry tunes, whilst the guests plied their willing knives and forks.

After this success, an extraordinary Christmas festival to the poor came off in Ham Yard, when 22,000 of the poorest of the poor were regaled bountifully. The bill of fare of this great Christmas feast will be read perhaps even with more interest than that of a Lord Mayor's dinner at the Guildhall:—

BILL OF FARE FOR THE POOR.

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Nine thousand pounds roast and baked meat. | |
| One hundred and seventy-eight beef pies. | } Each weighing from 10 lb. to 30 lb.; one of them, the "monster pie," weighing 60 lb. |
| Fifty hare pies. | |
| Sixty rabbit pies. | |
| Fifty pork and mutton pies. | |
| Twenty roast geese. | |
| Three thousand three hundred pounds of potatoes. | |
| Five thousand pints of porter. | |
| Five thousand pounds of plum-pudding. | |
| Fifty cakes. | |
| Six thousand half-quartern loaves. | |
| One cask of biscuits. | |
| Eighteen bushels of Spanish nuts. | |

Eighteen bushels of chestnuts.

Six boxes of oranges.

Three thousand 2-oz. packages of tea.

Three thousand 3-oz. packets of coffee.

Five thousand half-pounds of sugar.

One whole ox, roasted by gas—supplied by the Western Gas Company, under the gratuitous superintendence of Mr. Inspector Davies of that establishment.

A grand ball in aid of the funds was also given at Willis's Rooms, when a large portion of the *beau monde* attended. Soyer was there. In an under room, the indefatigable *maitre-de-cuisine* exhibited a variety of new improvements in cooking by gas, as carried out at the Leicester Square Hospice. A numerous party of the fair *danseuses* attended M. Soyer's experiments, and appeared to be much gratified with the rapidity and simplicity with which all the operations were conducted. M. Jullien's band was in attendance.

Subsequently another soup-kitchen upon a large scale was opened by Mr. Cochrane, in Farringdon Street, and equally well contrived by M. Soyer.

We have before alluded to the fact of M. Soyer's intention to produce a work upon the history of food. In 1853 he did so, and came before the world once more as the historian of the aliments of mankind. The researches necessary for this work are almost incredible. Some proximate idea may be formed from the knowledge that nearly three thousand references are given to various authors, not only of modern date, but of those who flourished in early ages among the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. No man could have been more an enthusiast in his profession than was Soyer during this

labour. Although it must be confessed he was supreme in furnishing a banquet, he could equally well describe it; and among a perfect volume of literary eulogium, we quite agree with the *United Service Gazette*, of September 16, 1853, which said:—"In the 'Pantropheon' Soyer displays all his vast resources, and teaches us how the ancients lived, moved, and had their gastronomic being. Again is the imagination invoked, and we here dine with Apicius, and sup with Heliogabalus or 'the magnificent Seba;' we accommodate our palates to parrots' tongues, we submit to 'dormice prepared with honey and poppy-juice,' and we do not disdain—who would?—peacocks' eggs stuffed with fat ortolans. Trifling apart, this 'Pantropheon' is a most elegant, instructive, and interesting book: it is nothing less than a history of food and its preparation from the earliest ages of the world, and has the advantage of being copiously and richly illustrated. Soyer has dived deeply into the mines of classic lore, and brought up all the wealth the poets and historians had accumulated. A fanciful and highly-cultured style has been applied to the collocation and display of these riches, and a copious index helps us to the most sparkling gems and choicest minerals; it, in fact, completes, in a truly *recherché* manner, Soyer's contributions to gastronomic literature, rendering him one of the greatest benefactors of the age."

Another writer remarks:—"So apt is his pen that, in the familiar treatment of his subject, one would almost imagine, when he discourses so classically on va-

rious dainties, that he wrote with a skewer dipped in the dripping-pan of modern *Greece*. In one part of the book he informs us that, 'in the middle ages, the cook of a house of any note always seated himself in a high arm-chair to give his orders; he held a long wooden spoon in his hand, with which he tasted, without quitting his place, the various dishes that were cooking on the stoves and in the saucepans, and which served him also as a weapon with which to *chastise the idle and gluttonous*.' This latter process is what we moderns should call *basting!*"

During the years 1853 and 1854, Soyer did nothing which calls for comment, but led a retired quiet life, occasionally helping a friend, either with his brains or his purse. About August, 1853, he went on a visit to W. Tucker, Esq., of Corrington Park, Axminster, of Masonic notoriety; and while Soyer was here he was installed as a Sovereign Prince Rose Croix, a very high degree in Masonry. On his return to town he began to get restless with the inactive life he was leading, and he determined once more to astonish the world—this time with something aromatic; and after long and tedious consultations with condiments and palate, came forth the "Aromatic Mustard," the pungency of which has caused the involuntary shedding of many a tear down the cheek of the *gourmet*. His firm and kind friends, Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, again took the sale of his latest concoction in hand, and soon the mustard became celebrated, and it has now an established reputation.

Soyer's *sanctum sanctorum* in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, where he then resided, was an extraordinary place. On every door—nay, on every panel—were stuck up, in glorious confusion, the productions of his late wife. Should your eye turn towards the fire-place, serving as a screen, was a study by Madame's brush. Go into the innermost closet, there you would find, buried as it were in oblivion, paintings stuck in all conceivable positions, and at all possible points. Nothing pleased him more than when his visitor would begin to talk about the fine arts, while Alexis would take out his silk handkerchief, and rub with vigour the surface of any painting which he thought required it, expatiating the while on the peculiar points of excellence it possessed, and which were unknown to any other painter, living or dead.

About this period, a laughable event occurred at a dinner party given by the immortal *chef*, at the Wheat-sheaf, Virginia Water. The chair was taken by the *chef* himself, faced by his valued friend, E. T. Smith, Esq., lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. On a sudden, and after the dispersion of what, in culinary language, are termed the "removes," a waiter appeared with what seemed to be either a large sirloin of beef, or a saddle of mutton, at least, surmounted by a large cover; whereupon Mr. Vice rated the man for not bringing it earlier, himself clearing a space on the table before him for its reception. The waiter appeared to be inclined to drop the hot dish as it was placed on the table, Mr. Smith the while sharpening his carver, and calling for customers for his joint, and, on the man removing the

cover, out jumped a little squirrel, and leaping right on the shoulder of the astonished vice-chairman, scampered along the heads and plates of his fellow-guests. After passing the entire length of the table, in the manner described, the little thing bounded to the floor, when suddenly a new epoch in the way of dining took place, for no sooner did the astonished animal take to the earth than away vanished the guests' hunger, and there was a general chase to catch the animated joint. After a long hunt the squirrel was captured, and once more let loose amongst his companions in the adjacent wood. During part of the time Soyer sat as grave as a judge, but the merry twinkle of his dark piercing eye ultimately lapsed into one of his uncontrollable fits of laughter, and there he sat, unable to stay his mirth, until the game was captured, when once more hunger returned, and the magnificent banquet placed on the table was speedily demolished.

We may cite, as another of the many odd incidents which occurred to Soyer in the course of his extraordinary career, a fact which took place at the time of the visit of the Prince Consort to the Emperor Napoleon, at Boulogne, to inspect the camps lying near the city. Soyer, having expressed a wish to join the gay throng, set off from London in company with a friend, and when the boat came to the quay at Boulogne, as usual, the passengers were marched, in single file, through the custom-house and into the dreadful presence of the head officials, and interrogated as to their passports, etc. On their confronting Soyer, he boldly avowed that he

had brought none with him ; whereupon a brother *chef*, who had come by the same boat, intending to go into the interior of France for a holiday, kindly offered to procure bail amongst Soyer's many friends in the town. Meanwhile poor Soyer was marched off to the guard-room, preparatory to being started by the next boat to England. Soon did his friend (who, by the by, was immensely fat) make the best of his way along the quay, up the Rue d'Assas, and so to Cuue's hotel, and, having found that gentleman at home, he brought him in triumph to vouch as to the respectability of Soyer, who, after some hours spent in the lock-up, was liberated. Greetings mutual and pure took place. Soyer thanked his brother *chef*, and his *confrère* thanked the hotel-keeper. They were all satisfied at the result of the mishap, and went to their quarters.

It should be mentioned that Soyer took with him, as a present for the imperial table, some splendid pines, which, being carefully placed in a box and addressed to his Majesty, were being quietly munched by the royal recipients, while the donor was digesting his woes in prison. When the Emperor heard of the occurrence, which he did the same evening, he laughed most heartily.

One would have thought that mishaps enough for the day had occurred ; but no ! more were yet in store. After dinner Soyer went alone to see his old friend M. Leon, valet to the Emperor, who was staying with his imperial master at the Hotel Brighton, Capecuce, near Boulogne, as also was his royal guest the Prince Consort. Soyer,

to allay his thirst, partook of too much champagne, and, reaching home about three o'clock in the morning, went up to his room. Wishing to enjoy a whiff before retiring to rest, he snatched up a piece of paper from the floor, and, applying it to his candle, burnt the whole except the little scrap which remained between his fingers, which he threw away, smoked his weed, and went to bed quite happy at having caused a sensation. But worse luck awaited him. At about five o'clock the following morning Soyer's deliverer came into the room, and going to his bed, after picking something up and ruminating a few minutes, suddenly came to Soyer, shook him well, and, on waking him, said, in a very passionate manner, "Soyer, have you seen my passport?" Soyer replied, "No." "Then what do you call this?" holding up, with an indignant air, the scrap of unburnt paper, and reading in French, "*nez ordinaire.*" This is my passport, Soyer, it describes my nose. You are a nice fellow; you come here without a passport, I have one; you go to prison, I get you released; then you determine to burn mine, so as to make me a defaulter to the law. It's too bad of you." Explanation was of no avail, and, to this day, M. Cossard, the *chef-de-cuisine*, believes that poor Alexis Soyer burnt his passport knowingly.

In the year 1855, Soyer finally determined to write a cheap cookery-book for the people, so as to include receipts which would range from one penny to a few shillings in concoction. He introduced into it some entirely new dishes; and we may state here as a fact,

that no book ever published, with one or two exceptions only, sold so many copies as did Soyer's Cookery, in the same space of time, taking a run of twelve months. The first edition of 10,000 copies sold in one day, and another edition of 10,000 copies was ordered the following day, and as speedily followed its predecessor, and the 185th thousand is now selling. Its clear and lucid style at once made it popular. No man who keeps ever so small a home, and whose means may be limited, should be without it. This work is also written in the form of correspondence, and in the addenda will be found a sketch of his "baking stewing-pan," another of his inventions. And, as usual, this was to be like nothing any one else ever did; so Soyer must stick a padlock on it, thereby to defeat the purloining propensities of the baker, should that individual, unlike the majority of his fellow-loafers, possess an inquisitive spirit or pilfering fingers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST STAGE.

Soyer's Offer to go to the Crimea—His Letter to the *Times*—The Offer Accepted—The Farewell Dinner at the Adelaide Hotel, London Bridge—Arrival at Constantinople—Awful Mortality among the Troops at Scutari—Soyer Opens a Model Kitchen—Goes to the Crimea—Illness and Return to Constantinople—Given up by his Medical Attendants—Mr. Ambler—Second Visit to the Crimea—Miss Nightingale—Banquet to the Allied Generals—Painting the Grass—Interview with the Sultan—The Sultan's Gift—Soyer's Arrival in Paris, and Compilation of his "Culinary Campaign"—Interview with the Emperor—Arrival in London—Interview with Lord Panmure—Fall from his Horse—Love for Virginia Water—Lecture at the United Service Museum—Soyer's Cooking-waggon—Emigrants' Rations—New Receipts for the Military Hospitals—Model Kitchen at Wellington Barracks—Soyer's Last Illness—Goes to Sydenham—Compelled to Return to London—His Death and Funeral—Not Buried with Due Honour.

EVER adventurous, ever ready to lend his aid and to assist, our noble friend had, under the rose, been counselling, with a few choice spirits, at the Hotel de Provence, Leicester Square, as to the probability of his being of use in the Crimea, as at that time the complaints of bad cookery and general bad arrangements were being daily brought before the notice of the public by the Press.

A few nights afterwards, while supping at the Albion Hotel, in Russell Street, his eye caught one of his

friend Mr. William Russell's letters to the *Times*, or as he describes it in his "Culinary Campaign:"—"After reading one of the leaders, my attention was drawn to a long article written by the Crimean correspondent of that journal. When I had read it carefully a second time, a few minutes' reflection on my part enabled me to collect my ideas, and establish in my mind a certain assurance that I could, if allowed by Government, render service in the cooking of the food, the administration of the same, as well as the distribution of the provisions. These were matters in which I could detect, through the description of that eye-witness, the writer of the above-mentioned article, that some change was much needed. I therefore wrote the following letter to the *Times*, it being then nearly one o'clock in the morning:—

“ ‘ THE HOSPITAL KITCHENS AT SCUTARI.

“ ‘ *To the Editor of the Times.*

“ ‘ SIR,—After carefully perusing the letter of your correspondent, dated Scutari, in your impression of Wednesday last, I perceive that, although the kitchen under the superintendence of Miss Nightingale affords so much relief, the system of management at the large one in the barrack hospital is far from being perfect. I propose offering my services gratuitously, and proceeding direct to Scutari, at my own personal expense, to regulate that important department, if the Government will honour me with their confidence, and grant me the full power of acting according to my knowledge and

experience in such matters.—I have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“ ‘A. SOYER.

“ ‘Feb. 2, 1855.’ ”

The insertion of this letter led to M. Soyer's being brought prominently before the public. The Government lost no time in securing his aid. He received from the Duchess of Sutherland a kind note, requesting to see him, at Stafford House, upon the subject.

All was soon arranged, and a month after Soyer was suddenly called on to take his departure. The preparations he made were necessarily of a hurried character; but he was determined to keep his word, even though the time allowed him for getting ready was but three days. Arrangements were made with Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, who consented to take charge of his paintings, which were accordingly packed up and started to their place of business in Soho Square, where they remained until his return.

The eve of his departure was celebrated, by a few of his many friends, by a parting dinner at the Adelaide Hotel, London Bridge. After a rough passage, combined with odd adventures, Soyer arrived in Paris, where he visited the military hospitals in company with a kind friend of his, Mr. Brunel, from London, who greatly assisted him in obtaining admission; and in a few days after he continued his journey.

At the time Soyer reached Constantinople, sickness was carrying off many hundreds per day; indeed, at the time, life there was quite a lottery, and we may cite,

as an instance of the awful mortality then existing, that at the barrack hospital, at Scutari, where Soyer commenced his culinary mission, the number of deaths was from a hundred and upwards daily; no such thing as single funerals taking place, but all the poor fellows, so soon as death released them from their sufferings, were rolled in their blankets and tossed into one huge pit, common to all. All those whose duties compelled them to remain at the hospital were ordered to write their last wishes, and to place the same in some conspicuous part of their kit, so that, in case of a sudden attack of fever or cholera, they would become known.

This bad state of things must, in a measure, have affected the nerves of poor Soyer, as he had not been landed many hours before he was attacked with diarrhœa, which attack, though not of a violent nature, still was very obstinate, and clung to him, off and on, for some weeks. This, however, did not prevent him from at once commencing the onerous duties which the Government had sent him to fulfil; and after some weeks beneficially spent at the hospitals at Scutari and Constantinople, during which time he entirely revised the dietaries of those establishments, and left them in a much more healthy state than when first inspected by him, he opened his model kitchen at the barrack hospital, which was a most successful affair; and the meed of congratulation he received from all the authorities, military as well as medical, at once testify that Soyer did his utmost for the alleviation of the miseries endured

by the poor creatures whose lot it was to be stricken by illness.

M. Soyer now turned his attention to the Crimea, and although the diarrhœa had greatly reduced him, and his friends advised him not to undertake the journey in the weak state he was then in, nothing could stay him from his fixed resolve and sense of duty, so that those who were in the field might have the benefit of his great experience in the culinary art. In a few weeks after his arrival at the front, he had sifted out abuses, and had started some kitchens, on his own principle, with the greatest success; but all the while undermining his own constitution, and he soon was compelled once more to lay up. Debility, fever, and over-exertion had now quite prostrated him, and, in spite of the best of medical treatment, he kept gradually sinking. A consultation of medical officers was held upon his case, and his immediate removal to Constantinople was agreed to. He left the camp amidst the regrets and good wishes of all who knew him; numbers flocked round him to bid him what they feared would be a final adieu; but Providence ordained otherwise, and poor Soyer, as we shall see, ultimately returned to the Crimea.

On his return to Constantinople, he was conveyed on a stretcher to his hotel, and lay on his bed many weeks, attended by the best medical men of the French and English hospitals, and, in spite of all their good advice, he did not at all mend, but life seemed gradually, though surely, ebbing away. He was now reduced to a living skeleton, and all hopes of his

rallying were given up by his medical attendants, who, taking him as a hopeless case, merely gave him soothing remedies, feeling that the complicated diseases under which he was suffering, namely, fever, dysentery, and dropsy in the lower extremities, were so deeply rooted in his system, and everything having been tried, that they unanimously gave him up.

At this time Soyer was recommended to send for a young medical man named R. Vincent Ambler, who was doing duty at this time at the Scutari Hospital, who had written some reports on new plans of treatment, and had been also very successful in treating the different complications under which M. Soyer was suffering. Poor fellow, he naturally enough clung to any advice that gave hope, and sent for Mr. Ambler, who was then only twenty-one years of age, which, together with his juvenile appearance, did not at first sight predispose Soyer to have much faith in his ability; but, after a little conversation, M. Soyer found that his new attendant took a deep interest in his case, from the many inquiries he made as to his symptoms, and from this time he placed himself entirely under his care, and by the change of diet and medical comforts bestowed on his patient, Mr. Ambler had the great satisfaction to find, after a few days, a great change for the better, and in lieu of the slops which had been poured down M. Soyer, he now was taking iced drinks, a little solid food, with a quantity of raw eggs beaten up in port wine. Under this treatment, in a fortnight he was considerably better, and for the first time his ultimate

recovery was expected. Mr. Ambler acquired a great influence over his patient, who was always a very nervous and obstinate man in sickness.

Soon Soyer had so far progressed towards recovery that he was removed to one of the Princes' Islands, on the Bosphorus, and in three weeks more he was again able to return to his duty in the Crimea, where he went against the advice, be it said, of Mr. Ambler. He however obstinately persisted in his determination, and accordingly set out for the seat of war, where he had already effected a most beneficial change in the dietary of the army. His second visit was attended with great results, and soon he had the whole of the Fourth Division of the army under his culinary command.

After he had been in the Crimea some time, his health seemed greatly to improve; in fact, he got acclimatized, and, to show how grateful he was for any kindness done to him, we will cite the following:—At the time we now speak of, Mr. Vincent Ambler, his medical attendant, was himself lying dangerously ill at the general hospital at Balaklava, and although the same was a distance of seven miles from Soyer's tent, yet would he daily trudge through dirt and slush to the bedside of his young friend, to comfort him; and never did he go there without a quantity of culinary delicacies of his own concoction, the spontaneous emanations of his ever fertile brain. With this assistance, and the great and many kindnesses shown him by that disinterested and kind-hearted lady, Miss Florence Nightingale, and her sister nurses, who were ever on the alert to render any favour to the suffering patients

who might come under their tender care, Mr. Ambler gradually recovered.

While on this subject, it is not out of place to state, that M. Soyer always spoke with the greatest pride of the good offices rendered by those ladies; indeed, it was partly under the able tuition of Miss Nightingale that M. Soyer was enabled ultimately to effectuate the great amount of good he did in the hospitals of the East.

Soon after this he gave a grand banquet to the allied generals, at which he insisted that his friend Ambler should be present; and although that gentleman declined the honour, not feeling himself well enough, yet Soyer would not take a negative answer, but insisted on his coming also, as he himself expressed it, to meet and get introduced to some of the greatest men of the allied armies, who were to assemble around Soyer's hospitable board; and, in order to make more sure of Mr. Ambler's attendance, he sent a horse and two attendants to bring him. The excitement of the scene once more laid Mr. Ambler up; but Soyer was again continually visiting and comforting him, never forsaking him until his ultimate recovery.

As a man who, in his eager conceptions, stopped at nothing, we may mention an amusing anecdote. Who but a Soyer would have thought of out-naturing nature, by painting the grass green, as he once did, when he gave a party at his *villarette* on Cathcart's Hill, in the Crimea? He tells us, in his "Culinary Campaign," that the grass-plot round his tent, from the intense heat of the sun, had become parched and discoloured. "To my sorrow," he says, "I suddenly perceived that

the turf, which had been freshly put down a few days previous, in my grand green grass-plot and avenue, had turned quite yellow, from the effects of a burning sun. My outside illumination, viz., lamps made out of ratoon fat, which then could only be obtained by purchase, the soldiers knowing the value of it, would not consequently produce the effect I intended—the reflection of light upon the green turf. Ambitious as I was of producing quite a novel impression upon the minds of my guests, I felt much vexed at this failure. Let me observe, the way I first saw the grass turn was not under the influence of my friend, merry champagne. Not at all; but it had playfully acted upon my mind, and given me an entirely new and original idea. No matter how ridiculous it may appear to my reader, it was original. This was, to go to the theatre and get a pot of opal-green colour, and set some military artists to paint the grass, which was quickly done to perfection. In fact, it was so well executed, that the horses picketed near were actually taken in, and played all manner of capers to get loose and have a feed. My guests were astonished, and could not account for the sudden change, having noticed how brown it looked in the morning.”

While at Constantinople, M. Soyer was honoured by an interview with the Sultan, when he offered for his Majesty's acceptance a complete set of his works, bound up in the most expensive manner. They were graciously accepted. The *Malta Beacon* thus mentions a subsequent gift:—

“ We observe, by the *Journal de Constantinople*, that the Sultan has presented M. Soyer with a magnificent and rich snuff-box, set in diamonds, as a testimony of his approval and thanks for the indefatigable, humane, and noble services he rendered in the Crimea.* The soldier will ever remember the name of Soyer with gratitude. He it was who made him a decent meal out of his rations ; it was Soyer who manufactured lemonade, and other refreshing drinks, to quench the thirst of the dying and wounded on the field of battle ; he is the man who benefited mankind by bringing ‘ cooking ’ to what it is, and we shall ever remember his motto—

‘ Religion feeds the soul,
Education the mind,
Food the body.’ ”

On M. Soyer’s arrival in Paris, from Marseilles, he compiled his celebrated “ Culinary Campaign in the East,” which he published on his return to London. During his stay in the French capital he had the honour of a personal interview with the Emperor Napoleon, and explained to his Majesty the uses and appliances of his “ Field Stove,” and the Emperor was so struck with its simplicity and utility that he ordered one from the manufacturers in London, and had the same set up in the palace of the Tuileries.

On the 3rd of May, 1857, M. Soyer arrived in London, and never quitted the soil of his adopted country again

* We have ascertained since that the Sultan had given orders to that effect, but the rich snuff-box never reached M. Soyer.

—a country in which he spent the best part of his life; indeed, he often said that nothing would tempt him to settle finally in France, the people appearing to him quite altered; besides, he liked the free and easy style of the islanders better. The receptions he everywhere met with were very pleasing to him.

Somehow or other Soyer had a kind word for all, friend or foe, and could enlist under his banner the good wishes of those who, before they became acquainted with him personally, were his greatest enemies. If his business called him to visit a peer of the realm, he always had a pleasant saying for the menials. There was no pride whatever in the man. He never forgot his position as a gentleman; was always a friend to the poor; was at home equally in the presence of high and low;—in fine, he was a clever tactician, and thoroughly understood mankind.

His first duty on his arrival in England was to pay his respects to the military authorities, and he was received in the most cordial manner by Lord Panmure, then Minister-at-War, who was so pleased with his services that he gave him a handsome bonus, independent of his pay. After terminating his governmental duties, he finally completed the "Culinary Campaign," which, like all its predecessors, met with the approbation of the Press, and well did it deserve the high eulogiums it received, for never did book contain more important matters of fact, culinary and historical, relating to the war in the East than this. It contained also most interesting letters relative to the perfection to which he

had brought army cookery, from the generals-in-chief to the commissariat officers, which were enough to at once establish its fame.

Shortly after this M. Soyer had a fall from his horse, when starting for a long ride to Virginia Water, where a large party of friends were waiting to receive him. On leaving his house at Kensington Square, where he then resided, the horse appeared very restive, and he was advised to dismount, and take the train. But no; Soyer, with his usual determination, would have his way, and accordingly started. His horse seemed to get more restive, and soon he lost all control over the animal, who, now agitated and rendered desperate by the shouts of people making after the infuriated beast, still continued on his headlong career. At length, when near Holland Park, in the Kensington Road, the horse slipped, and threw his rider, whose foot unfortunately got fixed in the stirrup-iron, and in this state he was dragged along by the leg some distance before any one released him from his perilous position. On being picked up, it was feared that some bones would be found fractured; but fortunately this was not the case. Still M. Soyer never got rid of the effects of the fall, and there can be no doubt that the shock his system sustained went with him to his grave.

To show his indomitable pluck, he determined, although advised by his medical attendant to remain at home, on joining his friends at Virginia Water. Meanwhile the party assembled could in no way account

for the non-arrival of Soyer, and all sorts of conjectures were hazarded as to the cause. Late in the day, when all hopes of his coming were given up, the sound of a vehicle in the distance was heard along the lonesome road. The toll-man, whose bar is just opposite the "Wheatsheaf," was aroused from his lethargy, and with outstretched hand made his demand. In a moment after the occupant of the Hansom cab was recognized to be Soyer, who, rather than disappoint those whom he had invited to meet him, came bruised and shaken, with his clothes rent and torn in all sorts of ways, independent of his having to be driven a distance of nineteen miles on the road. For many weeks he suffered a deal of pain, and was confined to his room some time, walking lame, and looking very ill; but no sooner was all pain vanished, than Soyer felt once more himself again.

Very soon after this accident M. Soyer received the sudden and melancholy intelligence that his beloved niece, Augusta Clausen (wife of Captain Clausen, of the foreign legion), a most beautiful young woman, twenty-three years of age, had died in childbed. This was another shock which deeply affected him; she was buried close to poor Emma Soyer's tomb, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

After some months' labour, for the sake of quietude he went to Virginia Water, a very favourite haunt of his, where he had just completed the journal of his Crimean tour. To show the estimation in which he held this place, we shall quote his own words, in which

he not unjustly satirizes the English for their neglect of it:—

“ This spot is little known to the English in general, and to many who have travelled over the world; but as no such delightful place exists anywhere but in England, how can it possibly interest an Englishman? First of all, it is too close for the wealthy, and too far for the people, being six miles by coach from either Windsor or Staines. During the five months I spent there last summer, the greatest number of visitors I counted daily was about twenty or thirty round the lake, which is seven and a-half miles in circumference. I should also observe that Louis Napoleon, being a man of great taste, has imitated it in the Bois de Boulogne as nearly as possible; and by going there, every Englishman will have an idea of that which he possesses at home, without troubling himself, while in London, to go as far as Virginia Water.”

At a dinner given to M. Soyer, to celebrate his return from the Crimea, and previous to the guests leaving, it was proposed, as a finale, to have “ God save the Queen,” but a wag in the room rose and sang the following *impromptu* amidst shouts of laughter:—

“ God save our jolly *chef*,
 Long live our noble *chef*,
 God save Soyer !
 Crimea victorious,
 Always uproarious
 To join in our choreus,
 God save Soyer !

“ Oh, Ude, Vatel, arise,
Try Soyer's pigeon pies,
And fricandeaux !
Confound their mayonnaise,
On him we throw our praise,
And worship his entremets,
God save Soyer !

“ His choicest wine in store
On us he's pleased to pour,
Long will we drink !
May he into our paws
Hand crab and lobster claws,
Gaining our whole applause,
God save Soyer !”

The starting point of Soyer's military career at home was the lecture he gave on the 18th of March, 1858, at the United Service Institute, Whitehall, when his discourse was in reference to military dietetics, or cooking for the army and navy. The chair was taken by General Lord Rokeby, an old Crimean friend of Soyer, and the attendance in the lecture theatre was very numerous ; indeed, at no other period of the session was so large a number of hearers collected together at one time. Soyer then developed to his audience, in a most clear and lucid manner, his own peculiar plans for the reformation of the soldier's diet. Soon after this, the Government determined on appointing a committee of officers and gentlemen connected with the military service, to finally settle as to a proposed cooking-waggon for the army while on the march. Many

models and diagrams were exhibited by the gentlemen forming the committee; but the plan adopted by Soyer (who was also a member of the committee) was at length decided on, and a specimen built at the carriage department, Woolwich; but, unfortunately, poor Soyer had no opportunity of seeing the thing practically tested, for it was not completed until after his death.

The next public thing that occupied his elastic mind on the application of the Government Emigration Commissioners, who are ever on the alert to make the poor persons on board their ships as comfortable as possible, was the reformation of the emigrants' dietary, and for whom he made a small cookery-book. All the receipts in this are formed out of the ordinary rations of the emigrant, so that henceforth, instead of having their rations given to them, to eat ill-dressed, to waste, or to dispose of in other ways, in consequence of not being taught how to use them properly, they will be able to turn them to the best advantage, by having one of these little volumes presented (one copy to every mess of eight adults). There are in its pages upwards of thirty receipts, all entirely new to shipboard. Here at once is a striking instance of the practical good effected by Soyer. What a boon to the poor emigrant to get a regular change of diet, instead of daily eating the everlasting salt junk, boiled up till nothing else but salt and leather remained of what was once a prime piece of meat! Independently of this change for the better, M. Soyer at the same time introduced a tube to the emigrant's tea and coffee pot, whereby a great saving in

either of these articles will be effected. He also gave them a baking-dish, with some other ingenious but simple contrivances, so as to enable them to make the very most of their food, under the circumstances. All that remains to be done now, is for the Commissioners to see to the construction of the cook-houses, which, in some ships, are anything but what they ought to be.

Soon after this M. Soyer was requested by the Barrack and Hospital Commissioners to revise the dietary of the military hospitals; and after a laborious task, brought about by the complicated state of the dietary table, in consequence of the large number of diets specified thereon, M. Soyer, with the assistance of Mr. Warren, wrote an entire new series of receipts, all of which were highly approved of by the Commissioners; and this table is now in full operation at all military hospitals. Here we see more good quietly effected by Soyer.

The next and last thing set about by the celebrated *chef* was his model kitchen, erected at the Wellington Barracks, Birdcage Walk, and which was his last public undertaking. Soyer had, prior to this, been seriously ill for some months. A physician now visited him regularly during the last few weeks of his life; and it was against the advice of his friends and the medical man that he opened his model kitchen. Nothing could, however, move him from his purpose; and, instead of going abroad to recruit his health and shattered frame, he stayed at home, and, with his love for his art, died, as we shall see, in putting the final stone to the pinnacle of his fame.

During these later days he would occasionally spit blood, and this increased to such a degree that he began, from mere custom, to think nothing of it, and, when remonstrated with by his friends, he would laugh it off. The fall from his horse seems to have materially aggravated his already acquired complaint. Still he took no heed of the advice so freely given him, but ran on in a mad career of gaiety. No constitution, however strong, could stand this self-inflicted taxation; and soon poor Soyer was laid on his bed, terribly ill and shaken. His medical adviser suggested change of climate, diet, and regular living, as the only method likely to once more make him a man again. Promises were made, and so soon as he was patched up, ready for the intended journey, so soon would he find something that would only detain him "just" one day. He would say, "You know, my dear fellow, how necessary it is that I should finish the 'Hospital Dietary,' and open my kitchen at the Wellington Barracks, before I leave England; and then I can live quietly for a few weeks, and come back and find my system in full operation." So fully was Soyer bent on his purpose, that he would not be dissuaded from it.

Another extraordinary proceeding on his part was the variety of medical advice he would seek; sometimes two or three medical men would see him in one day. Many were the occasions that certain hours were fixed for their seeing him, so that they should be prevented from coming into contact; and the nostrums of the outgoing doctor would be put out

of sight, so as not to offend the eyes of the incomer.

June came, and still Soyer got thinner, despite the efforts of his attendants. Yet still he hoped on; and how merry was he when enabled once more to get into his kitchen, and personally attend to his "*batterie-de-cuisine!*" Then would he rate the servants for their carelessness; then would he dive into stew-pans and kettles; and then would he drink that which he should not have drunk, namely, wine; and then would he go to bed and feel so much exhausted, and the next morning complain of so much weakness, that the doctor was sent for, and the usual remedies applied; and so was Soyer again patched up, and thus matters went on until his death.

On the Monday preceding the Thursday of his decease, he determined to go for a few days to Sydenham, so as to be near some of his favourite paintings, which had been lent by him to the Crystal Palace Company, to adorn their exhibition of the fine arts. He chose the Paxton Hotel, Norwood, as his residence, which, besides being in the occupation of a friend and talented brother *chef-de-cuisine*, was what he considered a nice walk from the Palace. He remained on the Monday, and enjoyed himself at the Exhibition during the day, feeling, as usual, a little fatigued. On the next day he felt tolerably well during the morning; but, as the evening advanced, he began to get drowsy, and seemed much inclined to sleep, which state was doubtless brought about by the narcotics he had taken to

produce sleep. It was arranged on this very day that some friends should meet him on the morrow at dinner, and the dessert was ordered by one of his most intimate companions, who was going to join them. However, as night came on, Soyer got gradually worse, and by eight o'clock it was determined that he should be taken home to his own house at St. John's Wood; and, after an immensity of trouble, the now fast-sinking man was got within the portal of his own door, never more to leave it alive!

During the night his sufferings were most intense, and at five o'clock in the morning he was insensible. Despite the good offices of Mr. Brittain, of St. John's Wood, his then medical man, he still wore on, the only consolation to his friends being that his sufferings were not physically great; and at eighteen minutes to ten o'clock, on the night of the 5th of August, 1858, he closed his earthly career, in the presence of Mr. Charles Pierce, *maitre d'hôtel* of the Russian Embassy, Mr. C. Phillips, an intimate acquaintance of many years' standing, and Mr. J. R. Warren, his secretary, one of the compilers of this memoir.

About ten seconds before his death, Soyer, who had not once during the day changed his position, turned up his eyelids, and, as his attendant thought, had once more come to his senses; but, alas, the faint ray of hope was soon and for ever dispelled, and poor Alexis Soyer, bearing a calm and placid countenance, was called to his fathers.

Upon the following Wednesday, at half-past eleven

in the morning, his burial took place in Kensal Green Cemetery, and was attended by a number of sorrowing friends; much greater than might have been anticipated from the change in the hour appointed, the early hour of the day ultimately fixed upon, and the somewhat unusual and unnecessary exactitude by which that time was observed to the moment. Assuredly those who thus ordered the change could not possess the proper feelings and spirit of the occasion, else ample opportunity would have been given for the collection of a greater number of his intimate friends. However, the sight was (as the *Morning Chronicle* said), "a very interesting one, from the deep sympathy which affected all who attended the last obsequies of one whose brilliant wit and social spirit made him the most genial companion, while his largeness of views, in regard to his art, and the generous philanthropy with which he studied to make his skill and judgment useful to all, elevated his character and ennobled his actions to a degree which the outer world, who regard him only as Soyer the cook, would perhaps find it difficult to realize. None great and noble stood around his grave; no soldier mourned, with grateful tear, one whose health had been shaken in continued efforts for the comfort of the British army; but the literary man, the journalist, many who had been the friends of his earlier life, and many who had but enjoyed a brief sunshine of his acquaintance, thronged round his tomb to bear testimony to their affection and esteem for a friend. It was affecting to see the emotion of some of poor Soyer's humble friends,

to many of whom he had been a kind master and employer. Those unbought tears, those half-sobbed blessings, were worth more than the long array of heralds, the plumed hearse, and its attendant band of hypocritical mutes, with all the fictitious *et cætera* and mockery of woe attendant upon a great funeral.

“The service was read by the Rev. Mr. Stewart in a very feeling manner, and the *cortége* then proceeded to the grave, which was by the side of the finely conceived monument which covers the remains of the late Madame Soyer, an artist of eminence, known among the less jealous of her fraternity as ‘The English Murillo.’ Hitherward the funeral procession came, and the body of Soyer was lowered to the grave amid unchecked tears.

“At the conclusion of the service, and while the sorrowing crowd of friends were retiring from the grave, one, more persistent than the rest, and perhaps more demonstrative in his feelings, bravely stepped forward, and, addressing his buried friend ere the grave closed upon him, said, with great emotion:—

““Oh! dear friend, my long-loved friend, Soyer! we may not part from thee thus without giving utterance to our deep regrets at losing thee, and pouring forth our blessings on thy memory, and praying fervently for thy future happiness. Oh! friend, Oh! companion, often tried and never found wanting—great in heart—fresh in spirit—bright in genius, and simple-minded, who can tell thy worth? who can hope to repair thy loss?

““Yet may we reflect that, couldst thou come to life

at this moment, it would be thy joy and gratitude to find thyself surrounded by those you always loved, thus engaged in honouring thy memory.

“ ‘Farewell, dear friend! Farewell! Adieu, Alexis, thou kindest and dearest of men! thou noblest of Frenchmen!’

“So spake, as far as his ever rising emotion would allow him, Mr. Charles Pierce,* many years *maître d’hôtel* to the Russian Embassy, an old and much attached friend of poor Soyer. The expression of this brief speech was entirely spontaneous and improvised, and no one present but admired the courageous friendship which induced this worthy gentleman to stand forward at such a moment in a manner so unusual amongst ourselves; neither could the emotion of all those who heard him be repressed in sympathy with one so deeply affected.”

The only mourners, besides Mr. C. Pierce, were Mr. Alexis Soyer, nephew to the deceased, Mr. Brittain, his medical adviser, M. Comte, *chef* to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and M. Férand, of the Athenæum Club.

Considering the early hour appointed for the funeral, it was truly pleasing to see the collection of the representatives of the Press even so numerous; for we noticed, amongst the silent spectators of this impressive

* Mr. C. Pierce is the author of a recently published work, “The Household Manager,” which will find, most deservedly, a proper place beside the cookery-book of M. Soyer.

scene, W. Carpenter, Esq., Robert Soutar, Esq., T. L. Holt, Esq., F. Ledger, Esq., R. J. Wood, Esq., P. Howard, Esq., T. Harrison, Esq., Dr. Richardson, H. Ive, Esq., R. Soulsby, Esq., from the *Times* newspaper, who unfortunately arrived too late for the ceremony, and H. Duple, Esq.

In addition to which were the venerable and talented Flemish artist Mr. F. Simonau, Mr. Newton Jones, brother of the late Madame Soyer, Mr. F. Volant, his ancient secretary, H. Davies, Esq., Mr. E. Chatterton, Mr. J. G. Lomax, Dr. R. V. Ambler, medical adviser to M. Soyer in the Crimea, Mr. J. R. Warren, his late secretary, Mr. R. Croft, Mr. Phillips, one of his earliest acquaintances at Oswestry, Mr. Lewis Solomon, of Covent Garden, Mr. Moss, of Regent Street, Mr. H. Boleno, Mr. E. Frost, Mr. Wisedell, of Temple Bar, M. Roco-Vido, *chef* to Lord Stratford De Redcliff, at Constantinople, and a most zealous assistant of poor Soyer in his philanthropic mission in the East, M. Brucciani, and Mr. F. Hine.

A further list of names of many respectable tradesmen, acquaintances, and friends, to convey any notion of the respect in which Alexis Soyer was everywhere held, would be needless.

We conclude the compilation of these memoirs, impressed with the satisfaction that we have fulfilled our task with impartiality; so we trust that if our readers should have perceived that our admiration of our regretted friend has led us to a kind of enthusiasm,

we claim their indulgence for partaking in the same feelings of all who have enjoyed his intimacy and friendship.

Now that we have narrated, to the best of our recollection, the life of our friend, we cannot withhold our assent to the prevailing opinion, that the great Alexis Soyer was not buried with due honour; for it is truly said that his glorious name might have gone down to the grave as became his reputation. He was an artist, an author, and had the name of a benevolent man. No one can deny that he possessed superior knowledge in his profession, that his works had great merits, and that the good he did for Ireland in 1847 entitled him to a grateful mark of respect. Besides, have we not seen him in the Crimea devote his time and energy for the improvement of camp cookery? On these grounds alone, some kind of display was expected at the obsequies of a man who positively left no enemies behind him. Therefore, considering the vast number of people who knew him, if the preparations had been intrusted to parties who would have been proud to give *eclat* to his memory, his funeral might have been as memorable as that of many other public men.

Why is it presumed that such would have been the case? For the simple reason, that independently of his own relatives and devoted friends, as chief mourners, a great number, besides those who happened to be there at the mere whisper of his burial, would have attended if proper publicity had been given.

It is well known that many gentlemen of the Press were not present, owing to the very early time of the day the obsequies took place; they, who had been the firm supporters of Alexis Soyer's persevering industry for years, would have evinced to the last their devoted constancy and regret at his premature loss. Besides, there were some hundreds connected with him, either in business or otherwise, who were deprived of the opportunity of showing their respect to the memory of their esteemed friend. There cannot be a doubt also that his own countrymen would have mustered in great number, and, amongst them, his rivals in the profession would have, with a feeling of pride at the fame of Alexis Soyer, the Gastronomic Regenerator, followed him to the tomb, and thrown a crown of "*immortelles*" into his grave.

It was not generally known that he had arrived, we believe, at the highest degree of Freemasonry it was possible to attain. We have seen the record of that mysterious distinction, which we have copied in part, to show the importance of such document. Here it is:—

“Supreme Council of the XXXIII. Degree for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, etc., etc.

“To all whom these presents shall come, health, stability, and power:

“Know ye that we, the undersigned Sovereign Grand Inspectors-general, duly and lawfully established and

congregate in the Prime Council of the XXXIII. Degree, at London, have carefully and duly examined our illustrious brother, Alexis Soyer, in the several degrees which he has carefully received; and at his special request, we do hereby certify, acknowledge, and proclaim our said illustrious brother, Alexis Soyer, to be Expert Master and Past Master of the Symbolic Lodges, and also Secret Master, Perfect Master, Intimate Secretary, Provost and Judge, Intendant of the Buildings, Elect of Nine, Elect of Fifteen, Sublime Elect, Grand Master Architect, and Master of the Ninth Arch.

“ We do also certify him to be Grand Scotch Knight, Knight of the Sword and the East, Grand Prince of Jerusalem, Knight of the East and West, and a Sovereign Prince Rose Croix of Heredom, etc., etc.

“ This 21st day of October, A.D. 1853.

“ HENRY UDALE, Grand Treasurer, H.E.

“ WILLIAM TUCKER, Grand Almoner, H.E.”

We are told that the rules of Freemasonry are, that a deceased brother of such high degree should have been buried with all the pomp and ceremony attached to the craft; it may be presumed, therefore, that if a notice had been given to his lodge, the whole body of Freemasons present in London, either would have attended, or sent a deputation, otherwise the pompous titles of Grand Prince of Jerusalem, and Sovereign Prince Rose Croix, would be but very insignificant honours conferred on any individual, unless followed to the grave with all due demonstrations by his brother

Masons, who have recognized him as one of their Sovereign Princes:

Again, we have reason to believe, that had an appeal been made in the proper quarter, a slight military display would have taken place, as an acknowledgment for M. Soyer's ever persevering exertion to ameliorate the condition of the dietary of the British soldiers in the Crimea, and many of them would undoubtedly have been present to escort him to his last resting-place, as a token of grateful feeling towards one of their best friends.

Thus all honour would have been done to his remains, and the ovation in every respect been complete. To do this, it may be observed, would have led to expenses that the position of the deceased did not admit of; it is because the contrary was the fact, that these remarks have been penned.

However, when we state that the relatives of poor Soyer never were consulted, and that the only nephew who could follow his dear uncle to the grave, as chief representative of the family, had merely received a general invitation to be at the cemetery, the supineness and more than indifference shown to the honour which ought to have been rendered to the much esteemed and generally regretted Alexis Soyer, cannot surprise any one.

NOTE.—The death of Baron Ward came to our notice too late to give the following sketch a place in the body of this work, as being an old and intimate friend of the late Alexis Soyer and

Mr. C. Pierce. They knew him when he was stable-boy, and were in the habit of meeting him at a noted tavern in St. James's. His superior conversation attracted their notice, and they ultimately became very friendly for some years, when Tom Ward left England to be stable-boy, and afterwards racing-groom, to Baron Löwenberg, also to the Duke of Lucca, and, when the latter abdicated in favour of his son, the Duke of Parma, Tom Ward entered into his service in the same capacity, but rose by degrees to the most important position. That such a man should become *major-domo* in the establishment of a Duke is not very wonderful, but that he should be raised gradually from a racing-groom to be a Baron, a Prime Minister of the Duchy of Parma, and Regent of the late reigning Duke, is certainly extraordinary. However, he was a shrewd and clever man, and betrayed throughout his career great genius, aptitude, and ability. From the time he left England until his death, he was in constant correspondence with his old friend Mr. Pierce; and, some months before that event, he expressed his hope that he would soon be able to see him and his merry friend Soyer, to enjoy an hour's conversation with them in London. But it was decreed otherwise.

ADDENDA.



ORIGINAL HINTS BY M. SOYER.

NEVER let your guests sit down to table without acquainting them beforehand with the bill of fare, that is, if the dinner be a ceremonious one ; because the great variety of dishes placed on the table is to give a choice to the different tastes of the company.

By selecting a few favourite dishes, digestion is rendered more easy, as it is then aided by the fancy of each individual ; but should you be helped to a dish which does not meet with your approval, though, at the same time, you feel yourself constrained by politeness to eat of it, your dinner is spoiled, and you do no justice to the bountiful supply of your Amphitryon.

In domestic cookery it is necessary to know, that however humble may be the means of the individual, the food should be varied daily, if possible. Never dine two days on the same joint, without dressing it each day in a different manner. A plain hot joint one day may be served cold the next, particularly in summer — it is then excusable ; but by all means the third day make a hash.

When you help at table never give more than two or three slices of meat, cut thin. Carve everything a little in a slanting direction, that is, a leg of mutton or lamb, shoulder of ditto, neck, ribs, sirloin of beef ; the last ought never to be carved without giving the thin part, that is, the fat as well as the lean, or your joint will soon be disfigured. A good carver ought never to ask if any person likes their meat well-done or under-done, as you

disfigure the joint at once; such fancies cannot be tolerated, except at the table of the wealthy; for the million it is a waste of £70 a-year, when only seven or eight in family.

Have your vegetables, no matter how plainly dressed, but always well done; the crudity of such aliments is unwholesome, and apt to destroy the most delicate part of the digestive organs. Be also contented with one sort of vegetables on your plate at once, potatoes excepted. I have often witnessed on one plate, with salt beef, carrots, greens, peas, and potatoes, which made me very much inclined to ask the party if he were making a vegetable store of his inside.

The greatest compliment a guest can pay his host is to ask to be served a second time of the same dish, though not above half the quantity first served should be given.

Never cut up a joint, or any kind of birds, at once, without knowing how many persons are going to partake of it. The proper manner is to ask each person, and then to help them separately.

Never remove any dish which has been placed by a servant, however awkwardly it may be set. It is not your business to serve at your own table, unless your servant pleads ignorance.

Never press any one to take more food or wine than they wish; it annoys your guest, while you make yourself too cheap, and your dinner too common.

Never put more than one wine-glass before each guest at the commencement of dinner; have the others ready, and place them as required; it saves confusion, and often relieves a person from great distress, who by chance may not be acquainted with the different glasses which each sort of wine requires.

OBSERVATIONS ON VEGETABLE DIET.

IF the world is indebted to the farmer and the agriculturist for raising the products of the land for the food of man, surely some gratitude is due to him who shows how food thus produced can be rendered most beneficial for the support and enjoyment of mankind. To support the largest number of persons on the smallest piece of ground is the object to be attained; and, in order to accomplish this *desideratum*, cookery must be brought to our aid, compelling each article to yield its strength. And I at the same time think that if proper attention was paid to the perfect cultivation and preparation of vegetables, much less demand would be made by the poorer classes for animal food. If we travel over the country, we feel surprised to find how small a portion of the ground is engaged in agriculture, and much smaller in horticulture. The consequence is, that in England (excepting in large towns) scarcely any vegetables are to be obtained, and the needy are doomed to exist on bread and cheese, with a very small portion of animal food; while, on the other hand, the ground might be well stocked with cabbages, broccoli, and other vegetables.

It is customary in dietaries to show the estimate of the comparative degrees of nutriment contained in each article of food, by showing how much of the elements of nutrition they separately contain; and a conclusion is arrived at by ascertaining the quantity of starch, albumen, fibrine, etc., they may hold in their composition, or, still further, by the oxygen, carbon, iron, and other elementary substances of which they are composed. Such researches are vain; the amount of nutriment is not to be measured by such means. *It is to the organization of the food we are to look, rather than to its crude particles.*

In the application of heat, great care is requisite, and in some cases a strong heat is less effective than a moderate one, as is the case with haricot beans, and even with potatoes. When too strong a heat is applied to the beans, they remain hard, though they boil; the reason being, that the heat penetrates quicker than the water, and by roasting the interior prevents it from softening.

The Value of Wheat and Oil.—The most important vegetable, as generally estimated, is wheat; and considering that it not only forms the basis of bread, but also of pastry and other luxuries, it

may hold the high rank it has obtained. Bread is generally spoiled in London by not being baked enough, under the erroneous idea of economy. It is then unpalatable, and more sparingly used; but it is a poor way of lessening its consumption by deteriorating its quality. In country villages generally the bread is better. Oil is an important article of vegetable diet, and is a good substitute for butter or fat. Pastry should be made with oil—it is as light as butter, and as rich; but it depends upon the skill of the operator. It requires a large quantity of oil. In order to make it light, it should be rolled out several times, and each time a little flour and oil spread upon it, and then, being doubled and very tightly rolled, so as not to adhere, each roll will produce one flake.

Tea Cakes and Pound Cakes.—Tea cakes should be made with oil, flour, and brown sugar, without water; and pound cakes in the same way, except that they are baked in deep pans, so that the interior of the cake is very soft. The general cause of failure is not using sufficient oil.

Bread Puddings.—Very good bread puddings are made by beating up bread and water and oil and sugar together, and boiling it in a basin, covered by a cloth, for an hour and a-half (if it be a pint size); or they may be baked, and currants may be added.

Plum Pudding.—A very excellent plum pudding can be made in the same way, with the addition of chopped raisins, brandy, cinnamon, and lemon-peel, chopped fine.

Cheesecakes.—Cheesecakes are made with potatoes, oil, sugar, and lemon, beaten up fine, put into an oil crust, and then baked.

Custards.—A capital custard is made of tapioca, sago, or arrowroot, beaten up in cold water to the thickness of treacle, and boiled for an hour, which thickens it; oil, sugar, and cinnamon being added, put it into a deep dish, and bake until the top is browned to a crust.

Rich Paste and Fruits.—Rich paste may be made by blanched almonds pounded with sugar, which is of fine flavour, resembling rout-cake. Preserved fruits are well known; they should be preserved in bottles *without* sugar, simply by boiling the bottles which contain them.

Potatoes.—Potatoes are, from their good qualities, as well as

their cheapness, a most important article of diet; they are best when young, about June, and after some weeks they begin to change from waxy to mealy, at which time they are not good, but shortly become settled and mealy. Potatoes are considered nutritious, although they be waxy, and thus glutinous. They should be put into cold water and boiled slowly in the rind, to prevent the air from turning them rancid. After which they should be mashed with a *wooden* pestle, with oil and salt, and may either be thus eaten, or may be made up into patties, and fried in oil till brown. They then make a very rich dish.

Broccoli and Cauliflower.—Broccoli and cauliflower are among the best and most nutritive vegetables. Cauliflowers are best in the autumn; they should be simply boiled ten minutes in hot water and skimmed, but should be divided and washed before boiling, to avoid insects. When mashed with oil and salt, and spread on bread, it is an excellent substitute for butter. Young cabbages serve the same way. Greens should be used when young, and before they turn into a globe, and when the outside leaves are left.

Turnip Tops.—Turnip tops may be used similarly, and also spinach; they are both excellent. In all these preparations care should be taken not to boil too long, in which case the vegetable becomes watery. When properly done it may be known by removing the greens from the plate, and observing whether they leave the same clean green liquor on the dish, which is the criterion of their being done.

Turnips may be done the same way, but are not so good as the tops.

Artichokes.—Real artichokes are one of the best of vegetables, and may be done as above.

Parsnips are very good and substantial; they are best when young, in the autumn; they will be found very palatable when mashed up and fried in oil, like potatoes.

Green Peas stand pre-eminent, but are often spoiled—first, by being gathered either before or after their becoming mature; and, secondly, in the boiling, as the essence of the peas is wasted in the water. They should always be steamed, or stewed, and then their flavour is delicious, and, if gathered long before used, should be watered in their pods.

Broad Beans are not much inferior to peas. They should be used

when their eyes begin to change colour, and are improved by being skinned, and stewed with oil without water, after having been boiled previously.

Mushrooms are well known as a superior and useful vegetable; they resemble meat in flavour, and are stewed without water, adding black pepper and salt; the thin flat ones are the best, but they should be broken in case of maggots or maggot holes.

French and Scarlet Beans, etc., are singularly nutritious; they should be used before the seeds are grown, and should be stewed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, for a short time, after having been boiled. The beans, when dried, form a principal item of food. A pennyworth of *Haricot Beans* are enough to make a rich plate of soup, and dressed cold, with oil and vinegar, pepper and salt, are excellent. *Split Peas* are good the same way. Very good soups can be made with *vegetables* alone; celery or lettuce are principal ingredients; parsley, carrots, and parsnips are added, and the whole should be stewed two hours, taking care not to make the liquor thin by too much water.

Another excellent vegetable is the onion. They should first be boiled, and then stirred with oil, without water, after which they may be browned before the fire. Jerusalem artichokes and beetroot are not equal to the vegetables just treated upon, but they are also good. Cucumbers form a nice dish when stewed, and balls made of bread, oil, and parsley added, to render the whole substantial. Rice is in high esteem, but it is seldom cooked properly; it should be first soaked for a day, and then slowly stewed till quite soft. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate form important articles of diet. Tea and coffee have generally received an ill name as to their effect upon the nerves, but without reason. Coffee ought merely to be scalded, not boiled; cocoa and chocolate should never be bought at grocers', but of the manufacturer, and asked for pure, otherwise it is adulterated. After being well boiled, it should be strained, and the grounds thrown away.

Another excellent dish is made with onions, sage, thyme, crumbs of bread, and a sort of vegetable powder called egg-powder. The onions are first to be fried in oil, and the thyme dried by the fire and pounded, and the whole chopped up together, made into fritters, and fried in oil with pepper and salt.

If these recipes be found useful in the promotion of vegetable

diet as food, I do not doubt of their nutritiveness in the way described, and that persons will see the impropriety of judging the degree of nutriment by rule and analysis; the process of nutrition being more hidden than is generally supposed, it being a fact that food nourishes long before it is digested, and, indeed the moment it is swallowed.

The degree of nutriment also depends as much on the eater as on what is eaten. A horse gets much nutriment out of hay; a man out of meat and vegetables; but the food which suits the one does not suit the other, which at once shows the fallacy of judging by rule.

ADDITIONAL RECIPES NOT STRICTLY VEGETATIVE.

Vegetable Marrows with Veal Stuffing.—Skin the marrow, cut off the tops, scoop out the seeds, stuff interior with veal stuffing, re-cover, place in a cloth and boil, serve plain with butter, salt, etc. etc.

Vegetable Marrow à la Parisienne.—Marrows are full of nourishment, and make a fine dish when the seeds are scooped out, and the interior filled with small pieces of steak, pepper and salt, tied in a cloth and boiled. Serve with melted butter and toast, like asparagus.

Asparagus (novel way).—Boil 100 heads, say for twenty-five minutes; serve with oil, vinegar, black pepper, salt, and toast; or, in lieu of oil, melted butter, and red pepper and powdered lump-sugar.

SUNDRY UNPUBLISHED RECIPES BY M. SOYER.

Potage de Santé à la Chetwynd.—Take a fowl, the roots of parsley, carrots, parsnips, onions, endive, celery (cut small), sorel, and a bunch of chervil; put a gallon and a-half of beef broth

with the above, set it on a gentle fire for two hours to simmer slowly; after it has come to the boil, skim. If you do not want to eat the vegetables, put them round the fowl on a dish, and pour over a good veal-stock. Salt and pepper to taste.

Potage à la Yeoman.—Take four pounds of buttock of beef, put it in a stew-pan, until it has formed a glaze; then put one gallon and a-half of water, with two middling-sized turnips, one carrot, two leeks, and a head of celery, tied with a string; boil gently, and skim, for three hours. When ready, put into the soup-tureen two slices of French roll, without crumb, cover it with grated Cheddar cheese, three layers of bread, and three of cheese, then put some broth on it, cover it, and fill the tureen ten minutes afterwards. Serve the beef with the vegetables around, and pour over the beef some good gravy.

Lamb's Head Broth.—Scald two lambs' heads, with the lambs' liver, and half a pound of streaky bacon; put one gallon of water, salt, pepper, cloves, and a bunch of herbs; set it on the fire two hours and a-half, simmering gently; when done, have ready toasted bread, cut in large slices; pass the broth, and put in the bread. Dress the lamb's head and liver on a dish with a sharp sauce made of the broth mixed with a little flour; put on the fire with gherkins, cut small; pour it over.

How to make One Gallon of Soup with Concentrated Essence of Meat.—Put in a stew-pan three ounces of butter, three-quarters of a pound of mixed vegetables, onions, turnips, celery, carrots; fry these without burning for ten minutes, then add one gallon of water and five ounces of concentrated essence of meat; boil gently half an hour, skim while boiling, add half an ounce of sugar, a little salt and pepper, half a pound of pea-flour; mix first in cold water, and put in the broth while boiling for a quarter of an hour only. This will make a delicious *potage*. If rice is preferred, half a pound is to be put in when the water is added to the vegetables. Vermicelli, or any farinaceous ingredient, may be used.

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Beef Broth, or French Pot-au-feu.—It consists in a decoction of beef, leg of veal, an old hen, carrots, turnips, leeks, celery, cloves stuck into a burnt onion, water, and salt. This broth must be done gently for three hours, so that the water dissolves the mu-

cous parts of the meat, and easily separates from the scum. It can be prepared in a *bain-marie*, and in this manner is more delicate.

Another way for Soup.—It is composed of the thick part of the leg of veal, an old hen, two onions, leeks, celery, two cloves stuck into an onion, carrots, and a bunch of sweet herbs; add broth from the above; boil gently. This broth can be used for composing various soups, and contains more nourishing qualities than the first. It is a powerful restorative. It is as well to observe that for persons afflicted with irritation, particularly of the digestive organs, it would be too exciting. Three or four pounds of meat will make about six quarts of broth.

Chicken Broth.—A young chicken, without the liver, etc., put into a pot with three quarts of cold water, a carrot, a turnip, and a little salt. When nearly done, add a lettuce, a handful of sorrel, white beet leaves, and chervil. This broth is not very substantial, but refreshing.

Meagre Broth, with Roots.—Young carrots and turnips, a bunch of each, a quarter of a bunch of leeks, as much onions, two heads of celery, two cloves, a little salt, very little pepper, in six quarts of water. This broth delights the stomach, but is rather exciting.

Receipt to make Beef Tea for Convalescents.—Cut into small slices one pound of lean beef, add one ounce of fresh or salt butter, two ounces of onions, two ditto of carrots; put the whole into a stew-pan holding a little more than two quarts, set it on a brisk fire, then add half an ounce of salt, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and three cloves; stir continually for a few minutes, until the meat gets a little dry, then fill with two quarts of boiling water, set it on the corner of the fire to boil gently for one hour, skim until there remains no fat on the surface, pass through a thin cloth, and it is fit to use. A little tapioca, semolina, or vermicelli, may be added for convalescents, after it has been passed through a cloth, and set afresh on the fire in another stew-pan, until either is done. The vegetables are a very great improvement in flavour, and cannot be in the least injurious to a patient; but, if objected to by the medical gentleman, they may be omitted; also the cloves and half the salt. The meat, if dressed with a sharp sauce, well seasoned, makes a very good dish.

Potage Froid, or Salade à la Dr. Roots.—Make some very good

and highly-flavoured calf's head soup, with a good abundance of eggs and forcemeat balls, and some sausagemeat introduced therein; the pieces of calf's head should not be cut larger than an inch square. When this soup is properly prepared and ripe, pour it into several milk-pans, to the depth of about two inches; let it stand in this way to cool and stiffen for the next day's use. Dress a nice light salad of mustard and cress, with endive, and a slight sprinkle of well-cut celery; take this salad from the bowl (in which it has been dressed) lightly with a fork, and form into a pyramid in the centre of a dish, around which place, tastefully ornamented, slices of the cold substantial soup, about the size and thickness of those of calf's liver usually served up with bacon. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and lemon. This, if properly managed, forms not only a pretty-looking spring dish, but is most excellent. The salad must be dressed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper.

Receipt to make Beef Broth for Hospitals.—Put the beef (previously cut into three or four pound pieces) into cold water, with half of the salt. When it begins to boil let it do so gently for one hour and a-half, and skim, then add the rice (if intended) at the end of the first hour's boiling; put in the vegetables, previously tied in bundles as large as your fist, except the onions, also the remainder of the salt, the sugar and pepper. Boil gently one hour and a-half more, taking care to skim the fat off the whole time, every now and then, and it is ready. The meat is then very tender. Proportion:—Beef (aitch-bone, rump, and the thickest part of the leg), 100 lbs.; cold water, 18 gallons; salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; burnt onions in number, with two cloves in each, 12; onions (whole) in number, 24; carrots, celery, leeks, parsnips, and turnips, cut in two, lengthwise and across, 16 lbs.; pepper (whole), 2 oz.; rice (when a change is wanted), 8 lbs.

Stewed Filets of Soles aux Capres.—Partly fry your filets, after flouring them over, then put a piece of fresh butter in the pan; when melted put some chopped spring onions and parsley with the fish, wet it with a little fish broth, salt and pepper, let them simmer a while, put capers cut small, have ready a well-seasoned veal sauce.

Soles à la Bourgeoise.—Put the soles in a flat metal dish, cut lengthwise, salt and pepper, and a little fine herbs, under and above the fish with fresh butter, put over the whole fine bread crumbs, put in the oven; when done, if you put the fish in

another dish, put a little anchovy butter at the bottom, or else pour it over the whole.

Grilled Trout, Sauce blanche.—Tie round the fish, rub them with butter, warmed, and a little salt; put them on the gridiron, turn them, when done serve them with a white sauce thus prepared:—Put butter in a sauce-pan, with a little flour, pepper, salt, nutmeg (grated), capers, and one anchovy (cut small), with a little water and vinegar; pour this sauce over the trout.

Ragoût of Venison.—To a roasted joint of venison the following sauce is very palatable:—To half a pint or a pint of vinegar, some sugar, and a little salt, add three cloves, cinnamon, and a little lemon; when done over the fire, use it as you would any other sauce.

Stewed Venison.—Lard with large pieces of bacon a joint of venison; season it with salt and pepper, and brown it in the stew-pan, with parsley and thin slices of bacon; and then cover it over with beef broth and white wine, a bunch of herbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, bay-leaf, and green lemon; let it stew gently until done; put a little vinegar, and serve hot.

Curry à la Réforme.—Take four middle-sized onions, cut them in slices, put them into a stew-pan with two large spoonfuls of butter, leave them on the fire until the onions become quite brown. Cut two pounds of meat into pieces the size of a walnut, put it with the brown onions, previously covered over with one large spoonful of curry powder, one tea-spoonful of salt, half a pint of stock; mix the whole well together, and let it stew gently for two hours; take care not to put it on too quick a fire. Before serving, add to it one large table-spoonful of lemon-juice. For chicken, one hour is sufficient—salmon, less time.

Veal and White Sauce.—Take a joint of roast veal, cut it in slices; put a piece of butter in a sauce-pan, when melted put a little flour to fry a little while, then some chopped parsley and spring onions, stirring it a little; then put the slices of veal, with salt and pepper, stir it up three or four times whilst on the fire, and wet the veal with a little broth; when it has stewed ten minutes, put in three or four yolks of eggs, with a little cream and chopped parsley, well beaten together, stirring it all the while; if you do not want cream, a little vinegar makes it like a sharp sauce.

Stewed Beef à la Marinière.—Take some thick steaks, or a

piece of beef, sprinkle over it salt, pepper, and cloves; put it on the fire with thin slices of bacon to fry; have ready half a dozen shallots, basil, thyme, and parsley; being well pounded, throw in a glass of old ale; pass the whole, and put it over your steaks; then put some stock in the sauce-pan, with one bay-leaf; add to it another glass of ale, and let simmer for two hours on a small fire. It can be eaten cold for breakfast.

Kidneys Sautéed in Champagne.—Slice a calf's kidney (thick as toast), and prepare in pan four onions till brown, with butter, pepper, and salt; when bubbling, add one pint of champagne; and when scalded, roll the kidney in flour, and lay in pan. Serve with lemon-juice and thin toast.

York Ham Stewed in Champagne.—Cut a large slice of the best ham, not thick, prepare with two shallots, chopped fine, and butter; when melted lay in the ham, and after being *sautéed* for ten minutes, sprinkle with red pepper, and add two wine-glasses of champagne. When bubbling take off and serve.

Ris de Veau aux Pistaches.—Take three fine sweetbreads clean them well with milk and water, in order to make them as white as possible; half do them gradually in a stew-pan, with good white gravy, some onion, carrot, and celery, with a little mace; then stuff them well with pistachio nuts, nicely bruised; put them *en papillote* (that is, oil or butter a piece of paper, which you fasten round by twisting it along the edge), and give them a nice wholesome colour; they will require from twenty to twenty-five minutes to bring them to a proper state of excellence, with the fine wholesome colour. They may be served up with white endive, or celery sauce *aux pistaches*, after the above manner.

Stewed Fowl.—Parboil a fowl; when cold, cut it up, and put it into a stew-pan with two ounces of butter rolled in flour; cut up eight middle-sized onions into thin slices, and, alternately with the fowl, lay in the stew-pan, and add thereto the following ingredients:—A breakfast-cupful of strong beef gravy; a wine-glass of port wine; a glass and a-half of sherry; one large tea-spoonful of anchovy sauce; a quarter ditto of cayenne pepper; one large dessert-spoonful of Harvey sauce; one ditto of vinegar, and one ditto of ketchup; a slice of a large lemon, and a little of the peel, cut very fine; a little allspice and salt to the taste. Stew the whole over a slow fire till the onions are thoroughly done, and quite soft, and the meat will come off the bone with a touch of the fork. Serve it up very hot.

To Cook a Hare Sussex Fashion, as our Grandmother did.—Take a hare, if a hunted one the better, which has hung a fortnight. After the skin has been removed, wash it well, and soak in a pan of cold water for an hour, to get the blood away; then wipe it dry, stuff with veal stuffing, sewed into the body, truss and spit; place it before a moderate fire, not nearer than ten inches, having put into the dripping-pan a quart of warm water, in which three table-spoonfuls of salt have been dissolved; baste the hare with this freely for half an hour, then throw away the salt and water, and supply its place with a sufficient quantity of warm milk and two ounces of butter, or some pieces of suet; let the hare be frequently and freely basted with this, supplying the pan with fresh milk as it becomes wanted. Twenty minutes before serving draw the hare nearer the fire, remove the remains of the milk, and put into the dripping-pan from half a pint to a pint of good cream; baste well with it, occasionally dusting the hare with a little flour from a dredger; if properly done, it will go to table with a light-brown rich coat, and the flesh be most delicious to the taste of the most fastidious. It should be down to the fire three hours and a-half, and served with a good brown gravy, or, as some prefer, with melted butter and currant jelly.

“ Spanish Olla.”—Put about three or four pounds of beef, such as you would get for soup, in one pint of water, about a tea-spoonful of *galvanso*, let all boil up in a large stew-pan, then add about two pounds of salt fat pork, and the following vegetables:—One pint of green peas and beans, with a few pods of the latter; two or three hearts of celery, one tomata, and a small chopped onion, a piece of red pumpkin the size of an apple; also a black pudding made with pigs’ blood, a twinge of pounded garlic, a nip of beaten mace and allspice, ditto of red and white pepper, salt to your palate. Let all stew gently over a charcoal fire about four hours, stirring occasionally. Observe—Do not cut your vegetables too small; and when peas and beans are out of season, use in lieu thereof turnips and carrots. When the whole forms a jelly it is ready to serve.

“ Spanish Roasto.”—Get a gravy beef-steak, brown it nicely in a stew-pan, then add four or five ripe tomatoes, cut up small, brown them with a little onion, then add what quantity you like of water, according to fancy; season with a little pounded garlic, pepper, and allspice, a good drop of ketchup, and a few dressed mushrooms. Let all stew gently till done, then have ready some boiled maccaroni, lay it on the bottom of your dish, scrape over it a little parmesan cheese, then pour over a little gravy, then a

little more cheese, and so on till your dish is full enough. Observe to strain the water well off the macaroni.

Stewed Pigeons à l'Ancienne.—Cut in two four pigeons, put them in a stew-pan with a few slices of bacon, a bunch of herbs, a roasted onion with four cloves stuck into it, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, half a pint of small mushrooms, and one sweet-bread; put in a stew-pan with some butter, fry the whole a quarter of an hour, sprinkle over it a little flour with a dredger, then put in a pint of stock, and let it simmer over the fire. When done, if well seasoned, dress it and pour over very hot veal-stock.

Chocolate Cream.—Take a pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of sugar, boil them together a quarter of an hour, put a yolk of egg beat up, put it in the cream a few minutes, take it off the fire, put in some chocolate to colour it; then a little while on the fire again; pass it in a tammy, and serve as you like.

Cocoa-nut Pudding à la Militaire.—Take the yolks of nine eggs and beat them up well; two cocoa-nuts, grated very fine; half a pound of fresh butter, beat it up with the eggs; add half a pound of bruised loaf-sugar, and a little nutmeg, together with the grated cocoa-nut, and beat it all well together till almost in a pulp; then place a small layer of paste on a pie-dish, add the above and bake in a brisk oven.

Receipt for Making Indian Curry.—Take two pounds of lean mutton, cut in slices half an inch thick, chop five onions, fry them in a quarter of a pound of dripping, and keep continually stirring until they begin to brown; then add the mutton, and stir occasionally (to prevent burning) for a quarter of an hour; then add to it one dessert-spoonful of curry, and one tea-spoonful of turmeric powder; then add half a pint of Espagnole sauce, the same of gravy or *consommé*; let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour by a gentle fire; one apple cut in small slices will be found an improvement, also a bunch of sweet herbs. Season with cayenne and salt to suit the palate; then serve in a *croustade* of rice, and plain boiled rice apart.

To Properly Cook a Leg of Pork.—Salt a leg of pork a week, (no saltpetre), boil it till the skin can be taken off, spit it directly, and put down to roast; when done enough, cover it all over with nice bread crumbs, and put it into the oven till it is a good brown. Serve it up with gravy in the dish, made of half a pint of port wine, three or four spoonfuls of made mustard, and some good rich gravy.

Syrup of Truffles for Weakness.—Truffles, balm, and holy-thistle, boiled in water with sugar. To each pound of the decoction, add a scruple of water distilled from honey, half an ounce of spirits of wine; aromatize it with rose-water and musk; one ounce administered hot in cases of weakness is very effectual.

Indian Prawn and Bringal Curry.—A species of the egg-plant, to be had in Covent Garden Market in May and June. Slice the bringal, and mix prawns with some of the large capsicum; one pound of bringal, half a pound of prawns, a little capsicum, a dessert-spoonful of curry; mix well together, and fry in fresh butter or lard.

Oysters and Bringal Curry.—The bringal can also be mixed with oysters and curry, in the halves of the outer rind of the fruit, cutting the fruit longitudinally, covered with crumbs of bread and butter, and then done before the fire, like scalloped oysters, with a little cayenne pepper.

Bread made of Flour and Rice.—Boil gently one pound of rice in two quarts of water until tender, then mash it while it is warm with four pounds of flour, four large table-spoonfuls of yeast, a little salt; make your paste well, and put it before the fire to rise. Keep back a little flour to form the loaves. By this means you can produce eight pounds and a-half of excellent bread. If the rice should require a little more water, you must add it, because rice swells. Give it the time necessary to be well done.

How to make Leaven (Yeast).—Boil one pound of good flour a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt in two gallons of water, for one hour; when cooled put it in bottles, cork it well, and it will be ready in twenty-four hours. One pound of this leaven is enough for eighteen pounds of bread.

Porridge à la Soyer, for the Working Classes.—Take one pound of Indian meal, two quarts of skim-milk, one quart of water, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter; boil until quite done—half an hour will do—or it may be baked. Salt and pepper may be used instead of sugar; in that case add one quart more of water, and eat it like soup; it is highly nutritious, and will do for half a dozen persons, at a cost of about three-halfpence each.

Bread made of Rice and the best Indian Corn Flour.—Take one pound of rice, boil it one hour in one gallon of water; when done strain it, mash the rice, and put aside. Take one pound of white

Indian corn flour, the finest you can get, boil it two hours in one gallon of water, which you put slowly on the flour whilst it is on the fire, stirring all the while; when done, let this mixture get sour, in two or three days it will be ready; then add half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, mixed in a pint of warm water, add this liquid to the rice and the Indian corn, work it well together, and leave aside for a quarter of an hour, or until you perceive it begins to work. Get ready previously some paste, prepared the same as for spongecake, made with flour, butter, and eggs (say one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, and two eggs); then mix this paste with the above preparation, form into loaves of any shape you like, and bake.

To make Homony Bread.—The homony having been properly soaked, drain off the water, and add of fresh water seven and a-half pints for each pound and a-half of homony, as weighed before soaking. Let this simmer for four hours—if boiled rapidly it will become hard and never swell—the homony will then be fit for stirabout or bread. For bread mix it gradually with the flour, making the dough in the ordinary way, and adding yeast in rather more than the usual proportion. This bread will keep moist and good for a longer time than if made entirely of wheaten flour.

Pickled Mushrooms.—First pick one quart of small button mushrooms, cut off the stalks and wash them well, then strain them through a sieve. Secondly, have ready a basin with a few spoonfuls of vinegar and water; take a small piece of flannel, damp it, and sprinkle a little fine loaf-sugar or salt, rub a few of the mushrooms in the flannel separately and lightly until well cleansed; when they are done, drain them. Thirdly, take one gill of white vinegar in a stew-pan with six blades of mace, when it boils, throw in the mushrooms, and cover them close, shake them occasionally from six to ten minutes, then put them on a dish till cold, pack them close in bottles, and fill up with French white vinegar (previously boiled and cold), add a spoonful of fine oil and cork them. Previous to using for sauce, wash them well in lukewarm water.

Brandy Punch, à la Parisienne.—Put into a sauce-pan a pint of sugar and a little water, which you boil. As soon as you find that in dipping your finger in it that it comes into a thread, and in breaking that a drop is formed at the end of each thread, then your sugar is properly boiled; you then put the zests and the juice of two lemons, and two pints of brandy. Let this mixture

get hot without boiling, then pass it through a tammy, pour it into a bowl, set fire to it, and stir with a ladle having a little gullet to it, so as to facilitate the pouring into the glass.

To make Rum Punch, add to the preceding receipt half a pint of rum.

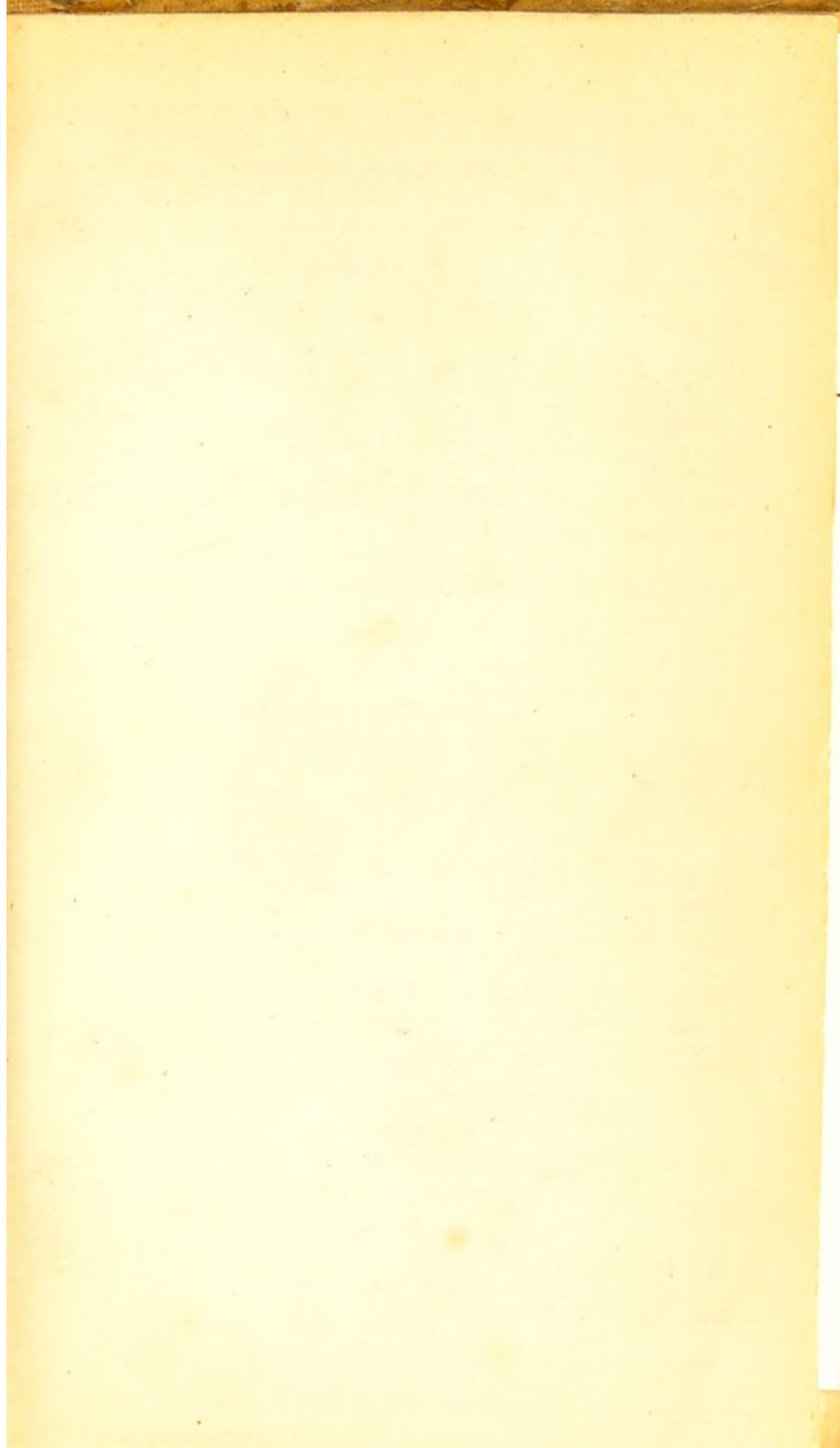
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